

MATTHEW XXVIII

18 AND JESUS CAME AND SPAKE UNTO THEM SAYING, ALL POWER IS GIVEN UNTO ME IN HEAVEN AND IN EARTH

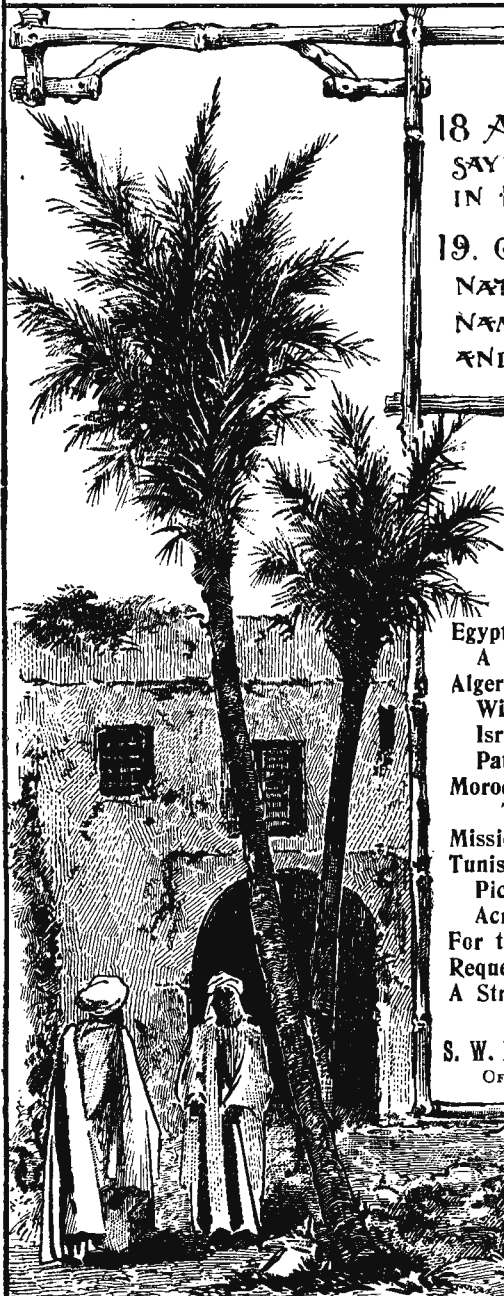
19. GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, BAPTIZING THEM IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND OF THE SON AND OF THE HOLY GHOST.

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S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.
OFFICE OF THE MISSION, 19, 21, AND 29, LINTON ROAD, BARKING.

MOROCCO
ALGERIA
TUNIS
TRIPOLI
EGYPT
SAHARA



Office of the Mission—19, 21, 23, 29, AND 31 LINTON ROAD, BARKING.

Hon. Treasurer, W. SOLTAU ECCLES, 140, Church Road, Norwood, S.E.

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LIST OF DONATIONS FROM APRIL 1st TO 31st, 1896.

GENERAL AND SPECIAL FUNDS.

1896. No. of April Receipt.	General. £ s. d.	1896. No. of April Brt. forwd.	General. £ s. d.	1896. No. of April Receipt.	General. £ s. d.	1896. No. of April Brt. forwd.	Special. £ s. d.	
1 ... 878	1 0 0	17 ... 911	0 10 0	30 ... 942	2 0 0	10 Missry. Band, Blackheath	14 0 0	
2 ... 879	0 5 0	17 ... 912	1 0 0	30 ... 943	0 10 6	14 ... 684	5 0 0	
2 ... 880	3 0 0	18 ... 913	3 0 0	30 ... 944	2 2 0	16 Y.W.C.A., South Hampst'd	12 10 0	
2 ... 881	5 0 0	18 ... 914	0 2 10	30 ... 945	0 2 2	18 ... 686	2 2 0	
6 ... 882	0 3 6	18 ... 915	1 0 0	30 ... Ascot S.S.	0 8 6	21 ... 687	30 0 0	
7 S. S. Barking	0 15 1	18 ... 916	1 0 0	30 ... Bracknell	0 3 2	21 ... 688	2 10 0	
7 ... 884	0 5 0	21 ... Sidcup	1 2 6	30 ... Ascot	0 4 5	21 ... 689	5 0 0	
8 ... 885	1 0 0	21 ... West Hampstead	0 10 0	30 ... 949	5 0 0	21 ... B. H. K.	0 5 0	
8 ... 886	0 3 6	21 ... 919	0 1 3	30 ... 950	0 10 0	23 ... Jarrow	0 13 0	
8 ... 887	0 5 0	23 ... 920	0 5 0	Total, April... £303 11 11				
8 ... 888	0 5 0	23 ... 921	0 5 0	Total, May, '95 to Mar., '96, £2947 2 3				
9 ... 889	2 0 0	23 ... Newcastle-on-Tyne	0 5 0	Total... £3,250 14 2				
9 ... 890	0 1 0	23 ... 922	10 0 0	SPECIAL FUNDS.				
9 ... Y.W.C.A., Cephas St.	1 0 0	23 ... 923	0 10 0	1896. No. of April Receipt.	Special. £ s. d.	1 ... 673		15 0 0
9 ... 892	0 14 0	23 ... "A Hel-per in Christ"	100 0 0	1 ... 674	6 5 0	1 ... Manchester		6 5 9
9 Handsworth	1 19 5	24 ... Durham	0 5 0	2 ... 676	0 5 0	4 ... 677		1 1 0
9 ... "Penny-meal."	1 1 0	25 ... 926	0 9 3	8 ... 678	10 0 0	8 ... 679		0 10 0
10 ... 895	0 5 0	25 ... 927	1 0 0	8 ... 680	2 0 0	9 ... 681		3 0 0
10 ... 896	0 2 0	25 ... 928	1 0 0	9 ... 682	4 3 4	9 ... 682		4 3 4
10 ... 897	7 7 6	25 ... 929	0 18 6	Carried forwd. £48 10 1				
11 ... 898	0 10 0	25 ... 930	2 0 0	GIFTS IN KIND.				
11 ... 899	0 12 0	25 ... 931	0 2 6	April 8th, (267) box of bottles and garments; 14th, (268) two barrels of bottles and old linen; 16th, (269) quantity of foreign postage stamps; 29th, (270) old linen, flannelette, and medicine bottles; 30th, (271) box of bottles.				
11 ... Tangier	2 4 10	27 ... 932	0 13 0	FORM OF A BEQUEST.				
13 ... 901	1 0 0	28 ... 933	0 10 0	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.				
13 ... 902	20 0 0	28 ... 934	40 0 0	PHOTOGRAPHS.—A collection of twelve unmounted photographs, quarter-plate size, consisting of workers and street scenes in North Africa, sent post free upon receipt of postal order for 3s. Proceeds for the North Africa Mission. Address J. H. B., 1, Calverley Mount, Tunbridge Wells.				
14 ... 903	10 0 0	28 ... 935	2 0 0	etc.; price regulated by length and size of texts chosen (about 3ft. broad by 10 inches deep for 2s. 6d.).				
15 ... 904	2 0 0	29 ... 937	0 5 0	WORKERS' UNION for North Africa. This Union has already rendered considerable assistance to the missionaries on the field; more helpers, are, however, needed. Those desiring further information should apply to the Hon. General Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Bridgford, 1, Calverley Mount, Tunbridge Wells.				
15 ... 905	0 2 6	30 ... 938	0 5 0	ILLUMINATED TEXTS, with scroll ends, can be had from J. H. B., Calverley Mount, Tunbridge Wells, in gold and blue, red, black,				
15 ... 906	0 2 0	30 ... 939	0 10 0	Total, April... £196 12 4				
17 ... Y.W.C.A., Ilford	0 10 0	30 ... 940	0 10 0	Total, May, '95 to Mar., '96 £2,424 5 5				
17 ... 908	2 0 0	30 ... 941	5 0 0	Total ... £2,620 17 9				
17 ... 909	2 0 0	Carried forwd. £117 13 4						
17 ... 910	50 0 0	Carried forwd. £292 11 2						
Amount previously acknowledged £149 16 11								
Total ... £157 19 11								

TOTALS FOR 12 MONTHS.

General... £3,250 14 2
Special ... £2,620 17 9

Total ... £5,871 11 11

DETAILS OF DUBLIN AUXILIARY.
(Special Don. No. 705.)
Mr. S. S. McCURRY, Hon. Sec. 3, Spencer Villas, Glenageary.

No. of Receipt.	£ s. d.
230	1 8 0
231	0 10 0
232	0 5 0
233	2 0 0
234	1 0 0
235	1 0 0
236	0 10 0
237	0 5 0
238	0 5 0
239	1 0 0

£8 3 0

Amount previously acknowledged £149 16 11

Total ... £157 19 11

GIFTS IN KIND.

April 8th, (267) box of bottles and garments; 14th, (268) two barrels of bottles and old linen; 16th, (269) quantity of foreign postage stamps; 29th, (270) old linen, flannelette, and medicine bottles; 30th, (271) box of bottles.

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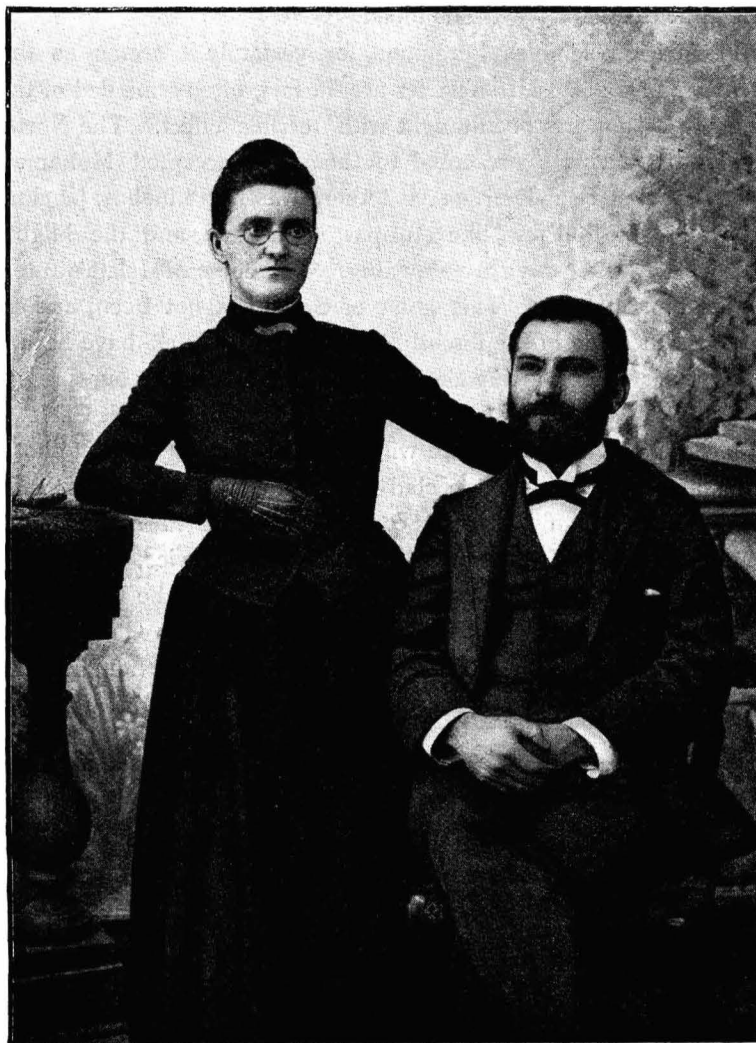
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NORTH AFRICA.



THE LATE DR. AND MRS. LEACH (see page 63).

My Faithful Martyr.

Thou holdest fast MY name, and hast not denied MY faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was MY faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth—REV. ii. 13.

THE word martyr simply means a witness, but so common has it been for those who have been faithful in their witnessing to suffer and die for their fidelity that now it stands for one who suffers or dies for a cause he has been identified with. The martyr sometimes dies because of the opposition to his testimony; at others in consequence of the difficulties that attend delivering it, in either case he dies for the cause.

Many millions have died in their endeavour to make Christ known. The North Africa Mission has now the honour, as well as the sorrow, of having some taken from its ranks to swell the martyr throng. For them it is far better, but friends and those amongst whom they laboured are the poorer.

Antipas, who lived, testified and was slain in Pergamos, seems to have had a difficult sphere to fill. It is said that Satan dwelt there, and that there he had his seat or throne. Even in the Church there were some who held the doctrine of Balaam, and others the doctrines of the Nicolaitans. Yet, amid these dark shadows, there remained a little company who held fast to the name of the Lord Jesus, and would not deny the faith at any price. Antipas was one of these, and he sealed his testimony with his blood.

In some respects North Africa resembles Pergamos, for certainly it seems as though, there also, Satan had special power over men's bodies and souls. Missionaries are, in fact, often reminded of this passage by the difficulties they encounter. The doctrine of Balaam has been taught with terrible effect. The North African Church, centuries ago, alas! yielded to the temptation that was presented to them, and accepted Mohammed's "easy way" of fleshly pleasures, and was seduced, as Israel at Baal-Peor. Alas! there was no Phinehas, javelin in hand, to stay the plague, and it still ravages the land. The faithful few, like Antipas, were slain, and the blight of Islam has for centuries rested on the land. Now, at last, brighter days are dawning. The curse of Islam's rule is removed in several lands, but the curse of Islam's religion still remains. This home of Satan has not been, and cannot be, invaded without a terrible struggle. We have felt something of its force. All sorts of agencies have been raised against us—religious and material, national and political. In every way Satan has tried to prevent our progress, and we have to say, as Paul of old, "Satan hindered us." We of ourselves are not a match for him; but Christ, Head over all things to the Church, is our Leader: He has vanquished Satan, and will bruise him under our feet shortly.

In such a conflict many difficulties must be expected—difficulties within and difficulties without. The murder of our friends is only one of the incidents of this great conflict. Failures in health, shortness of funds, coldness of heart, indifference in the Church, scarcity of volunteers for missionary service, and many other trials are no doubt due to Satan's opposition. They are permitted up to a certain point by the Lord, to try our faith and lead us to realize our utter helplessness, that thus we may cast ourselves more simply on God's infinite grace and power.

Let us not be staggered by our trials, or even by the sad death of our friends, but rather be "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." "In the name of our God we will set up our banners."

Notes and Extracts.

N.B.—Will friends for the future in remitting money for the North Africa Mission kindly cross all cheques and orders "London and South Western Bank, Barking."

ARRIVALS.—On Thursday, May 8th, Dr. and Mrs. Terry and family; Mrs. H. N. Patrick and two children; Miss Mellet, of Fez; and Miss Aldridge, per P. and O. steamer *Australia*. On Monday, May 11th, Miss K. Johnston and Miss E. Turner, from Tunis, via Marseilles.

TRIPOLI.—The Medical Mission here was reopened on March 18th, since which time there has been a good attendance, and for the most part attentive listeners. Mr. Read mentions the case of one man to whom he has spoken several times regarding the claims of Christ. On this occasion the man told him he had read a certain tract that had been given him, and not only understood but believed the truths taught in it. Also, that he was reading the Gospel and instructing his wife and children, but dare not let it be known, lest they should say that reading our books had turned his head and treat him as an idiot.

BIRTH.—On March 24th, at Susa, Tunisia, Mrs. T. Gillard Churcher of a daughter.

MISS DENISON has gone to Fez for a few months, to assist Miss Herdman while Miss Mellett returns to England. Miss Jennings, who accompanied her, will, on leaving Fez, spend a time with Dr. and Mrs. Rocha, of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews at Alcazar, afterwards evangelising in some of the needy villages lying between there and Tangier during the month of June.

BIBLE CIRCULATION IN EGYPT.—The circulation of Bibles and portions issued by the American Bible Society continues to increase. These are mainly distributed through the agency of the American Presbyterian Mission, and are all, or nearly all in Arabic. Bible circulation amongst Mohammedans in Egypt has but few restrictions. The following figures show how the work has expanded within the last thirty years:—From 1865 to 1874 the number of copies distributed was 6,630; from 1875 to 1884 it was 45,586; and from 1885 to 1894 it was 116,474.

DR. CHURCHER reports that the number of patients who attended the Medical Mission at Susa during the month of April was the highest he has yet had, viz., 768 visits in all. 675 new patients received attention. 589 night's lodging were given in the Baraka.

DR. HENRY SMITH, of Alexandria reports: There is much cause for thankfulness in reviewing the medical work for April. The number of patients has increased, and our figures for the month are:

New Patients—94. Attendances—235.

Several minor operations have been performed, much pain has been relieved, and, best of all, a number of listeners—some willing and some unwilling—have been brought under the sound of the Gospel.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE NORTH AFRICA
MISSION.

May 19th, 1896.

DEAR FELLOW-HELPERS,

The sad murder of Dr. and Mrs. Leach and their little son has terribly shocked us, and yet, after all, this is not so grievous as when an unrepentant sinner dies without seeking pardon. Our friends are absent from the body and present with the Lord, which is far better, but those who die without Christ go to an undone eternity. What an infinite blessing to be found trusting in Christ and saved for ever. It was because our departed friends realised this that they left home and friends and faced hardships, trials, and martyrdom, that they might save some.

What have we done?

Have we personally sought to win souls for Christ at home or abroad?

Have we assisted, as we might have done by our means, our sympathy, and our prayers, those who are seeking to do so?

Elsewhere, we give particulars of our friends' sad yet glorious death, and how it is proposed to commemorate it.

Our Mission year closed on April 30th. During it, we received about £7,000, and with balances, £7,800. This is several hundred pounds less than last year, and calls for careful consideration and prayer. We have, in consequence, been unable to send as much financial help to the labourers in North Africa as we desired, or as they seemed to need. The North Africa Mission clearly puts before all who join it that it can only distribute to its members such funds as are entrusted to it, and therefore, those who go out in connection with it should be prepared to trust the Lord to supply them, through other channels than the Mission, in the event of its supplies being inadequate. For several years the faith of members of the Mission has been tried, and this year it has specially been the case. They have had to test their faith in God to supply them by other means than the Mission treasury. Some have found, like Elijah, that when the *brook* Cherith dried up, the springs of God still ran by other courses to them. Nevertheless at such times I would bespeak for them your prayers and sympathy that their faith fail not.

Several workers have returned to England for needed change. I would repeat here what has been said before, that, though the climate of North Africa is not deadly like some, and is very pleasant and agreeable for several months of the year, yet it is enervating and trying, and a return to England every few years is generally both advisable and necessary. Those who go out for pleasure or health, and live in comfortable hotels, without anxiety or trying work in the most agreeable months of the year, find it

difficult to appreciate how different it is for those who stay out during the hot weather, when the temperature sometimes gets up to 110° in the shade for several days together, and when arduous Christian work has to be done amid many difficulties and discouragements.

At present Miss Van der Molen has returned to her home in Holland, and the Misses Turner and Johnson, from Tunis, are back in England after over four years' absence. Mr. and Mrs. Pope, and the Misses J. Cox and K. Smith, from Algeria, are also home. Dr. and Mrs. Terry, Mrs. Patrick, the Misses Aldridge and Mellett, from Morocco, are also visiting this country on furlough.

We regret to see from *The Times* the death in Alexandria, from cholera, of Joseph Hannington, brother of the late Bishop Hannington. He had for several years done work among English-speaking people in Egypt. We commend his wife and children to your sympathy.

We have also heard with sorrow the report of the murder of Mr. Holt in the Soudan. He belonged to the Central Soudan Mission, and studied Arabic in Tripoli beside our workers there.

Miss Hodges, of Tlemcen, has had a serious attack of diphtheria. Our latest news, I am happy to say, is that she is out of danger.

There have been further violent articles against British missionaries in the French-Algerian papers, practically accusing ladies of supplying brigands with arms and gunpowder. Nothing seems too ridiculous for these violent writers to print.

Amidst all these and many other difficulties we press forward, and the work goes on. We thank God for a Moslem baptised in Alexandria, and another proposing to be in Algiers.

"Through waves, through clouds, through storms,
God gently clears the way;
We wait His time; so shall the night
Soon end in blissful day."

I remain,

Yours heartily in Christ,

EDWARD H. GLENNY.

THE MURDER OF DR. AND MRS. LEACH.

WE were greatly shocked by hearing through a telegram sent to the British Consul in Tunis from the Vice-Consul at Sfax, of the murder of Dr. and Mrs. Leach and their little boy Charlie, who was about five years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Michell at once prepared to proceed to the scene, which is nearly 200 miles south of the city of Tunis. They were, however, delayed through the breakdown of the coach, but Dr. Churcher from Susa was able to reach there in time to be present at the funeral on Friday morning the 8th, and Mr. Michell has since been there. Putting together the various details of information we have since received, it would appear that the terrible event took place about as follows:—

Dr. Leach had moved down from Tunis in the middle of March, as he was desirous of opening a new Medical Mission station at Sfax. The little house which he had secured was about half an hour's walk outside the town. Round the city are many gardens with houses in them in which people reside during the summer months, some during all the year, coming into Sfax from day to day. The house and garden which Dr. Leach had taken was near the road going south from Sfax; the house itself was some distance from the road, and also a considerable distance from any other houses.

Between his arrival in the middle of March and the date of

the occurrence Dr. Leach had been a good deal occupied in getting the place into shape. Mrs. Leach wrote to a missionary that they had made some friends among the natives, and they were hoping very soon to begin work.

It would appear that on Tuesday evening, the 5th of May, they were retiring to rest between nine and ten o'clock. Dr. Leach seems to have been in his pajamas and Mrs. Leach had on a dressing gown. There are said to have been traces of three men having entered the house; it is suggested that they climbed up on the roof or terrace of the house, forced open the door of the terrace and came down by the stairs into the central courtyard, then forced their way into the dining room and through it into the bedroom, where, with knife, poignard, and hatchet they appeared to have murdered our gentle friend with his wife and little boy. The little girl Charlotte, aged about eighteen months, was unharmed, and will shortly be brought to England. Every box and bag seem to have been turned out, evidently in the hope of finding money or valuables; whether anything was discovered we cannot yet learn, but strange to say a considerable sum of money was left; possibly Mrs. Leach was doing up her accounts before retiring to rest. Five hundred francs or £20 is reported to have been found in her dressing gown, and 344 francs or nearly £14 in the stocking she had on, and a further sum of over £5 under the mattress. Whether anything else was found and taken away is uncertain. We are surprised that our friends had these sums of money about them, and can only conclude that some of their friends, knowing of the new work they were beginning, had just sent them remittances for it. We conclude, therefore, that the crime was committed with the idea of obtaining money or other valuables, and suspicion seems to rest upon the gardener of the landlord, who used to feed his dog and look after his half of the garden; he alone, it is thought, could have captured and killed the dog, and he and his son have since disappeared; it is now reported by telegraph that he has been apprehended.

The arrangements for the funeral were made by Mr. Leonardi, the British Vice-Consul, and it was attended by the French, Italian, and native officials. Some two thousand persons are reported to have been present on the occasion. Pastor J. Bureau conducted the service, and Dr. Churcher was enabled to speak a few words also.

We feel greatly indebted to Mr. Leonardi for all the kindness and sympathy he has shown and all the trouble he has taken, also to Mr. Kohli, the colporteur of the B. and F. B. Society, who has just come to live at Sfax, and to Pastor and Mrs. Bureau, also to the French authorities. We would also express our thanks to many friends who have sent letters of sympathy for the relatives of our departed friends and for the Mission.

Charles Sherard Leach was the second surviving son of the late Surgeon Major Leach of Her Majesty's Indian Army. He was born in Rangoon, British Burmah, in 1860, and educated in the Military School at Fort St. George, and in Bishop Corrie's School, Madras. He studied medicine and came to Edinburgh, where he received a diploma to practise from the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians, his idea being to ultimately enter the Indian Medical Service. He seems then, during parts of '82 and '83, to have gone to Birmingham, where he held the post of Resident Surgeon to the Children's Hospital under Dr. D. C. Lloyd Owen, F.R.C.S., who thought very highly of him. During the remainder of the year and in '84 he acted as surgeon on the Clan Boats, where he was highly esteemed. During the next two years he carried on a private practice at Forest Gate in East London, and then prepared to enter the Indian Medical Service. He was, however, soon led to abandon this idea and to give himself to Medical

Mission work. When but a child of nine he had been led to a knowledge of Christ as his personal Saviour through the instrumentality of an Army Scripture Reader. When twenty-two he united with the Baptist Church in Marshall Street, Edinburgh, then under the care of Pastor Alexander Wylie. When in Forest Gate he joined the Church of which Mr. French was pastor, and later on when in London preparing for the medical service, he became a member of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Through the influence of Mr. Neaplesden, an American missionary in India, who met him at this time, he went over to New York to get experience in Medical Mission work, under Dr. G. Dowkontt, of the International Medical Missionary Society. He was commended to American friends by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, and after spending about eighteen months there, went out to Algiers in February, 1889, and began work in association with two or three American friends. He did a little Medical Mission work in Kabylia, but his time was mainly occupied in the study of French and Kabyle. About this time he married Miss Kean, of Rothesay, who was then in charge of the Sailors' Rest in Marseilles, carried on by Mr. Charles Faithfull. They worked for a time in Kabylia, but at the end of 1890 sought to associate themselves with the North Africa Mission. This having been arranged, it was thought better that Dr. and Mrs. Leach should move to Tunis, where he would have much greater freedom for medical work than was possible in Algeria. This involved the study of Arabic, but eventually, with the help of other workers, a Medical Mission was established, where many thousands have received medical aid and also heard the Gospel.

In the summer of 1894 Dr. and Mrs. Leach went to Scotland for rest, and in the spring of '95 returned to Tunis. Since then he requested the Council to allow him to proceed to Sfax, which is the next largest town in Tunis, to open up a Medical Mission work there; before, however, he was able to begin his work, he and wife and little child were called into the presence of the Lord.

Mrs. Leach leaves an aged father and mother in Rothesay, besides a sister and brothers. Dr. Leach, we believe, has brothers and a sister in India. We trust that God may overrule this terrible calamity, so that instead of the work being hindered it may be prosecuted with greater vigour than before.

THE LEACH MEMORIAL.

SEVERAL friends have written to us suggesting that some special effort should be made to perpetuate the memory of our dear friends, and carry on the medical work with which they were so closely associated in North Africa; also that some provision should be made for their little orphan baby, Charlotte Leach.

We are thankful to say that several friends have kindly offered to receive and care for this lonely little one. There is, however, always the possibility that in time to come, for some reasons or other, these kind friends may be unable to fulfil their purpose. Then the shock of the parents' sad death having passed, there is a danger of need.

It is suggested therefore that a fund should be opened for the double purpose of establishing and carrying on a Leach Memorial Medical Mission, and for providing a fund for the little girl they have left if she needs it.

In our present financial condition it is most important that money should not be diverted from the general funds of the Mission, but we shall be pleased to receive special contributions for these purposes. We have not time before going to press to draw up a very definite plan, but it is thought that such a fund should be put into the hands of trustees, who would see that it was rightly applied.

EDWARD H. GLENNY.

Egypt.

BAPTISING A CONVERT.

By MR. J. JOHNSON.

“**B**EHOLD! the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient” (Jas. v. 7, 8). Such was the illustration, and its application addressed by the Apostle James to the afflicted Christians of his time in view of the Lord’s return. The Apostle Paul’s advice to the Galatians is similar: “Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season *we shall reap* if we faint not.”

Those who have any practical knowledge of agriculture or horticulture understand the force of the Apostle James’ reference to the husbandman’s patience. Between the sowing of the seed, and the gathering of the crop, he has many anxious hours, and often much disappointment. Sometimes the seed—apparently so choice, and so carefully sown—fails to germinate properly for some reason or other, and he knows that, however favourable the weather and other circumstances may be, unless he re-sows, he cannot expect a heavy crop. But, granting that the seed springs up satisfactorily, he still has much concern, labour, and waiting before the harvesting. His precious crop must be protected from birds, weeds, insects, etc., or at any stage it is liable to be either partially or wholly destroyed. But, thanks to the natural laws of God, this patient working and waiting are eventually richly rewarded. The sun shines—the early and latter rains descend—and the earth yields her increase.

Even so is it spiritually in God’s great world-field. First, the careful sowing of the good seed of the Kingdom; then, the patient tending and feeding of the precious germs of life, until, in God’s “due season,” the unwearied, non-fainting worker or his successors reap the harvest of souls.

For four years the NORTH AFRICA MISSION has been thus patiently working and waiting for souls in Egypt. Sometimes expectation has risen high, as one and another, apparently received the seed into good ground, and came very near to the Kingdom—always to be disappointed, until the present year, when, at last, the Lord has been pleased to grant some encouragement in this direction. For, on the 25th of April, Mr. Summers had the joy of baptizing into Christ a young man from Palestine, named Ayoob, who has been under his instruction for the greater part of the past year.

The day was beautiful, and the place selected on the northern side of the harbour a very suitable one; it was quiet, yet not secluded, and the water was calm and clear. Some thirty Europeans and Americans, representing the Missionary Societies labouring in this county, and about a dozen of the many Arabs, invited by Ayoob and others, assembled to witness the ceremony. During the service the majority sat under a tent which had been pitched on the shore as a protection from the sun. The first part of it was conducted by Mr. Summers in Arabic for the benefit of Ayoob and the Arabs present; though many of us could not understand much of what was said, or even of what we ourselves attempted to sing in

Arabic, still we had a certain measure of fellowship in spirit at least with those who did, especially with the one who was to be baptized. This part of the service over, we all stood on the shore to witness Mr. Summers perform the ceremony, and to offer praise and prayer—praise that God, in His grace, had called another out of Moslem darkness into His marvellous light, and given him courage to confess His Name; and prayer that the saved one might be kept faithful, and used abundantly in His Master’s service. To some present, it was the most impressive part of the service to see Mr. Summers and Ayoob stand together in their white garments in the water, and, immediately before the immersion, to hear Mr. Summers say to Ayoob in clear, strong tones (in Arabic):—

“Since you believe in Almighty God, the Creator of Heaven and earth, and since you are trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and since you have accepted God’s Word as the rule for the government of your life, and since you, in consequence of this faith, seek to deny the devil and all his works, the follies of the world, its glories and vain deceits, and also the selfish desires of the flesh, I baptize you in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.”

As they came up out of the water we

retired to the tent, and this bright, impressive service was concluded by Mr. Dickins with a few appropriate remarks upon the importance of immediate obedience to the will of God—Psalm cxix. 60.

The following facts regarding Ayoob may be interesting. He is a native of a village in the vicinity of Jaffa, and was for some time a school teacher and Imam there, though he is only nineteen years of age now. When he first heard the Gospel in the English hospital at Jaffa, in the beginning of 1895, he manifested considerable opposition to it, but afterwards began to carefully consider the force of the arguments presented, with the result that his faith in Islam was shaken, and he showed a decided leaning towards Christianity and desire for the fellowship of Christians. This naturally led to his being persecuted, and even threatened with death.

In view of his spiritual condition, and rather perilous position, Miss Nicholson, who had taken great interest in Ayoob, considered it advisable to send him to Mr. Summers as an enquirer. This she did in March, 1895. While in Alexandria he not only had the benefit of Christian teaching from Mr. Summers, but also of some teaching in Arabic and elementary English in the Church of Scotland’s Mission School

through the kindness of the Headmaster, Mr. Buchanan.

In July he decided to join his brother at the Azhar College, Cairo, for the further study of Arabic. This step and subsequent behaviour in the Azhar was not all that could have been wished; still, no doubt, God overruled it for good. Whilst there he was enabled to give frequent testimony to his convictions regarding the truths of the gospel—to distribute the Scriptures and Christian controversial books, and in consequence had to sustain a good deal of opposition. At that time, too, he began to manifest a strong desire for the salvation of

his father by corresponding with him on the subject, and sending him suitable books, such as "Sweet First Fruits." Although his desire has not yet been gratified, he still perseveres in his efforts.

During his stay in the Azhar he was very much disgusted with the utterly immoral life of most of its students; this far-famed centre of light and sanctity, he found to be a place of darkness and corruption. The measure of Christian light he possessed no doubt making this all the more apparent. His desire for Christian fellowship led him to seek out and visit the workers of the C.M.S., who showed him much kindness,

and gave him some teaching. But, eventually, he became so disgusted and dissatisfied with the Azhar that he made efforts to get back to Alexandria to his Christian "Mooallim" (teacher). These efforts were successful, and so, with a new feeling of consecration, he returned here on March 14th, of this year.

Soon after his arrival he requested baptism for the third time, having asked for it twice before going to Cairo. His request was granted, but it was considered advisable to defer it for a month. During this probationary period he received regular Christian teaching from Mr. Summers, and showed remarkable aptitude in understanding Scriptural truth, and great love for it. His baptism was indeed to him a glad act of surrender to, and confession of the Saviour, and we have every reason to believe from his present behaviour, that he will walk worthy of this profession of faith.

In conclusion, two or three facts may be mentioned, which not only show the Lord's goodness to our young brother, but which also indicate his desire to help himself and to be helpful. When he returned to Alexandria he was sorely in need of clothes, and of course without money to purchase any; in a very few days the Lord supplied him with two suits and many other odd requisites, and has now provided him with sufficient teaching in Arabic, to enable him to be quite independent of the Mission, as regards material support. In his spare time he diligently visits amongst the natives, distributing Christian literature, conversing with them on religious topics, and reading to them from God's Word, and suitable books. He also does a good work in bringing visitors (Arabs), to see Mr. Summers. Thus he is letting his light shine.

About the beginning of April Mr. Summers commenced a Sunday afternoon Arabic service for his benefit, and that of any others who might be disposed to attend. So far, these services have been very encouraging. On the Sunday after Ayooob's baptism, there was an attendance of eight or nine young Arabs. May the Lord use Ayooob in reaching many of his class.

We would earnestly bespeak the sympathetic prayers of all the readers of NORTH AFRICA for this young convert, that he may be kept faithful, and made increasingly useful; and also that the Arabic service referred to, and every other worthy effort made to reach the Moslems of Egypt, may be crowned with God's blessing.



PATIO, OR COURTYARD, OF ARAB HOUSE (see page 69).

A FEW INCIDENTS OF WORK IN ALEXANDRIA.

By MR. W. SUMMERS.

1. In the beginning of March I had a visit from Sheikh *Kh*—, who is the Imam of a moderately sized mosque here. Unlike most of his class he has little bigotry, and enjoys some amount of mental enlightenment. After a long talk concerning his soul's welfare, I suggested that he should try to do a little philanthropic work in connection with his mosque, such as an orphanage, or a girls' school. In reply he confessed that were he to do so he would receive no help whatever from his co-religionists, and that the carrying out of such a project would expose him to considerable opposition and misrepresentation from the Moslems. No one would suppose for a moment that he was prompted by high motives, but rather otherwise. He then instanced several cases where persons of good repute amongst the Moslems interested themselves in individuals who were worthy of help; when they appealed to the generosity of their friends they were met with ridicule and odium. Then the Sheikh went on to say, "We Sheikhs have no power to help the people, we are too corrupt, and what is more we cannot help ourselves; we look to the like of you to show us the way to the better life." It was my great pleasure to point out this seemingly longing soul that the way to the better life was by the hill of Calvary. Later on he came to see me again and brought a friend with him, but I was out when he called.

2. Ayoub arrived here from Cairo on March 14th. He was heartily tired of his life in the Azhar, and longed for the pure and righteous life of the Christian faith. He told me a sad story of life at this famous Moslem university. This Azhar, which is regarded by all pious Mohammedans in different parts of the world as the centre of light and learning, he found to be the scene of falsehood, perjury, and gross wickedness. He told me several stories of how certain individuals of learning and piety continually broke the cardinal laws of morality. He had frequent disputations with the Sheikhs and students, who left him in disgust as being a hardened objector to the truth—the facts of the case being that the simple arguments he confronted them with they were unable to refute. While in Cairo he gained the good opinion of Mr. Adeney, of the C.M.S., and others. Since his return to Alexandria the Lord has graciously provided him with clothes and partial employment. I now give him daily teachings in the Scripture and kindred studies. He is most anxious to be baptized, and when I suggested that it be postponed he said, "I may die before long and then I should be so sorry to leave the world without having fulfilled the Lord's command." We have arranged that he be baptized on April 23rd. May it indeed be to him the beginning of newness of life!

3. Another interesting incident is the introduction of a complete copy of the Bible into the Azhar. Ayoub made the acquaintance of a "Zahid," or a devotee who has been many years in the College, and whose sole occupation is prayer and study of the Koran. This man had read "Idhhar el Haaq," a volume written against the Christian religion, and was most anxious to see the Scriptures which the author so much maligns. I at once sent him the copy with several tracts. In reply he sent a most profuse letter of thanks, promising that he would study it carefully. May the Lord the Spirit be pleased to convict and convert this poor self-righteous soul through the instrumentality of His Word.

FAITH is the good cable, that, although severely stretched and strained, does not break in the storm.

Algeria.

VISITS TO ARAB ENCAMPMENTS.

By MISS A. HAMMON.

THE last three weeks have been spent at Mostaganem, and while there, although unable to go to many families in the town owing to the opposition of the French authorities, I have had several opportunities of visiting with my sister the villages and encampments in the neighbourhood. Many pleasant hours have been passed in the villages lying around Tlemcen, but this has been my first experience of work amongst tents. The poor women seem even more ignorant than those living in the towns, and, indeed, their hard, rough life seems hardly to leave them time to think of anything beyond their daily temporal needs, but they are most hospitable, and by all we were kindly received.

The first encampment visited (Mr. Liley accompanying us) was about five miles from the town, and consisted of numbers of black tents scattered about on a gentle slope, where flocks of sheep and goats were enjoying the green herbage which one only sees here in the spring. We were welcomed by the chief man of the settlement, an old acquaintance of Mr. Liley's, who conducted us to his tent, at the entrance of which a group of women were seated, some spinning, others grinding corn or weaving the tent coverings, which are made from goats' hair and palmetto fibre.

Although the entrance was low, the interior of the tent was spacious, one corner being set apart as the kitchen, a simple hole in the ground serving as a stove. Those accustomed to the luxuries of civilization would have considered it a most uncomfortable abode, but, strange to say, these simple folk would not have changed with the dwellers in ceiled houses, for, as one woman gravely explained to us, "Certainly the tent was a little cold in winter, but then it was so much better than living in a house, for the *house* might fall down on you, and the *tent* would not, or if it did, you would not be hurt." To my mind, a good gust of wind would soon have brought the frail dwelling tumbling about our ears, and I was told afterwards that this happens not unfrequently.

The women looked sadly neglected and dirty, still the poor things were rather to be pitied than blamed, as they have to fetch all their water from a spring a mile distant.

After exchanging salutations with the women of the household, and seating ourselves on the carpet spread for us, coffee was quickly served, and we were invited to refresh ourselves while the daughters of our host prepared a more substantial meal of *cous-cous*. I would rather have been excused from partaking of this favourite Arab dish. It is exceedingly nice when well made, but sometimes it is mixed with rancid butter, or contains a good deal of sand, etc., so one is never quite sure what is in store. To thoroughly enjoy some of the native cookery one really needs the digestion of an ostrich. The *cous-cous* in question turned out to be very nice, and while eating we were able to talk to the people, telling them why we had come, and so opening up the way to the delivery of the Gospel message. They listened attentively, but it is so difficult in one visit to get them to take in any Gospel truth. After paying hasty visits to one or two more tents we started for home, gladly accepting the loan of a donkey to ride in turn. When the owner called to fetch it next morning he brought a bottle of milk as a present, and begged us to go again soon, promising to send donkeys to fetch and bring us home.

Another day my sister and I walked two miles to the village of Mazagan, where the population is chiefly European, but there is an Arab quarter, separated from the French houses by a little grove. Our arrival at first seemed a little inopportune,

as some marabouts, who have charge of a neighbouring holy tomb, were just making the tour of the village with drums and gay silk banners, collecting from house to house offerings for their saint. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the people seemed unwilling to be seen having any intercourse with "unbelievers."

After a little we made our way to a house that my sister had visited on a former occasion, and here we met with a hearty welcome from a woman with two dear little children. She gave some order I did not understand to one wee mite of about five, who trotted out and soon returned carrying a few embers on a broken tile. The charcoal fire was quickly kindled, and after our hot walk we thankfully partook of a cup of coffee. We had only one listener that afternoon—our hostess—but never have I seen an Arab woman who showed deeper interest in hearing of the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus. We do trust that she will never forget the words spoken that day, and that the good seed then sown may, indeed, bear fruit.

WITH ALGERIAN JEWS AT PASSOVER TIME.

BY MISS L. GRAY (TLEMEN).

March 28th, 1896.—To-night the Jews' Passover Feast begins. How little it means to many of those who celebrate it here! The very story of God's deliverance of their fathers on such a night from Egypt's bondage is unknown to numbers of the women and children and even to some of the men who, although they read it in Hebrew, do not always understand what they read. One of my little Jewish girls came to me weeping over it on Thursday, when some of them heard it for the first time.

The preparation for this feast commenced some days, or it may be weeks ago, when the women folk of the poorer class spent a whole night at the bake-house, converting the twenty to forty kilos of flour required for the sustenance of their family during seven days into unleavened cakes, which, in this part of the country, are made like big, thick, water biscuits. A cupboard had been carefully cleansed where the cakes might be stored away. During these last few days every Jewish house has undergone a thorough cleaning and been whitewashed and a minute search has been made for crumbs of leavened bread.

Now the last meal, before the feast, with bread as an accompaniment, is over, the dishes and cooking utensils are washed and packed away and new ones are brought in, to be used during the feast of unleavened bread only. They may, in their turn, be packed away till the 14th of Nisan comes round again. "Where will it find us?" Our Jewish friends exclaim exultingly as the feast begins, "This year here, next year in Jerusalem." But, though they thus look for Messiah's coming, their hearts are still far from God, and they do not prepare their hearts to receive Messiah. This very feast condemns them. Their former rejection of Messiah makes it impossible for them to observe it "according to all the rites of it and to all the ceremonies thereof," since from Deut. xvi. 2-6 we learn that the Paschal Lamb may only be slain in Jerusalem, so they substitute for these rites the traditions of the elders, and instead of blood being sprinkled on the doorposts on the first evening here, buttermilk is sprinkled on the eighth evening. The people, in their ignorance, blindly obey their leaders. "My people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths." "For the leaders of this people cause them to err, and they that are led of them are destroyed."

This is the order of the feast as observed here now. On the First Night of the Passover, all the household being gathered together, the head of the household begins reading the Hagadah (collection of prayers, hymns, Scriptures, etc., referring to the Exodus,) in the Hebrew tongue, translating

passages into vulgar Arabic for the sake of the women and children. He then breaks three of the six special Passover cakes, called msoots, and gives a piece to each person. This they are supposed to carry about with them until the next Passover. After this the wine is passed round, then all partake of bitter herbs, which they dip in a dish of sauce made from dates, figs, raisins, and vinegar. During the first two evenings a piece of a shoulder of mutton and an egg are kept on the table, after the second evening these are given to the children.

This afternoon several men and women came to our Jewish maid's house, one of whom, a venerable looking old man related at length the story of the Exodus and many traditions about the plagues. When he had finished I told them the Bible story in its fulness; the Messiah, our passover, is sacrificed for us. The old man objected at first, so I asked them what distinguished their homes from the Egyptians' homes. They said the blood. Yes; God in His mercy had promised to accept the blood of the guiltless lamb instead of the life of the Israelites. That lamb was a type of the Lamb of God through shedding of Whose blood we may have remission of sins. The old man listened well, and asked many questions when I had finished, he asked if what I had been telling them was in the book in my hand. I said I had a book with it in and would send him one, which I did the same evening.

Thursday, April 2nd.—An Arab woman and her two boys came to spend the afternoon with us. Unfortunately I did not see much of them as soon after their arrival a Jewess came to see me. Some time ago I had shown the lantern in this Jewess's room and she came now to beg me to show it at her sister's house this afternoon. She was quite excited about it and anxious I should go off with her straight away. This sister has married a rich man and some friends had come to visit them during the feast so there was quite a nice company; fifteen or more, men and women. Unfortunately the only slides we have on Jewish history are of the life of Joseph; however they answered very well to-day, as they brought us to the going down of Israel into Egypt, and naturally led to their coming out.

As these Jewesses are better off than those I generally visit I thought they might also be better instructed, so I asked them to tell me about this wonderful bit of their history, but it was no use, they did not know, could only say "Ask the men, they know"; as if their knowledge sufficed for all. The men did not appear at all disconcerted or grieved at the ignorance of the wives and daughters, until I told of their sin (Ex. xii, 26) in not teaching them of God's marvellous dealings with their fathers.

We went over all the story, at which one old woman exclaimed, "We ought to spend our days weeping when we think of all the trouble God took to bring us into our land, and then how we just sinned on till He had to turn us out again." After telling them of the fulfilment of this beautiful type (the paschal lamb) in the offering up of the Messiah on Passover night nearly 1,900 years ago (some of the men dissented, but allowed me to continue) I quoted those verses in the 5th of 1 Corinthians, which appealed to them so forcibly during this feast of unleavened bread when such anxious search has been made by them lest any leaven should remain; they appreciated the application and I was able still further to enforce it as the woman who brought me, now asked me to tell them the ten words God gave to Moses. I repeated them in vulgar Arabic, they were new to some of the women, and the men, who say them at least every Saturday, seemed surprised to hear them in such everyday language. None professed to have kept them all, and I told them how God now commands us to repent and seek cleansing through Messiah, Whose sacrifice He has accepted.

ISRAEL IN ALGERIA.

"And so all Israel shall be saved."

BY MR. W. G. POPE.

HOWEVER dim that prospect may appear to be at present, we mark it in our Bibles as a prophetic event to be exactly fulfilled; and, although much is written about the evangelising of Israel, and I suppose is really done, both in our own country and upon the Continent, yet after all, it is only here and there that the foreign ground is being touched.

Algeria counts tens of thousands of Jews, whereas there are but two missionaries working amongst them. If the following little account of this section of the scattered nation should really interest you, will you not lay to heart their need, and ask yourself and God what you ought to do in relation to them?

I should like you to visit one of their synagogues. In Tlemcen you can see the effect of Judaism in all its reality! If you could follow them in their worship, and observe their seeming reverence, I am sure you would often wonder whether it was all real and true. It is interesting to see them stretch out their hands to touch the roll of the Law as it is carried round the synagogue by some old Rabbi. The too often dishonest hands touch the sacred roll and are then reverently kissed. The Rabbi then mounts the pulpit and unrolls it on the desk, whilst the clerk of the synagogue walks hastily round the chapel to invite some of those present to read the law. One descendant of the tribe of Judah, and another of the tribe of Levi, have the privilege of initiating the reading, and then five others follow. These are those that have made the highest bid for that privilege! The money thus obtained—several shillings—is used for the poor, or other purposes of the synagogue. Each worshipper on entering, dons his prayer shawl, which is made of wool or silk, according to the wealth of its owner. The threads at either end, in one corner, are tied into several knots to represent the numerical value of the Hebraic Characters in "I am that I am." Each time the name of "Jehovah" is read (which, by-the-bye, is never mentioned, as another word is substituted for the too-sacred name), these knots are placed across the eyes and then kissed! Sometimes the noise is quite out of keeping with our ideas of worship. Imagine 300 or 400 people reading aloud their different prayers, and you will have a faint idea of what it is like. Mohammedan worship is quite the contrary, everything proceeds with perfect quiet and order; hence, when an Arab wishes to say the noise of any place is terrible—a real din—he says it is a "Shnoughra" (a synagogue!). Unhappily, French Jews are rapidly following the French in atheism and agnosticism. Very often in speaking to a group of Jews we have first to prove the existence of God! A short time since I was at Oran, where I met a really nice young Jew. Knowing me to be a Christian missionary, he invited me to his house in the evening to talk about God. I found him and his two sisters, all between the ages of 20 and 25, very well educated, accomplished French scholars, but never attending synagogue worship. They had never read the Bible, and were quite sceptical as to the existence of God. We had a long and splendid talk together, during which I tried to show them the reality of God and our duty towards Him. They said they knew not how to pray, they had no books, in fact, had never troubled about religion. I then offered to pray as we followers of the Messiah prayed. "But," said they, "we have no books here, and this is not a sacred house!" However, I persuaded them ultimately that God would hear us just as readily there as in any place of worship, and they consented. During my prayer they were so struck with the strangeness of it that they burst out laughing. After the prayer they thanked me heartily, asking me to dinner next

day. Another fanatical brother dined with us that day, and was full of arguments against the Christian religion, but when he left the room the two sisters said that that morning they had tried to do what they had never done before, viz., prayed to God in the simple fashion I had taught them. I have not been able to see them since; the lack of means for itinerating forbade me going again. But how I wish someone could do something for the better class Jews of Oran.

The women have very little to do with worship. Few of them say any prayers at all, or even know anything about God. On Saturday mornings they generally crowd around the large entrance doors of the synagogue to see the roll of the law pass and invoke the best of blessings on it and on themselves, but there their share in the worship ends.

What is being done for them?

At present one worker is in Oran, an elderly retired French pastor, full of zeal and earnestness for lost Israel, but he is very deaf, and can scarcely hear their questions. God has done great things already through him, but he feels much his infirmity and weakness. One other brother in Algiers gives a little of his time to the work, but is too occupied with gaining his living to do very much. A third brother is in Algiers, but at present can but do very little.

Scriptures are distributed, and a few words are now and then addressed them by missionaries working amongst the Arabs and French, but there is not a woman worker amongst them to devote herself to the poor women, and the men very, very seldom get a chance of hearing of their Crucified, Risen, and Glorified Messiah!

The need is great. Both men and women of God are wanted to devote themselves fully to this glorious work. Young men will come in groups on Saturday afternoons to sing the Psalms and other hymns in French! Anyone knowing the French language (which is absolutely necessary) could do an immense amount of work. To know Arabic in addition would, of course, be better, and Hebrew would be a still greater advantage. Who will volunteer for this service, or provide for the support of others? All Israel is to be saved nationally when the times of the Gentiles have run their course, but all Israel should, at least, be evangelised by the Church of God now.

I hope later to write something about the Jewish fasts and feasts.

PATIO, OR COURTYARD, OF SUPERIOR ARAB HOUSE.

(See page 66.)

OUR illustration on page 66 shews us the interior of one of the wealthy Arab or Turkish houses. This represents the patio or courtyard found in all Eastern houses, but varying in size and appearance. Here the Moorish architecture shows to advantage; the large horse-shoe arches, with their twisted pillars and carved work on the walls. These courtyards have generally a gallery overhead, running round two or more sides, and frequently a fountain in the middle. The floors are tiled, and broad-leaved plants in ornamented boxes are standing about. In the corner a fine orange tree with its bright blossoms adds to the beauty of the scene. Here the master of the house lounges and entertains his friends, the rooms around being mostly used for domestic purposes, also for servants and slaves. The wife or wives are confined to the rooms opening on to the gallery above, their only view of the outside world being from the roof of the house in which they reside.

A PROPHET is one who has power to speak for God; not necessarily a man who *fore*-tells, but one who *forth*-tells.

Morocco.

LABOURS AMONG MOORS AND SPANIARDS IN TETUAN.

BY MISS A. G. HUBBARD.

March 26th.—The Moorish fast and feast are both over, and now we are looking forward to the time of year when we come in contact with a wider circle of people than at any other period, and our prayer is that as we meet them and speak with them they may come in contact with God Himself. Tuesday was very wet, so that, although yesterday was market-day, we had only few villagers; still, a large number of town-folk made up for the absence of the usual mountaineers. One of the most attentive of all the men was a negro, who walked in, announcing that he had only come to look, that he needed no medicine, and that he was a shereef and *very* holy, evidently thinking that his soul was as healthy as his body. But whatever his ideas may have been as to the truth of the words he heard, he certainly listened to that word of God which says that none are righteous, but that all have gone out of the way. Truly it cannot be very easy to the flesh of a holy (?), self-righteous Mohammedan and a descendant of the prophet too, to be told by a despised Christian and a woman that before God we are all alike and all sinners!

In the afternoon, the others being busy with classes and various work, I went off alone to try to find out a woman I had promised to visit. Seeking for her, I came across the house of other friends, and so got into two new homes. Returning, I passed the prison, and there, out in the public street, was a poor man, kept face downwards on the ground with ropes held by two soldiers, while two other soldiers were thrashing him with whips across his bare shoulders. Poor man! Maybe he deserved to be punished, and maybe he was innocent, but that thrashing was brutal.

At 7 p.m. came eleven Jewish and Spanish lads—first for three-quarters of an hour's teaching and then for games. This is the third time they have come, and each time they have listened splendidly while Miss B. has spoken; and last week we heard that the lads liked the Bible lesson more than they enjoyed the games. One or two of them already have a love for God's Word, and perhaps He who sees their hearts and knows them so much better than human teachers can, sees in them a turning to Himself—may it indeed be so.

30th.—A patient with a strange complaint came on Friday morning. During the cholera, he says, he *saw* one of the ginoon—evil spirits—who brought the cholera, fill his gun and shoot at him. But that spirit was a bad shot, and did not hit the man hard enough to kill him, as so many hundreds were smitten; but the cholera bullet stayed between the skin and flesh, and there it has been ever since, causing the patient much trouble and pain. Now medicine is required to move it.

Yesterday (Sunday evening) we had a very full Spanish meeting—about as many present as we ever have had—several of the Wednesday evening lads being present too. But better than numbers, to-day one of those lads has confessed his faith in Christ, and says, too, how one of his friends is anxious to talk over these matters. The two lads meet away in the fields to read their Bible together, *quiet* places in such homes as theirs being impossible.

April 2nd.—The Moorish lads class that started three weeks ago seems almost gone again—one week, fourteen lads, several of them young fokees, and all of the better class. Last week only four present, and these poor lads. Are the others again forbidden to come? The little fellows I got in about

two months ago are gone too; one little neighbour is anxious to come, but he is the only one.

9th.—Summer seems to have come the last few days, yet when out on the road to-day, we saw in the distance a lovely snow-covered mountain, just behind the range which we see, from the town. We were hot and tired in the plains, but that height looked so cool and quiet—nearer heaven than we were!

The bright days are bringing out the people. The other morning fifty-three patients came before noon. One poor woman we were especially sorry for; her husband had brought her a long distance to see if there was any medicine for her, and the poor woman sobbed and sobbed again when told nothing could be done for her—such a heart-broken, hopeless cry. What must it be like to see only pain and death coming in this world, and to have but a small hope, and that a false one, of a life beyond death? "Without God and without hope in the world"—that is just the position of every one of those fifty-three human hearts, had they only known it.

Hamed has been telling us to-day that the soldier who stole our fowls about ten months ago has now come back to town, and has spoken openly of how he and his companion managed the matter and what they did with the stolen property; also he says that the lad who was beaten as having helped them had nothing to do with the concern. But Moorish justice does not mind if a few innocent folks get punished, any more than they mind it if a good many guilty ones go free.

10th.—Such a busy morning; any amount of mountaineers in, and a good number of town-folks too. Three village fokees were very anxious for gospels, and read them quite easily and fluently, so there are three centres of light gone away into the darkness—only may they be read and studied, not put away or destroyed. The last gospel I gave away, I hear, was not read because it was the Gospel of John; and who was John, and how could any man know if his word was to be believed, or if he knew anything at all about the matter? etc. So the devil makes up excuses and reasons why the very few who can read should not read God's Word.

After having dismissed some men, another came in, with a bottle of medicine in his hand that another man had just received. He had borrowed it for a few minutes to show the tabeeba just exactly the medicine he wanted for a friend of his who has some unknown disease, and is living four days' journey from here. It looked, smelt, and tasted like such good medicine that he was sure it would do his friend good! Truly, Beechan's pills would suit these people, for they seem to think that any drug will cure any disease. One poor fellow was very ill, and confessed it was through smoking kief—a kind of opium smoked here; he seemed willing to smoke no more till he was better, or rather *said* he would smoke no more till he was better; but the idea of leaving his kief altogether seemed too much for him, even though he had to acknowledge it was master and he a slave. Poor fellow! how could he become free except through the one Saviour? and of that Way he is almost entirely ignorant.

Not one single lad came to class this afternoon—another class gone! With the boys here the only thing seems to be to teach them when they come, but not to make up one's mind to any regular class, for we have proved too often that they may not come to us regularly. We are *VERY* good, so a man told me this morning, but if we will not witness to the prophet, all our goodness and good deeds count for just nothing. And as we will not witness, why we must not talk with these budding young Moslems all about us.

11th.—The locusts are here in clouds to-day, and are busy eating up everything green that they can find. They managed very thoroughly to upset my class this afternoon, for the twenty small girls almost all had a few hidden away in their garments,

and as one and another managed to make its escape, all the children screamed and tried to grab it, lest the others should be frightened! At last they assured me they had thrown all they had into the court; but no sooner had the lesson begun than out popped more locusts; and so they continued to do. Moorish mothers, having no idea of kindness to animals, catch the poor locusts, tie a thread to one leg, and then give it to the baby to play with! Some of the children to-day had several locusts, still living, all tied in a string together. Truly the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel!

13th.—The one topic of conversation this morning among all who came in was the locusts. Two days they have been coming, and now the world is full of them. Several times this morning, as we heard patients talking together, we heard them saying that this plague had come from God on account of their sins, just as cholera came for the same reason last year. Alas, that though they say this, they go on doing just the same as ever! It is sad indeed to see the fields of corn, trees, etc., all destroyed. Three days ago the young leaves were just nicely covering the trees, and the corn was in the ear; now trees are stripped, and all that remains in the fields is corn-stalks! The ground is yellow with locusts—reminding one of the ground in a wood in the autumn at home, when it has a thick carpet of yellow leaves. We are told that there never were and never shall be again such locusts as the Lord sent upon Egypt; but here we see something of what they had there, for certainly round Tetuan to-day it is true as then—“they covered the face of the earth;” “they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees;” and “there remained not any green thing in the trees or in the herbs of the field.” And here, too, it seems that the repentance they cause among the people is about as shallow as was that of Pharaoh.

MISSIONARY CHANT.

My soul is not at rest;
There comes a strange and secret whisper to my spirit,
Like a dream of night, that tells me I am on enchanted ground.

CHORUS.

The voice of my departed Lord, “Go, teach all nations!”
Comes on the night-wind, and awakes my fears!

Why live I here? The vows of God are on me; and I may
Not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered my account.

And I will go; I may no longer doubt,
To give up friends and idle hopes,
And every tie that binds my heart to thee, my country.

Henceforth it matters not if storm or sunshine be my earthly
lot;

Bitter or sweet my cup, I only pray—
“God, make me pure, and nerve my soul
For the stern hour of strife.”

And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony,
Beneath the cocoa's shade, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this.

And if one for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for me
Should ever reach that blessed shore,
Oh, how this heart will glow with gratitude and love!

LAST CHORUS.

Through ages of eternal years my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

Tunis.

INCIDENTS OF WORK IN TUNIS.

By MISS K. JOHNSTON.

March 4th.—Went next door and spent some time with H., the Hadj's (pilgrim's) wife. She listens so interestedly, but, of course, is extremely ignorant. I spoke to her of Christ's death and how He prayed for His enemies on the Cross. This surprised her rather, but her ignorance may be seen by her next exclamation, “Poor thing! His heart was good.” How little she knows of His divinity and His sublime atoning work! Oh, the teaching they need, line upon line, and precept upon precept!

10th.—Went next door, but found that the Hadj had gone out and locked his wife in—this is a constant practice of his, so that the poor dear woman is often quite alone and we unable to get at her. Thus this door is often literally closed to us, but in answer to prayer God can remove this difficulty. The Hadj is very pleasant to us, and has been in here two or three times, and once brought his wife. She very rarely goes out, but during the feast after the fast she is to go and spend two days at her brother's house. This seems to be the treat of the year for her. If only she could read we could reach her that way, but she knows nothing; the women do not even know when Arabic writing is the wrong way up.

12th.—Ramadan is nearly over—only one more day. Just after leaving F.'s house the guns went off to show the fast for the day was over. Then scores of cigarettes are lighted; some break their fast by a smoke, others by a drink of water, others by a cup of coffee. It is an interesting sight to pass through the Halfaouine just at that time. Many, many of the Arab women take snuff, and to the old women it is a great hardship to do without it for all those long hours.

Saturday, 14th.—Our little cripple friend, Owaysha, has come to stay with us. During the four days of the feast after the fast her seat was almost unceasingly in Miss L.'s window; the ironwork casement outside the window juts out, and from there she gazed at the crowds below, at the children in the swings and the different roundabouts.

Sunday, 15th.—S., the Arab who gives us lessons and who speaks French, came to read in the afternoon. He brought a book of traditions with him, and began reading from it about the birth of Christ. It was real nonsense, but we listened, and then got him to read the correct account from the Bible. This led to a talk about Christ's divinity, and he brought up objections. When he was asked if he would like to *know* he was accepted before God, he answered that it was impossible; but when pressed whether he would *like to know*, he said he would.

He had told us before that God would have mercy on just whom He pleased, and if one man prayed and prayed as he ought, and another man was negligent, God might receive the negligent one into Heaven and refuse the other. They say God is merciful, but also that He refuses whom He will, and accepts just whom He pleases, irrespective of relative merit. Of course, we told S. that, according to His Word, God accepts those who come to Him through Christ. We both prayed for him before he went, and he seemed really grateful.

Monday, 16th.—S. came as usual to give us our lesson, and our friend, Sidi Ahmed, had been invited to meet him. S. knows him, and they had a long talk over supper, and rather an animated one too. S. made several blunders about his own religion, showing he is not very well up in it, and Ahmed is a good one to deal with him, about Mohammedanism as well as Christianity. Little Owaysha, the cripple girl (who

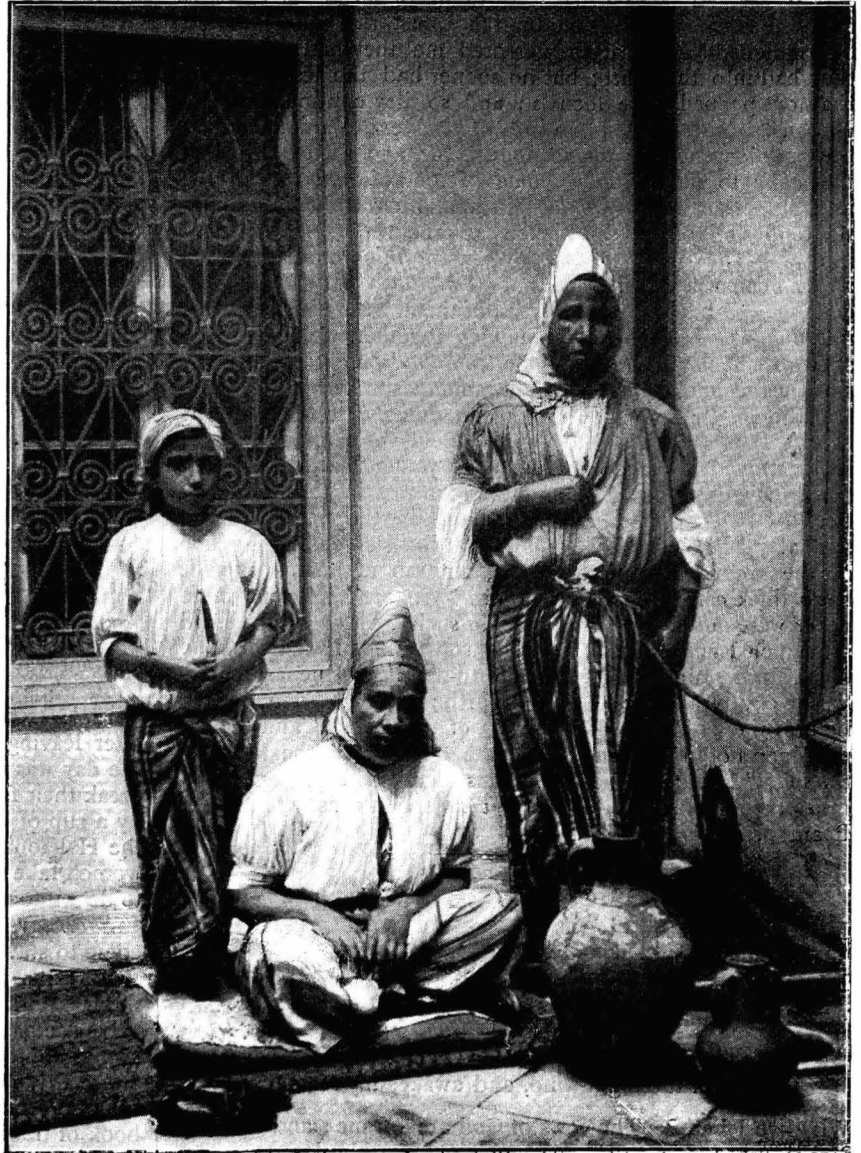
is really about 16), was sitting in a low chair the other end of the room with her supper on a low table, and once when Ahmed was illustrating some point by an example, a little voice was heard from the other end answering, "By the power of God." Later on in the evening E. and I had a talk with O., explaining to her more fully that Christ was Divine. It was good to see how she seemed to understand.

We are going through the life of Christ with her at morning prayers—yesterday His baptism; to-day His reading in the Synagogue at Nazareth the prophecy of Himself. We are so glad to have her here for a fortnight that she may have consecutive teaching. Dear girl, if she were not a cripple she would never be allowed to come and stay with us; it is a blessing in disguise. She herself looks upon her affliction as a blessing, for it saves her from some things which would inevitably be her lot otherwise.

This afternoon went to see Fatooma again. Did not get much chance of a real talk till shortly before coming away. While I was talking the sunset call to prayer rang out, and F. muttered something which she said was "the witness." She has evidently been talking to her brother, a young fellow a few years older than herself, who has given her his ideas, viz., that there is no other Saviour than Mohammed. I told her that Mohammed never said he was their Saviour, and that he told the women around him when he was dying that he *could not save them*. F. flatly denied this, saying, "He did not say so." Poor girl! she is ignorant, but how is she to know without being taught? It is far better for them to speak plainly than to nod and say "Yes, yes," only just to please us. May God open her eyes to see that her feet are on an unsound foundation!

Monday, 30th.—We took Owaysha home to-day. How sorry she was to leave us! She greatly loves the hymns she has learnt—"There is no name so sweet as the name of Jesus," "He redeemed me with the precious blood," and "Take it to the Lord in prayer." She has almost visibly grown during these sixteen days. Oh, how interested she was in the story of the Last Supper, Judas' betrayal, Peter's denial, etc., etc. She gazed intently, and when it came to Christ saying that the one to whom He gave the morsel from the dish would be the one to betray Him, she said in her excitement, "Please, God, it will choke him." But she had to learn that our Saviour was really betrayed and afterwards crucified.

There is a special indescribable delight in reading these things for the first time to one who has never heard them before. This morning—the last morning—we read about the Resurrection and Ascension, and when we had prayed, I asked her if she would pray a few words. She hesitated at first, and then she simply and naturally thanked God for showing us the true way, and asked for blessing on N., who left us for Sousse last Wednesday, ending with "in the name of Christ." This was the first time she has prayed aloud, except last night, alone with Miss Turner, and asking a blessing before meals. Our hearts were indeed touched.



FORMER MISSION SERVANTS IN TUNIS.

Now she has gone back to her home, and there is an end to the reading which she loved and the hymns which she never grew weary of. May the Lord Jesus abide with her, and there will be continual music in her heart. She will be surrounded by coarse conversation and loud words and sometimes quarrelling, but we can trust her in our Saviour's keeping Who loves His own, one of Whom we trust she truly is. Her tears were very near falling as we were about to part from her, leaving her seated on the couch with her mother and Bedouin friends near by. E. reminded her of those words, "Peace at all times."

We pray that she may witness for Christ by her life as well as her words; the latter will be difficult, as that is the house where our mouths are practically shut on account of that very bigoted man living there. Her mother is a nice woman and very fond of her, but O. says she does not care to listen to anything about the Lord Jesus; still, God can change her heart. Will you pray for her, as well as for her dear girl, who wins the love of so many?

PICTURES OF MISSION LIFE IN AND AROUND SOUSSE.

BY MISS ALBINA COX.

THERE is a strange and beautiful spirit of hearing among these people who come for healing of body to the Medical Mission. So marked is it—some of them who are obliged to wait nearly all day for their turn to go to see the doctor, never seeming tired of listening to the truth—that we are quite sure they will presently receive that *soul healing* from the Great Physician which is the great end and aim of the work.

* * * * *

To-day we had the joy of afresh obeying the "*Go, therefore,*" and *went* to Eljema, or "the village of camels." On arriving near we were joined by troops of men, mules, and camels, all taking the same route, for this was market-day, and they told us some three thousand men would congregate there. And sure enough, there they were, in crowds so dense in parts that it was with difficulty we pressed through to find two patients of the doctor's whom we had gone to seek. All along several streets, right and left, were the little shops or huts—shoemakers, cake and bread sellers, sweetstuff stalls, oil shops, cafés, flute sellers, old iron and secondhand things, bright, gay girdles, handkerchiefs, fezes, haiks, burnooses, and piles and piles of the fresh-gathered olives, all shining and black and *appetising* (to the Arab).

Very soon a crowd gathered close round us, and we were obliged to appeal to one man who quickly recognised us, to lead us to a clear space where without noise we might tell our message and shew the books. This he quickly and willingly did, and except for the occasional passing of a camel, with its wide, heavy wads, and the driver's cry of "Balek!" (take care), we had an uninterrupted time with some thirty men and lads, who listened with great interest, and hardly contradicted at all. After this, another crowd of listeners, and then another in a yard corner, a talk with some women in a house court, a final word to a careless young Frenchman, and the sale of all the books we had taken but one, completed the work of the morning, during which we had not found leisure so much as to eat. Our voiture started at one o'clock, so a few minutes before one we mounted the box, to see immediately another crowd gather, staring at us open-mouthed as we sat and ate our bread and apples with thankful hearts.

* * * * *

A poor old blind man among the patients last Saturday had sat for some time hearing, but not listening, to the Bible talk, as we supposed. Suddenly stretching forth a tanned and claw-like hand, he seized mine, and said, in an eager voice, "Is that the book of Sidna Aisa?" When told it was the book of God, and told of Jesus, he said, "Bring it here and lay on my eyes, that I may see and be healed." With heart full of sorrowful sympathy, I held up the book to his bandaged head. He seized it eagerly, pressed it to his eyes, kissing it again and again, six or seven times, pronouncing upon it words of blessing.

* * * * *

This was our women's morning at the Medical Mission. They only mustered eleven—poor, miserable, dirty creatures from the country, who gathered round seated on floor or bench to listen *and* to interrupt. As we were speaking on the dear old theme, the door opened softly, and Salama, the Tripoli woman who works for the doctor's wife, appeared—a fine, tall creature, with arms of gigantic girth, bare up to the shoulder, and great flashing black eyes. Her head was wrapped in coils of scarlet cloth, her body covered with sundry coloured garments, the whole (save the above-mentioned arms) covered with a kind of white muslin curtain. We do not count this

woman converted, but she has heard often of "the way," and we were not a little touched when quite of her own accord this morning she took up the thread of our words, and positively preached Christ crucified to her admiring sisters. Praise God for this!

* * * * *

On Monday last an old man was greatly impressed, and, more than anyone else I have spoken with here, appeared to be convicted of sin. He seemed very anxious to hear, and at last informed me how very good he was, and how many were his works of superogation—viz, he had constructed a well in his garden, that anyone who was thirsty might drink therefrom; he had planted figs, prickly pears, grapes, etc., on purpose that the poor might eat without money and without price. *Was he not righteous?* We replied that this was all very kind and good, but what about his *sins*? Oh! these were all effaced by his good works. True, he had committed an awful sin in his youth, but he was assured that now this was all pardoned, on account of his generosity to the poor and his prayers. We talked long and earnestly, until, with eyes moist and a frightened expression on his face, he cried out, *trembling*, "Tell me, tell me, what must I do to be saved?"

ACROSS THE BAY.

BY MARY M. SCOTT (OF SOUSSE).

IN the summer of 1893 we went to Monastir to spend our holiday month. From the roof of our house we could see on the other side of the bay, several villages lying in their dazzling whiteness on the face of the hill that sloped down to the sea. The summer proved extremely hot, and though we were able to go to some villages, these were unreachd. The earnest longing rose in our hearts that some day ere long the Gospel would be taken to the inhabitants.

Last Monday a poor young fellow was brought by his old father and mother to see the doctor. The case was hopeless, "only a few weeks to live." We tried to tell of Him Who has taken the sting from death, but the fatigue of the three or four hours journey on a camel had quite worn out the poor sufferer. We felt, however, another effort must be made, so on Friday morning we started for his village. Great was my pleasure when, at the end of our two and a half hour's drive, we found our destination, Ksibet Mediouni, was none other than one of the villages we had often thought of that summer. Nor did we now enter it as strangers, for on our arrival being made known, quite a number of medical mission patients came to see us. A warm welcome waited us at the house we had specially come to visit, and the young man, having rested after his journey, was able to listen to us. His mother propped him up with some wraps, and for as long as he was able to bear it, he listened, evidently with interest, to the "old story." He did not make any remarks, for the cancer in his throat made speaking difficult, and it needed a mother to understand his articulations. We could but sow the seed. Those at home who have stood beside the dying bed of unconverted souls can the better understand such an experience out here when, instead of the instruction in spiritual things of bye-gone days on which the Spirit may work, there is a foundation of error and superstition that has been laid from earliest years.

Are not your earnest and purposeful prayers needed for such, and for us to whom is given the privilege and the responsibility also of carrying the truth to them.

CHRIST measures our kindness to others, especially toward His members, not by the greatness of our gifts, but by our faith and self-denial.

For the Young.

A LETTER TO ALL THE BOYS I KNOW.

15, RUE DE LA MUNICIPALITE, TUNIS,
April 27th, 1896.

MY DEAR BOYS,

Some of you, I know, have received the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, and have given yourselves to Him for His service. A few of you have even asked Him to allow you some day to carry the Gospel to the heathen or the Mohammedans. What then? Well, I think two things necessarily follow.

1st.—Being Christians, it is your duty—and, I hope, your pleasure too—to pray for those who know nothing of your Saviour.

2nd.—As you cannot pray intelligently for those whom you know nothing about, you should try to gain information, by reading of and by listening to missionaries, who tell about the people of different countries. I do not know whether the Lord will send you to North Africa when you are grown up. Perhaps He will. But whether that should come to pass or not, I should much like to interest you in the boys here. They will be the very men you will have to preach to if you come, so do begin to pray for them now at once, that God may be softening and preparing their hearts, at the same time that He is preparing you or some other boys to come to them. If the Lord Jesus should return before you are ready for the work, you will have done your share by praying down a blessing upon them and us now in the field. Mr. Michell thinks Arab boys are more like English lads than any others. I agree with him in paying them this compliment, but perhaps you will not think they deserve it when you read about them. You must remember how ignorant they are, and how differently they have been brought up from yourselves. That accounts for many faults in their characters which I sincerely hope you are free from.

A number of boys, big and little, come to us every Monday. "Who are *us*?" you ask. Well, at present they are Miss Turner and myself. She is so fond of the boys, and I am sure they love her. They are rough in their manners, but sometimes they quite surprise us by a new sort of gentleness which is stealing over them, and we say to one another: "They are getting quite civilized."

Only a year ago, they used to behave like real "City Arabs"—you have heard that name at home, I expect—and thought nothing of standing on their heads and fighting when they came to class. They do still "bite and devour" one another in the streets, and come to us continually to have their wounds dressed, but they are learning that when they enter our house they must leave savage manners outside. So they march in one by one, and go out again in splendid order, and what is more surprising, some of them nearly always get an extra good mark for keeping perfectly quiet the whole time they are here.

There is one thing I should like to ask you to pray for, and as my letter is getting long, I must then close, hoping to write again soon.

At Christmas we gave our boys warm shirts, which some kind friends at home had made for them. They were delighted beyond description, and are so to this day. They often point to their pretty shirts and smile. They will wear them, I expect, until they fall to pieces. Last feast day, several of the boys came to pay us a polite little visit, and there they were, dressed up in their very best, looking for once so clean that at first we did not know them. The most striking part of their

dress was the pink shirt, nicely washed, over which was worn a bright yellow jacket, without sleeves. We always feel happy to see our boys warm and comfortable, but those shirts remind me of their habit of lying. They have no idea at all of speaking the truth. Everybody lies in these countries. They do it as constantly and as naturally as they take their food.

One nice little fellow, really a dear boy in other respects, came back after the Christmas treat, saying we had forgotten to give him a shirt. I knew this was impossible, and told him he had received one. As their way is, he swore solemnly that he had not. I felt grieved, and the next lesson I gave was on Ananias and Sapphira, but that little boy was not there. However, he came, just as the others were leaving, and, just fancy! he had forgotten his lie about the shirt, for he was wearing it! He hung his head when I pointed to it, but he has not learnt to speak the truth yet. Will you pray that he and the others may be shown how sinful they are, and that Jesus is the only Saviour? Next time I hope to send a photograph for you to see.

Your affectionate friend,

A. M. CASE.

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER.

PRAISE

For the baptism of a Mohammedan convert at Alexandria.

For the safe arrival of several workers from the North Africa Mission field.

PRAYER

For blessing on an itinerating tour about to be undertaken to the South of Gabes by Mr. and Mrs. Michell.

For the home-coming workers, that refreshment and help may be given them, and many open doors for service provided amongst the Lord's people.

That nothing may benumb the spiritual life of God's servants in the field, but that each may be kept in direct contact with the Lord, through the power of His Spirit.

For a dear Moslem girl who is truly believed to be a lamb of His fold, that amid the surroundings of Mohammedanism she may be "kept by the power of God."

That abundant comfort and consolation may be ministered to the parents and friends of our departed brother and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Leach.

A STRONG TOWER.

"THE name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."—*Prov.* xviii. 10.

- I.—In guilt, He is Jehovah-tsidkenu: our Righteousness.—*Jer.* xxiii. 6.
- II.—In time of need—Jehovah-jireh: our Provider.—*Gen.* xxii. 14.
- III.—In time of sickness—Jehovah-rophi: our Healer.—*Exod.* xv. 26.
- IV.—In time of conflict—Jehovah-nissi: our Banner.—*Exod.* xvii. 15.
- V.—In time of trouble—Jehovah-shalom: our Peace.—*Judges* vi. 24.
- VI.—In all time—Jehovah-shammiah: the Lord is there.—*Eze.* xlvi. 35.

"Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the age."