

NORTH AFRICA

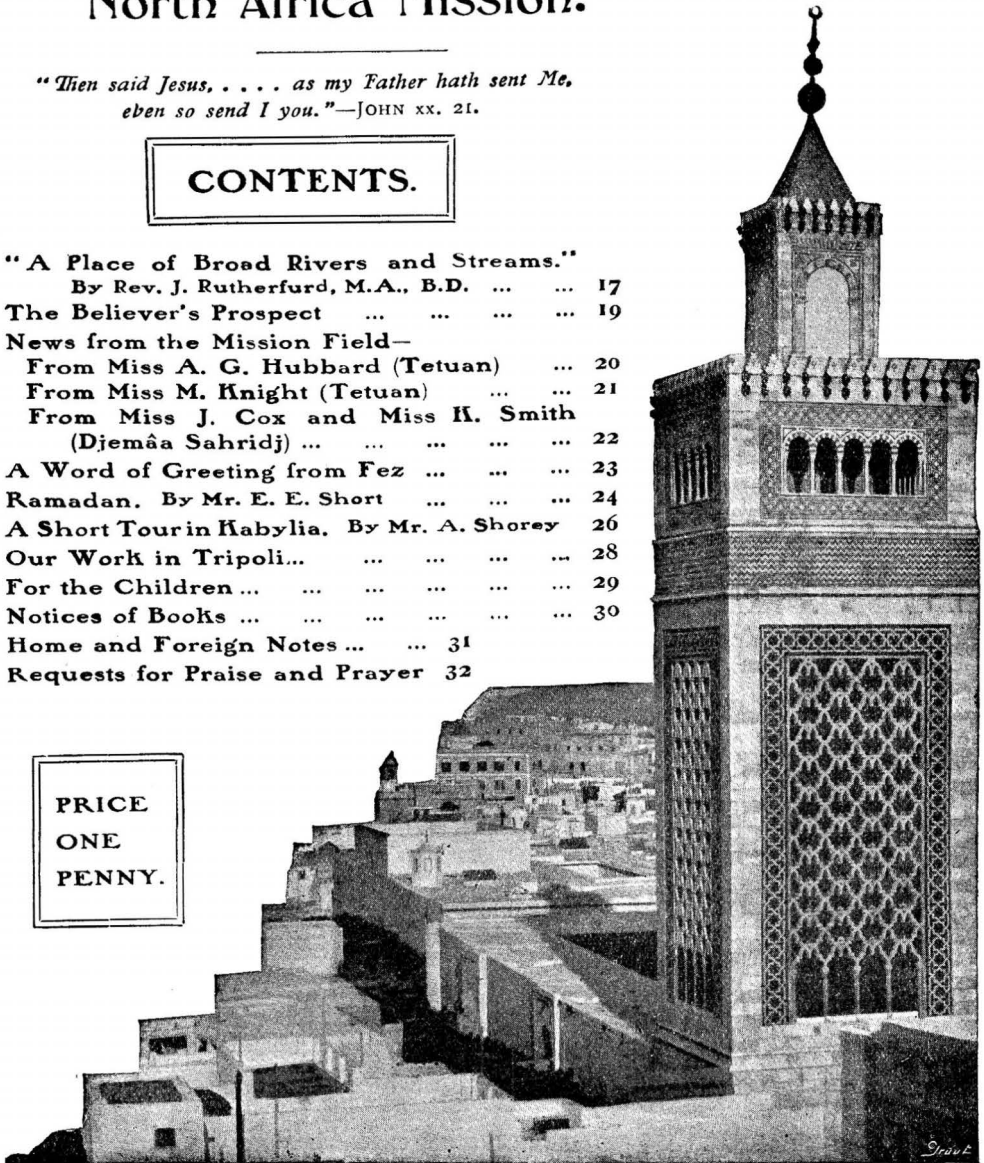
The Monthly Record of the North Africa Mission.

"Then said Jesus, . . . as my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."—JOHN xx. 21.

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PRICE
ONE
PENNY.



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THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

It was Founded in 1881 by the late Mr. George Pearse, assisted by the late Dr. Grattan Guinness and Mr. Edward H. Glenny. It was at first called The Mission to the Kabyles, but gradually extended its sphere of operations to all parts and in some measure to all classes in North Africa, work amongst Mohammedans being its main business.

LIST OF DONATIONS from DECEMBER 1st to 31st, 1911.

GENERAL AND DESIGNATED FUNDS.

GENERAL FUND.			1911.	No. of	Amount.	1911.	No. of	Amount.	DESIGNATED FUND.		
1911.	No. of	Amount.	Dec.	Receipt.	£ s. d.	Dec.	Receipt.	£ s. d.	1911.	No. of	Amount.
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NORTH AFRICA.



A Glimpse of the once beautiful Oasis of Tripoli, where the severe fighting has been taking place lately.

“A Place of Broad Rivers and Streams.”

By Rev. J. RUTHERFURD, M.A., B.D.

THESE words (Isaiah xxxiii. 21) are part of one of the prophecies spoken by Isaiah against Sennacherib, the cruel Assyrian king, who had invaded Palestine and was proudly threatening to capture Jerusalem. He had closely besieged and taken many of the towns, and now he openly defied the living God; no foreign nation and no deity had been able to resist him, and neither could Jehovah. He gives a list of his victories, and very soon will Jerusalem be added to his conquests. But how vain are such boastings! Isaiah, strong in faith, is not terrified at all, but is sent with a message of good cheer and comfort and strength and peace. God will keep His people safe, no matter how Sennacherib or anyone else may threaten. “With them is an arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord our God.” The Assyrian army may advance through Judæa, but God knows all and sees all; and He will put His hook into the Assyrian as into the nostrils of some furious wild animal, and will turn Sennacherib back, so that Israel shall be safe. The glorious Lord will be to Jerusalem “a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King; He will save us.”

One of the chief wants of the country around Jerusalem is a supply of water. The fact is a remarkable one, that while the city itself is well watered, its environs are unusually arid. Her besiegers suffered more from the want of water than did her citizens. Now, in prophetic vision, Isaiah sees the deep, dry valleys which surrounded the city, filled and brimming over with the crystal stream, a flowing river of purest water, which no Assyrian army can cross, where no Assyrian war-galley can sail. As those broad rivers and streams filling the valleys around the city would keep it safe so that no enemy could ever enter, so, surely, is the Lord round about His people, "henceforth and for ever" (Psalm cxxv. 2). He is the keeper of Israel, so that all is well, here and hereafter (Psalm cxxi.). Jesus keeps us safe, and who is he who can harm us? "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The Lord is "unto us a place of broad rivers and streams."

I. Christ is our all-sufficient Saviour from sin.

II. Christ is our all-sufficient Friend and Redeemer.

First, Christ is our all-sufficient Saviour from sin. What are the things that the human heart cries out for in its sore need? The answer is not far to seek; every man needs salvation, peace, deliverance from sin. To get these, to secure peace, what will man not do? However severe the conditions, men will accept them and will submit to any sufferings and penances that false religions may prescribe. A Moslem pilgrim will leave his home in Morocco or India or Java or Peking, and will journey for weeks till he reach Arabia, and there he visits the tomb of Mohammed; and when his eyes have gazed on "the black stone" in the Kaaba, and when he has gone through all the prescribed rites, then look at what some of the Moslem pilgrims do. They will take stones glowing with white heat, and, bending on their knees, they gaze upon the fiery stones until the heat has scorched out their eyesight and they are blind for life—all in order to obtain salvation and to cut off the foul stream of sin in the heart; and, alas! all, all is vain: the poor heart is as foul as ever.

No man on earth can overcome sin in his own strength. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin. John Bunyan's pilgrims saw two men scrubbing an Ethiopian with soap and water, but all to no purpose; the black skin remained as black as ever. No man on earth has a clean heart apart from the Lord Jesus Christ.

What cannot be attained by human means, Jesus gives and Jesus is.

"Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save and Thou alone."

Christ never rejects anyone who comes to Him. He "will in no wise cast out." Though our "sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." This river of grace is exceeding broad. All ye who labour and are heavy laden, O come to Jesus Christ, and He will give you rest. Yes, Lord Jesus, we receive Thee as God's great gift to us, our Saviour and our Lord.

And Christ gives more than pardon. The very gist and essence of the Gospel is deliverance. Look at the synagogue at Nazareth where the people have met for worship. Jesus enters it, and stands up to read. He opens the book, and these are His gracious words: "He hath sent Me to preach deliverance to the captives." This that Mohammedanism cannot effect, this that no human system can accomplish, this that we cannot do for ourselves, Jesus gives—

deliverance. In Him we have all things. In Him and in no other, and not in our own efforts, we have deliverance and victory.

This is the message of good news for the whole world of mankind everywhere. We proclaim Christ crucified, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God, Christ who forgives our sin, Christ who is deliverance, Christ who keeps from falling. Christ is all, and in all; He is all that any sinner needs: wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption, peace, comfort, strength, guidance. Let our position be what it may, it is not beyond the power of Christ. He fills Heaven and earth: is anything too hard for Him? He is God All-sufficient.

For II, Christ is our all-sufficient Friend and Redeemer. Whatever the trouble may be, Christ is more than equal to the task. "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal." Are you tempted by evil that you are powerless to resist and to overcome? In Jesus there is refuge and victory. Is it sorrow for your lost ones who are gone from you in this world for ever? Ah, Jesus will more than supply all your need; He gives you His peace; He heals the wounded heart. Is it loneliness and want of sympathy? Is it poverty? Whatever be the difficulty, the grief, the heartbreak, the hedged-up way, Jesus is all you can ever possibly need. "Thou, O Christ, art all I want."

"He knows and cares and loves,
Nothing this truth can dim;
He always gives the best to those
Who leave the choice to Him."

When the cross is heavy, Jesus always carries the heaviest end of it. When the wind blows, piercing us with its icy breath, Jesus folds us still more closely to His breast. No friend so kind, no helper so unfailing as Jesus. When we pass through the waters He is with us, and through the floods they do not overflow us; when we walk through the fire we are not burned, neither does the flame kindle upon us, for He is with us, the Holy One of Israel, our Saviour. We are not straitened in Christ or in His infinite resources of wisdom and power and love. If we are straitened, it is in ourselves and in our unbelief; for the Lord is unto us "a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein goes no war-galley with oars; for the Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King; He will save us."

THE BELIEVER'S PROSPECT.

Art thou afraid to trust Him,
Seeming so far away?
Wherefore then not keep closer—
Close, as He says you may?
Why then not walk beside Him,
Holding His blessed hand,
Patiently walking onward
All through the weary land?
Passing safe through the mazes,
The tangle of grief and care;
Safe through the blooming garden
Where only the world looks fair.
Crossing with Him the chasm,
As it were, by a single thread;
Fording with Him the river—
Christ leading, as He hath led.
Then up the heights of glory,
Unfollowed by death or sin;

Swift through the pearl-white portal
Thy feet may enter in.
Into the realm of music
Where not a note will jar;
Into the clime of sweetness,
Which not a breath will mar;
Where sighs are all out of hearing,
And tears are all out of sight,
And the shadows of earth are forgotten
In the heaven which has no night.
Where loss yields its long-stored interest,
And bitter its long-hid sweet;
And they sing, "Unto Him that loved
us,"
And lay down their crowns at His
feet.

—From *Wayfaring Hymns*.



**From Miss A. G. Hubbard
(Tetuan).**

October 31st.—One of the four folks at present in our house is from the Riff country, and is typical of that tribe, being tall and gaunt, not carrying a superfluous ounce of flesh about with her. Poor Fatush! she is not having an easy or happy life just now. She has two big sons of her first husband's who are taking fast to evil ways, and though she has worked hard for them all through their boyhood, now they do not help her a bit. Her present husband seems to think the best way to earn his living is to depend on her; like a man who came to the dispensary some time ago and, when asked what he did for his living, said, "I have a wife!" Fatush's husband works sometimes for a change; that is about all.

They have one daughter, the only tie between them. Fatush would have left him long ago if it were not that in that case he would keep Rahima. This last week he is holding another threat over poor Fatush—that he will get Rahima married at once. The child is eight or nine years old. Of course, if such a thing were unknown, she could afford to laugh at him; but as such things are not un-

known, she cannot tell whether he is saying it only to trouble her or whether he really means it. Poor Fatush! She has been with us some years as dispensary woman and in Miss Bolton's Bible-class, but so far she has shown little sign of wanting Christ, the Sin-Bearer and the Burden-Bearer.

November 4th.—Yesterday morning a woman was in the dispensary who had heard of us from Mafuddla, a patient who was with us some weeks last spring [see NORTH AFRICA for May, 1911, page 75]. She brings the news that Mafuddla died about two months ago. Poor Mafuddla! We hear she often talked about us. I wonder whether she remembered our words, or rather, God's words through us. This woman of yesterday—Haïba—was quite prepared to stay with us too. She seemed a very superior woman and we were glad to have her. But soon after sunset last night there was a knock at the door, and two men had come to take her away. One was her cousin, who lives in the town, and he wanted her to go to his house. As it was late, and Haïba was unwell, I persuaded them to leave her, and we hoped things were settled; but they were here again by half-past seven this morning, and we heard them telling

her she must go with them—it could not be that she should remain here. So, much against her will, she had to give in. I suppose her cousin fears she will be polluted by staying in a Christian household. We are sorry she has gone, for she was a gentle, intelligent woman, and it would have been good to have her under teaching. . . .

November 9th.—Our little Moorish guest room is full again. This time we have a woman with a diseased finger joint, and she has two little girls of about six and eight for company. She has been with us five days, and thinks everything we have is like ourselves—beautiful! I wish the kind friends who sent some dolls a few weeks ago could have seen Fatima and El-Khadush when they got one, each the other day. Never before in their lives have they possessed a doll, and surely these are the most beautiful that were ever made. With some red wool they soon plaited up the hair into a proper tail, or *dafira*; a bit of old ribbon made a lovely belt, and there did not remain much of the looks of an English doll.

During part of July and August a young lad from Beni Eder was staying here; he, too, had been sent by our old friend Mafuddla. He had a very bad leg, and remained with us till Ramadan, when we were going away and the house would be shut up. I told him he could come back if he wished when we returned, and yesterday he arrived. The chief part of his luggage was an old sunshade Miss Bolton gave him when he was here before; he also brought a present of eggs and onions. Ahmed is a good needleman and a good reader. It is nice to have him to read with. Surely it must be for blessing to his soul as well as healing to his leg that he has been brought back to us a second time.

December 4th.—We are now in the Great Feast. Two days ago sheep and goats were killed all through the town, every family having at least a kid if they could afford nothing more. I was in a large house last week, where they told me they were killing six sheep—five for their own household and one to give away to beggars at the door. So at the present time the town is feasting on mutton, though few folks eat up everything now.

Some of the meat is cut into long strips, salted, and then hung on the roof to dry. After that it is boiled for hours in a mixture of suet and oil, with garlic, more salt, and herbs, etc. It is then put away in large stone jars for future use—to be eaten either hot or cold.

Our patient Ahmed has gone away to his village for the feast. We hoped he would not go, and he seemed to have no intention of doing so until a man that he knew told him in the dispensary that it was impossible he should remain with Christians for this feast. So he decided to go for a few days, and we could not turn him from his purpose.

Sometimes there does not seem much to write about and little result to tell about, but we do see folks being influenced by the teaching, and quiet work is going on, we believe, in the hearts of men and women. May God's Spirit work unhindered through us for the salvation of souls and the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ!

From Miss M. Knight (Te'uan).

October 28th, 1911.—Poor Rahma passed away yesterday. S—— let the right people know, and in the afternoon one and another came. The fact of a Moslem woman (as they think) dying in a Christian house is so strange and extraordinary that they hardly know what to make of it. We were asked if we would have the funeral here, or whether they should have it elsewhere; and as they preferred the latter, we agreed.

In the evening, about 7.30 when quite dark, the men brought the bier, rolled her body up in a blanket and carried it away to her brother's house. He has never once been near her in life! We had the lawyer and the *Shereef* who was seeing to her funeral and the two brothers to look over her possessions. Everything has to be sold, and then one-third goes to her funeral expenses and the remainder is divided between her two brothers. The *Ahdol*, or lawyer, wrote on a scrap of paper in his hand with an inch of pencil. The things remain here ("Where could they remain in better security?" said the *Ahdol*) until to-morrow, when they will be taken to the auctioneer—an itinerant one

—to be sold. Everything has gone off so quietly and smoothly that we feel as if a great advance had been made, for almost all the town is aware of what has passed, and everyone is full of thanks and praise. They cannot understand why she should have chosen to come here to us, rather than to her own people. We have gone forward in the esteem of the town, and strengthened our position.

At 1.15 we went out to the cemetery, and stood in an inconspicuous place to see the end. About two o'clock we could hear the weird chanting in the distance—"There is no God but God and Mohammed, the prophet of God"—coming gradually nearer out of the town gate to the Saint's tomb, where the bier, covered with a white muslin pall, was set

down facing the east, the bearers, readers and followers standing aside while the *fokeeh* drew near and prayed in a high-pitched voice. Then the bier was taken up again by four men and carried across to another part of the cemetery, where the grave had already been dug. The pall was raised as a sort of canopy while the brother uncovered her face and let her down into her narrow bed—about a span wide—laying her on her side with her face lifted. Then two stones were placed above and the earth shovelled over, and myrtle boughs and the flowers I had laid on her last night put on the top. Buried as a Moslem! But we rejoice to think that when the Lord's voice calls His own she will arise to take her place with the redeemed.

ALGERIA.

From Miss J. Cox and Miss K. Smith (Djemâa Sahridj).

November, 1911.—For some years now we have had Kabyle girls from six to sixteen years of age in our Home to teach and train for future wives for our converts; also older girls as helpers. But we have not had, until quite lately, children under six, though we have much desired to influence these little ones before they have learned evil. Now, however, God has given us the desire of our hearts. We have with us a young Danish lady who has a special call to do work among Kabyles, understands fully kindergarten teaching, and has a love for little children; so now a group of these dear mites come to us daily, and seem to find our house a very happy place. Sometimes they will come three together hand in hand before the parents are aware, and present themselves at our gate, calling loudly for admittance, and there are tears occasionally when they have to leave.

Our Home is full now until we have more accommodation. There are thirteen girls between six and sixteen years of age, two of whom are engaged to Christian Kabyles; two young women helpers, one for the Home and one for medical work, Bible teaching, etc.; two women coming daily, one for general work and

the other as teacher of weaving; and, lastly, the small children referred to above.



Photo by]

[Miss K. Smith.

“ Sometimes they come, three together.”

We have also our first married couple living for the time being at our Station in one of our halls. The little wife needs our help and direction from time to time. She is an object-lesson for the others so far, as she keeps her little home clean and comfortable.

With such a work in a Mohammedan land we need hardly say that the enemy is always on the alert to hinder and oppose.

Perhaps we have never had a harder three months than the last. We still have children who are not supported. £6 per annum will keep a little girl, £8 a big girl, and £3 a tiny one. Any friends who are able, we invite to come and see the work here. We can make them comfortable in these Kabyle mountains, and will give them a hearty welcome in the bright spring days.

A Word of Greeting from Fez.

The following letter, written by one of the native brethren in Fez, was received by Mr. O. E. Simpson (who is at present at Tangier) shortly after his return from a visit paid to the converts there.

Peace be to you from our dear Saviour and the Lord my Redeemer. Praise God that you have arrived safely and in comfort; and that in answer to our prayers, as we had asked that you might be kept and might reach home safely. . . . I tell you the truth, my beloved, the day you departed I wept and I was not willing to let you go. We have not yet become accustomed to being alone, and at all times we speak of you and mention you in our prayers. My wife says that she was not weary of you and the teaching you gave this time; she understood the reading very well; praise be to the Lord, He opened her heart to listen.

L— M— greets you, and begs you will pray for her, that the using of the oath and the words of the Moslems may be removed from her, that she might not be ashamed before you when she speaks. . . . Since the day you left she has been in twice and prayed with us, and she is beginning to understand what to say in prayer, though she is still very ignorant. R— of M—'s house greets you, and asks you to remember her in your prayers, and likewise H—. The daughter of M— told me, when I was there to-day, that she was most anxious to "go and see the teacher and witness before him to the Lord Jesus that He has paid for my sins, and that I am a believer in Him." I told her to witness before me, and I would inform you of her confession. She said, "I believe that He paid the penalty for my sins, and from to-day I follow in His way." Then she requested me to ask her father to let her come to our

house, where she could hear the words of Christ from the Book and learn to pray. . . .

L— K—'s mother said one day to her daughter Fatima, "I wish to speak to you of something." She answered, "Tell me what it is." The mother continued, "Si T— is a believer in our Lord Jesus Christ, and your sister is a believer in Him, and I have believed in our Lord Jesus, and oh! my daughter, I want that you also should believe in Jesus, that you may not be separated from us;" and when she heard these words, she asked, "Since when have you believed in Him?" And she replied, "It was when the Tabeeb [Doctor, *i.e.* Mr. Simpson] was in Fez"; and she sat and thought for a long time, and then said, "And I also! I too must know where the truth is, and when I see the truth I also will follow." . . .

On Tuesday ten women came for medicines, and I was speaking to them, and one said, "Give me my medicine, that I may go, as I am busy, and all of these words, I know them; and we are all full of sin, and if God did not forgive us all, we should all be burned." L— K— said to her, "Do not say that we are all full of sin; you are sinners, but we have not sin." The woman replied, "You are a Shereefa, and that is why you have not sin." "No," was the answer, "I had more sin than you, but I heard of One, beloved of God; and whoever believes in Him, God forgives to him his sin, and this One becomes for him an Intercessor with God." The woman said, "Who is

this Intercessor? I know; it was your grandfather." But L—— K—— replied, "No! It was not my grandfather. I told you that he was dead, and this One still lives, and He is our Lord Jesus, and whosoever believes in Him there remains not upon him sin." And when the woman heard these words she said, "You are a fool! I will not hear your words"; and she went out and left us without taking her medicine, and when she was in the street she was grumbling, and it sounded like cursing also. May God find out those who will hear His Word and bring them to us, that they may hear of Him! For, to-day, the books are ready, the medicines ready, the preachers ready, and the door open; and we only wait those who will enter the door and hear. We ask our Lord Jesus that He will give

us joy in the coming year—that is, new people in the faith of Christ.

And, my brother beloved, greet the beloved Tabeeba and her children with many greetings of peace (may the Lord bless you), and likewise greet her sister with many greetings of peace, and tell her that I ask her to remember me in the hour of her prayers, that the Lord will increase His love in my heart and strengthen my faith and give me this year more of His Holy Spirit to abide in my heart, and that I may do His will. Greet Si A—— and the new converts, and I pray God for them that He will increase their faith and knowledge of His Beloved Son. Tell them to watch themselves and be on guard as to the devil in these times. . . . And peace remain on you continually. Si T——.

Ramadan.

The word Ramadan is not unknown to readers of NORTH AFRICA, as it is mentioned year after year as the season comes round. It will be familiar to them, too, that the Moslem is bound to keep the fast during the whole of the lunar month from dawn to sunset. But yet friends at home can have little idea what Ramadan means to those, both Moslems and non-Moslems, who live in Mohammedan countries. Even those who do not observe the fast are affected by it more or less unpleasantly, and custom and tradition have increased the burden originally imposed by the Koran.

Nowadays, Ramadan necessarily makes a great alteration and upset of daily habits and the round of work. Constantly one hears as the reason why such and such a thing cannot be done, or has been forgotten or badly done, "because of Ramadan." The month is often spoken of as "Sidi [my lord or master] Ramadan," as if it were an important personage or saint; and, indeed, Ramadan is a master, and a hard one too.

In the Moslem home and quarter, the time-table changes to make the fast as bearable as possible. The chief meal of the day becomes more important and luxurious, as means (cash, credit or borrowing) will allow. This meal is partaken of soon after sunset, about its usual

time. The next and only other meal is well before the streaks of dawn, and, in the native quarters, people are awakened for it by the noise of a drum or pipes, or by a man who goes round knocking at the doors. After that the inmates of the houses are again wrapped in sleep, and those whose circumstances permit, sleep on until well towards midday. In the afternoon, the women begin the unusually elaborate preparations for "supper," and the men go out for business or for a stroll. Work that rightly belongs to the morning is made up after the evening meal. In the morning, the native bakers' shops have only yesterday's bread left over, and the new will not be in till mid-day or later. Native lawyers do little this month, and the unending work of writing and registering documents of all sorts for the ignorant mass is postponed in great measure. The little boys in the Koranic schools rest from their noisy repetitions and from the ever-threatening stick.

As the afternoon draws on, the coffee-shops and cook-shops prepare for action. Just before sunset coffee-cups stand full, and food ready, before the waiting customers, who are mostly provided with cigarettes. As the report of the gun is heard, the cigarettes are lighted, the drinking and light refreshments follow; and then the religious go to prayers. The

well-to-do class can get through Ramadan fairly easily; but yet the fast, with its special time-table, must be more or less a burden even to them.

In these days the Moslems in North Africa work more and more in European houses, hotels and factories, or on railways, or as carters loading ships in the Government service. They are not free then to change their hours, and, in most cases, alteration is impossible, or the employer has no mind to make concessions to his employee's religious scruples. So, many a man has to get up at the usual early hour and do the full day's work without food or drink—without a cup of coffee or a smoke. The food he could do without; but the thirst is terrible when Ramadan falls in summer, while coffee is his mild and frequent stimulant, and smoking a strong and universal habit. (It must be noted that Ramadan is always travelling backward through the solar year, as the Arab year has only 354 or 355 days, and that in thirty odd years a man will have fasted every season.) So it is not surprising if masters find work badly done, and have to be sharp with their men, and if tempers are bad and quarrels frequent during Ramadan.

Faced with exhausting work all day, the man is sorely tempted to break the fast, and many end by doing so. To my surprise I saw at Susa one day, near a gang of men at work on the quay a large vessel of water, nearly emptied. On inquiring, I was told that many men were drinking, and some also eating grapes. On board a British boat also the natives were drinking from the ship's pump. At Kairouan those employed as grain porters generally drink water during the day.

The Koran distinctly permits food to the sick and those journeying—the lost days to be made up afterwards. Yet, in practice, the sick often fast—either on account of their own obstinate desire to do this "good deed," or because those about them will not prepare or give them food during the day. Similarly, very many will not take medicine during Ramadan. With its fasting all day and feasting at night, Ramadan is responsible for much indigestion and sickness. One would imagine that the people would gorge themselves at night after the long day's fast, but I have been told that they rather

eat less than more, but want something extra good. It is generally admitted, however, that much more is spent on food in Ramadan than in any other month, and where Moslems have acquired the habit of alcohol drinking, there is more drunkenness then (as part of the general indulgence) than at any other time. A native lawyer whom I know as a fluent apologist for Islam praised the fast as beneficial to body and mind. But this talk is plainly for controversial purposes, and represents no general fact or conviction. The Moslem may console himself with some idea of the suffering of the body atoning for his sins, or opening his way to Paradise, but he does not believe in any benefit present or tangible.

Asking a man *why* he fasted, I received the reply: "God said thus." The ordinary person sees no farther, and seeks no farther. It is a custom, or a decree of God. As to the devout Moslem, God is above all One of absolute will and power, it is not for him to question or to expect any beneficial result, but to obey or fear the consequences if he do not. True, the few, the more religious and educated, do attend special prayers and lectures on the Koran during Ramadan; but the Biblical teaching of fasting as related to repentance and humiliation before God is utterly unknown to them.

To Moslems the Ramadan is akin to the Day of Atonement among Jews. Every other religious ceremony and obligation may be neglected and little notice is taken of the offender, but when the Fast of Ramadan or that of the Day of Atonement is broken, the offender is almost certain to suffer. He becomes a religious outcast.

Such is the heavy burden of Ramadan in Moslem lands to-day, becoming heavier with the changing conditions of life, borne unwillingly by very many, and fostering pride and vain hopes in others. Behind it lies a totally false conception of God and His requirements. Contrast therewith the revelation of God the Father in Christ, Who is Love—Who pities His children—and Whose commandments are not grievous. May God hasten the time when many in these lands shall come to know Him, and when Ramadan shall cease to be!

E. E. SHORT.

Kairouan, Tunisia.

A Short Tour in Kabylia.

By Mr. A. SHOREY.

Last December (1910) I had the privilege of touring amongst some of the Arab tribes of the great Sahara, with its vast plains and sand dunes, its oases of date palms. This December (1911), in company with another missionary, I made a tour in quite another part—a district of corn and wine, of figs and olives, of sheep and oxen. We made our headquarters in a French village, and from there we visited all round within three or four hours' walk.

The first day was the commencement of the great Moslem fête, "*Aid Kebir*," which the Mohammedans celebrate in memory of Abraham's sacrifice, and we arrived just as the men were killing the sheep. We went to the native college, where we met the chief of the village and a dozen other Kabyles, to whom we announced the Gospel message. After some discussion, we moved on to another part of the village, and soon had a gathering of some thirty men and boys to whom we read the story of the Prodigal Son. A man to whom we gave a Gospel on leaving said that during the bad weather he would read it to the other Kabyles at the public meeting-place.

The second day we went to another village, two hours away, and, after reading to a group of men and boys, we were invited into the house of an influential Kabyle. His wife brought us some figs and a native oil-cake, which we had to taste for politeness' sake. We were told that no missionary had ever visited this village, and yet what a surprise was in store for us! We went to see the *sheikh*, a great man in this part of the country, and he too invited us into his house, made us most welcome, and brought us *coos-coos*, milk and eggs; though, in the old days, when he lived in another tribe, he was very hostile to my companion, Monsieur Mayor. As our host intended going to Algiers we gave him our cards, with a hearty invitation to call upon us: we also gave the *sheikh* a Gospel to read.

On the way out, one or two Kabyles who had been in Algiers recognised us, and from them we learned that close by lived an old acquaintance of ours, a former coffee-house keeper in Algiers, in whose café I had ever been made most welcome. Here was my old friend living now under his own vine and fig-tree in this mountain village! How pleased he was to see and welcome us! Turning to his sons, the old man said, "Why did you not bring them up to my house first of all?" He grasped my hand, ordered his sons to bring *coos-coos*, and said he loved me as his

own soul and Monsieur Mayor as **his own** heart! He told us that he left Algiers because the people there were so wicked. We had a moment of prayer with the old man and his sons before we left, and made our way back to our headquarters.

As it was Sunday we invited a few French Protestants (so-called!) to a meeting in a private house; but in the remarkable words of Scripture, "they all with one consent began to make excuse." One was old, and could not go out in the evening (although he could go out to a café); a second could not go because her husband was away, and she had to keep the house, and yet she had been out with her husband all the afternoon; a third would like to come, but had a cold; another was not feeling very well, and was afraid of fainting (yet she had been able to attend to her shop all day); and the man in whose house the meeting was held did not put in an appearance, and when we met him next day he made the excuse that he had quite misunderstood, and had gone to bed early. We had a short meeting, only four being present except ourselves, and spoke to them about Paul's visit to Philippi, and the conversion of the jailor. How much these French people in the villages need the Gospel, and yet it is one of the last things they want to hear about! God has no place in their lives; they live as though He did not exist. . . .

On Tuesday we went to another French village, where we spoke to a group of some fifteen men. This village is very small, and has no proper water supply; the people have to go a long way to the river to fetch their water. Formerly they lived near the French centre, but the French Government wanted their land, and so gave them some ground around their present village, and dug a well for them. This is now dried up, so the natives are without a water supply, and the people look ill.

On Wednesday we proceeded in another direction, along a well-kept government road. When we arrived at the native village we found only two men and a woman. One of these men had just returned from Mecca, and was wearing a green turban, no doubt very proud of the title—*El Hadj* (pilgrim from Mecca). We sat down and spoke to the three people, but *El Hadj*, after objecting to what we said, finally went away, and the other man told us that our words had gone home, and that was the reason why he left. On the way down from the village we met the Kaid, and he invited us to his house. We went instead, however, to the native café, where about

fifteen were assembled, and the Kaid himself came in later on. M. Mayor spoke on the parable of the two houses, and showed the ruinous foundation of the Kabyle religion and practice. . . .

On Friday we visited a village distinguished for its native college. This time our path lay through the forest, where the road was in good condition. We had a talk, first of all in the lower part of the village, with six or eight men, amongst whom was the Kaid's son and the *sheikh*. We spoke to them about the young man who came to Jesus, and wanted to know how to gain eternal life. Some of them were very interested, but the *sheikh* was not at all at ease, and so at 12.30, in the middle of the conversation, he commenced the call to mid-day prayer: "Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar, Mohammed Rasoul Allah!" (God is great, God is great, Mohammed is the prophet of God, etc.). We finished our discourse, left some Gospels, and went towards the village meeting-place. On the way we stopped at a blacksmith's shop, and spoke to some ten men there. Finally we arrived at the college, and the holy place beside it, in which was the Moslem saint's tomb. At one o'clock there sounded forth the thrice-repeated call to prayer, and most of the men entered the mosque; the Kaid's brother, however, remained outside. I said to him, "Are you not going to pray?" He replied, saying that all the Kabyles who pray there are liars and hypocrites. We found that this young man had been for five years in a French school in Algiers, and was disgusted with the life and practices of his Moslem compatriots. It is worthy of notice that this place against which he brought such a charge is renowned for its college, and venerated for its holy place, the people being all *marabouts*, and many of them students who learn the sacred Koran by heart. After prayers in the mosque the men came out, and M. Mayor spoke to them, and



A Beggar Girl.

From a Postcard.

preached Christ. We gave away books in Arabic and Kabyle, and a French Gospel to the Kaid's brother. . . .

Sunday was a lovely day, so we started off early in the morning on foot to visit a tribe three or four hours' distant. In the first village we were received with the customary salutations by the Kaid, who asked us if we would have a glass of absinthe, a strong liquor, which the French drink. We explained that we were not French, but "people of the book," and asked instead for a glass of water, and this was brought, and a straw mat spread out in native style for us to sit upon. We spoke to about seventeen, including the Kaid and the *sheikh*, on the parables of the two houses, the rich fool, etc., the men all the while listening most attentively.

The Kaid offered us coffee, and asked us to stay for *coos-coos*; but this we could not do, as we had two other villages to visit, and the days are very short. In wishing us good-bye, the Kaid said, "May God reward you for the good you have done in coming to visit us!" M. Mayor replied in Kabyle style, wishing them God's blessing, at which all the men chimed in together, "Amen! Amen!" . . .

On Tuesday in the afternoon we went to another French village, where we found a group of Kabyles sitting outside the native café. One fanatical individual asked us, "What is the key to heaven?" at the same time repeating the Moslem creed, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God." The number of listeners soon increased to twenty, and the discussion waxed warm as some of their religious practices were shown up in their true light, and proved to be powerless to change their hearts and lives. In speaking of Jesus, one man said, "We do not believe in Him"; another Kabyle, more intelligent, replied, saying, "We do believe in Jesus." A discussion took place between the two natives, for the Kabyles usually assert a nominal belief in all the

prophets and consider Jesus as one of them. As we were talking about religious ceremonies, a Kabyle mail-coach driver arrived on the scene, and said to those opposing us, "What is the good of the Kabyles praying, when they lie, cheat and steal continually?" Another man asked him to keep quiet, and say nothing; but to complicate matters another interfered and said that when we were dead all was over. Thus there was a great contradiction between the last speaker and the first, who was assured that he had the key to heaven. The Kabyles too were confounded by the testimony of one who practically said that their prayers were hypocritical and useless. We left our audience to ponder over what had been said, and returned to our headquarters.

The next day we left at 5 a.m. for Algiers, arriving there at half-past four in the afternoon, thankful to the Lord who had guided us all through our tour, and rejoicing in the great privilege bestowed upon us of being able to tell of the love of God and the death of Jesus for sinful men.

December, 1911.

Our Work in Tripoli.

Our readers are naturally on the outlook for any reference to the position of the North Africa Mission in Tripoli, where, for the past twenty-two years, an evangelistic and medical work has been maintained by successive workers. It was a matter of regret that at the time of the outbreak of the war between Italy and Turkey, the Mission was unrepresented by any missionary in Tripoli, owing to the circumstances explained in our issue of October last.

Health and other conditions are now such that there seems no need for the workers to remain longer absent from their posts; and consequently, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, with their two younger children, will leave England before the end of January *en route* for Tripoli. Mrs. Reid and the children will temporarily stay at Sfax, in Tunisia, while Dr. Maxwell, who is already there assisting Dr. Churcher, accompanies Mr. Reid to Tripoli; and in the event of everything being found satisfactory on their arrival, Mrs. Reid and the children, with Miss

Harrald, who is also at Sfax *pro tem.*, will continue their journey to their destination.

Without doubt there will be a great deal of work awaiting our friends, and as the cost of living is likely to be heavy, we are praying for additional help needed in this connection, especially for the medical work, which has hitherto cost about £120 a year to maintain. We are sure that those interested for so long in the work so ably carried on by our late devoted brother, Mr. W. Bolton, whose remains rest in the European cemetery at Tripoli, will continue the help which they gave during his life-time towards the Tripoli Mission. For the time being, Mrs. Bolton, who (with her four children) is residing at Belfast, will be unable to return to the field.

We have just issued a new illustrated booklet, entitled "The Work of the North Africa Mission in Tripoli," and we shall be exceedingly grateful if all our friends will help to circulate it. The price is one penny a copy, or fifteen

copies for a shilling, post free. Another small booklet, entitled "Mission Work among Mohammedans in Tripoli," was issued in December last, of which we

have still a large number of copies on hand. The price of this booklet is only a halfpenny a copy, or twenty-five for a shilling, post free. E. A. T.

For the Children.

LOST AND FOUND.

By Miss R. J. MARCUSSON.

One Saturday afternoon a little Arab lad named Mabrouk (blessed) came to our mission station at Bizerta.

His story was very sad, for he had been wandering in the narrow streets of the town for a long time. Now and then different Arab families had taken him in, but they soon tired of a boy who was sick and undisciplined, and whose head was covered with ulcers from a malady that was very contagious. So he was turned out of one house after another, and at last reduced to living in the street, night and day, existing by begging his bread.

He was brought in a pitiable condition to the mission house by our native servant, looking quite disheartened and mournful, but he brightened up when I said to him, "Would you like to stay here in this house, and would you like me to be your mother?" For the first time, perhaps, he felt his name "blessed" to be quite true, as he answered by creeping quite close, forgetting his filthy rags and sores.

He was then taken into the house, and his first act was to hand over to me all his earthly treasures, consisting of an apple and a penny, only keeping for himself a rather large piece of bread just given him by a French lady. Little Mabrouk was not long in feeling quite at home, and he was soon walking about the house as if he quite belonged to it, looking bright and happy after he was brushed and suitably clad.

One of his first questions was whether we were accustomed to have meat in the house as well as bread; and how he jumped for joy when, on going down to the kitchen, he saw not only meat but fish which happened to be there also. He had seen neither the one nor the other for quite a long time. But the poor little fellow

could only by degrees eat any solid food through weakness caused by starvation.

His own expression when talking about his past, was: "When I was poor!" "When I was in the street!" instead of rich and sheltered. It was touching to see how hard he tried to be kind to the two dear little orphan girls in the mission house, who also had once been in a similar condition. It seemed, however, a difficult task for him to overcome the natural feeling apparently inborn with every Arab—the man above all—the woman at his feet. Mabrouk did try to remember (though grumbling at first, perhaps) to let the girls have the preference, and he now makes us laugh sometimes by trying to seize every opportunity to show that he has learned to be a gentleman.

The law demanded certain formalities with regard to the rescued little lad. We had to make a declaration to the authorities, and, through them, to find out about his parents. This was no easy task as the boy did not even know the name of his birthplace. He said, however, that if he went to Mater, a railway station about thirty-five kilometres from Bizerta, he could find the way from there to the little mountain village where he was born. So one day a message was sent us that a native policeman had been ordered to conduct him to Mater, and from there to his home. We were permitted to accompany him as he seemed a little afraid to go without us.

"There is no bed in my home," little Mabrouk was heard to repeat over and over again the day before we started. His little heart beat anxiously as he feared that he might not be permitted to return to his own warm bed at the mission house.

The appointed day dawned brightly.

Little Mabrouk was dressed in his very best things, and the excitement of everything seemed to dissipate his anxious feelings. As we went along in the train he appeared quite merry. Such a luxury as a railway journey he had never even dreamed of, and it was an immense pleasure in his life. Three hours after arriving at Mater we had the opportunity of seeing the Kaid (the highest Arab authority), and this native gentleman received us very kindly. We told him the story of the little boy who had been found and rescued, and asked his advice as to how to trace his parents.

By this time we had discovered the name of his village, having found it out while waiting for the Kaid. The native policeman was summoned, and he was told to accompany us to Oum El-Djenna, Mabrouk's birthplace. Having hired an old shaky cart, so small that we could hardly move in it, we set off. Mabrouk soon recognised his early playground, and shouted out, "There it is!" We had to get out of the cart presently and walk some distance across the fields. It is no easy thing to approach a *douar* (village), as it is fenced in by a huge thorny plant called *thudi*, and the first welcome comes from a dozen ferocious dogs. Our escort had to cry out in a stentorian tone that a policeman desired to pay a visit. Such a call the chief of the place is obliged to answer immediately.

A tall Arab, dressed in a white *burnous*,

came forward at once, the dogs were ordered to be quiet, and a straw mat was taken outside the village, so that we might sit down and make known our business. Our little boy's story was again told. The chief knew his parents well, and said that the father was dead and the mother gone away nobody knew where. Only an old uncle and aunt and a married sister remained of the family.

The sister was called, and came forward with a baby in her arms and two little girls trotting beside her. The Moslem women in these country villages do not take the trouble to veil themselves. It was sweet to see the sister's joy, the tears overflowing and running down her face as she kissed her little brother again and again, and then took him inside his real home.

While this scene was going on, the chief, a very pleasant man, turned to our policeman and asked what the ladies would like for lunch. It was useless for us to beg them not to inconvenience themselves on our account. "No," said the policeman, "the Kaid does not like any visitor to any part of his dominion to leave without a repast." He then gave an order to kill a chicken. "And let it be young and tender," said he, "and served with nice gravy. Also make some fresh bread, and let all be ready within an hour or so." The chief called out to the women, probably of his own house, and in a few minutes we saw smoke rising from the little huts.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Uganda: A Chosen Vessel. By the Rev. H. T. C. Weatherhead, M.A.

This little book which contains 62 pages, is intended for the use of Study Circles. It is written clearly and simply, and contains much interesting information in a small compass.

Published by the Church Missionary Society, Salisbury Square, E.C. Price 6d. net.

Missionary Ideals. By the Rev. T. Walker, M.A.

The aim of the author, who wrote these Studies in the Acts of the Apostles while on the mission field, is "to apply the ideals set up in the Bible to the practical missionary work of to-day." Though intended to be used in connection with Study Circles, the

book will prove helpful to the individual reader, the questions incorporated in the text as well as those found at the end of the chapters being most suggestive and stimulating to study.

Published by the Church Missionary Society. Price 1s. net.

The Testimony of Jesus.—A well got-up booklet in the words of Scripture. The passages selected deal principally with the Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ and His atonement for sin. A suitable gift to put into the hand of any whose feet have been entangled in the net of New Theology.

Published by John Ouseley, Ltd., 6, Fleet Lane, Farringdon Street, E.C. Price 1s. net.
E. F.



HOME & FOREIGN NOTES

The Monthly Prayer-Meeting

will (D.V.) be held at 4, Highbury Crescent, N., on the first Thursday of the month (February 1st) at 4 p.m. Tea at 3.30. A hearty invitation is given to all friends of the work who are able to attend.



ANOTHER NEW BOOKLET.—This booklet, entitled "**The Work of the North Africa Mission in Tripoli,**" contains twenty pages, and has four illustrations; also a specially prepared map of Tripoli on the back of the cover. For further particulars see page 28.



FOR SALE.—"Shebka," or native lace, made by Arab girls in Tunis. Blouse sets, cuffs and collars, insertion, etc. Samples sent on approval. Proceeds in aid of the support of a bed in the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, Tangier. Write Miss Fryer, North Africa Mission, 4, Highbury Crescent, Highbury.



"THANKS."

The **Misses K. Smith and J. C. Cox** write from **Djemâa Sahridj, Algeria,** on January 9th: "We send our **very warm and grateful thanks** for the beautifully made **garments** just received. They are all most acceptable both for the children in our 'Girls' Home' and also for our classes. Our Kabyle family increases every year, and our classes are large. . . . Will you be so good as to write your names on the garments you kindly make, so that we may know to whom we are indebted."

A Prayer Cycle for North Africa (1912) has been issued in booklet form by Miss Van Sommer. It can be obtained for 4d. (post free) from Mr. J. L. Oliver, secretary of the Nile Mission Press, 16, Southfield Road, Tunbridge Wells.



Morocco

In a letter from Tangier, **Miss Jay** writes: "On January 4th I had my usual Christmas gathering for the Moors. Some brought their whole families with them. There were fifty present—from quite old people to a baby six weeks old. Mr. Simpson gave a Christmas address, which was listened to most attentively, some of the women being quite as interested as the men. I gave away a number of Gospels to those who could read."



Algeria.

Mr. T. J. Warren writes from **Djemâa Sahridj** on December 18th, 1911: "The numbers attending our meetings and classes are keeping up well, but it is very difficult to get hold of the older men. We have about **a hundred boys** in the **Sunday School**, which meets at eight o'clock. There is a meeting for Christians at ten o'clock attended by men and women. In the afternoon we have the young men to tea, which is followed by a Bible talk. At the **Evangelistic meeting** at 6.30 sometimes as many as **sixty** are present.

"Each morning of the week we have the men and boys who are working for us in to prayers, and each afternoon there is an instruction class for the native evangelists

Monday evening, there is a native prayer-meeting; Tuesday, a young men's meeting; Wednesday afternoon, an English prayer-meeting; Thursday afternoon, the Beggars' class, and in the evening the Shepherd Boys' class; Friday evening, a singing practice. Visits are made to other villages once or twice a week.

"The total number of attendances (including medical work) during October and November was 2,029. The precious seed of the Word of God thus sown must bring forth fruit for eternity."



Tunisia.

Mr. A. V. Liley writes from **Tunis** on December 30th, 1911: "The Bible depôt is in good order, and one feels most thankful for the many who stop and read from the open Scriptures placed in the window, numbers dropping in also for conversation. . . . We have as many Arabs coming to the evening meetings at the house as we can well deal with. The two converts are a great help to me at these meetings, keeping the men together and interesting them until the Bible reading and singing, etc., begin. . . ."

"During the last week or so we have had five English vessels in, and on two of these I found four apprentices. These four lads found great pleasure in coming up to our house every evening while their ships were in port. Three of them were Christians. They much enjoyed hymn-singing, and seemed greatly touched as I prayed each evening with them, not forgetting the friends in the homeland."



Writing from **Kairouan** on January 2nd, **Mr. Short** says: "Last evening there were only some eight or nine men at the Shop,

but they included two of the four Arab men for whom we have been specially praying, and also the Jewish shoemaker, who seems near the kingdom. One of them came in with an Arab who is working with him just now. As I was speaking, he several times explained my meaning in his own way to the others. If his explanations were not very exact, they certainly showed that he had grasped the general drift of the Gospel message.

"B—— was in the shop this morning, and, as on several visits lately, after a while he invited me to read something from the New Testament which was before me. . . . He does not flare up as he used to do at any reference to the 'Son of God.' The question of the Christian's dying came up, and I read to him Philippians i. 20-24, to show him that death was really abolished for the believer."



Dr. T. G. Churcher writes from **Sfax** on December 30th, 1911: "We have registered 535 visits during the month. It has been a real help and pleasure to have **Dr. Maxwell** staying with us. Smallpox has been rather bad amongst the Europeans in Sfax, and one of the European doctors has been amongst the patients.

"The average attendance at the Sunday-school has been **twenty-eight**, and that of the boys' class **twenty-two**. Though the class is in Arabic, some European lads wanted to come; but when allowed, it seemed that this would be likely to keep the Arabs away. So I announced that the class was for **Arabs** in future, and no European boy could be admitted unless he was brought in by a Mohammedan. This has worked well, giving the Moslem boy an idea of his importance, and it has also helped to make them friends, for the Europeans love the lantern."

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER.

PRAISE.

That the Lord is still graciously working by His Spirit among the patients and others connected with the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, Tangier.

For signs of encouragement at Djemâa Sahridj in good attendances and in increased interest, especially amongst the young people.

For a native Christian at Tetuan who has fallen asleep in Jesus.

That, in the Providence of God, the missionaries are now able to return to their posts in the city of Tripoli; and prayer that the work there may be greatly blessed during the coming months, and that recent events may turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel.

PRAYER.

For all native converts and evangelists, that they may be enabled so to walk before their fellow-countrymen that God may be glorified.

For strength and patience to be bestowed upon those who are labouring in the hard places of the field without much apparent result.

That complete restoration may be speedily granted to such of the workers as have been recently laid aside by illness.

For wisdom and guidance to be given to those who direct the affairs of the Mission, that they may apprehend and seek to carry out the mind of the Lord.

"Lord, teach us to pray."

LIST OF DONATIONS.

(Continued from page ii. of Cover.)

1911. Dec.	No. of Receipt.	Amount. £ s. d.	DETAILS OF DUBLIN AUXILIARY.	DETAILS OF PERTH AUXILIARY.	DETAILS OF EDINBURGH AUXILIARY.
	Brought forward	330 12 9	S. S. McCURRY, Esq., Hon. Sec., 3, Spencer Villas, Glenageary. Designated Receipt No. 4464.	Mr. JAMES PAUL, Hon. Sec., 46, Scott Street. Designated Receipt No. 4428.	Mrs. GRIEVE, Hon. Sec., 15, Granville Terrace. Designated Receipt No. 4416.
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THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

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Office of the Mission.—4, HIGHBURY CRESCENT, LONDON, N.

Gifts in money or in kind should be addressed—"The Secretary, North Africa Mission, 4, Highbury Crescent, London, N." All cheques and money orders should be made payable to order of the "North Africa Mission." Remittances may also be paid into the London and South-Western Bank, Upper Street, Islington, or into any of its branches.

Parcels for transmission to the field can, if not exceeding 11 lb. in weight, be sent to North African ports by Foreign Parcel Post from any post-office in Great Britain. The cost can be ascertained from the Postal Guide.

Boxes and Cases can be sent to the N. A. M., c/o Messrs. A. J. Bride & Son, 39, City Road, London, E.C. Particulars as to contents and value, which must be declared for Customs' purposes, should be sent to the office of the Mission. Before sending large cases, friends should write for shipping instructions. A note showing the cost of freight and charges will be sent from the office in each instance, when the shipping account has been settled.

LOCATION OF MISSIONARIES.

MOROCCO.			ALGERIA.			Bizerta.		Date of Arrival.
Tangier.	Date of Arrival.		Cherchell.	Date of Arrival.		Miss R. J. MARCUSSON	...	Nov., 1883
GEO. WILSON, M.A., M.B.	... Dec., 1906		Miss L. READ April, 1886		Kairouan.		
Mrs. WILSON Dec., 1906		Miss K. JOHNSTON Jan., 1892		Mr. E. SHORT	Feb., 1899
Mrs. ROBERTS Dec., 1896		Miss E. TURNER Jan., 1892		Mrs. SHORT	Oct., 1899
Miss J. JAY Nov., 1885		Algiers.			Miss G. L. ADDINSELL	...	Nov., 1895
Miss G. R. S. BREEZE, M.B. (Lond.) Dec., 1894		<i>Kabyle Work—</i>			Sfax.		
Miss F. MARSTON Nov., 1895		M. E. CUENDET Sept., 1884		T. G. CHURCHER, M.B., C.M. (Ed.)	Oct., 1885
Mr. O. E. SIMPSON Dec., 1896		Madame CUENDET Sept., 1885		Mrs. CHURCHER	Oct., 1889
Mrs. SIMPSON Mar., 1898		Mr. A. SHOREY Nov., 1902		Mr. H. E. WEBB	Dec., 1890
<i>Spanish Work—</i>			Mrs. SHOREY Oct., 1904		Mrs. WEBB	Nov., 1897
Mr. A. J. MOORE, B.A.	... April, 1909		Djemâa Sahridj.			DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.		
Miss F. R. BROWN Oct., 1889		<i>Kabyle Work—</i>			Mr. W. REID	Dec., 1892
Miss VECCHIO, School Mistress.			Miss J. COX May, 1887		Mrs. REID	Dec., 1894
Casablanca.			Miss K. SMITH May, 1887		Miss F. M. HARRALD	Oct., 1899
Miss F. M. BANKS May, 1888		Mrs. ROSS Nov., 1902		Mr. T. J. WARREN	Feb., 1911
Miss M. EASON Dec., 1910		Mr. T. J. WARREN Feb., 1911		Mrs. WARREN	Feb., 1911
Miss ALICE CHAPMAN Oct., 1911		Constantine.			Miss E. LOVELESS	Nov., 1902
Tetuan.			Miss N. WEBB Nov., 1910		Miss N. WEBB	Nov., 1910
Miss A. BOLTON April, 1889		Tehessa.			Miss A. COX	Oct., 1892
Miss A. G. HUBBARD Oct., 1891		Miss N. BAGSTER Oct., 1894		EGYPT.		
Miss M. KNIGHT Oct., 1905		REGENCY OF TUNIS.			Alexandria.		
Miss H. E. WOODLELL Jan., 1907		Tunis.			Mr. W. DICKINS	Feb., 1896
Arzila and Laraiash.			Mr. A. V. LILEY July, 1885		Mrs. DICKINS	Feb., 1896
Miss C. S. JENNINGS Mar., 1887		Mrs. LILEY April, 1886		Miss R. HODGES	Feb., 1889
Miss K. ALDRIDGE Dec., 1891		Miss H. KENWORTHY Nov., 1910		Miss J. E. EARL	Oct., 1909
Fez.			<i>Italian Work—</i>			Miss E. M. BLAKE-FORSTER	...	Nov., 1911
Miss L. GREATHREAD Nov., 1890		Miss A. M. CASE Oct., 1890		Shebin-el-Kom.		
Miss M. MRLLETT Mar., 1892		Miss L. E. ROBERTS Feb., 1899		Mr. W. T. FAIRMAN	Nov., 1897
Miss S. M. DENISON Nov., 1893					Mrs. FAIRMAN	Feb., 1896
Miss I. DE LA CAMP Jan., 1897							

IN ENGLAND.—Miss I. L. REED, Miss H. M. M. TAPP, Miss E. Vining, *Invalided.*

IN IRELAND.—Mrs. BOLTON.