

**DIARY
OF**

**Messrs. Thompson & Cleaver's
journey through Nile Delta
(June, 1899).**

For the Members of the Prayer Unions for Egypt.

Diary of Messrs. Thompson & Cleaver's journey through Nile Delta (June, 1899).

Tuesday, 12th.

WE had come up to Cairo on Friday last, and had spent a most happy time with Rev. Mr. Adeney of the C.M.S., at Helouan, coming back to Cairo yesterday morning. The day was occupied in visiting our friends at the American Mission, saying farewell to Rev. Jno. Gillen, who is returning home on furlough, getting a few books together for our journey, etc.

We left Cairo by the 7.40 a.m. train this morning for Kalyoub, one of the first stations on the main line to Alexandria. Here there is a Dutch Mission at work, and as we had not met Mr. Spilenaar, the Superintendent, we determined to call and see him. It is only about half-an-hour's journey but the village is about a mile away from the station along the line which runs to the Barrage, or great dam, at the point where the two arms of the Nile branch off, one entering the sea at Rosetta, and the other (the Eastern one), at Damietta.

How very like one another these Egyptian villages and small towns are! A brown patch in a green carpet would be the shortest and easiest way to describe them; or, perhaps we might say a brown hat with tall feathers lying on a lawn, the hat being the collection of huts built of sun-dried Nile mud bricks, the feathers, a clump or so of the graceful date palm always near by, and the green lawn the beautiful cotton fields which just now are an exquisite shade. Here and there, there are yellowish-looking patches where the wheat has been.

Another feature of these villages just now is the thrashing-floor, laden with grain in process of thrashing. It does not require much imagination to carry the mind back to the days of the Pharaohs or the time of David as one stands in the midst of a village thrashing-floor, for one sees the method which was without doubt employed in the most remote antiquity, in full use to-day. We were most interested in watching them at work as we entered Kalyoub. Would you like to know how it is done? Well, I will try and describe it, although my pen is heavy and my descriptive power weak.

Imagine a blazing sun overhead (this is essential to the picture), a large space of ground open to the north wind which is practically always blowing at this time of the year, and this all occupied with the grain in its various stages, in heaps belonging to the different owners. We will pass by the great heaps of "tibn" just for the present, and also the finished wheat, and take a look at the man who is spreading out the grain as it comes from the

field, in a circle from six to ten yards in diameter and about a foot thick. Near by quietly browsing on the grain there is a camel and a donkey, or perhaps, two bullocks or cows, or a buffalo and a cow, unmuzzled according to the Scriptural injunction.

The grain having been satisfactorily spread out, the two animals are put under the yoke, a great heavy wooden beam with forked collar at each end which fits over the neck. The pole comes from the middle of this yoke and is connected with a thrashing machine. Not one of those mysterious articles which buzz and hum and are the wonder and awe of country boys and girls, but a kind of a carriage affair with about 12 discs of iron as wheels. On top of the cart or car is a comfortable seat for two; and having yoked his oxen the 'fella,' without taking the reins in his hands (for there are none to take), mounts the box, prods his team violently with the goad (a long stick with a nail in the end), shouts Ha! Ha!! and squeaking and rumbling, the carriage rolls onward.

The animals have been trained to the game from their childhood, so without any guidance except an occasional reminder from the nail-point, they walk round and round probably bewailing their fate. Often little Mabrouka or Hussein get on to the family carriage and assist papa to put pressure on the iron discs.

The science of the machine is simple even to the uninitiated. The iron discs have sharp edges and these cut the ears and set free the grain after some time. We cannot however wait until our friend has got to the next stage, but will pass on to his neighbour and see what he is after. He has finished the carriage process and with a long pronged wooden fork is lifting up the long stalks of the grain and piling them up in a heap. This finished, you see that the earth is strewn with dust and chaff, grain and choppings, and now comes the purging of the floor." (Matt. iii.12). This is accomplished by means of the fan or long fork I have just mentioned. With this he proceeds to toss the admixture in the air, the wind blowing away the chaff and light matter, and the heavy grain blowing falling straight down.

The chaff etc., collects in a heap close by and is called "tibn," and forms the chief food of the horses and cattle all through the country, taking the place of our hay. It was indeed a busy, interesting scene, just as we entered Kalyoub. The scorching sun renders the wheat brittle as tinder and allows it to crack under the machine. The rumbling carts, tossing chaff, gathered grain, were most suggestive.

We made our way to the Mission house which we had no difficulty in finding, being on the outskirts of the village, and were warmly welcomed by Mr. Spilenaar, with whom we had to speak German and Arabic as he has not learnt much English. He has been here for 25 years working on amidst much trial and difficulty. All his children are laid in Egyptian soil, but he has held on sowing the seed in tears looking to the Lord of the harvest to give him a time of abundant reaping. He has had the joy of gathering together a little church, mostly drawn from the Copts and the children of the town are taught in the schools the precious

Word.

There is a population of some 15,000 in the town itself, and in the district of which it is the centre, some 113,000, mostly Mohammedans. It is a large parish for one man to work, is it not? Particularly if you remember that the people are not like the parishioners in England, impregnated from infancy with Christian truth, but are actually most bitterly hostile to the whole system, with their mind already captivated by a, delusion most subtle. Yes they need prayer, much prayer. Will you remember this when you come to the 30th of the month, all who are members of the Prayer Union for Egypt. I am glad to say Mr. Spilenaar has now got helpers in the shape of Mr. and Mrs. Pennings, who hope to be able to be light, bearers in this large district.

The wife of one of the church members having died suddenly this morning, we had the melancholy duty of taking part in the funeral service. It was a sad case, as the woman was quite well the previous evening, and so quite a crowd of villagers came into the service and Mr. Spilenaar took advantage of the opportunity to preach the straight gospel to them. We followed the body to the graveyard amid the wailing of the women, and then the deceased's husband and a few friends gathered in to the house for a time of comfort, and reading of the Word of God. We were quite sorry when the time came for us to leave, but were glad to get to know such devoted workers, and also to pass on a word of encouragement and cheer.

We caught the evening train to Zagazig, passing on the way through a fine rich country abounding in villages, all practically steeped in utter darkness as far as gospel light is concerned. In the whole province of Kalyubiyeh, containing 371,000 souls, there is only the one Mission Station which we have just left.

We arrived at Zagazig about 7.30 and found our way to a Greek hotel where we got clean beds. Meals were so dear in the hotel that we went out and fed on some bread from baker's oven, a handful of raisins and a bottle of lemonade. After a fruitless attempt to find Mr. McFarland of the American Mission we retired to rest.

Wednesday, 13th.

Rose early and left by the 8.11 train for Belbeis, on the Sweet Water Canal to Suez, passing en route the ruins, or rather mounds, of the ancient Bubastis. It is probably about here that the children of Israel dwelt in the time of the Pharaohs. Reaching Belbeis station in about half-an-hour, we walked to the town about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away, going through the principal streets and round it. It contains about 12,000 people, all but 75 being Moslems, and is the centre of a district containing 68 villages, with a population of 123,000. There is no Protestant in the whole district and no Mission School even.

Out of 62,000 women in the district, only 21 can read and write, and even of the men there

are only 4,127. It is quite a central point, from it will radiate shortly light railways to Abu Hamad in the east and Miniyet el Kamh in the North, opening up a splendid rich country full of villages. The air is very dry so that although the sun is scorching hot (probably a hundred degrees in the shade), yet one does not feel the relaxation as in the damper atmosphere. The dryness is caused by the proximity of the desert. After surveying the place from several directions, we sat down under the shade of a large tree, ate some bread and chocolate, and longed for the time when the light of the knowledge of the glory of God should shine through this dark place.

Having examined the place as well as we wished, we got donkeys and set out for a 4½ hours ride to Miniyet el Kamh, along the line of the light railway, which is in process of construction. There are some fine villages on the way, in which there is no sort of Christian effort whatever, probably not even the occasional visit of a colporteur. The country is every foot under cultivation, scarcely a patch of bad land can be seen, all one great garden. The cotton is everywhere, forming it does a most valuable crop, the maize is following forming on the heels of the wheat, which has just left the ground; and so it goes on, three crops each year, and the soil not exhausted, thanks to the supply of rich mud brought down by the Nile, and distributed in canals all over the 6,500 square miles forming the Delta.

On the way we joined in with a few others also riding, and of course the conversation soon came round to our state by nature and need of an atonement, and one man in particular seemed really interested, to whom we gave copies of some tracts and a gospel. He rode right to Mineyet el Kamh with us, and was anxious we should go with him and accept his hospitality in the shape of a cup of coffee, but we made our way to the station and managed to get something to eat in the restaurant close by, before the train came which carried us back to Zagazig, where we arrived before 7 p.m.

After a wash up, for which we were quite ready, we called on Mr. McFarland of the American Mission, who is in charge of the work of this province. It is no light matter, as you will agree, when I tell you that in the town alone there are 36,000 souls, and in the district about 200,000, not to speak of the larger sphere of the province with 750,000 scattered over some 400 towns and villages. You might say he is the Bishop of no mean Bishopric. We had a nice time with him in regard to the work, and had the pleasure of meeting also a young Englishman (a Christian), young managing one of the big cotton mills, of which there are six in the town. This is a great cotton centre, in fact quite a Manchester town. The cotton is brought in, the seed separated, and the wool baled for shipment. There seems to be great need of a worker here among the Greeks, who are in large numbers.

And what can we say of the Moslem work! It is simply beyond the power of words to convey a correct idea of the need. Thank God for the light of the American Mission in these dark places, but the darkness is intense, and it is utterly beyond the power of the present labourers to dissipate it to any appreciable degree.

Oh for about a hundred Christian families to live in the midst of a place like this; to show the power of the blessed Master in the ordinary walk of an ordinary being!!

Thursday, 14th.

Mr. McFarland called on us early this morning and took us round the town, which bears indeed every appearance of wealth and prosperity, but this all only saddens one as the spiritual poverty is apprehended. We paid a visit to the Boys' School, where there are about 100 pupils, sixty per cent of them Moslems. At 10.15 we started for Abn Kebeer, the junction for Salihiyeh. Here we had a wait of two hours or so, and got a good look round. It is a large place almost wholly surrounded by marshy swamps and lakes, unhealthy looking and feverish I should think. It was formerly the chief town of the district, but the government is now transferred to Fakous a little further on.

The American Mission formerly had a school here, but this too is ruined, and the place is lying in the arms of the wicked one in a feverish sleep, before the awful day of judgment. Had some lunch in a Greek hotel, and went on at 12.40 to Salihiyeh, passing through Fakous en route. This district is almost entirely given over to date growing, and we passed through great forests of palms.

Salahiyeh was reached in an hour or so, and we found it to be right out in the desert, only six hours camel ride to Ismailia. We had only a short time here, but managed to proclaim Jesus to a little company and leave some books with them. One man rather nonplussed me by telling me he had been ill for some days, and wanted me to prescribe for him. He would not be satisfied until I told him that as he was drinking so much water he should put a little lemon juice in it, which would help his stomach. They think all the "Frangis," as they call foreigners, are doctors, if not professionals at least amateurs. There is no one out here witnessing for the Lord, and the people are passing away without ever hearing the good news.

Returning to Abu Kebeer we had a wait for the Mansourah train and then got into the wrong one and found ourselves on the way back to Salahiyeh again. We got out, however, at the first stopping place and walked back along the line, praising the Lord in spite of the fact that it meant we would not arrive at our destination till about 10.0 and then have to find quarters for the night. In the meantime we had supper and at 8.16 our train came and we arrived safely at our destination and found out a lodging for the night, a very stuffy room, but we were tired out and were not long awake when we got our heads on our pillows, in spite of the heat, which is increased enormously by the thick muslin mosquito nets under which you must rest.

Friday, 16th.

Mansourah is a large city containing 36,000 people, the capital of the Dakhaliyeh Province

which has six districts and a population of about 740,000. The town is situated on the bank of the east arm of the river which is very wide just here but at this time of the year almost at its lowest. The situation is very beautiful and there are some fine houses facing the river, in fact, it is quite European-looking in many ways. It struck us as being rather a pleasure-loving city from its cafes, theatre, etc. The Government buildings, Post Office, etc., are most substantial looking and it is quite a railway centre. From the Christian standpoint it is a most valuable strategic base and as such is occupied by the American Mission, who have a station and schools here. However, owing to the removal of Dr. White and his wife owing to sickness the only missionary in the place is a young lady. A thoroughly competent experienced man is needed here and we should join in prayer that such may be raised up to take the place of our brother Dr. White, who was much loved in the neighbourhood.

We left Mansourah at 9.30 a.m. northward for Shirbeen and Damietta, we stayed at the former place for about three hours or so examining the lie of the town which is situated on the river. It is a dirty-looking place and low morally I should think. It was market day and so the town was thronged with people from the surrounding country bringing in their poultry and pigeons, cucumbers, melons, onions and garlic. After seeing round pretty well we sat down at a cafe facing the river and watched the great stream of life pouring along, buying, selling, bargaining to the fraction of a piastre and bartering their souls for nought, ignorant of the great salvation Jesus died to bring.

The thought is constantly in my mind "what can be done to really effectively reach the teeming masses of these towns and villages," and the problem enlarges the more I travel round and came in close contact with the need.

American Mission have schools in which the Bible is taught every day, in very many important centres, in fact 180 in the whole country, and they are bound to do a great and valuable work and will tell on the rising generation if the teachers are really converted men and under constant and careful supervision, and I can only say that we would be glad to see them greatly multiplied throughout the country. It is a real refresher to one's soul to come in contact in the midst of the darkness and fanaticism of Islam with a little centre, where, at any rate, the Lord Jesus is honoured, and we would accomplish a most important work of intercession if we would really take on our hearts the burden of these schools with their 12,000 scholars, and pray God that the Word may come home in living power as it is read each day. It would mean much for Egypt.

But even under the most favourable circumstances and even if multiplied enormously I do not think these schools will ever meet the whole need. Much more is required. It seems to me that the Moslems must see the life of a real Christian actually lived before them, and hear the simple Gospel story day after day. Their minds are burdened with a load of prejudice nothing will remove but patient, holy living among them in the power of the mighty Spirit of God.

I feel that until there is a large increase in the native evangelical church and a great spiritual uplifting, the presence of the foreign missionary will be required in these towns and villages.

A house with a shop underneath where we could sell and distribute books, hold meetings, answer inquiries, &c., would be a splendid centre of light and a practical way of working. The place might require to be built, for as soon as a work of grace begins and souls are really getting saved, the opposition really getting to be lived through will be very fierce and nothing but a stronghold of one's own would be sufficient to hold on until the opposition broke down.

Another thing that greatly impresses us is the absolute indispensability of a thorough acquaintance with the language, that is at least the language of the people. Their modes of expression indicate the bent of their minds, and we cannot be said to know the people until one has really learned to cast one's thoughts in the mould of the tongue of the people. We need your constant prayers for this, that the God of wisdom may strengthen us in mind that we may really get hold of the language well. It is difficult, I confess, but there is nothing too hard for the Lord, and even the Galilean fishermen on the day of Pentecost spoke Arabic, at any rate to be "understood of the people," by the mighty power of the Holy Spirit.

We left Shirbeen at 1.20, arriving at Damietta about 3.15. The country is not so fertile as we approach the coast, great tracts of sand and ground in process of reclamation by the river mud are everywhere visible. At Fareskur the water of the river is partially brackish, and at Damietta wholly salt. We crossed to the town from the railway station and walked through the streets. The town bears traces of having been a very fine place at one time, but now the glory has departed, although it is still of considerable importance, having a population of about 43,000. Alexandria and Port Said have encroached on its trade, putting it rather in the background. The American Mission have a school here, but we did not visit it as we had very little time.

After walking through the town we got into a boat and came down the river, getting a fine view of the place from the water. Just think a town like this without a missionary! But it is only a sample of hundreds of the same in this land. Our train left at 4.45 bringing us back to Mansourah at 7.30. In the train we had a fine opportunity of distributing books. The people were most eager to get them and soon exhausted our stock. In the carriage we had a nice talk with an American Mission colporteur who had been out on a journey and was returning home. He told us the educated people were reading Christian literature now in a way they would not do a few years ago.

Saturday, 17th.

This morning our course lay south of Mansourah, taking train at 11.30 for Sinbellaween,

where we arrived after half-an-hour's run. This is a pretty large place, of about 9,000 inhabitants, and the centre of a fine district, the country round being rich and populous. Here we spent a few hours inspecting. It is being greatly opened now by the light railways, promoted by the wealthy Jewish family, of Suarez. One line runs to Mit Semanoud, another to Zagazig, another to Mit Ghamr and then on to Benha.

There is an American Mission School here, but we could not find it, being told the only school in the place was a Greek one. We had something to eat at the usual Greek Cafe, and then went outside the town and lay down in the shade of a large tree. The weather is very warm indeed, and one does not feel as brisk as a bee in a scorching sun. At 3.30 we got a train on the light railway to Mit Ghamr. It passes along the canal bank all the way, and touches a magnificent country. Such expanses of green cotton plants, such villages

As we always travelled in the third class, we got in close touch with the people, and were in a position to hear their conversation and talk with them.

Well, to resume, in the carriage with us was the head man of a town, called Sanafa, and his learned scribes. The language of the people is most shockingly blasphemous, each sentence almost contains a curse, God's name being used constantly. I got into conversation with the Omdi (head man), and asked him "did he know the ten commandments of God." He replied, "he did not," and so I told them a few of them, and then quoted the third, and told him I thought, as a teacher of men, he ought to know and keep God's words. He seemed pleased to talk with me, and asked if I could give him a copy of the commandments to put before him.

We then distributed tracts all round, but some of them returned them when they saw what they were, saying they were infidel. However, the Omdi took one away with him, called, "The Sinless Prophet"—may it bring light to many dark hearts. We reached Mit Ghamr before six, and had a look round the place, which is a thriving little town of about 13,000, on the bank of the river. It is the centre of a district of 185,000 souls, and on the opposite bank of the river is the town of Zifteh, containing a population of 14,000, with 135,000 in its district.

You may say a mission station in one of these places would be the centre of about 160 villages, and a parish of 320,000 souls. There is not a foreign missionary in either!!! We crossed over the river to Zifteh, and had some food there, and caught a train at 8.50, arriving at Tanta at about 11.15, got to an hotel, and turned in shortly after 12.0, tired out. "The rest of the labouring man is sweet" in spite of heat and mosquitos.

Sunday, 18th.

Rose early and got refreshed in prayer and reading of the Word. After breakfast we made our way to the American Mission Church, where we found a fine congregation gathered,

and the native pastor gave us a splendid straight gospel address, which cheered our souls. The contact with the deadness of Islam is awfully chilling to the soul, and in the midst of the desert fresh water is most delightful. So it felt to us as we united with a little company in worshipping God our Saviour.

After the service, Mr. Giffen the American missionary in charge of this district found us out, and brought us to his house, where he insisted on keeping us. His parish is an extensive one indeed, comprising the Gharbiyeh Province, with 1,300,000 souls, the Menoufiyeh Province with 800,000, and now that Dr. White is away, he has to superintend the work of the Dakhaliyeh Province, containing over 700,000. Add to this the secretarial work connected with the whole book department of the Mission, and you will agree with me he has not much time on his hands.

Tanta itself is an enormous field, being the largest town in the Delta, next to Cairo and Alexandria, containing as it does some 60,000 souls. The little Protestant church has a membership of about 54. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of seeing the Sunday School, and in the evening Mr. Giffen gathered in a nice little company of English, and English speaking people, and we had a happy little Gospel service of which we took charge.

I was greatly grieved to hear of the death of poor Admah Saleeby, who came over from Beyrout about four months ago to work in the American Mission School at Suhag in Upper Egypt. After one of our meetings, in October last, in Beyrout she came up to me and said, she felt God was leading her to Egypt, and asked our prayers that she might be guided. She had been blessed at the meetings and felt called of God to leave her home and come to Egypt. She died all alone, away from friends and kindred, away in that lonely village, having witnessed a good confession, and left a name behind that will long be remembered by the people among whom she laboured. "A sweet savour of Christ."

Monday, 19th.

Rose early about 5.30 and after breakfast went out with Mr. Giffen to see the town. We saw the little Protestant cemetery, and next to it the Jewish, where, in a larger pit, the Moslems, in 1882, buried 80 Christians they had massacred, at the same time cutting up all the pigs they could get hold of, and throwing the pieces in with the bodies of their victim. It was intended as a double outrage upon Jews and Christians, and certainly was a diabolical conception. We also visited an artesian well that has just been sunk, and from which the town is being supplied with pure water. Whenever cholera or any other epidemic appears, it becomes a great scourge in the country by reason of the camels from which the water is taken.

The drainage of the villages, washing of cattle and people pollutes the water terribly, and as there is nothing else to drink, one has no choice, and has to accept the risk. This new

water, which the engineer, I understand, says he can get through all the country, will be a great boon, and ought to revolutionise the epidemic question.

We had then a look through the schools and left by the 11.20 train southwards to Ashmoun, passing through the beautiful, fertile Menoufeyeh Province, the most densely populated in all the country, containing nearly 900,000 people. We passed through Tala (13,000), Shibeen el Kom (21,000), Menouf (21,000) and reached Ashmoun at 2.5. The day was scorching, the wind being like the blast of a furnace, but being near the desert the air was dry and much pleasanter than about Tanta. We spent three-quarters-of-an-hour looking round the town, which is very much like the usual type of place, in fact, there is a tremendous similarity with very few distinguishing features about these villages. Our train returned to Menouf at 3.0 where we found a little Greek lodging-house with clean beds, at least, comparatively speaking.

I must say in reference to the Constant recurrence of Greek hotels, restaurants, etc., in this diary, that the Greek is universally found throughout this country. He is the shopkeeper, money lender, drink seller, hotel and restaurant proprietor in every village almost in the land.

Leaving our baggage in our room, we wended our way to the station where we had two hours talk with the stationmaster and a little group about the blessed gospel. The stationmaster had had a Bible for twenty-seven years, and seemed to know something of it, and even went so far as to say Jesus was the chief of all the prophets, and greater than Mohammed, but he would not acknowledge His divinity. How they do fight this! They will allow anything but what is really the greatest depth of God's love, viz., His humiliation. They accepted books, and we could only pray that He might lead them into all truth. Returning to our lodgings we got some supper and retired early to rest as we were to make an early start in the morning. How the need of this country presses in on us more and more as we go about! Everywhere thick, intensely thick darkness.

Tuesday, 20th.

Rose at 4.30 and left on donkeys about 5.30 for Giza, a village on the left branch of the river opposite Kafr Daoud. It was a good hour-and-half's ride to the river, and was most delightful in the cool of the morning as we passed through the cotton fields along the canals, through villages just waking up with new life for the day.

Arriving at the river we crossed in a boat and then walked to the Railway Station at Kafr Daoud just in time by dint of some running to catch the train at 7.44 on the Cairo-Alexandria line, running to the west of the river along the top of the great Libyan desert. Away to the west nothing but sandy desert, to the east green cultivated land. "Everything shall live whither the river cometh." The only things the desert seems to grow well are water melons. These seem to enjoy the burning sand and thrive resting in its bosom. On

our way up to Damanhour we passed through some fine villages all without Light or even possibility of getting it at present.

Damanhour is a large place containing about 35,000 people, and is the capital of the Behaيره Province, which has a population of 600,000 or so. Outside Alexandria and Rosetta, both of which are on the sea, there is no foreign missionary resident in the Province. Some of the districts are very fine, containing tracts of virgin soil only waiting for the labourers. We did not remain long in Damanhour but got a train about 12.15 to Kalline and Kafr esh Sheikh by way of Dessouk. This latter place is on the left branch of the Nile, a large populous centre greatly needing a worker. Here the railway crosses the river, soon after we reached Kalline, where the branch line to Kafr esh Sheikh, Bieyala, Belcas and Shirbeen goes off.

In the train we gave away a few books, etc., as usual and came across a nice old man from the upper country, who had been a Kopt and was converted through Dr. Hogg of the American Mission, whose name is revered all through the land. The old man is now a member of the Plymouth Brethren, of whom there are quite a number up country among the Evangelicals. It was most refreshing to meet this brother and bear his simple testimony to the blessed Lord. Arriving at Kafr esh Sheikh we found a little place for the night in the inevitable Greek shop, had something to eat and then went out along the canal a little way and had a time of prayer together for the awful need.

Wednesday, 21st.

We were tired out with the long day yesterday and so slept well and rose much refreshed, and left by the 10.50 train for Shirbeen, passing through Bieyala (10,000) and Belcas (19,000) without a foreign missionary all along the line. The country is not so fertile here as we are pretty well on the northern borders of cultivation, but still there are many villages filled with sin-sick souls for whom Christ died and no one to tell them. We reached Shirbeen about 2.0 or so and just had time to get something to eat and then get the train to Mansourah and Tanta, passing en route through Semenoud (12,000) and the large centre Mebellet el Kebeer containing about 82,000 souls and no Protestant missionary in the place.

I noticed that the Roman Catholics are here in good force. From Tanta we came on to Alexandria, arriving before 10.0, much to the astonishment of our brethren.

We have travelled between twelve and thirteen hundred kilometers, through every province of the Delta. In almost every district we have seen the people, heard them, and our hearts are overwhelmed by the sense of the awful need and the utter inadequacy of the force to even touch the fringe of the need. We feel more than ever the important place our dear praying friends have in the evangelization of this land. The opportunity is now; while drinking is on the increase and old things are shaking, it is given to the Church of

Christ to take hold in the name of the Lord of Hosts and to save this people from utter ruin.

Islam has defied Christianity for centuries and to-day her ranks remain practically unshaken. Is Christ to conquer or Mohammed? Certainly Christ is victor, for He is King of Kings and Lord of Lords and even this people shall bow to His sway. Instead of their familiar "I testify that there is no God but God and that Mohammed is the apostle of God" we shall hear the glad testimony of hearts "I testify there is no God but Jehovah, and that Jesus Christ is God to the glory of the Father." Amen.

Therefore, beloved, let us labour in prayer, watching therein with thanksgiving, withal praying for us that in all things we may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. *"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest."*

(Remember specially the American Mission.)

This journey was taken with a view of acquiring information as to the nature of the country and the need, to the end that we may come to a decision on the question of the most suitable centre for our first inland station. The more we have seen the more we are impressed with the great difficulty of deciding, and we are thus cast utterly on the Lord who has said "the Lord will go before you," Isa. l. iii. 12. Will you join us specially in prayer, asking that He may make known His blessed will and choose our inheritance for us.

It is quite possible that we should have to build a suitable place for the work, and so we need that all shall lay this matter definitely before the Lord, asking that He will supply all our need according to Phil. iv. 19. It shall be so, for "He is faithful that promised."

Ever yours in the same Lord,
J. MARTIN CLEAVER.

We shall welcome friends who would like to join either the Prayer Circle for the Egypt Mission Band, or the Prayer Union for Egypt.

The address of the Secretary of the Mission Band is :
J. E. Piz, Esq., Bonaven, Antrim Road, Belfast.

and for the Prayer Union for Egypt,

Miss A. VAN SOMMER, Cuffnells, Wimbledon

Behold I have begun to give,..... Begin to possess.