



MATTHEW XXVIII

18 AND JESUS CAME AND SPAKE UNTO THEM SAYING, ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME IN HEAVEN AND IN EARTH

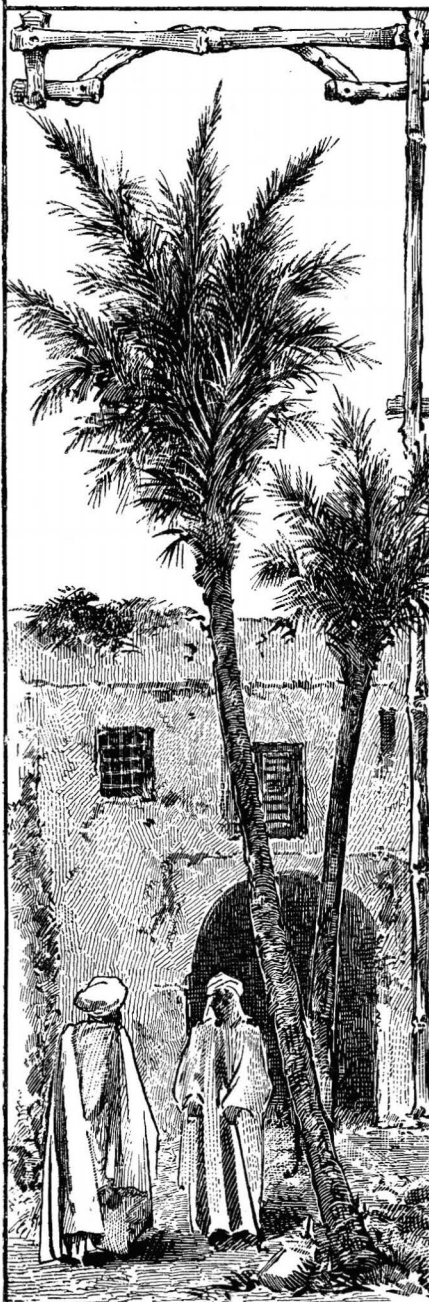
19. GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND OF THE SON AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.

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S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.  
OFFICE OF THE MISSION, 10, 21, AND 29, LINTON ROAD, BARKING.

Morocco  
ALGERIA  
TUNIS  
TRIPOLI  
EGYPT  
SAHARA



NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

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LIST OF DONATIONS FROM MAY 1st TO 31st, 1896.  
GENERAL AND SPECIAL FUNDS.

1896. May Receipt.	No. of	General.	1896. May Receipt.	No. of	General.	1896. May Receipt.	No. of	General.	SPECIAL FUNDS.		TOTALS FOR 1 MONTH.			
£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	1896. May Receipt.	Special.	General	Special		
1 ... 956	Bradford Y.M.C.A.	1 0 0	7 ... 982	Clevedon	0 5 0	19 ... 1008		5 0 0	2 ... 713		50 0 0	General ...	£135 10 8	
1 ... 958		0 18 6	7 ... 983		0 2 6	19 ... 1009		2 0 0	4 ... 714		3 0 0	Special ...	£151 2 3	
1 ... 959		1 0 0	8 ... 984		1 0 0	20 ... 1010		1 0 0	7 ... 715		2 0 0	Total ...	£286 12 11	
1 ... 960		0 5 0	8 ... 986		0 5 0	20 ... 1011		0 5 0	8 ... 716		4 3 4	DETAILS OF DUBLIN AUXILIARY.		
2 ... 961		0 10 0	11 ... 987		0 10 0	21 ... 1012		3 3 0	11 ... 717		5 0 0	(Special Don. No. 729.)		
2 ... 962		5 5 0	11 ... 988		0 7 0	21 ... Mothers' Mtg., Highgate		0 18 0	13 ... 718		13 0 0	MR. S. S. McCURRY, Hon. Sec., 3, Spencer Villas, Glenageary.		
2 ... 963		0 5 0	11 ... 989		10 7 0	21 ... 1014		0 10 0	15 ... 719		3 0 0	No. of Receipt.		
2 ... Readers of The Christian		13 0 6	11 ... 990		10 0 0	21 ... 1015		0 5 0	15 ... 720		0 4 0	£ s. d.		
2 ... Anon.		0 5 0	12 ... 991		0 5 0	22 ... 1016		5 0 0	16 ... S. Woodford Y.W.C.A.		0 15 0	40	1 0 0	
4 ... 966		0 5 2	12 ... 992		1 0 0	22 ... 1017		1 0 0	18 ... 722		5 0 0	41	4 1 3	
4 ... 967		2 0 0	13 ... 993		1 0 0	22 ... 1018		0 10 0	20 ... Missry. Band, Blackheath		7 0 0	42	0 10 0	
4 ... 968		1 1 0	13 ... 994		0 2 6	22 ... Sutton Aux.		1 3 6	22 ... Broomfield Y.W.C.A.		1 7 3	43	1 5 0	
4 ... 969		1 1 0	13 ... 995		2 2 0	22 ... 1020		0 1 0	23 ... Holland		8 5 3	44	0 5 0	
4 ... S. Shields		2 0 0	13 ... 996		1 1 0	23 ... 1021		6 5 0	27 ... 726		0 8 0	45	0 12 11	
4 ... 971		0 2 6	14 ... 997		0 5 0	23 ... 1022		0 5 0	27 ... 727		0 7 0	46	0 5 0	
5 ... 972		5 5 0	14 ... 998		1 0 0	23 ... Grays		0 15 0	27 ... 728		5 0 0	47	10 0 0	
5 ... 973		5 0 0	14 ... 999		0 10 0	25 ... 1024		1 0 0	29 ... 729		40 9 2	48	0 10 0	
5 ... 974		0 10 0	15 ... 1000		10 0 0	25 ... 1025		1 0 0	Total, May ...		£151 2 3	49	1 0 0	
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6 ... 978		0 5 0	16 ... "Far North"		0 5 0	27 ... 1029		1 0 0						
6 ... 979		2 2 0	18 ... Bradford Y.M.C.A.		0 15 0	27 ... 1030		1 0 0						
6 ... 980		1 16 6	18 ... 1006		2 0 0	27 ... 1031		0 8 0						
7 ... 981		0 2 0	18 ... 1007		0 2 7	29 ... 1032		0 5 0						
Carried forw.		£48 8 11	Carried forw.		£95 16 11	30 ... 1033		0 17 9						

GIFTS IN KIND; May 8th, (272) lady's silver watch chain; 11th, (273) basket of bottles.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto the Treasurer for the time being of "THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION," for the purposes of such Mission, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ Pounds sterling, free from Legacy duty, to be paid with all convenient speed after my decease, and primarily out of such part of my personal estate as I may by law bequeath to charitable purposes, and the receipt of such Treasurer shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—A collection of twelve unmounted photographs, quarter-plate size, consisting of workers and street scenes in North Africa, sent post free upon receipt of postal order for 3s. Proceeds for the North Africa Mission. Address J. H. B., 1, Calverley Mount, Tunbridge Wells.

ILLUMINATED TEXTS, with scroll ends, can be had from J. H. B., Calverley Mount, Tunbridge Wells, in gold and blue, red, black,

etc.; price regulated by length and size of texts chosen (about 3ft. broad by 10 inches deep for 2s. 6d.).

WORKERS' UNION for North Africa. This Union has already rendered considerable assistance to the missionaries on the field; more helpers, are, however, needed. Those desiring further information should apply to the Hon. General Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Bridgford, 1, Calverley Mount, Tunbridge Wells.

# NORTH AFRICA.



ENTRANCE TO JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, TANGIER.

## God's Committee.

*God . . . hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.*—2 COR. v. 19.



WE generally think of a committee as a body of persons to whom some work is entrusted by a still larger community. This is, of course, the democratic and more common variety. It is, however, quite possible for one person to commit to several others, either individually or collectively, any property, business, or trust. Israel, in ages past, was God's committee, for unto them were committed the oracles of God. The Church of Christ, composed of those to whom God has given Eternal Life, is God's committee now, and to it collectively, and to its members individually, He has committed the word of reconciliation, the Gospel of His Grace.

Does the Church as a whole, or do the members personally, realise how solemn a responsibility has thus been placed upon them? We fear, as a rule, they do not. Mission work, and especially foreign Mission work, is often looked upon as a sort of extra for specially devoted people to undertake if they feel so inclined. Paul does not seem

to have so regarded it. He declares (Rom. i. 14), "I am *debtor* both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians (Berbers); both to the wise, and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel," etc. In other words, Paul recognised his *responsibility* to preach the Gospel to every creature so far as in him lay, and he was ready to do it. Further, he says in 1 Cor. ix. 16, "For though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!" Two things our Lord and Master had laid upon His bondservants as obligations—one, that they should preach His Gospel; the other, that those who devoted their lives to this preaching should be sustained by their brethren. Paul gloried in the fact that he had been able to forego this latter privilege, and thus make the Gospel known without charge. That he had preached the Gospel was not a matter for boasting, but of obligation.

Christians have, in this respect, two difficulties to face—one, to avoid debt in carrying on the Lord's work; the other, so far as in them lies, to discharge their debt to preach the Gospel to every creature. Some are comforted that by avoiding earnest aggressive effort they have no fear of their work getting into financial difficulties, overlooking the fact that by this very course they are rapidly accumulating undischarged liabilities of a Gospel sort. The will of God seems to be that we should meet all our obligations, whether of a financial or a spiritual character.

It would seem that every child of God has been appointed to act on God's committee, and by every means in his power sound out the word of reconciliation. By voice and by pen, in public and in private, personally and by deputy, by every means, among all classes, among all ages, among all nations, and in all and every generation, each member of God's committee is responsible to the uttermost limit of his capacity to dispense the rich blessings of the Gospel. We must not be content with doing *much* to spread the Gospel; our duty is to do *our uttermost*, for our obligations are coterminous with our abilities and opportunities. Have not some of us comforted ourselves that we have personally preached or individually spoken, when, perhaps, in addition to this, we might also have used our pens, and by our money furthered the blessed work committed to us? There is absolutely no escape from our responsibility but by fulfilling it. We cannot retire from this committee, and surely we do not desire. Rather would we say with the Apostle, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this *favour* shown, that I should preach among the nations the unsearchable riches of Christ." Whatever the work costs in labour, in toil, in privation, in money, or even in blood, it must and shall be done. If we neglect it, then we shall be put aside, and God will find someone else to execute His purposes of mercy.

The great object for which we are here is to make known the Gospel. A farmer evangelist was once asked what business he followed. He replied, "I preach the Gospel and farm to pay expenses." This man had grasped the true principle. It is of small moment whether we are lawyers, farmers, doctors, merchants, or shopkeepers, or whether we give our time wholly to direct Christian work. Our *aim* and *end* in every case must be to carry out the Divine commission entrusted to us, and our business or profession should be but a means to enable us to reach this end. If God's children did but realise this and aim to live up to it, how it would transform the whole scene; but, alas! in too many cases Mission work is looked upon as a good thing that may be attended to or neglected as suits us. Thank God, there are, however, some who, like David, labour and give with all their might for the advancement of God's work. With them, to seek first the Kingdom of God is not only a text to hang on the wall, but a principle to mould the life and regulate its every detail.

North Africa, with its millions of souls sunk in ignorance, superstition, and vice, needs many men as well as women to evangelise it. There is no lack of volunteers if soldiers are wanted to fight the dervishes, and millions of pounds can be found to pay all expenses. Men of eminent ability are ready to offer in the interests of science, commerce, agriculture, government, or war. Why are there so few well-qualified servants of God prepared for the nobler service and higher employment of preaching the glad tidings of Salvation for the King of Kings? Why are so few ready to invest their capital in this undertaking? It brings a present return, and is also treasure laid up in Heaven.

It is indeed an honour and a privilege to have some humble share in God's great enterprise of the ages. The eternal past never witnessed such a work. The eternal future will not see it repeated. Now is the one chance to have fellowship with God in the work of saving lost souls. Those who use their opportunity will inherit everlasting rewards; those who are negligent will suffer eternal loss. May we rise to our unique privileges and remember our immense responsibilities as those to whom God has *committed* the word of reconciliation!

## Notes and Extracts.

ARRIVALS.—Miss J. C. Cox and Miss K. Smith arrived in England from Djemaa Sahridj on Monday, May 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Liley and family reached England on Saturday, May 30th, on their return from Algeria.

Miss J. Jay, from Tangier, and Miss Hubbard, from Tetuan, arrived on Thursday, June 18th, per P. and O. steamer *Chusan*.

DEPARTURE.—Miss B. Vining sailed from Liverpool on Thursday, June 4th, by the Papayanni steamer *Arcadia*, for Tangier. She reached her destination safely, after a rough voyage.

ALEXANDRIA.—Mr. Summers wrote early in the month: "All native and several of the European schools are closed on account of the cholera; the ladies have closed theirs also, partly because Miss Watson is far from well, and some of the other ladies are poorly. The Medical Mission work goes on as usual, and is more interesting every day. Several visitors are coming daily to confer with myself and Ayoob."

Later accounts tell of the cholera having died out in Alexandria, and of the re-opening of the Schools.

MR. LILEY has a large number of photographic lantern slides, illustrating scenes in Algeria, and will be glad to exhibit these and to give an account of his work in connection with any Y.M.C.A., Sunday-school, Christian Endeavour, or other meetings, in any part of the country. Letters should be addressed to him at 21, Linton Road, Barking.

ARCHDEACON WOLFE, of China, gives an emphatic testimony to the value of woman's part in the world's evangelisation. He says, "After thirty-four years of experience, I have no hesitation in saying that a mission without a large staff of devoted lady missionaries is destitute of one of the most potent agencies for the conversion of a country to Christ."

THE MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD in Turkey have suffered heavily during the recent massacres in that country. The results are thus summarised:—"Except Constantinople and three other stations in the extreme west of Asia Minor all of the stations have suffered. Probably at least a hundred of the village chapels and school-houses have been pillaged and destroyed, or seized by the Mohammedans for purposes of their own. Five-sixths of the stock of books which the American Board and the American Bible Society had placed on sale in scores of the depots and sales-rooms in various parts of the country have been carried off, cast into rivers and ponds, or used, after being saturated with petroleum, as convenient instruments of incendiarism. Congregations have been scattered, schools are broken up, leading men are dead, and numbers of Christian women and children are missing. The congregations in general are financially ruined, and their members are among those now dependent on charity for daily bread."

Now wait we on the teaching of the Word  
Till we have learned the purpose of our Lord:  
That wide and free as snow or gentle shower  
Shall fall the message of His peace and power.

## TO THE FRIENDS OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

June 16th, 1896.

DEAR FELLOW-HELPERS,

Most our friends from the Mission field who are coming home for furlough this year are now with us. Their first necessity is a time of rest and refreshment, after which some of them will be glad to have meetings where they may be able to tell of the deep spiritual needs of the people of North Africa and what they are seeking to do for them.

We feel that it is part of our work to lay before our fellow Christians in England what we believe God has taught us concerning His Will as to the evangelisation of the Moslems and others who sit in darkness. While heathen and Mohammedans need God's servants to bring the Gospel to them, Christians at home need, perhaps, just as much to have the condition of the heathen brought before them, not merely that they may take an interest in *them*, but that they may be drawn into fellowship with God with regard to those for whom He sent His Son to die. Fellowship with God must not stop at singing hymns and attending meetings; He would have us enter into His compassions, into His ardent and intense yearnings for those who know not God. He has called us to fellowship with His Son Jesus Christ, has called us to fellowship in service with Him, fellowship in self-sacrifice, fellowship in suffering, as well as fellowship in glory by-and-by.

As the Lord clears the way I hope that I myself, as well as some of the missionaries, may be able to arrange various meetings, when we may press home the claims of Christ and of those to whom He has made us debtors.

One who has had very wide experience with regard to Mission work in its foreign and home aspect, once remarked in my hearing that the great danger of the day is practical materialism, in other words, worldliness; not perhaps the vulgar worldliness of the last century, but the more refined worldliness of this. In other words, to be engrossed in things material instead of things spiritual, things earthly instead of things heavenly. It is possible to be occupied with things that are good to the exclusion of things that are better; to be taken up with things that are important to the exclusion of things that are most important. It is possible that worldly principles and worldly ways may creep in almost unnoticed amongst those who are in repute for devotedness and consecration. We all need a spiritual-mindedness which is thoroughly practical, not merely phrases and pious expressions. A willingness to give up not only things that are right or things that are doubtful, for Christ's sake, but things that are absolutely good and right. May God help us to enjoy yielding to the Lord what most people would reasonably think we might keep for ourselves.

We are very thankful to report that the epidemic of cholera in Egypt seems to be subsiding and that our friends in Alexandria have been preserved from its ravages.

We are sorry to say that Dr. Churcher is suffering from jaundice. We would ask your prayers that he may speedily recover.

Charlotte Leach, the only surviving member of Dr. Leach's family, is now in England, where arrangements are being made for her to be cared for. Some friends have kindly contributed towards the Leach Memorial Fund, to perpetuate the memory of our departed friends by continuing their work and to provide for the little girl if need be, but not very much has been as yet received. It is reported that nine men have been apprehended in connection with the murders, and it is thought that four of them were really connected with the crime. It still remains a mystery as to what can have led to its perpetration.

During the hot weather the workers in the mission field have to go quietly forward, as neither they nor the natives can do so much during the heat. We are glad to report that Miss Hodges, at Tlemcen, is much better.

Miss Breeze, in Tangier, is actively carrying on the medical work amongst the women. Mr. Mackintosh, the Bible Society's agent in Morocco, has had a severe attack of fever, but we are thankful to learn that he is rather better.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards seem encouraged with their work in Casablanca, though they have been alarmed by the Refuge being broken into, and some animals stolen. The robbers, however, have been discovered by the authorities.

We regret to notice that our good friends of the South Morocco Mission have for some time been suffering through shortness of funds like ourselves. We are also sorry, though not surprised, to learn that Mr. John Anderson, who has from the commencement of the work acted as director, has been compelled by the pressure of his important work in the Bible Institute, Glasgow, to resign his position, though for the time being he is continuing at his post until someone else can be found. We trust that our Scotch friends connected with this Mission may be helped and enabled of God. North Africa is very extensive, and its total population is large, we can ill afford to spare any suitable workers from such a field. We trust, therefore, that some arrangements may be made for the efficient sustaining and forwarding of this work.

Our own financial supplies since my last monthly letter have continued low, and the trial of faith has been very considerable. It would be easy enough to trust the Lord if things always went easily and smoothly, but it is in times of difficulty and short supplies that we are able to prove as we cannot at other times how God by unexpected means in one way or another can sustain those who put their trust in Him. The Lord is a very present help in trouble, and in times of perplexity and of financial shortness, such as we have experienced a good deal of during the last year, we learn lessons of the utmost importance which could not be otherwise taught us.

Counting on your continued prayerful sympathy,

I remain,

Yours heartily in Christ,

EDWARD H. GLENNY.

"I HAVE long since ceased to pray, 'Lord Jesus, have compassion upon a lost world.' I remember the day and the hour when I seemed to hear the Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say to me, 'I have had compassion upon a lost world, and now it is time for *you* to have compassion. I have left you to fill up that which is behind in Mine afflictions in the flesh for the *body's* sake, which is the Church. I have given *My* heart; now give *your* hearts.'"—Late Dr. A. J. GORDON.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society distributes on an average over 13,000 copies of the Bible daily, nearly 4,000,000 a year. Its influence is continually extending more widely over the whole world; the Bible being now translated into the languages of nine tenths of the human race. At the beginning of the century it had only been translated into the languages of one fifth.

"His Boy." Christian Literature Co., 108, Lothian Road, Edinburgh. 3d. An interesting story of a little Scotch laddie who was early called home. Presenting the Gospel simply, and being written in very homely Saxon, it is suitable for distribution amongst the poorest children.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

BY BLANCHE G. VINING.

"How shall they believe in Him of Whom they have not heard?" Romans x. 14.

I WAS alone in the Women's Medical Mission House one morning last May when a rather fine-looking young Moor came up to the door, leading a gaunt mule, upon which was the huddled-up form of an old woman.

On going down to find out what was wanted the man told me he had brought his mother to us for treatment. They had come two days' journey, and the woman had been ill a long, long time. Finding Dr. Breeze was at home, and willing to see the poor creature, I helped her son to get her down from the mule, and took her into the house; she was evidently suffering greatly, and was very emaciated and worn-looking, but she seemed to be a nice, sensible woman of perhaps nearly fifty years.

It did not take Miss Breeze long to find out that the poor thing was far gone with cancer, and quite incurable, and she said that in all probability she would not live more than two months. While Miss Breeze went to make up some medicine which she hoped might alleviate the intense pain, and give at least intervals of comparative rest, I sat on the floor beside the poor woman, and holding her hand in mine, told her as gently as I could what the doctor had said. She took the news calmly, perhaps hardly realising its full meaning, and one would have been surprised if she had expressed any desire to live longer in such suffering and misery.

I then proceeded to put the Gospel plainly and simply before her with the Wordless Book. I never had a more attentive listener while I spoke of sin and God's judgment of it, and our need of a Saviour and Substitute. But at the words "Sidna Aisa" she fixed questioning eyes on me and repeated "Aisa?" "Yes," I said, "Aisa, Jesus, who came from God and died to save us, you and me,—did you never hear of Him?"

A blank look, a shake of the head, and she replied, "Aisa, no! I never heard His Name." I could hardly command my voice to speak again for a few minutes. I felt overwhelmed with the thought—she had never heard of Jesus the only Saviour. I should never see her again, and she was dying, only perhaps a few weeks to live. My heart cried, "Oh God! teach me, teach *her*," and I tried in a few simple sentences to show her her own personal need, and Christ's love for her, and power to save her, even though she had not heard before. Oh how helpless, how utterly helpless I felt to make it plainer to her, and never shall I forget the way she looked into my face, the tears that kept filling my eyes being answered by those which glistened on her own cheeks, and said, "But I am so poor, and I have been so long sick, I cannot have done anything *very* bad, is my heart *really* so black?"

God only knows how much of His truth really entered her heart, for her son was impatient to go, and we could not keep her. The medicine was given her, and finding the son could read, a Gospel was given to him, and they went away; we have not seen or heard of them since.

This is by no means an isolated or peculiar case either in its ignorance or its need; would to God it were! May the Lord forgive us, that after hundreds of years since He gave the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," there are still to be found not units, but *thousands*, who could to-day echo that poor Moorish woman's cry, and say, "Jesus, I have never heard His Name!" Fellow members of the Church of Christ, we have all an equal responsibility in this matter. You who know and believe that "there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby

we must be saved" (Acts, iv. 12), what are you doing to spread the knowledge of that Name to-day? There is no time to be lost, the absent Lord is returning; let us take care we have no reason to be "ashamed before Him at His coming" (1 John, 2, 28).

It is a great joy and privilege to stand up in the Christian congregation and sing—

"Salvation, oh! salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's Name."

But it is a far, far greater joy and privilege to speak about that Name and its saving power to needy, perishing souls in lands where they are ignorant of it, than to sing about it at home, among those who are as familiar with the sweet Name and all it means as they are with their own. We, to whom the Lord has given the honour and joy of being "workers together with Him" in the foreign fields, seek to do our best to make known the Gospel to all with whom we come into contact; but how long do you think it is going to take us, say thirty-five missionaries in Morocco among Moors, Jews, and Spaniards, to reach every creature of its 8,000,000? Supposing each one of us reaches two thousand different people every year, it will take us more than *one hundred years* to get to them all! Figure it out, and think it over, and ask the dear Master if there is anything you can do, anything it would please Him to have you do, to spread the knowledge of that "Name which is above every name," and to hasten the time when "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow."

"How shall they hear without a preacher?"

### NOORAH'S PRAYER.

BY REV. S. M. ZWEMER.

FOR many days the sailing craft from Bahrein had been unloading Indian wares at the port of Ojeir on the Hassa coast, and for many hours the busy throng of Bedouin drivers and merchants and onlookers were loading the caravan, emphasising their task or their impatience with great Semitic oaths, almost as guttural and angry as the noise of the camels. At length, with the pious cry of "*Tawakalna*" (we have trusted in God), they are off.

A caravan is composed of companies, and while the whole host numbered 700 camels, with merchants and travellers and drivers, *our* company from Ojeir to Hofhoof counted only six. There was Salih and Nasir, a second son of the desert, both from Riad—a poor, unfortunate lad, with stumpy hands and feet, who limped about on rag shoes and seemed quite happy; there was Noorah and her sister, and lastly, the missionary.

But for the shuffling of the desert sand and the whack of a driving stick, the caravan marched in silence. The sun shone full in our faces as it slowly sank in the west, its last rays coloured the clouds hanging over the lowlands of Hassa a bright red, and when it disappeared we heard the sheikhs of the companies, one after the other, call to prayer. Only a part of the caravan responded. The Turkish soldiers on horseback kept on their way; the most pious of the merchants had already urged their beasts ahead of the rest, and had finished a duty that interfered with a speedy journey and the first choice of location at the night encampment; some excused themselves by quoting a Koran text, and others took no notice of the call. Not so the Bedouin child Noorah and her younger sister. They had trudged on foot four long hours, armed with sticks to urge on the lazy white camel, always loitering to snatch a bite of desert-thorn with his giant jaws. A short time before sunset I saw the two children mount the animal by climbing up its neck,

as only Arabs can, but now, at call to prayer, they devoutly slipped down. Hand in hand they ran ahead a short distance, shuffled aside some sand with their bare feet, rubbed some on their hands (as do all pious Moslems in the absence of water), faced Mecca, and prayed.

As they did then, so at sunrise, and at noon, and at four o'clock, and sunset, and when the evening star disappeared—five times a day—they prayed. It is not true, as is generally supposed, that women in Moslem lands do not pray. Only at Mecca, as far as I know, of all Arabia, are they allowed a place in the *public mosques*, but at home a larger per cent. observe the times of prayer than do the men.

When Noorah had ended her prayer and resumed the task of belabouring the white camel, she turned to me with a question, "*Laish ma tesully anta?*" which, with Bedouin bluntness, means, "*You, why don't you pray?*" The question set me musing half the night; not, I confess, about my own prayers, but about hers. Why did Noorah pray? What did Noorah pray? Did she understand that

'Prayer is the burden of a sigh, the falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of the eye, when only God is near,"

as well as the dead formalism of the mosque? How could I answer her question in a way that she might well understand? And if hers, too, was a sincere prayer, as I believe—the prayer of an ignorant child of the desert—did she pray words or thoughts? What do Noorah and her more than two million Bedouin sisters ask of God five times daily? Leaving out vain repetitions, this is what they say:

"In the name of God the Merciful, the Compassionate;  
Praise be to God Who the two worlds made:  
Thee do we entreat and Thee do we supplicate;  
Lead us in the way, the straight,  
The way of those whom Thou dost compassionate,  
Not of those on whom is hate,  
Nor those that deviate. Amen."

Whether Noorah understood what she asked, I know not; but to me who saw and heard in the desert twilight (as under like conditions to you), the prayer was full of pathos. The desert! where God is, and where, but for His mercy and compassion, death and solitude would reign alone; the desert, a world of its own kind, a sea of sand, with no life in it except the Living One, and over it only His canopy of stars—God of the two worlds! And to that God, than Whom there is no other, and whom they ignorantly worship, these sons and daughters of outcast Ishmael bow their faces in the dust, and five times daily entreat and supplicate to be led aright in the way of truth. (Such is the awful, bitter irony that unconsciously makes the opening chapter of the Koran an interrogation point instead of a finger-post to lost humanity.) "Lead us in the way, the straight."

That, surely, is not the path they are treading—Mohammed's crooked compromise between the flesh and the spirit; is it, then, an unconscious prayer, a seeking the footprints in the desert of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life? Alas, Noorah and her sisters have never seen His beauty or heard of His love! They do not know that "the way of those whom Thou dost compassionate" is the new and living way through His flesh, and they are ignorant of the awful words, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Has God, the Merciful, then not heard Noorah's prayer? Will He not answer it? Is His mercy to *these* children or Abraham clean gone for ever? How long, O Lord, how long? Or does the answer from heaven await the prayers and gifts and consecration of Noorah's sisters in America? Think of Noorah's question, "*You, why don't you pray?*" Think of Christ's words, "Go tell quickly."

### GROUP OF DATE-PALMS.

THE date-palm is only cultivated in the Sahara, of which it has been rightly called the king; without it the entire desert would be uninhabited and uninhabitable. The thirty-third parallel of latitude appears to be the limit northward in which it will ripen its fruit. It requires not only abundant irrigation, but great solar heat; the Arabs say that it stands with its feet in the water and its head in the fires of heaven. The love of the Arab for this precious tree may well be imagined, growing as it does in the sand, contenting itself with water so salt as to destroy ordinary vegetation: giving a grateful shade when all round is burnt up by the fierce heat of summer, resisting the winds which bend but cannot break its flexible stem; affording a fruit sought for in every part of the world.

There are numerous varieties of the date-tree. In the Oasis of the Liban alone seventy distinct varieties have been recognized. The trees grow from thirty-five to forty-five feet in height, and even when planted closely together so as to form

a dense shade, the air seems to circulate freely, so that all kinds of vegetables, fruit, etc., can be cultivated below them.

They become productive about the eighth year after being planted, and flourish well for a century, after which they begin gradually to decline, and die about the end of the second century.

The Arabs make use of them for many other purposes. From the sap a liquor is extracted, the branches are used for fencing and roofing, the leaves are made into mats and baskets, and the fibres of the leaf are woven into twine and cords for their tents.

### EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS BY MR. MULLER.

FEBRUARY 5TH, 1893.

"WE GLORY IN TRIBULATIONS ALSO," we REJOICE in them. That is, not that the tribulations themselves, the trials and difficulties of life, give joy, but by faith laying hold of what GOD has done for us in Christ, we can be happy, very happy, in the midst of these things.

Particularly on account of one thing we can be happy, looking at the RESULT of all this, for all such things are intended to bring blessing to us, according to that word, "ALL things work together for good to them that love GOD," not merely this or the other thing, or the greater portion of things work for good, but that EVERYTHING works for our good in the end, and that at last we shall have to praise the Lord for all His providential dealings with us.

Oh! if we were to lay hold on that word by faith habitually, how different would be our life, what peace, what comfort in the Holy Ghost we should have, yea, what JOY, in the midst of trials and difficulties. But we so frequently lose sight of the truth of it.

Now let any who are in difficulty, in trial, in affliction, lay hold on this word. Here is an aged servant of Christ before you, who in his long life has had to pass through many, many, many a trial, and many heavy trials. And what has been his experience? That without one single exception, every one, every one, every one, of these numberless trials has proved a blessing to him, and some of his greatest trials have been some of his choicest blessings.

And as it has been with this aged servant, so it will be with you, my beloved brethren and sisters in Christ. Be not discouraged with the difficulties, look to the END of the journey, yea, before the journey's end, you may find in numberless instances how trials and afflictions turn out to be real blessings, as I have found it times without number.

YESTERDAY, to-day, for ever,  
Jesus is the same!  
All may change, but Jesus never,  
Glory to His name!



GROUP OF DATE-PALMS, NORTH AFRICA.



## TWO YOUNG MOHAMMEDANS.

BY REV. STEPHEN S. THOMAS, OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, DELHI.

THESE two young Moslems are the sons of a well-known and well-to-do cloth merchant in the chief street in Delhi. The elder son, Abdullah, is about twenty-six years of age; the younger, Fazl-ur-Rahman, is about nineteen. The elder one, I learnt from him, has been seeking the truth for some four or five years, but grew somewhat slack in the quest until spurred on by his younger, weaker, but more eager brother. Abdullah, some three years ago, twice came to see me, but each time, for some reason or other, failed to have an interview. When Fazl-ur-Rahman was so keen on becoming a Christian, the elder brother's interest was rekindled. The father saw their inclination, and they were subjected to harsh treatment, more especially Abdullah. He is married, and is very devoted to his wife. When he accepted Christianity he began to teach his wife to read Urdu, in order that she, too, might read the Gospel. He was anxious to wait for baptism till his wife was a fellow-believer and could be baptised with him. To aid her faith he got Miss Thorn to visit her. Fazl-ur-Rahman, however, grew impatient of waiting, and ran away to Cawnpore to seek Baptism. This induced a crisis.

The father wired to some friends in Cawnpore, and got the boy brought back, and he was immediately put under lock and key in his father's house. Further, Abdullah's wife was stripped of her jewels (which mean an immense deal to a Pardah woman) and secluded in an upper room in her father's house. Abdullah was not allowed to go inside the room; he might speak to her from the door. This was on the Saturday. On the Monday morning Abdullah visited Miss Thorn and me (we lived two miles apart) and told us the circumstances, and declared that he would stand it no longer. He was no longer hesitating; the man had visibly changed and grown. What, then, we asked, would he do, and what did he wish us to do? He replied that that very night, God helping him, he would release his brother and his wife, and all three would come to us, and that all he wanted of us was that we should be ready to receive them and take them away somewhere for safety and baptize them. The wife had grown as plucky as he; she had declared to him her acceptance of the Gospel, and her thorough determination to go wherever he went. I do not say that she realised fully all that her resolution involved. She had been accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth, to a nice house, plenty of friends, plenty of money; but coming out involved absolute poverty for all three. Whilst Abdullah had the moral right to some of the profits from his father's business, in which he had worked for years, he had no legal right, and I knew that if he took anything of any kind the probability was that a warrant for theft would be immediately issued. We counselled him to leave all and follow the Christ whom all three accepted.

"And they followed Him." That day was an anxious one for us all. The wife had half undone the broad tape of her bedstead and was determined to let herself out of the window by that at the husband's signal if no other means offered. The boy was in one part of the city and she was in another. We knew that the danger of Abdullah's movements being discovered was considerable; and if discovered, would probably lead to violence towards him. He was firmly convinced that God would open up the way for him, and give his wife and his brother into his hands. His faith was justified. He brought his brother to us about half-past seven, and then went for his wife. He got her out of the house and put her into a close carriage to drive to the Mission. They had not gone far, however, before the carriage turned right over in a narrow street. The begum was not much hurt, but of course was very frightened. In the crowd that gathered immediately was her brother; but as she was wearing a burga (which completely conceals the whole person) her brother did not recognise her, and Abdullah quickly hurried her into a house near, which he had rented for the purpose of Miss Thorn, being able to visit his wife unknown to his relatives. He soon brought her to the Zenana Mission, and Miss Thorn took charge of her. The next step was to get them safely out of Delhi. We decided to go to Agra by the night mail. The begum had never been out of Delhi, and had never even seen a train, and when she heard the bustle at the station as the train steamed in, she thought the Mohammedans had come in force to seize them. Miss Thorn and I, with our three friends, got to Agra about three o'clock in the morning. The Mission

people there were not expecting us, but they all, especially Miss Angus and Mr. Potter, entered heartily into the situation, and from then till now have spared no pains to help our friends in every possible way. At seven o'clock in the morning we gathered round a little tank in Mr. Potter's garden, and after a short service I baptised Abdullah and his wife and his brother Fazl-ur-Rahman, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

They stayed on at Agra. At first they had a room in the Zenana Mission House, and afterwards in the house in the Zenana Mission Compound. The boy we put into St. John's Christian Boarding School. Abdullah had some money lent him with which to get cloth to sell. Perhaps I have not made it quite clear that they left their home with nothing in their possession but the clothes they wore. Household utensils, clothes, jewellery, all were left behind. It was as much as they could do to escape themselves. In a very short time the relatives began to tempt them back. First, a two hundred rupee draft was sent to Abdullah, asking him to return. He sent back the money with thanks. Then the father came to see me. Oh, it was pitiable to see him! He looked utterly crushed with sorrow. He was quite quiet, and I talked to him kindly, feeling myself how bitter and real his grief was. I told him frankly that I was thoroughly convinced that the only way of his regaining his children was to accept their Saviour and his. He is not like most Mohammedans—so quiet, subdued, dignified. He went from me to Agra, because he said, perhaps Abdullah will relent when he sees me. The following letter reached me after his return from Agra:—

"To REV. THOMAS, *Baptist Mission, Delhi.*

"Respected Sir,—I most humbly and respect beg to state that I am very sorry for this thing that did bad condition of our boys.

"I went to Agra for bringing him but Malvi Sahib said to me, 'You don't meet to him; when he will be hunger he will come to himself.' I go to Calcutta, leaving my shop of Delhi, and coming back from there I will see to you.

"I have given fifteen hundred rupees to Malvi Sahib for nourishment of Abdullah. If he will be Musalmeen going in Jaur-Masjid, he will get abive amount from him otherwise not.

"Yours most sincerely,

"FAZALILAHI.

"Delhi, D5/9/95."

"I have suffered much trouble by you. I am very anxious for this word that my boy has been Christianed."

"ALL THIS WILL I GIVE THEE."

Fifteen hundred rupees means a fortune

to a man with nothing! Then the brothers went to the begum when Abdullah was out of the house, and laid out all her jewels before her, and, taunting her with her bare and poor appearance, said, "Put on these and come home with us." The begum told them that she would never return to Islam, and asked them to come with her. When I went down about a month after their baptism to see them I could not help being much impressed with their pluck and splendid faith. The begum read the Gospel for me to hear how she read, and though the house looked very poor and bare—so utterly unlike what they had been accustomed to—she was bright and resolute. Other incidents I could record, but I should need to write a book to contain them. Mr. Hasler has just reminded me that Abdullah came to him in March last, and he presented him with a copy of my pamphlet on "The Resurrection of Christ," which both Abdullah and Fazl-ur-Rahman found helpful. What preaching they had heard (and I want to lay stress on this fact for the benefit of those Christian

workers who court the quieter and more orderly, and therefore less exhausting forms of work) was in the bazaar. Abdullah told me that he often listened at the fountain, but, as a rule, a little way off, lest he should be seen by his numerous relatives,

"A little way off!" Oh! how much our hearts would often have been cheered if we had known there was that one earnest seeker listening "a little way off"! When the crowd shouted and clamoured and would not let us speak; when they taunted and reviled us and yelled at us, it would have been very comforting to know of that one soul "just a little way off." I believe there are many others "just a little way off," but as yet we know them not, though sometimes I think I can single them out in our crowds. May God speedily bring them near, and give us grace to go on earnestly contending for the faith, not demanding proofs of success, though intensely longing for them. Bazaar preachers above all men need to feel—and feel it with a deep, abiding awe—that "he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

## A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE CONTRASTS BETWEEN THE CHARACTER AND TEACHINGS OF MOHAMMED AND THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BY MR. J. EDWARDS.

THERE are writers at the present day whose sole object seems to be so to eulogize the life, character and teachings of Mohammed, as to lead the unthinking to believe that he was a grand moral character, and a reviver of religious thought and feeling amongst his people in Arabia. And they would tell us that the great Moslem politico-religious movement, which well-nigh overran the world, was fraught with blessing to the people it subdued, that it is even to-day raising the heathen tribes of Africa to a higher state of morality, and in the evolution of events will ultimately prove to have been a stepping-stone to Christianity itself.

Some have even openly said that Mohammedanism contains a "germ of life" from which will spring a higher form of culture, civilization and religious progress than can now be expected of it, encumbered as it is by political corruption, and the accretion of pagan thought and morality.

We cannot follow these apologists of Islam. Mohammedanism is based on a wrong conception of the Divine Law, and utterly unable by the rigidity of its own inherent principles to enlighten mankind in the darkness of nature, or to lead the nations onward and upward to the Deity Himself.

We feel bound by conscience to stand forth as witnesses against the subtle insinuations and bold statements that Mohammed and the Koran have raised the Moslem world, either morally or physically. We protest against the thought that Christianity is not intended for the descendants of Ishmael. A more unhappy mistake never got abroad than that which vainly looks for good and progress in Islam. But it is a most lamentable and wicked thought for a Christian to entertain, that Christ did not include the Moslem world in His grand redemption plan, and that their entrance into His

kingdom could be through any other way or mediator.

As touching the teachings of Islam and their effect upon Moslems, after speaking with thousands of them on the realities of true faith and holy practice, my honest conviction is that the less a man knows about Mohammedanism as a rule of faith the better, and the more likely is he to be influenced by the divine attributes of truth, justice, righteousness, and love.

To compare the wealth of language as contained in the Scriptures with the bare, crude thoughts and vindictive utterances of Mohammed seems profane. There is absolutely no comparison between the religion of Jesus Christ, as taught by Him, and that propagated by Mohammed and his companions. But the *contrasts*, both as touching the character as well as the doctrine and social laws laid down by the two men, are vividly striking to a thoughtful searcher after truth.

The character of our Blessed Lord is so well known from the Scriptures and other historical writings that there is no need to outline it here. That of Mohammed is not so well known as it should be. How smoothly and circumspectly he moved among the Arabs at Mecca and Medina, during the first few years of his preaching. How deceitfully he acted towards the Coreish tribe, at one time denouncing their idols, at another, permitting them to worship Allah under cover of them. How carefully he gauged the public temper, and presumed upon the affection and clannish customs of certain of his tribesmen, adapting himself to their varying moods and attitudes.

At the outset of his religious career, the fantastic and distorted visions which he professed to have seen were found powerless to work any sort of cohesion amongst his brethren.

But the pride of battle, and the desire for plunder which is inborn in an Arab, combined with the hope held out of a sensual and material paradise, wrought more towards healing the divisions of his country, and the welding it into one nation of merciless robbers than all his early visions at Mecca. It was not until Mohammed appealed to the sword that the tribes flocked to his standard, bowing down before his superior force, and accepting him as Prophet and Leader.

How widely different was Christianity in its beginning and expansion! How great the contrast! The means used by Christ to establish our holy religion were spiritual, but mighty through God. True! it was a sword that Christ placed in the hands of His followers to smite men's hearts withal; but that sword was the sword of the Spirit, the word of God. Again, His followers were no proud, boasting warriors, but only a few humble fishermen of Galilee—too timid to stand by their Leader in His hour of trial. But when He reappeared after His glorious resurrection, and these same men were endued with power from on high, then, Spirit filled, they arose and went forth, not to slay, but to be themselves slain if need be, in their efforts to save their fellow-men; and thus the Gospel was published amid fiery persecutions, until the early centuries of this dispensation were steeped in the blood of multitudes of defenceless men and women arraigned and condemned for conscience sake.

Again, if we skip our eighteen centuries or intervening history, what do we see to-day? That the Spirit of Mohammedanism remains still the same; bigoted, revengeful, blood-thirsty—anti-christian to the very core. Do we want proof? Behold the blood-stained hills and plains of devastated Armenia, once the garden of the world.

For the contrast to this let us turn our eyes to far off China or India, or to nearer Africa, and we see a band of faithful and true witnesses standing up for God, proclaiming the glorious Gospel, subduing passionate and unholy men by the invincible power of holy example and truthful testimony; turning homes full of cruelty and wrong into nurseries for heaven, and making the moral desert to blossom as the rose.

Christianity has always been the spiritual and moral elevator of mankind, both individually and collectively; the one religion on earth which is adapted for all times, places and people; the adversary of error, falsehood, superstition and corruption, and the only mighty force to lift sin-stricken humanity which the world has ever seen. And what is the cause? Is it not that Christianity was born of God—that it was divine in its conception, and that it is accompanied by the Spirit of God in His manifold operations? And why is Mohammedanism so deplorably wretched in its results? Is it not that it was born of Satanic power, and that the cruelty, pride, ambition, lust, and all the abominations that proceed from it, are only the natural outcome of the source whence it springs.

Again, Christ laid down certain broad lines or principles of life and action, not so much to be carried out in the letter, as observed in the spirit, but Mohammed gives out nothing but vain repetitions for wisdom, and execrations and curses upon all who crossed his path. He made rules and ordinances, but they are utterly unfit for a universal religion, such as he desired his to be, and are found at the present hour entirely at variance with the advance and civilization of the world.

As I before mentioned, the foundation of Christianity was "the Word" of God, a foundation which is infinitely "broader than the Koran and Mohammedanism," and can be "built on for all generations." Islam was founded by the sword, but the sword is distinctly unchristian and opposed to the Gospel. "Then said Jesus unto him, (Peter), put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Is not this a distinct prophecy as to the final doom and political extinction of Islamism?

## Morocco.

### A JOURNEY TO FEZ.

BY MISS S. JENNINGS.

MISS DENISON and I started at 8.30 this morning for our Fez journey. She asked me to take her there, as she has never travelled in this land, and could hardly undertake the journey alone. She hopes to spend six months there to help Misses Herdman and Greathead in all the heavy press of Medical Mission work, which, hitherto, four of them have carried on. Their two fellow-labourers are about starting for England.

Quite a party of our Hope House friends and others gathered to see us start on our three pack-mules, some of whom rode with us on donkeys for nearly two hours, to the village of Beharine, where we dismounted and awaited the arrival of the fourth mule.

By 12.30 we were again on our way, but either owing to the freshness of one of our mules, or bad loading on the part of the men, our progress was hindered. This mule three times during this afternoon upset the two pannier loads he was carrying, with the result that Miss Denison's lantern was broken, also a tiny folding table belonging to my tent, and other things. However, by 7.15 or so, we reached a village called Eddeshar El Jedeed (the new village), and by lantern light, pitched our tent.

*Friday, April 17th.*—We had a somewhat disturbed night within our canvas walls, where every sound is distinctly heard. The four mules munched away at their barley supper just outside our tent till late into the night. Then being pitched high up on a hill, the wind shook our tent rather heavily at times. These and the constant crying of a poor village child in a hut close by, were sufficient to disturb our sleep.

The slowness of our men in taking down our tent and packing all the goods on our animals, gave Miss Denison and me an opportunity to have nice talks with the native men and women who came out to see us. One pleasant-faced Moor told us how he had been ten days in our Tangier Hospital with hip trouble; another old man, who had lost his sight years ago by Jederee (smallpox), gave us a most warm welcome.

We started this morning at 7.30, it was then cool, but by 9.30 the sun shone down in great power, and not a breeze perceptible: we were hours crossing a large plain. The beauty of the patches of wild flowers we frequently came across was a real help to us in the long weary hours of to-day's journey. We met two native couriers, with flat straw baskets slung across their backs, in which were the sealed government packets. One carried the English, the other the French mail from Fez. To each I entrusted a little pencilled note to our Tangier friends. In four days, and sometimes less, they will accomplish the 170 or more miles on foot, which takes us 6 days on mules.

Not being able to reach *Alcazar* this evening, we made for the village of Eniarah, a poor Arab settlement. The women and girls here were dressed very differently from the Moors. They have no haiks, but were clothed in filthy cotton squares, unmade, only fastened round the waist by a girdle, and on each shoulder the front piece meets the back and is fastened by a wooden thorn, or knotted by means of a piece of string; a little dry earth wrapped into the knot serves as a kind of button. It is hard to credit that these dark grey and brown sheet rags were ever *white*. It is against their creed to wash them. They wear their black hair plaited on each side of their forehead, these long plaits hanging down by either cheek. Miss Denison is a great help in speaking with the people. There would be plenty of opportunity for evangelistic work in these Arab villages if only we were not travellers.

*Saturday evening, 18th.*—Rose at four by lantern light, and by ten a.m. had reached the dirty, unhealthy town of *Alcazar*,

and while our men went to buy food we sat down outside the town, under some trees by the road side. Several families of storks were busy in and out of their huge nests in the trees above us. These elegant birds are abundant in the country through which we are passing, and it is a great entertainment as one jogs along at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, to watch their wonderfully graceful movements both in full flight and as they alight.

While waiting here, a few passers by out of curiosity came up to us, and finding that we were connected with the Tangier tabeeb (*doctor*), of course wanted medicine. I was glad to tell them how I hoped to be coming back to them in a month's time to meet two doctors and a tabeeba from Tangier, when we would treat all who came to us in the name of Sidna Aisa. By noon we restarted. The only pretty bit of Alcazar is the broad river just outside the town, which we had to cross; its steep banks were bright in fresh verdure and bushes, and the water itself full of life, as parties of negro women were washing clothes upon stones on the shore. Several tiny black children were revelling in freedom from clothes, as they paddled on the water's edge, their one sole garment being, I suppose, in the wash.

An extremely hot, long ride of seven hours brought us by sunset to the most exquisite bit of scenery we have passed in Morocco. It was a glen having an abundance of trees with a waterfall, and near by, in a shaded dell full of maidenhair ferns, a tiny cascade flowing from the hill, from which I felt it safe for once to enjoy unboiled water. We reached, when quite dark, the hill village of *Ruminal*, and pitched our tent.

*Sunday, 19th.*—We have had such a restful, pleasant Lord's day, though but little quiet for reading and prayer together, as the villagers kept coming all the forenoon by twos and threes or more to our lovely cool retreat under the shade of a tree on a hillock a few yards from our tent. Miss Denison had a good time in reading with them. She has studied Arabic diligently and to marked profit, and seems well understood here; she was complimented on her Arabic.

Two black women came amongst the men, but no Moorish women. One of these blacks was a freed slave, but the other not. This latter stayed behind after the men had left, and asked Miss Denison so wistfully if we could not give her a witchcraft writing as a charm against the probability of having her fine little one year old son at her breast taken away and sold as a slave. My heart was touched as I tried to realise something of what this poor slave mother's fears must be at the thought of the one pure joy in her life being stolen from her. We were powerless to help—God pity her. Afterwards I met her walking home and gave her a bright red cotton garment for the little one, but we feared her mistress might take it from her.

Native etiquette left us alone for our mid-day meal, but afterwards the people soon gathered round us, and again heard words of Truth. A strange procession issued from the village and passed down the hillside below us this afternoon. It consisted of little girls, with two or three women, who carried a banner consisting of two bamboos in the form of a cross, and this was dressed in women's clothes and surmounted by silk head-handkerchiefs. As the children walked they chanted a prayer to God for rain, as they say the corn has stopped in its growth. When the well was reached, which is dedicated to a saint, the singing stopped. A girl was seized and dipped in the well, and on her freeing herself all the other children ran after her. Again they formed themselves into a procession and wended their way to another "saintly" well. About 4 o'clock we visited the grandest orange groves I've seen in this country. The master, a Sherif, gave us several dozens of very fine oranges, but regretted we had come only at the "harvest," when the fruit was almost over.

Packers were at work in groups making up the huge native baskets of oranges for sale. In one of these groups Miss

Denison told the Gospel Story so well—they were just charmed with her Arabic. When and where will those men, who listened so attentively, next hear God's words?

*Monday, 20th April.*—Up at three, and prepared our breakfast over the spirit stove; but the men were so slow in loading that we were not really started till nearly six. Toiling on and on till some time after sunset, in painful weariness to our poor animals and so tired ourselves, at last, by 7.30, after eleven hours of actual journeying, we reached an Arab hamlet called Mikay. The people were very kind in bringing us milk and eggs, and would receive no payment.

On Tuesday we journeyed to the Sebou River, which we reached at 1.30. We went into what we hoped would be a "place apart" for much needed rest under trees, but the people soon found us out, and Miss Denison, who was fresher than I or gave way less, preached to the handful of poor people for twenty minutes.

Then we crossed the broad flowing river *Sebou*. There is no boat or bridge in this part, but by having a Moor to walk in front and try the depth, and another to lead our mules, we safely reached the further side. The water only wetted the bottom of one pannier, but not hurting more than a few things in my "hold all," which had been packed at the bottom. The water nearly reached up to the men's waists. We now eagerly pressed on to reach the appointed resting place before sunset. Our beasts were *very* tired, for the way had been long and the sun hot; indeed, one poor animal gave way and lay down, load and all, by the roadside. It was dark when we entered this small village, but boys and men soon came out to see us, and quickly apportioned a fairly level spot for our tent, and then one man went back with a mule freed of his load to seek and bring in the disabled one.

At this Arab encampment the people would not *sell* us milk, that was against their religion; but they offered to give us what we needed. There was no man at all among them who could read—it must be but an outskirts of some larger village, for we always find there is a foki in the school.

*Wednesday, 22nd.*—Up before dawn, and about seven we started for our last day's ride—thank God! A very tiring one it was, among precipitous, bare, rough mountains, and salt ravines with almost dried-up brackish streams. The soil is very salt round Fez, and gives the beds of streams a strange white appearance. We met many travellers, and as the hours wore on towards noon our men became very thirsty, and the streams were too muddy or brackish to drink. Again and again we asked those we met how far it was to an "ain" (well or spring). "Only a little way," "Still a small way," and so on. And scanning the country as we rounded each hill for any group of verdant shrubs or trees which might indicate water, we kept up hope and courage till after twelve o'clock, when some truthful Moor (a great wonder!) told us there was *no* well on the road. So we dismounted, and climbing a tiny hillock by the roadside, we sat among the palm shrubs and gratefully drank from our bottles of cold tea—sharing it with our men, who carried no bottle of water with them.

By three o'clock we sighted the sacred city of Fez. It was most wonderfully reviving to catch sight of the city at last; one soon forgot fatigue and thirst—for was not our journey just at an end? Outside the city gate we dismounted to properly envelope our faces in white muslin and readjust our long white cloaks, so that we might ride through the big city as modest ladies, showing nothing but our eyes. Not knowing the address of the new Mission House, we made straight for the English Consulate, when an elderly Jew was sent to conduct us to Miss Herdmann.

Here we met a very warm welcome and enjoyed a good wash, thankful that we had bid good-bye to the road and were safely in the city.

## MY SEWING CLASS OF MOORISH WOMEN.

BY MRS. MENSINK (TANGIER).

SHALL I tell you a little about the women who come to my house each Monday to sew?

They are, on the whole, a very nice set of women, not noisy, but obedient and quiet, and listen well to what I have to say.

We will take a look at them this afternoon. They are now coming in, wrapped in their haiks. As they enter they come and shake hands with me, asking after my health and that of my husband and baby; then sit down on the ground on a piece of matting. On my right is Khadija; she has been to us for some time now, and knows the Gospel very well, but does not care to listen; probably she feels condemned.

Next to her sits Rahema, a fine girl. Her mother died in the last cholera epidemic in Tangier; now, poor girl, she has no one to care for her, and having been so badly brought up, she will not at present listen to any suggestions of mine as to washing her clothes or mending her garments. Rahema does not care to listen to any little chats we have together, but generally looks another way while we are speaking. We are specially interested in this poor girl, who is in a sad, dangerous condition in this sinful land.

Next comes another Khadija and her daughter Fatima. The daughter has her baby tied on her back in a towel. Sometimes Khadija says when it is time to put the sewing away, "Now talk to us about Sidna Aisa" (Lord Jesus). We fear the request is only to please us at present, but we hope this question, which is now asked so lightly, may, ere long, become a burning desire to know indeed about Jesus the Saviour.

Another nice old woman is Jameena. She is very poor and old, and not able to sew herself, but Miss Harris generally sews for her, while she sits and talks or listens. This is one of the most intelligent women I have met in Morocco, and seems to be the most interested in the Truth. She is never tired of hearing about God and His Will concerning us, but she cannot see the necessity that Jesus Christ should die for us. The questions she asks are most encouraging. We hope and pray that the light is dawning in her soul, and that very soon she may find the only One who can save, comfort and help.

This one on my left is Sodeya, a mother with a large family whose husband is a soldier; and the wages of a soldier in Morocco is sometimes twopence or twopence-halfpenny per day, so poor Sodeya is indeed *poor*. She is a thorough beggar, and is always asking for something for herself or children. But she is very little worse than all Moorish women; they are all capital beggars. We must not, however, get impatient with them. Christ bears with our failures and sins, and is long-suffering; and shall we not also be patient?

*April 24th.*—The women came to-day; but, as my material is finished, they could not work. We drank tea, and had a little talk. In the course of conversation we mentioned the two women who used to meet with us before the cholera; now they are no more. One of the women said, "Yes, Fatima, she is with the Lord" (this is the usual expression when anyone dies). This opened the way to say how terrible it was to constantly use the words "with the Lord" when some of us knew that the lives of some of the departed were so sinful, and that we could not be "with the Lord" when we died, unless we believed in the Saviour, the One who died to cleanse us from sin.

*27th.*—My women came to-day, and sewed away industriously at some new garments. They were delighted with them. It is always a grief to me that the poor creatures are so anxious to get their garments finished that they do not sew

with care; they just see how quickly they can finish, not how well they can do them. We had a nice time together. The conversation of the women gave me an opportunity of speaking to them very pointedly.

*14th.*—Four fresh women came to-day, but I was only able to take two of them, as my room is too small and my material rather limited.\* I hope the Lord will enable me to do more and more for Him among these poor dark, benighted souls. They have so little brightness in their lives that coming now and again to my house are quite red-letter days with them.

*May 5th.*—Many women to-day. They were talking of a poor woman living alone in a little house who was found dead, apparently murdered. She was a widow, possessing a little money and a few jewels, and these seem to have been the object of the crime, as both money and jewels have disappeared. Crime in Morocco generally goes unpunished. An investigation was made, and a man and three women were imprisoned, but one of the women presented twenty dollars to the soldiers and was at once released; probably if her companions do the same they will be too. Lord, let there be light in this sad country.

*12th.*—Such a crowd of women again to-day. Could not give garments to all, as my material is nearly finished again.

We had a nice time together, however. I taught them the verse, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in Spirit and in Truth." There is so much lip-worship among Mohammedans, repetition of the Koran, etc. It is so necessary that we should constantly remind them that God requires sincerity and truth.

*Monday, June 1st.*—Such a party came from a village to see me to-day—four women, one man, and two children. My room seemed quite full with them and their haiks. They brought me a present of a sheep, some milk, butter, eggs, and bread. Of course, after walking a distance of eight miles, they were hungry, and they did justice to the bread and treacle, tea and cake which were spread before them. They chatted very loudly, and were evidently having quite a time of enjoyment.

As soon as they had finished they began asking for different things. These were not poor people: the husband and father is a well-to-do man in Morocco, a farmer, and has many sheep and cattle. Women in Morocco are generally kept very short of money. Their food and clothes are bought for them by their husbands or sons, and so they cannot have many things which we consider almost necessary.

Among the things asked for was soap and a comb. European soap is quite a luxury in Morocco, so I gave them a tablet of Sunlight Soap each, and they were delighted.

Before tea was handed round, a place outside the room had to be provided for the man, as he could not, on any account, eat with the women; this would be giving the women far too much liberty.

SATAN would have us try to-day to bear to-morrow's burden with only to-day's grace, and would dismay us with anticipations of troubles which loom in the distance, leading us to disobey the directions, "Take no thought for the morrow," "Be careful for nothing"; but what a privilege it is to be permitted to rest upon the assurance, "I will go before thee; thou shalt not be without a guide," and "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness." HUDSON TAYLOR.

\* Our sisters who have sewing classes, whereby hundreds of women have been gathered under the sound of the Gospel, would be most grateful for more materials to make up. Almost any kind is useful, but calico, unbleached or otherwise, prints, muslins, or even old linen, would be most acceptable. It may be some manufacturer or draper could send us a bale or two of goods (somewhat damaged would not be very detrimental to their usefulness), and we would undertake to divide and distribute the gift to the Sisters holding women's classes in the different countries of North Africa.

## WITH THE LADS AND LOCUSTS AT CASABLANCA.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF MR. J. EDWARDS.

LAST week I was able to attend the town dispensary, and had some nice and interesting times with some of the patients before their seeing Dr. Grieve. Some of those present willingly took Gospels, either for themselves or for their friends who could read.

I have also been able to have talks with Jews and Moors in their shops in the town, and was very glad to find that my words were listened to respectfully. The Jews admitted their sin, and the justice of God for punishing sin; but having the veil across their eyes, they could not see that our beloved Lord Jesus was the true Messiah of Israel. One Jewish youth received a Hebrew Gospel, and is reading it.

Yesterday I was fighting the onslaught of the young locusts from early morning until late in the afternoon. It seemed at one time that their immense numbers would overpower our exertions. The ditch was about eight inches deep with them. The men killed them with flat shovels, and shovelled them out of the ditch like mould. The walls of Eshcol were black as ink with the insects up to the point where the tin was fixed, and the surrounding ground for many yards was like a black mourning pall. Many of them did manage to jump the tin, but as we speedily drove them out they did no damage. We can well understand the Egyptians praying to Moses to remove "this death" from them. For three days they have been passing us; everything is left quite bare, even as a wilderness. This is the sixth year running that the locusts have visited Morocco, and the people are beginning to say that God is visiting them as He visited Egypt in the time of Joseph. They are quite expecting another year of locusts, and in consequence a lean year, and then, after that, seven years of plenty. The people willingly admit that God is punishing them for their sins.

*May 9th.*—Although my wife should be resting, she took the boys' sewing class this morning, and afterwards dealt with them spiritually. It does her good to take these boys: she throws all her heart into the work, and the boys get on well with her. We both feel so happy that they are attending so regularly, and trust, ere long, if health permits of it, to increase the classes. We could have many boys if we had more work for them to do. We are hoping some day to have a carpenter able and willing to teach them his trade, and after the summer I shall have more field-work ready. We have been digging a well now more than a month, in hope of finding sweet water. The man has had to pick through some thirty feet of hard rock, but no water yet. If we succeed in getting sweet water it will be a great blessing, as all the wells in the neighbourhood are brackish.

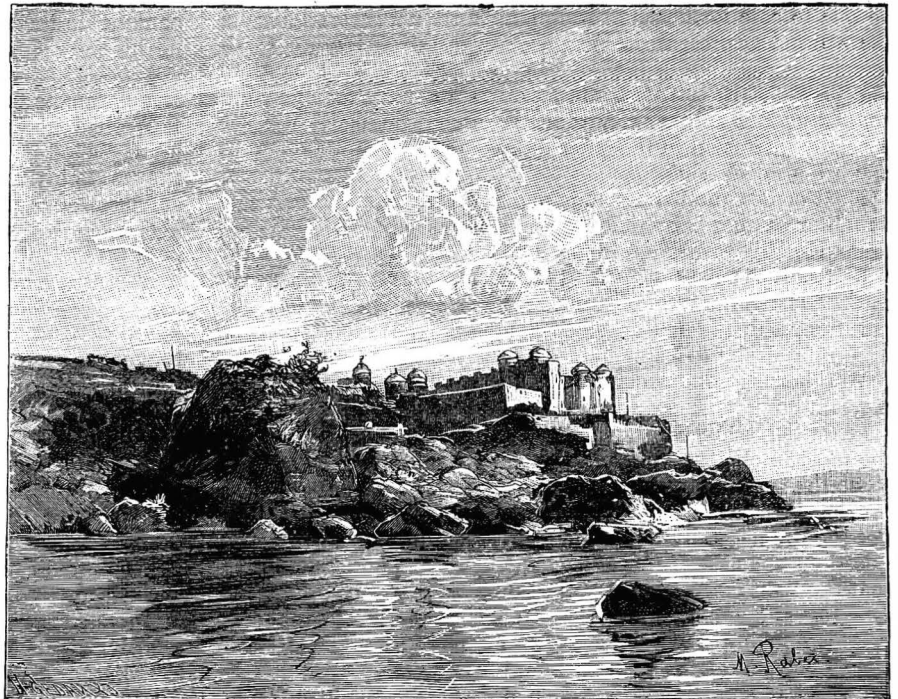
*Sunday, 11th.*—How glad we are to have these rest-days! The little service at Eshcol was most refreshing. It seems impossible to get a place in the town suitable for an English service without paying a heavy rent. Addressed the men in the Refuge in the evening, from 10th ch. of John's Gospel.

There were sheep lying around us, and their shepherd by their side, just a living illustration of the portion we read.

We do thank God for all the encouragement He gives us, as well as for the trials and difficulties. As our day, so is our strength. I endeavour every day to scatter the Word of Life. The people never refuse the books here, but are glad to have them.

## ITEMS FROM MISS JAY'S DIARY.

THIS is Sunday afternoon, and a very happy one. The kaid, the foki, and his friend have been here all the afternoon reading. We studied the account of the death of Christ in the four Gospels. They seemed so to feel what they read, and they all knelt in prayer at the close, the kaid and the foki both praying aloud.



LARACHE FROM THE SEA (*see next page*).

Fatima here all the morning. More and more I feel that she is really trusting in the Lord Jesus. To-day she went up to my room with me, knelt, and repeated aloud each word I said in prayer, adding some sentences herself at the close.

\* \* \* \* \*

Went to visit the family of Si B. K. The father was at home, and I was able to have a long talk with him. They are one of the best Moorish families in Tangier, and live in a beautiful house. The wife, children, and slaves all equally give us now a warm welcome whenever we call. They are most refined, interesting people, and the children are really beautiful. The father expressed a wish for a whole New Testament, and, as there is also some medicine to send for the wife, they promised to send up the children with a slave on Thursday to fetch the things.

\* \* \* \* \*

To-day we went to the kaid's. I am sure God guided us there, for we had not at first thought of going. He was at home, and so glad to see us. He was very sad, and looked

quite ill, and seemed to find it a relief to tell us his trouble. The week before a part of his pay had been kept back. As he had done nothing wrong, he went to inquire the cause. The Basha, on seeing him, became very angry, and told him, if he were not careful, much worse things would happen to him. He then ordered him to be put in prison. He was at once marched off and shut up, no reason being given. After four hours, the Kalifa (who is friendly to him) sent to the prison and took him out. But the disgrace has left him broken-hearted. He hardly raised his eyes while telling us his story; and when I said how glad I was it was only for four hours he was in prison, he said, "It was four years to me." He seems to have no doubt that it is owing to his coming so regularly to the reading on Sundays, and thinks one of the others may have betrayed him. To my great grief, he said he dared not come again, and I felt I could not urge him to do so. We tried to cheer and comfort him all we could, and read the twelfth chapter of Luke, which much helped him. I told him it was an honour to be persecuted for Christ's sake.

\* \* \* \*

The numbers keep up well in the school. There are always about thirty-five girls here, and they are getting on well with their Scripture history and reading. They can sing "Jesus loves me" very nicely now; four of them, with the best voices, sing the verses, and the rest all join in the chorus.

## The Work of Others.

*"Look not every man upon his own things, but every man also upon the things of others."*

WE give the following extracts from letters lately received, feeling thankful for the sympathy expressed by those who are themselves labouring in the Gospel in other lands. We need to realise more and more that the work of God is one, the whole world over.

From Dr. and Mrs. HOWARD TAYLOR (China).

"Far away here in China our thoughts often turn to you and the work of the North Africa Mission. We have your little map upon our wall, and love to remember you in prayer. Only this morning we have been asking, together, for the Lord's rich blessing on this widely-extended work. We trust you are being kept well in health, and that the dear workers are meeting with encouragement in all the stations of the Mission. How much we should like to send our loving greetings to them all!

"You will rejoice to know that the Lord is greatly cheering us here, in our newly-opened station. It is not yet ten months since houses were rented in these two cities, but already not a few enquirers are gathering around us, and in this city twenty or thirty are asking for Baptism. In T'ai-Keng, only one day's journey away, we have two dear fellow-workers, representatives of Keswick, who are a great joy and help. The Lord does seem to use the work of sisters here in China. We long to see many such settled all over this great plain. For the need is so great! Think of it. Within a few day's journey of us on this densely-populated plain, are no fewer than sixty cities without the Gospel, not to speak of countless towns and villages! Pray for us as we do for you."

From Mrs. C. A. HUNTLEY (Demerara).

"I am in my fortieth year of foreign service for the Lord, and shall soon have completed my sixty-ninth year. I need your prayers. I am at present in the interior, among the Aboriginal Indians, teaching the children to read God's word,

and in other service; visiting, going about in a large canoe, the Indian children paddling for me. We visit sick and isolated ones, and have cottage meetings. It is only occasionally I can take long journeys on account of the school. Sowers and reapers will soon all meet together. Let us work while it is called to-day."

## LARAICHE, MOROCCO.

LARAICHE, or in Arabic *El Araish*, signifies *the Vines*, and is a small town on the west coast of Morocco, near the mouth of Wad Lukkus, about sixty miles south of Tangier. It contains approximately 3,500 inhabitants, of whom about 2,500 are Moors, and 1,000 are Spanish-speaking Jews, who also know Moorish Arabic. There are about twenty European houses, mostly inhabited by Spaniards.

Laraiche boasts a couple of large mosques with two high minarets and two smaller ones. The Jews have four synagogues, and the Spaniards a Roman Catholic Church and a band of priests. The handful of English-speaking people have no religious service at all.

Laraiche was one of the last places that the Portuguese held, and there are several remains of their buildings; one a strong fort in the shape of a man-of-war, also good barracks and a large inn. Mulai Mohamed Ben Aled-el Nerah ejected the Portuguese. The town has three market-days, or old-fashioned fairs, held respectively on Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, when villagers from miles round come in to sell their market produce.

It is a most singular fact in this Mohammedan land, where women hold so very secondary a position, that a lady—Lallah Manana—should be the patron saint of Laraiche! Her father was a reputed *saint*, and it is related that when his beautiful daughter was about to be married to a Moor, God, wishing to keep her holy, changed her on the wedding evening into a lioness, whence she was made the patron saint!

*Laraiche* was in former times a stronghold for Moorish pirates, on account of the dangerous sand-bar at the entrance of the port, and there are still to be seen on the riverside the remains of two ships—one a Moorish pirate vessel, and the other a captured European ship—and there are aged Moors still in Laraiche who tell the tale of the pirate fleet going out to sea to attack the Christian vessels.

Our picture shows us the Kasbah, or Moorish fortress, built on the rocks overlooking the mouth of the river.

Eight years ago our two dear missionaries, Miss Herdman and Miss Caley, lived and worked for God here for about a year, faithfully, earnestly preaching the Gospel to Moor, Jew, and Spaniard, and giving medical relief to hundreds of sick; but since then this station has been deserted, and the 3,500 inhabitants left without a resident witness to the truth in Christ Jesus. Only occasionally have visits been paid to this needy town by passing missionaries. Shall this state of things continue?

C. S. JENNINGS.

## BELIEVEST THOU THIS?

"THIS is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."—1 Tim. i. 15.

"He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."—Jno. xi. 25.

Oh, the height of Jesus' love!  
Higher than the heavens above,  
Deeper than the depths of sea,  
Lasting as eternity;  
Love that found me—wondrous thought!  
Found me when I sought Him not.

## For the Young.

### OUR TWO ARAB GIRLS.

By MISS H. D. DAY.

SOME friends left us rather late, and as we wanted a few minutes' quiet before beginning the class, we told Yameena and Sherifa to let the girls come in and seat them all together on the gallery. Generally there are two classes, but when we teach a new hymn we bring them all together. Yameena said, "And may we sing a hymn?" We said "Yes," just as an experiment, rather thinking it would be a failure, but to our surprise and delight she began, "There is a green hill far away," and they sang perfectly in time and tune, only they left out a verse. One of the little ones said, "We have not sung 'There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin.'" "Ah!" said Yameena, "then we will begin and sing it all over again;" and this time there was no fault, and we went out and told them we were very pleased with them. There were 103, and they were seated in beautiful straight rows—better, even, than we arrange them. We are so glad to have this Yameena; though she is only fourteen, she is big for her age, and helpful in every way. I am teaching both her and her sister to read French, and she especially makes great progress. If she gave her heart to Christ, and we are daily in prayer that she may, she could read the Bible to her people.

*Monday, 6th.*—Easter Monday, a holiday for many people, but not for us. At breakfast we talked of our doings last Easter Monday in London, when we made the acquaintance of some friends interested in the work, and in the evening addressed a gathering of young Christians full of zeal for the Master. But we had not much time for reminiscences, for it is medicine day, and soon after seven the knocking at the gate begins, and before that there are prayers in Arabic with our two little servants, and we never like to hurry through, for we might be in a hurry the very day when their hearts are opening out to Christ, and not to answer their questions might throw them back on themselves. We are reading "Peep of Day" with them, and it is a coincidence that the chapter on the "Last Supper" fell for Wednesday last, so we have been following the "Story of the Cross" almost day by day. When Miss Read said, "And they all forsook Him and fled," Yameena corrected her quickly, saying, "Except Peter," and the tears came into her eyes when she had to learn that Peter did deny His Master; "but," she added, "it is not surprising after he and John going to sleep in the garden when Jesus had asked them to watch with Him." On another morning when we said, "Joseph took down the body," Sherifa remarked, "How gently he must have touched it, and how glad the women must have been who were waiting at the sepulchre!" It is refreshing to see hearts touched in any measure by the story of the Lord's sufferings, and to hear them say, "And all that for us!"

### "STOP, THIEF!"

A SCENE IN MISS JAY'S SCHOOL, TANGIER.

On Monday we caught a thief in the hall. He had stolen some of the things, and hidden them under his jalab. The servant went to fetch a friend who lives near, so I was alone with the man, with the exception of the children, about sixteen of whom were waiting to be let in. The man thought it a good opportunity to escape, and made a rush for the gate. I was feeling too ill to attempt to stop him, but called out to the children not to let him go. A most amusing scene then occurred, for my loyal little girls seized his jalab, four or five clinging to each side of it, while the rest put their backs against

the gate, and the biggest girl fastened the bolt and kept her hand on it. As fast as he beat the children off one side of his jalab they swung round him and clung to the other. It was like a swarm of flies settling on him. Again and again he forced Sodea's hands off the bolt, but each time she was back again before he could open it. It was laughable at first, but I was getting anxious, as I saw the man was beginning to be rough, when a soldier (sent by the friend) appeared, and the man subsided. We got back the things he had stolen, and had the man taken as far as the prison in order to frighten him well, but did not put him in, as he is a stranger here, with no friends to feed him, and would consequently have starved.

### REQUESTS FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER.

#### PRAISE

FOR the Lord's preserving care thus far over our friends in Alexandria during the serious outbreak of cholera.

FOR the safe journeyings of our missionary sisters in Morocco, and the many opportunities for seed-sowing.

FOR grace given to our sisters in Djemaa Sahridj during the late trying events, and that the things which happened unto them have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel.

#### PRAYER

FOR two young Arab girls whose hearts are opening to the love of Jesus: that they may let go entirely the old beliefs and trust in Him alone.

That, if it be God's will, more liberal supplies may soon be forthcoming for the carrying on of His work in North Africa.

That the colportage work undertaken by natives amongst Southern tribes may be abundantly owned of God.

### BIBLE READING.

#### THE BELIEVER'S POSITION NOW.

The *future* is filled with glory for the believer, and joy thrills the soul at the prospect of the "glory that shall be revealed." But in thinking of the future he should not forget his *present* position, into which he is brought through the abundant grace of God. The following passages are worthy of the prayerful meditation of every Christian. May the Spirit make them a blessing to all who read them.

1. "There is therefore **now** no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1; John iii. 18).

2. "But **now** in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ" (Eph. ii. 13, 18). Present access to God.

3. "For ye were sometimes darkness, but **now** are ye light in the Lord, walk as children of light" (Eph. v. 8). See also 1 Thess. v. 5; 2 Cor. iv. 6.

4. "Which in times past were not a people, but are **now** the people of God; which had not obtained mercy, but **now** have obtained mercy" (1 Pet. ii. 10).

5. "**Now** therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God" (Eph. ii. 19).

6. Being **now** made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life" (Rom. vi. 22). See also the 11th, 14th, and 18th verses.

7. "Beloved, **now** are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 3).