

NORTH AFRICA

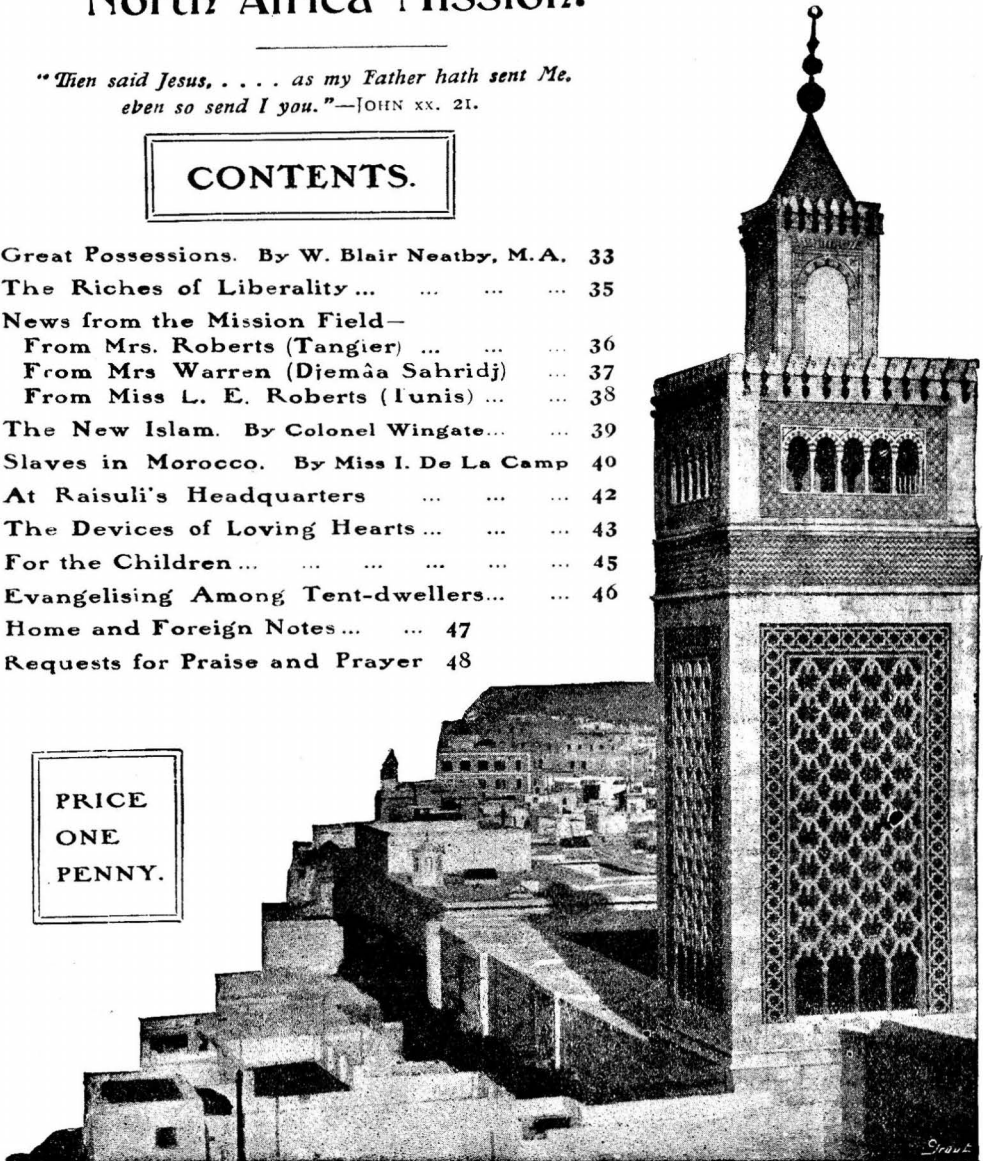
The Monthly Record of the
North Africa Mission.

*"Then said Jesus, . . . as my Father hath sent Me,
eben so send I you."*—JOHN XX. 21.

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PRICE
ONE
PENNY.



Office of the North Africa Mission, 4, Highbury Crescent, London, N.

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THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

DONATIONS from JANUARY 1st to 31st, 1912.

Date. Receipt		£ s. d.	Date. Receipt		£ s. d.	Date. Receipt		£ s. d.	Date. Receipt		£ s. d.
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7.	*38	1 0 0	13.	112	1 2 3 0	23.	196	5 0 0	1.	76	6 0 0
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NORTH AFRICA.



A Moorish Tribesman ready for the Fight.

[From a Postcard.]

Great Possessions.

By W. Blair Neatby, M.A.

"All things are your's."—I COR. iii. 21.

IF everything belongs to us, we cannot be richer. But can that be what Paul means?

He means exactly that. If we heard that a struggling friend had been left a fortune of £20,000, we should be filled with delight at the thought of his new riches. But Paul's heart thrilled at the thought of the wealth of all his converts, whenever his mind turned to them. He knew, and he felt, that God had given them all He had to give, and that the treasures of the Roman world transferred to their coffers would have made them no richer.

Now we can all of us receive this easily as an orthodox theological commonplace; but that is exactly what we must beware of doing. If the reflection is a commonplace to us we should be far better without it. There would be nothing commonplace to us about our friend's £20,000 fortune. If he were very dear to us, the thought of it would remain with us for years as a constant delight and satisfaction. If a fortune of "all things," for ourselves and our friends, is less delightful and less satisfying, what does our belief of it amount to?

Paul gives us some headings under which we may catalogue our "all things." First of all, three Christian teachers of supreme grace and gift; then, comprehensively, the world; then, life and death; and finally, things present and future. They are all ours in absolute possession.

I.—The *apostles* belonged to their converts and disciples. The Corinthians had been carnally glorying "in men," that is, in the Christian ministers they severally preferred; just as philosophically disposed people in Greece or Italy boasted of their several masters of philosophy. But such glorying was altogether beneath the dignity of the Church of God. The Church belonged to Christ (v. 23), and Christ had testified His love to the Church by making her many and glorious presents; indeed, by giving her everything of which He had Himself become possessed. And Christ Himself belonged to God, and God had testified His love to Christ by making Him heir of all things (Hebrews i. 2); and by giving all things into His hand (John xiii. 3). Thus, the apostles were but a precious part of the gifts with which Christ had endowed His bride, and were only too highly honoured to serve her. For the Corinthians to think that their instruction by Paul, or their adherence to Paul, was their pre-eminent distinction, was to betray a lamentable ignorance of the fact that the Church is far greater than its greatest members. The Church is, as I have heard it well said, "Christ's other self." The Church is Christ's organ now, and in the day of power (Rom. viii. 18-21).

"He that is joined to the Lord," though but a fragment of the Church, "is one spirit" with the Lord; and the gift, however stupendous, exists simply for his service.

II.—The apostles, indeed, were right willing servants; but the unwilling had equally to serve. "The *world* is yours."

The world of men would have laughed to scorn the idea of serving the saints. It might despise them, or tolerate them, or take steps to exterminate them. In all phases it would be equally far from desiring to serve them, and in all phases it would equally serve them none the less. The Corinthians were apparently on the verge of some great suffering, though no record of it survives (c. x. 13); but if the world came upon them with fire and sword, it could only come to fulfil the gracious behest of God. "Many shall be purified, and made white and tried."

III.—But there are powers that we dread more, sometimes, than fierce foes. They are the blind forces of existence, as we deem them—forces that seem, to our unbelieving hearts, to be pitilessly grinding out for us some inscrutable but relentless destiny. That at least is the world's standpoint, and we easily slip back to it, because *we forget*. *Life and Death* belong to us. Death, indeed, is the gate of Life to the Christian whom it releases; but it equally belongs to the Christian whom it bereaves. Is this a hard saying? In one sense, Yes. All great sayings are hard sayings; but there is great reward in "hearing" them.

IV.—The *Future*, too, which more than anything else inspires men with a supremely distressing fear, the fear of blank uncertainty, is all ours. It has been bodily bought up for us, secured, conveyed and sealed to us. There is no wind that can arise on the sea of our life that shall not fill our sails. The winds are never "contrary."

But we must remember that, just as in our everyday life many very rich men, through carelessness or affectation, look like very poor men, so God's sons and daughters, though enriched with the spoils of earth and heaven, and time and eternity, often look extremely poor. Paul, who actually felt himself rich "beyond the dreams of avarice" (to use a phrase too striking to be hackneyed), knew that he passed for a poor man among men: even as he describes himself in the subsequent epistle, "*as having NOTHING, yet securely possessing ALL THINGS*" (2 Cor. vi. 10; comp. Weymouth).

And just as God's rich often look poor to the world, so their riches are apt to look, even to themselves, like great poverty. Paul says that "all things" are

working together for good to them that love God, and in the next breath he tells of certain "all things" in which we are more than conquerors (Romans viii. 28 and 37). The second "all things" may be taken then as no accidental illustration of the first. What are they? Tribulation, anguish, persecution, famine, peril, clothing that will not keep out the biting cold, the death-dealing blow. Disguised riches, surely!

Yet all these are friendly circumstances wearing unfriendly faces. Some of them have never visited most of us, and we speak of them with the reserve of inexperience; but they are all numbered amongst Paul's familiar friends. And it was actually in that light that he regarded them. A policeman is not the less a guardian of order because he is in plain clothes; and God's blessings can assume no disguise that faith will not instantly penetrate. The angels, continually sent forth to minister for the heirs of salvation, wear Heaven's bright uniform; but the plain-clothes officers shall be equally welcome, though they be—"fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind, *fulfilling His word.*"

But we sometimes convert our friends into enemies by insisting on treating them as such. And we often treat God's friendly messengers as enemies, and obstinately refuse to lay our hostility aside. But His messengers are very patient. The hardest trial, if at any moment we relent towards it, and give it friendly entertainment in the Name of Him who sent it, will still show plainly its commission from God to serve us; and our thankful lips will say,—

"Behold, the paths of life are ours—we see
Our blest inheritance where'er we tread;
*Sorrow and danger our security,
And disappointment lifting up our head.*"

So sang Anna Waring; but listen also to Wesley's part in "the song of the gladness untold" that rises continually from the "great choir of sorrow":—

"Trouble and loss, and grief and pain,
Have crowded all my forty years;
I never could my wish obtain,
And own at last, with joyful tears,
The man whom God delights to bless
He never curses with success.

"How shall I bless *Thy thwarting love,*
So near in my temptation's hour!
It flew my ruin to remove—
It snatched me from my nature's power—
Broke off my grasp of creature good,
And plunged me in the atoning blood."

THE RICHES OF LIBERALITY.

"They were willing of themselves, praying us with much entreaty that we would receive the gift."—2 COR. viii. 3.

The Macedonian Christians were themselves sorely tried and in deep poverty; yet so great was their joy in salvation that they gladly gave themselves to the Lord and to the help of His servants and disciples. The principal churches in Macedonia were at Philippi, Berea and Thessalonica. The Bereans seem to have been noted for searching the Scriptures, the Thessalonians for watching for the Lord's return, and the Philippians for love of and fellowship in the Gospel.

Are not these samples of those who are likely to help in spreading the Gospel at home and abroad to-day? It is hardly likely that those who neglect the Scriptures, or those who say that the Lord delayeth His coming, or those who substitute false philosophy, philanthropy and education for the atoning work of Christ, will sacrifice much to make the Gospel known. Thank God there are still some, even in these days of departure from the truth, who walk in the steps of the Macedonians.

During 1911 the North Africa Mission received generous and liberal gifts from not a few such, and though towards the close of the year financial needs were very pressing, the year as a whole, from a financial aspect, had a good deal to call for praise. In the year now current, about £740 has been sent in up to February 14th. This is much less than seems to be needed, so we are praying God to send us more abundant help, and expecting Him in grace to do so.

He cares for His servants even though they are deeply conscious of their unworthiness of the least of His mercies. "The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us" (Ps. cv. 12). May we ever trust in His great love.

News from the Mission Field.

MOROCCO.



Photo by [Mrs. Roberts.]
"Two little cousins."

From Mrs. Roberts (Tangier).

January 25th, 1912.—The Evangelical Alliance Week of Prayer was, as usual, observed here, and good numbers gathered every afternoon. Here and at other stations the workers have a week of prayer at the beginning of every month, when all who are able meet for an hour every afternoon to pray for the work generally and for any special cases or needs laid on their hearts.

Since I last wrote there have been ups and downs in our work. There are only three children in the house now. Tetum, "the lovable little sinner" (mentioned in NORTH AFRICA for December, 1909, and April, 1910), has, I am afraid, gone altogether. I have taken her back five or six times, and each time she has returned a stage worse than before. As I have traced her bad influence on the others, very reluctantly I have decided not to admit her again, even if she should apply. This time she deliberately ran away, but the fault lies principally with her mother, who is, I fear, a bad woman. The child, we know, is not beyond the reach of prayer, and she is well acquainted with Bible truth.

One morning, two quite young children, about three and five years old, were brought to me by a woman who said that their mother had married again and the stepfather was not kind to them. I took them but said that the mother must come and see me. She came next day, and was most pleased to find the children so happy and so well cared for. They settled in quite comfortably, and the baby was such a pet. I was rejoicing—with trembling, it is true—at the thought of their spending some years with us, when a week later the stepfather came and took them to spend a few hours at home, bringing them back at the time specified. The following week he called for them again, but this time they never returned. One of the first things we have to do with a new child is to try to stop her from using bad language and cursing. We scarcely expected to have to do this with these little mites, but even the younger, who could not speak plainly, would use language I could not put on this paper. I am hearing of two or three other children likely to come, but at present general funds are very low, owing to friends making a special effort to help with the new schoolroom. The morning school has received a new impetus in the shape of a native sewing teacher, for whose support a lady has kindly forwarded £10 for the present year. This answer to prayer and the practical interest shown has been a great cheer amid many difficulties.

The children in the accompanying photo are two little cousins who come to the school. In company with the other mites they pass a happy time in the morning in Miss Tilly's class-room. In addition to the three R's they have object lessons, and while Miss Tilling takes my bigger ones for half an hour in the large room, I give them hymn singing and musical drill, which makes them beam all over.

I was delighted this morning when about twenty boys, lads from eight to ten or twelve years old, came and asked me to start a class for them. I used to have a class for boys, but, owing to the small room and the irregular attendance, I gave

it up. I often meet some of the old lads, and they invariably ask, "When are you going to have us again?" I have told them to wait till the new schoolroom was ready; so this morning, under the leader-

ship of one of the bigger ones, they were drawn up like soldiers in front of the house, and when I went out they gave me a salute and did some elementary drilling for my benefit.

ALGERIA.

From Mrs. Warren (Djemâa Sahridj).

February 7th, 1912.—Four months have rapidly passed by since our arrival here. We are thankful to God for all the way He has led us. When we first saw how much there was to be done, our hearts almost failed us; but praise be to God, He has helped us over many difficulties and the work has gone forward.

I want chiefly to write about the Sunday-school for the boys. We have over 100 names on the roll, and we usually have an attendance from sixty-five to eighty-five. Owing to lack of room, it has been necessary to divide up the school and have the classes in different places. Mrs. Ross, with Belkassam, takes the larger number of the boys in the small hall in the village. My husband and Si Mohand take the elder boys in the dispensary which is a very small room, and I, with the help of Amar (a bright Christian lad), take the infants (*see photograph*) in our dining-room.

These dear little mites have been coming regularly in all weather, and God has enabled me to teach them portions of Scripture and some hymns in the Kabyle language, and Amar, after having been prepared, tells them Gospel stories, and one is encouraged to see how well they listen and how interested they are in the pictures which are hung up before them. (I would here add that we shall be pleased to receive picture rolls of either Old or New Testament Scriptures.)

Notice their faces in the photograph. They all come from Mohammedan homes, where practically love is unknown, and where there is little cleanliness. Look at their clothes; they were once white, like those of Amar. As are their clothes, so are their lives. How we long and pray that even these may be brought to know



Photo by

[Mr. T. J. Warren.

Mrs. Warren and her Infant Class, Djemâa Sahridj.

the Saviour in their early days! The little one with bare head in the group, although looking rather sad, is usually a bright little fellow. Last Sunday he answered question after question on the lessons of the three previous Sundays, but on being asked one question, he replied, "Wait a minute until I've counted the buttons on madame's dress." One wonders what will be the future of this little lad. The fact that they are learning the Word of God in their early days makes it hopeful. The most sad part of it all is that, when they are old enough to work, they are obliged to go to the towns to seek it. We thus lose the brightest and most intelligent of our scholars. How we wish we had some means to provide them with employment, and teach them some useful occupation. This would not only brighten their material prospects for the future, but would also

ensure the continuation of their spiritual instruction. Why should not these boys become evangelists among their own people?

M—— I——, a Christian lad who has been ill for some time, has been turned out of his home because he could not earn anything. We hear he has gone away, but do not know where. Another boy of fifteen years of age, a professing Christian, is not wanted in his home unless he can earn good money. He came to us nearly three months ago, begging us to give him work. We took him into the house and have fed and clothed him up to the present and given him a little pocket-money, but his father is continually coming here and grumbling at the lad, and takes every penny he has; so we fear we shall have to let him go. These are specimens of cases such as continually occur.

TUNISIA.

From Miss L. E. Roberts (Tunis).

ITALIAN WORK.

The New Year has dawned brightly and happily for us in our work amongst Italians in Tunis. On the last Sunday of the old year we had the joy of admitting seven new members into the Church. Three of them have been won through the Sunday School. One boy and one girl were quite small when they first came to us. One young man promises to be a help to us, as he is a good speaker; we have been praying to the Lord to send us "gifts" among us.

Since the New Year the people have begun to come out of their shell, as it were, after the terrible riots. And now that the *festas* are over, I hope to do some very necessary visiting. I am very much interested in one family. The wife had been taken when seven years old by her father to an Evangelical Sunday School, and had learned there a well-known hymn. She had never forgotten it, and she taught it to her little ones. The husband was persuaded by his brother to send his children to our school, and we happened to sing this very hymn. They ran home saying, "Mother, they sing your hymn!" One wee mite of five years

used to ask his father to sing with him, "I have a Father who invites me to heaven." The little fellow became ill and died, and his mother said, "The hymn he loved came true."

Our evangelist's sister-in-law is now working at Bizerta as Bible woman. Let me quote from her report of work among the women and children there last summer: "At first there were only four or five children, but others gathered round to hear the singing. After arranging them on the floor, I taught them the text, 'Suffer little children, etc.' I invited them to come again, and was surprised to find thirty-six children present. By means of the tracts given to the children I was able to testify to many women also, and some invited me to their houses. In one house a woman (possessed by Satan) made such a noise that I could not stay. I returned, however, though rather fearing to meet this woman again; but, instead, her daughter appeared and said she was an unbeliever. I spoke to her solemnly, and she went away impressed. On my next visit, later on, the woman herself appeared, but this time, no longer to disturb. She and her daughter both listened quietly, with respect, while I explained the Word of God, and they asked me to pray for them."

The New Islam.

By Colonel Wingate.

Many of our friends do not, perhaps, realise the force of the changes that are taking place in the Mohammedanism of to-day. The Moslem leaders of thought are setting themselves earnestly so to interpret the tenets of the Koran as to make it possible to be a good Mohammedan and at the same time able to live on equal terms with Western knowledge and twentieth-century civilisation. One of the most important centres of the re-statement of their religion is the Mohammedan College at Aligarh, in India, which is about to be raised to the status of a University for the sixty-three millions of Mohammedans in India. It is full of the new thought and the new Islam. It already leads the young students, as distinguished from the older generation of Moslems, throughout this vast dominion. Even such a conservative leader of the Mohammedan faith as the present Ameer of Afghanistan, the Shahzada or Prince Habibullah Khan, when on his visit to India, could not afford to pass by this centre of education, but specially visited it and accorded it his warmest approbation. In these students lie, perhaps, the best hopes of Islam from a Mohammedan's standpoint, for while they are most enthusiastic followers of their Prophet, they are prepared to adapt themselves to modern thought to a far greater extent than has hitherto been the case with Mohammedans. Signs are not wanting that these characteristics may soon spread and show themselves in the continent of Africa, specially in such intellectual centres as Cairo or Tunis, where the old violent fanaticism is at a discount, and thoughtful Mussulmans are prepared to concede a certain measure of liberality towards other religions, which they, nevertheless, regard as inferior. In this connection, a letter from a Mohammedan of good family, in the employ of the Indian Government, may be of interest. The man himself was a fascinating personality, grave, courteous, and deferential in his manner, with a winning gentleness that was very attractive. He would seek opportunities for conversing with any

earnest Christians, in the desire to get good from them. He was an exemplary husband to his one wife, an unselfish and loving father to his children, and his ability and industry set him high in the Government office.

From his letter we give a few extracts. It is addressed to a Christian officer with whom he had been thrown. "I have very often thought of expressing in writing to you my heartfelt gratitude, chiefly for the moral lessons I have learnt, directly and indirectly, from you. To come into contact with really religious and moral souls is a great blessing to one in my humble position, whose greatest ambition in life is to form a highly spiritual character. I spent practically the whole of the season last year up here in acquiring useful knowledge about Christianity, and my researches in that direction have thrown considerable light on some of the important questions concerning salvation of man. I, however, firmly believe in Islam as the highest and most practical form of religion the world has ever had, and, with this conviction borne in on me and with the sympathetic attitude I bear towards other religions, particularly Christianity, I am now slowly preparing to change my present (secular) profession, to become a server of humanity and preacher of truth." In a letter dated 18th January of this year (1912) this Mohammedan writes: "Need I assure you, sir, that I am earnestly endeavouring to change my life from that of a servant of the world to that of the servant of the Lord, and I hope I will soon succeed in effecting this desirable change. I expect to get my two years' furlough from the middle of March next (1912), and intend spending it in the service of the Lord, preaching peace and goodwill, and purity of thought and action."

Such expressions and ambitions as these used not to be found among Mohammedans, but this Mohammedan, although perhaps unusually self-denying and upright in his life, is only expressing views that are now shared by many of the most advanced of his co-religionists. While

remaining earnest, enthusiastic Moslems, they do not hesitate to make use of Christian modes of thought and speech, and

are, perhaps, for that reason the most difficult school of any to win to a whole-hearted surrender to Christ.

Slaves in Morocco.

By Miss I. De La Camp.

When mentioning slaves in Morocco to people in the homeland they sometimes seem surprised and ask, "Do you mean to say that slave-trade is still carried on in that country?" Aye, it is; there used to be public slave markets in all the larger towns, but owing to European influence most of these have ceased to exist. I know of only one place now where slaves—men, women, and children—are sold by auction in the market. However, there are still slave-dealers who sell them privately, who have them "on view" in their houses, and who hire them out by the day "on approval" until their customer is suited. It occasionally happens that a mother and her child are offered for sale; the mother is sold to one purchaser, the child to another. Thus they are separated—in all probability never to meet again.

It is needless to tell of the slave caravans coming from the Sudan, from Timbuctoo and other places, or of the sufferings of the poor human beings which compose them, for these are things well known to readers of missionary magazines.

Yet it is not only negroes and negresses that are sold as slaves; Circassians brought from Turkey fetch high prices. But perhaps saddest of all is the illegal slavery of such as are free-born "children of the country." When a raid takes place, either in inter-tribal warfare or in some punitive expedition of the Government, the younger women and the children are carried off and many of them are sold as slaves. Last spring, when the troops were raiding a tribe near Fez, they brought in women and children and sold them at the city gates for a trifling sum of money.

It is not unusual to come across women who remember being carried off from their homes in the days of their youth, and many a one may even be able to tell you the name of her tribe and village and family. Again, others are stolen owing to some family feud. One day I was preaching in

the dispensary and noticed a woman looking intently at me. When I had ceased speaking, she said, "Is not the fact that a girl has been stolen and sold sufficient to expiate for her sins?" Then she told me she had been stolen from her village on the eve of her marriage, by some members of the family of an unsuccessful suitor, and had been sold. She had passed from hand to hand, and was finally very comfortably settled in a rich man's house as the mother of several of his children, with no longer any desire to go back to her own people, although her tribe is only about twenty miles distant from where she is.

On the whole, I have not found that the slaves are actually ill-treated. They generally seem content and cheerful, and are not lacking in impertinence. Often they have a much better time of it than their mistresses.

Slaves are of marketable value to their master, therefore he must take care of them. If he wants to sell one, he would not get a good price if he or she were not in good condition. Of course, the prices vary according to age, colour, and capabilities, \$150-200 (about £23-30 at present rate of exchange) being a very fair price for a woman slave.

All slaves (except those composing the Sultan's bodyguard) are employed as domestic servants; the men as grooms, doorkeepers, farm labourers, etc.; the women as cooks, nurses, waiting-maids. Little children are sometimes bought for the children of the house, and grow up with them as their companions and playmates, tyrannised over by their young masters and mistresses, and very often acting as scapegoats for these. Although, as I have said above, the slaves are fairly well treated, one *does* come across cases of cruelty towards them. For instance, in case of illness a slave may be turned out of the house as being of no more use to her owner, and made to fend

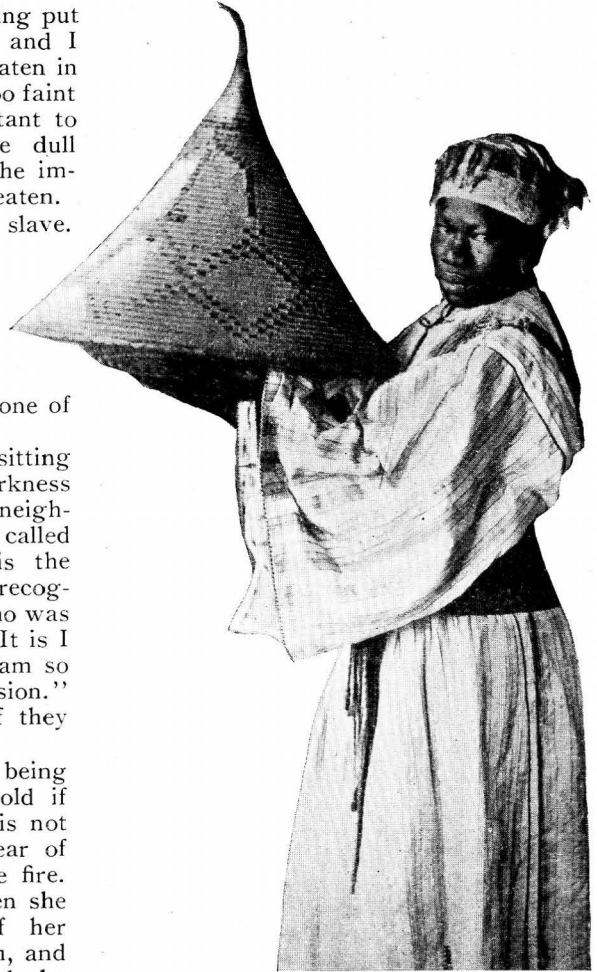
for herself. One hears of their being put into chains for various offences, and I have myself heard a slave being beaten in a neighbour's house until she was too faint to repeat the cry of "I am repentant to God; I won't do it again." The dull "thud, thud" of the rope gave the impression that a carpet was being beaten.

A sad sight is the burial of a slave. Unless it be a favourite slave, the body is taken to the grave without any of the usual chanting and repetition of the Moslem creed, and no prayers or passages of the Koran are read over it at the graveside. It is just a slave, only one of the possessions of "my lord"!

One summer's evening we were sitting on the roof, when through the darkness we heard the sound of weeping on a neighbouring roof. One of our number called out, "Who is there? What is the matter?" And a voice, which was recognised as belonging to a slave girl who was there "on approval," answered, "It is I (mentioning her name), and oh! I am so tired of being somebody's possession." How many would say the same if they dared!

Slaves have certain rights, one being that they can insist upon being sold if they are ill-treated, but this right is not often exercised, because of the fear of going from the frying-pan into the fire. A slave becomes a free-woman when she becomes the mother of a child of her master's. He cannot sell her again, and is bound to let her go away should she wish to do so. Of course, for the sake of her child she will not want to go, for it would have to remain behind in its father's house, having the same position as any other child in the family.

In a house I am in the habit of visiting, one slave, jealous of another, poisoned the latter. It was found out, and, remedies being given, the woman's life was spared. Irate that her deed had not the desired effect, the jealous slave administered a second dose of poison and ran away. She was found and brought back, but the whole household was terrified at having her in the house, and her master could not sell her because of her baby boy. Finally the child died, and the difficulty was overcome by her being sent away into service.



[From a Postcard.]

A Slave Cook carrying a Covered Dish.

It frequently happens that a man sets one or more of his slaves free on his death-bed, or in his will, this being considered a deed of merit. At his funeral the legal paper of manumission is carried behind the bier on a bamboo, which is split at the top to hold the document. I remember one case of fifteen such papers following the bier. Good deeds are not done in secret in a Moslem land! Those that are liberated can leave the house to go and work for themselves or to get married. Little colonies of such may be met with in the country. But as often as not, the freed slaves remain in their late master's house, helping in the household duties and

sharing in all there is to be had. I know of more than one instance in which a slave has been set free and has stayed with her mistress, who has been left in straitened circumstances, and has practically become her support, entirely of her own free will.

It will be asked, "Do the slaves respond to the Gospel when it is preached?" Other workers may have had a different experience, but personally I have found amongst the slaves some of the best lis-

teners and the most responsive. On the other hand, one comes across most fanatical Mohammedans amongst them, ignorant as they are and unlettered.

I would in closing put in a plea for prayer and effort on behalf of these who are doubly bound. Will you pray for the day soon to dawn when slavery shall be abolished in Morocco, and when many a one may also know Him Who came to set the captive free, as their Redeemer and their Lord.

At Raisuli's Headquarters.

The following account from *The Bible in the World*—the British and Foreign Bible Society's attractive monthly magazine—of a journey made by their sub-agent for Morocco, Mr. R. G. Steven (accompanied by two lady workers from Birmingham), in the course of which Arzila, where the notorious *Shereef* Raisuli, now Governor of the Province, has his headquarters, was visited and the *Shereef* himself interviewed, will be read with interest. It will be remembered that on various occasions Raisuli has kidnapped and carried into captivity prominent Europeans, including *Kaid* Sir Harry Maclean, keeping them close prisoners until he received large sums of money as ransom in addition to the invaluable privilege of British protection.

Our own energetic Missionary, Miss Jennings, is located at Arzila and is mentioned in Mr. Steven's article.

We are indebted to the Bible Society, through its North Africa agency, for a substantial annual grant towards our own colportage work in Morocco. E. A. T.

The Bible Society has been sowing the seed in Morocco for nearly thirty years. Its colporteurs have traversed the length and breadth of the country, and copies of the Scriptures have penetrated palace, tent, and mud-hut. Sometimes the populace appreciate our aims; but often they impute political motives to us. Recently, the men of Siguedla, a village to the south of Tangier, asked my opinion on the state of public affairs. I replied that I did not meddle with politics, but longed for peace, and hoped it would soon be restored; also that my desire was to bring their thoughts to bear upon the Word and Will of God.

"What do Christians know about the Word of God?" they asked.

This gave me the opportunity I sought. Undoing a parcel of books, I took out the Gospel of Matthew and began to read, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

"We have a man here who is righteous and pure before God," they interjected. I replied by quoting, "If we say we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His

Word is not in us"; and "There is none righteous, no, not one."

They admitted that that was so, and the village teacher purchased St. Matthew's Gospel and the Epistle to the Romans, paying me in delicious butter and milk, and giving me five eggs into the bargain!

In Raisuli's Capital.

Arzila is a sleepy little township of 2,000 inhabitants, including about 500 Jews and a few Spaniards. It is noted for nothing in particular, except that it is the headquarters of the *Shereef* and Governor Raisuli. I do not think it has had so distinguished a head since the time of the Goths, who inhabited the town before the Arabs swept over Mauretania. Some think the place has no future before it; but when railways are established in the country, Arzila may come into prominence, if only as a watering-place and health resort. The gardens are pretty, and the surrounding country teems with interest. As for bathing, the like is not to be found from Tangier to Mogador.

At one time a Christian church stood as

a witness to the Cross of Christ. Between 1471 and 1588 it was in the hands of the Portuguese, the ruins of whose castle and the walls built by them form to this day an enclosure for the town.

An Interview with Raisuli.

At Arzila we met the famous Raisuli. He received us most kindly, but we did not long remain in his august presence!

We were returning from an excursion round the top of the old walls of the town when we happened upon Raisuli's new house which is in course of erection. It is said that eighty small buildings have been pulled down to make room for this *petit palais*. While we were threading our way through the midst of the workmen and overseers we met the *Shereef* himself, who personally inspects the progress of the building. We saluted him in Moorish fashion, and he returned our greeting by shaking hands. I noticed that he was wearing stockings and brown English boots. He inquired who we were, and Miss Jennings of the North Africa Mission, who was accompanying us, explained. I then had a short conversation with the *Shereef*.

I said, "It has pained me exceedingly to hear of your serious illness; I trust you are much better."

"God be praised!" he replied, "I am now quite well. The blessing of God be upon you for inquiring!"

Pointing to the building, I said, "This promises to be a magnificent house when it is finished."

"Oh! it is a small affair," he replied, "but quite sufficient for me. I intend taking up my residence here, if God wills it."

"The district under your jurisdiction seems quite quiet now."

"Yes," he answered, "at present it is very quiet."

Raisuli then asked if we were making a long stay in Arzila, and, again shaking

hands with us, expressed the hope that we should have a pleasant time, etc. He had kept the conversation throughout on conventional lines.

I visited the prisons, of which there were two—both full. At the old prison I was flatly refused permission to hand in any books; bread, however, was accepted. At the new prison, which was still fairly clean, not only did I dispose of nine copies, but the warder begged one for himself.

Walking up and down with my books in the busy market, I was constantly stopped by people anxious to examine my wares. Some would look through every book, then go off, saying, "I knew what they were all the time." This test of patience, however, is not lost upon a bystander, who says, "If the book so influences a man as to make him patiently bear such insolence, it must be good; let me have a copy, please."

Then up comes an Arab woman, calling out, "Have you any left? I want two for my son outside." She was supplied—with the best thing in the market that day.

At Sidi Bao-Farah they taunted me with not fasting, saying, "It is unlawful to eat during *Ramadan*; we fast the whole month."

As a rule, I never argue with the people, but open the book I hope to sell, and read if possible a suitable portion in answer to anything they say. So in reply to the men of Bao-Farah I read, "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." I sold that copy of the Gospel immediately in exchange for some butter-milk—money being scarce.

In Morocco last year over 10,000 copies of the Scriptures were placed in the hands of the people. Of this total, more than 4,000 were sold directly to Moors.

Tangier, Morocco. R. G. STEVEN.

The Devices of Loving Hearts.

The paragraphs which follow find their way into NORTH AFRICA in the earnest hope that, through their record here, others may take a share in the erection of the holy house which, under the Master-

Workman's direction, is silently going up, each stone of which is a living stone, shapen without hands, and without sound of tool, and finding its place safe in the everlasting walls. What memories are

recalled as one thinks of little groups of missionary helpers in some country town or quiet village far away from the stress and rush of the larger cities; of invalids who forget their pain in their sympathy and intercession for the bringing of the peoples of North Africa to Christ! But the greater number of such deeds of love do not find their way into print, and it is only by gentle persuasion that these stories have been written for these pages.

Towards the close of each year since 1893 a gift has reached the offices of the North Africa Mission, in the earliest years through Pastor Frank White, and subsequently through his successor, Pastor Wright Hay of Talbot Tabernacle, Notting Hill, from

The Band of King's Daughters.

Inquiry for some tidings concerning the work of the Band elicited the reply that "it is quite a private affair—only a family and their friends doing what they can to help in the extension of the Father's kingdom." This "quite private affair" has, however, to the astonishment and wonder of the family in question, been the means of passing £800 into the missionary treasury. In sending us the account of it the founder asks that we should rejoice and give thanks that this small effort has had such a large result; and that prayer should be made that it may be kept in the right spirit for continued blessing.

How the Missionary Sale of the Band of King's Daughters was Formed.

"When I was a young girl, I was deeply interested in the China Inland Mission, and, knowing a friend of mine worked in her spare time kettle-holders, etc., for a poor cripple to sell in aid of his support, I felt led to work on behalf of the mission. My mother encouraged me by allowing a box of the articles made to be in the drawing-room with a card announcing the object, that our visitors on entering might purchase if they wished.

"During the first year, this little effort enabled me to send about £3 to the China Inland Mission, and my mother offered to lend her house for a sale of work, if my sisters and a few Christian friends would join. We formed into a band, naming ourselves 'The Band of King's Daughters,' and striving to work under our threefold motto, 'In His Name, For His Sake, To His Glory.'

"The Lord has so blessed our effort that we have been able to enlarge our interest in

the missionary cause, and the North Africa Mission had a share the second or third year, and now we are privileged to send to other missions as well, including *Pandita Rama-bai's* work in India.

"There is nobody well-off amongst us; the articles for sale are hardly ever more than ten shillings, and most are five shillings and two shillings and sixpence. I mention this to show what wide interest is taken in it, for it means a lot of small things and a lot of kindly people all doing their best; our ambition being to help to spread the 'glad tidings' all over the world.

"Dear Pastor Frank White has always opened the sale from the beginning."

E. C.

The following account of

Missionary Trading Pence

comes from the valued Secretary of our Weston-super-Mare Auxiliary:—

"About eighteen years ago the idea came to a lady living in a country town that a little help might be given to a missionary working in North Africa by means of starting a penny trading scheme among a few interested workers. Accordingly, these friends were invited to tea, and the scheme explained, and fourteen took pence and started to trade with them. After a few months a larger gathering was arranged, and £3 13s. 7d. was brought in as a result of the 'penny' work. The members of a Scripture Union Bible-class now became interested, and thirty-one pence were distributed for the next twelve months' work, and realised about £11.

"The work thus started has gone on steadily each year, and two Bible-classes for young ladies have now taken up the trading, assisted by a few older friends. An annual gathering is held each autumn in the home of the Local Workers' Union Secretary, who is also the leader of the Bible-classes, and when possible a missionary from North Africa is asked to give an account of the work. Last year saw the largest gathering of all—nearly ninety were present—and after tea we sang what we call our Missionary Penny Hymn, 'Let us seize the moments for the service of the King.' Then came a letter from Miss Jones, who is helping Dr. and Mrs. Churcher in Sfax, and to whom part of the money had been sent the previous year. After this we had the pleasure of hearing Miss Case (who is at home for rest after nearly twenty-one years in the work in Tunis) tell us something of what the Lord has done among the Italians in that city. A loving word of appeal was given to the girls present as to the primary importance of yielding their own hearts and lives to the Lord Jesus before they could do acceptable work for Him.

"After this address came the accounts of the pennies, given by the girls themselves, and most interesting it was to hear how ingeniously some have traded and others earned money for the fund. The ways spoken of are many; such as painting Christmas cards, darning, and other kinds of plain and fancy needlework, also marmalade making, typewriting, bicycle cleaning, mustard and cress selling, and others too numerous to mention.

"In all about £11 5s. has come in, and over seventy pence taken for next year's trading, which is a larger number than ever before.

"It is decided to spend ten shillings of the money in toys for the Christmas tree which is such a joy to children in Moslem lands who have so little to brighten their lives, and to divide the remainder between the work in Sfax and Tunis.

"So we 'thank God and take courage' for the way in which He has graciously prospered one tiny effort, knowing that 'little is much,' if God is in it." F. L. B.

Our friend Miss Jay, at Tangier, was much touched recently by a gift of £2 from the Somers Town Blind Society, who had given up their "Guide money" in order to be able to send it.

Next month we hope to tell the interesting story of the Young People's Missionary Band which was formed to support the "Me First" cot in the Tulloch Memorial Hospital.

By these and similar simple efforts the stream of healing is fed, and a dry and thirsty land is refreshed and blessed thereby.

E. A. T.

For the Children.

LOST AND FOUND. By Miss R. J. MARCUSSON.

II.

Mabrouk and his sister had now returned, followed by quite a train of children from the village; and how his face beamed with joy when we gave him a parcel of presents to distribute among his people—fruit and sweets, handkerchiefs, small scent bottles, safety pins, and of course dolls! Everything was heartily appreciated. The people in these distant parts are not spoiled by too many presents.

Little Mabrouk was the centre of everyone's delight and admiration. His clothes were all examined. "Look at his nice strong shoes!" said one. "He has even stockings!" said another. "His *burnous*! how good it is!" exclaimed a third. And the undergarments were not left unexamined either. Yes, indeed! he looked like a little prince in the midst of all those ragged children. His sister (Aischa) invited us to see their hut—the very one in which Mabrouk was born. He was small enough still to go through the door without stooping, but we had to bend low in order to get in. Yes! Mabrouk was right; there was not a bed to be seen. Not even a heap of rags as in some huts. Only the earthen floor and a wooden bench. We dared not remain too long there, because those earthen floors closed in by walls



Mabrouk,

With Miss Marcussun and her fellow-missionary.

are often inhabited by a lot of very undesirable little creatures.

The dinner was announced. An earthen dish, on which was the chicken with reddish gravy poured over it, was placed on a nice brass tray; the so-called bread, as thin as the blade of a knife, was neatly arranged round the dish. The tray was placed on the matting. A servant brought a brass basin and a jug of water and soap for our hands, and even a towel. We had to wash in turns, the servant holding the basin and pouring clean water over our hands. Then we took our places around the dish, and had to serve ourselves as best we could with our fingers.

The meal was delicious, the cook having taken care not to pepper it according to Arab taste, as we were Europeans. We were amazed that everything was so nicely prepared in such a short time, and we remembered Abraham's guests, and how he had a calf killed and prepared, and bread made for them. Our kind policeman thought he must show himself a gentleman, so he took the best pieces of the chicken and put them on our side of

the dish. We were glad that his fingers had been well washed just before. The bread looked like sheets of paper; we had to divide it into small pieces and dip it into the gravy.

Just before we finished dinner the poor old uncle and aunt arrived. The aged man had been working in the fields, and had been sent for to have an interview with us. Mabrouk's story was again repeated to the old couple and it was pleasant to watch the uncle's face as he heard about the little one—lost and found.

"Well, uncle," we at last said, "your nephew is here, before you. You are his legal guardian. Will you keep him?" "No," said the old man. "He is your son for ever. You have not only fed him and clothed him, but you have also paid his journey in order to give me the pleasure of seeing him again."

Mabrouk is still with us. Will you give help by your prayers for him, that he may not only be rescued for this life, but that he who was lost may be saved for eternity.

Bizerta, Tunisia.

Evangelising Among Tent-dwellers.

Kairouan has around it a great stretch of open country, with few trees, houses, or enclosed gardens, few hills (even small ones), and few made roads. But many groups of tents are dotted about the plain, especially on the bits of rising ground, out of danger from the mud or flood from the heavy but not long-lasting winter rains.

We reach these by the cheap and safe, though rather slow, means of donkey-back. An hour or two's riding takes us out as far as we want to go, and we manage perhaps four or five groups of tents in a day. The groups vary in size, as also do the individual tents. Sometimes there are only two or three tents together; sometimes as many as twenty or more. So also does the size of our audience vary from three or four to twenty or thirty. Occasionally we are taken into a spacious tent with some cleanliness and order about it—boxes for the owners' goods, saddlery, a gun, carpets, etc. More often the whole contents of the tent seems to consist of a few pots and sacks.

On arriving at a group, we are greeted first by the half-wild dogs, who have to

be kept off by sticks and stones; then generally some-one comes out to meet us. They may well wonder (if they do not know us) what European visitors can want there, and sometimes they are rather suspicious of us; but as a rule we are invited in after a few words of greeting.

We generally sing a little simple hymn or two. We cannot hope to leave *much* knowledge of the Gospel behind us, and we are never sure whether we shall find these folk in the same spot next year. Yet we do trust that the incorruptible seed is sown, and a living faith may result from it. Occasionally we meet some of these people when they come into town. Many have been visited several times—perhaps come across in some different part of the plain. In these cases we have been much encouraged by references to what was said or sung one or two years before, and by incidents recalled which we had forgotten. We often feel gladdened and touched at the end of a day's visiting, and realise that there has been more response to the Word than from some of our town classes and meetings.

E. E. SHORT.

Home and Foreign Notes.

The Monthly Prayer-Meeting

will (D.V.) be held at 4, Highbury Crescent, N., on the first Thursday of the month (March 7th) at 4 p.m. Tea at 3.30. A hearty invitation is given to all friends of the work who are able to attend.



We are glad to be able to state that **Miss N. Bagster**, who (as was mentioned in our November issue) was unable, owing to family reasons, to accompany **Miss Albina Cox** on her return to **Tebessa** last autumn, has now rejoined her at that station. May both our sisters be greatly helped in their work.



"WANTS."

The Tulloch Memorial Hospital, Tangier, is at present in much need of garments suitable for the use of the patients. If any friends desire to help in this way, they may obtain patterns of the garments required, by writing to the Offices of the N.A.M., 4, Highbury Crescent, London, N.



Morocco.

In a letter dated January 12th, **Miss Jennings** writes:—"I am at Hope House, Tangier, for a short stay, and I have enjoyed exceedingly the fellowship in prayer this week of the New Year Evangelical Alliance meetings. It is a *great* joy and privilege also to be personally interested in this earnest band of converts at the hospital under the fervent, prayerful ministry of our most zealous and capable fellow-workers, **Mr. and Mrs. Simpson**. Last evening I had fellowship with them at their weekly prayer meeting with the Christian Moors. Never before had I worshipped with nine saved natives; they all knelt down with us, their hearts and lips full of supplication and adoration to God in Jesus Christ's name. Oh, that this may be but droppings of mighty showers of blessing this year!"



Miss Breeze, M.B., of the **Women's Hospital**, Tangier, writes on January 26th:—"Just now we have very wet weather, so the number of patients attending is small, but on a fine day recently there were **ninety** women and children, and the door closed three-quarters of an hour before the usual time. Today, with heavy rain, there were thirty-nine attendances."



Writing from **Casablanca** on January 20th, **Miss F. M. Banks** says:—"We are having

nine girls to school now, and the bigger ones are reading the Gospels. It is very wet here; only forty-six came to the dispensary last week. Plague is still severe in the country around Mazagan, but so far, not in that town or ours. A very nice French pastor is visiting here, and having meetings for French Protestants."



Algeria.

In a letter from **Algiers**, written on February 1st, **Mr. A. Shorey** says:—"The **Kabyle porterboys' and shoeblocks' class** has considerably increased this winter. Since the New Year **seventy** boys have attended, and we have had an average of about thirty. Last Monday there were forty present. . . . Every Thursday we are having some **thirty or forty** Jewish children to our class—more than thirty boys and the same number of girls have been since the New Year. . . . I have bought a nice number of books to replenish the library from the money sent for that purpose. This winter the weather has been splendid, but the last two or three days have been cold and wet. The snow is lying on the mountains of Kabylia."



Miss Read reports from **Cherchell** that "the daily Scripture lesson is bearing fruit. Another big girl has confessed her faith in Jesus only as her Saviour. This is the fourth, and others seem ready to decide, but fear prevents them. I am sure you will thank God with us for this joy, and also pray for us that we may be guided in helping them; for conversion here does not bring them happiness among their parents and friends."



Tunisia.

Dr. Churcher writes from **Sfax** on February 2nd:—"We have registered about **800 attendances** at the medical mission during the month, having visited the market at **Djebebina** and also the fishing village of **Maharas**. At the latter place we had the pleasure of selling thirteen copies of the Gospel of Luke. As we looked at the bronzed faces of these fishermen, we could not help praying that they—like the eastern fishermen of old—might hear Jesus speak, leave all, and follow Him.

"We have some poor Tripolitan refugees here who spend the nights huddled together outside a tomb, without any shelter from the weather which is so cold that I am obliged to put my overcoat on my bed-clothes before I am warm enough to sleep.

"Mrs. Churcher has taken pity upon the women and children, and we are having them alternate days for a meal at sunset. They get bread and coffee and a handful of dates each. One can hardly imagine a more needy crowd. We try to cheer them up with a bright Gospel talk and a little singing. It has been nice that both **Miss Harrald** and **Mr. Reid** have been able to tell them this week, in their own tongue, of the wonderful works of God. The first day we had twenty, and they were very frightened; this evening there were **nearly a hundred**, and they even tried to sing! Who will help us to continue this good work amongst war's helpless victims?"



Mr. E. F. Short writes from **Kairouan** on January 29th:—"The watchmaker turned up last Monday towards the end of a lantern meeting; he walked home with me, and we talked specially about a baby which he has adopted. He had found it thrown out in the street late at night to die near his house. (It seems that this throwing-out of new-born babies, dead or alive, happens frequently in Kairouan.) After some time, he suggested that I should pray with him. The encouragement in this is, that he has been on our special prayer list for more than a year, and he had been neither to the house

nor the shop since our return in the autumn. Mrs. Short is visiting his house."



Tripoli.

Our mission station at **Tripoli** is again occupied after a period of several months. In a letter from that city, dated February 8th, **Dr. Maxwell**, who will have charge of the medical work there, writes: "We [Dr. Maxwell and Mr. Reid] had a very calm passage from Sfax, and found no difficulty was made by the Italians on producing our passports. . . . Tripoli is simply crowded with Italian soldiers, and conditions are very different from what they were in the days before the war. . . . The British Consul kindly took us out to the trenches. Tripoli, on the land side is quite impregnable, I should imagine. There is a big trench running for miles, with stakes and wire entanglements in front. . . . It was very sad to pass the ruined houses of the Arabs in the oasis; numbers have left the city and numbers are dead. . . . There seem to be very few Mohammedans about, and Tripoli is, of course, quite cut off from the interior. It will be necessary to begin very quietly at first. . . . We are expecting that **Mrs. Reid** and her children, with **Miss Harrald**, will (D.V.) arrive about Sunday, and we shall get settled down as soon as they arrive."

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER.

PRAISE.

For those among the patients at the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, Tangier, who have lately been converted; and prayer that they may bring glory to the Lord, and may be the means of leading others to Him.

For encouragement in Mr. Liley's meetings for Moslem men at Tunis.

For the seven new members received into the Italian Church, Tunis, on the last day of December.

For the baptism of a Mohammedan at Djemâa Sahridj in the month of January, and for several others there who are desirous of confessing Christ publicly.

For answered prayer in the improvement of health of some of the workers; also continued prayer that increased strength may be given, and that others still suffering may be fully restored.

PRAYER.

For Mrs. Roberts' work among the children at Hope House, Tangier; especially that the boys' class, about to be reopened, may prosper and be made a blessing.

For two men at Tetuan, who have asked for New Testaments, that their reading may

bring light to their souls. Also, for a lad-patient there who seems interested in the Gospel.

For the workers at Djemâa Sahridj, and all the work carried on there; that the Sunday-school may be blessed, and that the hearts of many in the neighbourhood may be opened to receive the word of the Lord.

That those who at Cherchell have recently professed faith in Christ may be upheld, and strengthened to bear hardship for His Name's sake.

For four men at Kairouan, in whom Mr. Short is much interested. These men seem impressed, and come again and again to the bookshop. One of them often asks Mr. Short to read the Scriptures to him.

For the workers at Tripoli who are taking up again the threads which from necessity have been dropped for a time. That wisdom may be granted to them, and a door of usefulness opened wide.

That the Lord, the "Possessor of heaven and earth." will graciously, through the instrumentality of His servants, send in the funds which are urgently needed at the present time for the carrying on of His work.

THE CHERCHELL CARPET INDUSTRY.

PRICE LIST.

No.	Size.	Description.	Price.
HEARTHUGS.			
	ft. in. ft. in.		£ s. d.
306	5 4 by 2 6	Orange and green centre on crimson ground, with white and blue—dark green and grey in border	1 8 0
310	5 1 „ 2 7	Red, white, blue and yellow designs on crimson ground... ..	1 8 0
320	7 2 „ 3 3	Salmon, white, brown and grey centre on pale blue ground—dark blue border	2 8 0
302	6 1 „ 4 1	Crimson, blue and green	2 9 0
HALL RUGS.			
332	7 0 „ 4 9	Green, white and blue on crimson ground. Rabat pattern	3 1 0
301	7 0 „ 4 9	Biscuit and crimson centre, with coloured border	3 1 0
333	7 9 „ 4 6	Sage and olive greens on orange, with light border	3 6 0
328	6 9 „ 5 0	Designs in blue, green, white and gold on crimson ground	3 8 0
379	7 0 „ 4 10	Crimson, blue and green. Smyrna	3 8 0
2	6 2 „ 5 2	Terra-cotta centre, with green flowers on reddish-brown ground, with green and white border	3 10 0
300	7 9 „ 5 0	Crimson and green diamond centre, with white and blue in border	3 14 6
CARPETS.			
338	7 10 „ 5 2	Olive green diamond centre surrounded by dull red, white and gold designs. Wide border of terra-cotta, white and gold flowers	4 0 0
331	7 9 „ 5 2	Green, white and blue on crimson ground. Rabat pattern	4 0 0
337	9 6 „ 6 6	Ditto	6 0 0
167	7 0 „ 9 3	Crimson, blue and green. Smyrna	6 9 6
325	11 6 „ 9 3	Ditto	14 0 0
364	13 0 „ 9 8	Ditto	15 0 0
304	14 6 „ 9 3	Ditto	14 0 0
449	12 6 „ 9 4	Ditto	14 10 0
425	14 6 „ 9 6	Ditto	15 10 0

These goods may be viewed at the office any day, except Saturday, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. Any article will be sent on approval, but carriage must be paid both ways if no purchase is made. Please apply to the **Secretary, Cherchell Carpet Industry, 4, Highbury Crescent, London, N.**

