

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

NORTH AFRICA.

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

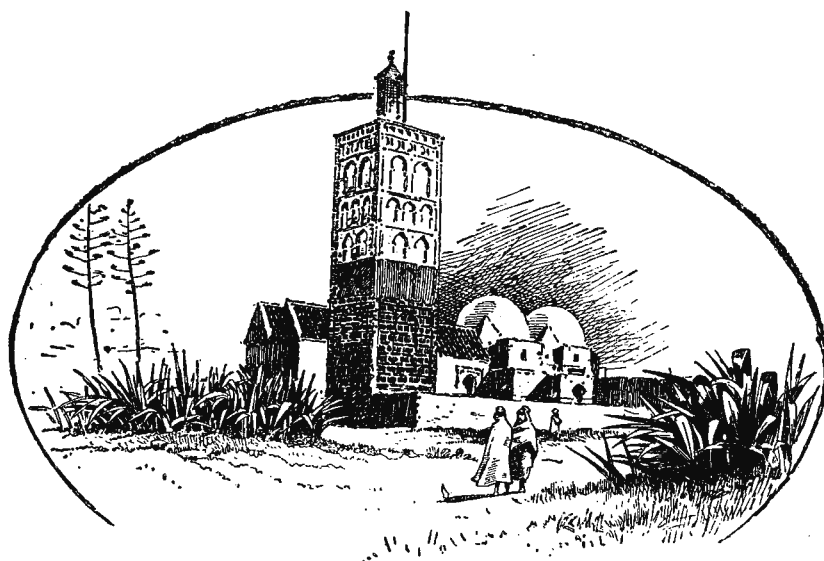
NORTH AFRICA MISSION,

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

No. 53.

JANUARY, 1893.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



Morish Saint's Tomb

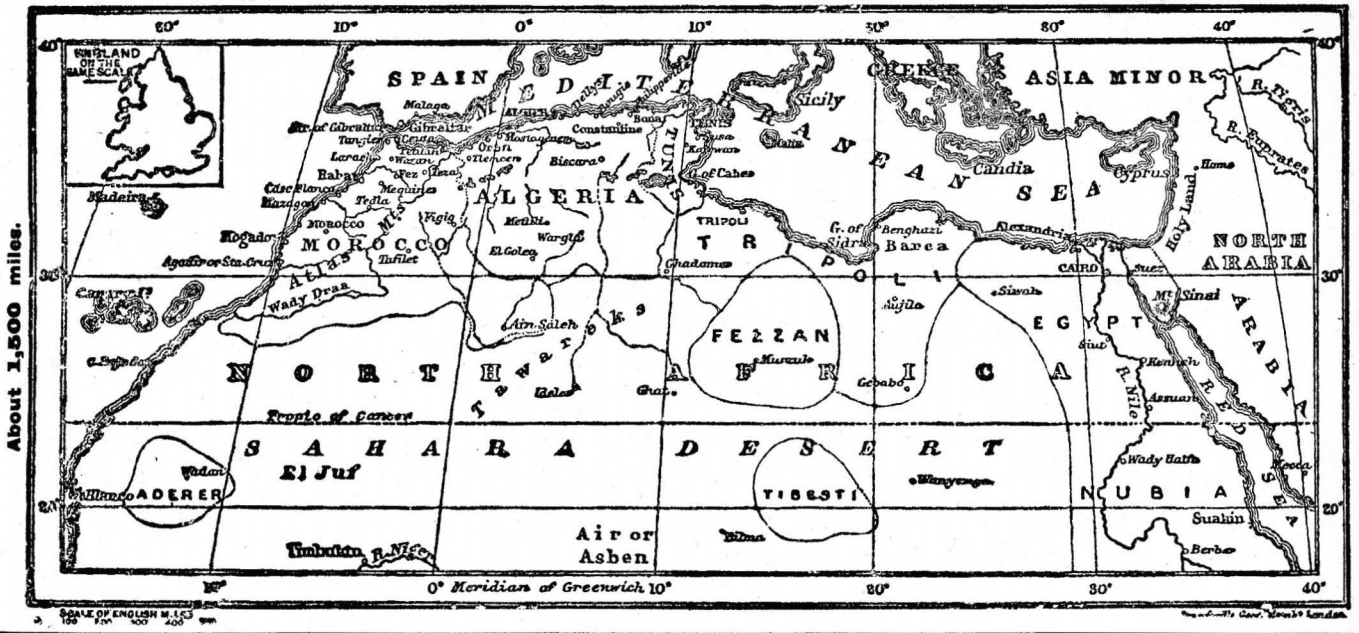
Contents.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Motive Power of Missions	1	Extracts from Workers' Letters	11
Notes and Comments	2	A Yielded Life (Poetry)	11
Historical Notes—The Early Christian Church in		Description of Illustrations	11
North Africa	3	Workers' Union for North Africa	12
Apostolic Missions and their Results	3	Map of Africa	ii
A Witness for Christ in Persia	4	The North Africa Mission	iii
Tunis—Sorrows of an Arab Woman	5	Form of a Bequest	iii
Algeria—Hearty Greetings in Kabylia	5	List of Donations	iii
Tent Meetings in Philippeville	6	Council	iv
Morocco—From Tangier to Fez	8	Location of Missionaries	iv
Village Medical Mission Work	9	Mission Publications	iv

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

OFFICE OF THE MISSION, 19, 21 AND 29, LINTON ROAD, BARKING.

About 3,600 miles across.



NORTH AFRICA consists of—

Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and the Sahara. Almost all its native inhabitants are Mohammedans. Mohammedanism has nothing in its teaching that can save the soul. It 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 the French, who also are paramount in Tunis. Tripoli is still under the Turkish government. Egypt enjoys the protection of England, and Morocco is as yet an independent Moslem empire.

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 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-seven 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 to evangelize this country.

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 stations and twenty-eight 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. Ten 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.

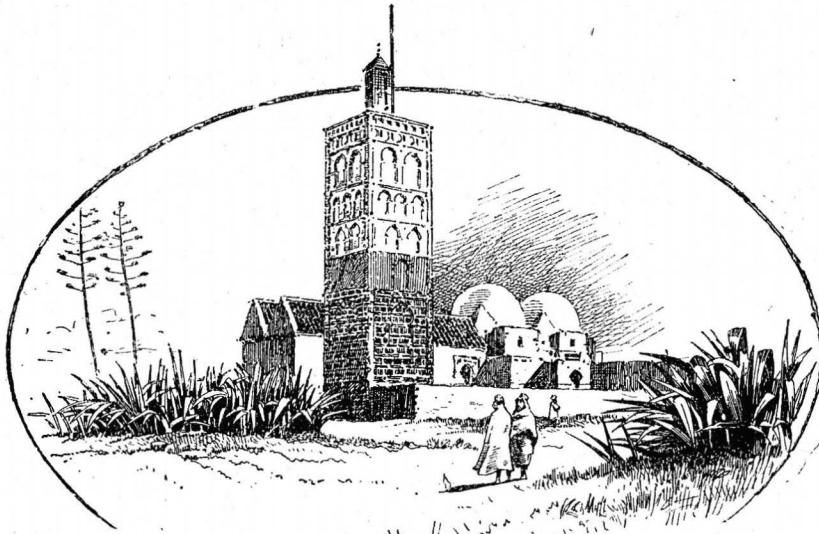
TRIPOLI is a province of the Turkish Empire, several times larger than England. It has a population of about 1,350,000 who, with the exception of a few thousands, are followers of the False Prophet. The Moslems here are more intelligent and better educated than further west, but much opposed to the Gospel. 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 carried on with cheering results.

EGYPT is still tributary to Turkey, but under the protection and supervision of the British Government. The Mission has commenced work in Lower Egypt, two brethren and three sisters having gone out in April, 1892. The population of this portion of the country is estimated at nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions, the bulk of the people being Mohammedans. There are forty towns with from 7,000 to 40,000 inhabitants each, and 500 towns with from 2,000 to 7,000 each, without any gospel agency whatever.

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 has now retired, but another brother and his wife are taking up the work, but for the present are preparing in Egypt.

NORTH AFRICA.



(See page 11.)

Moslem Saint's Tomb

The Motive Power of Missions.

"The love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. v. 14.

GOD is the source of all power, and He controls all things by various agencies—the material universe by gravitation, mankind generally by self-interest, His people by His love through Christ Jesus.

The great work which has been committed to the people of God is to make known the glad tidings of salvation to every creature. This work involves many difficulties. Men love their sins and darkness. The devil, with all the mighty hosts of hell, oppose and stir up men to do the same. Consequently, those who desire to obey their Lord find that they often have to face self-denial, suffering, insult, contempt, poverty, hardship, and sometimes even death itself. It needs a very strong incentive to induce even Christians to go forward under such circumstances. What is there that will enable us to make headway against the stream? What is there that will enable us to go forward when the world, the flesh, and the devil are dead against us? We believe there is nothing but the love of Christ, revealed to us by the Holy Spirit.

The deep needs of the perishing are no doubt calculated to draw out sympathy, but we have seen men and women live in the midst of the darkness unmoved and indifferent, because strangers themselves to the love of Christ. We need something more powerful than this. Christ's love known, Christ's love enjoyed, will draw out our hearts in love to Him in return. We love Him because He first loved us. Then, because we love Him, we shall desire to obey and please Him. We shall seek to *discover* His purposes and plans with regard to ourselves and others, and to enter into them and assist in carrying them out. We shall find out that Christ is now engaged in the marvellous work of redemption, gathering out from among enemies and rebels, who all deserve God's wrath, a people who, saved by grace alone, shall to all eternity exhibit to an astonished universe His righteousness, love, and wisdom. Since we love Him, we shall desire to assist, and shall learn that while we can have no part in procuring this great salvation, yet it is His desire that we should make it known, and assist others to do so.

Those who enjoy the love of Christ most are most influenced by it. They labour most earnestly and give most liberally. It is because we do not keep ourselves in the love of God that the Lord's work is so neglected, or only undertaken as a duty. These are days when there is great organization, and we thank God for it; but if we had more love to Christ, might not more be done with half the machinery? The Lord's work sometimes reminds us of a large factory full of machinery, by which there is little work done. The managers meet, and suggest as a remedy that another shed of machinery shall be erected. This is built, but still no better results follow; in fact, things are worse.

wrecked, living in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness.

These, then, were the first Christian missionaries. After a farewell meeting with the Church in Antioch, they made their way to the port of Seleucia, where there lay stretched at their feet the waters of the great western sea. Here they found a splendidly-built harbour, in which the ships were lying protected from the swell of the waves outside. The ruins of this harbour remain in great perfection to our own day, only silted up with mud. From just such a harbour and such piers as we are acquainted with in any of our great shipping centres, the first New Testament missionaries set sail. It was the noblest use to which the masonry of the port of Seleucia had ever been put, when it sheltered the ship into which Paul and Barnabas stepped as they went at the Divine bidding to evangelize the nations. Their vessel sailed out into the west—westward was the call of God to the Christian Church for many a century, until Europe and America should have received the Gospel. Arrived at length in Cyprus, the first country to which God had led them, what would the results be? What would be the results of discussions with unbelieving Jews, and with opposing philosophers? of weary journeys on foot—journeys continued for weeks together, while the preachers endured hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and had no certain dwelling-place? What would be the result of their residence in foreign cities among new faces, all of whom were alike ignorant of “this Jesus whom Paul preached”? Would the results be commensurate with the time and labour expended? Modern critics would say, No; for upon their principles Paul would have done better if he had not interfered with other people’s religion, if he had let the world alone; for the religion of Greeks and Romans, of Celts and Britons, was no doubt good enough for them, and they would somehow or another all turn out right enough in the next world. It was not after this fashion that Paul reasoned or acted. No; he had a Gospel to make known—“Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.” To make all men know the mystery of Christ he was willing to be buffeted and reviled, willing to undergo abuse and bodily injury, willing to be scourged, to be stoned, and left for dead, as he was at Lystra. What, it is asked, are men to undergo treatment like this for the sake of propagating the Christian religion? Here is his reply: “I count not my life dear unto me, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I received of the Lord Jesus.”

BUT WHAT WERE THE RESULTS? A handful of converts in each of half a dozen or a dozen towns, and those converts by no means the mature, well-informed, experienced Christians who are to be seen in modern congregations. It is difficult to realize how inexperienced those converts were, how crude their ideas, how imperfect their morality; they required much patient teaching and exhortation; and even the best of them, who were appointed deacons and deaconesses and elders, knew very little, for they had but recently turned from idols to serve the living and true God. All their previous life had the dead weight of heathen custom, heathen ideas, heathen morality, heathen vice; and it took long years of patient labour on the part of the apostles to raise their converts to anything like a proper appreciation of the behaviour that is becoming a Christian. Were these results, then, worth the labour? Was it worth while to have gained these new Churches in heathen countries, when the gain had been achieved at the expense of such bodily injury to an apostle as had made him prematurely old and taken many years from his life?

Was it worth while? Would Paul and Barnabas and Silas not have done better to have stayed at home and taught

the home Church? Suppose they had, where, then, would our European and American Churches have been to-day? Simply nowhere. Had there been no apostolic missions, Anglo-Saxon Christianity would have been non-existent.

The *work* is Christ’s. The *command* to carry the Gospel to every creature is Christ’s command. It is the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Jesus, who still breathes into His people something of the *compassion* of Christ for those who are even to-day sitting in the shadow of death; and the *results* of Christian missions are Christ’s.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

A WITNESS FOR CHRIST IN PERSIA.

ALL who are seeking to spread the Gospel among Moslems are united together by a common interest, and the readers of NORTH AFRICA will rejoice to hear of one in another Mohammedan country (Persia) who has been strengthened by Divine grace to bear witness fearlessly to the Lord Jesus.

The mission in Urumiah was commenced in 1834, nearly sixty years ago. The following account is by one of the present missionaries, Dr Shedd:

Our community, both Christian and Moslem, has been greatly moved by the bold confession of Christ of a converted Moslem. Mirza Abraham was baptized about three years ago in Khoy. His wife and property were taken from him, and he was driven out and came here a sick and feeble man physically, but fearless to confess his Saviour, strong in faith, and growing in his knowledge of the Word of God. Recovering his health at our hospital, he has earned his living—about *three dollars* a month—by writing and other work. This sum quite suffices for his wants. He has said that he has used half for himself and given the other half to those poorer than himself. He has been at work preaching Christ, and was arrested in a village three week ago and brought before the magistrates. As he was going he put his Testament in his bosom. The enquiry was made by the Serperast, or Governor of the Christians—and around him was the crowd of scowling mollahs and other Moslems—“Why should you, a Moslem, be teaching the Christians’ doctrines?” Mirza Abraham took out his Testament, and asked in reply, “Is not this *Injil* a holy book?” The Serperast acknowledged that it was. “Then am I not right in reading and teaching it?” “But how about Mohammed?” “That is for you to say. My faith is in Christ and His Word. He is my Saviour.” At this the command was, “Beat him.” The Christian brother at whose house he was arrested was with him, and both were beaten by the *farashes* and the crowd. Mirza Abraham was knocked down and kicked terribly even by the Serperast. In all this his spirit was calm, and he repeated verses from the Testament to his tormentors. Some in the crowd demanded his blood. He told the Serperast, “You may shoot me from the cannon’s mouth, but you cannot take away my faith in Christ.” The Serperast claims that he was obliged to ill-treat him to appease the Moslems; and ordered the *falak*, to which he was bound face downwards, and the bottoms of his feet terribly beaten; and then he was carried to the prison, and put into the stocks and chains. The mob was now at a fierce heat of excitement, and the Governor and Serperast both feared a bloody riot. Meanwhile friends were busy; and an order came from Tabriz that Mirza A. should be kept in safety, and carried to Tabriz for trial. This allayed the excitement. For two weeks he was in prison, constantly preaching Christ. The Serperast said: “He is crazy.” The Khans raised a purse of money and said, “If money is what you want here it is.” Others said, “He is crazy;” others admitted that he was sane and a true confessor. Christian brethren visited him, carried him food,

Historical Notes.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN NORTH AFRICA.

THE CHURCH IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

WE find that Carthage in the fourth century had almost recovered its former prosperity; it had also much increased in extent, and would appear from existing ruins to have covered the whole space enclosed in the ancient wall. The population at this time was probably half a million, the Christians outnumbering their heathen neighbours.

In stating this, however, it is necessary, by a few words of explanation, to guard ourselves from being misunderstood. The union of Church and State under Constantine had been anything but a success. There is no doubt this monarch had a sincere desire for the benefit of the Christian Church. Although he endeavoured to leave the Church free to carry on her own affairs, yet, as a despotic sovereign, was continually interfering, and from time to time exercised his strong will in that direction which seemed to him to be the wisest. His successors were still less able to guide so complex a piece of machinery; they presided at the councils of the Church, took part in theological disputes, and introduced great changes in the Christian society. Spirituality seemed steadily to decline; questions of architecture, ornament, and ceremonial took its place, and the protest of a witnessing Church seemed all but lost.

In a Church of this description were large numbers of persons who were not associated with it as the result of conviction, but of blind obedience. "The personal authority of the emperors was of immense weight. No parallel in modern times—not even Henry VIII. or Louis XIV.—is nearly sufficient to illustrate the religious awe with which the emperors were invested. Worshipped as a god, even in his lifetime he was supposed to have unlimited power to dictate the religion of his people. If it were known to be his will that men should worship Christ, loyal subjects would do so, not inquiring further, but merely worshipping as the emperor bade them. So completely had the imperial system penetrated the very soul of the Roman people that many were content to obey with alacrity whatever edict the sovereign might issue in reference to public worship. Religion for them involved no question of truth or falsehood. Holiness and goodness did not enter into the idea of religion as entertained by the servile multitude who formed the bulk of the people. To submit to the prince and please him was the supreme rule of life."*

A Church so constituted must needs sink in faith and morals; even so it was with the North African Church. A lower standard of holy living; the bringing in of heathen ideas and customs; the introduction of relic worship, which had been more or less to the front ever since Constantine restored the holy places of Jerusalem and Bethlehem—these and other innovations were publicly introduced. And yet the clergy and bishops of the African Church were, as a rule, men of high character and learning: three of them, about the year A.D. 370, being appointed to dioceses in Gaul.

AUGUSTINE.

This learned man was born at Tagaste, about the middle of the fourth century, and was educated at Carthage. At the age of thirty-seven he was elected to the office of Bishop at Hippo Regius (now Bone), almost against his will, as he was fond of retirement. This was about three years after his conversion; from this time his progress was most marked, he ultimately

* "North African Church."

becoming one of the most celebrated divines Africa has produced.

The North African Church was now in the days of its greatest vigour. Springing, as we have seen, from the small seeds of truth carried to its shores by faithful followers of Christ in apostolic days, the Word of the Lord had had free course and had spread with amazing rapidity, more especially in the eastern and central provinces, while Mauretania had to some extent embraced the Christian faith. At this time there were 576 African bishoprics, many of these dioceses embracing sixty or eighty towns and villages. 'How hopeful such a state of things must have seemed to the Christians of those days. Alas! how soon was the bright noon-day to be overshadowed by the darkness of midnight!

THE VANDALS.

We must now turn aside for a time to note some of the principal events that were meanwhile transpiring in connection with North Africa as a Roman province.

In the year 408, Alaric, King of the Goths, who had previously invaded Italy, laid siege to Rome, but was induced to withdraw upon payment of a large sum of money. In A.D. 451, Attila, King of the Huns, devastated the country in his onward march, and again surrounded the city. His forces were, however, withdrawn, mainly through the efforts of the then Bishop of Rome. Four years later—A.D. 455—Genseric, King of the Vandals, came with a large army; the power of Rome, which had long been on the decline, was not able to stand against the fury of his attack, and the ancient city was taken and sacked. Many families of note escaped to Africa and took up their residence in Carthage, but the time was fast approaching when these African provinces were, in their turn, to be the scene of Vandal conquests.

APOSTOLIC MISSIONS AND THEIR RESULTS.

"SEPARATE Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Such was the word of the Holy Ghost which came to the Church in Antioch as they ministered to the Lord and fasted. This was the actual beginning of Christian missions; those two men were the pioneers of all in every age who have gone forth to carry the Word of Christ "far hence unto the Gentiles."

It was a vast work that lay before them. As Paul afterward wrote, "Who is sufficient for these things?" so would he feel now. Alone and singlehanded they were to attack the ignorance and superstition and vice of the world. Their difficulties could hardly be overestimated. What amount of credence were they likely to meet with from hostile Jews, from subtle Greeks, or from the military Romans? Was it probable that the minds of the heathen could be easily turned from the saturnalia and idol festivals to which for generations they had been addicted? Systems of priestcraft, of degrading mythologies, of widespread epicureanism, of an utterly debased home life, of slavery, and of revolting games and pleasures, kept the world crushed beneath corruption and sensuality. And who, then, were Barnabas and Paul, to attempt to overthrow institutions venerable with the traditions of centuries? Who were they, to try to change the religious and social face of the world?

And even after years of working at this their chosen work, they did not find it either popular or remunerative, for it fell to their lot to approve themselves the ministers of God in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings, in prisons, in deaths, being beaten, being stoned, being ship-

wrecked, living in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness.

These, then, were the first Christian missionaries. After a farewell meeting with the Church in Antioch, they made their way to the port of Seleucia, where there lay stretched at their feet the waters of the great western sea. Here they found a splendidly-built harbour, in which the ships were lying protected from the swell of the waves outside. The ruins of this harbour remain in great perfection to our own day, only silted up with mud. From just such a harbour and such piers as we are acquainted with in any of our great shipping centres, the first New Testament missionaries set sail. It was the noblest use to which the masonry of the port of Seleucia had ever been put, when it sheltered the ship into which Paul and Barnabas stepped as they went at the Divine bidding to evangelize the nations. Their vessel sailed out into the west—westward was the call of God to the Christian Church for many a century, until Europe and America should have received the Gospel. Arrived at length in Cyprus, the first country to which God had led them, what would the results be? What would be the results of discussions with unbelieving Jews, and with opposing philosophers? of weary journeys on foot—journeys continued for weeks together, while the preachers endured hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and had no certain dwelling-place? What would be the result of their residence in foreign cities among new faces, all of whom were alike ignorant of “this Jesus whom Paul preached”? Would the results be commensurate with the time and labour expended? Modern critics would say, No; for upon their principles Paul would have done better if he had not interfered with other people’s religion, if he had let the world alone; for the religion of Greeks and Romans, of Celts and Britons, was no doubt good enough for them, and they would somehow or another all turn out right enough in the next world. It was not after this fashion that Paul reasoned or acted. No; he had a Gospel to make known—“Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.” To make all men know the mystery of Christ he was willing to be buffeted and reviled, willing to undergo abuse and bodily injury, willing to be scourged, to be stoned, and left for dead, as he was at Lystra. What, it is asked, are men to undergo treatment like this for the sake of propagating the Christian religion? Here is his reply: “I count not my life dear unto me, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I received of the Lord Jesus.”

BUT WHAT WERE THE RESULTS? A handful of converts in each of half a dozen or a dozen towns, and those converts by no means the mature, well-informed, experienced Christians who are to be seen in modern congregations. It is difficult to realize how inexperienced those converts were, how crude their ideas, how imperfect their morality; they required much patient teaching and exhortation; and even the best of them, who were appointed deacons and deaconesses and elders, knew very little, for they had but recently turned from idols to serve the living and true God. All their previous life had the dead weight of heathen custom, heathen ideas, heathen morality, heathen vice; and it took long years of patient labour on the part of the apostles to raise their converts to anything like a proper appreciation of the behaviour that is becoming a Christian. Were these results, then, worth the labour? Was it worth while to have gained these new Churches in heathen countries, when the gain had been achieved at the expense of such bodily injury to an apostle as had made him prematurely old and taken many years from his life?

Was it worth while? Would Paul and Barnabas and Silas not have done better to have stayed at home and taught

the home Church? Suppose they had, where, then, would our European and American Churches have been to-day? Simply nowhere. Had there been no apostolic missions, Anglo-Saxon Christianity would have been non-existent.

The *work* is Christ’s. The *command* to carry the Gospel to every creature is Christ’s command. It is the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Jesus, who still breathes into His people something of the *compassion* of Christ for those who are even to-day sitting in the shadow of death; and the *results* of Christian missions are Christ’s.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

A WITNESS FOR CHRIST IN PERSIA.

ALL who are seeking to spread the Gospel among Moslems are united together by a common interest, and the readers of NORTH AFRICA will rejoice to hear of one in another Mohammedan country (Persia) who has been strengthened by Divine grace to bear witness fearlessly to the Lord Jesus.

The mission in Urumiah was commenced in 1834, nearly sixty years ago. The following account is by one of the present missionaries, Dr Shedd:

Our community, both Christian and Moslem, has been greatly moved by the bold confession of Christ of a converted Moslem. Mirza Abraham was baptized about three years ago in Khoy. His wife and property were taken from him, and he was driven out and came here a sick and feeble man physically, but fearless to confess his Saviour, strong in faith, and growing in his knowledge of the Word of God. Recovering his health at our hospital, he has earned his living—about *three dollars* a month—by writing and other work. This sum quite suffices for his wants. He has said that he has used half for himself and given the other half to those poorer than himself. He has been at work preaching Christ, and was arrested in a village three weeks ago and brought before the magistrates. As he was going he put his Testament in his bosom. The enquiry was made by the Serperast, or Governor of the Christians—and around him was the crowd of scowling mollahs and other Moslems—“Why should you, a Moslem, be teaching the Christians’ doctrines?” Mirza Abraham took out his Testament, and asked in reply, “Is not this *Injil* a holy book?” The Serperast acknowledged that it was. “Then am I not right in reading and teaching it?” “But how about Mohammed?” “That is for you to say. My faith is in Christ and His Word. He is my Saviour.” At this the command was, “Beat him.” The Christian brother at whose house he was arrested was with him, and both were beaten by the *farashes* and the crowd. Mirza Abraham was knocked down and kicked terribly even by the Serperast. In all this his spirit was calm, and he repeated verses from the Testament to his tormentors. Some in the crowd demanded his blood. He told the Serperast, “You may shoot me from the cannon’s mouth, but you cannot take away my faith in Christ.” The Serperast claims that he was obliged to ill-treat him to appease the Moslems; and ordered the *falak*, to which he was bound face downwards, and the bottoms of his feet terribly beaten; and then he was carried to the prison, and put into the stocks and chains. The mob was now at a fierce heat of excitement, and the Governor and Serperast both feared a bloody riot. Meanwhile friends were busy; and an order came from Tabriz that Mirza A. should be kept in safety, and carried to Tabriz for trial. This allayed the excitement. For two weeks he was in prison, constantly preaching Christ. The Serperast said: “He is crazy.” The Khans raised a purse of money and said, “If money is what you want here it is.” Others said, “He is crazy;” others admitted that he was sane and a true confessor. Christian brethren visited him, carried him food,

and they prayed together. When he left the prison to be carried to Tabriz he called the prisoners to witness that he had taught them the way of life in Jesus. He and the Christian brother with him bowed in prayer just before mounting in the presence of the General and his cavalry and a crowd of people. The General was deeply impressed, and on parting adjured the guards that they should be kind to him by the way, and say nothing against his faith. He thus is gone, we know not whether to life or death; but sure that he would glorify God in either. It is a direct issue. Will the Shah put a man to death for leaving the Koran and following the Gospel? In many ways events are hastening to a crisis in Persia.

Urumiah, June 14th, 1892.

Tunis.

SORROWS OF AN ARAB WOMAN.

By MISS A. M. CASE (TUNIS).

DURING our month at Kram we came back to Tunis for a few days to attend the wedding of one of our Arab friends. The family of the bride live almost next door to us, and we are very intimate with them. Zohrah, the mother, is a kind-hearted, genial woman, always ready to do a good turn for anyone, and particularly willing to help along those who, "for love of our Lord Jesus," are studying Arabic. Her daughter, Manaina, a girl of about seventeen, has twice been betrothed, and we were present on both occasions, but her first prospective husband died. When he knew that he could not live, he begged to be allowed to look once upon the face of her who should have been his wife, but the Arab sense of propriety forbade even this, and so poor Manaina never saw the one to whom she had formally been given for life.

Some or all of the money for her had been paid by the young man's family; so, to prevent difficulties, it was proposed that Manaina should marry his brother. This fell through, and so did other plans, until the poor girl was getting so old that her parents were ashamed to have her on their hands any longer.

At last

THE WEDDING DAY

arrived. We noticed that Zohrah was anxious that we should *not* give our little presents at the proper place and time, *i.e.*, after the bride's arrival at her husband's house. She asked us not to let the bridegroom's relations see them.

In the evening the bridal procession passed our house, some of the attendants loudly rapping at every door in the impasse, and uttering the shrill cry of joy that betokens a wedding. We stood admiring the sight; it was so pretty and Oriental. Every woman, of course, was closely veiled, and they were preceded by men and boys carrying huge lanterns and burning candles shaped like the five fingers of a hand—supposed to represent the protective hand of Providence. Next day we all went to the bride's reception, and saw her room with its new furniture and pretty fittings. We were not agreeably impressed with the little we saw of Manaina's new relations; however, we were told that the bridegroom (not present, of course,) and herself seemed satisfied with each other, after their one brief interview, and so we hoped they would be happy.

How little we were prepared for the news which greeted us on our return to Tunis! Manaina had remained just seven days in her husband's house, and was now

A PRISONER

in the Dar El Jouad! That is to say, she and her furniture and all her wedding outfit had been placed for safety in the

official house where all women who claim the protection of the law must go and remain in custody until their cases have been inquired into. Poor girl! this is what all her dreams of happiness have come to. Not that one ought to be particularly astonished at her misfortunes, they are unhappily the common lot of many Arab women known to us. Only too often wives are divorced after a week or fortnight's acquaintance. This it seems is not to be the case with Manaina. Her boy-husband, as young as herself, and smaller in person, has not turned against her, in spite of his four elder brothers and all their wives and his two sisters. They, we are told, declared that the girl was not pretty, not good, and they tried to take her few jewels from her, and so on. When her father grew indignant, they offered to keep silence if he would return the money paid for her. But it had all been expended on her trousseau, and he refused to have the matter hushed up, but carried it to the judge.

The whole story is too pitiful to write here, but I just give you these outlines, that you may catch a glimpse of what it means to be an Arab woman.

THE SEQUEL.

Oct. 18th.—Poor Manaina is to be divorced after all, and must have the humiliation of returning home a dishonoured wife of seven days! It will be more difficult than ever to find her a husband now, and after living in that House of Correction (as one might call it) with forty other women, all under the displeasure of their lords, what chance will there be of her bringing home any remains of her fresh, girlish spirit that she took hence such a short time ago?

I found her father groaning in great pain just now when I ran in to inquire for her. The mother says she thinks this trouble has brought on his illness. But I trust it is nothing serious. I was able to relieve him a little by hot applications and other simple remedies. It is such a luxury to step in with even a limited amount of knowledge and give practical aid just where the Arabs are helpless. Poor things! except when cooking, they have no fire even to boil a little water, let alone other comforts.

A Bedouin family rent one of their rooms, and the other day the husband did not return from work as usual, but his wife was informed that he had been put in prison! She did not know on what charge for some time. Now she hears he is accused of having helped to steal cattle, of which charge every one says he is innocent.

Opposite the house of Mahomet, as the sick man is called, is another also full of trouble. There, I am afraid, a poor little wife has been deserted by her husband. He went away several months ago, leaving her and an old mother entirely destitute of means.

The number of deserted wives, Arab and French, is very great in Tunis. How much sorrow surrounds us, and the God of Comfort is not known.

Algeria.

HEARTY GREETINGS IN KABYLIA.

By MISS K. S. SMITH.

October 26th, 1892.—You will, we know, rejoice to hear that we are again at work for the Master in Kabylia. When we left here in July we greatly needed rest, and this our loving Heavenly Father accorded us at the charming residence provided by Mrs. Lambert at El Biar on the outskirts of Algiers. We were a party of eight ladies, and a very happy, refreshing time we had together, while the Lord gave us many oppor-

tunities of doing a little work for Him. We started a meeting for the unconverted on Sunday evenings, followed by another for Christians. Our missionary friends in Algiers often came up to assist, and we had the joy of preaching the Gospel to Spaniards and Kabyles. We hope and believe that these meetings were blessed. Si Ali ou Lkadhi from Djemaa, who is working near Algiers, was generally with us at these times; you will remember he is a Christian, and we rejoice to know that he is

STRIVING TO FOLLOW CHRIST,

and is doing his best to learn to read the Word of God for himself. We pray that God will open the way for him to be properly instructed, so that he may be fitted to teach others.

During those weeks at El Biar our thoughts turned constantly to our dear people here; we wrote regularly to the converts, Si Cherif, Ali, and Amara, and frequently had letters from them. Our hearts ached for our little Jouhera, and often we felt tempted to go up and see her; but it seemed better to leave her quietly with her uncle until we should return. We daily expected to hear what the French Government had decided with regard to the missionaries, but no news came, so about the end of September we prepared to return to our mountain home. On our way back we called upon the Sous-Préfet at Tizi-Ouzou, and the Administrator at Fort National; both received us politely, and gave us the opportunity of explaining our work among the Kabyles. We expressed our regret at the false rumours that had been spread about us, and asked them to come and see us, or write to us if they heard anything more. We presented each with a New Testament saying the principles we taught were contained therein.

Our feelings were curiously divided as we settled down again in our home at Djemaa. The almost

UNIVERSAL JOY OF THE KABYLES

at our return was very touching. Over and over again they welcomed us back, some saying: "You would be surprised if you knew how glad we are." Yes, they are glad, we feel it; but it only makes us long the more that they may love and welcome our Master too. But that is coming. Some have already found out how altogether lovely He is, and are rejoicing in Him, and trying to bring others to His feet. There is much to cheer us, and when we visited the inhabitants of Mekla all received us with kindness, some even with affection. The Roman Catholics are evidently our chief opposers here. They are strengthening their position by building a church at Mekla, and when we went there the other day to console a poor mother on the death of her child, the priest arrived with six acolytes in crimson and lace surplices, the same as they have in Algiers. How glad we are that God's Word has been faithfully preached in the past, and nearly everyone possesses a Bible. We are hopeful as to the results in spite of these innovations.

Just before leaving Algiers we received a letter from our lad, Si Cherif, telling us that

OUR LITTLE JOUHERA

had run away from her cruel uncle (who intended selling her to the Arabs), and had returned to Djemaa expecting to find us here. The poor child cried bitterly on seeing our house empty, and after wandering about the village for some time, gave herself up to the Roman Catholic Sisters close by us, intending to leave them as soon as we returned. Poor child! she little knew how impossible it would be to do this. I need not tell you how deeply troubled we were when we heard this news. If only she had waited a little we should have returned. But of course this she did not know. Soon after our return we called to see the Sisters, but they did not open

their door. We then wrote a polite note asking to see them, but this they as politely refused. One day I saw a Sister on the road and spoke to her. She seemed very nervous and confused, but finally replied clearly: "We have been to the President and the Mayor about Jouhera, and we shall *not* give her up unless her uncle should come for her." We feel the loss of our little protégée more than I can express, and her being so very near makes it the more trying; but what can we do? We do not think it wise either to go to the French authorities or to the child's uncle. We are staying our hearts on God, and leaving Him to act as He sees best. One of the Sisters told a person at Mekla that Jouhera was always crying for us; doubtless she would run away, but is too closely watched.

Those of our young friends who think that missionaries have only to preach and teach would have wondered had they seen us during the last few weeks. On our return we found our house in a most dilapidated state; the clay soil had cracked during the great heat, and most of our rooms had cracked too. Ceilings and walls threatened collapse, and doors and windows refused to open or shut. So we engaged three Kabyle workmen, and day after day we were occupied in turning out and re-arranging rooms.

In spite of the discomfort and the confusion

OUR MISSION WORK WENT ON.

From twenty to twenty-five little boys have come each Sunday to their class. On Tuesdays and Fridays we have been busy attending to the sick and preaching the Gospel (yesterday we had forty patients). The women and girls returned to their classes, and people came in continually to bid us welcome back. The work, however, that has given us most joy, and is perhaps the most important, is the teaching and training of the converts. We started at once a little meeting in Kabyle, morning and evening, which Si Cherif and Ali ou User have attended regularly, and these two are frequently joined by Amara Said and others. At these times we sing a hymn, learn a passage of Scripture, which is explained, and pray. The Christian lads take their turn to pray, and are a great help when others come in. Mohand ou H., who has been working here, was most attentive to our teaching. One Sunday he came in morning and evening, when Si C. and Ali told him the story of their conversion. As these lads can neither read nor write, but are very anxious to learn, we are giving them a lesson each evening, which they much appreciate. We are much struck by

THE CHANGE IN ALI.

Formerly he looked sullen and unhappy; now he has a peaceful, contented expression, which becomes radiant when he speaks about the things of God. He seems so glad to learn more about the way of salvation and the Christian life, and we earnestly hope that he will eventually become a worker for Christ. We know not how long we may be permitted to remain here, so are very anxious to make the best use of our time. We propose visiting regularly the surrounding villages. Ali ou User or Si Cherif will go with us, and we believe will be willing to assist us in preaching the Gospel. Ali has a fine, sonorous voice, and already knows many of the hymns.

TENT MEETINGS IN PHILIPPEVILLE.

By MR. W. G. POPE.

WE have just made another new movement to try and reach some of the lost and unthought-of masses of Algeria. A fortnight ago Mr. Borel, his wife, and myself left Algiers on a mission tour, taking our tent with us, which is capable of seating 150 persons,

We went direct to Constantine, and after passing two pleasant days there, viewing its lovely position and taking note of situations suitable for the tent, etc., we proceeded to Philippeville, where we decided to commence. As I look back on the past fortnight's experience it seems so long, such a crowd of events have appeared, so much to encourage and so much to discourage. We arrived late one evening, and went to the cheapest hotel we could find, and the following morning (Tuesday) tried to see the mayor to give us an "emplacement" for the tent. How many times we went here and there I cannot tell, but, anyway, the night came and we had not succeeded.

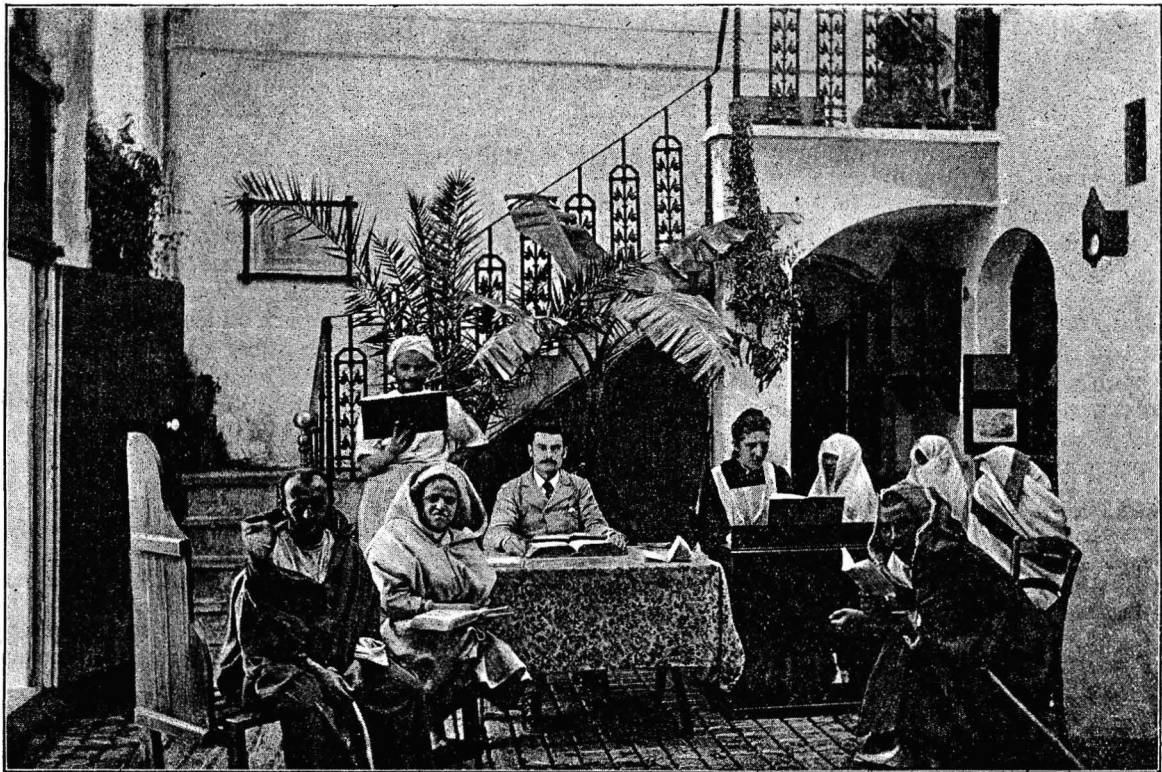
Wednesday dawned, and with it success for the ground, but we have not been able to find the man to mark us out our ground for the tent, without which we cannot put it up! How

minutes we were having a children's meeting—"school," as they called it. This evening (Friday) the tent was packed, and some in the meeting were a little rough.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

was about these meetings. Some were satisfied that we talked of God, etc. But what about the Virgin Mary? where are your candles, your crosses, your saints, etc.? Some wanted to know why we did not charge to come in, so as to keep out the poor and ignorant. No one understands that God's Gospel is free! One of the tent cords was cut that evening in spite of our care.

Saturday, however, brought a new state of things. First of all an Italian meeting at two was followed by a children's meeting at three. Both of these were excellent. In the even-



INTERIOR OF THE TULLOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL—THE WAITING-ROOM (see page 11.)

we searched and sought! Wednesday evening came, and still the tent was not up.

On Thursday the man was found, and we were no sooner on the spot with the tent than we had a crowd of helpers—Italians, Arabs, Neapolitans, Maltese, etc., and

THE TENT

was quickly erected. It stood in a splendidly exposed place, where all the town could see it. But the great question was, "What is it?" Some said the circus, others acrobats, and we had many offers of performers, for no one dreamt of religious meetings. In the afternoon we put up a huge bill across the top of the tent: "*Conferences Religieuses ce Soir à 7 hrs. $\frac{3}{4}$.*"

We succeeded in getting a few seats; for the rest they must stand! We had a nice quiet meeting in the evening. The people seemed very satisfied, but there was an undercurrent of thought that we were "L'Armée du Salut" (Salvation Army). The next afternoon we had but to open our tent, and in five

ing we found it absolutely necessary to have a policeman outside, and one in private clothes within. The tent was crowded—about 250 inside instead of 150, and crowds of respectable people outside who could not find entrance. At first all went well, but I afterwards noticed that the tent was slackening, and upon going outside found no less than eight of the cords cut! I tied them again as quickly as possible, but it seemed as soon as one was tied another was cut. The policemen were powerless. Inside, the din was commencing; and finally—not, however, before the Gospel had been given—Mr. Borel had to give up in despair. We hoped better things for the next day (Sunday), so gave out that two meetings would be held, at three and eight.

On Sunday morning we went to the Protestant Temple. After the service we introduced ourselves to the pastor, who kindly offered us

THE TEMPLE

for our services. We had already looked at a hall, in case it

might be impossible to continue our meetings in the tent ; but now we gladly accepted the pastor's offer. At 1.30 I held a meeting in the tent for children and adults, but there were more of the latter than the former—in fact, the tent was full. We succeeded in carrying the meeting through, but at the end the din was again awful. Evidently someone intended we should not rest. At the close our Italian watchman told us that a band of his fellow-countrymen, at the instigation of the curés, had arranged to cut up the tent in the evening. So we decided to have no meetings till we have the Temple on Monday. Many people came, but we told them of the necessity to cease here, and invited them to the Temple.

On Monday we began at the Temple, where we have almost perfect quietness. The Temple, which holds about 150 people, is full every evening, and the people learn and like our

Sankey's hymns. There are a number of people interested, but astonished that their duty will not get them to heaven. Many come very regularly every evening, but only those who have worked in Catholic countries will realize our difficulties.

On Friday night we had a splendid meeting, but not one in the hall could answer the question asked of several, "Are you saved?" After our teaching they dared not say Yes, but the Spirit was loudly speaking. One or two stayed behind, but no one came to a decision. I sold a number of New Testaments, and the people left.

The brethren were hoping to continue the services in the Protestant Temple for some days, but some influence having been brought to bear upon the pastor, the permission previously granted them to use the building was withdrawn, and they were compelled to terminate them somewhat abruptly.

Morocco.

FROM TANGIER TO FEZ.

JOURNEY OF THE MISSES HERDMAN, REED, BONHAM, AND MELLETT.

MISS HERDMAN sends us particulars of an interesting journey taken in the early days of October, when returning to their mission station in Fez. There was the usual delay in getting off, and it being the time of a Moorish feast, the muleteers were ever ready with excuses of shoeing mules etc., until the feast was past.

At 7 a.m. on Tuesday, Oct. 11th, the party left Hope House mounted on light pack mules, with two extra animals for carrying the heavier luggage. The weather was like an English summer, with some days a hotter sun. Two fellow-workers accompanied them for some miles on the road. Formerly our friends, in journeying to and from Fez, used the longer and safer road over the plains ; on this occasion, after crossing the stony range to the south of Tangier, they chose a road not used in winter, which crosses a long mountain bog and several salt streams, leading eventually to the Beni Emar—a tribe inhabiting a part of the picturesque district of Zarhone.

We had aimed at a resting-place a long day from Tangier ; but the days are short, and we only reached a very lovely spot on a plateau where we had not stopped for many years. The view of the sea to the west, and range after range of mountains to east and south-east, was glorious in the light of the setting sun.

The village was a safe one, having a Government official resident there ; but around us were wild tribes, ever rebellious to the Sultan. So we paid two watchmen, and our wearied muleteers slept peacefully.

All the able-bodied men and boys able to walk or ride the distance were still in Tangier at the feast, so that I had not the opportunity of reading the Gospel except to a few night and morning. These few, however, knew the doctor at Tangier, and were willing to listen and to receive books, and we praised the Lord for leading us to that sweet spot. I gave two Testaments and several Gospels to them.

The next morning we rose by candle-light, and by sunrise were ready to start. We travelled through a picturesque hilly country, studded with large villages, inhabited, however, by tribes of reputed highway robbers. There were fig-trees on the hills close to the villages, but the valley did not provide us with one tree for shade, and we sat down to luncheon at midday near a spring without even a shrub in view. Toward sunset we reached and crossed Wad-el-Mehhazen, now dry, but in the rainy season very deep and dangerous, with its rapid flow and precipitous banks. Near its farthest bank is

A LARGE VILLAGE,

where we stopped. Its Makaddam, or chief, wished us to encamp on the village dunghill, but by keeping our packs until a clear place outside was conceded we gained our daily battle, and, as usual, the Makaddam provided watch-

men. The day had been warm and fine. The village was thickly populated, and as soon as I could get at the books I took a camp-chair while the tents were being put up, and a large number of men and boys gathered around me. There was no fanaticism, and many of the people wished to hear the Gospel and asked for books. I gave five well-printed Testaments and some portions. Some women also came around us later on and listened.

In the night the windows of heaven were opened, and the rain came down in torrents. At three in the morning, Miss Mellett and Miss Bonham, after being wet through and through while sleeping in their tent, took refuge in our sound one. We made a cup of tea to restore our drowned sisters, and put them up as well as we could. 3.30 was our rising hour, but as we could not travel in the rain we did not stir so early. After breakfast, at 6 o'clock, we decided, as the showers were still very heavy, to wait. Between times the men and boys came again, and we were glad of the delay to teach them. Starting late in the morning, we rode slowly through the mud until we came to dry ground ; for as we descended we found that the rain had only been partial, not reaching beyond the hills. We arrived at

ALCAZAR

at one o'clock, where our head muleteer remained to purchase provisions ; we avoided the town, skirting it inside its manure walls.

Alcazar is beautifully situated near the foot of Mount Sirsir—a very picturesque mountain and a landmark, easily distinguished at a distance of fifty miles. It contains probably 12,000 inhabitants, and is a very important commercial centre, coming more and more into the power of the Jews, many of whom live there.

Leaving Alcazar behind them, they passed along a broad, firm road—probably made at the instigation of enterprising Jews, who attend all the country markets around—and reached the beautiful Alcazar river, which flows down from the mountains through deep wooded banks. At night they encamped in a melon garden adjoining a hamlet that had been described to them as a den of robbers. The shield of the Almighty was nevertheless round about them, and they slept in safety. Two or three copies of the Word of God were left with the people of this village.

Friday, Oct. 14th.—Rose before daybreak and looked out at the moon and planet Venus. Dressing, we prepared coffee for ourselves and the men—as usual, over a charcoal fire made in a hole in the ground. This was done by the light of a lantern, and we had mounted and ridden off before sunrise. We took the mountain-road to Fez, and soon began to ascend a wide, stony track, and which ultimately led to a pretty gorge full of springs of mineral water, at one of which we drank, and continued our journey until midday, when we reached a very curious place in the mountains. This was the ruins of what had once been a solid erection over a spring. A large tank is still intact, full of trout, with a few tortoises and eels. We lighted the spirit lamp, but were so occupied with feeding the fishes that we were summoned to start with luncheon not yet eaten, added to which, owing to a mountain breeze, the tea would not warm. These creatures in the tank were evidently accustomed to be fed, and the way in which the tortoises stretched their long necks straight up and opened their mouths just at water level was most amusing. The people from a large village above us came round; they had all the appearance of wealth, and were well dressed.

We spoke hastily to three or four people, and gave a Testament to the schoolmaster, who was a good reader. I hope we may visit this delightful spot again. The animals regaled themselves on the sweet green grass; for when everything is burned up by the blazing sun, these green oases are delightful. Where green is ever present, as in Northern climes, it is not so appreciated.

Saturday, Oct. 15th.—Started, as usual, by the light of the moon and stars, and had the sunrise on the road. The day ultimately became very hot, and we begged to be taken to a shady place for lunch; but it was not until we were really weary that we reached one of the properties of

THE SHEREEF OF WAZAN.

The Shereef Haj Abdesslam had died a few days before, and his eldest son Sidi el Arbi has succeeded him as head of the tribes and villages controlled by that "sacred" family.

All around were signs of prosperity, and the rare sight of orchards of pomegranates and figs and olive gardens was a pleasant change after the wild, bare country we had passed through. We had spread a carpet in a lovely spot under a pomegranate tree, and were preparing to rest a little after a hurried luncheon, when marching orders came, and we reluctantly watched our carpet, on which we had planned a rest, being folded and put on the pack. The men were right, as events proved. Warily remounting, we rode into a wild, dangerous tract, inhabited by the Hajawee, a tribe only tributary to the Sultan. This tract is bounded by the Sebou, which river we crossed safely shortly before sunset at a picturesque spot surrounded by hills and close to a very curious group of rocks called by various names—"The Lady's Rock," "The Upright Rock," etc. In their midst is a palm tree. The Sebou is both deep and wide here, and very swift. We kept close to the rapids to get water sufficiently shallow, and only waded one pannier. Many persons annually lose their lives in attempting to swim across the rivers of Morocco.

A short way from the crossing, and just above another bend of "My Lord Sebou," as the people call their river, we encamped close to a dirty village. The Makaddam, or headman, told us, as usual, "We should be murdered; we must go

inside." We answered that we preferred being murdered to dying of fever or dysentery, and would pay watchmen. The field was full of beautiful stones, granite, marbles, jasper.

Sunday, Oct. 16th.—We rested to-day, and both our animals and men seemed to enjoy the rest, although the day before they tried to persuade us that Sunday was Saturday, to get us to travel by guile.

SUNDAY IN A MOORISH VILLAGE.

After an early service we sat by Sidi Sebou and gathered some of the beautiful stones with which his bed abounds.

After dinner we devoted the rest of the day to the villagers, men and women in different groups sitting around us out of doors in the perfect climate of a Morocco autumn day. We spoke to them, gave books to all who could read, and invited them to come to Fez. The sick were visited in their temporary homes. The village was a movable one of tents and beehive huts, the tents being the usual brown palmetto fibre ones, not reaching the ground, an upright wall of matting or reeds or thorns filling up the two feet or more of space left uncovered. There were two very tall water-wheels on the banks of the Sebou drawing up water for irrigation. The place we stopped at is a meeting of roads, and we prayed that soon there may be a church where now there is but a group of stones.

Last year we encamped at different places, so that we have left a streak of light continuously through, giving the Word of God each time we travel. The evening was warm, with a glorious sunset.

Monday's experiences were akin to those of previous days. On Tuesday we were mounting continually, until we reached a plateau of 2,000 feet, for Fez is bounded by mountains. There had been much rain on the spot, and consequently many crocuses, snowdrops, narcissi ready to blossom, and other flowers were peeping at us. Then we descended the hill to the Fez plateau, lunched not far from the Fez river, and entered the city, not by one of the main gates, but by one near our house, which is 350 feet below the upper gates. We rode outside the walls, past gardens, by a rough, steep road commanding a glorious view of the whole city and its environs; then we dismounted and walked through the very narrow streets, as our pack mules were occasionally wedged in between houses. We found all well, and had a warm greeting from Miss Copping and our two Moorish servants. The neighbours greeted us kindly in our street, and gladly welcomed us home after our journey of 160 miles.

VILLAGE MEDICAL MISSION WORK.

By MISS C. S. JENNINGS.

MISS JENNINGS, in company with Miss Aldridge, was encamped for a few bright days, at the end of September, in one of the Moorish villages to the west of Tangier. At first they had some little difficulty in finding a spot suitable for their tent, ultimately settling on a wild bit of tolerably level mountain-side. Although away from the village, the news soon spread that the English tabeebas from Tangier had arrived, and each day quite a number

of women and girls came for medicine, to all of whom Christ was preached. Occasional excursions were made to other villages in this hill-country. The following particulars of one of such journeys will be found interesting:—

Saturday, 24th—Sent off the shereef by 6.15 this morning on a donkey to Tangier to buy us meat, bread, fruit, and vegetables, for we can get little but milk and eggs here; things are as dear as in Tangier, because this village is near enough for market produce to be taken into town twice weekly. Meat brought out to us on Tuesday turned in the heat before it reached us, and had all to be thrown away; but happily we managed to buy a small chicken in the village for less than a shilling. Our man being away, we had to stay by our encampment all the morning. First, I had a little congregation of women and children in the shade of the rocks by the mountain well, and after talking to them from the "Wordless Book," I distributed medicines and doctored several sore heads. Afterwards I similarly administered to the temporal and spiritual needs of a second group who climbed up the slope to us in our elevated arbour, and afterwards tried to teach some boys "Create in me a clean heart," etc., in the Bible Arabic; but they are terribly slow to learn.

Tuesday, 27th.—A good deal of rain fell in the night, and the heavy pattering on our single covered tent disturbed us. We have no second roof or outer covering for sun or rain with this spacious tent which Miss H. has kindly lent us, and which serves as bedroom, dining-room, sitting-room, larder, and dispensary in one. Therefore, covering up our bed, the table of books, and our day clothes from the damp which came in, and having pulled our camp bedsteads away from the sides of the tent, we managed to sleep.

AN EXPEDITION.

Last evening I ordered two donkeys to come early this morning and take us to a village on a neighbouring hill some four miles distant. But none arrived. Repeatedly trying experiences of this sort unfortunately teach us how little reliance can be placed on the word of these people. So, hiring two little lads to carry our medicines and lunch, we started on foot about 10 o'clock, and thanked God for the shaded sun and fresh air after the night of rain. A long walk down this stony hill, across the intervening plain, and up the next hill brought us to Jebeela, where gradually we introduced ourselves to the curious villagers, and were conducted to a shady spot under some fig trees and quickly surrounded by boys and two or three women. The lads were busy twisting the dried leaves of the palmetto shrub into native rope for sale. We tried to send them for their mothers, sisters, and aunts, as we especially wanted a female audience; but boys are self-willed, and in this land strongly object to be commanded by females. So no one moved. Presently the women found the way to our retreat one by one, and more than one of them we soon learned, had visited the English doctor's "house of medicine," as they call the hospital. For about two hours we sat talking to these Jebeelens and giving them medicine; but the people here, as in other places, seemed far more interested in us and our medicine than in our Divine message. Oh, for God's Spirit to awaken them to a state of their own lost condition!

I exceedingly regret having been able to do so little this summer of this much-needed and ready-waiting village medical mission work; but the civil war in the Anghera country, my engagements in the hospital, and the lack of a companion have prevented my undertaking it; and now the coming rains will soon make the roads impassable till the spring.

FROM MISS K. ALDRIDGE.

September 22nd.—Late in the afternoon we started for a walk. Going up the rocky path toward the village, we found a group of women and children sitting on the stones outside a hut; after greetings, they invited us to sit with them, which we did, Miss Jennings talking to them until the flocks began to come up from the valley. After we left them, a couple of boys took upon themselves the duty of piloting us through the village and keeping the dogs off, for which we were very thankful. We then made our way with some difficulty, in the fast-growing darkness, through the huge boulders in the narrow, steep lane, to our tent. Down in the village we heard firing at intervals, and a peculiar kind of shrill cry, which denoted the beginning of a new month. After this all was

QUIET IN THE CAMP

about us except the southing of the wind and the distant roar of the sea below us; no light anywhere to be seen, or sign of human habitation, but the morning, we know, will bring the people in numbers again, probably most of them anxious for medicine, and all will hear the Gospe!

September 23rd.—During the night the wind increased almost to a gale, with heavy showers. People began to arrive about six o'clock, but, as our tent was closed, they said we were still sleeping, and went away to return later, which some of them did as we were sitting at breakfast in the shade of some bushes near, and continued coming all morning in twos and threes. In the afternoon we walked out in the direction of the cemetery, thinking it likely the women would be there, as it was Friday. On our way back, we called to see a woman we know, and a number of others came round asking for medicine, so we just sat down in the road with them, and they listened fairly attentively whilst Miss Jennings spoke to them of Christ. Presently one woman, thinking we were thirsty, sent her boy into her hut for some fruit, which she pared for us.

DESOLATED VILLAGES.

Tangier, October 25th.—This morning, taking advantage of the Hospital being closed for the day, we started early, on donkeys, taking a few garments and simple medicines with us, intending to visit some of the villages in this neighbourhood which had been burnt during the late war. After about two hours' ride we arrived at a pretty village, with scarcely an entire house or hut in it; it was situated high up the hillside, but now almost deserted, many of the people who had fled into Tangier for safety being still afraid to return. A few were there, but seemed to be in great poverty, having lost all their goods. We spoke to some men who were busy thatching the roof of one of the houses with the green heather and palmetto which grew all around. One of them invited us to go and see the women; we followed him round into a smaller house, where were three women and two little children. The house was about eight feet square. One woman was grinding corn in one corner, and one was cooking with a fire of sticks in another, not a single article of furniture beyond a couple of old tins for use in cooking. The roof was open to the sky, except for a few green boughs thrown over one end, and which we found a pleasant shade from the hot sun, but the family must have suffered during the late heavy rains. Leaving them, we passed on to another village, and found it in even worse plight than the first, the cottages being more completely destroyed, most of them requiring not only re-roofing, but the walls rebuilding; only a few were left untouched. We gave away a little medicine, but, alas! the garments were already gone. The people in both villages listened very attentively to the Gospel message. Truly, in all the places around, there is plenty of work to do—plenty of opportunities for seed-sowing, but withal the need of much patience.

EXTRACTS FROM WORKERS' LETTERS.

From Miss A. CASE (Tunis).

How few of these people have yet heard the Gospel! And they must not only be made to hear, but a long, hard fight will have to be fought against their ignorance, superstition, love of sin, and pride of heart, before they will accept "Jesus only," and learn to know Him as *we* know Him.

It is an awful thing to live among so many who care nothing at all for the One most precious to us. They are friendly to us until we introduce His Name, and then the cold sneer or suspicious look warns us that we are among His enemies.

Our neighbour, a Frenchman, has lost faith in his religion (if he ever had any), like nearly all the *men* we meet, but we had no idea he could be so bitter, for he is always very gentlemanly and nice to us. We had been praying for an opportunity of a talk, and at last it came; but as one of us spoke quietly to him, and the others sat indoors and prayed, his blasphemies, uttered loudly enough for all the neighbourhood to hear, almost made our hearts stop beating. He laughed at sin. "Sin! what is it? Christ died for us? Stupidity! Made-moiselle, it's utter imbecility."

Our hearts are often made very sore, for Christ's sake, by such as he. Yet God *can* reach even this man. We want wisdom, love, and patience to follow up such cases. How very useful, if we could get them in French or Italian, books like Pierson's "Many Infallible Proofs" would be! We often mournfully say: "All the good things seem to be in English!"

A YIELDED LIFE.

(ROMANS vi. 13.)

WHAT is a yielded life?

'Tis one at God's command,
For Him to mould, to form, to use,
Or do with it as He may choose—
Resistless in His hand.

What is a yielded life?

A life whose aim is still,
When into blest subjection brought,
In every deed, and word, and thought,
Only to do His will.

What is a yielded life?

A life which Love has won,
Which in surrender, full, complete,
Lays *all* in gladness at the feet
Of God's most holy Son.

What is a yielded life?

A life no longer mine,
But crucified, henceforth, to sin;
Self no more reigns supreme therein,
He now through me can shine.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS.—Through the kindness of friends, the following meetings have been arranged for the month of January, at each of which Miss Rose Johnson will (D.V.) give an account of the Lord's work in North Africa:—

- Jan. 3.—"St. Clair," Upper Walmer.
- " 10.—Y.W.C.A., Eastbourne.
- " 12.—" Blandford.
- " 13.—"Ivy Bank," Weymouth.

Description of Illustrations.

INTERIOR OF THE TULLOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
—THE WAITING-ROOM.

WE have previously given our readers views of the exterior of this, the only hospital in Morocco, and we are now able to introduce them to a portion of the interior.

This large waiting-room occupies the centre of the building, and was originally a courtyard, which, by roofing over, was transformed into a fine hall, where patients attending the Medical Mission can await their turn to see the doctor. Here the daily services are also held.

In the illustration Mr. Edwards is seated at the table, conducting the service, and Miss Jennings at the organ. Behind Mr. Edwards is the hospital servant. The Moor in front of the table with a book on his lap is the first patient who had submitted to have his leg amputated. The following note concerning this man appeared in a subsequent number of NORTH AFRICA. Mr. Edwards wrote: "The man whose leg was amputated some weeks ago has returned to us again for his wooden leg. He is looking very well, and is full of gratitude. Miss Herdman has had a long conversation with him since his return, and she expresses the belief that he is truly converted to God and Christ. As far as he is able to comprehend the truth, I believe this to be correct."

In the further corner are three Moorish women, more or less closely veiled; and one of the male in-patients who cannot get down to the service, has crawled to the door of the ward at the top of the stairs, and is listening to the singing.

MOORISH SAINT'S TOMB.

Mohammedan saints are much respected and venerated by the majority of the people. Sainthood is for the more part hereditary, although many who have no claim in that direction, but who live a somewhat singular and separate existence, denying themselves some of the pleasures of life, and spending much of their time in reading and teaching the Koran, are held in repute as holy men. It is not every "saint," however, who has saintly ways.

After death their tombs are generally erected with a dome roof, and are frequent objects of interest to the traveller in North Africa. Special pilgrimages are made to their tombs at certain seasons, much in the same way as Romanists visit shrines, this being supposed to possess some merit.

The tomb of which we give an illustration is near a village on the road from Larache to Rabat; adjoining it is a mosque, with its handsome square tower, ornamented with representations of the well-known Moorish arch.

For the Young.

THE following letter was sent a short time since to the Superintendent of the Alma Road Sunday School by Miss Granger, of Constantine:—

DEAR MR. H.—, Will you please thank the scholars of the Alma Road Sunday School very much indeed for so kindly sending me such a handsome gift, and tell them how much their kindness has cheered me? No one at home can realise what a help it is to us out here to know that we are being thought of and prayed for.

I should like you to ask the children to pray especially for our two Sunday afternoon classes; they are both at the same hour, at half-past two, in separate rooms. The one which my

friend Miss Colville takes is for little French-speaking boys; they are all the children of Roman Catholics, so have never heard the simple Gospel before coming here. All through the winter and spring they have come so regularly, and seem to love to hear about Jesus; they are mostly intelligent, bright, little fellows, and sing so nicely and repeat passages of Scripture: several of them have taken Bibles home, which they read every day. One boy last Sunday was saying that he supposed as next Sunday will be a fete that not many will come, but he added, "Whoever stays away I shall come, for I do love to hear about God." He is always most interested; he has such an unhappy home and is often beaten. In this class there are French, Maltese, Corsicans, and Jews, but all speak French.

The other class, which I take, is for little Arab boys. They do not sit on chairs like children at home, but we spread mats for them on the tiled floor. They look such funny little fellows with their red caps and tassels—some of them have three or four yards of white muslin wound round their heads; they wear very loose trousers—like little skirts, generally made of sateen—short coats and waistcoats, and over all a burnous. When the door is opened, in they race, take off their shoes and leave them at the door, then they sit cross-legged on the mats; they are just as full of fun and spirit as English boys. They are so fond of singing hymns, their favourite one is "Jesus loves me;" they sing very heartily, but not always in tune. They repeat verses of Scripture, swaying themselves backwards and forwards all the time; love to look at Bible pictures and hear about Jesus. Every one wants to repeat last Sunday's story, but only one is allowed to tell it each Sunday. Once, when I had been talking to them about the rich man and Lazarus, and telling them about heaven, I said, "Now, none of you boys can ever say you do not know the way of salvation, and the only way you can ever go to heaven." One of them looked up so brightly, and said, "Yes, we do know the way: we cannot go to heaven if we do not have clean hearts, for God is so pure and He hates sin; and for our hearts to become clean they must be washed in the blood of Jesus. There is no other way." It was so lovely to hear him answer so clearly.

It is so sad to think that these dear little fellows, who believe so readily what we tell them, will be taught such lies when they grow up, and will be told that all we have taught them is untrue; but the Holy Spirit can show them the truth and lead them to trust in Jesus. I am sure none of the children at home can realise what it is to have never heard about Jesus and His love. I know they will not forget to pray for all these dear little brothers of theirs, French, Arabs, etc. All those who have come regularly are to come to a little treat at Christmas, and to have a prize. Now the hot weather has commenced very few come, as they go out for walks on Sundays.

Numbers of Arab men from all parts have been starting last week for their pilgrimage to Mecca. Some of them are able to pay for their journey, but others walk all the way; they think if they go there that all their sins will be forgiven. There is one room there which they say if they walk round it seven times that God will forgive all their sins. When they return they have *hadj* attached to their name, which means "a pilgrim."

We were in an Arab house the other day, and the family were telling us they were just going to visit a marabout's tomb (marabout means "attached to God") at a little distance from here. This marabout, who they think was a very holy man, has been dead hundreds of years; but they think if they visit his tomb and ask him for what they are in need of, that he will hear them and grant them their request. They tie a little piece of rag to one of the poles or reeds which are round the tomb to remind them of what they have asked. If the request is granted, they return to the tomb, taking with them

gifts of flour, sheep, etc. The keeper who lives there is very glad to receive these gifts! One of the women in the house I have spoken of showed us a very grand silk banner which she had made, and was taking as a present for the marabout, to be put on his tomb. She thinks she has done a very good deed, and all her friends who come in to see her, kiss this banner and bless her for making it.

When little boys are about four years old their heads are shaved all but one little piece, which is left long, as they say, so that they can be pulled up to heaven by it. We know one sweet little boy, his hair has never been cut yet, but his mother tells us that very soon he is to be shaved. They will invite all their friends for the ceremony, and have music and dancing; then the little boy's hair will be all cut off, and put into one side of a little pair of scales, into the other side they will put gold coins equal to the weight of the hair; these coins will be given to the little boy for his own. He is thought a great deal of, as he is the only child, and such a pretty little fellow. One day he took off his silver anklets and gave them to his father, asking him to sell them, and buy him a cow. His father agreed; but when he was ready to go, the little fellow said, "But I should like you to buy me some *big* silver anklets, much bigger than these, as well as the cow."

Little girls are not generally cared for so much, but we are just as fond of them as of the boys. We have a class for them on Wednesday afternoons at two o'clock; they learn to sew, and they make dresses, etc., for themselves, which, when they have finished, they take home. Some of them have made patchwork quilts out of a piece of print which kind friends in England gave us, and their delight was great when they were completed. While they are sewing they sing hymns and repeat texts, then at the close we have a talk about Jesus.

One of our dear little girls has lately lost her father, and when she came to us just after his death, her face was all scratched and torn; she had done this herself, and this is their way of showing their grief. Poor things, it makes our hearts so sad to see them. I am sure if those in England could see these dear people, and knew what sad lives they lead, many of them would be constrained to come out and tell them of the love of Jesus, which is the only thing that can possibly make them happy; but of Him most of them know nothing.

We want you to join with us in praising the Lord for sending one more worker to Constantine. Now I must conclude. With Christian love and many thanks to all the dear friends,

Believe me, yours sincerely,

HELEN E. GRAINGER.

WORKERS' UNION FOR NORTH AFRICA.

WILL ANY OF OUR FRIENDS JOIN THIS NEW AUXILIARY?

It has been established to aid our numerous missionaries abroad by providing them with clothing. Some of them do not need such help, but to others it would be a boon, saving their time and labour in making for themselves and their children.

There are many friends at home who cannot give much money, yet who can help by joining the Workers' Union.

Membership consists in supplying two useful articles of clothing and sixpence annually for carriage.

We have already Honorary Local Secretaries at Eastbourne, Christchurch, Tunbridge Wells, South Hampstead, Dublin, Wallingford, and West and Upper Norwood.

Who will volunteer to help by offering to become Honorary Local Secretary in their district or town?

Communications should be addressed to Mrs. J. H. Bridgford, Honorary General Secretary, Calverley Mount, Tunbridge Wells, who will very gladly supply further information.

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, Tripoli, and Egypt, with a branch mission in Northern Arabia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

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

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

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

LIST OF DONATIONS FROM NOVEMBER 1st TO 30th, 1892. GENERAL AND SPECIAL FUNDS.

1892. General.				1892. General.				1892. General.				1892. General.				SPECIAL FUNDS.			
No. of Receipt.	£	s.	d.	No. of Receipt.	£	s.	d.	No. of Receipt.	£	s.	d.	No. of Receipt.	£	s.	d.				
Nov. 1... 7010	1	0	0	Brought forward	62	4	0	Brought forward	243	19	2	Brought forward	349	4	6				
1... 7011	1	0	0	Nov. 11... 7035	51	14	2	Nov. 18... 7059	7	15	0	Nov. 26... 7083	1	1	0	Nov. 3... 7016	2	0	0
2... 7012	5	0	0	11... 7037	1	0	0	18... 7060	0	2	6	26 7084	1	0	0	5... 7020	0	15	0
2... 7013	0	4	0	11... 7038	1	1	0	19... 7061	8	0	0	26... 7085	0	2	6	11... 7036	2	0	0
3... 7014	1	0	0	12... 7039	6	0	0	19... 7062	1	0	0	28 7086	0	1	0	12... 7043	0	10	0
3... 7015	0	10	0	12... 7040	100	0	0	19... 7064	11	13	9	28... 7088	1	4	7	15... 7050	5	6	0
3... 7017	1	0	0	12... 7041	1	0	0	19... 7065	10	0	0	28... 7089	4	2	3	19... 7063	20	0	0
4... 7018	0	5	0	12... 7042	0	5	0	19... 7066	7	0	0	28... 7090	1	0	0	26... 7082	2	2	0
5... 7019	5	0	0	12... 7044	0	10	0	19... 7067	1	0	0	28... 7091	2	18	10	28... 7087	2	16	4
5... 7021	2	0	0	12... 7045	0	5	0	21... 7068	2	0	0	28... 7092	20	0	0	30... 7096	1	0	0
5... 7022	0	2	6	14... 7046	0	8	0	21... 7069	50	0	0	28... 7093	5	0	0	30... 7097	0	10	0
5... 7023	0	5	0	14... 7047	2	5	0	22... 7070	1	0	0	29... 7094	3	0	0	30... 7098	5	0	0
7... 7024	5	5	0	14... 7048	0	10	0	23... 7071	0	10	0	29... 7095	0	10	0				
7... 7025	0	3	0	14... 7049	3	0	0	23... 7072	1	5	0	30... 7097	0	10	0				
7... 7026	0	3	6	15... 7051	0	5	0	23... 7073	0	10	6	30... 7099	6	16	0				
7... 7027	5	0	0	15... 7052	1	0	0	23... 7074	1	0	0	30... 7100	0	10	0				
8... 7028	1	0	0	16... 7053	1	0	0	24... 7075	0	5	0								
8... 7029	1	0	0	16... 7054	0	13	3	24... 7076	0	5	0								
9... 7030	0	10	0	16... 7055	4	0	0	25... 7077	0	5	7								
10... 7031	0	12	0	17... 7056	0	10	0	25... 7078	0	5	0								
10... 7032	11	0	0	17... 7057	0	10	0	26... 7079	0	5	0								
10... 7033	20	0	0	17... 7058	5	18	9	26... 7080	1	0	0								
10... 7034	0	4	0					26... 7081	0	3	0								
Carried forward	£62	4	0	Carried forward	£243	19	2	Carried forward	£349	4	6								

GIFTS IN KIND : Nov. 12th (91), hamper of bottles, sugar, and old linen. Nov. 14th (92), hamper of bottles. Nov. 18th (93), box of mosquito curtains, bottles, bandages, and old linen. Nov. 24th (94), parcel of old linen; (95), hospital counterpanes; (96), box of toys scrap-books, dolls, beads, etc. Nov. 29th (97), hospital quilt, bandages, etc.; (98), 12 quilts and fancy articles.

Council.

J. H. BRIDGFORD, Tunbridge Wells.
ALGERNON C. P. COOTE, Powis Square, W.
W. SOLTAU ECCLES, Upper Norwood, S.E.

EDWARD H. GLENNY, Barking.
GENERAL AND MRS. F. T. HAIG, Red Hill, Surrey.
R. C. MORGAN, 12, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

JAMES STEPHENS, Highgate Road, N.W.
THEODORE WALKER, Leicester.

Office of the Mission—19, 21 AND 29, LINTON ROAD, BARKING.

Hon. Treasurer, W. SOLTAU ECCLES, 100, Church Road, Norwood, S.E.

Hon. Secretary, EDWARD H. GLENNY, 21, Linton Road, Barking.

Assistant Secretary, WILLIAM T. FLOAT.

Hon. Deputation, EDWARD L. HAMILTON (*Late of Tangier*).

Bankers, LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, 21, Lombard Street, E.C.

Hon. Auditors, MESSRS. ARTHUR HILL, VELLACOTT AND CO., 1, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

Referees.

REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, Clapham Common, S.W.
SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, K.C.B., Ware.
MR. AND MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, Bow, E.
DONALD MATHESON, Esq., 120, Queen's Gate, S.W.
J. E. MATHIESON, Esq., 47, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington.

GEO. PEARSE, Esq., Marseilles.
REV. MARK GUY PEARSE, 11, Bedford Street, London W.C.
LORD POLWARTH, St. Boswell's, N.B.
W. HIND-SMITH, Esq., Exeter Hall, Strand, W.C.

Location of Missionaries.

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

* At present in England.

Mission Publications.

DAYBREAK IN NORTH AFRICA.

By MRS. F. T. HAIG.

Numerous Engravings. Paper covers, 1s.; paper boards, 1s. 6d., post free.

Press Notices.

"A story full of true missionary life. The author—the wife of General Haig—has thrown heart and soul into this worthy ministry."—*Christian*.

"A very encouraging and hopeful account of work for Christ in Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli, by the North Africa Mission. Mrs. Haig tells the story of this development and progress with the interest of one whose sympathies are in the work, and we sincerely trust that this volume may have a wide circulation."—*Reaper*.

"This is a most refreshing little book. Its perusal cannot fail to impress the reader, by both pencil and pen, with the state of things over there."—*Illustrated Missionary News*.

NORTH AFRICA:

The Monthly Record of the North Africa Mission.

Contains frequent Articles bearing upon the Spiritual Condition of the Mohammedan Races and Tribes, and the best means of furthering Christian work amongst them. Also interesting extracts from the Missionaries' Diaries and Letters, showing the Progress of the Lord's work in Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli, and also the Branch Mission in Northern Arabia.

Illustrated by Woodcuts and Photo-prints. Price 1d. per month, or 1s. 6d. per annum, post free.

Title page and Index for binding will be sent free on application.

The Annual Volume for 1891.

Strongly bound in paper boards, with large Coloured Map of North Africa. Price 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d., post free.

The Large Coloured Map of North Africa, 11 ins. by 27 ins., can be had separately, shows the Stations of the N. A. Mission marked in Red. Price 6d., post free.

North Africa Mission.

A Small Booklet containing a Brief Sketch of the Origin and Development of the Mission, suitable for enclosing in letters. Price 6d. per doz.

"English Ladies in Tunisian Villages."

Same price as above.

North Africa Mission Leaflets.

Price 1s. per 100.

No. 1.—THE ROCK OF HIS SONSHIP.

No. 2.—DARK NORTH AFRICA.