

NORTH AFRICA.

THE MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

NORTH AFRICA MISSION,

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

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DR. T. G. CHURCHER.

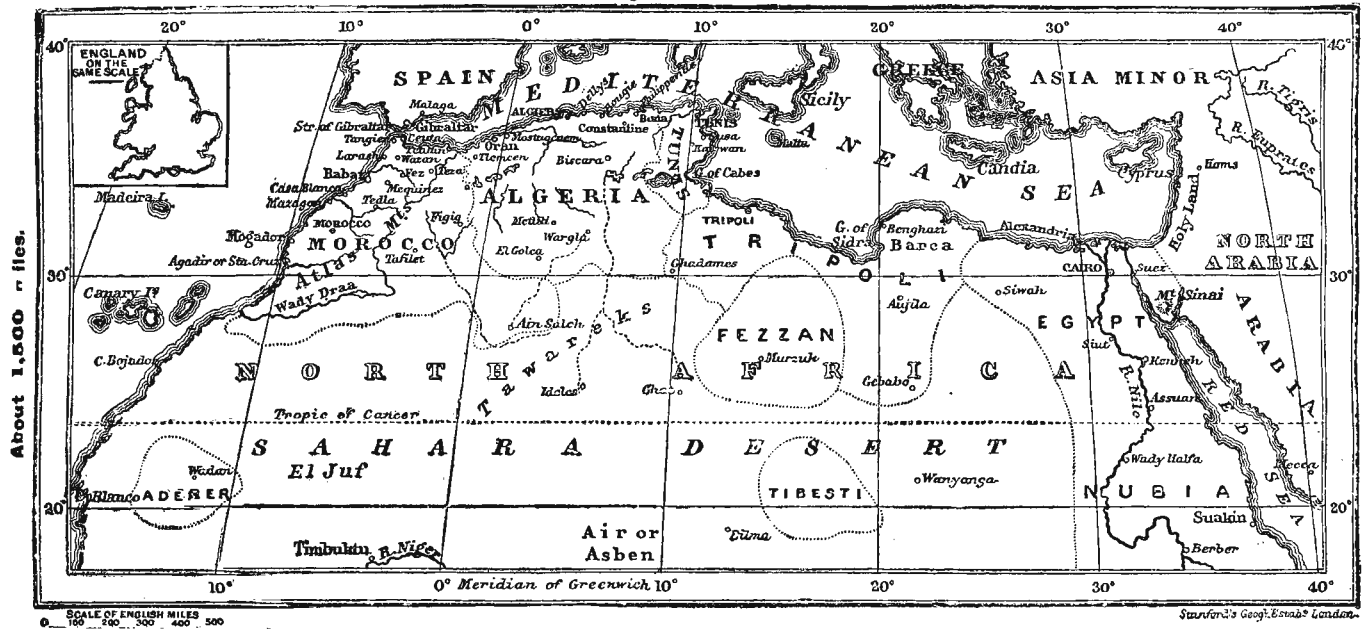
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About 3,600 miles across.



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 evangelize 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 Abdul Aziz, a youth of about sixteen years of age.

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 civilization 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 more than fifteen hundred 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. Thirteen 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 unevangelized. Who will go to them? A Medical Mission is now carried on 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 conducted here 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, six missionaries there. The population of this portion of the country is estimated at nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ 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.



DR. T. G. CHURCHER. (See page 12.)

Christ's Second Coming.

THE MISSIONARY'S HOPE.

*This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.—Acts i. 11
Ye turned to God from idols; to serve the living and true God; and to wait for His Son from heaven.—1 Thes. i. 10.
Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.—Rev. xxii. 20.*



HE first message to the disciples of old, after Jesus their Lord had been taken up from them, was to reassure them that in due time He would certainly return; and the last message from Christ recorded in the inspired pages repeats the tidings with double emphasis: "Surely I come quickly."

As the missionary journeys hither and thither in many lands in the service of the living and true God, he is struck again and again with the widespread apostasy which he sees—Jews who, in prejudice, reject, as did their fathers, the true Messiah; Roman Catholics who substitute the sacrifice of the mass for the sacrifice made by Christ, once for all, at Calvary; Moslems who give to the false prophet of Arabia the honour only due to the Prophet like unto Moses whom they ought to listen to; Eastern Churches adoring pictures

and saints, in place of worshipping God who is a Spirit in Spirit and in Truth; and even professedly Protestant Churches going over to (*ir*)rationalism and a ritualism whose symbols deny the great truths of the Gospel.

Out of the 600,000,000 to whom the name of Jesus is not altogether unfamiliar, how few there are who trust Him as their personal Saviour, and rejoice in the virtue of His atoning blood! The 800,000,000 of heathen are almost a less serious problem than they. Blessed be God, He is gathering out a people from all classes—Jews, corrupt Churches, Moslems, and Heathen. Still, we must confess the work seems slow and the ingathering but small.

Should we, then, lose heart? Should we, as we calmly meditate on the world's condition, abandon hope? No! a thousand times, No! This apostasy, and delay in the triumph or the cause of Christ, was foreseen and foretold by both Christ and His apostles as to precede His return and the ingathering of the fulness of the Jews and the Gentiles. This age is one for gathering in firstfruits only. In one sense the harvest has not yet *begun*, though in another it has.

Taking the world's history, we may compare the Patriarchal age to the sowing time, the Jewish dispensation to the growing time, the present age to the gathering of the firstfruits; while in the future we shall see such a harvest as no one has ever conceived. All Israel shall be saved, and their salvation will be as life from the dead to the world. Righteousness shall cover the earth. They shall not need to say to their neighbours, "Know the Lord," for all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest.

This new era will, we believe, be ushered in by the personal return of our blessed Lord. And as in the past His purposes have been accomplished, and in the future shall be accomplished, so in the present age He is doing what he has afore determined should be done. He is not nonplussed either by the craft and malice of His foes, or by the supineness and incompetence of His people. He is doing what He said He would do—namely, gathering out from all nations a kind of firstfruits of His creatures. While, on the one hand, therefore, we are not warranted in expecting at present world-wide true-hearted turning to God, on the other we are warranted in expecting, even amongst the most obdurate and fanatical, that some (and who shall say how large a number?) will be really and truly reconciled to God.

But *the* harvest is coming! Jesus Himself will come to superintend it. What myriads will then be saved! How our flagging souls revive at the thought! Satan bound, and the mighty opposing forces of Romanism, Mohammedanism, etc., which Satan has energized, hindering no longer. Suffering saints reigning with their exalted Lord, first for a thousand years, and then for ever and ever. What glorious prospects lie before us! Well may we with patience and perseverance wait and labour on through this little while till He come, knowing that the crowning day is coming bye-and-bye when—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

The missionary, therefore, can hear with comparative indifference the sneer that he has not yet converted the world (perhaps not even the sneerer). Still, he does seek to be faithful to the trust reposed in him by his Master, and to be used to gather out the many or the few who may be willing to believe God's glad tidings. He knows that when Christ returns he will see Him and get His well done, even though his service has not had such outward successes as he has desired. *Then* the long-prayed-for and long-looked-for millennial ingatherings will take place, and, so far as it is possible to calculate, many more souls will be gathered to Christ than have even lived from Adam to the Second Advent.

As we enter the new year we realize that we are drawing nearer the end of this age. The period from Adam to the Flood was not so long as the Christian dispensation has already attained to. The age from Sinai to Calvary was shorter than the reign of grace has been. Can there be delay much longer? The Word of God seems to indicate there cannot. The condition of the Church points in the same direction, and so does the state of the world. Those who study the more sure word of prophecy differ in many details, but they almost all agree that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh, and is even at our doors.

Let, therefore, those that love His appearing labour on with shod feet and girded loins in lively hope. This groaning earth shall soon hear its Maker's voice. The desire of all nations shall come, and the dark night of heathenism and apostasy fade away in the light of millennial and eternal day.

Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

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, is now discontinued.

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).

DEPARTURES.—Miss M. Holmes left London on Thursday, December 20th, by the P. and O. steamship *Valetta* for Malta, from which place she will proceed a few days later to Tripoli, Barbary.

Miss Breeze, L.S.A., who is going out as a medical missionary to Morocco, to take charge of the women's department of the Tangier Medical Mission, will (D.V.) leave England on Thursday, December 27th, by the P. and O. steamship *Shannon* for Gibraltar.

We would ask special prayer for our sister, and for the new departure in Medical work. Also that Miss Breeze may speedily acquire the language spoken by the women, so as to be able to speak plainly to them about their souls' need, and God's gracious provision for it.

ANNUAL VOLUME.—The annual volume of NORTH AFRICA for 1894 is now ready. 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, which is beautifully coloured, shows the spheres of influence of the various European nations, 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.—We have made arrangements for printing NORTH AFRICA, commencing with the present number, on a finer description of paper, which will, we hope bring out the details of the photographs in a more satisfactory manner.

With this number, we give, as an inset, a copy of the NEW COLOURED MAP mentioned above. Those wishing extra copies will please order at once as the number is limited.

SUPPORTING A MISSIONARY.—We are inclined to think there are many who fail to realise how easily, comparatively, a worker may be supported upon the foreign field. Let but twenty-four persons in any neighbourhood engage to give only *one shilling* per week, and a male missionary is supported. If *sixteen* agree to contribute a like amount, a single sister is provided for. This, of course, is exclusive of rent or any similar expenses. Fifty-two shillings in the course of a year is not by any means a large amount for such a glorious end. Many Christians spend this or more in tobacco or cigars.

WHILE we are upon this topic we might mention that a lady who has long shown a warm interest in this work amongst the Mohammedans of North Africa, has generously consented to place at our disposal a sum which will provide for the *partial* support of a lady missionary.

A further sum of *eighteen pounds* per annum is required to complete the amount. We should be so glad to hear of someone who, not able to support a missionary entirely, is yet willing to contribute the needed thirty shillings per month to attain the object.

A CONTROVERSY WITH MOHAMMEDANS IN INDIA.

DR. HENRY MARTYN CLARK, in concluding an account of the controversy with Mohammedans (see last month's NORTH AFRICA), observed that we had not yet heard the last of the Holy War. He now writes, "Since its close in June, 1893, much has taken place whereof we can say, 'The Lord hath done great things for us.'

"For one thing, the unique interest then aroused has, during the past year, steadily widened and deepened. The battle with Islam has waxed sore, the sap and mine and storm have been continuous. Books, placards, manifestoes, pamphlets have followed each other in quick succession, and so far from dying away, the inquiries and energies aroused are to-day keener and more active than ever. The way in which it has all come about is as wonderful as it was unexpected, for in one sense we owe it all to the Mohammedan champion himself.

"It will be remembered that this person, Mirza Ghulam Ahmed, concluded with a prophecy. A direct revelation from God was vouchsafed him. Within fifteen months, counting one month for each day of the discussion, the Christian opponent, Mr. Abdullah Athim, would die. His death would thus be a direct evidence sent by God to the truth of Islam—His decision, in fact, between the rival creeds. He uttered imprecations against himself in painful abundance—some horrible, others grotesque—should the prediction fail. In a later revelation, as I am informed, he was good enough to include me with Mr. Athim as one of the doomed, unless we both repented and became true believers—that is to say, Mohammedans. Those who live in our enlightened homeland and know not the ways of the East can have no conception of the immense force and effect of this solemn and categorical declaration amongst the masses in this dark, superstitious, ignorant country.

"The Mirza showed a ready wit, a profound understanding of human nature, and withal no little shrewdness. Worsted in argument, by one bold, effective act he appealed to the bar of God. He saw before him an old, feeble, ailing man. Two Indian hot weathers, a cold weather—deadly to the feeble—two sickly seasons were embraced in the 'prophecy.' While by the better-class of Mohammedans the statement was regarded with disgust, it sent a thrill through the whole heart of Islam in India. It is impossible to express the hold it has taken on the public mind. It is a plain, clear issue; it is no longer a war of words or a drawing of distinctions. A sign from heaven is to be vouchsafed: 'Yea, God Himself shall decide in this controversy.' It has been the theme of converse, of close attention during the past year. From Madras to Peshawur, through the length and breadth of broad India, thousands upon thousands of men have been watching with thoughts intent upon the far northern city where Islam had thrown down the wager of battle, and where God Himself would decide.

"As I write the days are swiftly speeding by, and the crisis is now intense beyond words. A bare month is all that remains, and the heavens are still as brass. The anxious thought of Mohammedan hearts is, Will the sign come? Will Islam be vindicated? In the Mirza's mosque at Qadian, prayer is offered all day long and far into the night, with crying and tears: 'O God, save Islam. It is the hour of darkness; let not Thy faith be put to shame; let the sign be given.' What a pathetic picture it is of zeal—but not according to knowledge—of children crying in the night, worshipping they know not what!

"Small things show how greatly the Mohammedans are losing heart. One produced consternation at a public meeting by announcing to his co-religionists that he had seen Mr.

Athim in a distant city, and not only was he looking very well, but, in addition, 'he had grown fat.' Another has had a special revelation, in which Mohammed had announced to him that the Mirza was a liar and deceiver; he had displeased God, and Mr. Athim would not die, but live. The evident pity of it is that Mohammed did not make this announcement for the benefit of his followers some fourteen months ago.

"The situation has had its anxieties. Peaceful in the full assurance that the very hairs of our head are all numbered, we have yet had to take due thought of means. The Apostle Paul, while he assured his fellow-travellers that no harm should come to them, yet, when the sailors would have deserted, said, 'Unless these remain in the ship ye cannot be saved.'

"In a certain quarter it has been decided, as I am informed by a sure hand, that 'it is better one man should be hanged than that Islam should perish.' Islam, as all its history shows, is the true outcome of the mind of him who was 'a murderer from the beginning'; and while such threats, in all probability, amount to nothing, still they have to be reckoned with. Some months ago the Mirza had a revelation that the death foretold would result from snake-bite. A few days after, in the early morning, as the doors were opened, a tempting-looking earthen vessel was found against one of them. It was upset by the servant, whose feelings may be imagined when the contents proved to be an exceedingly lively cobra! The pot had been deposited during the night at the door of a gentleman who bears the same name as Mr. Athim, by some person unknown. We go through the days confident in Him who hath us in the hollow of His hand, in nothing terrified by our adversaries. We rejoice in all that He has done, and look on it as the earnest of much that is to come.

"Another most important vantage gained has been the publication of two books by the Rev. Moulvie Imaduddin Lahiz, D.D. This staunch veteran has struck many a good blow in the fight, but never such a one as this. The first, entitled 'Tauzin ul Aqwal,' is altogether a remarkable work. It is a scathing exposure of the claims of the Mirza. But, important and thrilling as it is, it is quite thrown into the shade by the next publication, which is nothing less than a translation of the Koran in simple idiomatic Urdu. That is a blow under which Islam will reel for many a day. Its safety hitherto has been that its 'holy' book was shrouded in unapproachable Arabic, or in cumbrous, ambiguous translations. This literal, faithful rendering has produced dire consternation. The Moulvie says, 'I am now old and grey-haired. I thought I knew the Koran, but I never knew the iniquity of it as I do now.' There is panic in the enemy's camp. 'The faithful' have turned in savage wrath on the Mirza as the destroyer of souls and the ruin of Islam, the one of 'black countenance' who humbled Islam to the dust, unable to answer Christians, and who has stirred them up to do what would otherwise have been undone. The Mirza is now being baited by his co-religionists in a way most unpleasant and full of the most uncomfortable possibilities. Sooth to say, Mohammedans have reason for their wrath. This letting in of a flood of light, this letting the Koran tell its own story in the mother tongue of the people, is a disaster the result of which cannot be gauged. Fury mingles with the terror of Mohammedans. Moulvie Imaduddin's life has been several times threatened, but this stout old warrior merely says, 'Let them kill me as soon as they will. I have done my work, and no one can undo it; I have done that which will kill Islam.' This translation will be a shocking revelation to many minds, and perhaps a lesson to those who are inclined to look on Mohammedanism as so far a step Godward. One thing has struck the Moulvie Sahib much. 'In the Scripture record,' says he, 'we find men who do not believe on Christ, but who cannot restrain their admiration for Him. They marvel at His wisdom; they go away conscience

stricken, silenced, humbled. They burst out into an involuntary "Never man spake like this Man," or "Blessed is the womb that bare Thee, and the breasts that Thou didst suck." But of this man, Mohammed, all through the Koran not a soul has a good word to say of any kind; he is charged with evil and fraud, and only evil continually.' While still in the press, the translation has borne fruit. Two Mohammedan copyists engaged in preparing the press copy have abandoned Islam in sheer disgust. 'The word of God!' say they; 'it is not even the word of a decent man!'

"The publication of these books marks an epoch, and had there been absolutely no other result than this from the controversy, it would have been well worth all the effort; but there have been other results in plenty, and the best have yet to be told. We have had the joy of seeing results of the kind we specially long for. It is just now a time of great and peculiar blessing in the Amritsar Medical Mission, and the work and the blessing are at the present time almost wholly amongst Mohammedans. The fruits of the controversy are steadily being garnered to the harvest of the Lord. With the exception of three Brahmins, one Sikh, two low castes, the reaping is entirely amongst Mohammedans. At the present moment six are under instruction for baptism, and seven have already been baptized as the direct outcome of the discussion."

Here follows a brief history of these candidates for baptism, from which we quote:—

"A fortnight ago came the unkindest cut of all, when the Mirza's own brother-in-law, his near relative and trusted private secretary, was admitted by baptism into the Church visible. A bright young fellow, very well connected. . . . All through the controversy he was the trusted confidential agent of the Mirza, who, to use the Oriental metaphor, 'sat in his lap.' Our friend the Akhund has been privileged already to lead four people to Christ. The Mirza's brother-in-law is a fruit of his labour. They had been fast friends. By a remarkable chain of circumstances the Akhund was led to Delhi a few days before his baptism. His heart could not contain itself for joy. He poured out his soul to his friend, the Meer Sahib, as he is called. The dumbfounded Meer reasoned, cajoled, reviled by turns, but to his continual 'What has come to you?' the happy Akhund could only reply, 'It is the grace of God.'

"Another fruit of the controversy is a fine young Afghan, who has come through the Akhund Sahib. When he heard of the latter's conversion, he came to see if it was true. He had served under the Akhund years ago, and knew him to be a true-hearted, devoted Mohammedan. 'What is the teaching of thy new faith?' he queried. When he heard the teaching of our Saviour, 'Love your enemies,' he said, 'Stop! This faith is certainly from God. Our religion teaches us to give hate for hate, and blow for blow, and that is what is in the heart of men, and the religion which teaches it is clearly evolved by man. But "love your enemies" is a thing that never could enter the heart of men, and the religion which teaches that is clearly not of men. It is divine.'

"With the young Afghan, a Punjab Moulvie is to be baptized. He is blind, yet nevertheless passed first in the examination of the University of the Punjab for the degree of Moulvie Fazil. He has been the incumbent of a Mosque, and a teacher of Arabic in connection with the Mohammedan school, as well as tutor to a wealthy Mohammedan family.

"The Mirza made one desperate effort to regain lost ground. He announced a book in Arabic, challenged any Christian to produce one like it, offering a reward of Rs. 5,000 as a further inducement. He was so proud of this move that he had the notices translated into English and sent them all over the country. He and his friends were jubilant over this semi-blasphemous, altogether nonsensical production. It fell to my

lot to 'answer the fool according to his folly.' The pamphlet published in reply is a remarkable instance of what sanctified sarcasm (if I may use the phrase) can do. The elaborate notice fell flat. One volume of the redoubtable Arabic work was issued, and shared the fate of the notices, and the second was stillborn.

"It will be realized that we have much to thank God for, and as we who are in the thick of it, think of all these things we can only say out of full hearts, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory.' The best feature of the whole work is that, altogether and all through, in things little as well as big, it is, 'the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.'

"When once the fated 5th of September is safely passed, as please God it will be, we shall see marvellous things. Men will, in hundreds upon hundreds, break away from Islam. I do not say they will all, or at once, become Christians; but the grip of Islam on them will be loosened for ever. We are having good times, but better are coming. There is the sound of a mighty rain on the dry clods of Islam. This desert, too, shall blossom as the rose, and its smell be as of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

* * * * *

[The fated day has, of course, now long since passed. Writing on September 1st, Dr. Clark mentioned that a thanksgiving service had been arranged to be held on the 6th, the day after that fixed by the Mohammedan Moulvie for the death of Mr. Athim and of Dr. Clark. Up to September 1st fourteen had been baptized from Mohammedanism, eleven of whom Dr. Clark regards as a direct result of the public discussions; and there were at the same date numerous enquirers, including a Sikh priest and a Brahmin lad and a large number of low-caste people. The movement is evidently a remarkable one.]

EXTRACT FROM ARTICLE BY DR. GEO. T. DOWKONTT, ON "THE NEED OF MEDICAL MISSIONS."

We have our almshouses, hospitals, and lunatic asylums, but such places are not to be found in heathen or Mohammedan lands. In all China or Morocco, up to the present time, not a single lunatic asylum exists, even as a Christian beneficence. Chained as dogs to a kennel, buried alive or tortured, is the lot of lunatics there. But some may ask, "What need is there for medical missionaries; have the heathen no doctors of their own?" Indeed, they have doctors of a kind. "The dark places of the earth," though, are still the habitations of cruelty, and of such cruelty as may scarcely be mentioned, much less appear in print. Think of the amputation of a limb by means of a chopper, and the stump thrust into boiling pitch to stop the bleeding, and that all without ether or chloroform. Yes, this is being done amongst the Mohammedans and in Arabia. Think of a man in North Africa, suffering from rheumatism, having a hole burned through his foot with red-hot irons "to let the disease out!"

Space will not permit further dilation upon this aspect of the subject; enough may have been said, however, to show even persons of only juvenile years and intelligence that the man or the woman who can go to these people with the knowledge and relief afforded in Christian lands by scientific medicine, can, and will exert a power, and occupy a place that nothing short of the miraculous could give them.

MR. A. L. LAMB.—Will the friend who has kindly sent the *Christian* to Mr. Lamb at Akbou for some years please take note that he has long since returned to England.

Morocco.

THE HOSPITAL WARDS.

NOTES OF SOME OF THE IN-PATIENTS.

BY DR. C. L. TERRY.

THE "KIDNER" BED.

Of the nine patients who have occupied this bed during the mission year, the most interesting were perhaps the second and the eighth.

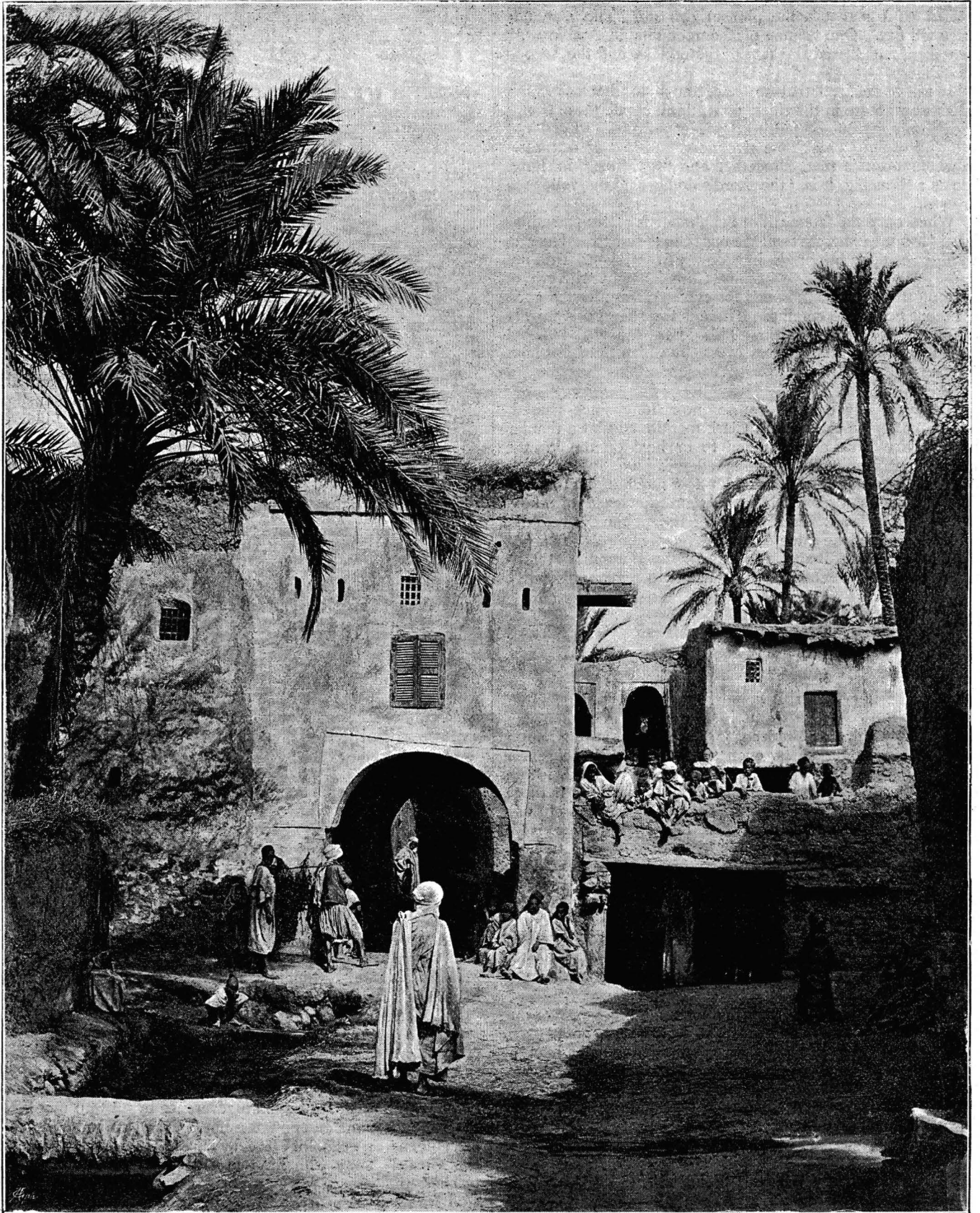
The second was a young girl of about fifteen, named Kadoush. A good deal has been written about her, one way and another, as she soon left the hospital and was taken back to her village, and there visited from time to time. She was suffering from dropsy, and was tapped no less than twenty-three or twenty-four times. In June last she died—from some other disease probably—but alas! without giving any sign that she believed in Jesus Christ as her Saviour.

The eighth case was that of a woman, also named Kadijah, for which "Kadoush" is the short. The bulk of Mohammedan men are named *Mohammed*, after the prophet; the bulk of women after his wives, Kadijah, Fatimah, Aisha, etc. But this Kadijah was able to prefix to her name the proud title of *El Hajjah*—that is to say, she had performed the pilgrimage to *Mecca*, known as the Hajj, and was, in her own and her neighbours' estimation, made holy by this reverence for the False Prophet, and was sure of Paradise; and as a corollary to this, had more or less licence to sin. On her way back she had stayed in Alexandria for two years, where she lost her husband from cholera, and had only her son living. She came originally from Morocco City, fifteen days' journey from Tangier, and was hoping to return.

Three days before landing at Tangier, she had two fingers broken by the fall of a spar or mast on board, and had had the fingers covered with yellow lead ochre, and bound up so tightly with rag that when she came to the hospital the fingers were gangrenous—*i.e.*, practically dead. However, she seemed to get strong and well with a day or two's rest, and the fingers began to look much better (she refused to have them amputated, for she could not appear in Paradise maimed). She heard the Gospel faithfully spoken to her daily, but a day or two later, to our surprise and grief, tetanus (*i.e.*, lockjaw) set in and she died. Was it by chance that God, who had seen all her wanderings and the strengthening of her false beliefs by her strange pilgrimage, brought her to die under the sound of the Gospel? Her travelling had sharpened her up, and she at first opposed the Gospel, as befitted an enlightened Muslamah; but afterwards listened quietly and understood the message of salvation through a Saviour who could give life. Would that we knew she had accepted it.

Of the four other women who have occupied this bed there is nothing special to note, except that one came from Tetuan, a long, forty-five mile tramp. How nice it would be if the mission could have a hospital, even a "cottage" hospital in every town in Morocco. Another patient came from Arzila, and so probably knew, as many coming from there do, the sainted Miss Caley, who, though dead now so long, is still remembered with a sort of affectionate reverence by all who met her.

Of the three males, one was a boy. He was a young *taieb*—*i.e.*, student or schoolboy—really sticking to school, and took two Gospels away with him, promising to give one to his teacher, the village *fokih*. Where are those Gospels now? God knows; they may be torn up, or may be still—giving life words.



ENTRANCE GATE, BISKRA, SOUTHERN ALGERIA (see page 12).

Tunis.

A RECORD OF HIS FAITHFULNESS THROUGHOUT OCTOBER, 1894.

By Miss M. B. GRISELL.

THE journey of which I am about to tell has been so markedly under the guidance of our God that I cannot but record it under the above heading, and have no doubt that as you read its details, you too, will acknowledge His good hand with us. Miss Roberts and I had some months ago determined to make a journey to Gafsa a subject for prayer. It was an especial journey, because of its especial difficulties in distance and expense, and at that time Miss Roberts had but little money in hand for itineration. The thought came, Was it right to spend money on reaching a distant place when there were so many places nearer? But then, on the other hand, the opportunities for reaching these surrounding places were not so difficult to find, as Gafsa was peculiarly shut out from all hearing of the Gospel, so we determined to wait for the Lord to make plain what He would have us do.

Presently came a cheque from a friend of Miss Roberts, and when September came we thought we had enough; but, on carefully adding up expenses as far as I could judge of them from news we had received from Gabes, we felt it would be better had we £2 more, and it came to my mind, "We will ask the Lord to send us £2 as a sign He would have us go." In the afternoon, finding Miss Roberts alone with another fellow-worker, I said, "We are just three, come and we will pray about £2 more coming within ten days, that we may know whether to go or not." We did so, and on the eighth day arrived to my hand a cheque for £10 from an old friend we had lost sight of for two years; and half of the money was for me. I cannot tell you how we rejoiced at such a signal answer to prayer, and of our Father's care for us.

On the 10th of October we set off by coach at noon to reach the little town of Susa, which we did at 4.30 the next morning. Here we had to change the diligence in order to drive on to Mehdiä, but on reaching the bureau of the coach we were told it was full, there was no room for us. However, if the coach was full the Lord was able to provide, for at that moment up came two respectable Italians, also desirous of reaching Mehdiä, so we took a private carriage between us, and arrived at our destination about one o'clock.

We had taken this route on purpose to see, and try and help forward, an old friend of last spring, Mohammed ben F—. He had a clean, empty room in his house, and offered it to us, so we determined for his sake to live the Arab life with them for our short visit. There was only himself and his good old wife in the house, and she did her best to make us comfortable. Of course, there was the inevitable crowding in of the neighbours, and when they had gone off, early in the evening, the big dish of couscous was set before us, to which we supplemented a cup of tea, made with Burroughs and Wellcome's ever-ready tea tabloids, and then we thankfully retired to bed. What will our friends think when I tell them there was no door to our room, not even a curtain over the broad aperture, but the moon shone in, and a

provoking cat crept in and ran off with a portion of French bread we were depending on for our breakfast, but we slept peacefully and happily as if in our own room at Tunis.

In talking to Sidi Mohammed, we found he had sadly forgotten, what we had taught him but he listened with his old eagerness and pleasure, and we prayed with him and his wife, at his own request. He is talking of going to Tunis soon, and then with further acquaintance we shall be better able to judge if his interest is real or not. We went to see other old friends, but there was only one house beside that of our hosts who cared to hear the old, old story over again. We found poor Mehdiä, as we had left it in the spring, resenting the hearing of the truth, jealous even of any word coming to them outside of their own religion. We both felt it would be very difficult to stay here and work among the people just now.

On Monday we took the boat to Gabes, and arrived early Tuesday morning. On the Thursday morning began our long drive across the desert country to Gafsa. I need not tell you that we had made all our arrangements a matter of prayer, and you will see how perfectly our gracious God undertook for us—I was going to say two lonely women, but not once did a feeling of loneliness come over us, although the road was desolate enough. You who have been

traveliers know that there are many little matters that inevitably go wrong in preparation for a journey, but in our case the Lord always stepped in, and put them right. A negro servant brought us a water-skin assuring us it would be all right; but when we needed to fill it it proved useless; but presently in walked a friend from the town, and hearing of our difficulty, said, "I thought you would not succeed with your skin, so I have found one for you."

Well! we started at one o'clock in the morning in what Miss Roberts finely designated a Victoria and three horses, but it was as much as possible like one of the worst of the open carriages which stand for hire at a sea-side place. The driver, I was assured, was a respectable man, and he certainly was perfectly pleasant with us. The night was glorious with full moon, and we drove under the tall palms of the oasis, admiring the beauty of the scene by her light, just what we should have enjoyed to see had we gone for pleasure, and here were we out on the King's business, and He added it to us. When we arrived out in the open there were a few scattered huts, but from there till we stopped at eleven o'clock at the caravanserai, the road, or rather track, was absolutely desolate, even of a tree. The whole country round was either sand or white, baked earth, with little

tufts of bush, which looked dead; very occasionally only there would be a green patch. Once a wolf crossed our path, and we saw small herds of wild gazelles, and plenty of birds, which looked like grouse.

The caravanserai is just a house of bare walls, with a stable for change of post horses. There were two men in it, the postman waiting to ride on with the mails at night, and the guardian. We rested here three hours, and of course made a cup of tea; and then followed a long, intelligent talk with the two men. Evidently it was the first time they had heard anything which cast a doubt on the sufficiency of their own religion. It was only the first upturning of the soil, and sowing of the seed, but God grant that someone else may be sent ere long to rake it over, or those big birds of ignorance and indifference will work a sad thinning of the truth.

On we drove through the heat, for it was a sirocco day, and the blast blew hot into our faces. However, the monotony of our drive was at an end. First the brown paper and string harness, which had been taxed to the utmost by the deep ruts and dips in the sand, gave way. The horses had been plunging about a bit in their efforts to pull the carriage through, and finally found themselves free. We pleaded with the driver to get down and lead them quietly, but he seemed to have more patience in tying up his harness than in quieting his animals.

That night we passed, as in patriarchal times, by the side of a well. The horses were taken out and fed, and we, by the aid of a small lantern, made tea on our spirit lamp on the carriage step. Presently our driver disposed of himself under the vehicle, wrapped up in his burnoose, asking us to watch. It was quite fair, for he had been driving the night before while we had slept in the carriage, so now Beatrice and I nodded in turn, and watched, I am thankful to say, in vain. It seemed to me we were in the safest place in the world, for there was no one there but ourselves and our heavenly Keeper, who looks after us with a Father's care.

“ Things which once were wild alarms,
Cannot now disturb my rest;
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on His loving breast.”

At four in the morning we started again, over similar desert country, and attended with just the same constant breaking of the

harness. By eleven we reached a small oasis with the little village of El Guettar hidden away in the midst of the palms. Oh, how hot the sun was! and how strong the sirocco blew! we were thankful to shelter under the wall of the little market-place. The men were sitting there in a row, and were greatly interested in the arrival of two ladies; and when we lit our spirit lamp they nearly all got up and crowded round to see it; however, they most politely sat down again when they found we were ready to eat our breakfast

We rested here about an hour and a half, and had a good time talking with the men at different ends of the market-place wall. I carefully explained man's need of salvation, and God's plan for them. We left a Gospel and some papers with the coffee-house man, telling him to read aloud in the evening; but he did not wait for the evening, for as we left a group had gathered round him, to whom he was reading.

El Guettar is but eight miles from Gafsa, but it was half-past three o'clock before we reached there. The horses were tired, the sand was deep, consequently the harness broke more constantly than ever—even the cord from the nose-bags was taken to mend it. We got out and laboured through the sand, as we had often done before, till I began to think we should leave the carriage on the road after all; but no, it overtook us, and we mounted. The last awkward dip was passed over, and the out-lying village was in sight. Then came the river, or rather its broad bed with its many streams traversing it. Through these we splashed, and then round a lovely road under palms and olives, and very quickly—really with the appearance of dash—drew up at the little café door.

“ Is there a room for us?” I asked, for I had received an answer to my telegram that the proprietor had left. Yes, *the* one room had actually been furnished on purpose for us. We had ventured to send a second telegram to an Arab gentleman who was a naturalized Englishman, and he had gone to the new proprietress, and had assured her that, as two English ladies were coming, she really must have a room ready, and so she did. It looked very comfortable to our eyes, especially the beds.

Our unknown Arab friend, Sidî R. ben A. soon came to call and welcome us, saying if there had been anything at home to

ride on he should have ridden out to to meet us. We arranged to go to his house in the morning, and then he would show us what rooms he could find for us in the little town.

The next day we arranged to take a large room and kitchen on an upper story of an Arab house—there were several families living downstairs, but no other room upstairs was inhabited. We were told that there was nothing cleaner or better to be had, so thankfully we settled in, and proceeded to survey the town. It is beautifully situated on rising ground at the edge of the oasis, so that as you stand in the main street the view before you of palm trees backed by purple mountains is most lovely. Then going down through the wood you reach the broad river bed, where in the morning hundreds of camels come to drink, and the Arab women wash their clothes. On the banks, under the palms, most picturesque groups of riders, who have come in from distant douars, rest and feed their horses; altogether you have one of the prettiest Eastern scenes possible, and quite beyond my skill to describe.

Now about the people. Their houses are miserable—not so much from the house itself as from the accumulation of dust, dirt, and the general untidiness everywhere. Plates and bowls hanging on the walls look, from the dust and cobwebs, as if they had hung there since the marriage day—even the Kaid's house and the Mufti's were in the same state, books and guns in the dust together. Not one tidy bed have we seen here, and, as you may expect, the women and children match the rooms, and all this in spite of a beautiful spring of hot water close by their doors. Now comes a curious fact, and that is the cleanliness of the men, for somehow they turn out of their dark and dusty surroundings clean and gentlemanly, attired in snow-white burnoose and turban, but how preserved, in a place where a duster does not exist and a single skin of water suffices for a whole family for the day, is a riddle yet to be solved.

* * * * *

Well, our month came to an end, and with the full moon we had to start off again, quite sorry to leave, so enamoured were we with Gafsa and her people.

Many of the men and lads who had been days and even weeks down with fever were

now walking about, and when it came to be seen that the Cadi's little son was pulling through a long attack, the Kaid and Cadi, who had both refused us their houses, began to remark that those two English were different from what they thought, and kind words of commendation from them were repeated to us. I doubt not we should have been sent for by them before we left had occasion required.

Pondering and wondering how soon all that had been heard might be forgotten, the Lord gave me in my morning's reading

the words, "I have ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should *remain*," not drop off half ripe; and, strange to say, the same message came to me a day or two later from the pen of one who had been a Moslem, namely, Sidi Ahmed, in a kind little letter of encouragement which he wrote me; thus my want of faith was met in a twofold way by our loving Father, and we were greatly cheered.

The return journey from Gafsa was *via* Tebessa, but our mode of travelling was

very snail-like. A cart without springs was the only vehicle to be had, a tarpaulin was rudely fitted overhead and two sides, our luggage packed in first, and we were to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances permitted on the top, and then the whole was drawn by a very emaciated horse, who by dint of continuous walking brought us into Tebessa in three days, a distance of 109 miles.

After spending a quiet week in Tebessa, we were driven home by continual rains and other circumstances.

A JOURNEY TO GAFSA IN SOUTHERN TUNIS.

By Miss B. ROBERTS.

THE verse in Exodus xxiii. 20, "Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared," came with such freshness to us the other day in our morning reading, for we felt we had so proved, and would still prove the promise true; God's loving, keeping care of us, was wonderful in all smaller details as well as the greater things in our long journey to Gafsa. And we felt so sure about *His* having sent us forth, because the answers to prayer about it had been so marked.

Miss Grissell and I left home on October 10th, arriving at Susa the next morning at 4.30, and reaching Mehdiâ about 1.30 p.m. Mehdiâ is a lovely little place, situated on a long, narrow promontory, running out into the sea, and the mainland at the back is dotted with palm trees. Miss Grissell and Miss Scott were here last spring. We left Mehdiâ on the Saturday afternoon, on board the steamer for Gabes; Sunday was a quiet day, lying off Sfax, another large town without a single witness for Christ amongst its large population of Moham-medans.

Monday, October 15th, we arrived quite early at Gabes, crossing from the steamer to the pier just as the sun was rising. We were met by two members of the Central Sudan Mission—Mr. Webb and Mr. Pells—and drove out to their house in the village of Djarra, Gabes itself being only an ugly collection of European houses and shops. We took a room next door for the few days we were to stay, and these friends were most kind, trying in every way to make us comfortable. Miss Grissell was here last autumn, so we went to look up some people she used to visit, especially one old man, so paralysed that he can only move and speak with difficulty, he just remembered the simple fact that Jesus had died in his stead to take away his sin.

The oasis which forms a belt all round the back of Gabes is very beautiful, and when travelling through it one might imagine oneself in the heart of Central Africa. Palms everywhere with clusters of golden fruit, varied by banana, pomegranate, fig, and olive trees, and festooned with vines, here and there plantations of henna, maize, etc., with the native palm-branch huts, and intersected by streams lined with lovely maiden-hair, and in some spots bushes of oleander.

On the Tuesday evening we had a small gathering of negroes and negresses to see the magic-lantern which Mr. Pells showed, and they listened very nicely and quietly to our explanation of the pictures which were scenes out of the life of Christ.

We pass over the account of the journey to Gafsa and their subsequent experiences so graphically described by Miss Grissell in the foregoing pages. Writing from Gafsa at the beginning of November Miss Roberts continues:—

And now, after being here a fortnight, what shall I say about the people? In their life and surroundings they are inexpressibly dirty, the children run about, with only one garment on, in such a state as to make one wonder when it and its wearer last saw soap and water! But they are very friendly and hospitable, and always want to share the spoils of their gardens with us, such as dates, pomegranates, etc., even unto two live chickens which caused us much trouble on the way home.

At first it seemed difficult to get amongst them, they showed no curiosity about us. However, we now have entrance into about fourteen houses where they will sit down and hear our message, some with indifference and others with more interest, but they are so ignorant and their minds so dark that it is difficult for them to take in the simplest facts of a Saviour's love, for they have never heard before. We have had some good opportunities amongst the men by the wayside and in the gardens in the oasis; they are quite willing to agree that man's heart is full of sin, but they are perfectly satisfied that their prophet's intercession will gain an entrance for them into heaven.

With the family downstairs we have had some good times in the evenings, when they like us to go down and sit with them after the day's work is done, and they listen with real interest to the sweet old story, though so new to them, and we trust they are—especially our boy, his old mother, and one of the men—gaining a true knowledge which will be as good seed sown in prepared hearts.

One morning we visited the Bach Mufti, who received us very graciously, he was sitting on a stone bench just outside his house; we sat down beside him, other men gathered round, and for nearly an hour Miss Grissell talked to them on the Way of Life through Jesus only, and, marvellous to say, without one word of dissent on their part, and then we left. We found the effect of it the next time we went, for after a few minutes' talk with him he quietly said goodbye, and we had to take our leave. From there we went to see the Cadi, who, after asking us *why* we wished to see his wife, politely refused us entrance to his house. We returned home with hearts full of sadness and pity for these poor souls, so terribly deceived

and blinded by Satan. The villages, of which there are three within easy distance, have been and are our most hopeful parishes, especially El Kasr, which lies on the other side of the river. The people there are most wild and untamed, and on our way to and fro we meet groups of women, with their goat-skins on their backs, going to fetch water, who surround us immediately, and oh! the questions we have to go through, their greatest wonders being that we are two women alone, and what a strange colour our hair is!

In this village our chief talks are with the men, who, when they see us, call to us to come and read, and there we sit on the dusty sand, like themselves, and in a few moments an audience is around us, accompanied, alas! by the inevitable crowd of noisy, quarrelling bairns, each one trying to get in front to have a better view of us and to *feel* us! and so they are often a great hindrance to a quiet talk. Some of these men are good readers and intelligent, and we feel sure many now have a good understanding of the truth. We have scattered many papers and some gospels amongst them.

On Wednesday morning, the 14th, we left Gafsa at 2.30 a.m. The country between that and Tebessa was most uninteresting and lonely, and we went bumping along over a rough stony road, through miles and miles of Sparto grass. I had stupidly forgotten the tin for refilling the spirit lamp, and we had not brought nearly enough bread, so it was a poor outlook for tea and food. But God was caring for us, and about one o'clock we arrived at a well where were some Bedouin tents, and the people so kindly and willingly boiled us some water, cooked our eggs, and baked us a "kisra," a flat round of bread, and then they sat down and watched our operations.

Towards nightfall a very heavy thunderstorm came on, and the road became like a river, so they were very cold, wet, and tired travellers who at last stopped at ten o'clock before the door of the little inn at Feriana. The village was fast asleep, and it was some time before the man could be waked up to open the door, and when he did appear it was to tell us there was no room! However, after some delay, it turned out the room was not engaged till the following night, so we gladly took possession, and it was not long before we laid our weary bodies down to rest. The next morning we were starting again at 8.30 a.m. It was wonderfully cold, and we were glad of all our wraps; we quite felt we had left summer behind at Gafsa, for there our cotton dresses had been quite enough for us.

Towards noon we climbed a high hill covered with pines, and reached a table-land, where at four o'clock we arrived at Bon Chebka, a lonely custom house, and a so-called caravan-sera, a large well-built stone house kept by a queer old Frenchman and an Arab boy. How inviting the large wood fire looked! We were soon warmed and fed, and then enjoyed a good night's rest. Next day we started again at six a.m., a bright frosty morning, reminding us of England, and at three o'clock arrived at Tebessa, where we spent a month in February last.

VISITING IN TUNIS.

BY MISS E. TURNER.

Nov. 1st—Miss Bagster and I went to see a "holy" woman to-day. She has been to the medical mission often and used to listen very attentively, but when it came to the point and she realised that to truly believe our words it would mean to take leave of her prophet for ever, she said plainly she could not, adding, "and now wont you give me any more medicine?" We assured her we would not stop her medicine nor be offended that she did not say she believed, but we should pray for her that God would show her her need of a Saviour. She is suffering from a bad throat brought on

through continually raising her voice in prayers and incantations. In one room in the house in which she lives is a marabout's (saint's) tomb, and every Friday the house is crowded by women who go to pray, led by this woman, who also recites certain phrases to frighten away supposed evil spirits.

When N. and I entered the house we were met by a young woman living there, who said the woman we wanted, was very ill. We asked if we could not see her, but she shook her head and pointed to the room in which the saint was buried. I asked her to go in and tell Salaha we had come to see her. She went and returned, saying we might come and sit and talk with her and another old woman, but that we could not go into the "zaouia" (praying place). So we went and sat in a small room with the two women, when, after a few minutes, in came Salaha's husband. I got up, met him in the court, and asked if I might not see his wife, etc. He looked rather hesitating, and walked in to speak with her, taking off his shoes at the door. He had not been gone a minute before he stood at the door and beckoned to us to enter. We took off our shoes and did so.

In an alcove in the room were six large flags of bright-coloured silks, arranged upright round the wall; a piece of matting was spread on the floor, under which probably rest the remains of the saint; and a small bracket hung on the wall covered over with a cloth. The rest of the room was furnished as a bedroom, and on a large, square bed at one end lay Salaha. She welcomed us very warmly, and then said how ill she had been, and she wished the doctor would make haste and come. "Oh," she said, "when I began to come to the "Spezaria" (medical mission) and saw your doctor and drank your medicine, I was better, and began to heal." Then she praised the doctor, thanked God, kissed her hand, and touched her chest. We told her how soon we hoped another doctor would come out, and the medical mission be open again. Then, in answer to her saying we should gain much merit through our good works, I told her that we had not come from England to gain merit, but to tell the Moslems of a Saviour. But the poor woman seemed too poorly to listen much, and in answer to my "Do you understand?" kept repeating, "I don't know how to read." Thank God it is not necessary to read nor even to see or speak, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. "The wayfaring men though fools shall not err therein." There are so many, many dear women here who are willing to listen, and longing (though they do not know it) for a Divine Love to fill the void in their poor hearts, and brighten their sad, monotonous lives.

This month (October) we have had the joy of welcoming out another young lady worker. We do thank God, but at the same time feel, "What are we amongst so many?" Tunis with its 100,000 odd Moslems—not to mention the Maltese, French, Italians, and 40,000 Jews—is in great need of more workers, especially amongst the men.

BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM WORKERS' LETTERS AND JOURNALS.

From Miss WELCH (Djemaa Sahridj).

I AM sure you will like to know a little of my experiences at Djemaa n Sahridj in connection with the work God has given us to do here.

Tuesday and Friday are devoted to the sick, our patients varying in number from thirty to sixty or even seventy a day. To these the Misses Smith and Cox tell the Gospel message, after which medicine is given and wounds attended to, many Kabyles coming from distant villages, some walking for hours in order to obtain our simple remedies. It is needless to add that this

is the work I love best of all, my first phrase in Kabyle being spoken in the sick room.

The children will be amused to hear that not a few times we have had such requests as this: "Give my ox something, he has hurt his foot," or "My lamb is ill, give him medicine"; "My mule is wounded, dress his wound." But our medicine cupboard is not amply enough supplied either with linen or medicine, and so the animals have to do without the missionaries. Then Emilie Smith and I have our little girls on Wednesday morning. Now they are about our doors as early as 5.30 a.m. They know, quite nicely, how to sing several Gospel hymns, and repeat texts, while "Sidna Aisa" is no longer an unknown name among them. We have but twelve or fourteen little ones, but many others hear the Gospel in their own homes. Three lately have left us to be married, one aged ten or eleven, and another aged about thirteen.

We have a little child, not yet three years old, staying with us now. His father is a converted Jew, and has been a missionary to the Jews here in North Africa. His wife is seriously ill with consumption, and there being two little girls at home even younger, it was very gratefully she lent us her little boy for a time.

Last night, when praying, he lisped out of his own accord a prayer for the converts: "Oh Lord, bless Ali and Si Cherif." Oh that from the hearts of God's own people in the Homeland prevailing prayer might mingle with the little one's—"Oh Lord, bless Ali and Si Cherif and all the millions of Mohammedans throughout the breadth and length of dark North Africa, send out Thy message, let Thy light and Thy truth reach them."

We are but a small band here—only four of us—to visit not only in this village, containing over 3,000 souls, but in many, many other villages; and although two of our number have travelled, in many places around, there remaineth yet *very* much land to be possessed.

For the Young.

BY MISS K. ALDRIDGE.

TO-DAY I was wondering whether the children at home would like to hear about two little boys we have in our hospital just now; they are not patients—at least, one is not. The least of the two found out this morning that he had something the matter with his head, and when the doctor was going round to see the other people, he called out in a shrill little voice, "Will you give me some medicine too, please?"—he called the medicine "doer." So we gave him some, of course, and wrote his name down on a card, so that he might have some more every day until he gets well. I will tell you about him first, and why he was in the ward with the ill people when he was quite well.

He lives in a town a long way from here—it would take two whole long days to get there—and some time ago his father became ill—very ill—and thought he must get to Tangier, if he could, to see the doctor there. He had to bring the little boy with him, because he had no mother to stay with, so when he came and told the doctor all about it, the doctor said, "Oh, yes, we will let your little boy stay with you;" and so little Mohammed stayed, and is very happy with some pictures and Christmas cards we gave him. To-morrow I am going to see if there are some toys left to let him play with; we had some sent us last Christmas, and I put some away for the boys and girls who might come here to stay from time to time.

The other boy is Mohammed also (most of the boys here are called Mohammed), but he is bigger, perhaps ten years old. It would be no use to ask him about his age, as none of the

children "remember their birthdays." He came because his elder brother met with an accident, and his father and mother sent him to us, and the little brother to stay with him. The other morning the doctor had to do something to make the big brother better; he was so glad to have it done, and came downstairs directly to the doctor's room. The little brother came too, because he thought he must take care of him, and, though he was rather frightened, he tried to be very brave and went and sat in a corner of the room. As he wished so to stay, we let him do so. Presently he got up very quietly, without saying a word, and stole out, and then ran all the way to his home to tell his father and mother they must come up at once, which they did, and were so glad when they found their elder son was already better. The little one stood looking on for a few minutes, then went over to the sofa and put his arms round the big brother's neck and cried over him. This little fellow is learning to read, and has had a text-book given him which he keeps in a bright calico bag.

Now, I think if you were to go upstairs with me to their room you would look round and say, "But they are not here!" I might, too, only that I was upstairs at the time they thought they would go to bed, and so know what became of them. The elder Mohammed has a bedstead and mattress placed *quite* close to his brother, so that he cannot fall out of bed on *that* side; then he placed two chairs side by side, so that he might not fall out on the other, and wound the blanket and quilt round and round and over his head until he looked just like a bundle of clothes.

Little Mohammed, though there is a bedstead for him, dare not trust himself on it at all, but carefully spread out his rug exactly under the middle of his father's bed, then dropped his father's counterpane down till it just reached the floor at the foot, came round to the foot of the bed and crawled in underneath, just as he was, in his day clothing. It would never enter into his head to undress and put on night-gown, as English children do, but when he had crawled into his place, he suddenly remembered and asked for a handkerchief to tie up his head, and "Should he pull his cub over?"—meaning the hood of his *jelab*; that settled, he at once lay down, and I expect was asleep in two minutes. So all the children do here; they are never taught to say prayers before going to bed, and don't know a bit about Jesus being a Saviour for them. We want you often to think about these little children here, and remember them when you pray, because they do not know how to.

MOSLEM STAGNATION AND ITS CAUSE.

BY AN INDIAN CONVERT.

THERE was a time when the conversion of a Mohammedan to Christianity was looked on as a wonder. Now they have come and are coming continually. Compared with converts from amongst Hindus, they are much fewer numerically. Where there are ten thousand from among Hindus, there are a thousand from among Mohammedans; but this backwardness to come into the Church of Christ is only part and parcel of Mohammedan backwardness and sluggishness in all other matters. Backwardness seems to be their fate in all things. Let any one tell, if he be able, in what respect they have progressed. There was a time in their history when Mohammedans conquered many lands, but that speedily went by. Since then nothing is to be seen in Islam, all the Mohammedan world over, but decay on decay.

As soon as the rule of the British was established in India, the Government made most excellent arrangements for the education of the people. Four colleges were created in the northern part of India, before ever there was an Educational

Department under the direct management of the Lieutenant-Governor himself. Hindus were so quick to see their advantage that these colleges were filled with their children. Mohammedans avoided them, thinking that English education would mean ruin to their faith. After some years the natural result was that the Government posts of trust and honour were almost universally filled by Hindus, and the Mohammedans were left empty-handed and went on from bad to worse. When the evil effects of this ruinous policy of theirs became apparent, Sir Sayad Ahmed Khan, C.S.I., drew the attention of his co-religionists to the state of things, and since then some of them have taken to the study of English, but it is not possible for them now to make up lost ground.

THE reason of the backwardness of Mohammedans and their low estate in things religious, as well as things worldly, is simply and solely the teaching of Mohammed and the foolish things that prevail amongst them. These render all effort and progress hopeless. Nevertheless, we thank God that such numbers have become Christians from amongst them, and are now jealous for the faith, and an example to their brethren still in Mohammedan darkness.

Two causes have operated in India to bring about this result. The first is the effect of British rule, which gives freedom to individuals to follow their own beliefs. This same freedom is now granted in Egypt, and there we may expect to see like results. Tripoli and Morocco are still under the sway of Mohammedan rulers, and consequently stagnation prevails. When in the providence of God tolerance and freedom shall be obtained for those lands, there also we may expect that many will become Christians.

The second cause is the result of Christian effort and the blessing which God has been pleased to give to the loving-hearted, self-denying labours of his servants since the days of Carey. In North Africa at the present time there are upwards of a hundred labourers connected with various Christian organizations, through whom the Gospel is being made known; and we rejoice to believe not a few secret disciples who are held back from an open confession of Christ by fear of the consequences. Will our friends pray that religious toleration may soon be granted to these unhappy lands?

Description of Illustrations.

DR. T. G. CHURCHER.

ON our front page we have given our readers an illustration of Dr. T. Gillard Churcher, one of the oldest workers on our Mission staff. It is taken from a recent photograph, and represents him in Moorish costume. Dr. Churcher had intended to spend the present winter in England in deputation work, but the urgent call for someone to take charge of the Medical Mission in Tunis, during the temporary absence of Dr. Leach, led him to volunteer for this post, and he left England in November last in company with Mr. Glenny.

ENTRANCE GATE, BISKRA.

BISKRA is situated about one hundred and ten miles in a direct line S.S.W. of the City of Constantine, in Eastern Algeria, and on the oasis of Biskra. It is not the name of a single town, but a union of five villages scattered through the oasis, which is a strip of cultivated ground on the right bank of the stream, about three miles in length, and varying from a quarter to three-quarters of a mile in breadth. Two other oases on the left bank of the stream are also considered to belong to it.

These villages are all of the ordinary Arab type, the houses built of hardened mud, with doors and roof of palm wood.

Among the ruins of the Kasba may be seen a few blocks of Roman work, and one or two Roman columns; this is all that remains of their ancient outpost of Ad Piscinam. The view we have given on page 6 is one of the entrances to this interesting place.

The oasis of Biskra contains 100,000 date-palms, besides several thousand fruit trees of other sorts. The palms are not enclosed within high walls, but are planted in detached groups, or as hedges to the extensive fields of barley and luxuriant gardens of vegetables. The trees are not quite so large as those in other places, but the way in which they are planted renders them far more picturesque, and delightful walks or rides may be taken in all directions through and round the oasis.

The climate of Biskra is charming during four months of the year. Nowhere in Algeria can one find a more genial temperature, a clearer sky, or more beautiful vegetation; but in summer the thermometer frequently stands at 110° Fahr. in the shade, and from 80° to 90° at night.

TETUAN.—The reports from this station show that the workers are having a rather quiet time just now; there are fewer patients attending for medicine, and the classes for Spanish children are also smaller than they have been. The classes for Moorish children are keeping up well.

LANTERN LECTURES.—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.

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.

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, according to size of text chosen. 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.

THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION.

This Mission was formed in 1881 from a deep sense of the pressing spiritual needs of the Kabyles of Algeria, who with the rest of the Moslems of North Africa, were quite unevangelised, and was then called the Kabyle Mission. In 1883 it was reorganised, and widened its sphere to the other Berber races. Since then, under the name of the North Africa Mission, it has step by step extended its work, establishing stations in various towns of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt.

It aims by the help of God to spread through the whole of North Africa, amongst the Moslems, Jews and Europeans, the glad tidings of His love in giving His only Son to be the Saviour of the world by sending forth consecrated self-denying brethren and sisters.

Its Character is like the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, evangelical, embracing those of all denominations who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth, and who are sound in their views on foundation truths.

The Management of the affairs of the Mission at home and abroad is undertaken by a Council whose direction all who join the Mission are required to recognise. The Council appoints two of its members as Honorary Treasurer and Honorary Secretary.

Its Methods of Working are by itinerant and localised work to sell or distribute the Scriptures far and wide, and by public preaching, conversations in the houses, streets, shops, and markets in town and country, to make known those fundamental truths of the Gospel, a knowledge of which is essential to salvation. When souls are saved they are encouraged to confess their faith by baptism, and then, according to the Lord's instructions, taught to observe all things whatsoever He commanded. Educational work is not a prominent feature in this Mission, but a subordinate handmaid to evangelistic work. Medical aid, given where possible, has been found most useful in removing prejudice, and disposing people to listen to the Gospel message.

For Support the Mission is entirely dependent on the free-will offerings of the Lord's people. It asks from God in prayer the supply of all its needs, and circulates among His people information as to the work, with a view of eliciting Christian sympathy and co-operation, but it does not personally solicit money.

Gifts in Money or in kind should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, EDWARD H. GLENNY, 21, Linton Road, Barking, London, and will be acknowledged by numbered receipts. The names of donors are not published.

Collecting Boxes can be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, by giving full names and addresses.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto the Treasurer for the time being of "THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION," for the purposes of such Mission, the sum of _____ Pounds sterling, free from Legacy duty, to be paid with all convenient speed after my decease, and primarily out of such part of my personal estate as I may by law bequeath to charitable purposes, and the receipt of such Treasurer shall be a sufficient discharge for the same.

LIST OF DONATIONS FROM NOVEMBER 1st TO 30th, 1894. SPECIAL AND GENERAL FUNDS.

1894.		General.		1894.		General.		1894.		Special.		TOTALS FOR 7 MONTHS.	
No. of Receipt.	£ s. d.	No. of Receipt.	£ s. d.	No. of Receipt.	£ s. d.	No. of Receipt.	£ s. d.	No. of Receipt.	£ s. d.	No. of Receipt.	£ s. d.	General...	Special ...
Nov. 1... 9499	1 0 0	Brought forward	102 12 0	Nov. 27... 9550	0 5 0	28... 9551	3 0 0	8 High Bentham	1 0 0	17..... 118	2 0 0	196 0 5 0
1H. M. E. H.	2 0 0	Nov. 15 Meeting, Norwood	0 7 6	28... 9552	0 5 0	28... 9553	0 10 0	9..... 114	5 0 0	17..... 119	60 0 0	197 1 0 0
2... 9501	5 0 0	16... 9529	1 0 0	29... 9554	6 5 0	29... 9555	0 7 0	9..... 115	3 0 0	19..... 120	0 10 0	198 1 17 0
3... 9502	0 10 0	16 S.S., Ham-mersmith	7 0 0	29... 9558	0 10 0	29 Metro. Tab. S.S.	0 10 0	10 S.S., Man-chester	10 11 0	20..... 121	13 0 0	199 0 2 6
5... 9503	2 0 0	Weston- Mare	7 4 6	29 Tangier	0 1 7	30... 9558	0 10 0	10 Basing-stoke	15 0 0	22..... 122	0 7 6	200 1 0 0
5... 9504	0 10 0	17... 9532	5 0 0	29 Tab. S.S.	0 10 0	Total, Nov...	£195 18 10	17..... 124	10 0 0	22 Helland	8 5 3	201 1 0 0
6... 9505	1 0 0	17... 9533	2 2 0	29 Tab. S.S.	0 10 0	Total, May } £2,583 16 5		24..... 125	10 0 0	24..... 124	10 0 0	202 0 10 0
6... 9506	0 10 6	17... 9535	0 14 9	29 Tab. S.S.	0 10 0	Total... £2,779 15 3		24..... 125	10 0 0	24..... 125	10 0 0	203 0 10 0
6... 9507	0 9 0	19... 9536	1 10 0	29 Tab. S.S.	0 10 0	SPECIAL FUNDS.		27..... 126	28 0 0	27..... 126	28 0 0	204 0 2 6
7... 9508	1 0 0	19... 9537	15 0 0	29 Tab. S.S.	0 10 0	No. of Special.		27..... 127	2 10 0	27..... 127	2 10 0	205 0 10 0
7... 9509	1 0 0	19... 9538	0 10 6	29 Tab. S.S.	0 10 0	1894. Receipt. £ s. d.		27..... 128	5 0 0	27..... 128	5 0 0	206 0 10 0
7... 9510	5 0 0	20... 9539	1 0 0	Nov. 2.....	102 10 0	Nov. 2.....	102 10 0	29..... 129	3 0 0	29..... 129	3 0 0	207 0 6 0
7 Tunbridge Wells	4 18 0	20... 9540	0 10 0	3 Wimbledon	10 0 0	3 Wimbledon	10 0 0	29..... 130	2 0 0	29..... 130	2 0 0	208 0 5 0
8... 9512	0 10 0	20... 9541	0 10 0	6 Chalk Farm	1 0 0	6 Chalk Farm	1 0 0	29..... 131	1 0 0	29..... 131	1 0 0	209 0 5 0
8... 9513	1 0 0	20 Wndsw'h Common	0 15 0	6... 106	0 6 0	6... 106	0 6 0	29..... 132	1 0 0	29..... 132	1 0 0		
9... 9514	2 0 0	20... 9543	0 5 0	7... 107	4 3 4	7... 107	4 3 4	29..... 133	1 0 0	29..... 133	1 0 0		
9... 9515	0 5 0	21... 9544	1 1 0	7 Chatton	5 5 0	7 Chatton	5 5 0	30..... 134	8 3 0	30..... 134	8 3 0		
9... 9516	50 0 0	22... 9545	0 8 0	7 Chatton	4 0 0	7 Chatton	4 0 0						
10... 9517	1 1 0	23... 9546	2 2 0	7 Tunbridge Wells	2 11 0	7 Tunbridge Wells	2 11 0						
10S. S., Sutton	0 19 0	24... 9547	10 10 0	8.....	111 0 10 0	8.....	111 0 10 0						
12... 9519	5 0 0	26... 9548	1 0 0										
12 Highgate Road	1 5 0	27... 9549	20 0 0										
12 Lewisham	0 10 0	Readers of the Christian	10 10 0										
13... 9522	2 2 0												
13 S. S. Class, Norwood	0 5 6												
14... 9524	0 10 0												
14... 9525	0 5 0												
14... 9526	10 0 0												
14... 9527	2 2 0												
Carried forw'd	£102 12 0	Carried forw'd	£184 5 3	Carried forward	£38 15 4								

DUBLIN AUXILIARY

MR. S. S. MCCURRY, Hon. Sec.,
9, Newtownsmith, Kingstown.

No. of Receipt.	£ s. d.
196 0 5 0
197 1 0 0
198 1 17 0
199 0 2 6
200 1 0 0
201 1 0 0
202 0 10 0
203 0 10 0
204 0 2 6
205 0 10 0
206 0 10 0
207 0 6 0
208 0 5 0
209 0 5 0
See No. 134...	£8 3 0
Amount previously acknowledged	£95 10 11
Total...	£103 13 11

GIFTS IN KIND: November 8th (216), six garments; 14th (217), drugs for Tunis Medical Mission; 15th (218), thirteen garments.

Council.

H. BRIDGFORD, Tunbridge Wells.
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Hon. Secretary, EDWARD H. GLENNY, 21, Linton Road, Barking.

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Location of Missionaries.

MOROCCO.	Date of Arrival.	MOROCCO.	Date of Arrival.	ALGERIA.	Date of Arrival.	REGENCY OF TUNIS.	Date of Arrival.
Tangier.		Fez.		Miss A. COX Oct., 1892		Miss N. BAGSTER .. Oct., 1894	
Miss J. JAY	Nov., 1885	Miss E. HERDMAN ..	Jan., 1885	Mr. J. L. LOCHHEAD ..	Mar., 1892	Dr. T. G. CHURCHER ..	Oct., 1885
Miss B. VINING ..	Apr., 1886	Miss I. L. REED ..	May, 1888	Mrs. LOCHHEAD ..	Mar., 1892	*Mrs. CHURCHER ..	Oct., 1889
Miss S. JENNINGS ..	Mar., 1887	Miss M. MELLETT ..	Mar., 1892	Miss L. K. LOCHHEAD ..	Mar., 1892	DEPENDENCY OF TRIPOLI.	
Miss M. C. LAMBDEN ..	May, 1888	ALGERIA.		Algiers.		Tripoli.	
Mr. C. MENSINK ..	Oct., 1888	Tlemcen.		<i>Kabyle Work.</i>		Mr. H. G. HARDING ..	
Mrs. MENSINK ..	May, 1890	*Miss R. HODGES ..	Feb., 1889	Mr. E. CUENDET ..	Sep., 1884	Mrs. HARDING ..	
Mrs. H. BOULTON ..	Nov., 1888	Miss A. GILL ..	Oct., 1889	Mrs. CUENDET ..	" 1885	Mr. W. H. VENABLES ..	
Dr. C. L. TERRY ..	Nov., 1890	Miss L. GRAY ..	Feb., 1891	Djemaa Sahridj.		Mrs. VENABLES ..	
Mrs. TERRY ..	" "	Mr. W. G. POPE ..	Feb., 1891	Miss J. COX ..	May, 1887	Mr. W. REID ..	
Miss K. ALDRIDGE ..	Dec., 1891	Mrs. POPE ..	Dec., 1892	Miss K. SMITH ..	" "	Miss E. T. NORTH ..	
Miss S. M. DENISON ..	Nov., 1893	Miss A. HAMMON ..	Oct., 1894	Miss E. SMITH ..	Feb., 1891	Miss M. HOLMES ..	
Dr. G. R. S. BREEZE ..	Dec., 1894	Mascara.		Miss A. WELCH ..	Dec., 1892	EGYPT & NORTH ARABIA	
<i>Spanish Work—</i>		Mr. F. CHEESEMAN ..		REGENCY OF TUNIS		Alexandria.	
Mr. N. H. PATRICK ..	Jan., 1889	.. Jan., 1886		Tunis.		Mr. W. SUMMERS ..	
Mrs. PATRICK ..	Sep., 1889	Mostaganem.		Mr. G. B. MICHELL ..		Mrs. W. SUMMERS ..	
Miss F. R. BROWN ..	Oct., 1889	Mr. A. V. LILEY ..		Mrs. MICHELL ..		*Miss R. JOHNSON ..	
Casablanca.		.. July, 1885		Miss GRISSELL ..		Dr. H. SMITH ..	
Dr. G. M. GRIEVE ..	Oct., 1890	Mrs. LILEY Oct., 1888		Miss A. WATSON ..	
Mrs. GRIEVE ..	" "	Cherchel.		Miss A. A. HARDING ..		Miss VAN DER MOLEN ..	
Mr. J. J. EDWARDS ..	Oct., 1888	*Miss L. READ Oct., 1890		STUDYING ARABIC, ETC., IN	
Mrs. EDWARDS ..	Mar., 1892	*Miss H. D. DAY ..		*Dr. C. S. LEACH ..		ENGLAND.	
Tetuan.		.. " "		*Mrs. LEACH ..		Mr. C. T. HOOPER, Mr. D. J.	
Miss F. M. BANKS ..	May, 1888	Constantine.		Miss K. JOHNSTON ..		COOPER, Mr. J. JOHNSON, Miss G.	
Miss A. BOLTON ..	Apr., 1889	Miss L. COLVILLE Jan., 1892		L. ADDINSELL, Miss J. DOWLING,	
Miss A. G. HUBBARD ..	Oct., 1891	.. Apr., 1886		Miss E. TURNER ..		Miss E. MILLS.	
		Miss H. GRANGER Mar., 1892		MR. MILTON H. MARSHALL, Tutor.	
		.. Oct., 1886		Miss M. ROBERTS ..			
				Miss M. SCOTT ..			
				Miss L. A. LAMBERT ..			
				.. Dec., 1893			

* At present in England.

Mission Publications.

NORTH AFRICA:

The Monthly Record of the North Africa Mission.

Contains frequent Articles bearing upon the Spiritual Condition of the Mohammedan Races and Tribes, and the best means of furthering Christian work amongst them. Also interesting extracts from the Missionaries' Diaries and Letters, showing the Progress of the Lord's work in Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt.

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