

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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*A
Scene
in
Southern
Algeria.*

Office of the North Africa Mission—

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THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

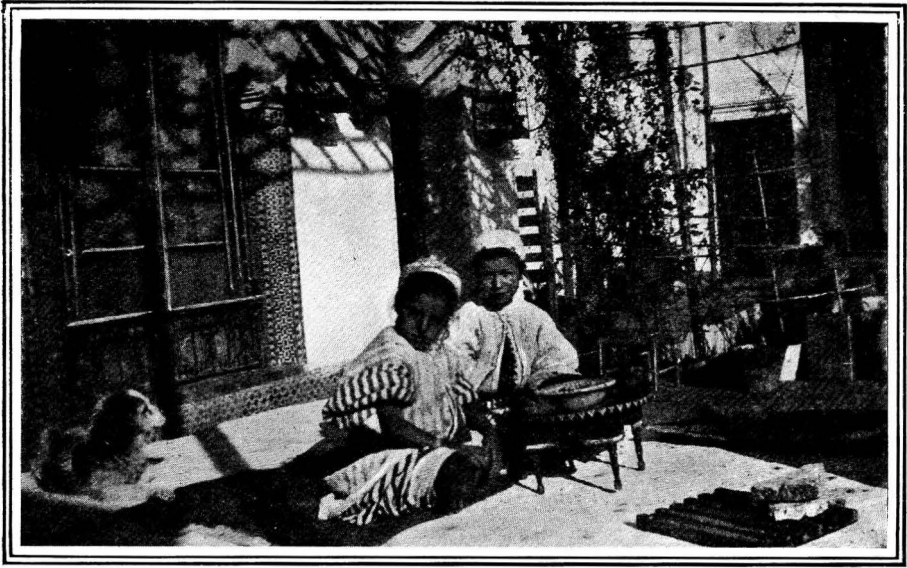
DONATIONS for DECEMBER, 1912.

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* Designated gifts are marked *

SUMMARY.

DECEMBER.		£	s.	d.		TOTALS—JAN. 1ST to DEC. 31ST, 1912.
General Fund	...	262	9	2		£ s. d. 3,824 14 10
Designated Gifts	...	402	5	8		2,801 11 2
North Africa — Subscriptions and Sales	...	5	7	10		59 15 5
Other Publications	...		6	18	6	6 18 6
Sundries	...	16	3	4		187 13 6
		£686	6	0		£6,880 13 5



Aisha and Rahemo—Two Little Girls in Tetuan.

Mountain and Sea.

By W. Blair Neatby, M.A.

"It was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them."—JOHN vi. 17.

THE dazzling miracle of the loaves had roused in the multitude a frenzy of enthusiasm. They were determined now that Jesus should baulk them no longer. Willing or unwilling, He must put Himself at their head, and at the approaching feast He should be crowned in the City of David. But, exerting His unequalled authority, He constrained the crowd to disperse peaceably. His disciples, who would have been of little use to Him in repelling advances so congenial to their own notions, He had previously directed to embark and seek the western shore. When the busy scene was at last deserted, He retired into the deeper recesses of the hills, and as night fell "He was there alone." (Comp. Matt. xiv.)

Meanwhile, one of the sudden storms to which mountain lakes are liable had arisen, and distressed, if it did not imperil, the little boatful of disciples. The excitement of the day was spent; the night was dark and stormy, and the Master was not there to interfere, as once before, between them and shipwreck. The fruitless rowing became, perhaps, to them the symbol of the Kingdom's fruitless toil. Doubts and murmurings were in their hearts, to which their hearts could find no answer, but which belonged only to the loneliness that the presence of Christ would at once have dispelled, as the morning light awakens us from our bad dreams.

On this occasion Christ anticipated the morning. As they were waiting for dawn (it was now the fourth watch) they saw Him walking on the surface of the waters and approaching their boat. The disciples doubted of what they saw, and cried out with superstitious fear. The tones of the Master's voice have a strange power of effectual revelation. The disciples on the lake, like Mary Magdalene in the garden, knew Him by His voice; and at the words, "It is I; fear not," were willing to receive Him into the boat. "And immediately," as John says, faith-

fully reproducing the impressions of that never-to-be-forgotten night, "the boat came to the shore they were bound for."

"Which things are an allegory"; and surely, to a mind like John's, the parable of the Mountain and the Sea was one of the most moving and inspiring of all his Master's lessons. In the nervous prostration that commonly follows an intense spiritual exaltation it may well be that the darkness, the fierce blast, the unrequited toil of rowing, fell with crushing weight on the hearts of John and his companions. Had the Master, they may have wondered, failed to foresee and provide for them, that He had withheld His presence just when their need was sorest, that He was on dry ground, in the repose of the immovable hills, while they were so storm-tossed and so spent with fruitless labour? Once before in a storm they had asked, "Carest Thou not?" Did they now say, "Knowest Thou not?" Was it the best they could hope for, that their Master, Whose preternatural wisdom and power had evoked in them such pride and such trust, might now, at His lonely post of observation, be torn with anxiety on their behalf, and be burdened with impotent distress that He could not reach them?

If so, it was only too like their dull and heavy hearts—and only too like our own.

For Christ is in the mountain now—we on the stormy sea. By His strange absence and His mysterious reappearance He was teaching His immediate disciples, and us through them, lessons that would be all-important to workers for Him in days to come.

I. The great lesson the disciples had to learn for days ahead of sore stress and storm was this: *that Christ's disciples do not owe their Master's presence with them to favourable conditions.* In those days He would be far away, and yet He would not be absent; invisible, yet not unseen. Perhaps at midnight on Gennesaret the deserted disciples had contrasted their lot sadly with that which had been theirs in the earlier storm, when the Master arose from their midst and rebuked the winds, for they did not yet know that Christ gives "grace for grace," making every fresh need the occasion for a blessing that supersedes all that have gone before. Even so, the weeping sisters at Bethany could only say, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, our brother had not died!"—letting their regrets linger fruitlessly in the dead past instead of sending their hopes onward to embrace the living future. Yet, if the twelve had had their Master with them when the storm arose, or if the sisters could have had Him with them in time to prevent the death of Lazarus, in either case the boon of a moment would have been paid for in the impoverishment of a lifetime—nay, of an eternity.

How often the band of apostles in the days to come must have longed to exchange faith for sight, have yearned (as Christ foretold them) to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and they did not see it. And then would come to them in infinite consolation the message of that night. The Lord had not been far from their help when He was on the mountain and they on the sea; nay, He had never been nearer than when He seemed so hopelessly remote. In the earlier storm terror had driven them to wake Him. Now He was wakeful over them; theirs were His prayers, we cannot doubt, and theirs His so timely help. A gracious picture, surely, of the glorified Lord, Whose resurrection had liberated, on their behalf, powers in Him hitherto restrained, had exempted Him from the limitations of His earthly lot, and had made Him far more accessible, and far more intimately near, than He had ever been in the days when He went in and out among them.

II. Perhaps John might have put his gain from that old lesson higher still. He had learned that *it is across tempestuous waters that Christ's presence is vouchsafed the most blessedly and gloriously of all.* The disciples were much

beholden to the darkness and the tempest, the toil and the dread. For thereafter what would be their closest associations with the stormy sea? No longer the gloom and the terror, but the vision and revelation of the Lord. There are more fearful tempests than those that the winds arouse; but would any later tempest rise, of whatsoever kind, but what every piercing blast of it would come laden with the all-comforting presence of the Lord?

The prophet who was commissioned in Patmos to prophesy on behalf of a sorely "suffering seed of the kingdom," being in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, was granted most seasonably the vision of Christ in radiant triumph over Death and Hell—the very forces by which the Church in tribulation was seemingly ready to be overwhelmed. The same vision must have often been ministered to John by the remembrance of the midnight storm. In the earlier storm on the lake Christ had stilled the waves. In the later He does far better; He makes their crests the paths of His feet, and in the sight of His disciples takes His steadfast way across them. The hosts of Israel passed through the sea on dry land, but some better thing was prepared for us, the children of a better dispensation—even to walk with Christ upon the wave-tops, lords by His victory of the great deep. It is not enough now that the hungry waves should forcibly be held back from us by the hand of God: the engulfing flood is to sustain our feet and to set us on our high places. The Song of Moses has been re-set to nobler music, and the Church does not wait to sing it until the storm-tossed sea has become crystallised in the Paradise of God (Rev. xv. 3).

God Does not Fail His Servants.

The North Africa Mission took up Gospel work in North Africa among the Moslems of the Barbary States when neither the older and larger Societies, nor the newer and smaller missions, felt themselves able to do so. The founders of the Mission determined to go forward, looking to God to supply the missionaries, and the means to support them and their work. The volunteers for service were warned that the work was very difficult, and that the directors of the work, not being wealthy persons, could not promise that they should receive a regular or guaranteed income. They undertook only to send them as able from the supplies that God provided them with, and begged them not to go forth unless they were prepared to trust God to sustain them in some other way if the Mission were not able to send them as much as they felt they needed. Everyone who went out clearly understood the position of affairs, though probably few realised either the difficulties of the work or the trials of faith they would have to experience.

Now that the pioneering work has proved successful, and country after country has been opened up, it is easier for others to take a less trying path, but it is only by heroic efforts that difficult work can be inaugurated and maintained. Over thirty-one years have elapsed since a start was made, and over thirty-two since it was initiated. It may now fairly be asked, Has the plan succeeded? We

believe that we can say decidedly that it has.

It is, of course, true that as yet but a beginning has been made, and results are lamentably small. All the organisations together have barely touched the fringe of what needs to be done; yet there is a wonderful advance upon the condition of things a generation ago, and with such a gracious God as we serve, such a Saviour as we worship, and such a Holy Spirit who works effectually in the hearts of men, there is every encouragement to go forward with hope and gladness.

The year that has just closed has been financially a trying one. The first few months were especially so, and their effect has been felt to the end of the year, and is still influencing the work.

The total receipts for the year 1912 were considerably less than in 1911, during which a large legacy was received, but, apart from that legacy, the receipts of 1912 are several hundred pounds more than the previous year; besides which, a generous donor has given us a large house at Tulse Hill, which, if transformed into cash, would very considerably augment the income of the year just closed.

During the four weeks ending January 15th the total receipts have been £682 2s. 2d., but a considerable portion of this has been for designated purposes, and we are still crying to God to send in quickly the larger supplies He sees we need. He will not fail us, but He does almost constantly try our faith.

Evangelisation in Egypt.

By Mr. W. Dickins.

October 25th, 1912.—Visited Batanoun, a village on the railway to the north of Shebin-el-Kom. The first important place we saw was the Coptic Church, so we entered its grounds and were welcomed by the priest, who we heard is greatly respected by his people and has a curate whose special work it is to teach his people their religion. He offered me the opportunity to preach if in the district on a Sunday. The church itself we found greatly neglected and very dirty, but the priest encourages education, and the girls' school is the cleanest and tidiest of all the schools we have seen.

While Mrs. Dickins visited the women and their families, I took the opportunity of calling on the *Omda*, who showed me the ordinary hospitalities considered necessary for visitors, and listened attentively while I read and expounded a short portion of God's Word, the cotton-dealers around neither responding by any sign of approval or disapproval. This *Omda's* daughter attends the Coptic School. On my return to the church to meet Mrs. Dickins, the young curate presented me with a large Catechism in Arabic, composed by himself, the chief interest of which is that the proof-texts are quoted from the Bible Society's version of the Arabic Bible, and fully vowelled. At the station, while waiting for our train, Mrs. Dickins gathered a large congregation of villagers and donkey-boys, who listened with much interest to her story of the Gospel.

October 29th.—We left Alexandria for the Menoufia district a second time. On the way we had an important conversation with a young Jew, trained in one of the American schools, who accepted a Gospel, and asked for another copy for a friend.

October 30th.—Visited El-Moseilha, an hour's walk from Shebin, eastward. After a conversation on the way, I gave a copy of a book on the subject of kindness to animals to a youth. This led the men to ask questions, and proved a splendid introduction to a talk on the Gospel message of love. In the village itself I found

a blind man sitting on the counter in a grocer's shop, and on saluting him was asked to take a seat by his side. Soon the villagers gathered, and, in answer to his questions, I proclaimed the truth that saves. Mrs. Dickins was welcomed by a good woman, who took her to her son's school. She told the boys a Bible story and then visited several sick ones. As we were leaving, we met a coachman driving a carriage with two horses. We gladly accepted his offer to drive us back to the outskirts of Shebin, as we were very tired.

November 1st.—This being Friday, the Head Master of our school at Shebin was able to accompany us by way of train to Menouf, where we spoke to some Moslems while waiting the arrival of donkeys, and then westward we trotted to Kafr-Belmisht. Here, on the verandah of a good house, the property of the brother we were visiting, a converted Copt, we carried on a conversation concerning our Lord and faith in Him, with friends assembled, and afterward held a communion service in the house. Here we learned that the *Omda* possesses an Arabic Bible, and reads it. In returning, owing to delay in getting the donkeys over the canal, we had a race to catch the train. We had promised to conduct another communion service at Shebin at 4 p.m. Nearly all the brethren in fellowship at Shebin were present at this gathering, and it was a time of much joy in the Lord.

November 4th.—Began our third journey to the Menoufia province. On the 5th, visited Tombadi, an hour's walk north of Shebin-el-Kom, by the river-side. An intelligent *fellah* overtook us, and we conversed on the way of salvation and the life of faith. When he stopped at a water-wheel, I photographed him and his friends. At the entrance to the village we found a Moslem boys' school, with some *Sheikhs* and students of Moslem theology at the door. While Mrs. Dickins crossed over the river by the bridge, and spoke to the people there, I stayed and spoke with these men. After a time I saw quite a crowd round my wife, so I photographed them, to the great amusement of my

friends, who, of course, wanted to see the picture immediately. This gave me the opportunity of telling them that much is happening that none of us can see immediately. Afterwards we visited a Coptic *sarraf* or money-changer, and found his heart very hard. Later on, another opportunity presented itself to us both to preach the Gospel to the Moslems. Two strong *fellaheen* brought their donkeys from their fields, and accompanied us back to Shebin.

November 6th.—Went by river at 7.45 a.m. to Delatun, south-east of Shebin. In a narrow lane leading to the village, Mrs. Dickins saluted some women, who at once clustered round her, and showed great interest in the Gospel story. I found the *Omda* indisposed, but on the verandah had a full opportunity to put my message before a young engineer who had also called to see the chief of the village. While conversing with an aged Moslem at his shop door, some rough young men tried to draw me to discuss the merits of Mohammed, but I stuck to my text, which is Christ crucified. Mrs. Dickins became specially interested here in a young girl who was described by her people as "bad." She seemed moved by the missionary's kind treatment, and accompanied us outside the village. I took a photo of a group with her and Mrs. Dickins in the centre.

We crossed the canal to a place called Shenawan, which had been described to me as fanatical; but the door opened as I accepted the proffered hospitality to drink coffee with a Moslem. His friends soon came and asked questions and listened. Returning in the train, several Moslems enquired about our teaching, so we invited them to come to the meeting to be held that night in Shebin.

November 12th.—Visited Tala, a large town to the north of Shebin. Here I had a useful conversation with the director of the cotton-market, a Moslem, who gave me the name and address of his son at school in Tanta, and hoped I would visit him. In early life this man had come under the influence of Dr. Hogge, an evangelical missionary, and had learned at



Miss M. Thomassen, Miss J. E. Earl,
Miss R. O. Hodges
(Alexandria).

least to respect the Gospel and those who preach it. I was invited to drink coffee with a builder in a new house that was being built, and spoke there of the wise and foolish builders.

November 13th.—At Mina Wahla, south of Shebin. Here we were a great curiosity to the whole village, especially to the children, who followed us, keeping at a safe distance, in case we should prove mad creatures. The *Omda's* representative gave orders for us to be respectfully treated. After I had saluted him, and told him that we were preachers of the Gospel, he left us free to visit the people. A timber merchant's shed belonging to a Copt became the House of the Interpreter; a tree-trunk in another place a seat from which "The Story of Joseph" was told to these village children; a water-wheel became our dining-saloon—so public that passers-by saw all we did and heard easily all we said. At the meeting in the chapel at Shebin that night I felt led to speak on the witness of the Spirit with our spirits, and felt how true His promise is: "Lo, I am with you always."

"Ye may yourself ebb and flow, rise and fall, wax and wane; but your Lord is this day as He was yesterday; and it is your comfort that your salvation is not rolled upon wheels of your own making, neither have ye to do with a Christ of your own shaping."—*Samuel Rutherford*.

A Blood-Feud in the Riff.

Some folks at home may think it impossible that within a few days' journey of London there are active blood-feuds at work, as real as in olden times. But it is a fact; and in the past few days I have heard an account of one going on in the Riff country at this present time, which very closely touches our late servant-lad and his family.

The Riff country lies along the north-east coast of Morocco, immediately west of Algeria. Nominally it is under the government of Morocco, but practically it has no government but its own. This particular feud of which I write seems to have begun about twenty years ago.

Two men had a quarrel. We will call them A and B. B had a partner, C, who ploughed his ground with him, and they worked the land together. But A went to C and offered him a good sum of money if he would do away with B by whatever means he liked. C accepted the commission to get rid of his partner, and shortly afterwards bought some arsenic, which he put into a pot of drinking water, and left it handy for his friend to drink when he came in hot and thirsty from his work. B came along and took the pot of water, which was standing in its usual place, and drank it off in Moorish fashion—*i. e.*, till he reached the bottom. Soon after, he was seized with violent pains, and died in great agony. No one knew if he had died of "a sickness from God" or "by the hand of man" until C got his reward. Then suspicion fell on C, and B's friends took the matter up. They hired two men to do away with C. So, a month or two afterwards, as he was ploughing one day, he saw two strangers looking about, and he asked them what they wanted. They came up to him and began to inquire if there was anyone in the neighbourhood who would hire himself to them, to help with their ploughing. While C was talking to one of the men, the other got behind and, stabbing him in the back, killed him on the spot. So B's death was atoned for!

Then C's friends took up the feud, and so it has gone on down through the years.

Five years or so ago, our lad's father was shot in this same feud; but, though his shoulder was broken, he was not killed. At about the same time, a small half-brother (the son of the father's other wife), a child of about two years, was shot in the hip and badly wounded while playing near the door of the hut.

Soon after this, the Riffs began to fight the Spaniards, and their *Sheikhs* ordered that blood-feuds should be held in abeyance while all united to fight the common foe. A fine of two hundred dollars was to be paid by any Riff who sought to carry on his feud until they should have unitedly settled the hated "Nazarenes." And so these blood-enemies were found fighting side by side, and sometimes dying side by side; till we, cold English, would have said that the feud was all forgotten. But no! No sooner was the Spaniard settled than it all broke out afresh, and as hot as ever. One man was killed a few weeks ago, and the return shot, though it did not kill, shattered the enemy's leg. Our lad, with his mother and two younger brothers, went to the Riff about two months ago to visit a married sister, not knowing that the old trouble was reopened. Now we hear that this lad (aged fifteen), or one of his younger brothers, is wanted by the other side to pay one of their debts, and we are hoping that they may be able to make good their escape and get back to town.

One wonders how many lives have been already lost through this feud, and how many more will be taken before the two sides can agree to be friends, and cement the agreement by intermarriage—the usual way of ending the matter. What a state of affairs! And this, not in Central Africa or inland China, but almost within sound of Gibraltar, and within a few days of Christian England—that knows God's message of peace and love and—so largely keeps it to itself!

A. G. HUBBARD.

Tetuan, Morocco.

A TRIP TO NORTH AFRICA.—A gentleman who is hoping to go to Algeria and Tunisia for three weeks or so in March to see the country and to visit the mission stations, would be glad of one or two companions. Full particulars on application to Rev. W. G. Pope, 60, Devonshire Road, Prince's Park, Liverpool.



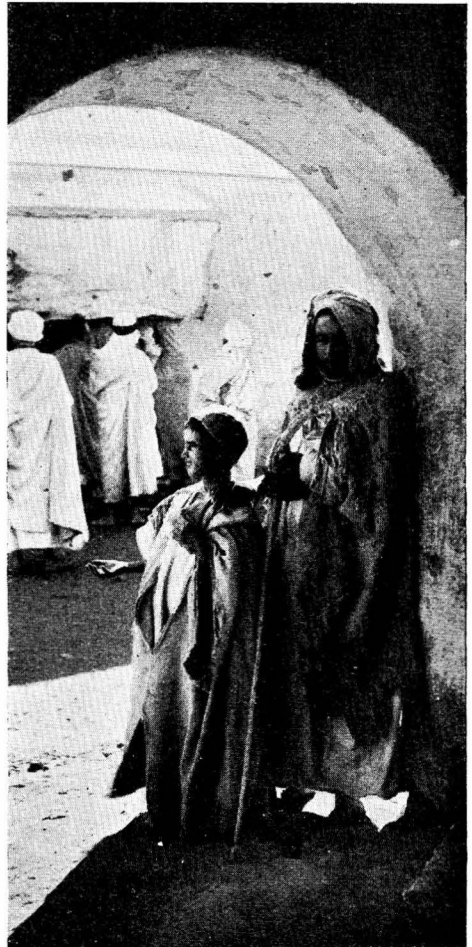
Our va'ued friend and Honorary Secretary of the Dublin Auxiliary, Mr. S. S. McCurry, has, "during those occasional hours of leisure which remain after a busy life day by day in the city," given to us a volume of verses which he has recently published under the appropriate title, *The Smell o' the Turf*. Hard by his home at Glenageary, Co. Dublin, is the leafy glen to which he invites us, where he received the inspiration to pen many of these poems. He does not, however, keep us in the glen, but takes us to other spots in his native land, and then on pilgrimage to Cowper's Garden at Olney, Gray's Tomb at Stoke Poges, Milton's Cottage, and further afield still to the Colosseum and the Catacombs at Rome, and thence to Fez in Morocco. We are glad that the last-named country, in which our friend has taken so deep an interest for many years, has found a place in his choice little book. His previous volume, *In Keswick Vale*, received a warm welcome, and we are sure the present volume will be similarly received. Professor Dowden, of Trinity College, Dublin, contributes an appropriate introduction, and the book is dedicated to his own daughter, Christabel, who is working at Budapest in connection with the London Jews' Society. The price of the book is 2s., and it may be obtained direct from Mr. McCurry, 3, Spencer Villas, Glenageary, Co. Dublin.

E. A. T.



In shadow of a crumbling mosque he stands,
 An aged mendicant with want outworn,
 Eyes from their sunken sockets ruthless torn,
 For crimes in lawless youth—for so demands
 The cruel Moslem code. With trembling hands
 Outheld for aid he only lives to mourn,
 Till kindly death beyond the earthly bourn
 Shall carry him at last, and loose his bands.
 To motley crowds that careless come and go
 He murmurs, "Give me what belongs to
 God":
 That cry proclaims the debt that Christians
 owe
 His country where Mohammed's legions trod,
 And with the sword their creed unholy spread,
 Robbing her children of the Living Bread.

S. S. MCCURRY.



IA Blind Beggar, thousands of whom are to be seen in North Africa.

Back Again at Arzila.

By Miss C. S. Jennings.

The following should have been inserted in a previous issue, but its appearance was unavoidably delayed for lack of space.

We reached Tangier on October 19th, after a most enjoyable voyage of four days. On board the Dutch steamer we had the pleasure of meeting five fellow missionaries returning to Algiers, and with them had daily helpful Bible reading and worship.

At 7 a.m. on Friday, October 25th, I was again mounted on a pack mule. Joining the rest of the party some four miles outside Tangier, we formed a caravan of sixteen animals. Some of these poor beasts were most cruelly overladen; two fell down—loads and all—several times from sheer exhaustion, so that by 2.30 they could go no further. Hearing from travellers whom we met that the two bridgeless tidal rivers still before us were unfordable, we camped on the plain, and gladly I lay down on my mattress in the muleteer's large open tent, across the centre of which was piled up the luggage, forming a division wall.

After a good rest, I went out with some Scripture portions, and soon found a group of men sitting by a hedge. To these I preached Christ till sunset, when the head of the village, an old patient of mine, brought me some water, milk and eggs. So I soon made my supper, and just as I finished it a further present of native crumpets and butter arrived. The Spanish carpenter employed by Raisuli on his mansion at Arzila came up with a caravan of forty animals to spend the night in this hamlet, and so I had a talk with him. He had heard the Gospel from a fellow missionary in Tangier.

At 8 a.m. we were on the road once more. I thanked God for the trying delay, as it gave me the opportunity of speaking for Him to some village women, who called to me across the hedge asking me for some medicine, which, however, I was unable to give them. We

safely crossed the two rivers at low tide, and by noon entered the city gate of Arzila, and were greeted by many Jews who were strolling on the sands in their Sabbath best.

The first evening I visited the home of our "little *fokeeh*," who, with his parents and sisters, gave me warm greetings. Thirteen women came to my Bible class on Sunday, and two days ago I had seventeen. All the widows, Jewish and Moslem, are anxious to be marked as attendants, so that in two or three months' time they may receive the longed-for new garments.

The Moorish lad, M— B—, who has been reading on and off all the summer with Miss N—, and appears to be really seeking the Truth, has been to read with me twice since my return. The second time he came he knelt down in prayer with us. We believe he has suffered persecution at home on account of coming to us and reading the Scriptures.

A Moorish soldier, whom I knew in Laraish, is also visiting us frequently and reading the Gospels. Pray with us that this steady, quiet seeker after truth may soon find Christ. He has asked us to teach him to pray.

On Thursday morning a Moor came to ask us to visit his sick wife in the Kasbah. It cost me quite an effort to double myself up sufficiently to crawl through the three-foot-high doorway. Then, in the dusky interior, I found a very sick woman sitting on a mattress. A tiny low tea table was brought by her little girl for me to sit on. After a little talk I recognised in this dying woman a Riffi friend whom we had known long ago; but oh! so wasted with long-continued fever. Alas! that same evening she passed beyond the reach of our care.

You must learn to make evils your great good, and to spin out comforts, peace, joy, communion with Christ, out of your troubles that are Christ's woeful to speak for you to Himself.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

The Stream and the Source.

(Translated from the Arabic.)

In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

[The following, being an English translation of one of Miss Trotter's story parables, appeared some months back in the pages of "Blessed be Egypt," from which we copy it in slightly abridged form.]

A girl-orphan named Shereefa was taken from her village up to the hill-country to be married to a peasant, and the old woman who took her stayed the three days, and then left her. The new home, though only a miserable hut, was yet pleasant owing to the birds singing all round it, with the sun shining above it and the fig-tree flowering in the garden, for it was now summer.

Before the summer was finished, she grew anxious and weary, for her mother-in-law was always ill, and her disease caused her to become fractious, and so no one came to visit her. Then the poor girl's husband went off to the grape harvest, and ordered her not to go out, so she was unable to go to the bath, or to the saints' tombs, or even to the cemetery on Fridays, to get relief from her cares. In addition to all this, Ramadan fell in the late summer that year, so that the fast-days were very long and hot, and no one came to spend the evenings with them.

As Shereefa knew that her husband would return home for Lailat el-Qadr, she told herself that she would ask him to let her go to visit some of the friends on the day of the Eed es-Sagheer (Little Feast). So she prepared him a nice supper to make his heart glad, and then, when she saw his face smiling, she ventured to ask him her request. He considered for a time, and then said, "Truly you have been alone the whole summer, and did not cry much; well, I will go and see Aly Ben Sayid at the café to-night, and as his house is opposite us, he may perhaps tell his family to take you with them." She was glad to hear this, for she remembered that she had seen Haneefa, the wife of Aly, and had been to her wedding.

When her husband arose and went out the next morning, she opened her box of clothes which she had carried away from her wedding, although it is true they were not very many, for her dowry was only ten dollars. As soon as she saw them, her joy turned into sadness, for her box had been an old one, and so the dust had penetrated into it the whole summer, and spoilt all her clothes, without her knowing anything about it.

However, she soothed herself with the thought that there were still left three days in which to wash her things at the stream in the garden, and she would do that the next day, so as to be ready on the third day.

The wind, however, blew strongly that

afternoon, and the hut shook all night, and then, when the wind ceased in the morning, the rain came down unceasingly all that day, along with thunder and lightning, so that her heart fainted and her brain worried over her washing.

When she rose from the sleep the third day, that is the day of the Feast, she found the sun shining and the birds singing, so she took her bundle of clothes and went to the stream to wash. The water was not, however, like the town water, for the rain had stirred up the mud of the ditch, and made it all slimy. Still she washed as hard as she could, hoping to get them clean at last, but really she made matters worse, for the clay of the ditch got over the clothes, and spoilt them. She then, in despair, sat down and cried until she could cry no longer, for she would now have to sit indoors like a prisoner, hearing nothing and seeing no one but her husband and mother-in-law, of both of whom she was quite tired.

While she was sitting crying thus, she heard the voice of women going along the road to the village, and this diverted her thoughts, and she mounted up on the cactus hedge. There she saw Haneefa, the wife of Aly, and her daughter, carrying their bundles of clothes on their heads. As they had not yet seen her, she clapped her hands to them. When Haneefa turned, Shereefa called to her to come in, and when she had walked along the narrow path to the hut, she asked her, "Why are you crying, my daughter? You know that you are coming with me to-morrow to see the world." Shereefa answered her, "That is the reason of my crying, for my clothes are dirty, as you see, and I cannot get them clean, so how can I come with you and shame myself before people?"

Haneefa said, "You are excused, my girl, for you are a town-child, and do not know the country; such as you wash in the stream during the time of rain; do you not know that the *spring* is there behind that olive-tree?" She said, "No, I know nothing about it at all, I am only a little wild animal; how should I know things with no one to teach me?"

Haneefa replied, "Look at the clothes which I have just washed, they are as white as milk, and now I will spread them in the sun to dry. There is yet time, and the sun is still strong; run and ask your mother-in-

law to let you return with me to the spring."

Shereefa went and asked the old woman, but she turned her face in her matting, and said, "That's your business; if your husband comes home, and finds you not here, you will get a beating with the stick, so please yourself (*lit.* consult yourself)."

She came away and went with Haneefa, and when they drew near the spring there were lots of women coming and going; those coming up bore bundles of dirty clothes, and those going down had nothing but clean ones. When she looked at the spring she saw why it cleaned away all the dirt-stains, for it came out from a rock, and ran as clear as crystal. When she soaked her clothes in it, it cleaned away every old dirt-mark, and all those which the muddy ditch had made. With all joy she spread them in the sun, and found that that only increased the whiteness.

On the day of the Feast she went along with a heart that nearly leaped for joy, and thought that she had never seen a feast like it, for the days of her loneliness had gone like a dream.

THE INTERPRETATION.

You know, O sister, that you also, the same as Shereefa, have many days of weariness and loneliness, and your thoughts go upward to Heaven as hers did to the coming feast, and perhaps you long for it, and you know that it is all purity, and so you try to purify yourself now in preparation for it, and you strive to cleanse yourself, not your clothes but your spirit, by doing good works, and by praying to the prophets, and by visiting the graves of saints, hoping that they will be able to remove your burdens. These good deeds are, however, all mixed with worldliness just as the water of the stream was mixed with mud, and so they cannot take away your sins. Then you know that the prophets and saints were all sons of Adam like us, being born into the world like the rest of them, and dying and turning back into dust like their fathers and their children; every one of them had to "bear his own sins about his neck," so not one of them could bear your sins. Similarly, your almsgiving and fasting, and visiting the graves of saints, all alike are connected with this world, and so all resemble the muddy water which cannot remove spots and stains.

You know, my sister, that this is a true word, for your own reason and perception bear witness to it. Are not your almsgivings and your lighted candles at the tombs of your Sheikhs mixed with pride and show? Is not your reason for doing these acts that people may observe you? When you visit the graves, is not that partly an excuse for gossiping with your neighbours?

Thus you see that your good deeds only add



An Oven-boy carrying Bread, Tangier.

to your heart more harm and filthiness than before, instead of removing the sin that was there. The longer you live, the more you will despair of perfecting your deeds, for God (let Him be exalted) declares that this is beyond your power, and He knows all things.

Listen, O sister, before the time passes; for we, followers of the Messiah, have come near to you, just as Haneefa did to Shereefa's garden, and we are able to tell you about a spring of water as clear as crystal; this spring has already washed away our own sins and filthiness, and is able to take away your dirtiness also.

This spring is Jesus Christ our Lord, and He is not like the prophets. The prophets lived as we live, a life mixed of good and evil; but in our Lord Jesus Christ there was no trace of sin, and therefore, when He died for us, He was able to bear our sins. This matter is too great for our understandings, yet it is quite true.

If we do not know exactly *how* the water cleanses our clothes, yet we do believe that

it takes all the dirt away, so that it no longer exists, and Jesus Christ can do the same for the sins of any who will come to Him, for the Holy Scripture says that He bears the

sin of the world. Do not therefore despair, but come to Him: then, on the Feast-Day, the great Day of Heaven, you will awake quite free and happy. Amen.

Sketches from the Home Base.

Leaving behind the severe wintry weather in the North of England, as indicated in last month's Notes, we immediately proceeded to the **South Coast** for a short series of meetings at **Portsmouth, Bognor, Shoreham, and Brighton.**

A lecture in **Rudmore Hall, Landport, Portsmouth,** introduced us to some of the friends associated with the **Young People's Missionary Band,** an account of which was given in the article "*Putting God First*" in the issue of **NORTH AFRICA** for April last. It will be remembered that this Band was started in 1903 with four members, who agreed to give at least a penny a week and two garments a year. The first year £3 was sent away, but gradually the numbers grew, and it was decided to undertake the support of a Bible woman. Now, with a membership of sixty, and a similar number of younger helpers (children), over £100 is collected, and a Chinese Bible woman, native teachers in the New Hebrides and India, and a leper child in China are supported, in addition to a contribution of £10 a year towards the support of the "*Me First*" Cot in the **Tulloch Memorial Hospital, Tangier.** "Lest we forget," I repeat these brief particulars with reference to the **Y.P.M.B.,** while referring our readers who wish to know more about this most useful Auxiliary either to the April issue of **NORTH AFRICA** above referred to, or to Miss **F. E. Russell,** of **Nailsea, Somerset,** Secretary for the medical work of the Band, or to Miss **Gertrude Vosper,** **The Beeches, Waterlooville, Hants,** the **Honorary Secretary** of the Band, and **Editor** of its interesting little bi-monthly paper, *News from Far and Near.* We should be glad to hear of others forming branches of this Band, and again commend the little book "*Me First,*" by **Florence Markham,** which originally led to its formation, and which can be obtained from our office or from either of the friends named for 1s. post free.

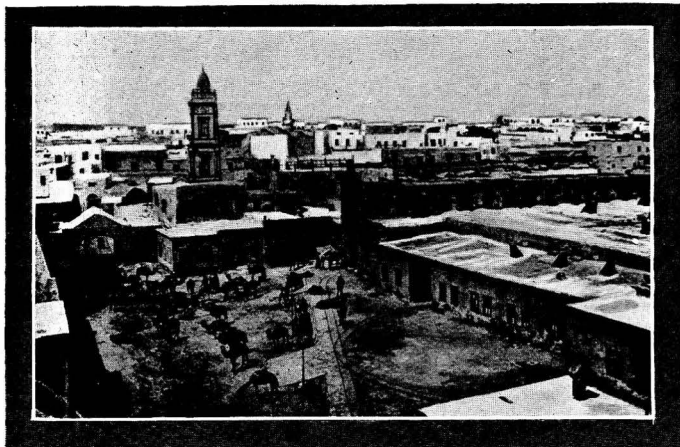
Miss **Vosper** has under her care a furnished missionary cottage, which is placed freely for short periods at the disposal of missionaries and their families, and she would be glad to hear from any missionary who would value a period of rest in the charming

quiet country at **Waterlooville,** within easy reach of **Portsmouth.**

An afternoon Bible reading and an evening lantern lecture on the next day in the **Baptist Church, Bognor,** re-introduced the work of the Mission in this summer seaside resort. A goodly number assembled in the evening, the Congregational minister kindly bringing some of his people, giving up his week-night service, and taking sympathetic part with the Baptist minister (**Rev. F. G. Wheeler**) in the meeting.

On the following evening, the usual Friday evening prayer-meeting at the **Shoreham Baptist Church** was visited and an address on North Africa given. Here the late **Mr. J. W. Harrald** (father of **Miss Frances Harrald,** one of our **N.A.M.** missionaries in **Tripoli**) was pastor, from the inception of the work until he became private secretary to **Mr. C. H. Spurgeon** in 1878. His daughter **Lily,** who is still resident at **Shoreham,** has written a touching little Memoir of her father, which can be obtained from her for 3d.

In order to strengthen the fund which friends at the **Metropolitan Tabernacle** and elsewhere have raised for some years towards the support of **Miss Frances Harrald,** which fund has in process of time declined very considerably, and would doubtless have suffered further through the removal of her father to higher service, he having acted as **Treasurer** until the close of his life, a new method has become necessary, and a share circle has been formed. This is the eighth of similar missionary circles formed in connection with the **Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School Young Christians' Missionary Union,** and its plan of operation is that of inviting subscriptions of one penny per day, making 7s. 7d. a quarter, or £1 10s. 4d. a year. A half or even quarter share may be taken, but a whole share is preferred, as being more useful and simple. By this plan it is possible for one to become a shareholder and to invite six others to be associated in the share, each giving a penny a week, thus completing 7s. 7d. in three months. A share card facilitates this, and this with other par-



A View of Tripoli City.

particulars may be obtained either from Miss Lily Harrald, "Sunnydene," Gordon Road, Shoreham, Sussex, or Mr. Dean Chandler, 17, Hayes Court, Camberwell New Road, London, S.E., Secretary of the circle. It would be a fitting memorial to the late Mr. Harrald, if those who knew and loved him for his work's sake would thus help to continue his work by putting the fund for his daughter's support in the mission field on a thoroughly satisfactory basis.

Writing recently from Tripoli to Mr. Chandler, Miss Frances Harrald mentions that during the past few months about 8,000 patients have attended the medical mission; consequently there has been a good deal of broadcast seed sown, and though there is much stony ground and many thorns also, prayer is asked that there may also be much good ground in which the seed may abide and germinate to bring forth a harvest to the glory of God. But to use to advantage the many opportunities, a much larger staff is needed than the present one, which consists of Dr. Maxwell, who superintends the medical work, Mr. and Mrs. Reid and Miss Harrald, who all live together in the one mission house. In another letter Miss Harrald mentions that there has been an epidemic of tropical sores, first among the men and boys and later among the women and girls, Jews as well as Arabs, being attacked. More dressings have been used during the last few months than ever before. The virulence of the epidemic has somewhat abated, but there were still a good many cases when Miss Harrald wrote at the beginning of the month.

December 8-10 was spent at **Brighton**, Services on the Lord's Day being conducted at Islingword Road Hall and at the Connaught Institute—the latter a fine hall seating nearly 1,000 people, and the former holding not

less than 400, both well attended, and good spiritual work going forward in the midst of a notoriously Ritualistic district. Another centre of many-sided activity, though in somewhat old-fashioned premises, is the Sussex Street Mission Hall, from which Miss E. M. Heath and her like-minded helpers are responsible for much spiritual and social work. Addresses at this Hall and lantern lectures at Islingword Road and the Connaught Institute in inclement weather made up an interesting week-end visit, and one certainly helpful to the writer and his wife, who enjoyed the

hospitality and fellowship of Miss Heath's missionary home at College Terrace, as well as spiritual intercourse with her father, Rev. Noah Heath, one of C. H. Spurgeon's earliest students, who has now been preaching the Gospel for more than fifty years.

A lantern address at the historic Baptist Chapel in John Street, Bedford Row (immediately opposite our new offices), formerly the scene of the labours of the late Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, on Wednesday, December 11th, and an address on the work in North Africa on the following day at Talbot Tabernacle, Notting Hill, concluded our journeyings prior to the Christmas season with its brief respite from missionary meetings.

Early in the New Year a re-visit was paid to the **Gravesend Auxiliary**, which partially helps to support Miss Turner at Charchell. The Y.W.C.A. room was entirely filled for an afternoon meeting, and interest was shown in the beautiful work done by our native girls employed in the Charchell Carpet Industry. There has been for many years a branch of the Prayer and Workers' Union in connection with the Gravesend Auxiliary, which was inaugurated and energetically worked by Miss Spencer, and now by Miss Johnson, the present Secretary of the Auxiliary.

Other engagements for January include lectures at Malden Hall, Kentish Town; Y.W.C.A., Reading; Congregational Church, Basingstoke; and the Joynson Memorial Hall, Croydon.

During February a series of meetings will be held in Scotland. Anniesland Hall will first be visited and a series of meetings con-

ducted there on February 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th. Lectures will be given on the 3rd at Grove Street Institute in connection with the Glasgow Central R.B.M. Union; at the Glasgow United Y.M.C.A. on the 12th; at Parkhead Congregational Church Hall on

the 14th; and Services conducted at the Orphan Homes, Bridge of Weir, on the 16th. Other arrangements are in progress, but it is impossible to give a more detailed list at the time of going to press.

EDWARD A. TALBOT.

Medical and Other Notes.

It will be remembered by many of our friends that during the past two years a considerable work of grace has gone on in connection with our Tulloch Memorial Hospital, Tangier, repeated reference to which and requests for prayer and praise having appeared from time to time in NORTH AFRICA.

At the end of 1911 the native Christians were praising God for some twenty-four souls gathered in from among their fellows during that year, and were led to ask for not less than double that number during 1912. At the end of 1912, forty-three names had been noted down of those who declared themselves during that year as no longer of Islam, but as new creatures in Christ. This number does not include some who have not given full proof in their lives. Many have left the Hospital, and it is, of course, impossible for our workers to follow them to the limits of the Moorish Empire. Not a few have lived and suffered and proved by their lives that they have experienced a real change of heart, and several have already passed into Christ's presence.

One of our native helpers, who has recently gone to work in Algiers, reports that three educated men have recently, through the reading of God's Word and the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, come to believe in Christ.

There is much cause for praise in connection with these native workers. In Fez recently two or three Moslem women among his own friends and kindred have been won

for Christ through one of our native helpers there—who also reports that the sales of the Scriptures are good and that he has two or three readers who show interest in the Gospel message, and that he thinks one has taken the Lord as his Saviour.

Our friend and the valued helper of Medical Missions the world over, Mr. J. Calow of Redcar, has just completed the sixth year of his work for Medical Missions since his retirement from business. He has now 146 missionaries on his list, to some of whom as many as five parcels have been sent during the year, and to the majority not less than two parcels. Over 10,000 gross of pills and tablets, 115 gross of powders, and a large quantity of liquid medicine have been sent out, and over 120,000 people have received benefit from these remedies. One medicine prepared by Mr. Calow has been very successfully used in India as a remedy for plague, and many lives have been saved thereby.

Our North Africa missionaries have received grants to the value of considerably over £50, which have been used at our Hospital and Dispensaries at Tangier, Arzila, Tetuan, Djemâa Sahridj, Tripoli and Shebin-el-Kom.

We trust that Mr. Calow may be spared for many years to carry on this beneficent work of healing through the medicines prepared and supplied by him to the missionaries of many societies. E. A. T.

For the Children.

LITTLE AWEESHA. * * By Miss K. Johnston.

Little three - and - a - half - years - old Aweesha (see NORTH AFRICA for January, 1912, page 11) is now a member of our Infant Class. She took home from the Christmas treat a nice doll, but alas! it has met with an accident, which, as its head is made of china, has proved rather serious. It would be quite a wonder if Aweesha were not spoilt by her parents, for they lost ten children, who nearly all

died as babies, before she was born, and their delight is great that this eleventh child has grown up thus far. Her little life might certainly not have been spared to rejoice their hearts if one of the missionaries had not gone to her when she was ill, and poulticed her, and insisted on taking the doctor to see her.

Her father and mother, being Arabs, always put off calling in the doctor as long

as possible, and grudge spending money for medicine, though they will sometimes pay for a charm to hang round the neck to preserve from illness! Fancy a little child with a very bad cough whose mother preferred one night to put on her a charm of Arabic writing, rather than disturb the child with a poultice and risk her crying! We pray that this delicate little girl may live to grow up and become a real follower of Jesus our Saviour.

Since she was born, her mother, her grandmother, and an aunt, all living in the same house, have learned to love Jesus, and they do so enjoy being read to about Him, for they none of them can read themselves.

When this little, plump, black-eyed girl first came to the Infants' Class, she was not at all inclined to be *told* what to do, and she refused to fold her arms like the others, and obstinately kept them at her side, looking up defiantly. When Miss Turner went to her to fold them for her, she said, "I'll hit you," and, turning her head round as if searching, added, "Where's the stick?" Miss Turner looked grieved, but thought it best to leave her alone, and after a little while found she was folding her arms quite nicely, like her companions.

One verse of a hymn that these little ones learn is (translated into English):—
"Does God in Heaven hear what I say?"

Yes, truly, He hears always all my words."

We want them to understand that the bad words they say and hear their parents

say, do not please God at all. They learn to do just a little drilling and to clap their hands to music, as such little mites find it hard to sit still. We should be so glad of *large* pictures for these tiny ones, and, indeed, of any large Scripture pictures suitable for our classes of bigger boys and girls. A roll of last year's Sunday-school lessons would be much appreciated.

A dear little boy named Rabah comes on Thursday afternoons now with the bigger boys, and sits beside his brother Abd er Rahman (the Slave of the Merciful One). He is getting a little less timid now, but for a long time he would not budge from his brother's side. However, he quickly learns to repeat the texts and hymns, and is so intelligent.

Rabah is the fourth of five brothers, and his only sister works in the Carpet School. This family is one of the most nicely brought up among the Arabs in Cherchell. The mother speaks French well. One day the infants were asked, "Who made the flowers?" and to the question, "Who lit up the sun?" little Rabah answered in a stolid voice, "It shines by itself."

All this family, except the baby, come to our classes, and Abd er Rahman got the first prize in our boys' class, which was a beautiful shirt, sent by friends at home, and a little purse.

We are sorry not to have any photos of these two children just now, but hope to be able to send them a little later on.

Cherchell, Algeria.

Home and Foreign Notes.

The Monthly Prayer-Meeting

will (D.V.) be held at 18, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C., on the first Thursday of the month (February 6th) at 3.30 p.m. Tea at 3 o'clock. **Will friends kindly note the alteration of the hour.** A hearty invitation is given to all who are able to attend.



Morocco.

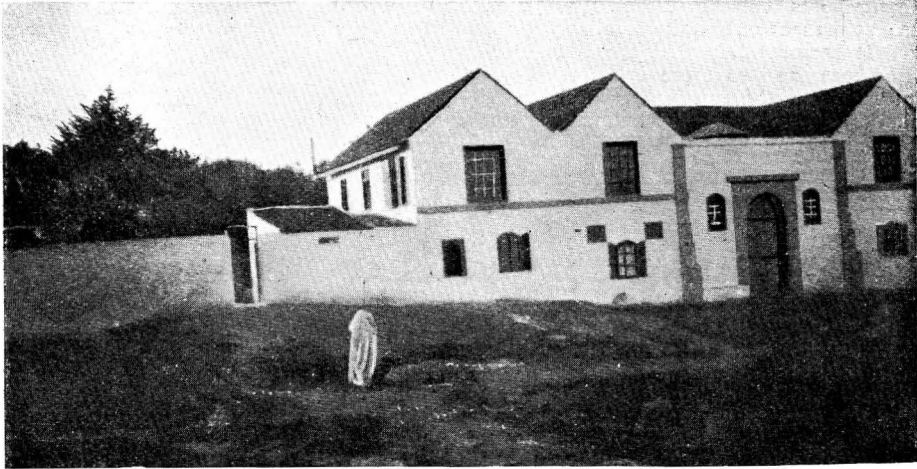
Again we have cheering news from **Tangier**, in connection with the **Spanish Work** there, which is under the care of **Mr. Moore**. His fellow-worker, **Miss Brown**, writes on December 23rd: "We are having encouragement in our work. Four souls have been born into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. There are several others we are hopeful

about. At the Christmas treat, thirteen children of the Sunday-school received prizes for learning and repeating texts of Scripture during the year. Oite little girl, nine years old, has learned at least forty-six texts."



Mrs. Isaacs writes from **Tangier**: "I have been taking lessons in Arabic for some time with a young Tunisian. My young teacher had never seen or heard the Gospel until he came to me. We are going through the Acts of the Apostles, and his interest is quite vivid. One day I invited him to come to Christ, and he answered me very naively, 'Do you think He wants me?'"

"I am enclosing a view of the **Tulloch Memorial Hospital** taken by this young man,



The Tulloch Memorial Hospital, Tangier.

With new wing (left-hand side of picture).

thinking it may interest those who have helped in the erection of the wing of the building. One of the new rooms is occupied by the young *fokeeh* from Arzila. He seems most earnest, and, being well educated, he is able to enjoy reading the whole Bible in classical Arabic. From his room there is a fine, cheerful view of the Marshan and country round.

"There is great need in the hospital of **pillow-cases** and **unbleached calico**, or ticking cases to be filled with straw for mattresses. **Shirts** also, and **bandages** and **old linen** are always required.

"Last night I was privileged to be present at the treat given at the **Spanish Church**. A large number of Spaniards were there, and they heartily enjoyed the coffee and good things provided. The Gospel addresses afterwards were listened to apparently with great attention."



Miss Jennings writes from **Arzila** on January 7th, 1913: "This morning I was called into Raisuli's house to see his old mother, who is very ill. Her son has been sent for from Tangier. Native treatment has been tried—also other treatment which I suggested, but I fear she is near the end of her life.

"The Moorish slave women and girls crowded round me, and several who were busy on the roof leaned over the edge, looking down into the open court to stare and listen. As quickly as I could, I tried to tell them the A B C of the Gospel, but two of them began giggling; a third joined in, and Satan got his way in putting a stop to the Gospel words, for in five minutes a slave lad came and said I must leave; the master of the house (Raisuli's brother, I suppose) had said I was to go.

"I was enabled lately, through the kindness of a friend, to take sixty loaves and four pounds of black olives to the new prison here, where the poor inmates are crowded together in a sad state of dirt and hunger. I preached Christ to them, and passed through the tiny round window of the closely barred door, five Gospels to the five inside who were readers. An old man poked his bare arm out of the window to ask me for medicine for the eruption on it."



Algeria.

From **Tebessa**, **Miss Albina Cox** writes on December 30th: "Several more natives are beginning seriously to seek salvation, and are coming over and over again to learn the way. Please ask much prayer for these, that they may truly pass from death unto life, and may become 'fishers of men.'"



In a letter from **Cherchell**, dated January 6th, **Miss Ethel Turner** writes: "We have not been able to use the new room for sleeping in yet, as the walls are damp; but the covered space underneath serves as a splendid class-room, as, one side being open on to the garden, the air is kept fairly fresh. We have had a kind of sail-cloth curtain made to put up, when there is too much sun or when it rains.

"On March 1st we hope to have a good supply of water laid on. It will come from the **Chenona**, a mountain about six miles off. Next year, if not before, we hope there will be a proper system of drainage. Then, **Cherchell** will be considered one of the healthiest sea-coast towns in Algeria. The port is to be enlarged, so as to permit of

merchant boats coming direct from Marseilles; at present only quite small boats can enter. It seems likely that the population may increase, and so there is all the more urgent need for the missionary work to be permanently established. God knows the need, and surely He will undertake the cause."



Tunisia.

From **Tunis, Mr. A. V. Liley** writes: "The Arab New Year's Day fell on December 11th. Most of those who killed a sheep on the great day of sacrifice (held a week or so ago) dry some of the meat in order to keep it for this day. Some of it, along with other food, is put into a small bowl with a spoon, and placed at night where the family eats. The children are told that the food is for the deceased grandfather or grandmother, who will come during the night to eat it; so they get up early in the morning to see if the food has been eaten. To their astonishment they find it gone, and some of the grey hairs of the departed on the ground near the empty bowl!

"We have had an unusual number of English ships in harbour this month. I have endeavoured to visit them all, and the crews have given me a good reception."



With reference to the **Sfax Medical Mission, Dr. Churcher** writes: "We registered **950 visits** during December. The boys' class averaged **forty-one** and the Sunday-school **forty-nine**. This last is good, as Miss Jones has her own class now in addition. No doubt

the fact of the expected treat to-morrow has had a stimulating effect.

"The sale of **forty** copies of the Gospel is also encouraging."



Egypt.

In a circular letter, **Mr. Dickins** writes of a visit paid to a village near Shebin-el-Kom during the month of October last: "On the 24th, we visited a village about three-quarters of an hour's walk to the north-east of Shebin, named Minyetein. The inhabitants include many Copts, as well as Moslems. While drinking coffee with the *Omda*, or headman of the village, and his friends, and showing them how Christ was foreshadowed all through the Scriptures, a stone was thrown from the roof of the house, and struck me on the ankle. This caused a little excitement, but the culprit was not to be found.

"Shortly afterward I walked on through the village, and visited the Coptic priest, with whom I had a long conversation, answering many religious questions. I visited the boys' school and gave an address. Returning another way, I had a most interesting conversation on the need of atonement with Moslems gathered round a shop-door. They said: 'We want to read your book ourselves.' I promised to send them copies of the Gospel, and did so some days later by the hand of a boy of the village, who attends school at Shebin. As we returned through the cotton fields we talked with the people on the way, of God's love for us through Jesus Christ, our Lord. We have often, thus, unexpected and important opportunities when travelling on foot."

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER.

PRAISE.

For the profession of faith of two young men and two girls at Tangier, in connection with the Spanish work there.

That it is now possible to hold a meeting for native Christians at Cherchell on Sunday mornings, and prayer that God will send a man to shepherd the little flock there.

For open doors in the villages of the Egyptian Delta; and prayer that, as the missionaries go from place to place with the Gospel message, the hearts of many may be opened, that they may attend to the things spoken.

PRAYER.

For several natives at Tebessa who are seekers after the truth and who are coming to the missionaries, day after day, to learn the way of salvation: that these may truly pass from death unto life and may become "fishers of men."

For the work at Tunis, both among Moslems and Europeans.

For all native converts and evangelists, especially those who are suffering persecution at the hands of their relations: that courage, wisdom, grace and patience may be granted to them, so that they may in their lives adorn the doctrines of the Gospel.

For blessing on all the hospital and dispensary work connected with the Mission: that many of those whose bodies are healed through the ministrations of the missionaries may also be brought under the healing power of the Great Physician of souls.

For God's blessing on the meetings to be held in Scotland during the month of February: that those who listen to the story of God's working in North Africa may be constrained to do all in their power to forward the proclamation of the Gospel in those dark lands.

That the Lord would graciously incline the hearts of His stewards at this time to supply the funds necessary for the maintenance of His work.

CHERCHELL CARPET INDUSTRY.

18, JOHN STREET, BEDFORD ROW, LONDON, W.C.

NEW STOCK OF MATS, HEARTHUGS, HALL-RUGS AND CARPETS.

No.	SIZE.		GENERAL DESCRIPTION.	PRICE.	
	ft. in.	ft. in.		£	s. d.
MATS.					
438	2 4	by 1 5	Putty colour, with scarlet and cream design	0	6 6
715	3 1	" 1 2	Smyrna—Crimson, blue and green	0	7 0
546	2 4	" 1 8	Crimson, blue, green and gold	0	7 6
735	3 7	" 1 2	Smyrna—Crimson, blue and green	0	8 0
624	2 8	" 2 0	Pale gold and cream, on saxe blue ground	0	9 6
625		Ditto	Ditto ditto	0	9 6
750	3 8	" 2 4	Smyrna—Crimson, blue and green	0	16 0
656	3 5	" 2 9	Mouse-brown centre, with cream and dark brown in border ...	0	18 0
HEARTHUGS.					
713	4 0	" 2 4	Terra-cotta ground, designs in dark blue, mole and cream ...	0	19 0
743	4 5	" 2 4	Smyrna—Crimson, blue and green	1	0 0
684		Ditto	Scarlet ground, with blue and green... ..	1	0 0
742	4 7	" 2 4	Smyrna—Crimson, blue and green	1	0 0
616	4 7	" 2 4	Tawny-brown ground, salmon-pink and cream	1	0 0
612	4 9	" 2 4	Salmon ground, with green, grey and orange designs	1	1 0
638	4 9	" 2 4	Sage and olive greens, white and red designs	1	1 0
708	5 0	" 2 3	Rich green centre, surrounded by bright-coloured designs ...	1	2 0
683	5 0	" 2 3	Bright crimson oblong centre, with blue and green in border ...	1	2 0
729	5 0	" 2 3	Smyrna—Crimson, blue and green	1	2 0
740	5 0	" 2 3	Chocolate red, blue and orange on shaded green	1	2 0
741		Ditto	Ditto ditto	1	2 0
717	5 0	" 2 8	Smyrna—Crimson, blue and green	1	2 6
756	5 4	" 2 3	Ditto	1	4 0
755	5 5	" 2 4	Ditto	1	5 0
657	5 8	" 3 0	Scarlet, brown and blue designs on shaded green ground; white in border... ..	1	13 6
568	5 8	" 4 11	Crimson centre, orange, green, white, etc.	2	12 6
601	5 6	" 5 4	Crimson and white diamond centre, with blue, green, white and gold on crimson ground	2	19 6
HALL-RUGS.					
607	6 4	" 4 9	Red, white, blue and gold, with crimson centre	3	1 6
583	6 2	" 4 10	Salmon-pink, brown and dark red, with blue and green	3	5 0
629	7 0	" 5 0	Cream, scarlet, yellow and blue diamonds, surrounded by green and yellow lattice-work; wide border of bright circular designs	3	6 0
379	7 0	" 4 10	Smyrna—Crimson, blue and green	3	8 0
604	7 9	" 4 3	Pink, yellow and brown diamond centre, blue and cream in border, dull red ground	3	8 6
300	7 9	" 5 0	Crimson and green diamond centre, with white and blue ...	3	14 6
CARPETS.					
654	7 8	" 5 1	Crimson, blue and green, on chocolate-red ground	3	16 0
388	8 0	" 4 9	Blue, grey and salmon on shaded green ground, terra-cotta and green border	4	0 0
753	9 0	" 4 10	Crimson, blue and green, on chocolate-red ground	4	10 0
754	9 3	" 4 9	Smyrna—Crimson, blue and green	4	10 0
757	12 5	" 4 1	Ditto	4	18 0
622	12 6	" 6 8	Pale blue and cream, on crushed strawberry diamond centre, shaded green ground with coloured flowers	8	0 0
621	12 0	" 7 4	Pink and shaded green flowers on cream ground, wide border (specially good design)... ..	8	10 0
325	11 6	" 9 3	Smyrna—Crimson, blue and green	14	0 0
364	13 0	" 9 8	Ditto	15	0 0

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Office of the Mission.

18, JOHN STREET, BEDFORD ROW, LONDON, W.C.

Gifts in money or in kind should be addressed—"The Secretary, North Africa Mission, 18, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C." 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, 148, Holborn, London, W.C., 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., 1888
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	Miss H. KENWORTHY	Nov., 1910	Miss G. L. ADDINSELL	...	Nov., 1895
Miss G. R. S. BREEZE, M.B. (Lond.)	Dec., 1894	Algiers.		Stax.		
Miss F. MARSTON	Nov., 1895	<i>Kabyle Work—</i>		T. G. CHURCHER, M.B., C.M. (Ed.)	...	Oct., 1885
Mr. O. E. SIMPSON	Dec., 1899	Mons. E. CUENDET	Sept., 1884	Mrs. CHURCHER	...	Oct., 1889
Mrs. SIMPSON	Mar., 1898	Madame CUENDET	Sept., 1885	Mr. H. E. WEBB	...	Dec., 1892
Miss B. VISING	April, 1885	Mr. A. SHOREV	Nov., 1902	Mrs. WEBB	...	Nov., 1897
<i>Spanish Work—</i>		Mrs. SHOREV	Oct., 1904	DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.		
Mr. A. J. MOORE, B.A.	April, 1909	Djemâa Sahridj.		Mr. W. REID	...	Dec., 1892
Miss F. R. BROWN	Oct., 1889	<i>Kabyle Work—</i>		Mrs. REID	...	Dec., 1894
Miss VECCHIO, School Mistress.		Miss J. COX	May, 1887	Miss F. M. HARRALD	...	Oct., 1899
Casablanca.		Miss K. SMITH	May, 1887	ERNEST J. MAXWELL, M.B.	Nov., 1911	
Miss F. M. BARKS	May, 1888	Mrs. ROSS	Nov., 1902	EGYPT.		
Miss M. EASON	Dec., 1910	Mr. T. J. WARREN	Feb., 1911	Alexandria.		
Miss ALICE CHAPMAN	Oct., 1911	Mrs. WARREN	Feb., 1911	Mr. W. DICKINS	...	Feb., 1896
Tetuan.		Tebessa.		Mrs. DICKINS	...	Feb., 1896
Miss A. BOLTON	April, 1889	Miss A. COX	Oct., 1892	Miss R. HODGES	...	Feb., 1889
Miss A. G. HUBBARD	Oct., 1891	Mrs. N. BAGSTER	Oct., 1894	Miss J. E. EARL	...	Oct., 1909
Miss M. KNIGHT	Oct., 1905	REGENCY OF TUNIS.		Miss M. THOMASSEN	...	Nov., 1912
Miss H. E. WOODBELL	Jan., 1907	Tunis.		Shebin-el-Kom.		
Arzila and Iarash.		Mr. A. V. LILEY	July, 1885	Mr. W. T. FAIRMAN	...	Nov., 1897
Miss C. S. JENNINGS	Mar., 1887	<i>Italian Work—</i>		Mrs. FAIRMAN	...	Feb., 1896
Miss K. ALDRIDGE	Dec., 1891	Miss A. M. CASE	Oct., 1890			
Fez.		Miss L. E. ROBERTS	Feb., 1899			
Miss M. MELLETT	Mar., 1892	IN IRELAND.—Mrs. BOLTON.				
Miss S. M. DENISON	Nov., 1893					
Miss I. DE LA CAMP	Jan., 1897					