



MATTHEW XXVIII

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

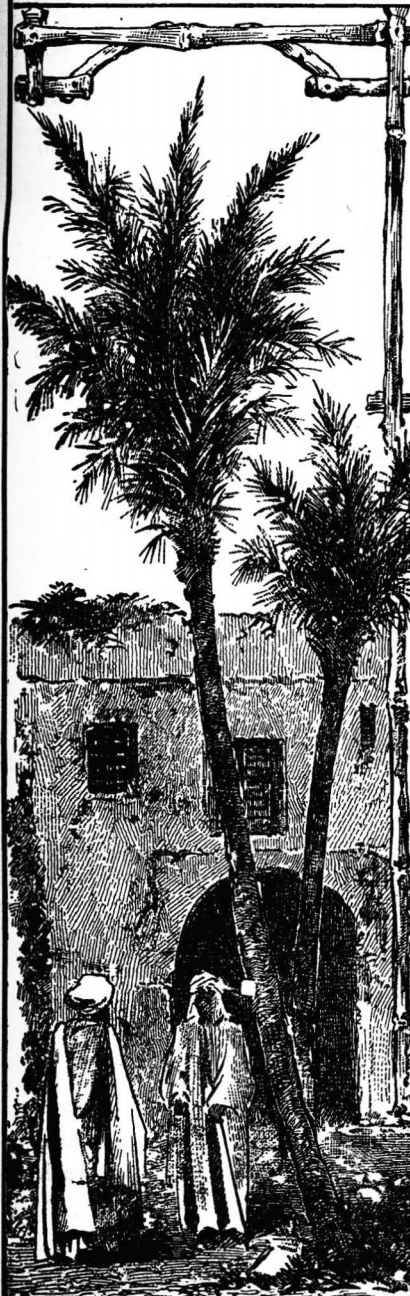
19. GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND OF THE SON AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.

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MOROCCO
ALGERIA
TUNIS
TRIPOLI
EGYPT
SAHARA



NORTH AFRICA.

Learning to Walk.

"The just shall LIVE by faith."—Gal. iii. 11.

"By faith ye STAND."—2 Cor. i. 24.

"For we WALK by faith, not by sight."—2 Cor. v. 7.

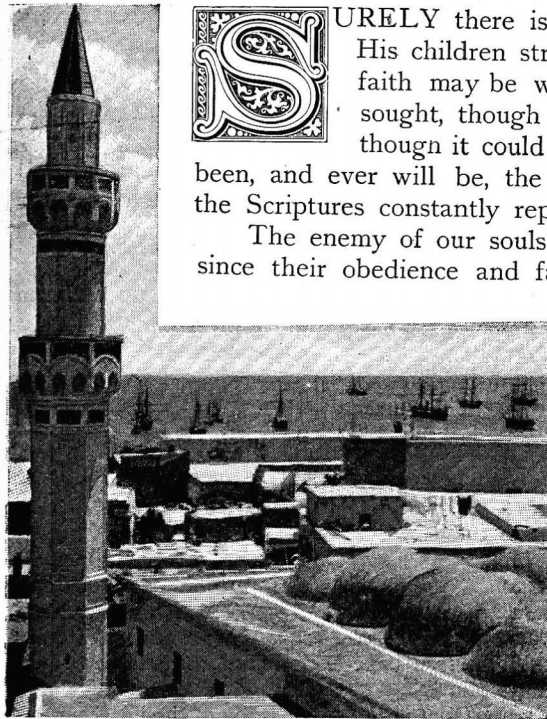
"Fight the good FIGHT of faith."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

"This is the VICTORY that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 Jno. v. 4.

SURELY there is nothing that so delights the heart of our Heavenly Father as to see His children striving to walk in the path of obedience and faith. Even when their faith may be weak, and fail, yet the fact that His beloved child has desired and sought, though failingly, to please Him, gladdens the heart of God. It seems as though it could hardly be possible for us to give joy or delight to God, for He has been, and ever will be, the blessed God, delighting in the perfection of all He is and does. Yet the Scriptures constantly represent Him as being grieved or pleased.

The enemy of our souls often suggests to those that seek to obey and trust in the Lord that, since their obedience and faith have been imperfect, they had better abandon this path and live as others.

This temptation Satan uses specially when faith has been long tried, and the soul is growing weary. If, however, it is understood that the Lord delights even in those who but feebly trust Him, courage and hope is renewed. In *learning* to trust God, as in learning anything else, we learn in a path marked by more or less failure. When, as babes, we learned to walk naturally, we probably had many a stumble; but gradually we gained experience, and with our parents' help, we managed to toddle from a chair to their open arms, then to take longer excursions, and walk across the room. In due time we walked holding their hand, or marched a little way by their side, with an occasional tumble and some weeping. At last we became strong and agile, and could go alone, climbing over rocks and hills. Is not the walk of faith something like this? Should we be discouraged because we do not at once learn to walk and not faint?



Tripoli from roof of Consulate.

No doubt the Lord could make His children full grown at once. He could in a moment lead us on from being babes through youth and early manhood to the wisdom of mature age; but we have to consider not what He can do, but what in His wisdom it is His custom to do, and this surely is to lead us on more or less by degrees. Is it not a mistake to look only at what God can or could do, without considering what His wisdom does do, when dealing with those who, being human, have personality and will. Does He not teach and lead on as we are able to bear it? Does He ever forget that we are human? And does He not wonderfully lead us on in a way harmonising with the fact of our composite state as His children—partakers of the Divine nature, and yet men and women compassed with all the infirmities and limitations of our bodies and minds?

It would, we think, be nice to leap at one bound to a life of perfect obedience and faith, rather than to learn obedience and faith in the school of God. This is what we felt as children. We would have liked to compress all our school days into one night, and wake up in the morning with our minds fully developed and informed; but God has arranged it otherwise, both in nature and grace.

We read in Proverbs iii. 11: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of His correction. For whom the Lord loveth He correcteth, even as a father the son in whom He delighteth." Children are apt to question whether their fathers delight in them when smarting from correction, and yet if they realised it the smart would be relieved. Could God's children, in times when weary of His long-continued discipline, be assured that amid it all the heart of Him who holds and applies the rod is full of love and tenderness towards them, it would greatly relieve them. Yet this is the real condition of affairs.

Mr. Hudson Taylor, the honoured founder of the China Inland Mission, so well known as a man of faith, writing of his experiences as a young man of about twenty-four in China, says: "My faith was not untried; my faith often, often failed, and I was so sorry and ashamed of the failure to trust such a Father. But, oh! I was learning to know Him. I would not have missed the trial. He became so near, so real, so intimate. . . . How glad one is now, not only to know that 'they who trust Him wholly find Him wholly true,' but also that when we fail to trust completely He still remains unchangingly faithful. He *is* wholly true, whether we trust or not. 'If we believe not He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself.' But, oh! how we dishonour our Lord whenever we fail to trust Him, and what peace, blessing, and triumph we lose in thus sinning against the Faithful One. May we never again presume in anything to doubt Him."

Robert Chapman, the man of mighty faith, who has just reached Home, was once talking to the writer as to the teaching of Matthew x.—at the time being much discussed. After saying that he thought the fact the Jewish Temple was standing and Christ not finally rejected, when the words were spoken, qualified them, he added, "I once tried to go out on the lines of Matthew x. in Cornwall and Devon, and I failed; but the Lord dealt very graciously with me."

The fact that these dear servants of Christ tell us of God's grace and faithfulness to them in their failures should encourage us, failing, very failing, though we be, to press on afresh; assured the Lord has not forsaken us, but is desiring to lead us on from failure to a better state of things.

If Peter had yielded to despondency after his failure, what loss the Church and the world would have suffered! He learned in his failure to think worse of himself and better of His Master, and in his Epistles tells us much of the God of all grace. The God who bears with and blesses not only those who serve perfectly, but also those who serve failingly.

Let, therefore, no one be discouraged, but, counting on the grace and faithfulness of the Lord, go on from strength to strength, every year learning to trust more fully and follow more closely our tender, compassionate Lord.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, joy of all the meek;
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek.

E. H. G.

To the Friends of the North Africa Mission.

I, PALMEIRA AVENUE, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

August 12th, 1902.

DEAR FELLOW-HELPERS,—Death is still busy amongst us, and Mr. Jones of Casablanca has just written to tell us that his beloved wife was called home on Friday, August 1st. She leaves one dear little girl. We commend Mr. Jones and the motherless child to your prayerful sympathy. Particulars of our beloved departed sister and her triumphant death are given elsewhere. May we who are left be drawn closer to the Lord that thus we may be a greater power for good during the little while we have to serve.

We rejoice that the work in Tangier has been increasingly encouraging of late. One Moslem has, indeed, publicly declared before many others that he is a Christian.

Amongst the women also there is a much deeper interest shown than was the case in the past. Miss Marston and Mrs. Boulton are quite encouraged by the attention of those to whom they speak at the Hospital under the charge of Miss Breeze, our lady doctor.

The Misses Mellett, Denison, Greathead, and Aldridge have been much cheered by the warm welcome they have received at Sifroo, about twenty miles south-east of Fez. This out-station has been unoccupied for some time, but now that the Sultan has come to Fez there is greater security, so that it is practicable to revisit it.

Miss Welch and Miss E. Smith have now closed their holiday home near Algiers for the season. About sixty children have passed through it this year, and thus come under the close personal care and instruction of the missionaries. The amount

of pleasure which these sixty children have had it is impossible to estimate. Moslems, Roman Catholics, and Protestants have shared in its advantages. In some cases the seed sown has already sprung up, and brought forth fruit to Eternal life, and all the children have been influenced and instructed for God.

Some have feared that in the suppression of the unauthorised Roman Catholic Schools our work also might be suppressed, as a sort of solace to those aggrieved, but we have not any schools in Algeria, only classes of a religious kind, more like Sunday Schools than day schools. We trust, therefore, that these fears are groundless.

The work among the Kabyles is full of interest. We have lately had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Griffiths, who with his wife, labours at Tazmalt, and is associated with the Open Brethren. Several European oil presses and oil mills have been set up where he labours. This brings large numbers of natives there to sell their olives and to work in the season day and night in the mills. Thus he gets a large number of Kabyles under his influence, and his Kabyle lad gives very clear evidence of being converted. The oil industry is being largely developed in Kabylia. The Government are grafting good olive grafts on the large old stocks that grow wild over the hills; there are still hundreds of thousands of stocks to be grafted, and as the grafts grow immense quantities of oil will be produced. The refuse, after being pressed, is sold at fourteen francs per ton for shipment to Marseilles for soap manufacture.

If only these wild Kabyles could be grafted like the trees upon their mountains, what unction there would be in place of the sin and misery that now prevails! Who will help us to bring about these blessed results?

One dear friend has sent £50 to help itineration work among them. This will be most helpful. We suggested a fund of £250 a year for the support of two brethren and their expenses to labour as Pearse Memorial Missionaries amongst these interesting people. Twenty pounds has been promised thus far.

Surely the Lord looks down with pitying eye upon this vast, wide, needy field in North Africa. Who will help us in the sowing and the reaping? Our general funds are quite exhausted as we write, and we pray the Lord of the harvest to incline His stewards to help us to supply His labourers. We need £1,000 sorely, and £2,000 would be most acceptable.

The Lord values the smallest sums; the large sums also are needed. Over two hundred millions have been spent by Great Britain in South Africa during the last three years to maintain the interests of the British Empire there. But how little has been spent in North Africa to maintain Christ's interests! Soon our time of service will be over, and the wealth of the Christian Church will be left behind. We must serve and give now to do effective service.

It is reckoned that converted people in the British Islands save and invest about twenty million pounds every year, beyond all their expenses for living, pleasure, and giving. That is, the average true Christian saves and invests five pounds a year for every ten shillings he gives for foreign missions. Is it a wonder that missionary societies are frequently in need of money? Thank God for the faithful few who do much better than the average. Alas for those who do much worse!

We must not, however, let our eyes rest upon men's failures or men's goodness, but look beyond the channels to the great Fountain Head. He cares for us, and it was in Him we put our trust and on Him we counted when we entered upon the work, and in Him we must trust still. He is able and He is willing to help.

We have still a considerable quantity of back numbers of NORTH AFRICA and of mission leaflets, which we shall be glad to send free and carriage paid to those who will distribute them, and seek to get new subscribers for our paper. We have also some bound volumes which we shall be pleased to supply, the 1s. 6d. volumes in paper boards at 6s. a dozen, the 2s. 6d. cloth boards at 10s. a dozen.

The 2s. 6d. copy of THE GOSPEL IN NORTH AFRICA with eight maps and 120 illustrations, we will supply for sale or distribution at 15s. a dozen. This book should be widely circulated among those interested in missions, and would make a beautiful present for a young men's or young women's Bible class.

Yours heartily in Christ,

EDWARD H. GLENNY.

P.S.—On August 20th our hearts were greatly cheered by a gift of a thousand guineas, a thousand pounds of the amount being for the general purposes of the mission, and fifty pounds for drugs for the medical missions. Please join us in devout thanksgiving to God for having met our very sore need, and for giving us this fresh token of His tender care.—E. H. G.

Notes and Extracts.

N.A.M. Prayer Meeting.—The weekly meeting for prayer is held in Room 44 of Paternoster House, 34, Paternoster Row, E.C., on Fridays, from 5 to 6 o'clock. Tea at 4.30. The presence of friends of God's work in North Africa is heartily welcomed, and is a great encouragement. It has been a pleasure and a cheer to have the fellowship of several on recent occasions.



From **Miss De la Camp** (Tetuan): "July 29th. Yesterday morning a man from Marakesh was sitting and reading the New Testament in the men's waiting-room, when I arrived in the dispensary. I asked him if he understood what he was reading.

He said, 'Yes, and I know it is all true that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that His blood cleanses us from all sin.' I asked him where he had learned that. He answered that he had heard the Word in our dispensary some months ago, and that Miss Hubbard had given him a Testament. He then went to Tangier, and went for a week to Mr. Elson's refuge, where he heard more of the same Word. Then he was taken ill and went to the hospital for some weeks and was further taught. Afterwards Miss Jennings taught him in Laraish, and one of the missionaries in Marakesh. And now he says that he believes that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is his Saviour. It was a joy to hear such a testimony, before another man too, to whom he also preached the Gospel."



From **Dr. Roberts** (Tangier): "August 6th. I was at the Consulate late this afternoon with a few others discussing the distribution of Coronation money for the deserving poor. I am to help give out bread, raisins, and water on Saturday morning to prisoners—a good way of commemorating the day.

"I hear one of our recently dismissed patients publicly confessed himself a Christian in the refuge the other night. He is reading through the New Testament evening by evening with Mr. Cooper. Please pray for this man."



Arrival.—**Miss Albina Cox** reached England on July 24, from Susa, Tunisia.



Pastor Dickins (Alexandria) lately sent a copy of his translation into Arabic of Bishop Ryle's tract on "*Justification by Faith*." He says: "I hope (it) will be very useful among Mohammedans. From my manuscript I have tried it among various classes of the people. It gains easily their attention, and is quickly understood, and brings them right to the point of accepting or refusing the Saviour."

The Native Races of North Africa.

By MR. G. B. MICHELL.

A good deal of misapprehension exists in the minds of even those who know North Africa pretty intimately as to the classification and distribution of the native races. The Arabic language is so universally spoken, and the name "Arab" so loosely applied by the Europeans, that it is generally supposed that, with the exception of the Kabyles and a few other small tribes, such as the Shluh and the Shawia, the people of the Barbary States are "Children of Ishmael," and fellow-countrymen of Mohammed. This opinion is so erroneous, and the consequences of the mistake are so harmful, that a short *exposé* of the true kindred of those we work among will not be without interest to the readers of NORTH AFRICA.

From time immemorial the native tribes have been nominally under alien rule, yet their power of absorption is such, that their masters have always become assimilated to them instead of the reverse. Greeks, Phœnicians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, all have passed, and hardly a trace of them is to be discerned in the people, who are as Berber as they were before a Pharaoh reigned in Egypt.

No indigenous religion seems ever to have originated in North Africa—I use the term as excluding Egypt. Yet nothing is more striking in the Berbers of every nation than their strong religious feeling. They have always adopted the religion of their political superiors, but invariably with the reservation of liberty to change both teachings and practices to suit their own ideas. With such uncompromising political creeds as Romanism and Islam, this has caused struggles which have resulted in devastation such as only the most indomitable spirit of independence and industry could survive. Though enormously reduced in numbers and prosperity from what they once were, and now brought to orthodoxy in

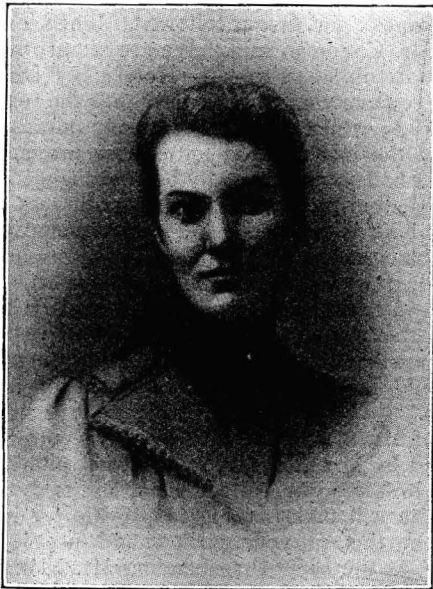
Mohammedanism—with the exception of a few communities which I will mention hereafter—the Berbers still form ninety per cent. of the whole population of North Africa, from the confines of Egypt to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the Mediterranean Sea to the Senegal and to Lake Chad.

The Berbers are divided by the Arabic historians into two grand classes—the Berbers "Botr" and the Berbers "Beranes"—with two large fractions, the "Ketama," and "Zenata," of doubtful origin. Some such fourfold division is probably in the main correct. Considerations of anthropology—complexion and physique—language and history all show that the Berbers are of four kinds. The basis seems to have been a pre-historic African race of low development, who inhabited caves, and used rough chipped flint implements. These spread even into Europe, and their remains are found in France. Then an immigration of Iberians—akin to the Basques—came from Spain through Gibraltar into Morocco and eastwards. Another influx came from Italy, France, and Spain of fair-haired, blue-eyed folk, of Celtic origin. These built numerous cromlechs, dolmens, and tombs of huge stones, closely resembling the monuments of Stonehenge, Carnac, and other places in Europe. Their descendants are easily distinguishable to this day. A fourth element came from the Grecian Archipelago and Asia Minor, whence we read of incessant expeditions to Cyrene, and as far as the Atlas Mountains, in Herodotus, Diodorus, and all the earliest historians.

During Carthaginian and Roman times the natives seem to have been peaceful, prosperous, and very numerous. Their own princes—such as Masinissa, Juba, Jugurtha, Nubel, Firmus, Antalas, etc.—were supported by the Romans, and furnished contingents of good mounted troops. All the Berber nations accepted Christianity, except in some parts of Morocco and the Sahara. St. Cyprian made a collection of money, which was largely subscribed by the native Christians to ransom certain of their brethren who had been carried off captive in a Twarik raid. But various heresies—Donatism, Manicheism, Montanism, etc.—brought upon them the condemnation of the Papacy, and when the Byzantine Empire got the upper hand of the Arian Vandals, the Romish Church had the support of the Government in putting down heterodoxy. Consequently, when the Muslim hordes from the East attacked the political supremacy of Rome in North Africa, they were eagerly joined by the Berbers, who saw in the simplicity and fervour of Islam much that corresponded to their own ideas, little that they were not prepared to accept, and such a contrast to the oppression and corruption, religious, moral, and physical, of Rome, that instead of feeling like renegades, they merely found liberty and reform in the new creed. Judaism they were familiar with, and Mohammed's system is only a combination of three-fourths of Judaism and one-fourth of heretical "Christianity." When the Arabian host set forth, in A.D. 647, to conquer Africa for Mohammed, their numbers did not exceed 40,000 men, of whom 20,000 were Egyptians. They defeated the Christian Governor, Gregorius of "Africa," *i.e.*, the present province of Tunis, and then returned to the East laden with their spoils. In 665 another expedition, under Muawia, set out for North Africa, and succeeded, with the help of the Berbers, in permanently annexing the whole country to the Khalifate. But the Arabian element was very small, and was dropped at various points along the line of march, their places being taken by Berbers eager to recoup themselves for the losses they had suffered. On his return from Morocco, Okba, the Arab governor of "Africa," with all his followers, was slain by an offended Berber prince near Biskra, A.D. 682. So far, therefore, from the Arabs having supplanted the native Berbers, the latter almost exterminated the former. From that time until the eleventh cen-

tury the Berbers had it all their own way, not only in Africa, but also in Spain. Their submission to the Khalifate was purely nominal. They not only chose which claimant of that office they would support, but made their choice an excuse for their own aggrandisement. In fact, the Arabs under the Khalifas had no more share in North Africa than the Italians under the Popes had in England. Various Berber dynasties, Aghlabites, Merinides, Zirides, etc., reigned until A.D. 1055, until the "Almoravides" arose. These were a Twarik nation, who wore the veil characteristic of that people. They were of the Zenaga tribe, who still inhabit the district south of Morocco, and who gave their name to the River "Senegal." They subdued the whole of the Barbary States and Spain, and reigned until 1153, when they were vanquished by the Almohades, another Berber nation of the Hergha division of the Masmouda race. These were in turn replaced in 1270 by the Hafsides, another branch of the Masmouda. The rise and fall of these dynasties was occasioned by the adoption of various Mohammedan heresies, which caused incessant warfare among the different Berber tribes. In about A.D. 1055 came the Arabian invasion which brought in the only Ishmaelite element in North Africa. Two great tribes, the Hillal and the Soleim, who had been expelled from Arabia on account of their incorrigible, idle, and thievish habits, passed into North Africa like an army of locusts. They never wielded any political or military power. They simply devoured everything before them, and devastated the country to such an extent that the Berbers were forced to take refuge in the mountains and deserts. But they were not numerous enough to form any great proportion of the population. They settled principally in the plains of Tunis and South Algeria. They also stretched along the northern border of the Sahara, making a sort of barrier facing the various Twarik peoples. Some of the Berbers, of somewhat similar tastes, settled among these Arabian brigands, adopted their language and customs, and are now classed as "Arabs." Such were the Ulhasa, settled about Bone, the Mernisa, the Zenara, the Unifa, around Tebessa, the Urfel and Mejis in Tripoli, the Lakhs in the Sus country of Morocco, and the Fishtala and other Sanhaja tribes north of the Atlas. It will thus be seen that comparatively few of those who seem to be Arabs are of Arabian descent. One Arabian element, however, has survived more or less pure, *viz.*, the families of *Marabouts*, *i.e.*, *Murabats*. I have mentioned that the Berbers have strong religious, though unorthodox, instincts. In general their bent is similar to that of the Southern European races, namely, a need for priestly intervention. No provision for this exists in Mohammed's system. So the Kabyles and other Algerian Berbers have adopted these Arab *Murabats*, who mostly claim to belong to the "holy" family, or at least to the tribe of the Coreish, and invest them with all the office of the parish priest or *curé*. The Arabic or Arabised tribes mostly live in the plains around the hills on which the Berbers have built their "*qusur*," or strongholds, and live by levying blackmail on the unfortunate hillmen whose fields and pastures are thus at their mercy. Others roam about the desert around the oases, and take toll for "protecting" (!) the traders and caravans. It is easy to understand, under these circumstances, the strong antipathy that exists between the hardworking, honest, and independent Berbers, and the destructive parasites who go under the name of "Arabs." I believe the supposed fanaticism of the Muslims of North Africa springs from three things: 1st, the use of the Arabic language, which is associated by the Berber with the foreign religion he has been forced to conform to, and by the Arab with his present interests, and his pride of race; 2nd, the remembrance of the bitter sufferings which have attended every effort his people have made to reform Islam; and, 3rd, a genuine piety, which

is shocked by the deplorable example of Christianity he sees in the Europeans. Though he has never known instances of conversion from Mohammedanism to Christianity, the native of Barbary has had sad experience of the treatment that awaits any attempt to shake off the yoke of Islam. The Nefousa of the mountains of Tripoli, the last fragments of the Sofrite heresy; the "Wahhabites" of Jerba, the survivors of another Kharejite sect; the Beni Mzab, who were hunted from east to west, till they found a refuge in their present arid desert fastnesses, on account of their Eibadite views, are all that remain of tremendous efforts to exercise freedom of conscience. The present movement of the Senusia, entirely a Berber affair, the Senusi family being itself sprung from the Koumia or Salfoura branch, is an evidence that there is an active force of the same kind still alive in the breasts of the Berbers. If, instead of imagining that there is any hope of life in Islam, the natives could learn that, both personally and nationally, life, purity, holiness, and freedom can only be found in Christ, I believe a powerful and rapidly growing movement would begin to move the whole of North Africa. If the Word of God can be circulated widely among them in their own dialects, written in a character familiar and intelligible to them, a great obstacle would be removed from the spread of the Gospel. May God's Holy Spirit inspire us, and breathe on these dry bones!



The Late Mrs. Jones

(née Dunbar).

It was in Belfast about eight years ago that I first met Emma Dunbar. She was then offering herself for foreign mission work, and, not being considered strong enough for a tropical climate, she had been led to think of North Africa. This was immediately a bond between us, for I was already intending to seek work in connection with the North Africa Mission. Emma was living at the time at the Y.W.C.A. Institute, and was by study, and in practical ways also being prepared for the life she had in view. It was in this way that the secretary arranged that we should go out together to visit amongst the Jews in Belfast; and during the few months while this visiting continued we became fast friends.

Emma struck me at once as being amongst the gentlest

of women, and it was a gentleness of heart as well as of manner. I never remember her speaking hardly of anyone, and I could not imagine her doing so. In that, let us seek to resemble her. Yet she was far from being sanctimonious—she was not amongst those who pretend not to see faults in others; but she would speak about them with a quiet smile of amusement. She had the native sense of humour; and I remember that she gained 96 per cent at the first examination in Arabic, which shows that she was clever as well as diligent. With all her gentleness Emma was not lacking either in determination. She was not to be turned aside in pursuing the course to which she believed God had called her. During her very serious illness which took place after some months of Arabic study at Barking, when it was scarcely hoped that she could recover, she wrote to me that if God had called her to the work He was able to fit her for it. She could not bear to relinquish the idea. And she did, indeed, recover sufficiently to go out to Casablanca, in 1896, the expenses being met by a Belfast friend. The climate seemed to suit her wonderfully, and after about a year she became much stronger, and joined the staff of the Mission; and eventually she was married to Mr. H. E. Jones.

For some time she was able to take a good share in the work, holding classes for boys and girls, and visiting, speaking to patients at the Medical Mission, and joining in the general routine. But many years of missionary life were not in store for her. God had not called her to that after all. Some weeks ago the news came home that she was seriously ill, and she proved unable to rally, but gradually grew worse; now we learn that after much pain she passed away early on Friday morning, the first of August.

An extract from Mr. Jones's letter tells how, for her, death once dreaded, had lost his sting.

"My dear wife was just longing to be with her Lord; on Thursday morning she felt quite disappointed because she said she felt a little stronger, but when Dr. Grieve saw her and told her her pulse was much weaker, she seemed to quite rejoice. Every morning, almost, her first question was—'Do you think the Lord will come to-day?' One day she said, 'How lovely to be where there is no more pain, no more weakness, no more sin. I want just to close my eyes and wake up with my Lord.' I kissed her forehead. She said: 'Love is sweet, but, oh! the love of Jesus, the love of Jesus!'"

"On another occasion she said: 'A poor sinner saved by grace, and He is going to give me a little place in the many mansions. I am not worthy, not worthy, not worthy.'"

"A few days before the Lord came for her she said to me: 'If they sing a hymn when they bury me, ask them to sing "Oh! Christ, what burdens bowed Thine head!"'"

"The substitutionary work of her Saviour was very real and precious to her; she loved her Lord, and offered herself for service, but He wanted her for suffering and sacrifice."

With her we rejoice, but for those who loved her we mourn, most of all for little Eileen, a bonnie child, two and a-half years old, who cannot yet realise what her loss is.

R. I. L.

The Late Robert Chapman of Barnstaple.

(Continued from page 89.)

The wise sayings of this man of God were invaluable. Some of them are recorded in "Choice Sayings," published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott, but many of them were never published. Some of these that I personally remember may be profitably recorded, and are here given.

"Don't tell young Christians to do something for Christ—tell them to do everything for Christ."

"What a blessed sight it would be to see the people of God scrambling to take the lowest place."

"God is more pleased with our desire to please Him than with our success in pleasing Him."

"When you are more humble you will think better of yourself." (That is, in Christ.)

"All Christians are foreign missionaries, for they are sent into the world by Christ, as He was sent into the world by the Father."

The biography of a Christian brother was expressed in five words—"Fussy somebody became quiet nobody."

On being told of the devotedness of a Christian brother with the remark, "Was he not true to the Lord?" he replied, "Yes, and wasn't he true to himself?"

On being introduced to a "working sister," he asked, "And can you introduce me to a worshipping sister?"

On being asked if he had an idea as to what Paul's thorn in the flesh was, he replied, "No, but I know he said, 'It was given me,' and Paul wanted to get rid of it, till he learned better."

He remarked, "A king, if his child were dangerously ill, would be more concerned about the child than about the glories of his empire. So our Heavenly Father is more concerned with the trials and joys of His children than with the glories of the starry worlds that stud the heavens."

A missionary's wife was anxious about her husband who was in Spain and needing, she thought, a change to England. Mr. Chapman asked her if she thought that she loved and cared for him more than the Lord.

The following incident is characteristic of this man who walked with God. It is supplied by one who knew him well for many years.

"About twenty-five years ago, a gentleman came to New Buildings on purpose to see more of Mr. R. C. Chapman, whom he had accidentally met, and travelled with in Spain some years before. This gentleman, Mr. S. C., told me that he was in Spain as a pioneer representative of a missionary society. When on a diligence going to the city of Seville, he found himself seated next an elderly gentleman, who soon produced, and commenced quietly to read, his Bible. To use his own words—"I soon introduced myself, and quickly found that we were on the same errand. And as I had travelled far and wide in many lands, I proffered my services as travelling companion. Mr. Chapman at once expressed his thanks and handed me his purse; this greatly took me by surprise, and I thought I was in the company of a very good man but a little "touched in his upper story." On our arrival in Seville, we were surrounded by a crowd who demanded money to convey our luggage to the hotel. This I knew was provided for in the funds already paid. So I stoutly resisted the imposition. In the midst of the altercation I felt a hand gently tapping me on the shoulder, and as I turned, Mr. Chapman said, "Pay the man the money." Hotly I replied, "Indeed, Mr. Chapman, I shall not. Here is your purse, and you can do as you like, but I won't be taken in like that." Never shall I forget the scene which followed. Quickly taking from his purse the amount demanded, Mr. Chapman took the man's hand in his, and as he placed the money in it, told him he was quite aware that it was an imposition, but that he had come to his country to tell the glad tidings of salvation, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son—" The money must have burned in the man's hand as he stood there and listened to the Gospel story.

"A great change," said Mr. S. C., "already began to pass through my mind as to the one who was my travelling companion, and instead of feeling my own importance as a great and accomplished traveller, I felt more as a child compared to him.

"After tea, Mr. Chapman asked if I would like a walk, to

which I readily assented, and we spent some time together in passing from one part of the city to another. Presently, Mr. Chapman turned to me with the question, "Brother, do you know the way back to our hotel?" "Know my way back! Why, no, Mr. Chapman, I have never been in this city before." "Very well, then let us ask God to guide us." Instantly, and almost before I had time to exclaim (which I did), I found myself drawn to the entrance of a side street, and heard Mr. Chapman in prayer, telling the Lord that we were in this city as His servants, and asking Him to guide us to the hotel, and to give us an opportunity of speaking to someone about His soul. I was dumb. I knew nothing of this intimate intercourse and spirit of constant dependence upon God, and I just followed on. Presently, as we went down the street, Mr. Chapman, who had been scanning the names over the shops, stopped and said, "That is an English name, let us go in." It was a bell-hanger's, and as we entered, a man in a paper cap came out from an inside room. Going towards him, and holding out his hand, Mr. Chapman said, "You are English?" "Yes, that I am, and right glad I am to hear my mother tongue." Mr. Chapman then said, "We are here to preach the Gospel," and asked the bell-hanger if he was converted. "This is the first time since I came into this country any one has asked me such a question, or cared anything about me. If that is your errand you had better come inside." I followed, wondering what would come of it. Mr. Chapman's Bible was out at once, and soon a most interesting conversation over the Scriptures was going on. The man was deeply in earnest, and prayer followed. Then, on rising from his knees, Mr. Chapman said, "We are strangers in the city; will you kindly direct us to — Hotel?" "Direct you, sir, I'll go with you every step of the way," was the ready response, and so he did; whilst I was most deeply impressed with the character of the man of God into whose presence and companionship I had so unexpectedly been brought.

"Mr. S. C. told me that in later years he was sent back to Seville to labour there, and made it his first business to seek out the bell-hanger, whom he found, as the result of the interview related, truly a converted man, seeking to serve God by preaching and living the Gospel. 'And,' Mr. C. added, 'no one unless they had found out for themselves, could ever believe it possible that one man in just passing through the country could leave such indelible marks of his footsteps behind him.'"

On one of Mr. Chapman's missionary visits to Spain he was accompanied by Mr. James Pick. Before sailing, one of Mr. Chapman's brothers came to Mr. Pick, and said, "My brother is so firm, he will take nothing to provide for his needs, so will you put this in your pocket and use it in case of emergency," at the same time handing Mr. Pick a cheque or draft for £50, and adding, "I am well known, this will be cashed by any bankers."

After they had sailed and were well on their way, Mr. Pick told Mr. Chapman of his brother's thoughtful love and kindness. Mr. Chapman asked to see the draft, and quickly tearing it up, threw the pieces overboard, saying, "Dear brother Pick, we say that we go depending upon God to provide for us; we should be sailing under false colours if we carried this in our pocket in case of need."

(Of course, tearing this up cost his brother nothing, as it was never presented for payment.)

If the fifty pounds had been given definitely, probably Mr. Chapman might have accepted it, but he probably looked upon it as given him in case God should fail, a contingency he would not contemplate.

His beautiful spirit manifested itself to the end in love, gentleness, and grace. His frequent word to those attending him in his last hours were, "Thank you, oh! thank you,

couldn't be better," and not a trace of impatience could be detected either in word, tone, or gesture from first to last.

Amongst his last sayings were :

"It is a high favour from God that we can enter into the holiest. I have to rejoice in 'It is finished,' so have you and so have the worshippers within the veil. My heart is cleaving to Christ. Can we measure the goodness and love of our Heavenly Father? If I read 'It is finished,' I often think this thought; the members of Christ will never come to the end of 'It is finished.'"

He was full of the word of God throughout his sickness, and his last words were, "The peace of God that passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." His appreciation of the care shown him by those who attended upon him was expressed in these words—"Such kindness never was shown to a man whom I have long since named 'Good for nothing.'" Such was the humble estimate of himself, of one whom most, if not all, who knew him regarded as the holiest man they had ever met.

E. H. G.

The Feast of Sitte Damiana.

By MR. C. T. HOOPER.

Arriving at Shebin-el-Kom, we began to make arrangements to attend the great feast of Sitte Damiana. Mr. Fraser offered to accompany us. Books and packages ready, we set out, and after a few hours' travelling we soon found ourselves among the crowds who were travelling out to the sacred convent.

Let me give a brief account of Sitte Damiana, as found in "The History of the Coptic Church," by Mrs. Butcher, a most reliable work, and well worth reading. "Sitte Damiana lived in the era of martyrs, A.D. 303. She was the most highly revered virgin-martyr of Egypt, a girl who dedicated herself to the cloister at the age of fifteen. Her father was a native Egyptian, who had been made governor of one of the provinces. He built a nunnery for his daughter, about two hours' ride north of Belkaas, whither she betook herself with her maidens. She became the abbess, in spite of her youth, and the number of her nuns is given at forty when the persecution broke out. Damiana's father was greatly respected, and the Emperor, unwilling to lose so good a servant in a troublesome country, used his personal influence to persuade the man to sacrifice. It is said that he offered to be content with one outward sign of submission, and in return would permit the governor to control the execution of the edict in his province and save his friends from torture. The governor hesitated; but when Damiana heard of it she pleaded so powerfully with her father on the other hand that he refused all compromise, and defied the Emperor. Diocletian, enraged at being foiled by a woman, wreaked his vengeance not on the father but on the daughter. Damiana and all her nuns were arrested and commanded to sacrifice. On their refusal they were subjected to the most cruel and prolonged tortures; but, as none of them would yield, they were all beheaded together. The convent where their bones are said to rest still exists near Belkaas, and it is a curious fact that the native Moslems, those, that is, whose ancestors were Egyptians and Christians, but at different times have become apostate, still retain the traditional reverence for Sitte Damiana, and go with their Christian neighbours on the yearly pilgrimage to her shrine, which is one of the most interesting sights of Egypt."

We were glad when we reached the little railway station, for the journey had been long, the day very hot, and the train crowded. Numbers of horses, mules, and donkeys were waiting at the station to take the pilgrims on with their packages

to the convent. Having hired our animals, and loaded our packages, we were soon in line with the stream of dusty travellers who wended their way to Sitte Damiana. After two hours we arrived at this great centre of attraction out in the wilderness. What a sight greeted our eyes! A large, square, white building, with many domes, surrounded by tents of various sizes and colours, pitched about regardless of order. The waving flags, the noise of the drums, and the variety of colour in the bazaars, had transformed the barren desert into the gayest of scenes. A few hours in this place was enough to see the awful wickedness that was carried on under the banner of the cross and in the name of Sitte Damiana.

A visit to the convent revealed some sad sights. Numbers of priests in their long black robes were to be seen everywhere. Men and women crowded the courts and rooms of this shrine, the outer courts being a market for all kinds of merchandise. Many had brought their young children long distances to be baptised, believing they would receive greater blessing in this place. Crowds of us stood round the barred windows, and witnessed the process of baptism. The mothers undressed their infants, and handed them to the priests, who, taking them by their little feet and hands, dipped them three times in the cisterns of water which stood round. Afterwards they were anointed with oil, and handed back to their mothers amid much crying. One morning over fifty children passed through this process, for which the parents pay from 4s. to 10s., as they are able.

After the dipping, the children are dressed in very gorgeous apparel, then the parents assemble with them outside the convent, when a procession is formed, headed by the priests and a band. Silver crosses, flags, and banners are borne by the priests as they parade round about among the tents, finally returning to the convent again. In the evening many lights are displayed, and the people become very excited, some dancing, others dressed as clowns, and many intoxicated. We also saw a priest in one of the rooms of the convent professing to cast out devils; before him lay a woman making a shrieking noise. He did and said many things over her, as the crowd stood round, at the end of which the devils are said to have departed, and she to have been restored to her right mind. The fees for this performance are very heavy.

On the last day, the great day of the feast, Sitte Damiana is said to show herself in person to the people in the church. We were taken to see her. In vain I gazed up at the cupola with the hundreds who thronged the church; many declared that Sitte Damiana opened the wall of the dome, and came out and saluted them. On my confessing that I could not see her, I was taken up on the flat roof, and told to look through the aperture in the side of the dome; all I could see was the shadow of a priest who sat below in front of a painting of Sitte Damiana, waving a censor, and making reflections. I told them what I saw, adding that Sitte Damiana was in a far better place, and, further, that I did not believe that she would visit such a scene as that; for if she did she would be disgusted with what was being done in her name.

It was impossible to get sleep at night for the shouting of the watchmen and the noise of the animals; over 120 of the latter were lodged near our tent.

The natives say that those who remain near the convent after the last day of the feast are destroyed by a mighty wind from Sitte Damiana. We did not test this report, as we left at 4 a.m. in order to reach Shebin the same day.

Will friends pray for God's blessing on the number of Scriptures sold, and the Word spoken, that the entrance of His Word may bring life and light to these dead souls?

We hope to go another year in stronger force, and organise daily meetings for the preaching of the Word, as the feast lasts eight days.



Owaysha and a little Arab friend.

Owaysha's Baptism.

July 5th, 1902.

DEAR MR. GLENNY,—I ought to have written to you before this to tell you Owaysha was baptised at Kram last Saturday, the twenty-eighth of June, by Mr. Michell. It was a very happy day for her, and we all rejoiced that at last God's Spirit had brought her to the point of thus confessing her faith in following His commandments. Sidi Beddai's wife came with us, for she, too, is asking for baptism with her husband, who is waiting till we are all satisfied about his wife.

Considering that Owaysha did not sleep much the night before for thinking of what was before her, she was wonderfully calm and restful. Of her own accord she joined in

prayer before baptism, and again in the afternoon, when Mr. Flad joined us, and we had a meeting expressly for her. To show her state of mind, I will give you a part of a letter she dictated to me to send to Miss Lambert. After enquiring after her health, she said:—" 'Khalty' Marian will have told you about yesterday. I had asked the Lord to open my way, and give me His blessing. I don't know how to tell you how glad I am. I had felt I was one who lacked something, like one who eats and has no water; but now I have accomplished the commandment of God, and am satisfied. To-night I am to take the bread and the wine, and feel I am one of His disciples, round His table taking it from His hand. He will give it to me. I had felt like one who loved Him, but afar off, as one to whom you would send a letter; but now He invites me to supper with Him, and I am quite near; and I thank the Lord for giving me yesterday."

We are hoping that this, our first woman to be baptised, may be the earnest of others; but, as you know, it is only in very rare circumstances that any woman could be baptised. We think Owaysha must be about twenty-four years of age. I look back to the ten or eleven years ago when we first found her in a house in our *Impasse*, a poor little suffering mite, bearing her pain as best she might in a corner of the room; what her mother might do for her was all the alleviation she got.

I remember asking her, after the first few visits, "Would you like to come into our house just for a little change?" She said, "Yes." Her mother exclaimed, "Are you not afraid? what might they not do to you?" However, she came, I carrying her in my arms, and putting her into an easy chair; once there she could not move, for she had no power to stand. What a pleasure and wonderment it all was! And from that time the visits were frequent, till in course of time she would stay with us by the month in one house or the other. There have been many sowers in her case, but now, thank God, we are rejoicing together. She is running about, crutches discarded, helping in a quiet way in almost everything. Delicate and deformed she will always be, but she recognises what a blessing her weakness has been to her. It has been the means of enabling her to hear and learn of God's love till it entered her heart and changed it. She needs prayer that strength may be added to live more openly for Him who has done so much for her. . . .

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

MARIAN B. GRISSSELL.

News from the Mission Field.

Morocco.

From Miss Bolton
(Tetuan).

June 9th, 1902. Hope House, Tangier.—I had finished packing up, ready for the journey to Tetuan, by 7 a.m., when I was told the muleteers had come. . . .

June 10th.—We reached the Fondak last evening about 6 p.m., to find G. and D. waiting for us, having secured the good room on the roof, for the night. Its door was lying on the ground, and its window was minus glass or shutters. We passed a very comfortable night, though, on mattresses, rugs, and sheepskins, spread on the floor.

As we drew near to Tetuan, we found our old Moorish woman, Rakea, and over twenty Spanish women and children, out on the road to meet us; they formed quite a procession.

June 11th.—I held an "At Home" (!) to-day. Thirty-three Spaniards came. The children treated me to new hymns and

hurrahs, their elders to very polite felicitations, and I treated all of them to cakes and sweets. They had a good deal to tell me, and especially were pleased to introduce a woman who has recently become a Christian. Afterwards two Moslem women and a man called to see me.

June 15th.—Nine Christians came to my Bible Class this afternoon. It was very nice to be amongst the Spanish sisters again. They stayed to tea afterwards. At night a good number came to the Gospel meeting, but came so late, about 8.30, and brought so many babies, it was quite difficult to speak. Afterwards, a man and his wife stayed to have a word alone with me. I was hopeful, and sat down with them, Bible in hand—he merely wanted to know if by any means he could become a British subject. "Could we, after knowing him for two years, speak for him and help him to get the necessary papers?"

June 19th.—One of the Moorish Christians accompanied Miss S. last week to the Fondak. She tried to ask him in Arabic who Sidna Aisa was. He replied in English, "The Lord Jesus Christ, Father, I", meaning, "my Father." On being asked if he believed with his heart, he said, "The supper of the Lord, the cup of the Lord, I all right."

June 21st.—Nine Moorish women came to my class this morning. Nearly all distinctly avowed their trust in the Messiah, and told me they prayed in His name. I noticed, however, when we were learning Rom. vi. 23, that they found it difficult to say "through Jesus Christ *our Lord*." Many omitted the words, which they only give to God.

June 27th.—Commenced Arabic reading and prayer with our old Moorish woman, Rakea, our black house servant, Rahama, and our Riff boy Shaib. A young converted girl joins us, too, and sometimes a sick woman belonging to my class will be with us.

July 4th.—This morning I started off to visit some of our Spanish-speaking people. In the first house the mother of the family, a Jewess, was sitting up on a wooden shelf or bed at one end of the little room, which serves as a coffee-house and rendezvous to the neighbourhood. She is an invalid, and a Christian. Underneath her shelf were several hen-coops, the inmates of which were running about outside. There were no chairs in the room, but a series of boxes ranged round made fairly comfortable seats. Quite a number of neighbours came in and sat down, so I asked for the Bible, and read the portion of the Children's Scripture Union. What strange contrasts there must be between the children of that world-wide Union, and their surroundings! As I read two little black pigs ran in and out as they pleased; I suppose they, too, have to be accommodated inside the house at night! A second Jewess came in to see me, and pleaded very hard to be allowed to come to our meetings. Years back we did not allow her to come, because she is not married to the Jew with whom she lives: now, however, that we know the people better, we find it wiser not to ask too many questions, until they are converted.

July 11th.—To-day I commenced a sewing class for Spanish women; eleven came, but more have given in their names. We put up an awning in the garden and so were able to have the school as well at the same time. We spent a very happy time together. After studying part of Matt. xviii., they sewed for an hour, and I read aloud from the Spanish Brothers. They pay half-price for the materials.

July 12th.—We were so interested in our reading this morning in the Moorish sewing-class, that we forgot to sing; for three-quarters of an hour all had listened most attentively. I was teaching them the last verse of Eph. iv. Later on in the day I heard our old Rakea saying to herself, "tender-hearted, tender-hearted." In the afternoon sick Fatima, who comes to eat here, was too ill to return to her poor little room, so I told her to pass the night here, and said Rakea would take her mattress in beside her. R. exclaimed at once, "No, I won't, I have my own room and things, and shall stay there, I won't sleep by her." I think she feared she would die in the night. I reminded her of the text, and said, "Perhaps that was why the Lord gave you that message"—but it was of no use; she declared she would not help in that way. When we went out to the Spanish meeting at night, we found R.'s mattress laid down in the schoolroom, and all arrangements made for spending the night with Fatima. She had given in to the word, and was evidently very happy, and at peace again. When I asked Fatima if her neighbours in the house would be anxious about her, she said she had no one who would give her a drink of water if she asked it.

July 14th.—After taking the first part of the Spanish service to-night, I asked Juana to speak. She took the story of blind Bartimeus, and spoke very nicely; all listened most attentively.

Very often now the Christians have to give a reason for the hope that is in them. A very zealous Roman Catholic has come to lodge with people who come to us. He complains that the whole street from their house to ours is Protestant. He said, "If I were a rich man and could give you all half-a-dollar a day you would all come after me." He constantly has discussions with Juana, and told her she ought not to dare to say that she is saved. "Very soon," said he, "it will be P. in glory and J. in hell." He is troubled, too, about our meeting to pray together. The women assured him God would soon touch his heart, and he would be doing the same, and whilst this was going on in the one house, others were under fire in the café, for they had all just been to the class. One said, "Señor P. is trying to provoke J."; all the Christian women at once said "He'll not be able to do that, for J. never gets angry, the Lord is with her." We were very thankful to hear this testimony. J., her husband, has come back to Tetuan. We believe he is quite restored, and is living a consistent life.

July 17th.—Before my Moorish women were let in to the house this morning, old Rakea was sitting with them, trying to teach them one of the hymns: they marvelled that her head was so clear: it did not occur to them that she had a desire to learn, and that that was the reason. A woman, who has been harvesting for some time, returned; she remembered the texts and hymns beautifully, and seemed so glad to be back.

Our boy loves to be at prayers in the morning, and takes apparent delight in hearing the Scriptures, but in the night-school he astonished Miss K. by asking her to let him read the Koran with her. I think it would be wise to assent, for he would compare the two books most unfavourably for the latter, now that he is under daily teaching.

A struggle has evidently commenced in his mind. May nothing occur to take him from us until he has decided for the Christ of the Scriptures. We daily pray that he may be born into the Kingdom, and then be set apart to serve his own people in their inaccessible land.

From Miss Jennings (Laraish).

June 30th, 1902.—A few days since Miss Parkinson and I returned from a twelve days' stay in the Arab village of *Genafadah*, on a large plain some nine hours' journey south of Laraish, on the road to Rabat, and close to the first eel lake, which lies parallel to the coast about two miles from the sea.

Six weeks previously my cousin and I had spent the last night of our return journey on the coast in this village, and the people had asked me to return to them with medicine. So we met with a kind reception after our long day's ride, and before sunset had erected our tents on the parched and dusty plain, close to the mat-roofed huts of the Arabs. . . .

One Monday, the Kaid (a colporteur) and I went to the weekly market fair, held on a plain an hour's distance off, and called, *Sôk et Tinneen*, "the market of the second" (day). By 7.30 we reached it, and saw such a bright sight. About fifty tents and booths serving as shops of various trades were erected on this plain; while the butchers in one quarter were dividing whole carcasses and hanging them up on gibbets for sale. Hundreds of Arabs from countless villages around visit this market and transact their weekly business. In one small row of "shanties" the barbers were plying a busy trade in cupping the backs of the necks of women who sat two or three in each shed on the ground in silent endurance—all their coloured head-gear and long, black plaits turned up on to the top of their heads. It is needless to describe the state of the ground around them.

Both the colporteur and I had many opportunities of preaching to the people. The groups of *women* I made for, and amusing was it to see the wondering curiosity of those who

evidently had never seen or spoken to a *Nazaraneea* before. My doe-skin gloves especially astonished the children, who thought I was skinning my hands! and some asked if I were man or woman! I was begged for medicines, and so promised to come the following Monday with some, but, alas! owing to the Feast of the *Milood*, there was no *Sók* the next week. Also by that last Monday my drugs were nearly exhausted, for during the twelve days in Genafadah I treated over two hundred people.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Mequinez, and their child, encamped for four days with us on their way down the coast, and he was a great help in taking the men off my hands these few days and doctoring and preaching to them. Groups of women from neighbouring villages claimed my attention and ministry from early morning till six and after in the evening; and one of the last days I started work directly after prayers and breakfast (6 a.m.), and went on till 5.30 p.m., with a good two hours' rest from 11 till about 1.30 between. Miss Parkinson kindly relieved me of all domestic care, and would come to the mission tent every two or three hours with welcome potions of milk and egg or "libben"—sour milk—as "Dooa le Tabeeba,"—medicine for the doctor, and so I was able to continue. It is a great strain on one's voice and strength to deal continuously with these Arab women, who so imperfectly understand one's town dialect.

Naturally, there were cases far past my little skill—old people with cataract, and other bad eye trouble—deaf, and shrivelled, and paralysed—one of the latter description was carried to the tent on the back of her son and deposited on the floor at my feet! It was heartrending to turn such away. To two men I gave letters of introduction to Dr. Roberts, at Tangier. From over twenty different villages came men, women, and children after medicine, and I was surprised to find so much liver and fever trouble, and such a multiplicity of aching heads and backs among the women. The attention most of them gave to the story of Salvation was most encouraging.

Several times I was begged to accompany them back to their

villages, and one afternoon Mr. Taylor and I visited Biddowa, three or four miles off, and there had an opportunity of preaching Christ as we sat in the conical reed and straw hut which is kept as a "guest-room" in the village. Its only doorway and window is a squarish opening about two feet by three, raised a foot from the ground, and it was a gymnastic feat to be able to bend oneself double enough to get in without banging one's head as one raised one leg in a doubled-up position! Here we were treated to tea and cakes, and had an audience of a few men only as we preached Christ, but outside I spoke to others.

Two days after women came from there to me for medicine. Many gifts from grateful patients had I of eggs and butter and libben!

One mother brought her child several times to us for medicine for his eye, the whole ball of which protruded about half-an-inch, and was a horrible sight. Mr. T. could have removed it, and, though we repeatedly told both parents this, the mother said she would rather the child died than have the eye cut out!

I was applied to by a wife for medicine to restore her husband to good behaviour!

Women walked to me from their villages three or four hours' journey off, bringing no receptacles whatever for their medicines; so that I was often puzzled where to put the ointments, otherwise to be carried back in the heat on hot bodies in paper. So they would go to the Genafadeans and beg broken old earthen butter and milk pots, dirty oil-bottles, or the convex-bottom of an English black quart wine bottle, and egg-shells, too, came into requisition as the cleanest receptacles possible, for liquid medicines. These Arabs certainly believe in *local* treatment, and blistering, plasters, and iodine painting, pleased them much.

One woman would not believe that powders to be taken by the mouth could cure rheumatic pains in the *shoulders*, while another said, "But it is for pain in my *head* I want medicine, and you give me medicine to put into my *stomach*!"

The Funeral of the Bey of Tunis.

BY MR. J. H. C. PURDON.

On Tuesday last, at the Palace at Marsa, the wailing of the women announced the death of Sidi Ali, Bey of Tunis. He has been ailing for many months, but was strong enough on Saturday last to sign even the death warrant of two of his subjects. His son, Muhammad Bey, was appointed in his stead on Wednesday at the Bardo, which I suppose one might call the Government House, and he, according to custom, directed the previous Bey to be buried. Until he sat on his throne and so directed, they say that the body could not be removed. The body was brought to Tunis on Thursday morning, first to the Bardo and then into the city.

As the funeral left the Bardo all followed it for a little way on foot, Sidi Muhammad Bey on foot also; then he left the road and went into a saint's tomb to pray, and quickly followed the funeral in his carriage. On the way many Moslems who had relatives in prison for debt and crime flung themselves in front of the bier, and others against it, and claimed the release of their friends before the procession advanced further. It is an ancient custom, and their requests were granted, save one—where the relatives of a man who committed murder in a shop in the city last week were refused a pardon. One woman in the city, and quite near the mausoleum, flung herself upon the bier, and could not be dragged away till her request was granted.

The procession was headed by a guard of French Cavalry;

then followed a multitude of Moslems, some crying out, "Allah! Allah!" while others chanted the Moslem Creed, "There is no God but God, and Muhammad is the Apostle of God." Thence came all the Bey's household servants and "hangers on," but none seemed a bit too upset by their master's departure. Then followed the bier, the usual wooden table arrangement with staves running through, borne on Moslems' shoulders. The bearers had shaved all the hair off their faces, eyelashes, eyebrows, and all, and wore tiny little *shasheeyas* (i.e., Arab red caps with tassels). The body was in a coffin, which is most unusual for men, as women *only* are put in coffins. I don't know why the Bey should have been so, and not wrapped in a mantle, as other men are. His clothes and decorations were placed upon the pall, and his *shasheeya* was elevated, with its tassel hung over the back of it. A French military band followed, and also a company of French buglers, who blew a funeral blast very beautifully, though very pathetically. The bier and portion of the procession was guarded by the Beylical soldiers, with rifles reversed. The body was brought into the Mosque beside the Dar-el-Bey, near the Citadel, where prayer was made for about twenty minutes. The crowd was intense. Afterwards the body was brought to the Tourbet-el-Bey, the Mausoleum of the Beys, and interred with his fathers. The scene was altogether very strange, as one pushed one's way through the densely crowded Arab streets. There was no expression of grief save from the old Moslem beggars, who thought it their duty to wail, being recipients at times of the Bey's bounty, but otherwise none seemed to be moved.

Review.

The Land of the Moors.*

BY BUDGETT MEAKIN.

This is the second volume of our friend Mr. Meakin's great trilogy on Morocco. It differs from "The Moorish Empire," which is historical, in being mainly descriptive, though the historical associations of the different places described are generally given.

The book shows evidence of immense labour and research. Chapter and verse are given for every statement, and Mr. Meakin has not relied solely on his own extensive and peculiar knowledge of the land and people he has such enthusiasm for, but has gone to many sources, English, foreign, and Moorish, ancient and modern, and some very little known or accessible. Christian missions, Protestant and Romish, are noticed, and the workers of the North Africa Mission come in for sympathetic and appreciative recognition. The book is profusely illustrated with photographic views, most of them probably unique of their kind, and contains also an excellent map, marked with the names of the authorities for those entries which are little known, or usually erroneously marked.

Besides being an interesting description of a little-known country, Mr. Meakin's work supplies us with a valuable guide book, with many practical hints, and useful warnings, but free from the dryness and disjointedness of that useful class of book. The author describes in a cheery and manly way his own adventures in towns and country districts where hardships and dangers abound, and in some places where a European can only venture at the risk of his life. He is a strong advocate of the adoption of the native costume, and for those who, like himself, have plenty of confidence, good humour, and resource, with a ready use of the Arabic language, there is much to be said in its favour. Mr. Meakin does not dwell on the difficulties in the traveller's way, nor on the state of warfare too often raging between the tribes of the interior, or between the Sultan and his subjects. Yet the hindrance to free circulation in Morocco is probably as great from this cause as from the dislike or fear of the "Nazarene."

To those interested in missionary work, the account of the moral condition of Fez (page 245) and of Mequinez (page 284) and such great centres of Mohammedan influence and learning, is saddening and instructive.

It will probably come as a revelation to most people, that considerable numbers, in one case a whole tribe, of "Moors" are the descendants of Spanish mercenary soldiers, or of European captives; and that some of the signs of Christianity, generally taken to be survivals of pre-Islamic days, owe their origin to these poor lost folk.

Where all else is so good, it seems a little carping to object to some of the etymologies of this book. For many of them, it is true, Mr. Meakin is not responsible. But we cannot allow that "Laraiche" or "El 'Aráish" is a "corruption from the Arabic" for pleasure gardens, "'Arási" (page 147), or that "Syria is called Shám after Shem," or that "as Kush was the son of Shem, to this may be due the names of both Shamish and the River Lekkús" (page 152, quoted from Sr. de Cuevas). Mr. Louis Rinn's ingenious derivation of the name "Marrákesh" from *ar* or *ur* = sons, and Kush, with an M prefixed, is quoted, but is quite worthless (page 289). Mr. Meakin seems to think (page 113 and note) that "Tangier" may be derived from the district of Anjera with the Berber prefix "t." Sir Lambert Playfair (quoted, page 114) was

surely strangely mistaken in imagining that the Berber tribe "Zanata" can be in any way derived from the "Canaanite"!

The native name of the Atlas chain is not "Idráren Dráren," = Mountains of mountains" (page 4), but "Idráren Deren" or Mountains of Deren. The "Hilali" Arabs, to whom are attributed (page 401) the origin of Tafilalt, the home of the Filali dynasty, did not come into North Africa till centuries after Tafilalt had its present name. Ibu Khaldún rightly scorns the strange craze the Berbers had in his time for tracing their tribes from Yemen. The idea, too, of connecting "Agadir" with "Cadiz" (page 379) can hardly be taken seriously, though "Mr. Tissot regards Agadir as the Semitic Gadir." It is quite possible that "Cadiz," *i. e.*, "Gadit," may be Berber, as, also, in all probability, is "Agadir," but the two names are radically distinct.

With these exceptions we would cordially welcome Mr. Meakin's works, as accurate and exhaustive studies of a romantic and unexplored country. The style is free and unaffected, and though full of detail and curious information, the "Land of the Moors" is light and readable, and reflects the greatest credit on the enterprising and indefatigable author.

G. B. M.

The Work of Others.

A Visit to the L. J. S. in Tunis.

In the *Jewish Missionary Intelligencer* for August, 1902, Rev. J. Basil Rust, of All Saints', Buxton Street, E., writes of a visit he paid to the Jewish work and workers in Tunis when on a journey in the East.

"My first port of call was Tunis, now under the Protectorate of the French, and a town presenting a curious mixture of modern and ancient life, electric tramcars, and natives from the Sahara Desert passing one another in the same street.

"Though a perfect stranger, I received a most cordial welcome from the Rev. C. F. W. Flad, the Society's missionary; I found him sitting at lunch with his good band of workers, Mr. Reboul, Miss Hoss, and Miss Laepple, whom I recognised from the illustration in the Society's last report.

"After lunch, we made a visit to the schools, where there were about 100 boys and 130 girls, all Jews. The order and tone of the school seemed to be admirable. I think this is the first school I have ever been to with marble floors and walls inlaid with lovely Italian tiles. It is a native house, and its architecture lends itself admirably to the purposes of a school, since, like many of the Tunisian houses, it has a central hall quite in the latest Board School pattern. In the girls' school the writing was excellent, and the needlework, especially the fancy work of wreaths of flowers in silk, which was evidently a pleasure and not a task. The teachers seemed to have a most kindly influence on the girls, and they told me how much the late Mrs. Flad was beloved by them all; the Jewish girls begged earnestly, and of course successfully, to be allowed to join in the prayers in Church at her funeral. I heard them being taught the Old and the New Testament, which is done orally and by learning as repetition one hundred texts. In the boys' school the teaching of geography is excellent, the writing is good, but I thought that the method of teaching might be improved, and better copy-books provided. It was a great pleasure to see such a good staff of earnest Christian male teachers. Owing to our short stay I was not able to see more of the work; but as far as I could ascertain there is very little Zionism among the Jews there, and the strong anti-Semitism which exists along this coast is greatly owing to the fact, that after the Franco-German war, the Jews, who were very loyal to the French, were suddenly put into a more favourable position in civic matters than the Moslems, who had formerly been their masters. As the French are the dominant power, and as Tunis is brought a good deal into contact with Sicily, the Roman Catholics are very prominent; but evidently do little or nothing towards bringing the Jews to the love of Christ. The priests, who are mostly Italians, do not always increase the respect of foreigners for the Christian religion. The Jews, however, are quite able to distinguish the

* London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

difference, and often tell Mr. Flad that though they would never be Christians, they might some day be 'Protestants,' which, though not perhaps conveying very exact doctrine, admirably expresses what is in their minds.

"I think that there is little doubt that the earnest piety of Mr. Flad and his fellow-workers is having a decided influence,

and we may be quite sure that under God's guidance, there must be fruit from the seed sown by the example of the saintly life of Mrs. Flad, who is still talked of by the Jews as 'the lady of the *kind hand*,' a term which expresses a great deal to the Eastern mind, so fond of flowery language and often so lacking in active sympathy."

For the Children.

"But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come."

August, 1902.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—When you go to Sunday School, or when you study the Bible, in classes or at home, do you ever think of the

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS WHO GO TO NO
SUNDAY SCHOOL,

and who never heard of the Heavenly Home, nor have ever seen a Bible? Would you not like them to hear just once or twice what, perhaps, *you* have listened to so often that now you hardly care to pay much attention to it—the story of salvation through Jesus?

When Miss Gitsham and I began working among the Sicilians in Tunis, we longed to reach the dear children who, by thousands, were growing up around us without any such knowledge as you have.

They were learning (and many could do it very well indeed) to swear, and lie, and steal, and be cruel to animals, and

TO PRAY TO IMAGES,

which were sometimes worshipped and sometimes cursed, according to the feelings of the poor ignorant people at the moment.

We wished so much to get the boys and girls together, and to teach them how to be good, and how to be happy, and how to go to Heaven. But it was hard work. If a few children came one day, they were kept away the next by frightened parents who had been told by the priests that we Protestants did not believe in God, and that we were wicked servants of the Devil.

Why did they say that?

Because they knew that if the children learnt to read the Bible for themselves, and heard that "Jesus had bid them to come,"

NOT TO THE PRIESTS, BUT STRAIGHT TO HIMSELF,

then they would grow up to be free, strong, happy Christians. But the Pope and the priests do not like such people; they would rather have a lot of slaves who obey them in everything, and do not even try to think for themselves.

At last

SOME SICILIAN MEN AND WOMEN BELIEVED IN THE GOSPEL,

and they began to send their children to us. So our Sunday School was commenced; and it grew and prospered.

A few years ago a large party of English young men and boys were

CRUISING ABOUT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN,

and arrived in Tunis on the day our Sunday School had its Christmas fête. The children sung and recited many hymns and portions of Scripture, and then one of the English youths gave them a verse as a parting message or motto. It was: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

That very day one or two of our boys had put into our hands slips of paper with their names written, as a sign of their desire to be Christ's entirely, and we wondered whether

those English boys or the young Sicilians would make the best soldiers in His army.

"ENDURING HARDNESS" without faltering is certainly one good test, and *that* every convert in Tunis has to do. I think F— has had to suffer more for Christ than any other boy I know. But HE ENDURES,

and is going to be a preacher of the Gospel some day he hopes.

BOLDNESS is another test. V— is the

BRAVEST OF OUR LADS.

He was brought to us by F—, at that time one of his schoolfellows. His heart was touched, and he remained one night to an after meeting to give himself to Christ. On returning home HE GOT A BEATING

from his father. But he was not discouraged. He was soon after apprenticed to a barber, who was told to keep him at work on Sunday afternoons to prevent his coming to school. But V— always READ HIS BIBLE

when he had a free hour, and at last the barber dismissed him, saying his shop was under a curse, and his customers frightened away by that book.

Since then, V— has worked for a dentist, who likes him very much, but tries to keep him away from "those people who want to make him into an Englishman." V— knows this is not true, and he is so brave and earnest that he actually has persuaded his master and his wife to go sometimes to the French Protestant Church. V— is our little Colporteur. At one time I never saw him without

A PACK OF TESTAMENTS ON HIS BACK.

He loved to go into strange houses, and, after chatting pleasantly with the people, would offer a book, saying: "It is the Word of God." If they cried out "It is the cursed Protestant Bible," he would laugh and show them how ignorant they were in his winsome, boyish fashion, and was

NOT AFRAID TO TELL EVEN A PRIEST

of the change in him, and why.

RESISTING TEMPTATION is another test of a good soldier. Well, I do want you to pray for S—. He is weak, and has very many temptations, so that one night, after being at the theatre with bad companions instead of at the Sunday Evening Service, he left his home and ran off to another town and became

A PRODIGAL SON.

But I am glad to say he repented and came back to his parents and to God, and is now teaching in the Sunday School, and trying hard to "stand for Christ alone." Can you do that?

These are some of the boys who, I believe, have really given themselves to the Saviour, and they will be very glad if you will pray for and think of them. Nothing pleases them more than to hear that, few as the true Christians are in Tunis, there are very many in other lands, and when a message reaches them from young people in England, France, or Italy, who are their "brethren in Christ," they always rejoice.

A. M. CASE.

THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

The 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. It 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.

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.

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.

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

No salary being guaranteed by the Mission to the Missionaries, their trust must be directly in God for the supply of all their needs.

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

Gifts in Money should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Edward H. Glenny, Paternoster House, London, E.C., and will be acknowledged by numbered receipts. The names of donors are not published.

Gifts in kind should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, 31, Linton Road, Barking.

North Africa consists of

Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and the Sahara, and has a Mohammedan population of over 20,000,000.

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 4,000,000 to 8,000,000. It is governed by a Sultan, whose name is Abdul Aziz. The country is divided into districts, each of which is under the superintendence of a Kaid. The semi-independent hill tribes are ruled by their own chiefs, and scarcely acknowledge the authority of the Sultan. The North Africa Mission began work in Morocco in a small way in 1884; now in 1902 it has substantial mission premises, with hospitals, in Tangier, and stations in Tetuan, Fez, Sifroo, Casablanca, and Larais. It has twenty-nine missionaries in the country, besides helpers, labouring amongst Moslems, Jews, and Europeans. There are also other agencies at work. As the bulk of the population are in the villages, many more workers are needed that this great country may be evangelised.

ALGERIA, within 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 4,500,000, principally Moslems, but with some hundreds of thousands of French, Spaniards, Italians, Jews, etc. The country has a good climate, and much beautiful scenery; there are excellent roads and extensive railways. The North Africa Mission has four mission stations, with sixteen brethren and sisters working in them. 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, some thousands of Italians, Maltese, French, Jews, etc., on the coast. The Mission has four stations and twenty workers; but wide stretches of country still remain to be evangelised.

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. In 1889, two brethren began to labour for Christ among them, and there are now four men and women engaged in the work. A Medical Mission has been conducted here with cheering results.

EGYPT is still tributary to Turkey, but under the guidance and supervision of the British Government. The Mission commenced work in Lower Egypt in April, 1892, and has now thirteen Missionaries there. The population of Lower Egypt is seven millions, the great majority being Mohammedans. The American Presbyterians have an excellent and successful work, mainly, but not exclusively, amongst the Copts. The Church Missionary Society also has work in Cairo. There remains a widespread need for more labourers amongst the Moslems, who are fairly accessible, though very few of them have as yet been converted.

THE VAST SAHARA, with its scattered population 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. This portion of the field is sadly in need of labourers.