

N.B.—Kindly read, circulate, and do not destroy.

NORTH AFRICA.

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

NORTH AFRICA MISSION,

formerly called "Mission to the Kabyles and other Berber Races."

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Contents.

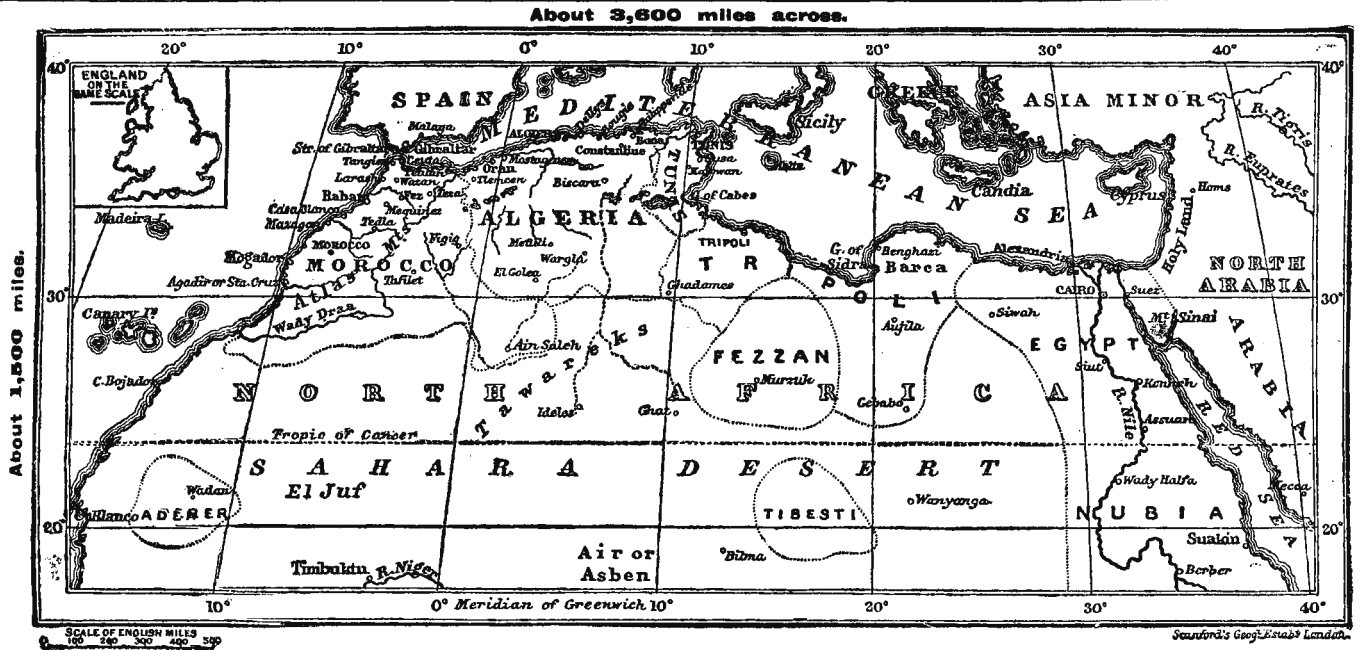


A MOORISH TOWNS-WOMAN.

	PAGE
Giving and Receiving	141
Notes and Extracts	143
Burning of the Great Omeyyad Mosque at Damascus	144
How Can They Do It?	144
The World at Large	144
Extract from an Address [given by Mr. Muller, Feb. 5th, 1893	145
The Mosque of St. Sophia	145
A Controversy with Mohammedans in India	146
Morocco — Annual Report of Mr. J. J. „ Edwards	147
„ A Day's Work at the Tulloch	
„ Memorial Hospital	148
„ The Last Three Months	149
„ Out and About in Tangier	149
Algeria—Among the Arabs at Mostaganem	150
„ Life on the Algerian Desert	151
Alone with God	151
Specimen of a Mohammedan Prayer	151
Brief Extracts from Workers' Letters and Journals... ..	152
Description of Illustrations	152
North Africa Mission	iii
Form of a Bequest	iii
List of Donations... ..	iii
Council	iv
Location of Missionaries	iv
Mission Publications	iv

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NORTH AFRICA consists of—

Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and the Sahara. Almost all its native inhabitants are Mohammedans. Mohammedanism has nothing in its teaching that can save the soul. It carefully denies the fundamental doctrines of Christ's divinity, death and resurrection, etc.

No effort has, until recently, been made to evangelise this part of the Moslem World. It was considered impossible to gain an entrance, much less a hearing amongst these followers of the False Prophet.

God has withered and is still withering the political power of Mohammedanism in Africa. Its vices were too glaring for civilisation to endure. Slavery and piracy in Algeria led to its subjugation by the French, who also are paramount in Tunis. Tripoli is still under the Turkish government. Egypt enjoys the protection of England, and Morocco is as yet an independent Moslem empire.

Islam's spiritual deceptions and social degradations cannot be removed by force of arms. Only the reception of the truths of the Gospel can remedy these evils.

MOROCCO can be reached from London by steamboat in four or five days; it has an area of about 260,000 square miles (equal to five times the size of England), and a population estimated at from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000. It is governed by a Sultan, whose name is Mulai Hassan.

The North Africa Mission began work in Morocco in a small way in 1884; at the close of 1892 it had substantial mission premises, with hospital in Tangier, and stations in Tetuan, Fez, and Casa Blanca. It has twenty-six missionaries in the country, labouring amongst Moslems, Jews, and Europeans; but several of them are at present mainly occupied in learning the languages. As the bulk of the population are in villages, many workers are needed to evangelize this country.

ALGERIA (fifty-five hours' journey from London) is the most advanced in civilisation of all the countries of North Africa, having been held by the French since 1830. After great expenditure of life and money, it is now thoroughly subject to their rule. Its extent is about three times that of England, and its population about 4,000,000, principally Moslems, but with some tens of thousands of French, Spaniards, Italians, Jews, etc. The country has a good climate, and much beautiful scenery; there are many good roads, and about two thousand miles of railway.

The North Africa Mission has seven stations and twenty-two brethren and sisters working there. The bulk of the people live in villages scattered over the country, and only a very few have, as yet, been reached by the Gospel.

TUNIS is under French protection, and practically under French rule. It is hardly so extensive as England, but has a population of about 2,000,000, nearly all of whom are Mohammedans. There are, however, a few thousands of Italians, Maltese, French, and Jews, etc., on the coast. Twelve workers of this Mission are stationed in the capital, some of them at present engaged in study; the remainder of the Regency, with its cities and villages, remains unevangelised. Who will go to them? A Medical Mission has been begun in Tunis.

TRIPOLI is a province of the Turkish Empire, several times larger than England. It has a population of about 1,350,000, who, with the exception of a few thousands, are followers of the False Prophet. The Moslems here are more intelligent and better educated than further west, but much opposed to the Gospel. Two brethren began, in 1889, to labour for Christ among them, and others have since been sent. A Medical Mission has been carried on with cheering results.

EGYPT is still tributary to Turkey, but under the protection and supervision of the British Government. The Mission commenced work in Lower Egypt in April, 1892, and has, including wives, seven missionaries there. The population of this portion of the country is estimated at nearly 4½ millions, the bulk of the people being Mohammedans. There are forty towns with from 7,000 to 40,000 inhabitants each, and 500 towns with from 2,000 to 7,000 each, without any gospel agency whatever.

THE VAST SAHARA, with its few scattered millions of Berber and Arab Mohammedans remains still without a solitary missionary. We pray God that soon some brethren full of faith and of the Holy Ghost may be sent to preach Christ amidst the inhabitants of its palmy oases.

NORTHERN ARABIA is peopled by the Bedouin descendants of Ishmael; they are not bigoted Moslems, like the Syrians, but willing to be enlightened. One brother went to labour among them in 1886; he has now retired, and another brother and his wife who were thinking of taking up the work, have through ill-health been obliged to come home.

NORTH AFRICA.



A MOORISH TOWNS-WOMAN (see page 152).

Giving and Receiving.

“Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: It is more blessed to give than to receive.”



THE beloved disciple, in closing his record of the life of the Lord Jesus, tells us that “there are also many other things that Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written,” so that, after all, only a small part of the words and works of the Son of God have been chronicled, and we are thankful to the Apostle Paul for having rescued from oblivion a saying not recorded in the Gospels, because every word of the Lord Jesus is precious to those who love Him. Let us dwell a little on these words which he bids us “remember.”

The first thing that strikes us is, how contrary is this teaching to the spirit of the world. This is an age of self-seeking and luxury. The world says there is more blessedness in receiving than in giving—that the comfort and well-being of self must be the first consideration, and that he is the happy man who is successful in

gathering riches in abundance; but right across these maxims of the world is recorded this utterance of the Son of God: "It is more blessed to *give* than to *receive*"; and He who spake as never man spake, who taught "with authority, and not as the scribes," did not give utterance to this sentence as a mere expression of opinion, but as *a truth*, and we do well to take heed to every word that fell from those holy lips.

Christ does not say there is no blessedness in receiving; on the contrary, He has placed us in the position of being continual receivers of His bounty. But while *receivers*, He would not have us be *retainers*, but rise to the superior blessedness here spoken of, as distributors of the bounty which His tender love has poured into our lap. And this principle is seen everywhere in nature: the clouds that absorb the moisture from the ocean do not hoard their treasures of rain, but gather only to give back again upon the thirsty earth, "giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater." The tree that spreads out its branches to receive the genial rains and warm sunshine, breathing in through its leafy lungs the gases that minister to its growth, does not live for itself, but that, by-and-bye, it may give back what it has received in rich, ripe fruits for the service of man.

Moreover, the Master Himself who uttered these words for our guidance exemplified them in His daily life. His preaching and His practice ever went hand in hand. True, He was a receiver, for, like His great progenitor Abraham, there was not a foot of earth's surface He could call His own. As he journeyed from place to place, "holy women," as well as many others, "ministered to Him of their substance." From the moment when the wise men opened their treasure store in the stable at Bethlehem to the day when Joseph of Arimathæa opened his new-made sepulchre in the garden to receive the body of his Lord, He who "had not where to lay His head," was a constant receiver of the loving gifts of others. But on the other hand He freely gave, "not as the world giveth give I unto you"; with unselfish liberality, with loving self-forgetfulness, he exemplified most fully what the Apostle Paul wrote of his own life, "as poor yet making rich"; yea, did He not become poor that others through His poverty might be rich? And thus day by day, through life and lip, giving blessing, healing, because it was "more blessed to give than to receive." He closed His life on earth by giving Himself "the just for the unjust," "giving us an example that we should follow in His steps."

When the twelve disciples were sent out to go as messengers before His face, they were at once placed in the attitude of receivers, being told to "provide neither gold nor silver nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, not yet staves." Their brethren among whom they went with hands full of blessing would make themselves chargeable with their support. While, however, receiving, as workmen worthy of their meat, they were to be givers in a far larger sense. Entrusted with a heaven-sent power, they were to "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils," all their time and attention to be devoted not to getting, but to giving; not receiving, but blessing and healing, because it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

Giving is the grand function of God. "Every good and every perfect gift is from above." He gives, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward, and we are called upon to be "imitators of God." If a man has knowledge or ability or wealth, or any other gift, he is not justified in keeping it to himself, for "no man liveth to himself." The various endowments of men were never meant to isolate them, but rather to link them together, one supplying what the other lacked, "that there should be no schism in the body"; being not "ready to grasp," but "ready to communicate." "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

Giving is one of the strongest antidotes to selfishness. It is astonishing how soon the heart contracts its sympathies and turns in upon itself. If not checked we should soon become miserly in our habits, and a miser is a monstrosity in God's universe. Giving is one of the surest ways of detaching the heart from those purely selfish objects upon which it would otherwise centre itself. Lastly, giving to God is always the prelude to our becoming in turn recipients of *His* bounty, for God will be no man's debtor. "Give, and it *shall* be given unto you," is a law of the Heavenly Kingdom, and in proportion to our faith in thus distributing what God entrusts to our keeping will He give back into our bosom. "With whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." The farmer that scatters his seed in the furrow does not do so in the expectation that his seed will be lost. *He knows* that God is faithful, that His promises are to be relied upon, and confidently expects to receive the thirty, sixty, or even the hundredfold. So in the spiritual world. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet

and it tendeth to poverty." "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth others shall be watered also himself."

We thus see somewhat of the force of these weighty words of the Lord Jesus Christ, and wherein the blessedness consists. If we minister to others, or contribute as our means will allow to that department of His work that has our confidence, doing so unmindful of self or its many claims, not only shall we have the joy and satisfaction that must be ours as "good stewards of the manifold grace of God," but we shall also, in due time, receive a recompense immeasurably greater than that bestowed: even as the woman of Sarepta who made *first* a cake for the prophet with her last handful of meal, thus denying self, found, as she was supplied day by day from the full hand of God, that it was indeed "more blessed to give than to receive."

"Is thy cruse of comfort failing?

Rise and share it with another.

And through all the years of famine,

It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love Divine shall fill thy storehouse,

Or thy handful still renew;

Scanty fare for one will often

Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving,

All its wealth is living grain:

Seeds which mildew in the garner

Scattered, fill with gold the plain."

W. T. F.

Notes and Extracts.

CITY PRAYER MEETING.—The weekly meeting for prayer, which has been held during the past six months at the rooms of the Y.M.C.A., Cornhill, will be discontinued after the end of November.

The Prayer Meeting at Barking on Friday afternoons is increasing in numbers and interest. We shall be pleased to welcome any friends who may be able to pay us a visit. A convenient train leaves Fenchurch Street at 3.15. Also a Midland train, via Tottenham, as follows: Kentish Town, 2.45; Highgate Road, 2.48; Upper Holloway, 2.52; Crouch Hill, 2.56; Walthamstow, 3.11 (changing at East Ham).

THE HON. SECRETARY left England on Monday, Nov. 12th, accompanied by Dr. T. G. Churcher. They go direct to Tunis, via Marseilles, where Dr. Churcher will stay for a time to carry on the work of the Medical Mission during the absence of Dr. Leach. Mr. Glennly purposes visiting the Mission stations in Tripoli and Alexandria, before returning to England.

DEPARTURES.—Miss N. Bagster, Miss L. K. Lochhead and Miss A. Hammon, left England for North Africa, on October 22nd, via Paris and Marseilles. Miss Bagster has joined the workers in Tunis; Miss Lochhead has returned to Constantine, Algeria, and Miss Hammon is staying for a time with her sister, Mrs. Liley, at Tlemcen.

Mr. and Mrs. Michell and family sailed from Cardiff, on Friday, November 2nd, in the ss. *Zoe*, for Malta, en route to Tunis.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick and child embarked at Plymouth, on Saturday, November 3rd, on board the Orient line ss. *Orient*, for Gibraltar, on their return to their field of labour in Tangier.

Dr. and Mrs. Grieve, Dr. Hy. Smith, and Miss A. Watson left on Friday, November 23rd, by the P. and O. steamer *Khedive*. Dr. and Mrs. Grieve go to Casablanca, and the two latter to Alexandria.

WE are pleased to announce that Mr. Chas. A. Clark, of Forest Hill, S.E., has kindly consented to act as Hon. Dental Surgeon to the North Africa Mission.

MISS YOUNG, who was formerly in Algeria, but is now assisting in the home department of the Mission, has been giving an account of the work in Kabylia at Twickenham,

Southend, Ealing, Walthamstow, Blackheath, Stoke Newington, Chelmsford, and other places.

MR. SUMMERS reports that the Moslem convert at Alexandria is making satisfactory progress, and giving him much joy of heart. He adds, "We still read together of an evening. He is meeting with many surprises in the Apostolic teaching of Christian life and doctrine."

BY some oversight, the Annual Report of Mr. J. Edwards was omitted from the October number of NORTH AFRICA. We have given a portion of this on page 147.

ANNUAL VOLUME.—The annual volume of NORTH AFRICA will be ready about the middle of December. We are binding with this an entirely new map, showing the whole of North Africa, from the Mediterranean to the mouth of the Niger, and from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. The map is beautifully coloured, and has all the stations of the N. A. M. underlined in red. The price of the volume will be the same as previously, viz., in strong paper boards, 1s. 6d.; in cloth, with gilt edges, 2s. 6d., post free. Orders should be sent in as early as possible.

OUR MONTHLY PERIODICAL.—As we intend to avail ourselves more in the future than in the past of the advantages of photography, we have made arrangements for printing NORTH AFRICA, from the commencement of the new year, on a finer description of paper, which will, we hope, bring out the details of the photographs in a more satisfactory manner. Other features will be introduced with the object of making our journal increasingly interesting.

With the January number, we hope to give, as an inset, a copy of the NEW COLOURED MAP mentioned above. Those wishing extra copies will please order early as the number is limited.

LANTERN LECTURES.—As the winter is again upon us, we would call the attention of our friends to the Lantern Lecture on "Tunis," which was in such frequent request last winter. We should be happy to lend this set of fifty slides, with a type-written lecture, free of cost, to any who will undertake to make use of them in their neighbourhood, and thus help to make the work of the Mission more widely known.

BURNING OF THE GREAT OMEYYAD MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS.

It is remarkable that we have heard but little of the destruction of the great mosque at Damascus by fire, the reason apparently being that the Turkish Government regard it as a portentous calamity, and have prevented any account of it from getting abroad. It is the ancient Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, one half of which, on the conquest of Omar, was turned into a mosque, while the other half was left for Christian service till the year 90 A.H., when the whole was taken possession of for Moslem worship.

The fire broke out on the 14th of October, 1893, during the day, and the greater part of the building was destroyed, leaving only the walls standing. The rooms of Hasan and Hoosein were saved, though they are understood to have sustained some slight injury. The tomb of Saladdin was not affected. It is not easy to ascertain the number of shops and houses destroyed on the south of the mosque, in which direction the flames and cinders were carried by the wind, but some eighty-five shops and twenty-five houses are mentioned.

Mohammed Said Pasha, who has for many years conducted the pilgrimage from Damascus to Mecca, contributes £1,000 (Turkish) towards the reconstruction of the mosque. The walls which are standing will probably be retained as they are. The minarets are uninjured, but two rows of columns, the whole length of the mosque, have been destroyed.

It must be a matter of surmise why the Turkish authorities have prohibited the press from reporting the fire, or even alluding to it. The destruction of the famous building had a most depressing effect upon the city at the time. Whether the Government apprehended a similar effect on the Mahomedan population at large, or feared that the disaster might be regarded by both the Moslem and Christian world as another indication of the decay of Turkish power and prestige, it is difficult to say; but both reasons are talked of at Damascus.

The Christians were accused by some at the time of setting the building on fire; but, as the fire broke out in the high roof of the building a little before noon, the accusation was so manifestly absurd that it had little influence on the Moslem mind. Had it occurred at night, when the facts might not have been so manifest, the report would have met with readier acceptance, and it is impossible to say what, in that case, might not have been the consequences to the Christians. Moreover, as there was a high wind blowing towards the Christian quarter, if it had been at night, when people were asleep, the destruction must have been much more extensive. As it was a number of houses in the Christian quarter caught fire from the cinders, but the outbreak was soon got under. At night the danger and risks would have been vastly greater, and, with a fanatical Moslem mob, excited by the accusation that the Christians had set the mosque on fire, the Christian quarter might have been burned and plundered, with even a repetition of the terrible massacre of 1860.

The work of rebuilding seems to have been taken in hand with vigour. A gentleman in the city, recently taking a ride with his wife and son outside the gates, met hundreds of men bringing in the large poplar beams for the work, which they were drawing in carts by ropes, with loud singing and clapping of hands. The riders at once turned away by another road, giving them as wide a berth as possible, for it is hardly safe for a Christian to get among them in their present mood.

The library, containing books and manuscripts of priceless value, was rescued from the flames; and nothing of value was lost, excepting the most precious gem of all—namely, "Othman's Coran," which was deposited in a place apart,

and was not thought of till too late. This is said to have been (and probably really was) of the very four exemplars deposited by the Caliph Othman, A.H. 30, in the four great mosques of Mecca, Medina, Kufa, and Damascus—the only surviving copy. These were to be kept there as the sole authoritative copies—after all others had been called in from every quarter of the Moslem Empire and committed to the flames.

It is a matter for congratulation that the ancient inscription in Greek on the Cathedral wall—over the silversmiths' and sandal-makers' bazaar—has not been injured. It is the 13th verse of Psalm cxlv., the name of Christ being added thus:—

"Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy dominion is from generation to generation."

It is fortunate that this inscription, with so wonderful a tale to tell of the past, possibly of the future also, is hardly, if at all, known amongst the Moslems, or it might not have survived through all these ages.

HOW CAN THEY DO IT?

DR. GEO. T. DOWKONTT, writing in the *Missionary Review*, says:—

"How can they do it? is a question that has often occurred to the mind of the writer concerning those who go out to these lands and find themselves surrounded by scores or hundreds of poor suffering ones to whom they can afford no relief as they clamour for it. True, they can tell them of that 'land beyond,' where 'there shall be no more pain'—blessed truth to us!—but what to those people? They know nothing, they care nothing about a future state; they do care about the present one, and they may well ask those who tell them of the future, 'Why not give some of that promised relief here and now?' This the Saviour did.

"How can they tell these people of the Saviour who went about 'healing all manner of diseases,' and yet do nothing to relieve their pains? To be in the midst of such suffering, and be unable to relieve it, must surely be the most excruciating torture to the heart of a truly Christian man or woman, while to go among such sufferers, dry their tears, cure their diseases, relieve their pains, and save their lives is a luxury angels would like to enjoy.

"How can they do it? Well, many of them cannot stay long at it. They return back home to get the knowledge and means to give relief, as many known to the writer have done, and then they gladly go back again to their fields of labour. Not only so, but think of the missionaries themselves, hundreds of miles from a doctor, wives and children with them. How much of time and money has been sacrificed and valuable lives lost cannot here be told.

"How can they do it? may well be asked concerning those who turn a deaf ear to the calls made upon them to 'help the helpless.' How can they live in luxury, adorned with diamonds, and hoarding their wealth, and know of this terrible suffering and need, and neither give nor do anything to stop it, and yet call themselves Christians, followers of Him 'who, though He was rich'—how rich!—'yet for our sakes became poor'? How will they meet Him by-and-by?"

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

"I AM only one, but I *am* one;
I cannot do everything, but I can do something.
What I *can* do I *ought* to do,
And what I ought to do, by the grace of God, I *will* do."

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS GIVEN BY
MR. MULLER, FEB. 5, 1893.

"AND not only so, but we glory in tribulations also," we rejoice in them—that is, not that the tribulations in themselves, the trials and difficulties of life, give joy, but by faith laying hold of what God has done for us in Christ, we can be happy, very happy, in the midst of these things.

Particularly on account of one thing we can be happy, looking at the result of all this, for all such things are intended to bring blessing to us, according to that word, "All things work together for good to them that love God," not merely this or the other thing, or the greater portion of things work for good, but that everything works for our good in the end, and that at last we shall have to praise the Lord for all His providential dealings with us. Oh! if we were to lay hold on that word by faith habitually, how different would be our life, what peace, what comfort in the Holy Ghost we should have, yea, what joy, in the midst of trials and difficulties. But we so frequently lose sight of the truth of it.

Now let any who are in difficulty, in trial, in affliction, lay hold on this word.

Here is an aged servant of Christ before you, who in his long life has had to pass through many, many, many a trial, and many heavy trials. And what has been his experience? That without a single exception, every one, every one, every one, of these numberless trials has been a blessing to him, and many of his greatest trials have proved his choicest blessings.

And as it has been with this aged servant, so it will be with you my beloved brethren and sisters in Christ, be not discouraged with the difficulties, look to the end of the journey—yea, before the journey's end, you may find in numberless instances how trials and afflictions prove real blessings, as I have found it times without number.

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

BY REV. J. B. FIGGIS.

STARTING from the bridge at Constantinople, in the midst of the teeming throng, paying our toll to some of the many men who come forth lest we should pass without doing so, and thus crossing the bridge, and entering Stamboul, let us not turn to the right to the Greek Cathedral near by, but let us take our carriage or mount one of the beautiful horses kept there for hire, and go forth to the left near to Seraglio Point which juts out into the sea, making the Golden Horn. Just in front of us rise the dome and minarets that tell you that there is a mosque. It is not the one we most want, but let us enter it. We must not do so by the front portal: some friends whom we met tried this, and though they took the shoes from their feet they were hooted and hissed back. We go round, and by another entrance we reach the gallery. There we look down through a multitude of unlit lamps, upon a congregation of hundreds gathered at noonday. They come in, one by one, the men of the city,—the women worship not with the men. One after another they come, each removing his shoes, and many baring their feet altogether. They sit, bow and fling themselves on the ground, on matting or carpet, and there, most of the time, sits the *Moolah* cross-legged, leading the prayer, often responded to from the pulpit by another who takes up the slow monotonous chant. Alas, they know not "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." His beloved Son they put far below Mohammed, and honour the teachings of the Koran, so often corrupt, and which lead, as they only can lead, to a corrupt and corrupting life.

We turn away, and in the open air, pursuing our course, we find ourselves at length near another mosque, in exterior form like the last. See, there again are the four minarets, and again the domes and semi-domes and fountains. The vast substructures of pink and yellow may support the building and prevent decay, but detract from its beauty. We enter, and pass on till we reach the fourth court. There are

balustrades, and colonnades running round, and above it rise cupolas. After this, another court is passed, and one of the fountains so beloved of the Mohammedans, and then we find ourselves in the vast fane itself: 469 feet by 243, carpeted with the softest carpet in every portion. As we gaze, we see rising from the carpet,—like trees in some great avenue from the green velvet sward,—forty majestic pillars. On these are hung the largest (and surely the loveliest) galleries ever designed. Above them are sixty more pillars, and as there are seven over the doors, the total number is 107, "the mystic number for this House of Wisdom." Look again at the pillars. Four of those porphyry columns once came from the Temple of the Sun in far distant Baalbec. Eight others of green jasper, from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the rest, of marble, from Egypt. Wonderful and beautiful they are! Then we pass them, and there rises the great dome, 115 feet in diameter, to the majestic height of 180 feet above the floor, and all of it a mass of gold mosaic. It is lighted by twenty-four windows, and under it there runs a text from the Koran:—"God is the light of the heavens and the earth." Huge texts from the Koran are in every corner of the building, unsightly and disfiguring, and then beneath them there is the marvellous tracery, delighting the eye and filling the heart with a sense of beauty only surpassed—if surpassed there—in the greatest churches of Rome or Milan or Venice.

This is the Mosque of St. Sophia, and it must indeed be a scene of wonder during the Feast of Ramadan, when every corner is crowded by worshippers, and the whole congregation is prostrate, alas, in rites we cannot approve, and some of which we cannot divulge, for there are dark doings in connection with this system.

But was St. Sophia always a mosque? How came it to be one? Always? No, for 900 years it was a Christian church. Justinian the Great was its builder. Churches had risen on the spot before, but they had been mostly of wood, and had been burnt down. And so in the year 538 of our era, after summoning the greatest architects from Greece, and gathering many treasures from many lands, he set about a building, more costly than any before. He obtained green marble from Egypt, white marble from Phrygia, and blue marble from Libya, and by forced labour he brought the marbles and materials for his majestic works over land and sea. He taxed the people of Constantinople terribly, in order to rear a monument of heavenly—or should we call it earthly?—glory. Everything about the building was magnificent. The altar was to be more precious than gold, so it was made of translucent gems. There were twenty-four mighty evangels, each weighing twenty hundredweight, and the mere candelabra six thousand pounds of gold. All things were beautiful about it, and on the very tiles was written: "God has founded it, and it will not be overthrown. God will support it in all ages." Four courts it had, each with fountains. The bringing together of the material took seven and a half years; its building eight and a half years. When it was finished Justinian hurried from the entrance to the pulpit, and exclaimed: "God be praised: Who hath esteemed me worthy to complete such a work. Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

"Pride goeth before destruction!" What would he have said if he could have looked forward and seen, in 1453, Mohammed II. at the head of the conquering Turks dragging his vessels overland and setting them down in the Golden Horn; and bringing his troops to the wall and—after a terrible fight—into the streets of Stamboul, and up to the closed doors of St. Sophia? There were people and princes within the walls; but people and princes, and men and women were bound and delivered to slavery or the sword. And then by a strange irony of fate, the Sultan, mounting perchance the very height on which Justinian had uttered those words,

exclaimed: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet," and from that hour the Cathedral of St. Sophia became a Moslem mosque.

My friends, one can fancy, in the happier days of that building—happy in their measure, only a human measure—one can fancy in those superstitious times, many pilgrims coming to see the magnificent church, who wished that they were rich and powerful, and that they could build structures like this to the honour of God. "But ye have not so learned Christ." Ye know that "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands," but that the High and lofty One "dwelleth with him also that is of a humble and contrite spirit." But if you know it, have you ever received it? Have you ever received God, received God into your soul, welcomed Him into your spirit, enthroned Him in your heart of hearts as a God present, coming to live and reign? Let me tell you, there are no columns, however strong, that can compare in God's esteem with faith and Christian fidelity. There are no pillars, however beautiful, that can compare in God's sight with love and Christian devotion. There are no churches, however magnificent, that can be to our Lord Jesus Christ, what the panting and yearning of the living soul will be that seeks to be entirely His. He would rather have "one humble heart wherein to dwell" than all the St. Sophias in the world.—*Life of Faith.*

A CONTROVERSY WITH MOHAMMEDANS IN INDIA.

A VERY interesting article on the above subject appeared some time since in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*. We take the liberty of giving a brief epitome of it to our readers.

"In the ancient city of Jandiala, some miles east of Amritsar, live a number of poor, uneducated Moslems. Amongst them, a teacher (termed the Panda) and a youth of about seventeen. These two were so impressed with the activities of the Christians, that they determined to do battle for their faith. They commenced annoying the Christians in every possible way, until at last it was felt absolutely necessary to silence their misrepresentations and abuse. After due consideration, the Panda was written to, inviting him to arrange for a public discussion of their respective religions. The Mohammedans were greatly alarmed, and it was not till more than three weeks were passed that a champion for their side was found, the Mirza Ghulam Ahmed. The defender for the Christian side was Mr. Abdullah Athim, one of the earliest living converts from Mohammedanism; and the place for discussion, the verandah of a house. During the first week the Mohammedans were to present their side in questioning the Divinity of our Lord, and proving the superiority of the Koran to the Bible; the second week the Christians were to state their points: (1) Unless there be an Atonement for sin, how can God be just and the Justifier of Sinners! Fatalism. Warring for the faith. What proof is there that Mohammed is a prophet of God, and that the Koran is the Word of God?

"On the day appointed, the interest that had been excited by the announcement of this controversy was fully evident by the verandah being speedily filled, and hundreds being turned away for lack of room. The two champions sat facing each other in the middle of the verandah, and behind them their helpers and friends, including a number of rich and high-class Moslems, not usually brought under the sound of the Truth. This was one very cheering feature of the controversy, that these influential men were, hour after hour, for a fortnight, listening most attentively to expositions of Scripture, to the claims of Christ, to the eternal verities of His truth, and the falsity of all beside for acceptance with God, salvation, and life

eternal. But what the Moslems felt most keenly was the fact that the battle was fought by perverts from their own faith. As one of them said, 'A cart-load of axe-heads was sent to a forest, and the forest said, "What care I?"' But later on it knew it was doomed, when its own branches were lopped off and fitted as hafts to the axe-heads. We are troubled this day because to your axe-heads the branches from our own trees have been fitted.'

"The Mirza directed his attack successively against the Incarnation, Atonement, Divinity, Miracles, Life and Death of our Lord, seeking also to show the beauty of the Koran, and its superiority to the Scriptures. The interest constantly increased; bit by bit objections were met, arguments silenced, the claims of our Lord pressed home, and at the end of the first week the victory was, as it ever must be, to our God and His Christ. Just before the time of closing, the poor Mirza was so confused that he left the meeting to perform incantations over water 'to secure the confusion of his opponent's tongue.' During the second week, though the attack on them was feeble to what was expected, it was quite enough for them, and all their desire was, 'Oh that the controversy would end.'

"Many of the Moslems went aside, and, sitting by a well, offered up prayers for victory. Four hours after the controversy had ended, Mirza declared he had a special revelation from heaven to assure him the victory was his, and left them with the assurance that he was right, and that *within fifteen months Mr. Athim would be plunged into the deepest hell!*

"Finally, a leading Mohammedan gentleman moved a vote of thanks for organizing the controversy, and after mutual hand-shaking the assembly dispersed.

"The result of this controversy may be partly gathered from the following facts:—An enterprising Mohammedan publisher issued verbatim reports, and the street in which the press is situated was a mass of heads, waiting for the daily issue. All over the country these papers have gone, full of the truth of Christ, and so the Gospel has reached many an otherwise difficult nook . . . Men are questioning, thinking, inquiring. The Rev. W. Thwaites, C.M.S., Peshawur, says that the controversy excited very keen interest in that city, and as a result of it, in measure, a remarkable change has occurred; the old deadness and indifference has been replaced by fierce opposition. Instead of being severely let alone, he and his workers now find themselves surrounded by masses of keenly hostile people. . . . The fruits of the Spirit of Christ in His followers have been abundantly manifested, and the Mohammedans present have realised and admitted the difference between us and them. Mr. Athim's words have been good, but better far have been his unflinching Christian humility, patience, gentleness, and forbearance. Said one Moslem, 'Wonderful people are you Christians. Had this been a discussion between Mohammedans, long ere now we should have been tearing each other's throats. You invite us to your house, arrange for our comfort, and, with unflinching courtesy, listen to all we have to say against your faith! Wonderful!' Said another, 'I never enjoyed a controversy so much. After all, God knows his own truth best. But you Christians are men.'

"Those who have been engaged in the controversy have obtained experience and definite blessing. The hearts of the younger Christians have been established in the Faith, and greatly comforted. They have learned that Christians have no cause for fear, despite anything the enemies of Christ can do, for the foundation of God standeth sure. A bright young Mohammedan lad, a candidate for baptism, was one of the audience. He had been waiting for baptism for some time when the controversy was arranged. He sat through it all, and at the close was more desirous of baptism than before

saying, 'It is good. I heard beforehand all they could say, but I believe more intelligently than formerly that Christ is my Lord.' He has been baptised, and so far has given nothing but joy. As for the Mohammedans of Jandiala, who set the

ball a rolling, they are completely disorganised; they are no longer talking loudly, but instead, in one quarter, there are signs of hopeful enquiry."

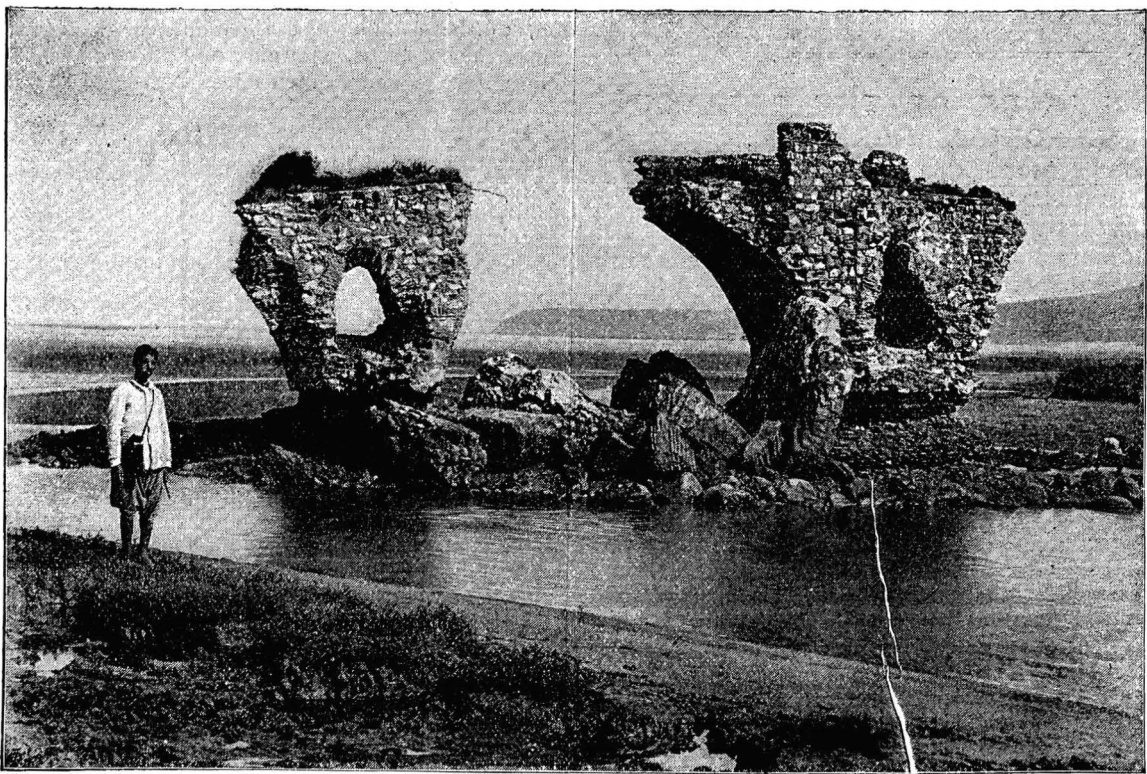
(The sequel to this will appear in our next.)

Morocco.

ANNUAL REPORT OF MR. J. J. EDWARDS.

THE mission year just ended has for us been overflowing with incidents and experiences. Village work, travelling, Fez life, further travel, and days of happy service in Dar-al-Beida, all claimed our attention. For several weeks last summer the Word

about the Ethiopian Eunuch. He seemed to catch the spirit of the narrative and said, "In truth it is necessary that I should be stamped." Finding our work crippled we thought it best to retire, trusting the All Wise Father to establish His name



OLD RUINS OF ROMAN BRIDGE AT TANGIER (*see page 152*).

of the Lord sounded out from our little camp at Zeiken, a beautifully situated spot near Tangier, and in other places. Numbers were brought under the influence of the Gospel. We found ready hearers everywhere, and few real discouragements. It is pleasant work preaching in the villages, as there is nothing to disturb the mind or distract attention.

From village work the Lord called us to city life and labour in the large and busy capital of Northern Morocco—Fez. Here our work lay chiefly among the boys, although my wife and I were both able to get into several Moorish houses on friendly terms. We began under bright auspices, and we thought to have spent many useful years of service there. But our happy occupation was cut short, and our work broken up a few days before Christmas, by order of the authorities.

In the midst of all this trouble our hearts were greatly cheered by El Yazeed, the native lad who assists us, asking for baptism. I had been reading with him one evening

and will in the hearts of those dear boys in His own way and time. So early in March found us crossing the wild country inhabited by the Beni Hassen. The people were at war with the Berber tribe, known as the Zemour. Fighting had taken place a few days previously between them, and many had been killed on both sides. The people were in a wretched condition.

We arrived in Rabat on the afternoon of the 18th without any mishap. Here we were privileged to work a month, people coming to us daily, and we were much encouraged, meeting with much kindness both from Moors and Europeans. We found doors open everywhere, but few to enter them. It was here that we met with a disciple of our Lord—a Salee man. He is well read in the Scriptures, having a complete copy in his possession. He seems a devout man, and most intelligent, professing his faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God.

Since coming to Dar-al-Beida we have been both of us

actively engaged among the people, preaching the word with all boldness, and healing their diseases. In two months we have reached 800 souls in this way; Mrs. Edwards addressing the women and children, whilst I dealt with the men and lads. The people who come to us are mostly Arabs from the country and surrounding huts, and numbers of poor Jews from the town. There is less fanaticism here, and wide-open doors for whole-hearted servants of Christ. The people listen to the Gospel well. Case after case full of the deepest interest comes before me as I write; and we believe that the Lord is working with us. People come from a great distance asking for books. A Jew has also confessed his faith in Christ as the true Messiah, and is waiting to be baptized.

Looking at things all round, we can but praise our God for His faithfulness in the past, and to our mind the future is full of happy prospects for Morocco and its people, if we can only lead our converts to make a bold stand for the truth and purity as found in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A DAY'S WORK AT THE TULLOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

BY DR. C. L. TERRY.

LET us take a day's work, beginning, say, on a Monday morning. At sunrise some of the Moorish in-patients stir themselves, and one by one, if well enough to rise from their beds, begin to go out on to the Marshan with a pail of water to wash hands and face and feet in order to be ready to say the first of the five prayers when the cry sounds faintly from the mosque away down in the town. In the mosque tower the old muezzin is calling, in not unmusical, far-sounding voice, "God is great, come and pray, prayer is better than sleep." And though few only go to the mosque, many in their own places spread a mat and go through genuflections, and head-flections, and lip-flections, but few, alas! through heart-flections. Occasionally some in-patients who cannot go out of doors will, if able, say their prayers in the ward, but they prefer going outside to do so.

Then the hospital servant might be seen buzzing about and making coffee, and giving to each patient his cupful, with half a loaf of bread. After various sweepings and cleanings he goes off to market to buy meat and vegetables for the day. Meanwhile out-patients are beginning to assemble, some coming as early as six o'clock, having slept in the open market-place or some café the night before. They have little idea of the hours of the day, and know that they must come early or they may be shut out.

At 8.30, or soon after, the in-patients are visited. Each patient is looked at, and his medicine renewed or altered or his dressings attended to. By the time this is finished perhaps the courtyard is nearly full, and the in-patients who can walk about find it difficult to get sitting room amongst the out-patients as they go down for service. At 9.15, or thereabouts, the bell is rung for prayer, and some or all of the workers meet for a short prayer-meeting. The usual prayer-meeting consists in reading an Arabic text, repeating an English one all round, and then prayer from all who feel led to engage, commending the day's work to God, and asking blessing on what is to be preached that day, and on fellow-workers in Morocco, and on medical mission work all the world over. A quarter of an hour after the prayer-bell has rung, the hospital doors are closed, and no more out-patients admitted; and a half-hour's service is held, consisting of reading from the Bible in Arabic, and then exposition, or discussion, or a Gospel appeal, and prayer, and sometimes singing of hymns, of course all in Arabic.

The service over, the patients are passed one by one into the consulting room and prescribed for. The prescription is passed into the dispensary to be made up, and the patient into the courtyard again, where he, as well as those waiting for their turn, are talked to or read with by one of the lady workers, who also gives out a New Testament, or a gospel, or some tracts to any who can read and will accept them.

This work may last till twelve or one o'clock, often later; or should it happen that there are only a few patients, the morning is generally filled up by some minor operations or special cases requiring careful attention.

When all out-patients have gone away the mid-day half-loaf and a handful of raisins are given out to in-patients, and workers leave the hospital for dinner, usually not before they need it.

Things are generally quiet in the hospital in the afternoon after the medicine has been given out until six o'clock in the evening, when the evening meal, dinner, or early supper comes on, to the delight of the patients, or such of them as can enjoy the cous-cous, with meat and gravy and another half-loaf. Many have to content themselves with milk, or broth, or gruel, or special diet.

Most evenings in the week, after dinner, a service is held in the wards, at which all are present except the very seriously ill. These, though bodily present in the ward, can hardly be said to join in the service. Between nine and ten o'clock the evening visit is made, when any who need sleeping draughts, or special treatment, or instructions for the night are attended to.

This is pretty much the routine work day by day. On Monday and Thursday the out-patients are men only. On Tuesday and Friday, women only. On Wednesday no out-patients are seen at all, and the day is kept as an "off-day" or rest-day, as far as it is possible to have an "off-day" with hospital work. Saturday is kept for operations and chloroform cases.

But this by no means gives an idea of half the work. There is the looking after the servants, the admitting and dismissing of patients at any odd hours, the arrival of accident cases that must be attended to on the spot. For the nurse-in-charge and her helper there is—besides all the real nursing work, and the giving out the medicine three times a day, and dressing all wounds, etc.—a huge amount of house-keeping work, such as sending down to the market for food, charcoal, oil, whitewash, etc.; balancing up the accounts daily, often largely done in coins worth the tenth or fifteenth part of a penny each; the doling out daily rations of bread, coffee, sugar, etc.; the washing of blankets, re-making of straw beds, etc., etc., and the hundred and one little details of hospital life in a land where personal superintendence is absolutely necessary, as nurse and workers understand only too well, to the cost of tired and aching limbs often, not to speak of aching heads and hearts.

WHAT DOES ALL THIS WORK MEAN?

It means, first, that an object-lesson in one phase of practical Christianity, in the form of medical relief, has been extended to several thousands of Mohammedans during the course of the year, in a land where, despite an ancient civilisation, medical and surgical science are unknown and popular remedies are useless or cruel.

Secondly, it means that a great amount of opposition to and hatred of Christians (or Nazarenes, as Mohammedans call them) has been removed. There is hardly one of the patients, in or out, who would not listen in the future as they have all listened in the past, to the preaching of the Gospel from any of the missionaries who hail from the Marshan, Tangier.

Thirdly, it means that the country is being opened up for future work. Invitations to go to the villages, and even distant

parts of the country, are constantly coming in. A missionary travelling lately was better received at one village than he had been at some of the others, because the men he encountered there first, knew of a man from their village who had been an in-patient in the Marshan Hospital, and had been kindly treated. He had not been cured, nor in any way improved medically, so the kindness as well as the medicine tells.

Fourthly, it means spreading the Gospel, in the Written Word, to many parts inaccessible at present, owing to the fanaticism of the people or the smallness of the staff of workers.

Fifthly, it means that on every one of the several thousand attendances, these Mohammedans have been, for once at least in their lives, pointed to Jesus Christ as God's own appointed Sin-bearer, the only Intercessor for mankind.

Sixthly, it means that through the medical and nursing work during the year, between two and three hundred, living in all parts of the country, have daily, usually twice a day, for a shorter or longer period, heard God's Word read and explained to them by those to whom they were under a great obligation, and probably were personally grateful.

Would to God that it could be added, seventhly, it means that a certain number, after open profession of conversion and personal faith in Christ, have been baptised and are living Christian lives. This is the end for which all the work is carried on, and for which daily earnest prayer is ascending. And the time will come when this result will be seen. We can thank God for not a few who have come nearly to this point.

THE LAST THREE MONTHS.

BY MISS B. G. VINING.

THERE has not been much of special interest to record during July. One hundred and eleven women and children were seen by the doctor, and heard the message of salvation through Christ; some of them many times. Occasionally I have had a woman come in out of dispensary hours, but though many promise to come they never do; and we have not had the numbers we hoped for, even for medicine; why, we do not know. At the end of July the hospital work was closed for two months, that the workers might take a rest and holiday. Mrs. Boulton and I, agreeing that it seemed a great pity to close this house (for the women), which was only taken for five months, and just as the women were getting to know about it, proposed to keep it open to treat sick ones—as far as our limited knowledge allowed—and, at all events, to preach the Gospel to those whom the Lord sent to us. This we have done for eleven weeks, during which time, nearly 400 women and children have been in the house. One hundred and fifty-eight during August, 117 in September, and up to to-day (October 17th) 195. We have let them come every day but Sunday, and all hours till mid-day; thus making a distinction between this "holiday session" and the regular medical mission work.

Some cases have been very cheering, the Lord having blessed simple remedies to relief and healing. It has been rather trying, anxious work sometimes, but it is a real joy to think so many have heard of Jesus; and, as a large proportion were new comers, some of them from distant villages, they heard for the first, perhaps, alas! for the *only*, time. The little talks morning by morning have been often very happy times, and some of the listeners have seemed really impressed.

Sometimes a poor blinded soul would assure me her heart was quite white and pure, and when asked direct questions as to lying, cheating, etc., would reply, innocently, "Of course, I do these things every day! *who does not?*" Thank God He

never told us it was *our* work to convince men or women of sin; nothing, no one, but the Spirit of Truth can do it, and we hourly cry to Him to do it among this people. The "mote" in other people's eyes is easily to be distinguished, and pronounced shocking and scandalous; but as to personal "beams" their existence is often denied with great warmth, not to say indignation. I was saying this very thing to half-a-dozen women one morning, how God saw sin in us all, "Now," I said, "you need not be thinking 'ah, yes! Fatima told me lies only yesterday, about that belt she had bought; or, Madame cheats over *everything* she sells in the market.' What do *you* do? God is not going to Judge you or me for other people's sins; what have *you* been doing in the market this morning. How about the eggs and potatoes and charcoal *you* sold or bought?" Evidently the chance arrow hit, for two of the women exchanged glances, looked down guiltily, and one said, "It's true enough, may God forgive us!"

The seed has been sown, and therefore, of course, it is lost sight of. May God grant us "long patience" in waiting for fruit.

Oct. 18th.—Several women came this morning, but in view of the doctor coming again to-morrow, I told them to return then.

19th.—All the women of yesterday turned up again, and several more, making in all twenty-one; seventeen of whom wanted medicine. It was rather difficult to make them quite understand that the doctor would not see them before a certain hour, but during the service they were very attentive. I find that, as with children, it often keeps their interest best to ask questions, and sometimes their answers are wonderfully concise and decided. I asked to-day who has sin? and one woman at the back of the room, whose clear brown eyes had been always attentively fixed on me, said, "Everyone but God," and, when I said nothing *we* could do would cleanse away our sin, "Alms won't do it, fasting won't do it, and men going to Mecca won't do it," they go with sin and they come back with sin; one woman said, half under her breath, "Yes, and some of them with a good deal more." This struck me as remarkable, they usually maintain that the "Hadj" *must* avail for righteousness. I was cheered to find that one woman who had been in the hospital some time ago, had remembered all about the Wordless Book, and was not ashamed to show it. Oh *how* glad I shall be when a Women's Hospital can be opened here, and it seems as if it might not be long. God has given the lady doctor, perhaps He will soon send us the nurse. His time is always best.

OUT AND ABOUT IN TANGIER.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS JENNING'S JOURNAL.

Tuesday, October 23rd.—Went early into town and brought up poor Rahama, on a donkey I hired, to see Dr. Terry. She is very ill, and it was a tremendous exertion. She looks half-starved, she is one of the tallest Moorish women I have seen—hardly shorter than myself—and how she has lived these last three months since her husband was put in prison I know not. Neighbours, though poor, have been kind to her. She gets bread from the market, the seller waiting week by week, maybe, for the money. She owes 2½ dollars for rent. Her only child—a sweet wee lassie of three years old—accompanied us, being carried by a poor neighbour, who seems very kind to this gentlewoman in reduced circumstances. Rahama is respected as a "Shereefa," or descendant of the prophet Mohammed.

As we passed the prison she stopped, sent her friend with the child up the steps to the round hole—the only window, just large enough for one face to fit in—and the gaoler sitting

outside called through this opening for "El Haj Omar Er Rifee"—(the Pilgrim to Mecca; Omar, the Riffian)—and in a few seconds such a white face presented itself, and looked out into the tiny bit of world to be seen; and at a distance of 30 or 40 yards, maybe, the poor, dilapidated wife—only nose and eyes visible—was to be seen, wearing a deep terra-cotta-coloured cloth jelab, the hood right over her head. I saluted the poor, white-faced prisoner, and spoke as cheerfully as I could of my mission with his wife to the doctor, and wished blessing upon him. He asked for the child to be brought close for a kiss, and then we passed on, the weary, black eyes gazing on us till out of sight—the one brightness of the day to the poor fellow!

His creditor sues him for a hundred dollars now, but he says it was but fifty he borrowed. We are powerless to help him. Neither consul nor minister could aid us. I find the little girl is Rahama's by a former husband. To this Riffian she was married only last spring. I was struck by the homage paid her by several of the women patients who had assembled to consult the doctor. As she threaded her way amongst them to a seat high up on the matting by the wall, her hand was siezed and kissed, and her cloth jelab, in honour of the prophet—her ancestor!

Passing a boys' school in the Kasbah to-day, I was stopped by a request from the stout old schoolmaster, who was squatting on his threshold, for the Arabic leaflets which were visible in an outside pocket of my bag. They had come to us from England last week among some medicine bottles. I gladly handed three or four. They each one bore John iii. 16 in plain printing. At this same school I stopped last week to enquire the way to a house. The master was resting inside on his mat, out of the sun. As I made enquiries I stepped with one foot inside the tiny room, but lo! the good Moslem feared defilement to his holy "djema" (mosque) by the entrance of a woman, and a Nazarene, and told me to stay there, and come no further!

Wednesday, 24th.—So warm and sunny—a day like a hot summer day in England.

On my way to Rahama this afternoon I went to the prison, and through the hole spoke with her poor husband. Strange and sad was the sight of the pale faces and eager black eyes of those behind him, who pressed forward to get a glimpse of me. Some of them had dried rushes or palmetto leaves in their hands, which they were plaiting to form baskets for sale—almost the only employment these poor prisoners have, or means of earning a few coppers for bread. Government allows them enough bread and water to preserve life, but the hunger for better bread, and more of it, must be great! One poor fellow, pressing forward, said: "I want bread. Bring us bread!" Haj Omar (Rahama's husband) asked me to lend him money to buy a lamb to present to the Spanish consul, so as to curry favour and get his release! I felt I must refuse this. I almost wished after I had offered part of the money when I found six shillings would buy this present.

Rahama gave me a warm welcome, and seemed better. She told me if her husband were released he could go to Melillah and procure the money for his debt. She comes from Wazan, and astonished me by saying that the women there can read—even the aged ones—and she is beginning to teach her little daughter of three and a half, who already knows some of the alphabet. This little lassie was so pleased with an English doll I brought her, and the mother with a few pieces of old English muslin and coloured thread and silks to work it with. I hope in this way she may be able to earn a little towards the support of herself and child till her husband is freed. An old figured net curtain pleased her immensely, for out of it she hopes to manufacture a new pair of sleeves for her upper garment.

Algeria.

AMONG THE ARABS AT MOSTAGANEM.

By MR. A. V. LILEY.

Tuesday, Oct. 2nd.—How often we repeat the prayer of the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith." To have that increase, faith must be exercised and be keenly put to the test. Our faith is tried just at this time on account of persecution and the shortness of funds. We have not come forth to the warfare at our own charges, it is at the bidding of our Captain, who will undertake for us, so we rest in peace knowing all is well.

Went to the mosque this afternoon and gave a lesson to the students, also visited shops, etc., in town.

Wednesday, 3rd.—The students at the mosque with their arithmetic lessons are like children with new toys. If I had the time they would have me spend the greater part of the day with them. As one of them is soon leaving for the "Midressa" at Tlemcen, I went again to-day and gave them another lesson, and spent the remainder of the afternoon visiting in town.

Thursday, 4th.—While walking out to the "Vallée des Jardins" to visit a French family, I overtook an old Arab I have known ever since we came to Mostaganem. He is a "mokkadam"—that is, the guardian of a Saint's grave. I have often spoken to him about his soul, but have found him very hard to touch, being rather fanatical. To-day he was walking very slowly and painfully, I remarked upon his age and the probable nearness of death, "As the Lord directs" was his reply. "You are prepared then to die?" "The Lord knows," said he. "That is rather an uncertain position to take and not very consoling," I said. "I thank God I am certain I am saved, and peacefully awaiting my Lord's return or the time when He shall take me to Himself." Thus we went on talking, but as I had to show him there was no hope of salvation apart from Christ, he would cry "Mohammed, Mohammed," as though to destroy the evil influence my words may have had on him.

Friday, 5th.—Rode some eight miles out of town on my bicycle. Spoke to several Arabs on their way back from town to their tents. With two well-dressed Arabs, from a distance, some considerable time was spent. Their quietness encouraged me, and the questions they asked after I had read the scriptures made me hope some impression had been made. Just before parting, however, one of them made a request on my friendship which showed that their thoughts were altogether of the earth, earthy.

Next a large camp was visited, and all the men came round me. But what a state they were in, one trembling with ague; another burning with fever; a third had an open wound, the effect of a neglected abscess, and so on; nearly all the children were in a sad state from want of cleanliness. Such days as these spent in the Master's service makes us rejoice, we forget all the little crosses we have to bear, and feel richly compensated for anything we may have to suffer.

"Do consider, that at this moment the numbers of those who do not believe in the name of our Lord are ten, twenty, perhaps thirty fold those to whom the knowledge of salvation has been administered. Recollect that though the state of things be so, the world has been for eighteen centuries in this condition, and during the latter part of these centuries it has been in the power of those who hold the truth, having means enough, having knowledge enough and having opportunities enough, to evangelise the globe fifty times over."—EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

LIFE ON THE ALGERIAN DESERT.

FROM Miss Trotter's review of her six months' work for God, we extract the following interesting notes of a journey undertaken in company with Miss Freeman to some populous towns and villages on the desert, south of Biskra :—

"Helen Freeman and I started southwards, taking a tent, intending to camp out in the desert villages near Biskra; but when we got there we found, strange to say, such torrents of rain that camping was impossible. We held it before God to be shown what to do, and the conviction grew that our way was to go to Touggourth, a large native town 125 miles due south.

"It was a joy to set our faces that way; one's heart goes out so over this desert and its tribes, and the Soudan beyond. Four days driving in a queer little conveyance along a rough track brought us to Touggourth. The first night we had an experience of a caravansera—this means a room provided for travellers by the government—just four walls and a roof, no furniture or provisions except what you bring with you; a welcome sight, nevertheless, at the end of a long day, and we learnt to make ourselves quite at home in them. Most of the next day we were driving along the edge of a great salt marsh that stretches away 200 miles to the Tunis frontier. It lay for miles together, in whiteness unbroken except by a few stunted shrubs, in parching thirst and desolation. I never realized before what the parched places in the wilderness meant—a desert within the desert.

"On its very edge, made fruitful by an Artesian well, lay Mraier, a village of 1,000 natives, where we spent Sunday, the first of a string of oasis villages, stretching on to Touggourth. None of them had ever heard Christ's gospel before, and it was, oh, so pitifully little that we could do, just passing through. The people were quite different from the Biskrians—"la race noire saharienne" the guide-book calls them—their cast of features is not negro, but many are quite black. This does not give much idea, for it needs the colour, wonderful harmonies of indigo and tawny green, relieved by a dash of pea-green, or orange, or terra-cotta, ornaments without number. There were open doors to the full at Mraier—we might have gone into every house and had a welcome, specially when it got about that we came from Algiers, for many of the men come here as watercarriers, and we had message after message for their friends. Here is a specimen one :—"To Bouhoush ben Zaonia. Thy sister Truguia saluteth thee, and Chrira asks of thee that thou wilt send a wooden tablet [*i.e.*, slate] to thy son Mesaoud, that he may go to school, and Truguia asks of thee that thou wilt send earrings to thy son, and Mubaraka and Mesaoud salute thee." In house after house we got a hearing, and they were eager for books.

"The next night was at Owlana, a hard place with very little access, and we spent our mid-day halt at another. Between that and Touggourth I counted eighteen more great villages full of people. It went to one's heart to pass them by. The only way would be to camp out among them, and it could not be this time, for even here drenching rains had come down.

"Touggourth was reached at last, and such a sunset over the desert—the real desert here, as could be told from the texture of the sand, fine and soft and deep. The streets are strange places, roofed in till they are twilight tunnels at the brightest, and often quite dark for a bit in broad daylight. We got into a good many houses by the help of Abdullah, the guide who had come with us from Biskra. They were more difficult of access than the village people, but there was a dear woman, Fatima, a Caid's wife, to whom we went again and again. She had a lovely, childlike spirit and drank in every word. It was well worth going if just to that one soul.

"We stayed four or five days there, and then set forth again for our farthest point, the Oued Souf, a cluster of oases with

about 25,000 inhabitants, two or three days' journey east of Touggourth. Road, there was none, for the country is all huge sand dunes, with bits of level land between. A mule was found for Helen, and Abdullah and I had camels, and after some small adventures we arrived at El Oued, the chief town, about 9 p.m. on the second day, *very* glad in body and spirit to get there!

"It is a strange country—the palms look half buried in the sand, for they plant them in deep pits where the roots can reach the watery stratum below, and the towns look like a sea of tiny domes, built of grey concrete. There are twenty or thirty of them in the district. It is utterly out of the way, even French travellers are only seen two or three times a year, so we were very curious objects, so much so that it was a work of time and patience to get a hearing, the dear, wild-looking women, and still more the children, were so intensely excited over us. There were more houses clamouring for us than we could possibly visit, but it did indeed need the miracle working Lord who used the loaves and fishes to make anything of it.

"The men here, as everywhere in the desert, were eager for books 'I am reading and reading;' one man said 'we are all reading. You see we have never had these books before.' Even at the great head colleges they took them gladly."

ALONE WITH GOD!

ALONE with God! The shadows fall,
The night comes on;
And I am left alone with Him—
The Holy One!

Distressing thoughts and earthly cares
I leave behind;
And in this calm and hallowed spot
His peace I find.

Alone with God! Here do I hold
Communion sweet;
Here does my hungry, waiting soul
Find joy complete.

Alone with God! He understands
The heart's deep need,
And from the fulness of His store
My soul doth feed.

Alone with God! Blest solitude!
Here would I stay;
But life, with all its duties stern,
Calls me away.

So forth I go, with soul refreshed,
Strong in His might,
His purpose to fulfil, till faith
Is lost in sight.

EMMA BASSIL.

SPECIMEN OF A MOHAMMEDAN PRAYER.

O GOD, bestow blessing upon our lord Mohammed the beloved, and upon his father Abraham the friend, and upon his brother Mozes the word, and upon the faithful Jesus the Spirit of God, and upon David and Solomon and Zechariah and John the Baptist and their people, as long as the thoughtful ones remember thee, and the thoughtless ones neglect to think of them.

BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM WORKERS' LETTERS AND JOURNALS.

From Mr. CHEESEMAN (Mascara).

As to ourselves, the past month has been most trying. But the Lord has not tried us beyond our strength, or rather, He has given us the strength necessary for every trial we have had to meet. But, while having discouragements on one side, we have had much to be thankful for in other directions. One subject for praise has been the meetings held by Mons. Borel for some thirteen days. They have been most encouraging. The meeting-place only held about forty people, but it was filled every night, and quite as many stood at the door to listen, so that with those who came and went we had an audience of a hundred every night. Those who came to listen belonged to every class, including doctors, councillors, and, in fact, the élite of Mascara. May the Holy Spirit follow the Word preached!

Many were the avowed approvals of the words spoken, and by people who never enter a Church. Some remained behind to solve difficulties or to ask questions. Several Arabs attended the services, and many Jews. On the whole we had a most encouraging time.

Miss Gill and Miss Hodges, with M. and Mme. Borel and ourselves visited a Douar in the plain about fourteen kilometres away. We were very heartily welcomed, and while Miss Gill and Miss Hodges visited the tents of the women, singing and speaking in one after the other, I had a nice time with several men in the tent of my friend Tayeb, speaking to them on the subject of repentance. Some of the houses of Bab Ali were visited by Miss Gill and Mrs. Cheeseman. At the present time we have five or six Arabs visiting us every day.

From Miss L. TROTTER (Algiers).

I had a fortnight with Blanche Haworth among the hill villages above Rorigo (about twenty miles away). We had hoped to take Belaid with us and sleep in their huts, but at the last he could not come, and most of our days were spent in long mule-riding expeditions to the villages within reach from the plain. Many of these places were very dark. I think the only two women whose hearts we felt were "good ground" were a woman named Zuleiya, whom we had known here in Algiers, and one called Lalahoun, who lived in a little reed hut near the road side. She followed us out the first day we went to see her, saying, "Tell me what to say to God; tell me how to ask Him to take away my sins. I am afraid I shall forget if you do not tell me again." We went back to her a few days after. Did she remember what we told her? we asked. "No, she answered sadly. "I remembered one whole day, but the next day the words kept slipping away one after another, and now they are all gone from me." So we began again, and sang to her over and over the simplest of our choruses till she could sing it too—to a tune of her own making, it is true, and with the words rather mixed up, but with the sense *right*. "Yes," she said, "I shall remember that, they are light words. The other words were heavy, they dropped from me," and turning to a neighbour she said, "You must remember too, then you can tell me and I can tell you."

FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS.—Any friends having foreign stamps they could spare would oblige by sending them to J. W. Mostyn, Esq., 6, Prince of Wales Terrace, Bray, Co. Wicklow, who has kindly undertaken to dispose of any for the benefit of the North Africa Mission.

Description of Illustrations.

A MOORISH TOWNS-WOMAN.

THIS illustration represents a Moorish woman of the middle classes, in her ordinary costume. Many of those who frequent the Medical Missions would be dressed in this manner. The large haik (the outer garment) effectually conceals the greater part of the face, with the exception of the two eyes. Ladies of the upper classes are only allowed out on Fridays, when they go to the Baths or to the Cemetery. How sad is the lot of these poor creatures, brought up in ignorance, allowed to remain so, and to die as they have lived; their minds such a perfect blank by disuse, that when the story of God's love in Christ is told them they are unable to retain a few consecutive thoughts. And yet for them there is "redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." What a field of service for consecrated womanhood!

KUNTARA-ES-SH'RF.

THIS picturesque bit of ruin is situated in the bay of Tangier, between two or three miles from the present town, and near to the remains of the ancient town, the "Tingis" of the Romans, now called "Tangier Balia" or "Old Tangier."

The ruins are all that remain of what was once a fine bridge of Roman work, and lie in artistic confusion in a small river, called "O'ad Halk," which crosses the sands to the sea, and at times has so swift a current that persons, and even animals, are in danger of being swept down by it when attempting to cross.

The bridge, it is supposed, connected the old city with the naval fort close at hand, and there is a tradition among the natives that the Portuguese crossed by it when they invaded Tangier; whether at the unsuccessful attempt of 1437 and 1463, or at their ultimate conquest of the town in 1471, cannot be ascertained.

In its present decayed state Kuntara-es-Sh'rf is highly picturesque and affords an interesting subject for artists.

ILLUMINATED TEXTS.—Will our friends kindly make known to *their* friends that illuminated texts, in blue, red, and gold, with ornamental scroll ends, for drawing-room or mission-hall use, can be ordered from J. H. B., Calverley Mount, Tunbridge Wells? Prices from 2s. 6d., about three feet long. The proceeds are given to the North Africa Mission.

"TUCKAWAY" TABLES.—Will friends kindly make known that these small handy folding tables can be had, hand-painted (flowers, etc.), on either light enamel or mahogany wood stained, from A.H.G., 12, Camden Hill Road, Upper Norwood, price 10s. 6d. The proceeds are given to the North Africa Mission.

NEWMAN'S CONCORDANCE.—This Concordance is printed in large, clear type, and consequently the passages are more quickly and easily found. It contains 780 pages, and is bound in cloth boards. Although published at 15s., we are able to offer it for 7s. 6d. post free. The proceeds will be devoted to the North Africa Mission. Address the Secretary.

MOORISH CHILDREN'S SCHOOL.—Cabinet photos of the group of children who are under instruction in Miss Jay's Home in Tangier can be had, price 1s. each, from Mrs. Jay, Tower House, Belmont Grove, Lee, S.E.

