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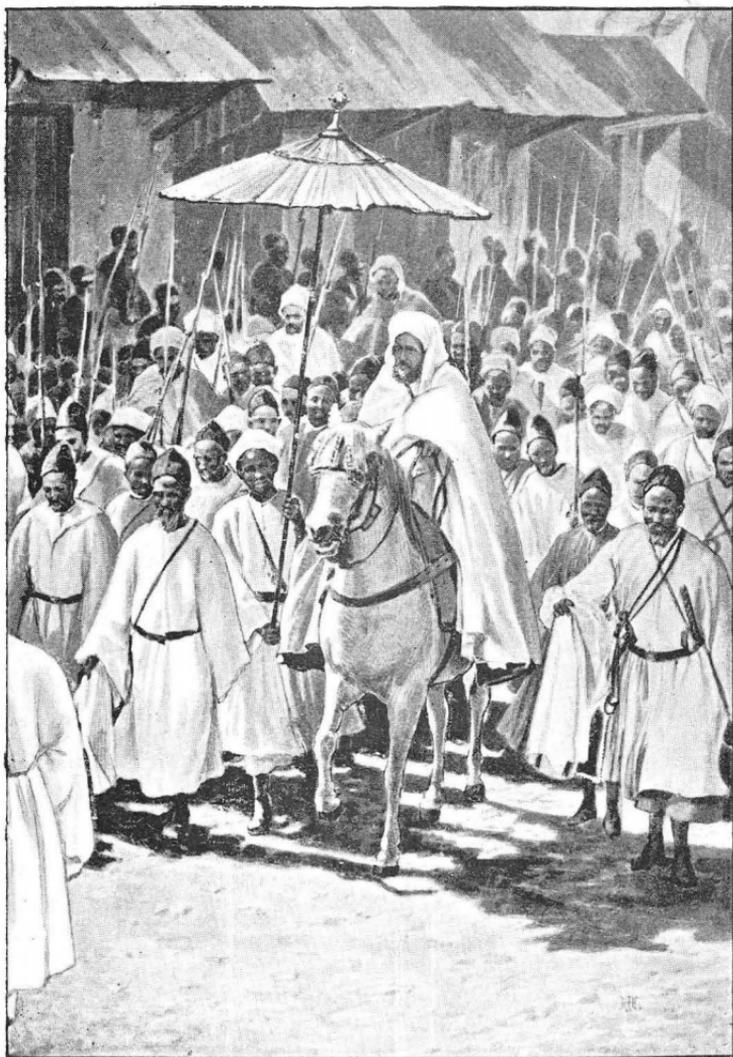


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SULTAN ENTERING TANGIER.

(Drawing from a photograph by A. Cavilla, Tangier.)

PIONEERING IN MOROCCO:

*A RECORD OF
SEVEN YEARS' MEDICAL MISSION WORK
IN THE PALACE AND THE HUT.*

BY
DR. ROBERT KERR,
AS
AGENT OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

London:
H. R. ALLENSON,
30, PATERNOSTER ROW, E. C. ;
AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE nature of this book is explained in the title. These notes from my diary were never intended for publication, although most of the book has appeared, in one form or another, in the *Presbyterian Messenger*.

Missionary enterprise in Morocco must always be twofold, as we have to combat with Mohammedanism and Judaism.

In a country where there is no security to life or property our work is necessarily fraught with many difficulties. At present the country is but partially opened; yet, with a knowledge of medicine, however small, access can be gained to many homes and hearts, which would be otherwise impossible. Nevertheless we have formidable opponents in the Moorish government, and a class of fanatics, called shereefs, supposed to be in the direct lineage of the Prophet. But as the Lord said unto Zerubbabel, so says He unto us: "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts" (Zech. iv. 6). "If God be for us, who can be against us" (Rom. viii. 31).

Some writers speak of the benign influence which Mohammedanism exerts over its followers; but during a close observance of seven years I have failed to see it.

The Koran is at variance with every fundamental truth in the gospel, and Islam can only be called a vindictive and licentious religion.

Vindictive as its precepts are—"Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth"—the Koran contains no precept which enjoins its followers to "love your enemies; do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you and pray for them which despitefully use you" (Luke vi. 27, 28).

It is much more honourable for a Moslem to be the avenger of his brother's blood than to accept of a ransom. "Whosoever shall be slain unjustly we have given his heir power to demand satisfaction; but let him not exceed the bounds of moderation in putting to death the murderer in too cruel a manner, or by revenging his friend's blood on any other than the person who killed him, since he is assisted by this law" (SALE'S *translation*).

Should the avenger not overtake the murderer, the nearest relative falls a victim, should he not escape. Such is the interpretation of the Mohammedan law now, whether one is killed wilfully or accidentally.

Islam will for ever perpetrate war and bloodshed; but Christ's mission was to establish a reign of "peace on earth, and goodwill towards men."

Licentious, inasmuch as it gratifies all the sensual appetites of man. The Moslems are epicureans in the fullest sense. "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." But the Moslems say, "Enjoy them to the full, and live in the hope of greater sensual pleasures in the world to come."

Moslems have no family ties. Divorce can be had at any moment; hence the impurity of their lives. The future state of women is a great mystery to the Moslems. Their women, instead of having suffrage, must be content with sufferings.

“Men,” says the Koran, “shall have the pre-eminence above women. Honest women are obedient, careful in the absence of their husbands, for that God preserveth them, by committing them to the care and protection of men; but those whose perverseness you shall be apprehensive of, rebuke, and remove them to separate apartments and chastise” (SALE’S *translation*).

Every reader, I am sure, will be grateful to God, that he was born in a land of gospel light and liberty.

Mohammed said he was foretold of by the prophets and by Jesus Christ; but both Jews and Christians have tampered with the Scriptures, and removed his name therefrom, and having removed his name, they are sure to have removed something else; hence the Koran alone can be relied upon as genuine. But that Koran has no Saviour in it, Who died to save. “Without the shedding of blood there is no remission.” In short, there is nothing in Mohammedanism which can raise a man from his fallen and lost condition by nature and give him the standing of sonship with God.

Regarding God’s ancient people, in many respects (with all their faults) they are unique, and a standing monument of the *truth* of God—a lamp which can never be extinguished. The purity of their lives, compared with their Moslem neighbours’, an unprejudiced observer cannot fail to see. Although Christians differ

as to God's purpose regarding the Jews, our duty is plain.

One often wonders how the Jews should fail to see, from Daniel ix. and Isaiah liii., that the Messiah has come, and that He must needs die—a Sacrifice for sin once for all. "But their minds are still blinded, for until this day remaineth the same vail untaken away in the reading of the Old Testament which vail is done away in Christ" (2 Cor. iii. 14).

The signs of the times and the spirit of inquiry everywhere manifestly predict that Israel's redemption draweth nigh.

If the work in Morocco is difficult it should lead us to do as David did, "strengthen ourselves in the Lord."

It is said when the Moors were being driven out of Andalusia that the flower of Spain vied with each other in their deeds of daring for the glory and honour of their country—their lives never costing them a thought.

"Then shall we less daring show
Who nobler ends and motives know
Than ever heroes dream."

Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth (Psalm lx. 4).

Morocco shall yet be won for Christ. May it be ours to go in and possess the land, by faith and prayer.

I am indebted to my friend J. E. Budgett Meakin, Esq., for valuable historical information on Morocco, and also to Dr. Robert Brown's Introduction and Notes

to "On the Adventures of Thomas Pellow"; to the publisher, T. Fisher Unwin, Esq., for a duplicate block of "A Pirate Zebek of Salee," from said book; and to E. H. Glenny, Esq., North African Mission, for the use of the electroplate of the Moorish map of the world. I trust this little book may be owned of God in leading many to take an interest in Dark Morocco.

ROBERT KERR.

MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE,
RABAT, MOROCCO,
March 3rd, 1894.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	5

FIRST YEAR (1886).

London to Gibraltar.—Tangier.—Arrival at Rabat.—Early Experiences.—Teacher.—House Hiring.—Housekeeping.—Moorish Servants.—A Jew embracing the Moslem Faith.—Aissau-i-as, or Sheep-Eaters.—Hamaja, or Head Cutter.—Visit to Gibraltar.—Marriage Day.—Description of Rabat and Salee.—A Pirate Zebek of Salee.—Hassan Tower.—Sultan's Palace.—Shellah	17-51
---	-------

SECOND YEAR (1887).

Hospital Patients.—Anoon.—Iness.—Moslem Rewards for Bravery.—Visit to Zair.—Mr. Baldwin.—Opposition to His Work.—Visit of Sir Kirby Green.—Visit to Sultan's Palace.—Jews embalming Moslem Heads.—The Black Flag hoisted on the Mosque.—Visit to Tamara.—Mrs. Kerr laid aside, suffering from Enteric Fever.—Retrospect of the Year's Work.	52-73
---	-------

THIRD YEAR (1888).

Trip on S.S. <i>Timbo</i> .—The Storm.—Difficulty of Travelling in Morocco.—120 Miles in Twelve Days.—Larache.—Moorish Oppression.—Protection System.—Visit to Sahool with Mohammed Bil Kassam.—Powder-Play.—Scorpions and Spiders.—Native Treatment of their Bites.—Secretly reading the New Testament in Salee.—Small-pox Epidemic.—Dr. Churcher's Visit and Journey to the Interior.—First Experience of Malarial Fever.—A Moorish Dinner with Nine Courses.—Synopsis of Year's Work	74-94
---	-------

FOURTH YEAR (1889).

PAGE

Professing Moslem Converts.—Some Facts about the Jews.— The Sabbath.—Interesting and amusing Missionary Ride. —Window Making.—Moslem Hatred to Windows.—Laid aside again with Pleurisy.—Result of a Quarrel.—Con- fidence in the Christian Doctor.—On Furlough.—Ordination. —Return to Rabat.—Warm Welcome.—Synopsis of Year's Work	95-109
---	--------

FIFTH YEAR (1890).

Gathering Clouds and Rays of Sunshine.—Missionaries attacked. —First Inland Itinerancy.—Mehedea —Li-li-to.—Soke El- Hud.—Arab Funeral.—Sabbath in Camp.—“Choice Young Man.”—Silfet.—Moors' Geographical Knowledge.—Our Ex- perience in Fez.—Work among the Jews.—Sifroo.—Sultan Et-Tobba.—Mequinez, the City of Martyrs.—Maui Ishmael. —An Arab offering a Dog for a Gospel.—Synopsis of Year's Work	110-182
---	---------

SIXTH YEAR (1891).

Street Orator.—Moslem Theology.—God the Author of Good and Evil.—Second Itinerancy.—Salee Fookie at Lil-li-to.— Travelling under Difficulties.—Jewish Money-lenders.— Sabbath in Camp.—Our Experience in Fez.—The Aris- tocracy of the Bo-jilood.—Moorish Intrigues.—Work among the Jews.—Arrival at Mequinez.—Work among the Jews.—Arab Thieves.—Hospital Patients.—Happy Death. —Bin Shibba—Ball Exploding after Forty Years.—Synopsis of the Year's Work	183-228
---	---------

SEVENTH YEAR (1892).

Scenes and Experiences during a Ten Days' Mission Tour among the Arabs.—Bereavements.—H.M.S. <i>Amphion</i> in the Bay.—Sir Charles Euan Smith.—Commercial Treaty. —Moslem Hatred.—Synopsis of Year's Work, etc.	229-245
---	---------

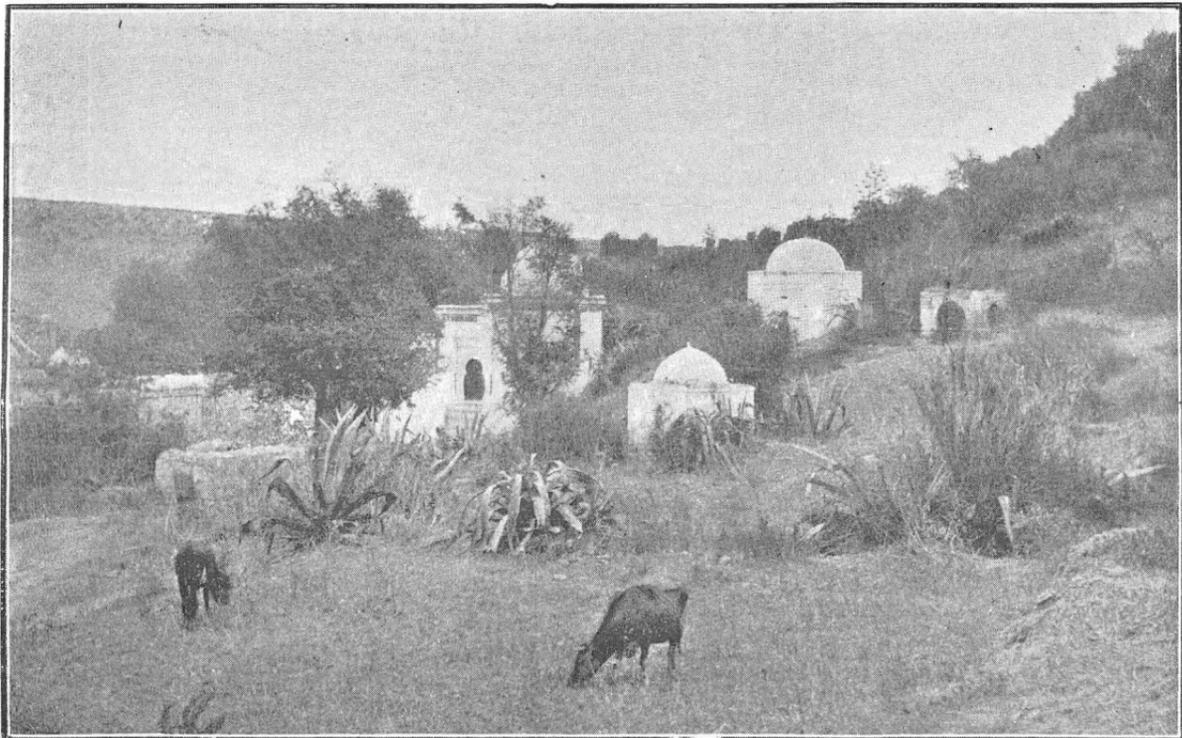
Appendices—Hygiene, Medical Notes, Central Morocco Mission	247
--	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



SULTAN ENTERING TANGIER	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
SAINTS' TOMBS, SHELLAH	16
KASBA, RABAT	28
RABAT, FROM THE EAST	45
ANCIENT MOSQUE TOWER OF SHELLA	57
SULTAN'S PALACE, RABAT	67
POWDER-PLAY	82
A EUROPEAN STREET, RABAT	106
A PIRATE ZEBEK OF SALEE	117
TETUAN MOORISH LADY SELLING HER EMBROIDERY	131
MOORISH MAP OF THE WORLD	142
KEY TO MOORISH MAP OF THE WORLD	143
TOWER OF HASSAN, FROM SALEE SIDE	151
CAMP OUTSIDE MEQUINEZ	166

	PAGE
WAITING FOR FERRY TO CROSS TO SALEE	185
SHEREEF OF WAZAN, LATE PATRON SAINT OF MOROCCO	199
HEBREW MARRIAGE COSTUME, TANGIER	207
JEWS: HUSBAND AND WIFE	215
DERVISH DANCER	223
REMAINS OF DRUID TEMPLE, MESSORA	234
BAR, AND ENTRANCE OF BOO-RAG-RAG	239



From a photograph by Herr Hell, Tangier.]

SAINTS' TOMBS, SHELLAH.

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FIRST YEAR (1886).

LONDON TO GIBRALTAR.—TANGIER.—ARRIVAL AT RABAT.—EARLY EXPERIENCES.—TEACHER.—HOUSE HIRING.—HOUSE-KEEPING.—MOORISH SERVANTS.—A JEW EMBRACING THE MOSLEM FAITH.—AISSAU-I-AS, OR SHEEP-EATERS.—HAMAJA, OR HEAD CUTTER.—VISIT TO GIBRALTAR.—MARRIAGE DAY.—DESCRIPTION OF RABAT AND SALEE.—A PIRATE ZEBEK OF SALEE.—HASSAN TOWER.—SULTAN'S PALACE.—SHELLAH.

CONNECTION WITH RABAT—HOW FORMED.

ONE day, in the early part of November 1885, while waiting on God to see where, in His providence, He would lead me, my friend Dr. Robert Laidlaw, of the Glasgow Medical Mission, said to me, "I believe the Presbyterian Church of England wish a medical missionary for Hebron." My heart leaped at the thought of the probability of labouring for the Master in the "Land of Promise."

My desires, however, were not realised, the Lord having something else for me, in His Divine plan. The Eastern door having been closed, the Church fixed on Morocco as the centre of its operations; and, on

December 15th, 1885, chose me as its Pioneer Medical Missionary to the Jews and Moslems in that dark land.

The next two months were spent in making preparation and in taking part in farewell meetings in Dalry, Irvine, Ballieston, and Glasgow. The two former had been the scenes of my early labours. In the latter I had four and a half years of blessed training, labouring as an agent of the Glasgow City Mission.

The last of these interesting meetings was held in Park Church, Highbury, "at which the missionary was earnestly commended to the grace of God for the fulfilment of the ministry to which he had been called." By a strange coincidence there was present on that occasion a young Ayrshire gentleman, Mr. Reid, of Balgray, who, nine years before, at the beginning of my missionary career, had been my trusted counsellor and friend.

While in London I was the guest of Rev. J. H. Topping—now gone to his rest—who, by his genial manners and devotedness to the Master, made my stay exceedingly enjoyable.

LEAVING LONDON.

On Saturday, February 20th, 1886, the call came for me to leave; and in the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Topping and Miss Jeffrey (my betrothed), I went to St. Catherine's Docks and embarked on the S.S. *Empusa*. Going to the cabin, we all went down on our knees, while Mr. Topping most earnestly commended me and the work to the "All-seeing Eye" of our Heavenly Father. Afterwards I accompanied my friends to the gate of the dockyard. Suddenly, while waving to each other parting adieus, a large dray crossed the street and cut us off from each other's sight. "Oh,

cruel dray!" I said, "that you should so intervene and cut off the *vision* of loved ones!"

Returning to my cabin, I began to arrange my baggage, but not unfrequently a tear dropped. I had not left and given up all for Jesus without counting the cost; nevertheless there is the tender tie, which binds one to country, kindred, and father's house. I felt like Elisha the son of Shaphat, when he said to Elijah after he cast his mantle upon him, "Let me I pray (once more) kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee."

LEAVING ENGLAND.

We left St. Catherine's Docks at 2 p.m. and anchored at Gravesend for the night. The day was bitterly cold—one of those raw, damp, biting days, which we so often experience in Glasgow. Being the only passenger on board, I felt a little lonely. Such a contrast from the congenial friendship on shore, which I had left behind. Tired from so much running about during the day, I retired early and slept soundly, without a break, till early morning.

THE FIRST SABBATH AT SEA.

Sabbath, Feb. 21th.—Rose at 6:30. The morning was delightfully fine, with a calm stillness all around. As I gazed on the stately mansions on either side of the river, a thought arose in my bosom, "It may be I am bidding a farewell to thee for ever. Yet, dear Lord, I rejoice that Thou hast counted me worthy to become an ambassador for *Thee*, to carry the gospel, with all its saving and mellowing influence, to those who know it not." Words cannot express the strange feelings which

came over me as I was meditating, and as I heard the tolling of a bell in the distance, apparently on the right bank of the river. It brought to my memory sweet recollections of all those happy Sabbaths in dear old Scotland; but now the blessed fellowship with God's people, so long enjoyed, had suddenly been cut off. Often we do not realise the preciousness of our privileges, till they are out of our reach. The bell proved to be a bell buoy; albeit, it led me to think of the Eternal Sabbath, which shall never end.

I was greatly cheered by reading the notes of a sermon by Rev. L. Murray, of Dennistown U. P. Church on Micah ii. 10, Heb. iv. 9: "Arise, depart, this is not your rest." "There remaineth a rest (or the keeping of a Sabbath) for the people of God."

Little did Mr. Murray think, when he preached that sermon on Sabbath, December 20th, 1883, that one was listening who, two years later, should go forth as a pioneer in the Federal Mission of the Presbyterian Churches to the Jews in Dark Morocco, and should be cheered and encouraged by it, after leaving his native land.

In the Bay we had nothing more than a slight swell, so we were saved the unhappy experiences which have befallen so many voyagers.

Thursday, Feb. 25th.—At 8 a.m. we called off Oporto to lift two small boats. The bills of health were received and given with a pair of tongs, and so scrupulous was the sanitary agent that he would not allow the sailors to take a letter from the chief engineer and post for England. What debased looks those poor priest-ridden sailors had—barefooted, and but poorly clad! They earnestly solicited money, but the chief engineer replied (wishing to pay them in their own coin), "I deeply regret I have not a pair of tongs for the purpose, or I

would give it." With one voice, the sailors cried, "No contagion sticks to silver."

The scenery along the rock-bound coasts of Portugal and Spain is not very striking, until one enters the Straits of Gibraltar.

THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR.

Saturday, Feb. 27th.—At sunrise we entered the Straits, where the sight was sublimely grand,—rising hills on either side, with deep ravines here and there; dark green brushwood rising among the grey rocks on the African shore, while the rocks are more of a purple colour on the Spanish coast. Steaming on, we came in sight of the Pillars of Hercules. Jibel Musa, ("the mountain of Moses") is on the African coast, while Jibel Tarëk forms a promontory of Spain—our own impregnable fortress, Gibraltar. As one enters the bay the sight is lovely. The city is on the right, Algeciras on the left, while Linea lies in front. Here one knows the difference in the sun's rays. At 8 a.m. it was oppressively hot. Going ashore shortly afterwards, one sees the first traces of African life. A few well-dressed Moors may be seen in the streets, while quite a number of poor Moors have stalls at the market, for selling the produce of Morocco, fowls, eggs, etc.

Passing the custom house officers, who politely ask your nationality, etc., and through the waterport gate, one soon finds oneself in a garrison town. At almost every step you meet our redcoats; and one cannot but feel for our soldiers, having to march about buttoned up to the throat in their heavy cloth tunics.

Taking a guide, I went to the Presbyterian Manse, where I made the acquaintance of the Rev. Thomas Murray, with whom I spent a very happy afternoon—

rejoicing that an interest was being now taken in that dark country so near to our own. Afterwards we visited the Alameda, which is beautifully kept, and where the atmosphere is perfumed by the numerous flowers which yield their fragrance freely in this sunny clime.

Sabbath, Feb. 28th.—I had a deep longing to get ashore to church, but time would not permit. Here one feels the deadening influence which must come over every young man who requires to be engaged at work on the Lord's Day.

While they were discharging the cargo, there was incessant shouting and yelling among the workmen, which, with the continual rattle of the crane, made the Sabbath far from pleasant.

Before leaving for Tangier we got on board a motley group of passengers—Moors, Jews, and Spaniards—for the coast. At noon, to my great delight, we weighed anchor and arrived in Tangier Bay at 4 p.m.

To one entering the bay the town presents a truly Eastern appearance. It lies in the basin of two little hills. The Moors have adopted this plan of building in many instances in order the more easily to secure a strongly fortified position.

Shortly after we had cast anchor, a messenger from Mr. Meakin came on board with a letter of welcome, offering me the hospitality of his house while in Tangier. Previous arrangements, however, prevented me accepting his kind offer, but, as there was a prayer-meeting about to be held at his house, I turned my steps thither. Here I met many of the workers in Morocco, some of whom have now entered upon their reward. All joined in giving me a hearty welcome; and they rejoiced that another worker had come to labour in "Dark Morocco."

I spent a very profitable evening with Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh, being their guest for the night.

Monday, Feb. 28th.—To-day I visited the North African Mission House. The mission here is still in its infancy. Yet good, practical work is being done. It really stimulates one to see so many bright, happy faces at a service for praise and prayer. The future of this mission is full of hope.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MOROCCO.

A few hours distant from the scene of civilisation and activity on the Rock, one is suddenly ushered into barbarism. You see men lying lounging at the corners of dirty streets that are full of donkeys driven by people bare-headed and thinly clad. Jews, Moors, and respectably dressed Europeans are mixed up in this motley throng. Above all the din and noise you hear the donkey-driver calling out, "Balak!" ("Your mind!") "Irza Zeid!" ("Go on!"); their shouts accompanied by a blow from a stick, which makes the poor animal quicken its pace.

Outside the city walls there are some fine European buildings, belonging to the consular representatives, or retired gentlemen who wish to enjoy Morocco's balmy atmosphere.

Although the dust of the Moslems is sacred, yet here you meet with unkept graveyards, full of rubbish, overgrown with prickly pears and aloes. There are no roads or footpaths, and within a few yards of the city one finds himself, in rainy weather, in a veritable quagmire. Surely this is Barbary indeed!

When in Tangier Mrs. Mackintosh told me a rather amusing story about their Moorish servant girl and her mother. Hearing it said that an unmarried doctor was coming to stay with them, the mother and daughter were next day overheard at the following dialogue,

with all earnest solemnity, in the kitchen. The old mother said, "My daughter, when that Christian comes here, and should Allah grant favour, you may yet have a good husband. But there is a serious obstacle in the way. He is a Christian, and we are followers of the true Prophet." However, they reasoned on all the good qualities of Christians, which were not to be lightly despised. Was she to become a Christian to bring about this happy consummation which had generated in their fertile brains? Or must the unseen visitor witness to their Prophet? After long and solemn deliberation—invoking the favour of Allah—they were unanimous in their conclusion that the visitor must become a Moslem. But on seeing a photograph, the girl became quite crestfallen, and said to her mother, "All is over. This is his beloved beside him, and Christians don't marry two wives." All their cherished hopes had been driven away like mist before the rising sun. However, they consoled themselves that it had not been the will of God, and began to cast their eyes in a different direction. I deeply regret I am unable to give my readers a photograph of this interesting girl.

At 5 p.m. we steamed out of the bay accompanied by Mr. Mackintosh, who kindly consented to go with me to Rabat.

The scenery from the bay to Cape Spartel is exceedingly picturesque, and greatly enhanced by a number of fine European villas.

We were now a lively party, having quite a number of passengers on board. Several traders questioned our right to seek to convert the Moors and Jews. "Each man," they said, "ought to remain in the religion wherein he was born; and that if men were sincere it did not matter what they believed." This is human

reasoning, but God's Word teaches us otherwise. Moreover, He has commanded us to preach the gospel to every creature. "It is our duty to obey God rather than men." One of the chief reasons alleged by these men was, that by interfering with their religion we aroused their fanaticism, which greatly interfered with the development of trade; besides, it was a most serious matter to disturb a man's conscience by telling him his religion was false.

Thursday, Feb. 2nd.—We arrived at Rabat about 7 a.m. Here we lay rolling the whole day. Owing to the heavy surf on the bar the lighters were unable to cross, although they made several attempts to do so. The bar is very treacherous, and we were informed that sometimes ships have to lie at anchor for several days before they are able to communicate.

Wednesday, Feb. 3rd.—We spent rather a restless night, thinking of the not very pleasing prospect of being carried sixty miles down the coast. At 7:30 a.m., to our great delight, the steward came to our cabin and informed us that a lighter had crossed the bar. After reading the 92nd Psalm, we knelt and unitedly thanked the Lord for His journeying mercies vouchsafed thus far.

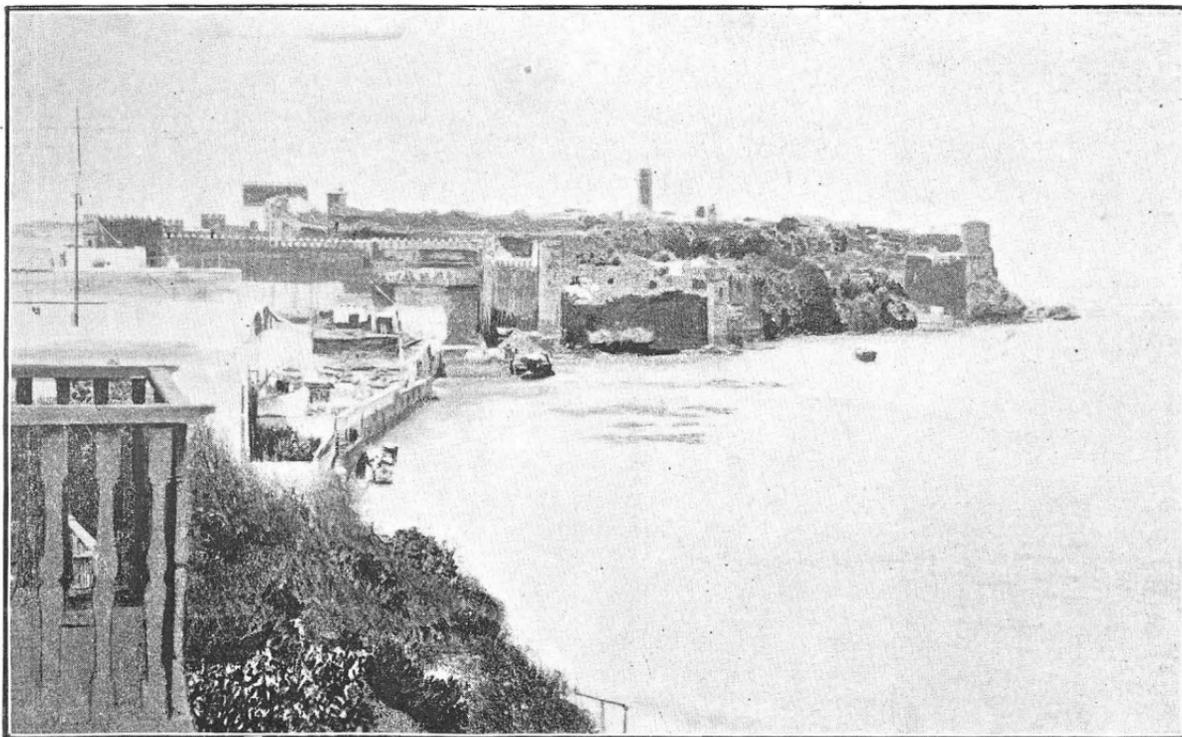
Breakfast over, we bade farewell to the S.S. *Empusa*, thanking its goodnatured captain for his kindness during the voyage. It is rather a strange experience, for the first time, going down a rope ladder, on the side of a rolling ship. Safely into the lighter with some ten other passengers, and some fifteen tons of cargo, we pulled for the shore, with the rising tide, on the top of enormous waves. On approaching the bar, the scene was changed. We were now in the midst of the breakers, and at the same time were being carried towards the rocks by the undercurrent of the river.

The boatmen shrieked, calling on God and all the patron saints; while the captain's voice was heard above the noise of the surging waves, calling out, "Oh, be men! God will help you!" The sailors, at great odds, held on manfully to their oars.

The scene ended in one grand climax. An enormous wave overtook us, and, breaking over the lighter, thoroughly drenched us, and half filled the lighter with water. Mr. Mackintosh was driven against a cross-bar, and had one of his ribs fractured. Withal, he appeared to enjoy it, for he laughed, and called out to me, "Baptized into Rabat."

A few minutes afterwards we arrived at the landing-place, wet and shivering, apparently to the great amusement of the numerous spectators on shore. Fortunately the morning was fine; and here I stood till Mr. Mackintosh went to Mr. Frost, H. B. M.'s Vice-Consul, and apprised him of our arrival and condition. In a little, Mr. Frost came down to the waterport, and, in the name of Mrs. Frost and himself, offered us the hospitality of their house, which we were only too glad to accept. We changed our clothing, and did not feel much the worse for our drenching.

"The incident is not without its meaning," writes a friend. "I look on this event as a consecration for your special work, and apply your own incident to your own work; and I pray God that you may be able to do it truthfully some day. The waves of the water passed over you, and you were baptized in the boundless deep of the Atlantic. The gospel of Jesus Christ, like waves, will one day pass over Morocco, and the whole land shall be baptized with the Holy Spirit of God. This is the glorious consummation devoutly to be wished for; and rest assured you have my prayers towards this end." "Thy kingdom *come.*"



*From a photograph by J. Frost, Esq.,
H. B. M.'s Vice-Consul, Rabat.*]

KASEA, RABAT.

EARLY EXPERIENCES IN RABAT.—GOD GRACIOUSLY
OPENING THE WAY.

To be greeted by the words, on landing, "God has answered our prayers in sending a missionary to Rabat," was cheering indeed. Day by day the Lord most graciously opened up the way; for, immediately on hearing that a doctor had arrived, one of the best families sent to the Consul requesting him to send me at once to visit their daughter, who was seriously ill. I hailed the invitation with joy, went, and attended to her for over a month. Eastern fashion, sometimes the medicine was taken, sometimes not. One day they would send a messenger requesting me not to come, as they were busy; another day a messenger would come in great haste, urging me not to delay, as the girl was much worse. In the end, however, she made an excellent recovery; and the friends were not only thankful at the time, but have shown their gratitude ever since.

The day following, another urgent request was made to the Consul by a French officer, residing in Rabat, to attend his wife, who had been ill for several weeks, and had been without any medical aid.

The Lord was pleased in this case, also, to grant an answer to prayer; and it was a matter of deep regret when, two years later, duty called that family from Rabat. A few months ago I received a letter from this officer, who has never forgotten the kindness shown him on that occasion.

The missionary of the Cross, even though he does not look for reward, is nevertheless cheered by the gratitude of those whose sufferings he has been enabled, in some measure, to alleviate.

My friend Mr. Mackintosh stayed for eight days,

and then left for Casablanca. Before leaving he sold a good number of books. In company we made a general inspection of the city. As it was spring-time, the environments were exceedingly pretty. Some parts of the Moorish Quarter were fairly clean, although there were at almost every corner large rubbish-heaps, which did not appear in the least to inconvenience the Moors. They could stand beside them, talk, and laugh, while we had to pass by with all possible speed.

It was with difficulty we got to the Jewish Quarter (Mellah) dryshod. On several occasions since, during the rainy season, I have had to retrace my steps, and saddle my horse, there being, on this side of the gate, a veritable "Slough of Despond." Inside the Jewish Quarter one is ankle deep in mud. Yet the Jews appeared to thrive in it. We were scanned by eager eyes, anxious to know our business. Jews are always anxious to know the object of a stranger's visit; and their curiosity was soon gratified. At every corner were poor, dirty Jews, numbers of them suffering from pustular ophthalmia. Truly, Israel is still an outcast, "yet beloved for the Father's sake." Among the Jews, as well as among the Moslems, we could see the ravages which small-pox had made—faces disfigured, deeply pitted; some with one eye, others with none. On inquiring the cause, we invariably received the answer, "Min ej-jidri" ("From the small-pox").

FIRST VISIT TO SALEE.

On Monday, March 8th, we started for Salee, Mr. Mackintosh and his colporteur having with them a good supply of books. We visited the Jewish Quarter first; but if Rabat was bad, Salee was infinitely worse. The filth in the streets was beyond description, and

as the day was oppressively hot, the stench was unbearable, and I quickly retraced my steps. Friends at home could scarcely believe that such a state of things could exist. We asked them why they did not clean the streets. Quite cheerily they replied, "We will have them all cleaned before the Feast." We told them it was much to be regretted they had not a feast every week. In the Moorish Quarter the streets were much cleaner. We could see that, while the Jews looked on us with curiosity, the Moors did so with hatred and suspicion, apparently not having forgotten the days of their forefathers, the Salee rovers. Many of them gathered round us and looked at the books, but none cared to buy. The Jews, however, bought freely of the Old Testament and Psalms. Mr. Mackintosh told them a physician had come to live in Rabat, and was now present with them. On hearing this, an old woman cried out, "Oh, make me happy! Oh, make me happy! Give me my eyesight!" But, alas! not only the sight was gone, but the eyes also.

LOOKING FOR TEACHER.

My first duties were to look out for a house and a teacher. The latter I found in the person of a Scotchman of good family, whom I regret to say had, some years previously, turned Moslem. From his new religion he did not appear to derive much comfort. He was distrusted by his co-religionists, even though he had married a Moslem woman. His own leanings were towards Christians, and that may have caused the Moslems to regard him with suspicion. Still, he had many good qualities. He was kind and gentle, ever willing to do a good turn to a fellow-countryman; but he was not of much use as a teacher. To him, time was no object.

Some mornings he would turn up; on others he would not put in an appearance. At times I had to sit for hours waiting for him, and then, with the utmost suavity and coolness, he would say, "I felt rather drowsy to-day, and went to the hot baths; you know a teacher is unable to impart instruction if he feels at all out of sorts." Then, anticipating I was a little uneasy, he would add, "Why, in that beautiful Sermon on the Mount, you are exhorted to avoid all anxious care. This is beautifully exemplified among the Moors. They live at ease, without one anxious thought for the morrow." With all his failings, I was really sorry one morning when he informed me that he would be unable further to discharge his duties, as he had made an engagement to collect specimens of wild flowers for the Kew Gardens. Two years later, while on a visit to friends in France, he suddenly died, leaving behind him a wife and three little children to fall into the hands of the Moslems; the marriage not being recognised by "English law."

HOUSE HIRING IN MOROCCO.

House hiring in Morocco is, as an English visitor once said, *an awful business*. The time required to draw up a lease is almost incredible. Taking in alterations and amendments, it is like passing a Bill through Parliament.

Landlords at home have few scruples regarding their tenants, when their houses are standing empty; but many of the Moslems here are so fanatical that they would rather let their houses stand empty than let them to a Christian. Besides, Moslems cannot let a house outside the Christian Quarter without the consent of the Governor. Through the untiring energy of the British Vice-Consul we succeeded in renting, from a British

protégé, a house just outside the city gate. In the Moorish Quarter, great pressure was brought to bear upon the owner not to let his house to a Christian, as it was in close proximity to four saints' houses; but we gained the day. Later on, I rented, from the French Consular Agent, a small house, adjoining the Moorish house, and obtained permission from both landlords to open doors of communication between the two houses. This double building has been known ever since as the Medical Mission House. Having acquired the houses, it took about three months to put them in fairly habitable condition. Eastern workmen have very high conceptions of their abilities; but they cannot be left for a single hour, or you are sure to have everything to pull down when you return. For instance, one day, while busy with patients, I placed an earthenware trap in the exact position in which it was to be built. Looking at the labourer, the mason said, "Surely that Christian—" completing the remainder of his sentence by putting his hand to his head, thinking I was a little out of my mind; adding, "How can water run out of a bent pipe?" Great was my grief, on returning shortly after, to find he had given the trap a blow with his hammer, to adjust it according to his own foolish notions, making it fly into a dozen pieces. So I had to leave the drain untrapped until I sent to Gibraltar the second time for another. The joiner was no less troublesome. When he came in the morning he was sure to have forgotten something—hammer, oil, etc.; or the saw had ripped a nail, and he must needs sharpen it. It was also fasting month; and, being very religious, he had to go and pray. Besides, he had to leave at 2 p.m. Often, in my difficulties, I had to go to the Consul, or one of the European merchants, for aid; and so considerate were most of them who knew English,

that they would always look in when passing the Mission House, to see if they could assist me in any way.

EXPERIENCES IN MY NEW HOME. HOUSEKEEPING, ETC.

On April 19th, after a month's happy stay at the British Vice-Consulate, I removed to the Mission premises. After dining at the Consulate in the evening, I was escorted home by an old soldier, Leaboury. He afterwards served us faithfully for three years. He knew no English; and I knew about as little Arabic. So, bidding him good-night, I locked the door and went upstairs. Shortly after I heard a strange noise outside. Listening, I could hear men talking in a low voice. Putting out the light, I went quietly to the window, and saw in the darkness some six or eight men trying each of the doors in turn; I knew pretty well their object, and being beyond reach of aid, I felt exceedingly strange, as my readers can imagine. I walked about and made sufficient noise for them to hear that there was some one inside, and then made preparations for defence, if need be. I went to my knees and asked the Lord to be my protector. Shortly afterward I fell asleep, and when I awoke I found all the men gone. I praised the Lord for His preserving care.

My cook, a Moorish boy, had no experience whatever in the European art of cookery, but he could serve up a dish, highly spiced, according to Moorish style.

One day he went into the dispensary, got hold of some carbolic oil, and cooked the fish with it. I thought the fish tasted rather strange, and asked him where he

got the oil. This was enough ; I could eat no more. He, however, licked his fingers and smacked his lips and said to me "Kul, Tabeeb, mez-e-an bez-zef" ("Eat, doctor, it is very good"). With all his faults, which were numerous, I must confess he was a useful boy, and quite an expert at charcoal fires. In a few minutes he could kindle the fire and have the kettle boiling. I never fully appreciated his worth until one afternoon I granted him permission to go to a marriage at Salee. He said to me, "Take care the fire does not go out ;" but out it went. In vain I tried to kindle it. I blew and blew until I was hoarse (having no bellows), when at last, almost choked with charcoal dust, I gave it up in despair, and had to go to bed without supper. Friends at home had advised me to take nothing with me, as I was sure to find everything I would require in Rabat. Here I was, without table or chairs. A medicine box served for a table, a newspaper for a table-cover, and the remaining furniture I had to borrow from Europeans. However, I felt grateful when I thought of the words of my Master : "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His *head*." I had at least a comfortable bed on which to rest my weary *limbs*.

May 12th.—To-day I had my first experience of the sirocco. With our doors and windows shut, the temperature rose to over 80° Fahr., while outside the heat was unbearable. Towards the evening the wind suddenly changed and the temperature fell over twenty degrees.

Invariably after the sirocco the people feel as if suffering from a severe attack of influenza. I believe the irritation is caused by the inhalation of very fine particles of sand, which are carried long distances by the hot winds.

THOUGHTFULNESS OF NATIVE SERVANTS.

Towards evening, feeling very uncomfortable owing to the heat, I went out for a walk. Returning an hour later, I found the door locked, the guard and boy gone. There was no alternative but to wait till some one came. When I left the house the heat was oppressive; now, from the sudden fall of temperature, I was shivering from the cold. For an hour I paced up and down in front of the house to keep myself warm. Becoming rather impatient, I asked a friendly neighbour to go in search of a key before the city gates closed. The boy had gone to a feast, and his mother did not know where he had left the key. Retracing his steps, he went half a mile in the opposite direction to the house of our guard; but he was off to a marriage. Fortunately he had left the key behind him. After two hours' waiting I got in.

The following morning I took them to task. Apparently they anticipated what was likely to happen. Each in turn expressed his great sorrow at what had taken place through a misunderstanding, and assured me that when they returned to their respective homes and heard that I had been locked out, sleep fled from their eyes; but I might rest assured that the like would never happen again.

June 6th.—To-day I was asked to visit a butcher who had been gored by a mad bull. I proposed stitching the wound, and the proposal was at once acquiesced in. The man's son happening to be in the room, and seeing my pocket-case, slipped out and told his mother I was going to cut off his father's leg. I succeeded in getting only one stitch made, when I heard a most frantic yelling outside, even though my patient roared himself hoarse assuring them that there was nothing wrong. At last his wife ran into the room, jumped on to the bed, caught

hold of my patient's leg, and refused to allow me to proceed further. The daughter went to the street door, and raised the cry of distress : " Aibad Allah, Nisrane fe dar " (" Slaves of God, a Christian is in the house.") As might be expected, the courtyard was soon filled with a wondering and excited crowd, who, on learning the cause, went away greatly amused, saying, " That is just like the work of women."

Often I had considerable difficulty through not knowing the language, and being unable to explain to patients and their friends what I really intended to do.

A JEW EMBRACING THE MOHAMMEDAN FAITH.

June 21st.—To-day the town was in great commotion. This led me to pray that God would strengthen and prepare me for what was before me.

A young Jew went to the kadi, and said, " I renounce the faith of my fathers " ; and then, throwing his cap on the ground, he witnessed to the false prophet : " There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

The kadi and Moslems rejoiced at the triumph of Islam, while the Jewish rabbis went to the various European consuls imploring their aid, saying the boy was under age. The circumstances of the case were painful in the extreme, inasmuch as the boy became a Moslem out of revenge, on account of his father's cruelty.

A few days later the boy, not finding his new position at all congenial, returned to the Mellah on being assured that he would be protected, and that steps would be taken to prevent his father ill-treating him in future.

Should a Jew embrace Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour and openly confess Him, there would be as great a commotion.

AISSAU-I-AS, OR SHEEP-EATERS.

This religious sect hail from Mequinez, their founder being one Sidi Mohammed Bin Aissa, a celebrated Moorish saint who lived in the seventeenth century.

On August 16th I witnessed the feast of these debased fanatics from the window of a house where I was attending a patient suffering from enteric fever.

My attention was first attracted by the hideous howling outside. On going to the window I saw a dozen or more men with long hair hanging down their backs, their heads shaven, save a large tuft at the back, which is usually kept plaited, but had been frizzed out for this occasion, giving them the look of savage Indians.

Here they leaped and howled, contorted their bodies and nodded their heads until they were in a frenzy, throwing their hands backward and forward against the door, like madmen trying to climb the wall; then, becoming frantic, they tried to burst open the door. I asked what all this meant, never having seen or heard of the Aissau-i-as before. I was told to keep quiet, and I should soon see.

Presently the door was opened from within and a sheep thrown to them, and while alive they tore it to pieces with their hands and teeth, like a pack of infuriated wolves, being more like escaped lunatics than anything else.

Their chief, or mou-kuddam, had a stick about two and a half feet long and about an inch and a half in diameter, which he used freely over their heads to keep them from eating each other.

Hundreds of Moors witnessed the scene with rapturous delight.

Before I left I was led to understand that the man in whose house I was gave a sheep every year to this beastly sect. All the Jewish shops were closed, and

their owners had disappeared, counting prudence the better part of valour.

An hour later I reached the Mission House, and found an enormous crowd round the door, a circumstance I could not altogether understand.

As soon as the guard saw me he came and caught hold of me by the arm, and pulled me in without saying a word, and shut the door. But I was as uncomfortable inside as out on seeing half a sheep hanging on a nail in the wall of the courtyard, and a Moor pointing to it, and saying, "Bono, bono."

Before I could accept the mutton I wrote a note to my teacher, and was greatly relieved when I received an answer that the mutton was a present from a grateful patient, and had nothing to do with the Aissau-i-as.

The following day we had a procession of another sect, still more disgusting, viz., the Hamaja. The founder of this sect was one Sidi Ali Bin Hamdush, also from Mequinez. A small town in the mountains of Zarahán, a few miles from Mequinez, bears his name and contains his tomb, to which most of the sect pay an annual visit.

About 2 p.m. some thirty of this chosen band went to the east gate of the city, and began cutting their heads with hatchets, and beating them with heavy weights. The procession then moved slowly through the principal streets, accompanied by the music of native drums, and with banners flying, until they reached the Mission House, where they formed into a ring of over one hundred and fifty. Here they jumped, danced, and yelled, nodding their heads backwards and forwards, calling "Allah! Allah!" while others rolled in the dust.

It was most revolting to see the one embracing the other and drinking the blood which flowed from his

friend's head. Several became so faint that they had to be carried into the saint's house close by.

On former occasions, I was informed, a few died from the effects of the wounds.

For these people who have sunk so low, and become so debased, Jesus Christ died. Oh, what numbers are sweeping on to an undone eternity, under the belief that their Prophet will save them! To them a licentious life is no barrier to an entrance into Paradise. All they require to do is to witness that there is no God but God, and that Mohammed is His prophet.

If such is the moral and spiritual condition of the people, surely it calls for earnest prayer on the part of the Church at home for this dark land.

VISIT TO GIBRALTAR.

Aug. 18th.—Early this morning the S.S. *Mequinez* anchored off Rabat, but was unable to communicate. It was a time of no little anxiety, because should the ship have to leave without communicating, I should have to undertake a seven days' journey to Tangier overland in the heat of summer. The following day the bar calmed down, and at high tide we were able to cross, although not without all being thoroughly drenched.

On the 20th at noon we weighed anchor and left for Larache, where we arrived in the evening, and the following afternoon we reached Tangier.

Between Larache and Tangier I had some lively discussions with several persons on board regarding missionary enterprise in Morocco. They were unanimously of opinion that it was useless to come to the country to seek to convert the people. Besides it was a great waste of money which might be more profitably spent on the starving poor in London; and last but not

least the missionaries, from what they heard, were not the persons fitted to carry on such work, even though they were sincere.

Turning to me one said, "Now, what is your candid opinion about the missionaries?" (he thinking I was only a medical practitioner). In reply I said, "I am happy to say I am a missionary," at which there was rather a drawback.

"What were England and Scotland," I asked, "before they had the Bible? Can you tell me what has made our nation what it is?" "I suppose you will say the Bible," was the reply. Then I contrasted the difference between Scotland and Ireland. In the one peace and tranquillity, in the other rapine and bloodshed. "In like manner," I said, "when Morocco has heard the gospel, has received it and believed it, then the whole aspect of the country will be changed. Our aims in coming to Morocco are vastly different: yours is to make money; ours is to win souls for Christ."

From August 21st till September 3rd I remained in Tangier with my friends Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh. During that time we made several interesting journeys to the villages in the neighbourhood; and to me it was a stimulus and pleasure to meet with so many of God's people.

During my stay in Tangier I visited, in company with Dr. Churcher, Mr. Pryor, who was lying seriously ill with enteric fever. It must be that our Heavenly Father sees it good for us that we should be chastened. Few workers there are in this dark land--and the messenger of Satan is at hand to baffle them. Pioneer missionaries are much like the advance guard in the army--they often fall, while those coming on behind gain the victory. But whether in the advance or in the rear, each shall receive his reward. Our duty is to go

forward in Christ's name, and at His bidding. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, O Lord : but unto Thy name be all the glory."

MY STAY IN GIBRALTAR.

From the 8th till the 26th of September I spent a very enjoyable time on the Rock, although the heat was exceedingly trying, a Levanter prevailing all the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray, of the Presbyterian manse, kindly offered me the hospitality of their home ; and none can appreciate such kindness until they are placed in similar circumstances to mine—a stranger in a strange city. It was necessary for me to stay three weeks in Gibraltar before I could receive a licence for marriage.

My visit was looked upon as somewhat providential, as there was great need of help at the Wesleyan church, on account of the minister, Mr. Grimshaw, having been laid aside by a rather severe attack of enteric fever.

Mr. Murray kindly arranged an exchange of pulpits ; and for three consecutive Sabbaths I preached twice a day alternately in the Presbyterian and Wesleyan churches. I had, besides, an occasional meeting on Wednesday at the Soldiers' Home.

Having been tongue-tied for six months in Morocco, it was both a pleasure and delight to have the opportunity once more of proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ.

MARRIAGE DAY.

Friday, Sept. 24th.—This morning the good ship *Mequinez* steamed into the bay with Miss Jeffrey on board. As had been arranged, the marriage took place at 11 a.m. in the Presbyterian church. Mr. Mackintosh, of Tangier, gave away the bride, while Miss MacMillan,

of Glasgow (who kindly accompanied Miss Jeffrey) acted as bridesmaid, and a Christian officer on the Rock as best man. The Rev. Thomas Murray officiated. There was a good attendance in the church, and the choir sang several beautiful anthems. Thereafter we retired to the Presbyterian manse, where Mrs. Murray had most generously provided the marriage dinner.

We did not enter on this solemn union without asking God's counsel and guidance. We believe we were led of God, and being united in the Lord, we looked for His blessing and presence, our only desire being to spend and be spent in His service, and to have our names known as faithful followers of the Lord Jesus. Seven years have now passed—not without their joys and sorrows; but they have been seven years of happy, united service in the Master's vineyard.

We left Gibraltar on Sabbath, September 26th, and arrived in Tangier the same evening—having been once more under the painful necessity of travelling on the Lord's Day.

We spent one night at Tangier, and, after calling at Larache, we arrived safely at Rabat on September 30th, and with glad hearts entered on the joint service to which we had devoted our lives.

Often we felt the difficulty of having no proper teacher, and this eventually led us to get a Syrian family to come and help us. Judge of our surprise when we found that Joseph, my teacher, knew comparatively little English, while his mother knew only Arabic! However, he soon gained a better knowledge of English, and on the whole we found him exceedingly useful in the dispensary. His mother was of infinitely more value, having a firm grasp of gospel truth, and knowing how to use it. This proved of good service when she was visiting with Mrs. Kerr.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF A MOORISH TOWN.

In Morocco, towns are built more or less in the form of a square and divided into Quarters. The Madena, or principal part, is inhabited by the Moslems; the Jewish Quarter, or Mellah, by the sons of Abraham. In the coast towns there is a third Quarter, called El Hauma Ensarra (the Christian Quarter). All Europeans are called Christians, irrespective of their faith, although very many are a disgrace to the name they bear.

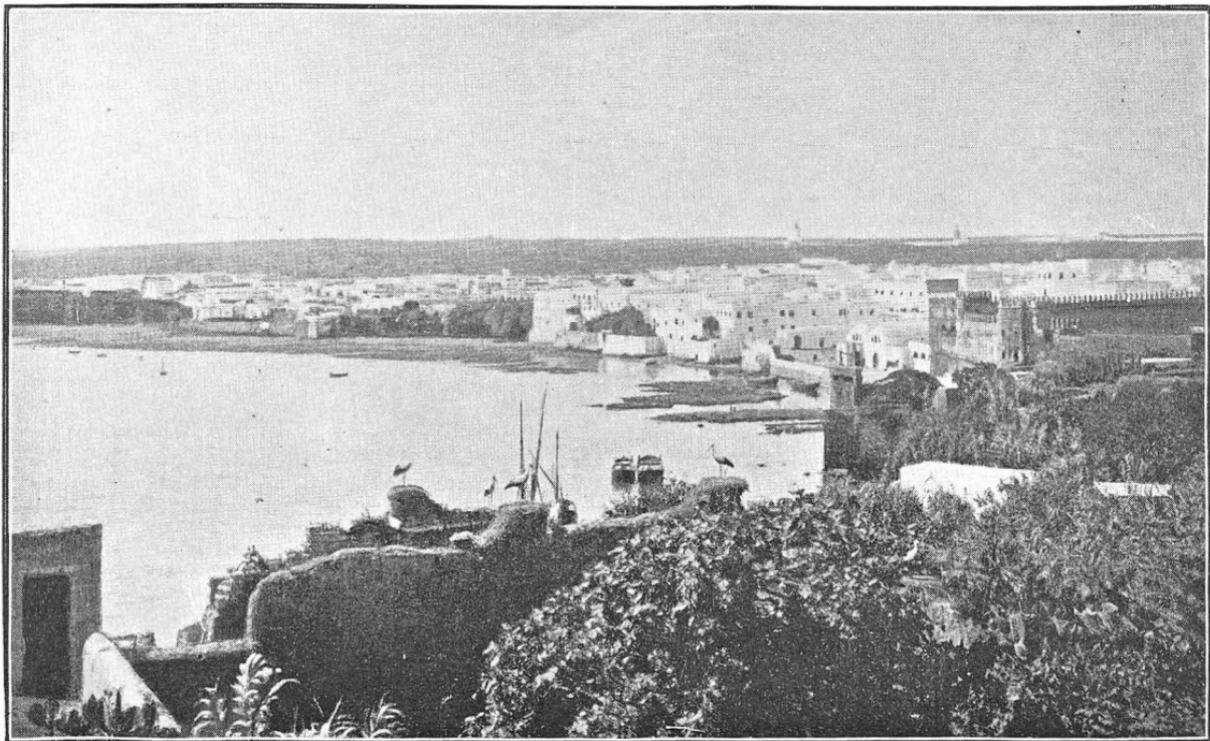
With the exception of Casablanca and Tangier, where the European population are allowed to hire houses where they please, each one has to live within the respective Quarters allotted to him, according to his religious belief.

DESCRIPTION OF RABAT AND SALEE.

Rabat is situated on the south bank of the river Boorag-rag, and is said to be the prettiest town on the Atlantic seaboard of Morocco. Salee is on the opposite bank, about a quarter of a mile from the river. "The former was built by a powerful monarch, called 'Elmansoor, in the end of the twelfth century, and named El Fatah (a camp of victory)."

The environments of Rabat and Salee are most picturesque. The sloping elevations which rise high above the river on either side are clothed with beautiful vineyards and orange groves, and with an endless variety of wild flowers, which perfume the air with their sweet-smelling odours.

The Kasba, or Government Quarter, is famous for its beautiful gate of semi-Gothic architecture, decidedly the work of Christian hands—slaves brought from Spain, many of whom were captured on the high seas. Inside



*From a photograph by J. Frost, Esq.,
H. B. M.'s Vice-Consul, Rabat.*]

RABAT, FROM THE EAST.

the Kasba wall is the ancient palace of the former sultans ; now crumbling into decay.

The only other places of interest within the walls of Rabat are the Sultan's two palaces, and the unfinished tower of Hassan.

The larger palace, shown in the engraving, I visited twice, to treat an inmate of the Sultan's harem. The building is plain, but the tiling in the corridors is exceedingly pretty, and in design displays considerable taste. It is always occupied by His Shereefian Majesty when he visits Rabat once every two or three years. The reason why he visits Rabat so frequently is because there are fewer Christians there than in other towns to pester him with claims and complaints. It contains the tomb of Sidi Mohammed Bin Abdullah. The smaller palace on the sea-shore, inside the outer wall, is but a humble dwelling, and is rarely or ever occupied except by some of the Sultan's relatives, when they are at Rabat along with the Court.

The unfinished tower of El Hassen is worthy of mention, being an imposing structure. "It is believed to have been intended to be a copy of the celebrated Geralda tower of Seville, and the Kutoobia tower at Marakesh (Morocco city). The ascent is so gradual that a man can ride to the top. Its walls are built of the very finest masonry, and with panels containing the most exquisite and perfect designs." (*J. E. B. Meakin.*) It is surrounded by a massive wall forming a square nearly eight hundred yards in extent. Inside there are the remains of some four hundred rough, massive granite columns, which were intended to support the roof of a mosque of enormous dimensions. Most of the pillars have fallen, but some remain in perfect position. The stones are said to have been quarried in Spain, made according to size, and brought to Rabat in Moorish ships.

Rabat is very well fortified. New forts are in course of erection, and these are to be manned by thirty-ton Krupp guns, with the object of repulsing any Christian invasion.

Salee or Sillà is by far the more interesting place historically; not only because it was once a Roman possession, but on account of the Salee Rovers. As one might expect from the nature of the inhabitants, they have often rebelled against the ruling sultans, and "several of the sultans are said to have courted their favour, knowing what desperate characters they had to deal with."

"In 1648 Sultan Zedan sent an embassy to King Charles I. of England, requesting him to send a squadron of men-of-war to lie before the town of Salee, while he, the Sultan, attacked it by land. The request was acceded to, and the people soon capitulated. The fortifications were destroyed, and the leaders of the rebellion put to death" (*J. E. B. Meakin*). Since then the fortifications have been rebuilt, and they are now in a good state of repair, and possess some fairly good guns.

In Salee there are still to be seen two underground vaults in which were lodged the Christian captives, the openings of which are almost filled up with rubbish. One is, on good authority, said to have been over one hundred yards long. It was to Salee that Robinson Crusoe was carried by these daring pirates, after his shipwreck.

Thousands, not in imagination, but in dire reality, crossed that bar with weeping eyes and throbbing hearts; and as they entered these dark dungeons, no doubt many an earnest prayer went up to God for the redemption of this dark land. Not a few, indeed, we have reason to believe, loved the Lord, or they would not have sealed their testimony with their blood, rather than deny their faith in the Lord Jesus. "Occasionally an embassy was sent from England for the express

purpose of redeeming these slaves ; but the greater number perished from hard work and cruelty, or by death, on refusing to renounce their faith."

Dr. Robert Brown tells us that "as late as 1780, Omar, a Scotchman, was *reis* or captain of a *zebek* of sixteen guns and a hundred and twenty-four men." A *zebek* was a special kind of ship, with light guns, built at Salee for piracy in the Mediterranean, and manned by Salee rovers.

As late as the year 1856, Sir John Drummond Hay, Her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Tangier, succeeded in rescuing some prisoners from the Sultan of Morocco.

The populations of Rabat and Salee have been variously estimated ; but I think 30,000 a fair estimate for Rabat, of which 4,000 are Jews. Salee is much smaller—20,000, of which 2,500 are Jews.

The inhabitants of the respective towns differ widely in character. Rabat is inhabited by Moors who were driven out of Spain ; Salee by the original inhabitants of the land, called Berbers.

The Silau-e-en and Rabat-e-en have never been too friendly, and often they have been up in arms against each other. Even yet the ill-feeling has not died away. They have a proverb which runs thus :—

" Hatta rimel ez-beeb
 Ou wad, el-haleeb
 Rabate on Silaue
 Ma yekoon shai habeeb." *

A considerable number of good families in Rabat bear Jewish names. It is said a large number of Jews embraced the Mohammedan faith in order to avoid persecution. Whether they be true to the faith they have

* "Until the sand becomes raisins, and the river milk, there shall never be friendship between Rabat and Salee."

embraced I do not know ; but one thing is certain—they have carried their Jewish acuteness into their business with them.

The staple trade of Rabat among the Moslems is carpet-making. They excel in the use of the dye. The Jews are engaged as silversmiths, tinsmiths, and brass-tray makers. There is also a considerable import and export trade carried on in Rabat by Moors, Jews, and European merchants.

Each European nation is represented by a consul or consular agent, chiefly in the interest of trade.

SHELLAH.

About two miles from Rabat, up the river, outside the walls, may be seen the remains of a very ancient town, called Shellah, the burial-place of many of the former sultans of Morocco. It contains the remains of a very fine gate and mosque. The mosque has beautiful marble arches with Arabic inscriptions. Most of these have fallen, and are half covered with earth. Inside the wall are several saints' tombs, said by the Moors to have the power of granting favours to the faithful. So firm is this belief that men and women go on pilgrimage once a week, and spend the night in these saints' houses, turning the place into a veritable haunt of vice.

Speaking one day to a respectable Moslem, regarding these haunts of sin, he said, "Herein is Moslem blessedness, that all sins committed in a saint's house, in the name of the Prophet, are as righteous acts in the sight of God."

Oh, what deluded people! Truly the god of this world has blinded their minds, lest the light of the glorious gospel should shine into their hearts and they should believe and be saved.

Close to the mosque there is an excellent fountain, which supplies Rabat with drinking water. The water is brought in barrels on donkeys' backs.

Shellah shows, as much as anything, the waning power of the Moslems. Several years ago the place was guarded, and no Christian or Jew was permitted to enter within the precincts of its sacred walls. The first who entered on scientific researches did so under an escort of soldiers ; but now Christians not only freely walk about, but even enter and inspect the ruins of the sacred mosque.

Let us take courage, and go forward.

SECOND YEAR (1887).

HOSPITAL PATIENTS.—ANOON.—INESS.—MOSLEM REWARDS FOR BRAVERY.—VISIT TO ZAIR.—MR. BALDWIN. OPPOSITION TO HIS WORK.—VISIT OF SIR KIRBY GREEN.—VISIT TO SULTAN'S PALACE.—JEWS EMBALMING MOSLEM HEADS.—THE BLACK FLAG HOISTED ON THE MOSQUE.—VISIT TO TAMARA.—MRS. KERR LAID ASIDE, SUFFERING FROM ENTERIC FEVER.

HAVING doubled our Mission staff, we were able to give considerable time to the language, and also to do a good deal of Mission work, directly and indirectly, with the aid of the teacher and his mother.

Having had no hospital accommodation during the past year, I was deeply exercised as to what I should do, as many of the patients who came could not be benefited unless they were for some time under my personal supervision; so we converted a room downstairs into a hospital.

About the middle of January, a wild Zair brought to me his son Anoon, a young man of twenty-two years. He had been advised by his friends to take him to the Christian doctor as a last resource. On his arrival, the father pressed me to operate at once; but I said I was afraid lest his son should die in my hands. "Why," said the father, "if he dies, I will bury him. Don't be afraid; God will help you." The young man presented a most heartrending sight. He said, "Oh, relieve me! Death is preferable to a life such as this." We could not resist his pleadings, so, after placing him definitely before

the Lord, I decided to operate. On the morning of January 24th, without any practical help whatever (but God was with us), I successfully performed the operation (lithotomy).

The man made an excellent recovery; and, after a stay of seven weeks, left, bright and happy, both father and son invoking many blessings on our heads for our kindness.

During his stay, we tried to show him the way of life through Jesus Christ, but he was so ignorant and stupid that little impression was made on him. We never got him, so far as we knew, fully to comprehend that Christ died for him. He never had heard of the name of Jesus until he came to us; he knew nothing more than that there was a God, and that Mohammed was His Prophet.

As an inducement to persevere in learning the Lord's Prayer, I promised him twenty oranges and twenty carrots. Having neither oranges nor carrots in the Zair country, and being exceedingly fond of them, he made a trial. After a few days, he said, "I don't see the good of committing that prayer to memory. Ours is much shorter, 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet'; but if you will give me the half of the oranges and the half of the carrots, I will endeavour to commit the half of it to memory." "If you don't go forward now, you will lose all." It was a terrible task for him, but in the end he succeeded, and gained his reward.

Although Anoon was stupid and ignorant, yet who knows but that he may have carried that message, which seemed to him so strange, to his fellow-countrymen?

On March 11th a poor Arab brought his little daughter called Iness. I said to the father it was impossible for me to do anything for his daughter unless he should leave her with us for several months. I calle d

Anoon's father to assure him that his daughter would be kindly treated. "We are the infidels and they are the believers," was the Zair's reply. "My son was at the point of death: they took him in, fed him for about two months, for the sake of God. Humma kheir mina" ("They are better than we"): "Well," said Iness's father, "I think I will leave her. Nobody will ever marry her while she is in this state. If she die, she dies, and if she live, she lives. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

The family tie is not very strong among the Arabs. If any member of the family is suffering from a lingering infirmity, they often pray that the sufferer might enter into Paradise, and relieve them of further trouble. However, we could not help seeing the good hand of God in all the circumstances of this case.

This poor, dirty little Arab girl could only crawl on her hands and knees. Some six months previously she had been bitten by a ferocious dog in the calf of the leg, and her leg, not having been attended to, became so contracted that it was of practically little use to her. Her little brother had been bitten by another dog about the same time, and died of hydrophobia. After careful dressing, rest, and skin grafting, and nourishing food, the terrible sore began to show speedy signs of healing.

Great was the joy Iness manifested when, a month later, aided by crutches, she was able to walk about; and before two months had elapsed she was most useful in assisting Mrs. Kerr, displaying as much intelligence as any European girl.

Born and brought up in an Arab tent, she had never before seen a Christian, far less been inside a Christian's house. Yet she quickly learned to set the table for tea or dinner, and that without a single mistake. If anything was forgotten, it was commonly the forks, a substitute

for the fingers which she was very slow to see the advantage of.

She was open-minded and had a bright intellect, and quickly learned a number of gospel hymns, and the Lord's Prayer, which Mrs. Kerr diligently taught her in the evening.

Next she learnt a number of texts of Scripture, such as John iii. 16, Isa. liii. 6. By-and-by, Mrs. Kerr taught her to sing "Jesus loves me," to the tune so familiar to us all; and she would make the house ring with the sweet words in her native tongue. Soon she manifested great delight in family prayers, and would listen with rapt attention when the Bible was read.

One evening, sitting alone with Mrs. Kerr, she began to say how much she loved her, and how grateful she was for all the kindness showered upon her. When asked what she thought of the doctor and his wife when she first came, her answer was, "I was greatly afraid. I never had seen a Christian before, and our people said the Christians were vile and wicked, and ate continually pig's flesh, and never prayed to God." "Do you think those stories true now?" asked Mrs. Kerr. "Oh, no! oh, no!" was her reply. "I know you are good; I know you love Saidna-Aisa" (our Lord Jesus). And, leaning over quite close to Mrs. Kerr, her voice vibrating with deep emotion, she said, "I have something to tell you; I love Jesus too—I have given my heart to Jesus."

Blessed surrender! Can we doubt that the Saviour rejoiced in spirit as He saw of the travail of His soul in the confession of this Arab maid? And shall He not keep that young heart and life, so freely and fully yielded up to His loving rule?

In a little, Iness said, "I would like so much that my father and mother heard about Jesus. I never see the

Doctor beat you with a stick ; you never quarrel, and you are always so bright and happy. When I go back to my tent I will tell them all about Jesus—how He can give us new hearts, and wash away our sins in His precious blood.”

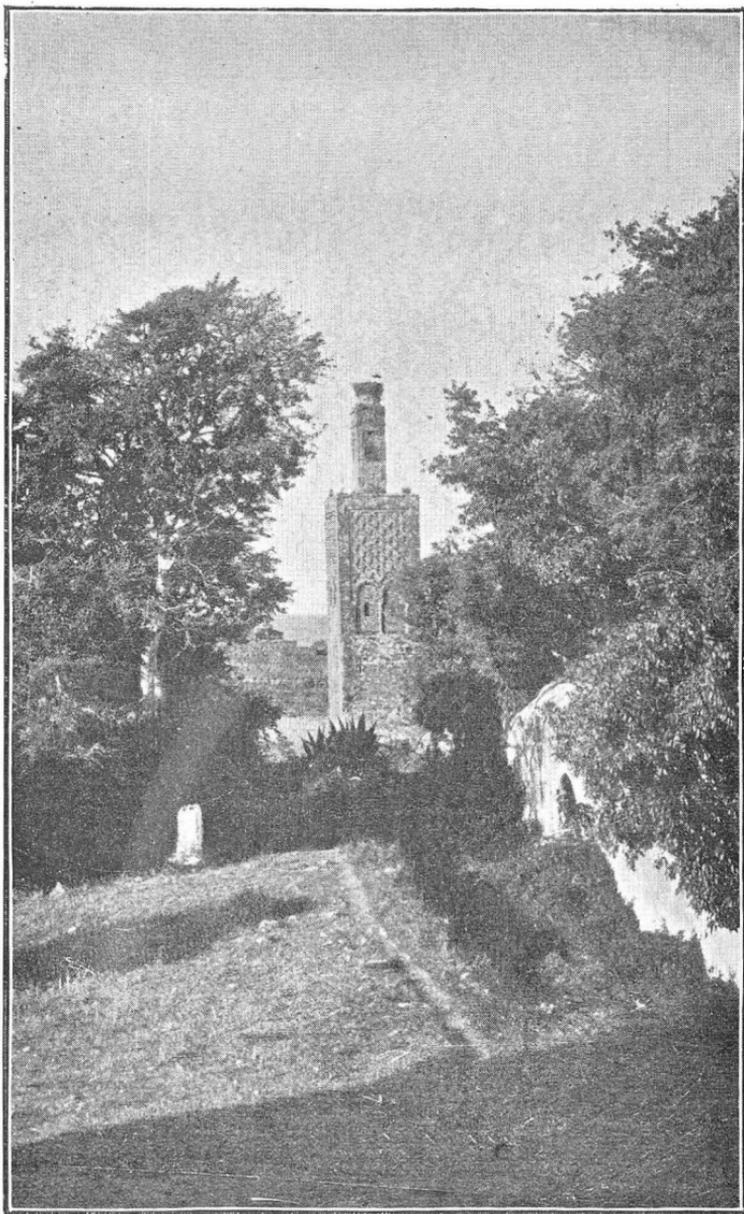
Is it possible she could return to her tent and not relate to them what she saw and heard ?

The next morning, four months and a day after her arrival at Rabat, her father came to take her home. The Lord grant that she may be like the little Hebrew maid who was carried into captivity, and may tell of Israel's God and of Jesus Christ, Who has given His life, a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.

During the months of April and May we had a most interesting lad, in the person of a deserter from the Sultan's army—soldiers in Morocco are very much like slaves ; they and their sons are the property of the Sultan, and must serve in some capacity in the army until they die. Infirmity does not in any way disqualify them.

Being a stranger in a strange city, this lad soon came to be in want. Naked and hungry, he came to us seeking employment. We engaged him ; but during his stay he was repeatedly laid aside with attacks of intermittent fever. We were greatly cheered by him, and, being able to read, he would sit up and read as long as his candle would last. So anxious was he to learn that he took notes of any explanations I gave him regarding passages of the New Testament. When he was becoming interesting, the father came to claim his prodigal son, saying he was sorry he was unable to leave his boy with us, but it was impossible, unless we could procure his discharge.

If there are evils in our army which young men have to contend against there are a million times more in



ANCIENT MOSQUE TOWER OF SHELLA.

(From a photograph by J. Frost, Esq., H. B. M.'s Vice-Consul, Rabat.)

the Moorish army. The lad has since returned to Rabat in the commissariat department, and although there is not the warmth he once had, yet we have hopes that the seed sown will yet spring up and bear fruit.

On March 3rd, the anniversary of my landing in Rabat, we were cheered by a visit from an old friend, Captain Armstrong, well known in connection with his work among the soldiers and sailors at Gibraltar.

MOSLEM REWARDS FOR BRAVERY.

On March 17th, a shereef, a night-guard in the streets, was stabbed in the back while endeavouring to apprehend a robber. Being paralysed in the one arm, and finding the burglar too much for him, he held on by his teeth until the other guards came to his aid.

The following morning this poor man was brought to the dispensary, and as he lay at the street door a number of respectable Moors gathered round. Some said, "Bravo!" others, "Poor fellow!" while a third would say, "Why, God had decreed that this should be his fate, and why murmur?"

I said, "Is there none here who, for the sake of a poor brother, will bring a shirt or a blanket?" but there was no response, and the crowd began gradually to disperse. A friend of the town clerk, who brought him, had the courage to say, "If you wish to do anything to this poor man for the sake of God, do it. Otherwise we will lift him, and carry him to the Fonduk, where he will die or live, as God wills."

Is this all the reward this poor man is to receive for this act of bravery? "Yes," was the reply; "and if he had let the robber go, he would have been imprisoned and lashed. Now, because he has been wounded in

securing the robber, we will, as a reward for his bravery, carry him to the Fonduk, as he is unable to walk."

That is how the Moslems treat their brethren. I often wish that those who write about the uprightness and the goodness of the Mohammedans, would just live for a little among them. Where are their hospitals and almshouses? Where is the sympathy which they manifest towards those of the same faith in their poverty and distress?

I have seen a soldier on the march with a broken leg. On offering to receive him into the hospital, he said, with tears in his eyes, "The Lord bless you! but I cannot accept your offer. If I were to stay till my leg was better, I might lose my head."

Captain Armstrong faithfully nursed the guard, but for a long time we had but faint hopes of his recovery, the knife having penetrated the left lung. When we were at length cheered to see a slight improvement, he suddenly took erysipelas, and gave us not a little anxiety. Yet we believe the Lord spared him in answer to prayer.

He was a most fanatical Moslem, priding himself on his princely lineage. Even though we fed him and cared for him, he never had a good word to say about us. We often contrasted Christians and Moslems, showing him that if we, out of love to Jesus, had not taken him in, he would have died of hunger. "Quite true," said he. "Nevertheless, God will pardon them because they are Moslems, so long as they witness to God and the Prophet."

When leaving, I presented him with an Arabic New Testament, requesting him to read it, assuring him that it alone contained the Way of Life. He came back several months afterwards for a little aid, and we asked, "Where is the New Testament?" "It fell overboard

when on pilgrimage." "I will give you another, with pleasure." "I don't wish it; it is of no good to me, was his reply.

Were ours not a work of faith in the Lord, we might well faint and grow weary. But such discouragements have led us to see "it is neither by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

A VISIT TO THE ZAIR COUNTRY.

May 12th.—Anxious to see the country and its inhabitants outside of Rabat, I went with my interpreter up the river as far as the Fisheries, some four hours from Rabat. We were well provided with Arabic New Testaments and Gospels; but on our arrival we found the tribes had retired owing to the approach of the Sultan, and were all beyond our reach.

We spent the night in a hut, and early in the morning we rowed up the river in a small boat, as far as the tide permitted, and then ascended the left bank until we reached the high table-land. Here we saw several boys tending cattle; but on approaching them they left the cattle and scampered off as fast as their legs could carry them. We then retired and sent the soldier to ask if they had any sick to send to the douar, and bid them bring them to the Fisheries.

Seeing the Zairs, however, in close proximity, busy at harvest, we returned, and after dinner set out again to see them. Our approach was signalled by the outposts throwing sticks into the air, and uttering strange, weird cries. Our guide thought we should turn; the poor man was shaking from head to foot. But I urged him on, assuring him God would protect us. I said also that I saw now no advantage in running away, even though they should prove hostile towards us. Advancing only

a few hundred yards, all our fears were allayed by a man coming towards us, and calling out, "Murhababikum" ("You are welcome"). This man proved to be one of the tribe who lived in Rabat, and had been several times at the Mission, for medicine. I could not help thanking our Heavenly Father for His goodness in having one there who knew us, ready to welcome us. How much we often lose by not trusting the Lord fully! They asked us many questions, among others, why we were not afraid to come. "Afraid! Why, we come as friends." "Welcome, welcome!" was their reply. "How many guns have you?" "None; we came trusting in the Lord, and we know He will protect us." To hear that we had no firearms or weapons of defence surprised them more than anything else.

While conversing with them we witnessed one of those cold-blooded raids which are so frequent among them. Some twenty horsemen (Zairs), a short distance off, were lying in wait in a little ravine. Suddenly they dashed out at full speed, and fired on a small caravan going to Rabat with wool, etc. One man was killed, and the horsemen carried off the booty in triumph. On seeing this, the Zairs made the air ring with their incessant cheering. My feelings were different. A cold perspiration burst over me. As I saw these wild villains waylaying the poor travellers, I was led to exclaim, "Oh, Lord, when shall Jesus reign?"

They pressed us earnestly to visit their tents, but we declined, on account of the distance, which would have made it necessary for us to return after sunset. But we hoped to visit them again.

The country was lovely, and on the high table-land we felt it delightfully cool. In this vast country, with its many thousands of inhabitants, there is not one missionary of the Cross. Although given to tribal raids,

rapine, and bloodshed, yet they know no better. They listened attentively to us, and are far more free from fanaticism than the Moslems living in the coast towns.

On bidding them good-bye one of the tribe accompanied us and spent the night at the Fisheries with us. The following morning we ascertained the reason why none came to visit us from the left bank of the river. The two tribes were up in arms.

One from Sahool came to the Fisheries and said, "Had we known you were here we would have come and carried you on our backs at night to our douar, so many of us are sick. We were afraid to come to the Fisheries by daylight."

We felt that much good work could be done among these tribes by freely itinerating among them with medicines and books. The poor, down-trodden people, under terrible misrule, are afraid to come to the towns lest they be imprisoned.

The following day we returned to Rabat, deeply impressed with the need of deeper devotion to the Master, and of more labourers to bring the gospel to these poor deluded Mohammedans.

During the month of May we had a visit from Mr. Baldwin and friends of the North African Mission. During their stay they camped out on the Aloe—the Moorish graveyard. At first they were well received, and the little groups which gathered round their tents seemed really interested in the "story of the Cross." One day, while giving away books near the Governor's house, a scribe of the Kaid asked for a book to show to his master. Shortly after, the scribe came back with an invitation to visit the Governor. They preached Christ. Miss Herdman and Miss Caley sang Arabic hymns. They showed them the Wordless Book and explained it to them. All appeared greatly delighted.

Before leaving, the Governor requested Miss Herdman and Miss Caley to visit his wife and drink tea, and pressed them to accept a small gift of money for the poor.

We rejoiced to hear of the favourable reception the Governor had given to the truth, and prayed earnestly that it might find a lodgment in his heart. It proved, however, only a calm before the storm.

Two days later, Mr. Baldwin had a notice from the Governor to the effect that he was afraid that some one might injure him should he remain camped outside, and requested him to go to the Jewish Quarter, where he would give him a house.

Mr. Baldwin replied that the Jewish Quarter was too dirty—it was impossible for him to live there; but should he give him a house in the Moorish Quarter, he would strike his tents at once. Otherwise, he would not move.

Afterwards their tents were closely watched, and if a Moor was seen approaching, a guard would inform him that, should he have any conversation with the Christian teacher, he would be imprisoned.

The first Saturday after their arrival the ladies went to the Mellah, where they had interesting conversations with the Jews, both men and women. They went back the following Saturday, and soon gathered a large meeting. While Miss Herdman was reading and explaining passages from the Hebrew Bible, the chief rabbi suddenly appeared on the scene, and of course the people all left. Meanwhile, Mr. Baldwin had a large open-air meeting in the principal street, but it lasted only for a few minutes, for another rabbi made his appearance, and, after saying a few words in Hebrew to the people, they all dispersed as quickly as if there had been a heavy shower of rain.

With such opposition from both Moslems and Jews, Mr. Baldwin thought it wiser not to stay longer, but to proceed down the coast.

The above incidents will show how both Jews and Moors in authority are opposed to all direct mission work. Still, our hearts are cheered to know that there are not a few, both among the Jews and Moslems, who are in a state of unrest and longing for something better.

The medical work opens many doors which would otherwise be closed. One day, a Jew came to the Medical Mission requesting me to come at once and visit his daughter. His daughter, he said, had been crying all night, saying, "Bring the Christian doctor, and he will heal me." When I went, I found the girl suffering from rheumatic fever. After a little care and attention, she got quite well, and the father and friends were most grateful for my attention.

We are not downcast, but hopeful. The work is Divine, and it must prosper. "My word shall not return to Me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Hence, we look for great blessing on dark Morocco, both to Jew and Gentile.

Thursday, June 9th.—To-day, Sir W. Kirby Green, Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador, and party, arrived from the coast. Several tribes were camped in the vicinity, waiting the arrival of the Sultan, and as they turned out to a man (in their newly washed, flowing garments), mounted on their Arab steeds, the sight was imposingly grand.

As a rule, the Moors are very fond of etiquette, and on such occasions, when the representative of a great nation comes, they receive him with all becoming outward honour. But from the bottom of their hearts they wish

he had never come, and are anxious to see him as quickly out of the country as possible.

The day was oppressively hot, and, as the Moorish cavalry fell in the rear, we were enveloped in one thick cloud of dust, which almost choked us.

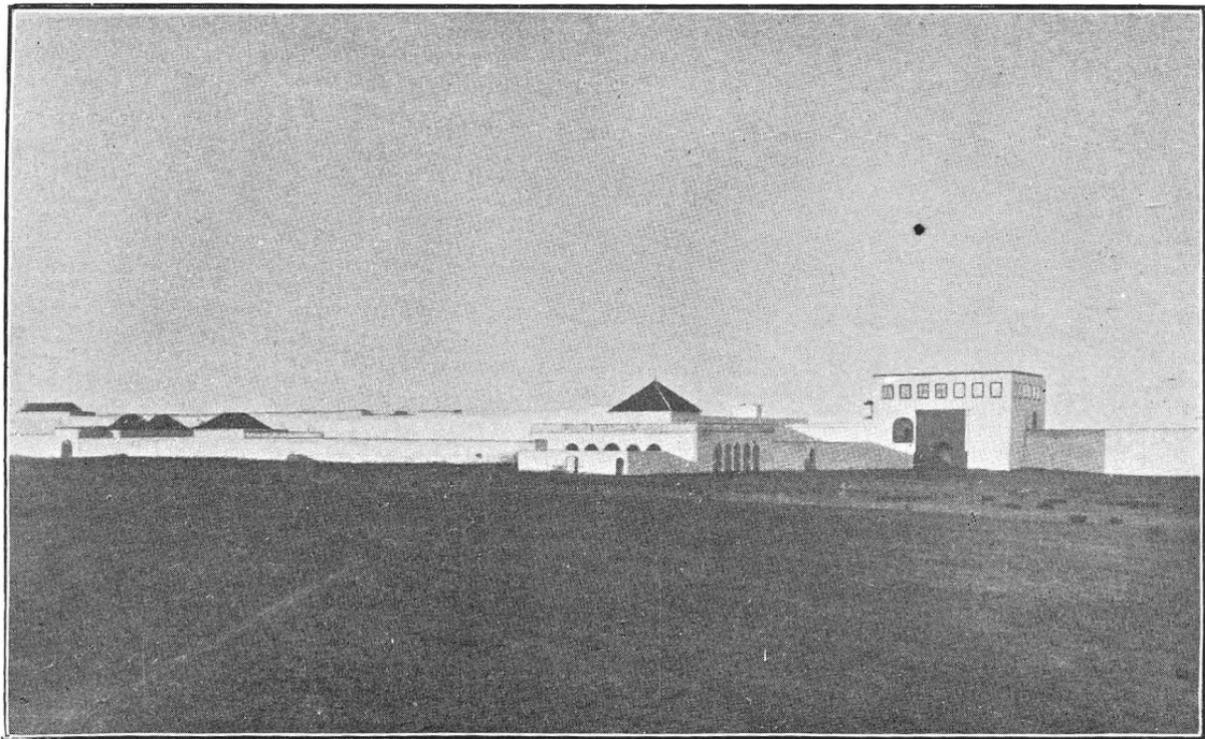
A VISIT TO THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

In the month of August the Sultan paid a visit to Rabat, with over twenty thousand men, for the purpose of enforcing the payment of taxes on some of his refractory tribes in the neighbourhood. He brought nothing but fever and filth, and every one was glad when they had gone.

In the absence of the Sultan's physician, I was requested to visit an inmate of the Sultan's harem. On Sabbath, August 7th, before I was out of bed, several soldiers were at the Mission House asking me to come at once to the Dar-Sultan. Shortly after, we went to the Governor's house for a soldier and an order to be presented at the Palace.

While waiting at the Governor's we saw one of those revolting sights which make one's blood curdle. A muleteer had just arrived from the Sultan's camp with the panniers of his mule full of human heads. As the victims had been decapitated the week before, the odour was anything but pleasant. The Moors, however laughed and talked with as much glee as if they had returned from a boar-hunt.

Before we left a soldier arrived with a dozen poor Jews, who were commissioned to salt the heads of the faithful, prior to their being nailed up on the city gates. This appears to be the only honour the poor Jew has in Morocco—that of embalming with salt the heads of these holy Moslems.



*From a Photograph by R. Aquarani, Esq.,]
Spanish Consul, Rabat.*

SULTAN'S PALACE, RABAT.

Proceeding to the Palace, we had to wait over three hours before all the preliminaries were over. Several times I mounted my horse, and was on the point of leaving; but an old man as often implored me, saying, "Spare me my head! You are not yet familiar with Eastern customs. Drink tea with us, and as soon as the mistress of the harem wakes you will see the patient."

Eventually this honourable lady did awake. She was over six feet in height, some eighteen stones or more in weight, a true daughter of Ham—as black as jet, with short, curly hair. Truly she was an imposing sight. Then I was escorted by two eunuchs, first through one passage into another, where I was asked carefully to examine the patient. "Have you done?" said the chief black, speaking in a cross, snarling manner. "Then come this way when you come again in the evening. I will see that all is ready for you."

In passing through the outer court we saw some twenty young boys being taught the Koran. However sad one may feel for them, yet one's blood boils to see these sons of the desert mutilated to gratify the desires of a licentious potentate, and one cannot help thinking that Morocco (if she does not repent) will yet spew out her inhabitants as did the land of Canaan.

A few days later the Sultan arrived, so my services were not further required. Even though I visited the patient twice I did not receive even a message of thanks.

In the month of October I was called to a case of painful and perilous child-birth. The black flag had been hoisted in the mosque for two days—a signal for the faithful to invoke the aid of Allah. At last the mother, thinking she was dying, called her husband and said, "If you really love me, send for the Christian doctor." As a physician my visit was blessed to the preservation of lives,

while as many as twenty Moorish women made my ears ring with their cries of "We! we! we!" expressive of wonder and delight. A curious little gift of two fowls, urged on my acceptance by the husband, testified to his thankfulness. While I received congratulations on the one hand, the husband received as many imprecations and curses on the other, from his fanatical brethren. That a Christian physician should attend a case of this kind had never been heard of here among the Moham-medans. We praised God for the open door.

A week later I was called to a similar case in a Jewish family. The father was a most superstitious man, and exceedingly careful in the observance of all ceremonies. On entering I was received with screams from the old women in the house, while one called out, "The blessing of God will now depart, since a Christian doctor has entered the dwelling." On my departure, to the delight of all, I left the weeping ones rejoicing.

A great feast was held in this Jewish house in connection with the naming of the child, and Mrs. Kerr and I were invited in token of their gratitude.

There are many other cases of interest which I could relate. A young Jew said to my interpreter, the other day, "It is a serious matter to confess Christ. If I confessed Him my parents would disown me. So, you see, it is hard to become a Christian."

This young man, I may add, is familiar with the teaching of the New Testament. His confession shows that God is working in the hearts of some.

VISIT TO TAMARA.

Sabbath, Oct. 23rd.—This morning an Arab came and pleaded with me to go to see a man who was said to be dying, and to whom a simple operation might give

instant relief. Joseph, my interpreter, and I started off on horseback, a journey of some ten miles. On arriving I inquired where the patient was. "He will soon appear," was the reply. We found he had been one of the Sultan's governors, and had fled to Zair for safety.

First we had to partake of scones from newly kneaded flour, in hot butter, which were very acceptable after our long ride.

The man had an escort of six mounted horsemen, while several were posted on elevated hills to give the alarm in case of danger.

We told them of the love of Jesus in dying for us, assuring them that if they embraced Him as their Saviour, He would change their hearts, and cause them to love each other, so that they would have peace in their country instead of war and bloodshed. One thought this too ridiculous, and laughed, and said, "That religion would not suit us. The people would laugh at us, and call us women." Raiding and highway robbery are looked upon as chivalrous acts among them.

On our return we found Mrs. Kerr anxiously waiting for us at the city gate; but she felt so weak she was scarcely able to walk back.

Two days later it was evident she was suffering from an attack of enteric fever. Here I was brought to great straits, not knowing what to do,—having three indoor patients, none of whom could turn in bed. All had been operated on some fourteen days previously, and it was impossible for them to leave. For two months I was on my feet almost night and day, without any help, save from my Syrian teacher and his mother. God graciously sustained us, heard our prayers, and in the end we had the joy of seeing all our patients leave us in fairly good health.

None can fully realise our position until they have been

abroad, and been cut off from all human aid. It is at such times we know the value of an all-sustaining Saviour.

* * * * *

Two days before Christmas, Mrs. Kerr, feeling very well, was anxious to prepare a few things for our Syrian workers, who were feeling a little homesick ; but unfortunately, while in the kitchen, she caught a chill and was confined to bed for another month. Had our Heavenly Father not seen we needed this refining, He would have spared us the pain. But, blessed be His Name, we learned many lessons under His chastening hand, which we could not have learned otherwise, and now we can look back and say, "He led us by a right way." We would not have had it otherwise. Praise His Name. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18).

In taking a retrospect of the past year's work, we have much cause for thankfulness. Some 1,835 patients have sought medical aid, of whom 219 were Jews, 1,338 Moslems and Europeans. Besides, 278 visits were paid to the homes of the people. In our little hospital we have had ten indoor patients, some staying with us three weeks, others as long as four months. With many of our patients we were greatly cheered by seeing the marked change which came over them after staying a few weeks.

In October we had a most interesting female patient called Hud-hoom, from a tribe a few hours distant from Rabat. While with us she manifested great

interest in the truth. Her parents, seeing their daughter seriously ill, were anxious to have her removed, lest she might die in a Christian's house, but she refused to leave. "If the Christian doctor says I must leave, I will leave; otherwise, I would count it a great honour to die in their house. What I have seen during my short stay has convinced me who are in the possession of the true faith. They exemplify their faith by their works."

We have reason to believe that Mrs. Kerr caught her enteric fever while sitting up with this poor patient in an outhouse one night when she was very ill. The sanitary arrangements are anything but good.

None of our patients had heard of the name of Jesus before they came to us, but before they left several of them could repeat a few verses of Scripture, and parts of Arabic hymns.

Though little spiritual work has been done, we are cheered by the fact that we are breaking up the fallow ground, and trust the sowing and reaping will come in due time.

All this, however, is but a beginning; but who hath despised the day of small things?

THIRD YEAR (1888).

TRIP ON S.S. "TIMBO."—THE STORM.—DIFFICULTY OF TRAVELLING IN MOROCCO.—120 MILES IN TWELVE DAYS.—LARACHE.—MOORISH OPPRESSION.—PROTECTION SYSTEM.—VISIT TO SAHOOL WITH MOHAMED BIL KASSAM.—POWDER-PLAY—SCORPIONS AND SPIDERS.—NATIVE TREATMENT OF THEIR BITES.—SECRETLY READING THE NEW TESTAMENT IN SALEE.—SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC.—DR. CHURCHER'S VISIT AND JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR.—FIRST EXPERIENCE OF MALARIAL FEVER.—A MOORISH DINNER WITH NINE COURSES.—SYNOPSIS OF YEAR'S WORK.

SABBATH, *Jan. 1st.*—The year began with a cloud overhead, for I had broken down from anxiety and over-work; I found myself spending the New Year in bed. Yet we knew that behind the cloud there was a shining Face; and my dear wife and I had the Apostle's injunction very forcibly brought to mind, "Walk in wisdom towards them that are without, redeeming the time" (Col. iv. 5). Not only to walk worthy of our calling, but to seek by God's grace how best to use our few remaining years in His service.

My wife gradually improved, and on February 29th felt able to leave in the S.S. *Timbo* (a small coasting steamer) for Tangier; hoping to gain more strength by a little change of air and scenery. Towards the evening the sky became overcast, and we feared the coming storm would overtake us. About midnight it burst forth in awful fury, and the small ship tossed, pitched, and rolled until we were so sick, that we were altogether indifferent whether we reached Tangier or not. At short

intervals, enormous waves would strike the ship broadside, filling our cabins ; but the climax was not reached until the following morning, when we began to round the point at Cape Spartel. The waves dashed over the ship, while every moment we thought the next would take us to the bottom.

Arriving in Tangier bay, the difficulty was how to land, there being a heavy sea and a strong east wind blowing. Only two small boats ventured out ; and although we were pressed by the captain not to land, yet we decided to venture, trusting the Lord, rather than spend another night on board. Safely over the bay, we came to the breaking surf, where we were carried, some on chairs, others on men's backs ; but not before there had been a good fight (the men standing over four feet in water) as to who were to carry the respective passengers ashore.

Shortly afterwards we found ourselves under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh, where with ease we could take a good sigh of relief.

During our stay in Tangier it was a great pleasure to have the fellowship of Mr. Anderson of Ardrossan, an old friend. While on this visit to Tangier Mr. Anderson was impressed with the great need of still further evangelising Morocco, and shortly after his return founded the South Morocco Mission.

After a month's happy stay, cheered by Christian fellowship, my wife greatly improved in health, and we again turned our steps toward our loved work.

DIFFICULTY OF TRAVELLING IN MOROCCO : 120 MILES IN TWELVE DAYS.

On Friday, March 30th, we embarked on board the S.S. *Moselle*, and weighed anchor in the evening, and

went as far as Cape Spartel, but had to return. Here we lay for several days, rolling and tossing in the bay, waiting a favourable opportunity. At last we got off, and were glad when we found ourselves safe at anchor inside the river at Larache.

The *Moselle* had no sleeping accommodation, having been built only for coasting trade. There being some eight passengers on board, we had all to sleep as best we could; and to make us a little more comfortable the officers on board divided the saloon into apartments, by means of the signal flags.

At Larache we spent a few pleasant days at the North African Mission House. An excellent work is being carried on here by the ladies, both among the Jews and Moslems, and it is sure to be productive of much fruit.

The day on which we left Larache, while sitting at dinner in the Mission House, we felt rather uncomfortable when we heard them lifting the anchor. Yes, they are off. And the ship went steaming out of the river. We hurried down to the port, but it was to no purpose; nothing remained for us but to cross the bar in a small boat. We were twice almost upset, and most thankful were we when we reached the steamer.

I asked the captain why he did not give us warning (by blowing the whistle), having told us he would not weigh anchor before 2 p.m., while he left before 1. "I look after my ship and not after the passengers," was his reply. Of course we were only poor missionaries of the Cross, and of a different nationality.

It was an occasion which will never be forgotten by me. On reaching the steamer it was bitterly cold. I caught a chill in my left side. This was followed by pleurisy, which greatly impaired me for the next eighteen months. On the morning of April 11th, with glad hearts

we sighted Rabat, and it was with a feeling of relief we stepped on shore.

IMPRESSION OF LARACHE.

The town is exceedingly pretty from a distance, but very filthy and unhealthy. Many upper stories have pipes leading out to the street, where all the dirty water is poured down. One day when coming up a street, I heard the gurgling of water and had just time to jump out of the way when a rush of dirty water came pouring into the middle of the narrow street.

The town lies low, on the south side of the river's bank. There is a large marsh in close proximity to the town, which is almost covered at high water, but beyond which are lovely orange gardens.

Larache has often been called the Hesperides of the West. By cutting the course of the river, and raising embankments around the marsh, and with good drainage, it might become in a few years a veritable Hesperides; but at present it is only a nest-bed of malarial fever.

MOORISH OPPRESSION IN LARACHE.

Duty is still levied on vegetables, fowls, eggs, milk, etc., which are brought to the market. This tax has been repealed in the other coast towns. Even though a poor peasant should only have three eggs, value one penny, he is not exempted. Any attempt to evade the payment of this duty is punished with great severity. While here we heard of many cases of cruel injustice.

A Jew had arranged with an Arab to bring in some forty measures of barley on a certain day; but, owing to the inclemency of the weather, the Arab had been unable to fulfil his contract. The Jew brought him before the

Governor, saying how much he had lost through the Arab not bringing in the barley as agreed on. "What have you got to say to this accusation?" said the Kaid. "My lord," said the poor Arab, "you know how I have been unable to bring the barley in question: it has rained every day for the past week, so it has been impossible for me to open the grain pits; but I pledge my word that on the first dry day, without fail, I will bring the barley." The Governor gave one of those significant nods which mean, "Take him off to prison." When he was there the Kaid sent a message, saying, "Tell your friends to bring first forty measures to me for my trouble, then increase two measures to the Jew for the inconvenience you have caused him." So in all the poor man had to bring eighty-two measures before he got out of prison, *plus* the fees of jailer and soldiers.

Among Europeans and protected subjects (Moors and Jews) usury is carried on to an incredible degree, in partnership with the Moorish officials. The usurer is much like a canvassing insurance-agent at home—ever on the alert for business. Very soon he ingratiates himself with the poor Arab. "If you wish anything, I am ready—as a friend, not as a money-lender. Grain, cattle, etc., or anything you wish. Five cows, \$20 each, equals \$100; but let us write \$500 in cattle, so as to prevent the Moorish Government taking possession of your cattle. Should fortune favour you, and you get rich, I hope you won't forget a friend who has done you this good turn."

Now that the notary paper has been written the usurer has his victim safe. The *protégé* never thinks for a moment of going to his consul, as he can obtain payment much easier. The Moorish Governor has no compunction whatever about robbing, or even killing, one of his poor brethren (even for a Christian) when a

consideration is to be had ; and many of these cases are enacted under the cognisance of European flags ; and it is to be regretted that any European nation should allow certificates of partnership to be sold to the highest bidder.

One day there found his way into prison a poor Moslem, in whom a Christian lady was interested. Of course there was a claim against him. The friends were reduced to great straits, the claim having been paid several times over, besides a supplementary gift to the Governor. Still no ray of hope appeared. Making inquiries, they found that the jailer had still a claim which had been overlooked—namely, opening and shutting the prison door when food was handed in to the prisoner. This claim was also paid, but still he remained in prison. On his friends inquiring the reason why, they were informed that they had not yet paid for the use of the chain which he had been privileged to wear round his neck while in prison, but as soon as the hire of the chain was paid he was sure to be released. Is it to be wondered at that his young wife and friends turned away in utter despair ?

This is not a solitary case : many hundreds of similar cases are to be found in Morocco. The Moslems may well be compared to the fish in the sea : the stronger eat up the weaker.

Monday, May 7th.—To-day Mr. Summers, North African Mission, and Malaam Aisa, British and Foreign Bible Society, arrived from Tangier on an evangelistic tour.

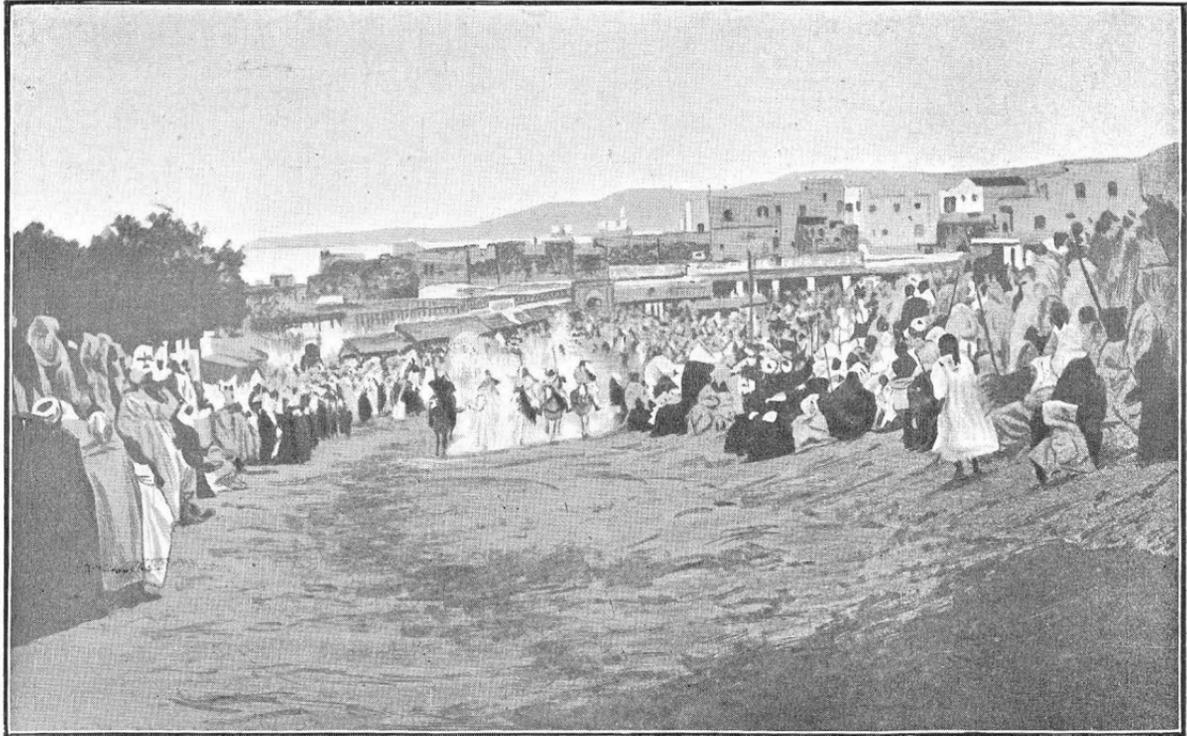
The following morning we left for Sahool, with glad hearts, taking with us our patient, Mohamed bil Kassam, who had been nine months with us. Often we thought his end had come ; but it was not God's time, brighter and better days being in store for him.

While in the hospital his heart was deeply touched ; he learned many verses of Scripture and could repeat the Lord's Prayer ; but we could never persuade him to sing an Arabic hymn. While under conviction he composed a wonderful prayer, which not only showed considerable intelligence, but also proved that, in some measure, he had comprehended our teaching. As with all Moslems, self came first. He prayed earnestly for all—far and near, rich and poor, Moslem and Christian—that they might know God, and receive the forgiveness of sin through Jesus Christ, so that they might find an entrance into Paradise. On relating his prayer to me, I said, "Hamed, you make no mention whatever about the Jews." After thinking a little, he replied, rather gravely, "Ah, they are a bad lot! I won't interfere with them, but leave them to God to do with them as He pleases." Truly Israel is still a reproach and byword among the nations!

After a pleasant row up the river, we reached the Fisheries about noon, where a dozen dirty Arabs and as many boys had arrived to welcome Hamed.

Our patient being anxious to embrace his friends, stepped out of the boat rather soon, and found himself in several feet of water. He had bought some old garments two days previously, so as to appear grand on the occasion. The dyes, however, happened not to be of too good quality—green, brown, yellow ; so when he emerged from the water his white overall reflected as many shades as the rainbow, affording immense merriment to the Arab boys.

As Hamed's father was Khalefa, all due respect was shown. Soon the Kaid, the patient's father and the principal men in the douar arrived ; then followed a long procession of some thirty women down the narrow path on the hillside, singing and clapping their hands.



From a photograph by A. Cavilla, Tangier.]

POWDER-PLAY.

On their arrival each most affectionately embraced him, expressing their great delight at seeing him.

Many in the douar solemnly believed that we were purposely detaining him at the Medical Mission, with the object of shipping him off to the Christians' country and there selling him.

It was our intention to proceed directly to the douar ; but, owing to an epidemic of small-pox, we pitched our tents close to the river. Unfortunately the hot winds began to blow, which marred a little the pleasure of our visit.

The Kaid invited us to the douar in the evening, as preparations had been made for a grand powder-play in honour of the Khalefa's son.

THE POWDER-PLAY, OR LAB-EL BAROUD.

A powder-play when performed by experienced horsemen is an exceedingly grand sight. The players are drawn up in line some six deep (varying according to the number engaged). At a given signal from the leader, who lifts his hand and says, "Allah wa Nibe!" ("God and the Prophet!"), they canter some sixty yards, and at another signal start off at full gallop amid yelling and screaming, fire, suddenly pull up and wheel round. Sometimes those in front turn round in the saddle and fire on those following them, as on the enemy in tribal warfare. As a rule the horses are so well trained that they go through the *mar.cœuvres* with the most perfect ease.

The powder-play being over we returned to our tents ; later on several dishes of kous-kous, fowls roasted in oil, tea-urn, etc., were brought.

All over, we invited the Kaid to come and have

luncheon the following day and bring his friends. Then bidding each good-night we retired to rest, several returning to the douar, while others remained to guard our tents.

Early in the morning, our patient's father sent us two sheep, fowls, and eggs. We killed one of the sheep and brought the other to Rabat. Fish were brought in such abundance that Mr. Summers remarked, "How will you dispose of all?" At luncheon time a superabundance of guests came; all were satisfied and delighted. Afterwards Mr. Summers read with the Kaid (the only one who could read). Many of them were very intelligent, and fully understood what we said. We urged on them the need of repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. "Well," remarked several, "you are speaking the truth. We have been driven to despair by the oppression of the Government; we have no heart for religion or anything else. We are like the wild boar who roams about in the forest, our stomach being our only concern."

We were cheered to find them so open and willing to listen to the truth, and many expressed the desire that "God would send the Christians to take possession of the country, so that they might have some measure of justice, and be able to live."

Taking advantage of the tide we struck our tents at midnight and rowed gently down the river, so as to arrive in Rabat at daybreak.

While packing up our Syrian teacher gave a cry; we were sorry to find he had been stung by a scorpion. The natives screamed and yelled, jumping in every direction; the scorpion was found and despatched, the natives assuring us that the sting of the black scorpion was never fatal. The Arabs wished to open Joseph's hand at once, but of course we prevented such barbaric

treatment. Having freely scarified the hand I placed it in hot water. The pain was excruciating, and the hand rapidly swelled up, and before we reached Rabat it became so swollen as to render it powerless. In a few days, however, it was all right again.

There are two kinds of scorpions in Morocco, the black and the yellow. They are not deadly, although occasionally cases do prove fatal among young children. There is also a spider which is much dreaded by the natives, called the Boo-saè-ha, and smaller than the Tarantula. The natives say that many horses and cattle die from its bite. But of all the cases which have come under my observation none proved fatal. The victim, shortly after having been bitten, feels cold, followed by rigor, and enfeebled action of the heart, while he is seized with an impending fear of death, and begs his friends not to leave him. The symptoms pass off in a few days. Among the natives a very hot bath is the specific; failing that, among the Arabs, a grave is dug two feet deep, straw is then thrown into it and set fire to, and continued until sufficiently hot; the patient is then rolled up in blankets, mats, etc., and buried in this grave, only leaving sufficient space to breathe. When he has perspired freely he is taken out, and rolled up in warm blankets and made to drink hot tea or coffee. I was assured that this treatment rarely or ever fails, if taken in time.

Monday, Aug. 27th.—To-day our hearts were overflowing with gratitude on hearing from one that several were secretly reading the New Testament, in Salee; and that a young man from Fez was seen sitting reading a Gospel in the mosque. May those who are seeking after light find it in Him Who is the Light of the world! Our prayer is that that fanatical city may be won for Christ.

SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC.

During the months of June and July we were visited by a dreadful epidemic of small-pox. In the two months it was estimated that over a thousand had died here, not taking into account the tribes outside, where in several douars more than half of the children were carried off.

In the early part of the epidemic I vaccinated some twenty Jewish children from Salee, and about the same number in Rabat, also a few Moorish children, with the gratifying result that none of those vaccinated took small-pox.

Many of the Moors and Jews here were afraid to have their children vaccinated, from a superstitious belief that if their children are vaccinated by a Christian he will insert a small quantity of blood, and sooner or later they are sure to become Christians.

Often we felt it sickening when going through the streets to see young men and boys sitting at shop doors, flour mills, etc., covered with small-pox eruption, in every way facilitating the spread of the disease.

Every one thinks that it is impossible for him to escape small-pox, hence no precautions are taken. It is painfully sad to see so many people who have lost the sight of one eye, while many are blind altogether.

One day not long ago, I paid a passing visit to a douar outside the city, and it was touching to see the mothers bring their children asking me to put the medicine in their arms to prevent the infection. I vaccinated all the children in that village, and although they were surrounded by small-pox, none took it.

As we told these wild Arabs of the Saviour's dying love they looked like people paralysed. They told us they never heard about a Saviour; they were very

ignorant and knew nothing. Truly there is a blessed work yet to be done among these poor wild Arabs.

I have often wondered how intelligent men should wage a crusade against vaccination at home. I am sure, however, that were they to spend a season in Morocco during an epidemic they would soon change their views and speedily leave the ranks of the anti-vaccinators. The complications which follow a severe attack are so enfeebling that it takes years before the patient is able to recoup his strength again, while many are blind and maimed for life.

Early in the month of June we had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Churcher, who came for a little rest and quiet to study the language. A medical missionary has often so many demands made upon his time, that it is difficult to find the requisite time for study.

Dr. Churcher was only a few days with us when he received news that Miss Herdman had taken seriously ill while visiting Fez. Dr. Churcher despatched his man to El-Kasar to ascertain the whereabouts of the missionary party. Whether he went to El-Kasar or not is an open question, but he came back with the most authentic information that they would be found in Mequinez; but Moslem servants are to be trusted as far as one can see them.

If the man went, as he said, and made inquiries, he would have found that the ladies had passed. The news of a Christian passing through Morocco soon travels far and wide.

Relying on the information which his man brought back, Dr. Churcher left on June 14th for Mequinez—no small undertaking in the heat of summer. So far as concerned finding the patient the journey was in vain, but he has left footprints behind him in Beni-Hassan plain. After making a little missionary journey, he

returned on June 26th, and we were glad to welcome our brother back again.

The following day we operated on a patient (whom Dr. Churcher had brought with him from Sidi-ou-Bad), and removed a thorn from his eye.

The patient remained four days at the Mission House and left, much against our will. A year later, when visiting the place, I found the man well and most grateful, for he now could see quite as well with the one eye as the other. And every one was loud in praises of the Christian doctor who so kindly took the poor man to Rabat with him. One remarked in my hearing, "They are Christians, but they are not Christians."

To them the name of Christian is associated with everything that is bad.

Monday, July 9th.—To-day we had no little anxiety about our friend Dr. Churcher, who became suddenly ill. For a few days the symptoms were rather alarming, but the Lord was pleased to raise him up.

Unless in cases of emergency people should not travel in mid-summer, the risks are so great; one is exposed to the sun's rays from morning till evening, there being no shade; besides, there is considerable difficulty in obtaining good water. Dr. Churcher related an incident which happened by the way, which is worthy of record, as it has a direct bearing on all missionary work.

Dr. Churcher, on his return journey, while in Bini-Hassan, told his men on Saturday night that he would not travel on the morrow. The muleteers stayed, much against their will, while a party which were with them went on and joined a small caravan. At 4 p.m. on Lord's Day, the caravan was attacked when crossing the border of the forest, and robbed of everything, and we heard one or two men were killed.

Had Dr. Churcher and his party travelled on the Lord's Day they would have been in company with the caravan which was robbed by the marauding party. On arriving at the spot, the men were greatly impressed by having been so providentially delivered by the Christian refusing to travel on Lord's Day.

I agree with my friend that we, as God's children, ought to make a stand for the Lord's Day. While itinerating I always rest. The doing so preaches a sermon to the natives.

A sacredness lingers round the first day of the week, on account of our Lord's resurrection; and the promises attached to the keeping of one day in seven are as applicable to us, in the new dispensation, as they were to Israel in the old. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My Holy Day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the Holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. lviii. 13, 14).

During the latter part of July and beginning of August we had a visit from Miss Caley of the N.A.M. (now in the presence of the Master). For her sake we went outside for a few weeks. These were to us some of the brightest and happiest of our Morocco days. Truly her one aim was, "For me to live is Christ," ever busy in the Arab tent talking about Jesus. Often we said, "Why, Miss Caley, you came here for rest!" "True, but these precious souls are perishing,—and there will be rest in Heaven."

On August 9th, Miss Caley left us for England, and

Dr. Churcher for Tangier. Little did we think when we said good-bye that she was so soon to enter into the presence of the King, and enjoy that sweet "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

"Look, brethren, look! the day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark! the dead are waking;
With girded loins all ready stand,
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand,
Eternity is drawing nigh! is drawing nigh!"

DR. H. BONAR.

"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

FIRST EXPERIENCE OF MALARIAL FEVER.

Malarial fever is very insidious; you may be perfectly well in the morning, and before midday so prostrate that you are unable to move.

On the evening of August 9th I never felt so well and happy, and wrote a long account of our work among the Arabs (where we were camped) to the Rev. John Black, whose sympathy, counsel, and interest in the Rabat Mission, to within a few days of his death, never abated. In the morning I was a little out of sorts; before midday I was under a severe attack, which confined me to bed for fourteen days. We have since learned much by experience in preventing attacks—by carefully superintending the boiling of drinking water, etc.

Wednesday, Sept. 19th.—In a country like this one's patience is often sorely tried. To-day my faithful pony died. Three days previously I lent it to a young man, on condition he would not gallop; but when outside the city he forgot his promise, and raced first with one Arab, then another, and, as he did not wish to return with the pony hot, stood in a gateway to let it

cool. As might be expected, it caught a chill, and died of acute pneumonia, causing me a loss of £15—a salutary lesson to others not to lend their animals.

In December we were favoured with a visit from Mr. J. E. B. Meakin of Tangier, on his tour through Morocco. Part of his time he stayed with us, and part with a Moorish gentleman. On the eve of Mr. Meakin's departure for Fez, this worthy Moorish gentleman invited us to come and have dinner before our friend left. That day our host had been busy, and had not had time to say his midday and afternoon prayers. In the most perfunctory manner he went to the corner of the room to pray, while his son-in-law entertained us. While praying he kept his head bent, listening to the conversation. One prayer over, it was necessary to wait so long before he began the second. During the interval he hurled all kinds of epithets on one of the slaves, who happened to offend him. Beginning his second prayer, he still continued listening till he finished; then, rising to his feet, he came over beside us, and joined in the conversation as if he had been with us all the time. Mr. Meakin remarked, "This is a strange way you say your prayers. When we pray we shut our eyes; but you keep not only your eyes but your ears open." There was no sincerity whatever, only an empty form. Afterwards dinner was served in the following order:—

First.—Green tea and sweets. You must drink three cups if you wish to conform to Moorish etiquette.

Second.—Thick soup.

Third.—Sweet pastry.

Fourth.—Mutton and sweet potatoes.

Fifth.—Mutton, done up with almonds and eggs.

Sixth.—Fowls cooked in olive oil. Not a very palatable dish to those unaccustomed to it.

Seventh.—Minced meat.

Eighth.—Fruit, nuts, and dates.

Ninth, and last.—Coffee (black) and sweet biscuits.

As it is expected you should partake of each course, I would advise my readers (if ever occasion requires) not to partake too freely at the beginning, lest they should offend their Moorish host.

SYNOPSIS OF THE YEAR'S WORK.

The record, for the year ending 1888, of patients whom I have treated is 2,425. Many of these, however, had only trifling ailments, and required little attention.

The number of Jews soliciting aid, I am happy to say, has been on the increase: there have been 444 Jewish patients, compared with 219 the previous year, while some 330 visits have been made to the homes of the people. In many of the cases the results have been most gratifying.

Some came long journeys of from two to five days, staying for a short time in town to be treated. To as many as could read, or desired to take a Gospel, we gave it, earnestly praying that it may shed light in their own heart and that of their countrymen.

We have had nine indoor patients, seven men and two women, the length of their stay ranging from two weeks to five months. It was pleasing to see how some of them appreciated what was being done for them, their friends bringing butter, eggs, and fowls, to assist in their maintenance. Only one could read, and that not fluently; the others were so ignorant, and their minds so dark, that it was with difficulty we got them to understand anything. As yet we have been unable to get a single indoor Jewish patient.

In our work among the Jews this year we have formed the acquaintance of many more. Some are

willing to converse, and listen attentively. Instead of being conversant with the Old Testament, they require teaching in it. This year I have not been able to get one to, accept a copy of the New Testament in Hebrew. Although this looks very discouraging, yet we ought not to be disheartened. Our hope is in God. As we read, with joy, of blessing to Israel in other lands, so we trust the Lord will soon open hearts here to receive Jesus as their long-looked-for Messiah.

Not long ago I had an interesting conversation with a Jew, when he said he believed the Messiah had come. "It is not possible," said he, "for one to deny it who reads the Old Testament." "Then," said I, "why do you live as you do, when you believe that Jesus is the Messiah?" "Well, I just live as my forefathers did. The real reason is the fear of man." May the Lord give to those who know Christ as the Messiah grace to confess Him, irrespective of the consequences!

In our intercourse with the Moors we have met with many who are very friendly. As soon as the children can speak, they are taught to curse both Jews and Christians. A common expression is, "May God kill the Jews and put the fish-hook in the jaws of the Christians!" Can any one wonder at this from a people with a religion which teaches them to kill all who will not embrace their faith, with the assurance that they will enter immediately into Paradise if they fall fighting against the infidels (the Christians)?

Among the Moors, Arabs, and Berbers we have given away a good many Gospels and New Testaments, hoping in this way to spread the knowledge of Christ among those whom we are unable to reach.

Although we cannot speak of actual results, yet the Word of God has found its way into many houses and douars (collection of tents), and testimony, we trust, has

been dropped as good seed in many hearts. Kindness and patience, moreover, have helped to remove much prejudice, and prepare the way for future work, and assuredly His Word will not return void. May the seed sown spring forth and ripen into an abundant harvest to the glory of our dear Lord and Saviour !

FOURTH YEAR (1889).

PROFESSING MOSLEM CONVERTS.—SOME FACTS ABOUT THE JEWS.
—THE SABBATH.—INTERESTING AND AMUSING MISSIONARY
RIDE.—WINDOW MAKING.—MOSLEM HATRED TO WINDOWS.—
LAID ASIDE AGAIN WITH PLEURISY.—RESULT OF A QUARREL.
—CONFIDENCE IN THE CHRISTIAN DOCTOR.—ON FURLOUGH.
—ORDINATION.—RETURN TO RABAT.—WARM WELCOME.—
SYNOPSIS OF YEAR'S WORK.

THE year began with many tokens of the Master's presence which called for praise and thanksgiving. We had with us two professing young Moslem converts.

We need of the Spirit of Christ at all times, but more especially with young converts in a Moslem country; while we ought to be gentle with them, yet it requires considerable tact and firmness to deal with them!

Although all buds never come to blossoms, nor do all blossoms come to fruit, still, we ought to look on every inquiring soul as an opening bud for the Kingdom of God, and jealously guard it against the cold, chilly blasts of this world; Satan's wiles to prevent the Word bringing forth fruit.

Grafted plants need much care and patience, and the best example we can set before them is a consecrated life, wholly devoted to the Master's service.

It has been often said, "The Jews are a wonderful people"; and so they are. Though they have been scattered and peeled, yet they retain their individuality, and flourish under the most adverse circumstances.

The hope which centres round the coming of the Messiah forms the mainspring of their life and activity. They look upon the Messiah as coming to establish a temporal kingdom, and that He will deliver them from under the hand of those who have oppressed them so long ; applying Psalm lxxii. 11 to Israel : " Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him, all nations shall serve Him."

An intelligent Jew told me, in all sincerity, some time ago, that when the Messiah would come the Christians and Moslems would be given to the Jews, to serve them. He only knew of three classes in the world—Jews, Moslems, and Christians ; and he was delighted to think that in the near prospect their captivity would cease.

Few of them are like the Bereans of old, in " searching the Scriptures to see whether these things were so," but rather follow their teachers and the traditions of men (the Talmud).

For example, a rabbi came from the Holy Land and told the Jews here that the Messiah appeared to him at Constantinople, and said He was among them, but delayed making His appearance until they amended their ways. Great reverence is paid by the Jews to a rabbi from Jerusalem ; but of late, in Morocco, the sons of Abraham have been greatly deceived—so much so, that now all who come from the Holy City require to have with them letters of recommendation from the chief rabbi there.

A Jew from Beyrout, with an English protection paper several years old (of no value), brought a large number of Hebrew books, which were readily bought by the Jews on hearing that they were printed and bound in Jerusalem. I happened to see one of these books, and said to the owner, " You have been greatly deceived, paying twice its real value ; and it is stamped, ' Printed in Vienna.'"

Seeing this so-called son of Aaron several days afterwards, I upbraided him for his deceit. "Oh," said he, "if I did not say they came from the Holy Land nobody would buy them."

Much wisdom and patience is needed in dealing with the Jews. Many times I have asked them, "What do you think Gen. xlix. 10 refers to?" The universal answer is, "The Messiah." "Then the Messiah must have come, because you have neither a sceptre nor a law-giver." As a rule, all the reply one receives is, "No, He has not come," or, "He is coming soon"; while others give a different rendering of the verse to suit themselves.

After so far convincing a Jew that the Messiah had come, he admitted the fact, but said He delayed His appearing on account of the sins of the people.

With reference also to Isa. liii., few Jews will admit that it refers to the Messiah; but to them as a people: "Being oppressed and afflicted." Truly their minds are blinded, for until this day remaineth the same veil untaken away in the reading of the Old Testament, which veil is done away in Christ. It is neither human wisdom nor human reasoning that will convince them, but the Spirit of the living God. Let us all unite at the Throne of Grace in beseeching the Lord Himself that He would work here among His ancient people as He has been doing on the Continent. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love Thee" (Psalm cxxii. 6).

* * * * *

In Morocco their customs and mode of life are much the same as they were many hundred years ago, owing to the fact that they have come little in contact with civilisation. Regarding the Sabbath the Jews are scrupulously strict. On Friday even before sunset all

shops are closed, and work ceases; and the Mellah, or Jewish Quarter, presents very much the same appearance on Saturday that a quiet country village does in our own land on the Sabbath Day. A marked contrast to the Moors, who, practically speaking, have no Day of Rest whatever.

Although the Jews, according to the Mosaic Law, are forbidden to light fires on the Sabbath, yet they make ample provision notwithstanding. Every family on Friday afternoon prepares a good dish in a native earthenware pot, which is taken to a Moorish oven, or, strictly speaking, to the oven in the Jewish Quarter, worked by Moslems. These dishes are cooked over the night, so on Saturday morning they have the best meal of the week, brought to them hot out of the oven. How foolish to think they are pleasing God by keeping the Sabbath Day while they are actually breaking it! It is a sin, they say, to cook food in their own houses on the Sabbath Day, but no sin to eat it when cooked in a Moorish oven. Those who have cows will not milk them themselves, but they obviate the difficulty by getting the Moorish women to do the milking, while they drink the milk afterwards. Our Lord's words may still be applied to them: "They strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

"Our work is often trying; some have not yet learned to trust us. One day I was asked to visit a family who were down with intermittent fever; the husband was only fourteen years, and his wife twelve. The wife's father had come to nurse and console his daughter, and the husband's mother had come to nurse and solace her son. Here these four people were lying in a small dirty room. I assured them that, God willing, they would soon both be well. 'Oh yes,' was the reply; 'we will take the medicine if it is sweet.' 'Quinine is bitter, but what

about that? With God's blessing you will get well.' The wife's father said, 'If it is bitter, I should be afraid to give it to my daughter, because it might hurt her.' The husband's mother also said, 'My son, you are very ill, and you cannot take any medicine that is bitter.' Here the sorrowful mourners of the sick couple simultaneously exclaimed, 'You will require to look to God; the doctor is not able to do you any good.'

"When leaving I felt very sad. Here was a young couple who had been ill for over a month, and yet refused all help because the medicine I offered them was bitter. Many of them are just like children. To obviate this difficulty I have since used coated quinine pills, with good results. May we have grace given to become all things to all men, that we may win some" (*Extract from Letter, January 12th, 1889*).

Thursday, Feb. 7th.—To-day we had one of those interesting and amusing missionary rides which are so often fraught with loss of pocket, through the carelessness of others. During the afternoon Joseph and I went to visit a Kaid living in a village within the Sultan's policies. We could only furnish a horse and donkey, so we agreed that Joseph should ride on the horse and I on the donkey going, and *vice versa* on our return. I had often heard of the nimbleness of the Eastern donkey, but ours was so lazy and stubborn that it was much more fatiguing work to drive him than to walk on one's feet. Only one thing could induce him to quicken his pace, viz., a few donkeys a little in front, so that he might have a fight, at which he was an expert.

Arriving at the Kaid's house, we gave the animals in charge of a man, specially asking him not to leave them; but during our stay inside, the man in charge gave the animals to a boy, who became afraid on seeing the horse restive, and left him to his sweet will. He

galloped off, and when he was caught I found my new bridle broken in pieces. When returning, Joseph said to me laughingly, "It is a known fact that only Easterns know how to manage and ride donkeys. Look," said he, "how he goes!" (forgetting his evil propensities). Yes, and he did go; for just as Joseph was speaking, the donkey gave a bray, down with his head, and up with his heels, leaving Joseph on his back to meditate; while he made off as hard as he could scamper to a number of his race, grazing a few hundred yards off.

Our patient's condition was one which touched our hearts. For years he had been in the Sultan's commissariat department; going on long journeys, exposed to the rays of a hot sun by day, and of heavy dews by night. Often in wet weather he had to spend the night with his clothes drenched, to be dried the following day by the way. Humbled in spirit from buffeting and sickness, he was open and willing to listen to the truth, and, as he could read, we left a Gospel with him. I visited him several times, and was pleased to see a change; but he died suddenly in the end. How painfully sad! Men and women hurrying on to an undone eternity without one ray of hope.

WINDOW-MAKING.

Finding the closeness of our rooms in summer uncomfortable, there being no windows towards the sea, we decided to open one in each room; but this we found not so easy.

A grateful patient, a mason, put in one; but he had to pay severely for doing so to a Christian. The same night the Governor sent two soldiers to his house to take him to prison, but his wife said, "He has come home from the Christian, ill"; and he had to keep his house

for several days, being afraid of the Governor. In the end, the Governor issued the cruel mandate either to leave the town within a certain number of days, or he would be imprisoned and lashed. We felt very sorry for him, but could do nothing to help him except giving him a little temporal aid.

A new order was issued that joiners, if found making windows for Christians, would suffer a like penalty. However, in Morocco, one can overcome many difficulties by a little money. On assuring a poor joiner that he would be well paid, and that his name would not be mentioned, he readily consented, and made a window a foot and a half square. Having now the window, I made a hole in the wall, placed the window, my wife helping me by handing bricks, while Joseph mixed the mortar; and, to our great joy, the window was built in and all plastered over before the Moslems had any knowledge of what had taken place.

A friendly Moor, living close by, came and said to me, I ought not to have put in the window, as it was illegal, according to the Mohammedan faith. I replied, "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil: we are not afraid to let in the light of heaven, but you shut it out."

Almost invariably when one goes to a Moorish house, he will find the door shut and barred; but among the Jews, who live far nobler and purer lives, their doors invariably stand open, and to bar them in daytime is improper, and betokens evil. Now, this same Moor has built a fine house, and opened large windows, having seen the advantage we derived from ours.

Friday, Feb. 15th.—This evening a patient, the wife of an Austrian, died from enteric fever, leaving behind her two little girls. During her illness I felt very sad, being unable to converse with her, and knowing her end

was so near. A few days before she died we took her little baby girl of seven months. Owing to its mother's illness, it was greatly neglected, and failing rapidly. On this little one my wife bestowed no little care and attention, and at the end of three months we had the joy of seeing the little one leave for Gibraltar, to its relations, well and strong.

Laid aside again from March 5th till April 25th with another attack of pleurisy. After repeated attacks of intermittent fever, the pores of the skin become unduly opened, so that one is susceptible to every change of temperature. While in the dispensary one cold day I caught a chill, with the untoward results. Yet our Heavenly Father saw I required to be taken aside, once more to learn in the school of affliction precious lessons of patience and trust which could not be learned otherwise.

“Lord of my nights and days,
Let my deep longing be,
Not to be rid of earth,
But nearer Thee.

“If I may nearer draw,
Through lengthened grief and pain,
Then to continue here
Must be my gain;

“Till I have strengthened been
To take a wider grasp
Of that eternal life
I long to clasp.

• • • • •

“Reveal the mighty Love
That binds Thy heart to mine;
Thy counsels and my will
Now intertwine.

“Lord of my heart and hopes !
Let my deep longing be,
Not to be rid of earth,
But more like Thee.”

CAROLINE M. NOEL.

To-day a saddler named Se A—— was brought to me by two soldiers. In a quarrel with a shereef he received a blow with a small axe on the head, causing a rather serious scalp wound.

A friend of the shereef's asked the Governor, as a favour, that the wounded man might be sent to the house of the Christian doctor, or his friend the shereef would not be responsible for anything which might happen, because he had good reason to fear that Se A——'s brother might poison him in order to claim a large ransom.

I assured the soldiers that the wounded man was welcome, and I would do all I could for him, and I would remain neutral in the case; and granted their request that we alone would provide his food.

When once we came to know each other he became very interesting, often spending the evening with me, and sitting up till late reading the New Testament, in which he was very much interested. And even after he left us, he was wont to come back and spend the night, for the sake of reading the Word. We have little difficulty in convincing men of the truth of the gospel, but it needs the Holy Spirit to arouse them from their lethargy and stupor, and lead them to see their need of a Saviour.

* * * * *

In response to our wish for a little rest and change, the Committee kindly granted us a brief furlough; leaving the Syrian family in charge, to carry on the work

in our absence. On July 13th we embarked on the S.S. *Mequinez*, and arrived in London on the 20th of the same month. After meeting with the Executive Committee, it was deemed advisable that I should go north, and take absolute rest.

Most of the time was spent at Kilmalcolm, where we were greatly invigorated by our native air, together with Christian fellowship among friends and loved ones.

"In September I returned to London, and my time was utilised by visiting in London and Liverpool as many of the congregations as could be conveniently arranged for."

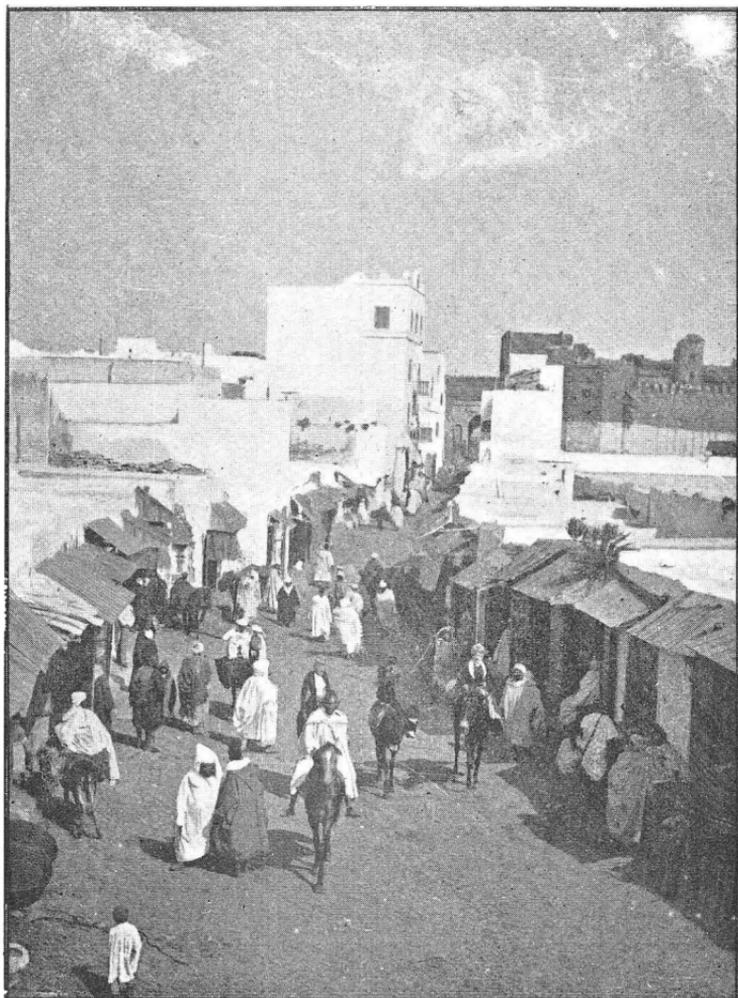
In some places I was cheered and encouraged by the interest taken in the work; while in others I found that the claims of God's ancient people had not taken very deep root. One remarked, "I have had more experience among the Jews, and know them better than you, so they sha'n't get any of my money."

While in London it was my privilege to take part in the convention on behalf of Israel, held at Mildmay, in the month of October; where I gave a short account of our work among the Jews in Morocco.

It is truly a hopeful sign to see such large gatherings, day after day, in the interest of God's ancient people. For long such gatherings were not viewed with favour by the majority of Christians, but things have now greatly changed. "Surely it is time to have pity upon her, yea the set time is come" (Psalm cii. 13, R.V.).

I can testify to the blessing received to my own soul, and to the stimulus given to me in the work; and year by year, while Israel's friends gather, may their number be increased, having this assurance: "They shall prosper that love thee."

On the eve of our departure for Morocco, an interesting meeting took place in Highbury church, when



A EUROPEAN STREET, RABAT.

(From a photograph by R. Aquaroni, Esq., Spanish Consul, Rabat.)

Dr. Louis Paton and I were ordained according to the Synod's new decision that medical missionaries should have the status of elders. A most impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles Moinet, at the close of which we were respectively set apart to our sacred office—to Jew and Gentile—by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery.

Help us, O Lord, while serving the Church, to seek above all to please Thee.

* * * * *

Left London on October 20th and, after a pleasant voyage, arrived at Rabat on the 26th of same month.

On our return we received a warm welcome from many, both among the Jews and Moors. Not a few felt the want of us in summer during an epidemic of typhus, typhoid, and intermittent fever. In such epidemics the Jews fare worse than their neighbours, owing to the unsanitary condition of their Quarter.

Since our return, our hands have been full, ministering to the sick, and seeking to guide their feet into the way of peace.

We still have difficulty in doing direct work among the Jews, but indirectly we have many opportunities of pressing the claims of the gospel upon them. Many of them are in a strange dilemma—the fear of man on the one hand, their own convictions on the other. Many are afraid of being boycotted, and put out of the synagogue, while conviction leads not a few to confess that they really believe in their hearts that Jesus Christ is their crucified and risen Lord.

Often we have been grieved at seeing many, who were deeply interested in the Word of God, turning back. Still, we trust and pray that the Lord will follow them by His Holy Spirit, and give them no rest until they

find it in "Jesus, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

A few Bibles have been sold, while others were given away gratuitously to the poor Jews. An Arabic Gospel was given to all Moslems who would take it. Still, much more good might be done by a more liberal distribution of the Word of God. "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." And these books will act as silent preachers, and pave the way for Morocco's coming day.

Among the women Mrs. Kerr has had many attentive listeners; while explaining the Wordless Book. Many greatly appreciate it, and will say, "See, the Christians are much better than we; they teach their girls as well as their boys, and when they grow up to be women they know about God as well as the men; but we are like donkeys; we have never been taught anything, and so know nothing."

How thankful we ought to be for what the gospel of Jesus has done for our homes!

Although the year has been much broken up, yet we have been able to do a fair year's work. In all 2,118 patients have sought medical aid, of whom 337 were Jews; and 277 visits have been made to the homes of the people—Jews, Moslems, and Christians.

In December we had a most interesting visitor—a Kaid from the south, who was returning after having paid a visit to the Sultan.

He said, "I am not very ill, and have come to see more than anything else." "Welcome." "May I ask what the medicine in that bottle is used for? and this?" and so on. He had even to smell them. "Wonderful! wonderful!" said he to his friends. "Why, we have only the hot iron and the knife." I said, "I have something far more wonderful, viz., the Old and New Testament." On his expressing a wish to see an Arabic Bible I brought it;

and after handing it to his secretary to examine, and read therefrom, he gladly bought it for eight shillings and sixpence.

Who knows what the issue of this one Bible may be? We fervently pray that it may shed light and bring blessing to not a few.

Set Thy seal, O Lord, to the truth, and forgive wherein we have come short.

FIFTH YEAR (1890).

GATHERING CLOUDS AND RAYS OF SUNSHINE.—MISSIONARIES ATTACKED.—FIRST INLAND ITINERANCY.—MEHEDEA.—LI-LI-TO.—SOKE EL-HUD.—ARAB FUNERAL.—SABBATH IN CAMP.—“CHOICE YOUNG MAN.”—SILFET.—MOORS' GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE.—OUR EXPERIENCE IN FEZ.—WORK AMONG THE JEWS.—SIFROO.—SULTAN ET-TOBBA.—MEQUINEZ, THE CITY OF MARTYRS.—MAULI ISHMAEL.—AN ARAB OFFERING A DOG FOR A GOSPEL.—SYNOPSIS OF YEAR'S WORK.

JUST as the shades of 1889 were drawing to a close, a most welcome visitor arrived in the person of Miss Jennings, of the North African Mission, of Tangier.

New Years in Morocco as a rule are very quiet. Christian visitors are so few that even one arrival causes as much gladness and excitement as numbers would do at home.

On January 14th we had the joy of welcoming a little visitor in the person of our firstborn son. As we have received him from the Lord, so have we dedicated him to His service. May our Heavenly Father be pleased to accept of our little gift, and may we have grace given us to train him for the Lord.

GATHERING CLOUDS, AND RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

Rabat, Feb. 17th.—Two weeks ago a young Moslem friend was in the Jewish Quarter at Salee, reasoning with the Jews, showing to them that the Messiah must

have come, and, moreover, that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. A Moor, as he was passing, stopped to listen, and as he heard our young friend saying that Jesus was the Son of God, shouted out, "This Moslem has denied the faith; he is an infidel, a——Christian; come away with me to the Governor." I may add that it is customary, when a man is accused, to follow his accuser to the Kaid, or Kadi.

As they passed through the streets, crowds of children followed them, while the fanatical accuser kept crying to the "holy Moslems" to see a man who had become a Christian: "He says Jesus is the Son of God." Some would say in irony, "He has been travelling"; others, "He has been among the Christians in Alexandria." Others would say to the accuser, "Go and mind your own business; this man meddles with nobody." When they arrived at the Governor's, a soldier said, "This is a very serious charge. You will be put in prison to-morrow."

The Governor being occupied, the accuser and accused sat for three hours. A soldier then came out and said, "What is all this?" Our young friend said, "I was talking to some Jews in the Mellah. He is an intermeddler; I was not speaking to him." "But you said that Jesus was the Son of God." The soldier carried the message to the Governor, and returned in a few minutes, and said, "This is a stupid story altogether. Go away out of this." "Jesus, the Son of God," to those who know Him not, may seem a stupid story, but not so to those who know His Name, and have felt His saving grace.

These are gathering clouds which show that Satan is determined not to lose his kingdom without a struggle.

We ask the prayers of our readers for this young man, and for the few young converts in this dark land. None of us fully realise what they have to suffer for the Name of Jesus. Let us put ourselves in this young man's

place. He is young in the faith, and, out of love for Jesus, is found reasoning with God's ancient people about their long-looked-for Messiah, assuring them that He has come in the person of Jesus Christ ; and for confessing that that same Jesus is the Son of God, he is brought before the Governor by one of his brethren.

It was to us a great joy to find him testifying for Christ. The following day he was, as usual, at our Sabbath Arabic service.

Among God's ancient people we have rays of sunshine. While many turn indifferently away and say, "We do not wish to hear," yet there is ever and anon an anxious listener.

A few days ago I was much cheered by a young Jew, a patient, who came to me, and said he would like to come to me on Saturday, if convenient, that I might explain to him some passages in the New Testament, Eight days previously I had given him a New Testament and he had been diligently reading it. We trust and pray that he may see Jesus as the Messiah for whom he is looking. The case of this young inquiring Jew, and the testimony of the young Moslem convert, have been to us as oases in the desert.

On Sabbath, February 16th, two soldiers came at midday in great haste, asking me to visit a guard who had been shot the night before on the Salee sands. The poor fellow had to lie from ten o'clock on Saturday night until daybreak. The other guards, being terrified, were afraid to venture out of their tent lest they should meet a similar fate. The Moorish doctor had been called early in the morning ; but he admitted that it was too serious for him to undertake, and advised them to call the Christian doctor.

I amputated immediately on arriving, without chloroform ; the patient holding up his leg and directing me

how to cut. When he gave a cry, a soldier would say, "Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; you a Moslem, and not resigned to the will of God!" "Well," I thought, "I am glad I am not a Moslem."

It being most inconvenient to have to cross every day to Salee, I requested the Governor to send the patient over to the Mission House, which he did. There he remained for seventy-two days.

The man not being very sound in his mind, we had no little difficulty in getting him to conform to the rules of the house. Many of the Moslems believe in evil spirits, our patient being no exception to the rule. Feeling the irritation and twitching of the nerves of his leg, he believed the Jinoon had entered, tore off the bandages, and began to beat his leg, from the knee downwards, with a stone, so as to be in the rear of the evil spirits. In vain we tried to explain that it was irritation following the operation, and that he would soon be well. He would answer, "I am accustomed to evil spirits entering me, so I know them."

While with us Miss Jennings patiently tried to teach him John iii. 16. "Repeat such rubbish?" he would say. "No, never. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." "Even though you don't believe it, you might do it out of respect for what has been done for you. Where is the Moslem that would attend to you as you have been cared for here?" He replied that we ought to show him more respect, inasmuch as the Moslems permitted the Christians to live among them, whereas, if they did their duty to God and the Prophet, they would hurl every one of the Christians into the sea.

It was well we did it for Jesus' sake, or we might have lost our reward. He made a good recovery, although I don't think he profited much by his stay.

The Moorish government requested me to bring a pin leg from London, on the assurance that it would be paid for ; but they not only failed to fulfil their promise, but forgot to thank us for the kindness shown to one of their poor subjects.

All the missionaries who have visited Rabat tell us that the people are much more fanatical than in other towns.

One day Miss Jennings had several stones thrown at her in the outer graveyard by some women. On another occasion, on a Friday, had it not been for the timely aid of an old servant, and a French officer, she would have been rather roughly handled by a crowd of young men and boys.

About the same time Mr. Dressler, while staying with us, went down to the shops in the market with a number of Hebrew New Testaments. The books were kicked out of his hands, some wicked Jews calling out to the Moors, "This is a renegade, who has come to change your religion." A fanatical Jew, wishing to add fuel to the fire, tore a New Testament and burned it in the market before all the people. Mr. Dressler escaped unhurt ; for which we thanked the Lord.

In a country like Morocco it is difficult sometimes to know how to act. Were the missionaries not protected by our Government, the Moslems would very soon ship us perforce out of the country, as they have done to travellers who have had no consular protection. And they would have done so to a missionary had our Government not interfered in the interests of a British Society. Truly we have to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. Yet there is much need for grace that we do not become too harmless—so harmless as to offend none. Then our influence would be gone.

"I fully realise the difficulty of our position as

pioneers in Morocco," said a brother missionary one day when we were conversing on this theme. "If we are aggressive and arouse the enemies of the Cross, we are called 'rash and indiscreet.' On the other hand, if we move quietly, then we are accounted as those who have settled down on their lees, in other words, as useless, and the sooner we are recalled the better. However, let each of us so labour that we may always have a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. It is to God, and God alone, that we must give an account of our stewardship."

FIRST INLAND ITINERANCY IN THE SPRING OF 1890.

"The season for travelling in this country is very limited. During the rainy season the roads (so-called) are in such deep mud, and the rivers so swollen, that it is unsafe to go till the floods are partly past, so little time remains before the heat is upon us. My husband had a desire to go, but could not bring himself to leave me quite alone with a baby among native servants (boys); but when he found that the young lady who had been with me (Miss Jennings of the North African Mission) could remain on during his absence, he embraced the opportunity, and made all necessary preparations to set off. He asked me to write to you, as he was so hurried in getting ready that time failed him to do so. Travelling is so different here. He had to hire a tent from one, mules from another; boxes had to be made for books and medicines, etc., etc. At last, going from one to another, the necessary articles were got together, and the burdens portioned out. Up early, the animals loaded. They mount, and are off, the people round saying, 'Go in peace,' 'A safe road,' 'The Lord bring you well.' Dr. Kerr will be

unable to speak a word of English until he comes back, unless to the lady missionaries in Fez. I quite envy his going; I would have liked to go, too, but we have many opportunities of speaking to the people here. The other day I visited a place called the Kasba. I had an attentive audience in many houses. One young woman seemed to be interested, and took us from house to house, saying, "Tell them those words you told us—those words for the heart—about the praying for the new heart." This, of course, we were delighted to do. Yesterday we visited two Moorish houses, and had an attentive audience in each. I had an interesting talk with a Jew to-day; he is reading the New Testament" (*Notes from Mrs. Kerr's letter to Dr. Edmond, April 3rd, 1890*).

I left Rabat on Thursday, March 27th, *en route* for Fez, etc., with a view to do work among God's ancient people. We had six animals, two muleteers, a boy as cook, a Moorish soldier as guide, and our Syrian assistant. I may mention that, according to regulations, it is necessary for European travellers to have a soldier or government man, otherwise the Moorish government are not responsible for anything which may happen to the travellers. Our soldier was an old servant, and the most useful of our men. Yet from experience I would say that if missionaries know the way, or have one with them who knows the way, and on whom they can depend, it is much better not to take a soldier.

We crossed the Boo-rag-rag, without much trouble, in large boats. After we had reloaded our animals we moved on cheerily up the sands towards Salee. Here we passed a merry group of Moorish women, who were amusing themselves by beating two Jews, father and son, with their slippers. The young man they pushed off the donkey, and slapped the sides of his head with



*By permission of
T. Fisher Unwin, Esq.]*

A PIRATE ZEBEK OF SALEE.

their slippers. "You have no shame, riding there on that donkey, and allowing your old father to walk." Then they turned on the old man, the father, and also applied their slippers freely to his head and back, for neglecting to train his son to show more respect to his father. Such was their pretext for chastising the Jews. The old man came to me and complained, asking my protection. Of course, the appearance of a Christian was quite sufficient to cause them to desist. But the poor sons of Abraham had to be quiet, lest they might receive worse treatment at their hands. Entering in at one gate, we wended our way through the city by a back path, amid tumbling-down walls and houses, and the indescribable refuse of ages. One time the animals are ankle deep in mud, another time they are tumbling over stones. Again, they come to a standstill—a dead animal, half eaten, by the wayside frightens them, so that they won't move on. What a contrast on emerging from the city! Lovely fruit-gardens, with hedges of aloes and prickly pears, the early fruit-trees, covered with red and white blossoms, green sward and busy husbandmen, all combining to form an exquisite picture.

After an interesting ride of six hours we came to our first halting-place. All along the way the Arabs were ploughing for a crop of millet seed. The people plough with oxen, and in almost every case the yoke did not fit too well. Occasionally we saw the incongruous sight of an ox and an ass ploughing together, a practice which is forbidden by the Mosaic law.

On arriving at Mehadca, the Governor came out to welcome us, and gave us a nice room in a garden. Mehadca is situated on the south bank of the Siboo, a large tidal river. Here are the remains of splendid forts, unfinished, which were built by the Portuguese when they had possession of the west coast of Morocco

Its former name was Mamora. The large forest behind it still bears that name. On its surrender, however, in 1690, by the Portuguese, the Moors changed its name, and called it Mehadea (*i.e.*, gifted). It is now a small military station, with some four to five hundred inhabitants. Though it is insignificant at present, I have no doubt it will become an important place in the future of the country. The river abounds with several varieties of good fish, which, when in season, are greatly prized by the inhabitants. Many of them are caught during the night, and brought overland to the Rabat and Salee markets.

In the evening quite a crowd gathered, many of them with chronic diseases, almost incurable. As I was attending to patients, a lively discussion took place between my Syrian assistant and two Moslems, over the Gospels we offered to them. A very impertinent Moor said, "One of our saints' tombs is of far more value than all the prophets put together." We picked him up and asked the crowd if his statement was true—"for according to his statement, one of your dead saints must be greater than your Prophet Mohammed." The crowd said, "He is wrong." At the same time the would-be champion sprang to his feet and ran away without saying a word. After sunset I tapped a man for ascites—which gave instant relief, although there was little hope of a permanent cure. To them the operation was wonderful. Here we found the people very ignorant, and steeped in sin. Most of them had two wives, some three. We did not find any who were willing to receive Gospels from us. Several laughed and said to their neighbours, "These Christians know God. Wonderful! wonderful that a Christian should know God!" Never before had they heard of the Words of Life.

Friday, March 28th.—Rose at 5 a.m. expecting to be on the road by 6.30, but it was with great difficulty we got away at all. We had everything packed up and were ready to start, when quite a crowd of patients came, so I had to open my boxes and treat the more urgent cases. One poor fellow, suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism, with all his joints swollen, was carried by two men and laid down at the door. The friends were most grateful, giving us eggs and milk. The morning was delightfully fine, and as our animals were fresh we rode merrily over undulating ground covered with red, blue, and yellow flowers. About a mile outside of Mehadea we met a poor Arab woman, walking at no measured pace. She asked an Arab, who was journeying with us, if I were the Christian doctor. "Yes," said he. Oh the anxiety depicted on that poor woman's face as she said, "Oh, won't the doctor stop and look at my breast, if he can't give me medicine?" On examination I found a large cancerous growth. So, after giving her instructions how to act in the meantime, I assured her that she would be made most welcome at Rabat after a month, when, D.V., I hoped to return, and would excise the tumour. After an hour and a half's ride we came to a small bridge, "Kuntera," spanning a little river, with two palm trees growing close by. Here is the boundary of the Aamar tribe, which reaches down close to Salee. Some day ere long this bridge will tumble with an awful crash. The foundations are almost washed away, while the arch above is nearly worn through from the constant traffic.

What the poor traveller shall do, when once the bridge tumbles, I know not; because the Sultan never builds new bridges, except near his palaces, nor does he repair those which his forefathers have built. We now entered among another tribe—the Ben-i-Hassan. For

over half a mile we had considerable difficulty, owing to the recent rains—necessitating one of our men to go in front and pilot the way through the swamp. Riding on cheerily for three hours, we were suddenly brought to a halt by some twelve men coming out of a large douar, some distance off, and calling upon us to stop. The soldier and I scampered over to ascertain the cause. After giving the usual salutations they said, "You cannot go that way; you will be killed. We have come out to warn you, so that your blood may be on your own head." "Look, look, in the distance," said one of the Arabs; "don't you see the horsemen coming out of the forest? We looked, and truly there were horsemen on the borders of the forest; but whether they were the enemy or not we did not know. I had no anxiety whatever, and said "Allah mana" ("God is with us"). "True," rejoined the Arabs; "but if you were living here, and attacked by four or five hundred of the Zimmoors, you would be afraid as well as we." Our men became greatly afraid, but I turned aside only with the greatest reluctance, as the way we had chosen was much shorter, and better than the other. Crossing over to a path which was safer, we got into a swamp, and it was with difficulty we got safely out of it. Close by, on the other side, we passed a douar, where the sheikh came out to meet us, and invited us to stay and have dinner. We thanked him, saying we wished to go farther on before camping. They were milking the cows (the Arabs often milk the cows three times a day), and he brought us a liberal supply of warm milk. Afterwards he mounted his horse and came with us over a mile to guide us into the right path.

At 2 p.m. we came to the Mishra Er-rimela (a watering place in the sand), where we halted for a little to water our animals, and have lunch. After a somewhat circuitous course, to avoid marshes, at 5 p.m. we came to

a douar called Lil-li-to. We were glad to turn in, for we all felt very tired. Here we found a few who had pleasant recollections of Dr. Churcher's visit two years ago. Although fatigued, I was not allowed to rest. I treated over twenty patients, besides performing two operations. During this time my assistant had interesting talks with the people at the tent door. We gave away six Gospels, and we were pleased to find the people frank and open, and not at all fanatical. Several of the principal men in the place paid us visits, and compelled us to go to their tents to dine with them, which I did sorely against my will, as I had a great desire to rest. The Arabs here were very kind, bringing in the evening a liberal supply of milk, butter, and eggs.

Saturday, March 29th.—Even though we rose at 5 a.m. we found it difficult to get away before 7 a.m. Quite a crowd of patients arrived, many with diseases of such a chronic nature that medicine would do but little good. I saw six of the most pressing cases. One came for a book, and I gave him a Gospel of John. May the Lord bless the Word sown in Lil-li-to!

After an hour's ride we came to a large douar, Sidi-Ou-Bad. The sheikh was once one of our patients, so we had a special invitation to call on him. On arriving we asked if the sheikh was at home. All said, "No, he has gone to see the Sultan." "Will you show us his tent, as I wish to leave a message?" To our great surprise out came the sheikh from his tent and gave us a hearty welcome. "The people told us you were not here." "Oh," said he, "when my neighbours saw a Christian coming, and did not know who he was, they thought it was a European question—some claim for money, etc." Here I found two letters for me, given to the sheikh by Dr. Churcher two years ago. Always when the sheikh came to Rabat he forgot to bring them.

Meanwhile, our baggage animals were moving on, so we only made a short stay, promising to spend one night at their douar on our way back, D.V.

To-day we felt travelling very trying indeed—we were still in the great plain; not a breath of air, and scarcely any water for our animals. In the heat of summer this plain is like an oven.

Nothing of interest transpired by the way—save at 12:30 p.m., when we came to Wad-Bihth, which, owing to the rains, caused us some uneasiness in crossing. The natives here have primitive ferry boats—a square block, built of brushwood and rushes. Two or three men swim and guide the ferry, while passengers and goods are placed on the top.

At 1 p.m. we came to Soke-El-Hud (Sunday market). It was in an open plain, without any shade, a scorching sun overhead—not a very pleasing prospect to have to remain there till Monday. On entering the enclosure a number came to inquire who I was, from whence I came, what was my business, and whither I was going. Sitting in the shade of a little house which is provided for Moorish travellers, I overheard one of our men saying, “This is the Sultan’s doctor, and he is on his way to see his Majesty; so if you do not bring plenty of mona” (allowances) “he will accuse you, so you infidels will lose your heads.” For this I had to reprove my men sharply, and threatened, should it happen again, I would have them severely punished. Moorish servants when travelling with Christians, seek to overawe the natives in order to get a few presents. The news of a physician’s arrival soon brought crowds, but owing to the excessive heat we had to ask them to come back about sunset. In the absence of the Kaid, his two sons came to welcome me. To one of them I gave a Gospel; and in the evening he came back with a Fookie for

another book. Here I was greatly impressed by many of the poor sufferers, who were past all medical aid; and still more painful was their spiritual condition. I treated some thirty patients before retiring. All the time there were many lively discussions about Christ and Mohammed. At all the douars the dogs are numerous, but this one surpasses all others. The natives estimated that there were between four and five hundred dogs, many of them the most hideous creatures I ever saw. They told us that they were very useful, as they were sure never to be all asleep at once. Here I visited the remains of an old bridge, which once spanned the river. The foundation on the one side is still good, and measured thirty-nine feet; farther out there are remains of the building only twelve feet broad; this may or may not have been the width of the original bridge. Some say it is the work of the Portuguese, others that it is Roman, which I think more probable. I asked a soldier of the place, who came with me, "What is the history of this bridge?" "We don't know; God knows." "But have you never heard who built it?" A man washing clothes in the river shouted out, "The Christians"; but they make no distinction between the ancient Romans and the Portuguese, who both occupied the coast of Morocco. The Moors rejoice that the Christians who built the bridge are now extinct. One said to me it was a proof that "the religion of the Prophet will conquer." A little before sunset a neighbouring Kaid came and encamped close by. As he and his followers advanced the sight was magnificent. The Kaid was riding on a fine mule, with an escort of some fifty men, prancing on their Arab steeds, and holding their long guns erect. Their white flowing robes, and red conical caps combined to form an exquisite picture.

Sabbath, March 30th.—During the night it rained

freely, and the rain continued till 9 a.m. In the stillness of the morning I found the reading of Psalm ciii. exceedingly precious, and had as sweet fellowship with the Lord as ever I enjoyed at home. At 10:30 a.m. I went with my assistant to the market, in Moorish dress, to avoid attraction. We found a good number of Jews from Mequinez and Salee, with their tents pitched and their goods exposed for sale; but the sons of Abraham were all too intent on business to listen to the things concerning the Kingdom. We told them we had Old and New Testaments, and invited them to come to our tent. A fanatical Jew from Mequinez became greatly excited and said, "We don't want your books; we have burned all the New Testaments given away in Mequinez." We found it impossible to carry on a conversation; they became silent, and looked on us with the most sullen indifference. A crowd of Arabs gathered round us, anxious to see the Christians. We deemed it prudent not to stay longer, but invited the Arabs to bring the sick to our tent. Like the Saviour, we were "grieved for the hardness of their hearts."

On returning to our tent we witnessed rather a strange sight—an Arab funeral. There were about two hundred present, all women with the exception of some thirty men, a few of whom were mounted on horses. It was market day, and that, I was told, accounted for the small turn-out of males. As the procession moved along, the women threw their arms about in all directions, screaming and brawling just like a drunken rabble, without any solemnity whatever. Even our assistant muleteer (who, though a professing Moslem, yet never goes to mosque, or prays) was so shocked by their conduct that he said, "These Arabs have no respect for the dead—not like us in the towns; we walk orderly, and sing. There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet."

In a little, some twelve or fifteen women came, with the skin torn off their faces, and their cloths bespattered with blood. I asked them why they tore their faces in such a manner? "God does not wish you to do so." The reply was, "Oh, it is the custom, and we must do it, or our husbands would say we had no respect for the dead." Oh, the poor down-trodden women of dark Morocco! They have to work from morning till evening, and are bought and sold like ordinary chattels. Oh for the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ! May the Lord look down in mercy upon them! When I spoke to them of the Great Physician, some listened attentively; others laughed and said, "It is medicine we want."

Just as I was speaking in came the jailer with a prisoner in irons to have a tooth extracted. It was soon extracted, and I did not wonder the poor man had been in agony for days, as there was a large abscess at the root. Fancy a man in England being brought out of prison to have a tooth extracted, and then he and the jailer squatting on the ground in front of my tent, to see and hear what was going on! Seizing the opportunity afforded, I said to the jailer that I would come and visit him in a little, as I wished to see their prison. "Welcome, welcome!" was the reply. The prison was a hole dug in the ground, some thirty feet long, and about ten feet wide. Some four feet of earth had been dug out, and this had been used to build the walls, which were about five feet high. It was altogether some nine feet from the bottom to the roof, which was built in a sloping direction to cast off the rain. Most of the people in prison were there for debt, real or imaginary. The prisoners were chained together round the neck, and most of them had irons on their feet as well. Strange to say, the prison was nice and clean.

"A CHOICE YOUNG MAN."

Just as I was on the point of leaving, two prisoners were brought in. They were from Zimoor, and had come to market on business, when they were apprehended, charged (their tribe, at least) with stealing a horse; and they were to lie in prison until the horse was brought back, or the sum claimed paid. One of them was, like Saul, "a choice young man," about thirty years of age, over six feet in height, fine broad shoulders, rosy hue, and carrying a mien like a prince. This noble mountaineer walked down into the prison as if he had been lord of the universe, and, with a sarcastic look on his face, willingly submitted to have the irons put on his feet and neck. I treated here over one hundred patients.

Monday, March 31st.—At 6 a.m. our soldier reminded me that it was time to rise. I had just got up when a soldier came from the Kaid (who arrived on Saturday evening) requesting me to visit his lord. I had only time to run over and see him before leaving. On my entering the tent he rose and received me kindly, and said he would be pleased if I could do something for him, as he did not feel at all well. He was not very ill, but very much concerned. I assured him in a few days he would (D.V.) be all right, and requested him to send over his soldier and I would give him some medicine. After handing the medicine to the soldier, he said, "Here is six shillings from the Kaid." I took it and thanked him, giving him in return a nice Arabic New Testament for his master. "Oh," said he, "my master has got the medicine, which is quite sufficient. Give me the book; I am his scribe." "All right, keep it yourself." He went away quite delighted, saying to

another soldier, "I have got the whole of the Anjeel (Gospels), which is one of our books."

On our mission journeys one is often led to exclaim, "Who hath believed our report?" but here we were cheered by men's willingness to receive the Word of God; and we have the sweet assurance also that it will not return void.

The day is advancing, and we must be off; but it is not so easy. Some fifty patients are waiting for medicine. I explain to them that it is not possible for me to stay, but to no purpose. I mount my horse; but one catches hold of the reins, another clutches my leg, a third seizes hold of my horse's tail. It is only after applying my spurs that they run off to a respectable distance. Some run on before. One old woman said, "Give me your word. If I go to where you camp to-night, will you give me medicine?" "Certainly." "Then I will go." After we were a mile from the douar, I opened my boxes, and gave the old woman and a friend medicine, which I hope will do them good. This old woman had made up her mind to walk ten miles in order to get medicine. When I gave her the medicine she kissed my hand several times, imploring God's blessing on me and on my household. She asked for a book for her son, and I was exceedingly sorry that I was unable to give her one, the books being on a considerable distance ahead of us.

At 11:30 a.m. we came to Shrarda, where we rested for half an hour, during which time I treated eight or nine patients. We said we were thirsty, and asked them to bring us some milk, which they did, free of charge. They pressed us to stay with them, as there were many sick among them, and also many who could read. Some interesting young Fookies gathered round us, to whom we gave four Gospels. Resuming our journey, we crossed Wad Ardam, making strange, ser-

entine bends as it wended its way through the great plain. On the right there is Sidi Kassam—"Lord Kassam" (a tomb)—which the Moors say is possessed of rare virtues ; but, like all other saints' tombs, it is only good at curing diseases which don't exist.

After an hour's ride, we entered a clay pass, called Bab Et-tuka. In rainy weather the road here is impassable. Nothing of interest occurred by the way, save our meeting an Arab who was going to Mauli Ya Koob (a hot mineral spring near Fez) with his two wives and a sick child. When crossing a little river the Arab gave his child into the hands of his younger wife, who was riding on a donkey. As soon as they had emerged from the river, the woman and child tumbled on the hard ground. The child cried piteously, and the husband gave his wife a few sharp blows over the head and back, at the same time upbraiding her for her carelessness. I interfered, and asked the Arab not to beat his wife so, as she was unable to help falling off, as, I believe, the donkey stumbled. It was well for the poor woman that we were present, or her chastisement would have been much more severe.

At 4 p.m. we crossed Jibel Silfet. From the top of the mountain we had a splendid and far-reaching view of the surrounding country. Owing to the roughness of the road, our animals were stumbling at almost every step, and this we had to put up with for half a mile down the side of the mountain, till we came to our resting-place for the night. Scarcely had we pitched our tents when down came the rain in torrents, in consequence of which we had great difficulty in keeping our belongings dry. On the hillside, a little above us, was a camp of women from the Sultan's harem, going to Morocco city. Their animals, on the whole, were the finest turn-out I have seen in Morocco.



TETUAN MOORISH LADY SELLING HER EMBROIDERY.

(By permission of W. Rottenburg, Esq.)

Now this royal procession has to be entertained. The Kaid, having received an order from the chief of the camp for what he requires, sends his soldiers round to his already half-starving subjects for so many fowls, eggs, etc. To refuse is imprisonment ; so these poor people have just to bend their backs to the burden.

Towards evening the rain passed off, which was fortunate for us, as it gave us time to look round the place. A dozen children, playing in the enclosure where we were encamped, gradually approached nearer. What a motley group they were ! Some, true types of the negro race ; others, of a dark copper colour ; while a few, had there been a liberal supply of soap and water, would have been as light in complexion as any European. One, a wiry, olive-coloured girl, from among the group, with a dignified, sarcastic look on her face, ventured to ask me if I were "sahab Sultan" (a friend of the Sultan). In reply I said, "Ana sahab Allah" ("I am a friend of God"). When she heard this, she exclaimed, "La ellaha ila Allah" ("There is no God but God") ; while a little girl of about eight years ejaculated, "Did you hear what that Christian said ? Wonderful !"

In these little country villages, where they know nothing of Christians, they are taught by their parents that Christians are the most barbaric race which ever lived—the great enemies of their sultan and country. Hence, they are desirous to know if he who passes their village is a friend of His Shereefian Majesty or not.

After sunset I treated over a dozen patients, mostly suffering from lumbago and rheumatism. In summer, I was informed, almost every one had intermittent fever. Strange to say, the influenza had visited them two days before our arrival ; otherwise we should have been blamed for bringing it. As at every small military station which is directly under the Government, we

found the people ignorant and greatly oppressed ; and in many cases, I was told, it was with great difficulty they were able to eke out a living.

After sunset, the Kaid sent us barley for our animals, also a little milk—the only Kaid who had done so since we left Rabat.

Tuesday morning, April 1st.—What a night we passed ! Owing to the heavy rain and gusts of wind, we had no little difficulty in keeping our tent from being blown down.

Three guards, sent by the Kaid, sat all night with their backs to the storm, each in turn telling weird stories to prevent them falling asleep. As can be imagined, none of us felt too comfortable. How earnestly we longed for the rain to cease ! During this time of waiting, I had a most interesting time with a soldier of the Kaid, showing him the Way of Life through Jesus Christ. He was the only man who could read, and he willingly accepted of a Gospel. At 11 a.m. there were rays of hope. The rain was over, and the sun sent forth his rays ; but now we were met with another difficulty. The horse on which the soldier rode had his back wounded, from the Moorish saddle not fitting properly.

All morning we had been seeking to hire an animal for the day ; but every one asked such an enormous price that we refused to hire. Knowing that we had no alternative, they wished to take the advantage of us. I sent the soldier to the Kaid ; but he was told that the Kaid was not very well, and that he was sleeping. I then sent the soldier to the khaleefa, but he informed him that there were no horses in the place. In a little the khaleefa sent to say that “for a consideration he thinks he could get me one.” In reply I said, “We don’t know considerations. What is just we will give, but no more.” It occurred to me that I might obviate

difficulties if I went to the Kaid myself, which I did. After the ordinary salutations, I thanked him for the barley and milk which he sent, and then explained that I wished to be off, but was unable owing to one of our animals having a sore back. "I am sorry there are no horses here; they have all gone out to the fields." "But there are horses, and the owners wish to take the advantage of us. I am willing to pay twice the ordinary charge." The Kaid sent for the man, and asked him to go for two dollars, adding that he (the Kaid) would make up the difference. "How gracious you are—indeed, like all Easterns." But in all probability he had to give a dollar to the Kaid on his return! Knowing that I was a medical man, the kaid asked me to see two of his sons, suffering from sore eyes (the result of dirt). Having given some medicine, in as gentle a way as possible I advised him to see that their faces were washed every day, as water and soap were possessed not only of cleansing but also healing properties.

At 12 noon we were off; but we moved along with great difficulty, up one hill and down another, animals slipping in every direction. On the right we saw Zirhoon, Skhairat, and Kanoofa, small towns in the mountains, covered with olive trees. The scenery was exceedingly beautiful—the dark grey limestone, white-peaked rocks, deep ravines, and dark green olive trees. Here and there, on the hillside and in the plain, we saw the shepherd-boy with his flock of sheep and goats; the larks soaring high, giving forth their familiar songs. Perched on the bushes were the blackbirds (which are so rare here) warbling forth their sweet notes, reminding us of spring. At 4 p.m. we came to a large river, spanned by a well-built bridge of three arches. Close by were a large number of carts belonging to the Sultan, taking machinery for the manufacture of fire-

arms at Fez. If some one could induce the Sultan to make roads and bridges, and establish a more humane government among his people, it would be one of the first steps in the right direction to save his country from ruin.

At 4 p.m. we entered an En-zella—a resting-place (a collection of huts or tents inside an enclosure). Here we were ankle-deep in mud. Fortunately, we found a dry place to pitch our tent on. In this enclosure there were some twenty to thirty families living, a number of whom came for medicine. Some of our patients we found had visited the ladies of the North African Mission in Fez, and had received medicine from them, and had likewise heard the gospel; yet we had to lament they had not believed it. Several of my patients I had to send away to get washed, and come again in the morning. Here we found the people very ignorant, and few had any desire to listen to the gospel. In this small enclosure we had to put up with the inconvenience of sheep, goats, camels, and bullocks every now and then tumbling over the ropes of our tent, to our great annoyance and discomfort.

Wednesday, April 2nd.—At 7 a.m. we were up and off. The morning was delightfully fine; the roads (or rather, no roads) were somewhat heavy and hilly. The mist was hovering on the mountain-tops to the right, but as the sun began to rise higher in the horizon it gradually cleared away, and we once more saw the grandeur of this mountain scenery. We observed that those living in the mountains were much more active than those living in the plains, every available spot being cultivated. At 2 p.m. we came in sight of Fez. On approaching the city the sight is lovely. Nothing is seen save the Sultan's palace, and the city wall studded with turrets. There are also the tops of a few houses to be seen; but

these soon die out of sight. As one draws nearer all the beauty fades. The traveller expects to see something beautiful as he approaches the second city in the empire of Morocco, but he is disappointed. Everything is bare and desolate up to the city wall. Outside the city wall, close to a private gate of the Sultan's, was a dead donkey, rapidly being devoured by the wild dogs which are so numerous in Morocco.

Here the Sultan is enlarging his palace grounds, and building a massive wall in the most primitive fashion. We saw, at work, about a dozen European carts (or rather, the remains of carts), drawn by two horses which had seen better days, dressed up in old harness falling to pieces; one trace six inches or a foot longer than the other; the wheels squeaking loudly, reminding one of a scarcity of oil; a black slave, with reins in hand, one or two yards in front, as if he were afraid of his bare heels; all reminded one of a broken-down gipsy caravan.

Leaving New Fez behind we passed through a gateway leading into a graveyard. Our animals suddenly stopped and refused to move.

We soon ascertained the cause—some thirty carcasses were lying about in various stages of decay, besides the remains of hundreds of others; and this animal graveyard was about two hundred yards, I should say, from the Sultan's palace,—all around once stately walls, crumbling down, giving the whole place the appearance of being God-forsaken—irretrievably gone. A few minutes brought us to the gate of Old Fez. One is greatly struck with the remains of splendid buildings, beautifully ornamented woodwork outside, close by dirty little shops. As we pass on all kinds of epithets are hurled at us. "Look!" cries one, "another infidel has come. May God kill him!" "Amen, amen," rejoins

another. Then he spits on the ground with the utmost contempt. Nothing fresh strikes the eyes, save a few narrow, dirty streets. "From whence came these pigs?" shouts another. From the first fonduk (native inn) off I go with the soldier to the court-house to see the Governor. He is not to be found. We go to his house. "Go and sit over there," says a soldier, "for half an hour, and the Kaid will be ready to receive you." After sitting for more than half an hour, we are sent back to the court-house. He soon appears, riding on a fine mule. In a large, open square some twenty soldiers stand in line. As the Governor enters they make a graceful bow, and say, "May God prolong your life, my lord!" In a little I am requested to come forward and see the Governor, who is sitting on a little stool. Our soldier goes forward and kisses him on the shoulder. I then present my letter of introduction from the Governor of Rabat. "You wish a house?" "Yes." "Then, as you are a Christian," says he, "you know nothing is got in your country without money. Five dollars for one day or a month." Then this big, burly Moor, over sixty years, with a sour, contorted face, looks up and says, "Do you wish the house at five dollars?" "If it is a good house we will take it; if not, we will camp out." "You won't be allowed to camp out; this is a place of order," says the Kaid. "My lord," says our soldier, "may I add, the doctor wishes to go to Sifroo, and desires a letter?" "What is he going to do there? Does he wish to see the snow? This is enough," says the Kaid. "Go and sit yonder" (pointing to a stone some twenty yards off) "until I send a soldier with you"—just as if I had been a dog. Turning to my soldier, I said, "If we are dogs, come and let us sit in the street"; and away I turn without saying a word.

One can see the deep-seated hatred in the faces of

these Moslems against Christians. Yes, they hate; but they fear. It is no easy matter getting our belongings down through the narrow, dirty streets to our house. But now we have three soldiers armed with authority to see me safely to the house. Baggage animals coming in the opposite direction are rather roughly handled. Who is to give way in the narrow streets? Our soldier is now of good service. He shouts, at the top of his voice, "May God bless the Sultan! Clear the way! Don't you see the soldiers of the *Basha*?" All make way. So at length we get to our house cold and wet, where we are glad to get a place to rest our weary limbs.

FEZ.

Fez is situated at the end of a large plain, between two hills; beginning on a level with the plain, and gradually descending some four or five hundred feet.

"Fez was built by Mauli Edrees the Second, in the year 807. In order to get a good view of Fez it is necessary to go outside of Fez for two or three miles to some of the surrounding hills, and then one can view it to advantage. Fez has two principal mosques—Mauli Edrees and the Karueen. The former contains the tomb of Mauli Edrees the Second, the founder of Fez. The tiling on the floor is very pretty. The shrine is beautifully decorated with carpets, and cloth hangings on the wall. On the ceiling there is exquisite wood-carving and painting. There are also a large number of grandfather clocks, chandeliers, and other ornaments. Christians and Jews are not allowed to pass the streets in which its doors open; all these streets are a sanctuary—streets of refuge for all criminals and debtors. No one can touch them as long as they remain there. When any one of these refugees wishes to go to the court or the

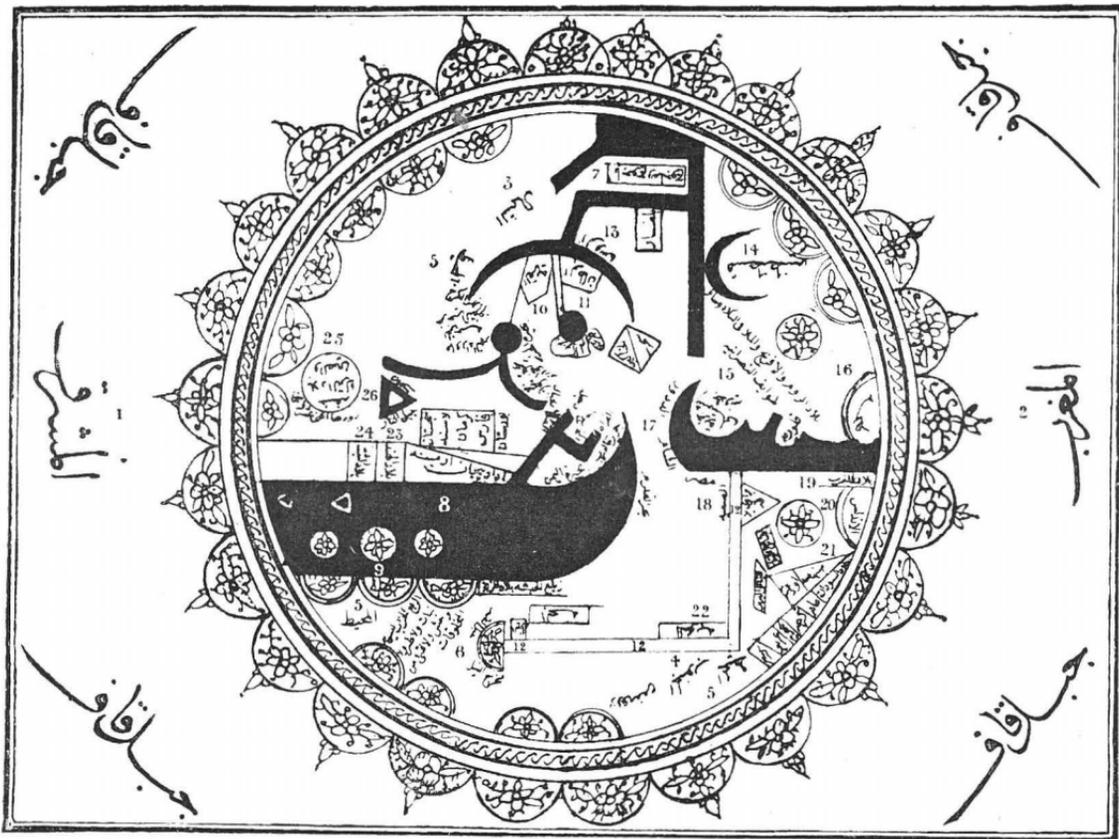
Sultan for justice, he takes down an ornamented text from the wall of the mosque (of which there are many), and carries it under his arm. Even murderers cannot be arrested with this kind of pass.

The latter (the Karueen) is the largest mosque in the north of Africa. It is a large expanse, covered with low columns, which support the roof by horseshoe arches, presenting a very mean appearance, with the exception of a court with marble fountains and porticoes at each end. Mauli Edrees is the centre for devotees and pilgrims, while the Karueen is the centre for students, who attend classes in it, living in the many barracks surrounding and belonging to the mosque. A large number of these students are fed daily by the government and also by private charity. Each student buys the key of his room from his predecessor, paying according to the size and position. The studies are chiefly religious, and any one among them who could pass the sixth standard would make a first-class professor of science. The accompanying map of the world will show the extent of their geographical knowledge.

The business men among the Moors are really the educated people, and as a rule it is the influential merchants who become successively customs administrators, governors, ambassadors, or ministers of the "court" (*Notes from J. E. B. Meakin*).

Industries of Fez.—Silk fabrics. The silk-worm was once very plentiful, but now is not so extensively cultivated; rude pottery; brass trays, made of brass sheets brought from Europe; fine woollens, some of which are mixed with silks. They also manufacture a large quantity of fine leather for slippers; flint-lock guns; swords; daggers; candles, from bees'-wax, for saints' shrines.

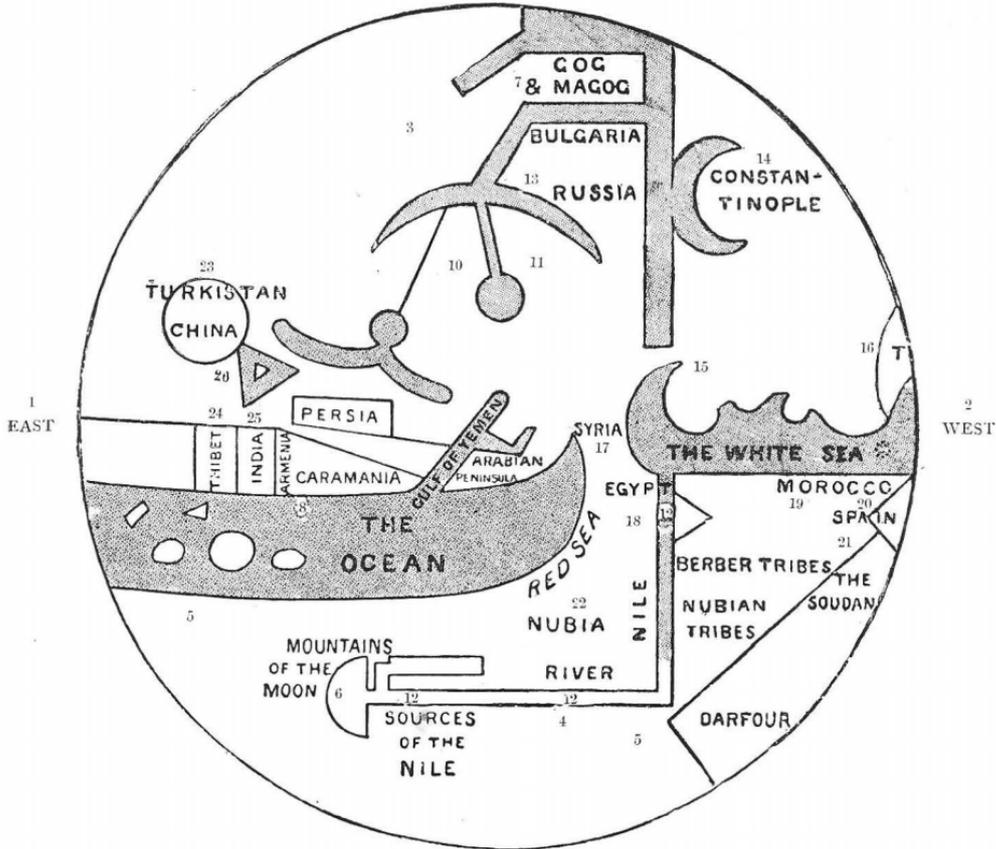
Fez is the great centre for manuscripts; and the



By permission of E. H. Glenny, Esq.]

MOORISH MAP OF THE WORLD.

KEY TO MOORISH MAP OF THE WORLD.



Sultan has a lithographic press, which is said to turn out valuable works on religion and Moorish history.

The Prisons of Fez.—The prisons, instead of being better, are supposed to be worse than in many places of Morocco. There are two large prisons, which are foul underground cells, one chiefly for condemned criminals and State prisoners. Many of the State prisoners, however, live in the court in tents and huts. Their condition in these foul underground cells is too awful to describe, and often, to escape torture and a lingering death, the poor prisoner brings his sufferings to an end by a large dose of poison. Poisoning is not confined to the prisoners only. For the sake of a few dollars a man will poison his neighbour, or if a woman sees one whom she loves more than her husband, he, too, is easily disposed of. Poisoning in Morocco is not looked on as a sin. They reason thus: This is a world of sin and sorrow. Paradise is a place of joy and happiness. Hence, to usher one of the faithful out of misery into an abode of bliss cannot be sin. Their consciences are seared as with a hot iron. From the palace to the hut morality is a thing unknown.

The water supply of Fez is good. It comes from a large spring in the plain some five or six miles above the city, forming a river over twenty feet wide and several feet deep, which passes down through the city, turning innumerable flour mills. The art of grinding here is in advance of the other towns in Morocco, and the flour is supposed to be the best found in the country. Each house is supplied with a fountain of running water, which in every case is contaminated with sewage. This contaminated water supply, with the absolute want of sanitary arrangements, is, I believe, the chief cause of the high death-rate in Fez. The houses are high, dark, and damp. Many of these houses never see the sun's

rays from one end of the year to the other. The infant mortality is said to be from 70 to 75 per cent. Small-pox makes great ravages among them, carrying off more than two-thirds of the children. Few of the Moors are vaccinated. The Jews, however, know the value of vaccination. If anti-vaccinators were in Morocco during an epidemic of small-pox, they would speedily change their views.

New Fez, which was founded in 1272, consists of the Sultan's palace, government buildings, and the Jewish Quarter.

The Jewish Quarter occupies a considerable portion of New Fez, standing high, and is by far the healthiest part of the city. There is always a cool breeze, even when it is suffocating down in Old Fez. The Jews live in close proximity to the Sultan's palace, and are not permitted to leave their Quarter shod, or to ride on a horse or mule inside the city wall. Amongst the Jews are to be found goldsmiths, silversmiths, tinsmiths, embroiderers, etc. The Jewish merchants here are supposed to be wealthier than in any other part of the kingdom; indeed, on the whole, their position is very good. Education is not very far advanced, but they have fairly good schools supported by the Israelitish Alliance in Paris.

Child marriage is the great curse of the Jews in Fez. The parents often marry their children at from eight to ten years. The child-husband goes to school until his education is completed. By the time he reaches the age of sixteen or seventeen, he sees some one whom he really loves; a divorce is obtained without the least trouble, and his wife is sent back to her parents. Sometimes one meets with the revolting sight of a man over forty married to a girl of eight. Here, as in other parts of Morocco, the Jews only marry one wife; but there are

exceptions to be found. The Mellah in Fez is no exception to the Mellahs in other parts of Morocco. Owing to the rains, we often found ourselves ankle deep in mud. Every kind of refuse is thrown into the streets, and as there is a scarcity of water to flush their sewers, the stench at times is unbearable.

EXPERIENCES IN FEZ.

Our experience in Fez was somewhat varied. The house given us was a big, dark dungeon, two stories high, without windows; but each room had a large door, which served to admit light. Some of the rooms were in a most filthy condition, all kinds of rubbish thrown into them, while the walls were cold and damp. At one end of the open court there was a fountain, and as we rarely saw the sun's rays, the temperature of our court was considerably lower than that outside. This, with the constant flow of running water splashing over the court, helped greatly to increase our discomfort. Outside it was agreeable; but as soon as we returned to our house we began to shiver, and although we rolled ourselves up in our rugs we could never get warm. Our muleteers named it Dar El-mout (the house of death).

Thursday, April 3rd.—Went out to see the Sultan Et-Tobba, to whom I will refer more fully again. All the streets were crowded. As we passed up and down the narrow street all kinds of epithets were hurled at us. "How dare these infidels come to this holy city!" We found our soldier of great service; in fact, I don't think it is wise to venture out on such occasions without one. The people in Fez are so fanatical, and the slightest indiscretion on the part of a Christian might lead him into serious trouble. After half an hour's stroll I was

glad to return, and get to bed. I was aching all over, the result of our wetting by the way.

Friday, April 4th.—Rose at 6 a.m.; felt rather better. As soon as we had breakfasted, and had committed ourselves and our work to our Heavenly Father, Sliman and I started for the Jewish Quarter with a good supply of books. The streets of the Mellah were crowded, exhibiting all grades of society, from the richly clad Jew down to the beggar, all busy making preparation for the Feast of the Passover. After walking over the place we were surprised to find several hundreds of poorer Jews living in huts in the graveyard. We soon had a number of followers, anxious to know our business. A Jew who had visited Rabat, and recognised us, invited us to his house. We accepted the invitation, and no sooner were we seated than he sent and called several of his friends to come and meet with us. "Now," said he, "you are welcome to come and stay in my house as long as you wish." Several of the women interposed and said, "You are not content with bringing these Christians into the house, causing us to wash the stairs all over again" (as we had defiled them), "but you are going to keep them in the house during the Passover. No, never! It is *haram* (illegal). The young Jew who invited us asserted his rights. Turning to his mother, he said, "I am master of this house, I have invited them. They are good men, and have got our books with them. It is not illegal to have them in the house. They will do us no harm." Quite a number of his friends gathered round us, several being sick. We told them of Christ our Passover, sacrificed for us. They listened most attentively, and when leaving I gave them a Hebrew Bible, which was most gratefully accepted. After several most interesting talks, we returned to our house.

In the afternoon two young Moors came to see me.

A very happy time was spent reading the narrative of the two builders in Matthew. I urged them not to trust in any one, but to read the Old and New Testaments as their Koran enjoined; and if they carefully read the Word of God they would see that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved but by the name of Jesus." Their minds were open, and not at all prejudiced, so we earnestly prayed that His Word might find a lodgment in their hearts.

In the evening I was cheered by the visit of a boy who had been in our service for a few months, having fled from the soldiers. I was delighted to find he still remembered what we taught him concerning the Lord Jesus. Miss Herdman told me he often slipped in when going on messages, and would sit and listen to the Words of Life spoken to others. Everywhere in the Moorish Quarter oaths and curses were hurled at us. Here and there old men and boys spat on the ground with the utmost contempt. A wit created some amusement by calling out, "Oh, master of the leggings, come here." We took no notice, but walked quietly on. While in Fez a report was current that the Sultan was going to set apart a Quarter in Fez for Christians, and that the poor Moors would be turned out of their houses—everything to raise the tide of ill-feeling against Christians. With what overwhelming sadness one walks these streets as one thinks of the day when every one of these proud hearts must bow (willingly or unwillingly) the knee to Jesus, and confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father!—The Lord grant that many duty-loving and loyal hearts may bow in meek submission to Him Whom they now so much despise.

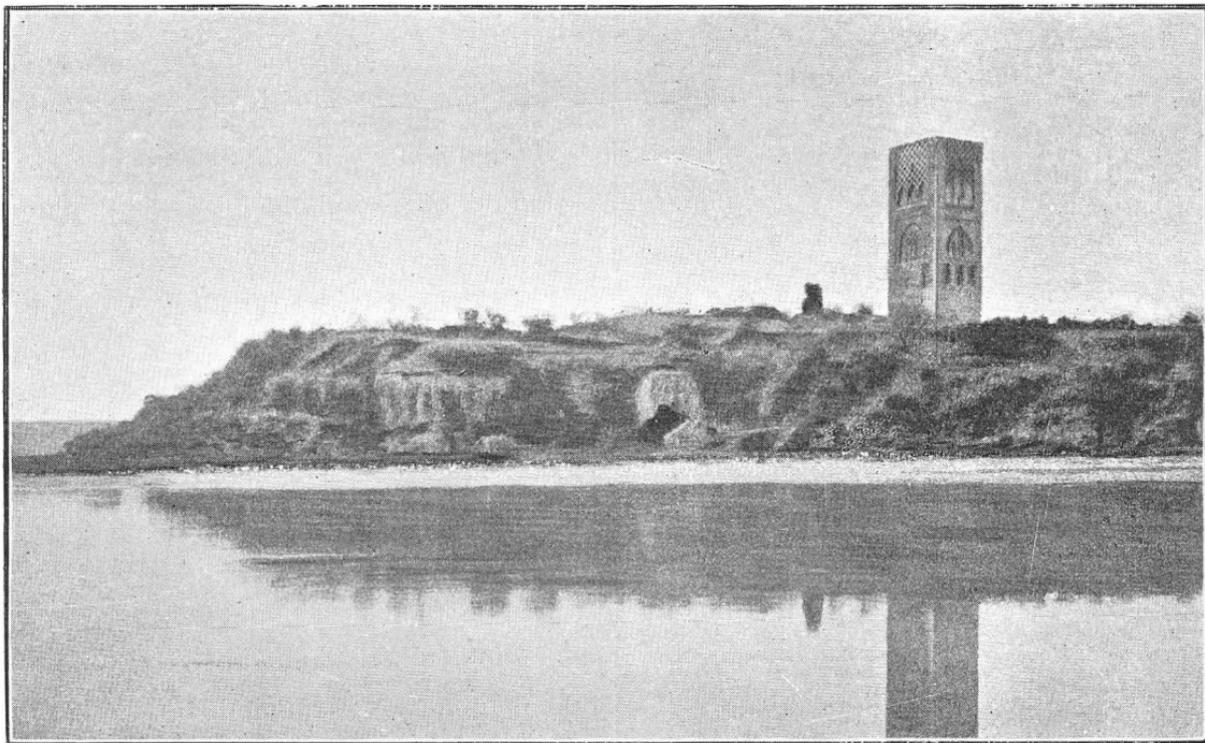
Sabbath, April 6th.—At 10 a.m. I had a short service in English with the ladies of the North African Mission.

It was delightful indeed to meet with those who loved the Lord Jesus in this dark city—servants of one Master, seeking to urge His claims on a perishing world. The time thus spent was refreshing indeed, and then to meet around the table of the Lord, and commemorate His dying love, was like an oasis in the desert. It may not be inopportune to make reference to the most interesting work carried on by these three ladies, viz., Miss Herdman, Miss Reid, and Miss Copping. Here they carry on medical mission work in the midst of many difficulties. The walls of their house were nicely adorned with Arabic texts. Every week there are several hundred visitors. All, however, don't come for medicine—many of them are students of the Karueen, who hear the Word preached and receive Gospels if they wish. Besides, there is an interesting work carried on among the women (on fixed days), not a few being of the upper class, who come for medicine.

The Moors think it impossible for one of the faithful to be converted ; but one cannot help thinking that the result of the ladies' quiet work in Fez will be far-reaching. May the Lord continue to bless them in their work of faith and labour of love !

Monday, April 7th.—Feeling fairly well. Sliman and I started for the Mellah. As soon as we entered the Mellah gate a crowd followed us. A Jewish vendor came with a silver Roman Catholic cross, asking if we would buy it. After examining it, I said, "We do not worship idols, so this would be of no use to us." The answer took the crowd by surprise, and gave us an opening to introduce the gospel.

A pleasant-looking Jew from among those who had gathered round us invited us to his house. He told us he had received and lodged a missionary some years ago, and that he would do the same for us, and would



*From a photograph by
A. Cavilla, Tangier.*]

TOWER OF HASSAN, FROM SALEE SIDE.

provide us with everything we required, even though it was the Passover week. He showed us a Spanish Bible he had, and told us he was studying it of late; and we were glad to find him familiar with the teaching of the New Testament. As a seeking son of Abraham may he find in Jesus Christ his long-looked-for Messiah! We thanked him for his kind invitation, and expressed our regret that we were unable to accept of it, as we intended leaving for Sifroo in the morning. In the neighbouring house I saw a boy suffering from chorea, or St. Vitus' dance—the first case I have seen or heard of in Morocco. In a large place like Fez one can do but little work in a passing visit, but one with a good supply of books and medicines, staying a month among them, might do much good. Since my visits Dr. Churcher has removed to Fez, and intends taking up work among the Jews—a step which I urged on the North African missionaries some years ago. Everywhere we met the sons of Abraham, and we found among them men like Simeon of old—just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel. Many there are among the Jews who really believe that Jesus Christ is the Messiah, but do not confess Him lest they should be put out of the synagogue.

On our return from the Mellah our soldier informed me that I ought no longer to entertain the idea of going to Sifroo, as the Kaids both of Old and of New Fez refused to give me a letter. Sifroo is under the jurisdiction of the Governor of New Fez, but he refused to give a letter, on the ground that Christians are not permitted to go there except they have a permit from the Sultan.

After this little speech there was quite a sensation among our men, and all declared it was utterly impossible for me to go. "Besides, there is nothing for you

to see," etc. I remained firm, and said it was a matter of no importance to me whether they went or not, I would get other muleteers to take me to Sifroo and back again, so they could go home. When they heard this they said, "We are not afraid; it was your safety which caused us the anxiety." "How kind and considerate you all are!" The soldier, poor fellow, was greatly upset and could not be persuaded to take supper, and far on in the night I could hear him in the deepest anguish calling upon God and the patron saint, Maui Edress, to help us and preserve us from danger. The great object of the government is to prevent Christians from going into the interior.

Tuesday morning, April 8th.—Up early, and had our animals loaded and on the way by 7 a.m. The government official, who had the key of our house, was in attendance, waiting for the rent. He quietly informed us that he had done us a great favour, viz., closed the city gate close by so as to prevent any inconvenience which might arise in the narrow streets. We were as anxious to leave as they were to see the infidels depart from their midst. Owing to the heavy rains part of our house had become a cesspool, from the main sewer getting choked up. All our men felt rather strange, and declared if we should remain a day longer it meant death. As we emerged from the city one could not help seeing the smile of satisfaction on the face of many, and my mind went back to Psalm cv. 38: "Egypt was glad when they departed."

Our first hour's ride was through a veritable quagmire—up and down over clay hills, sometimes the animals being knee-deep. Half an hour from the city, when crossing an earth dyke, the soldier gagged his horse, and, leaning back in the saddle, pulled the animal over on the top of himself. We thought our day's march

was at an end, but he soon scrambled up and mounted again, apparently nothing worse. As soon as we reached the high table-land we halted for a little and readjusted our loads, and gazed on the grandeur of Fez in the distance, with the rising sun. Truly Fez looks best in the distance.

For the next four hours we had a good hard road with a nice breeze, which made travelling pleasant ; but the last two hours of our journey were rather uncomfortable. Crossing over rough, rocky ground, with cup-shaped cavities in the rocks, caused us to move with care. Close to Sifroo we had to go through clay passes on the side of a little hill. Had the clay been properly moistened it would not have been so difficult, but as only the surface was wetted the animals were slipping in every direction. On nearing Sifroo the view which meets one's eye is lovely. Charmingly situated in a little plain at the base of two mountains, the whole of this lovely valley is studded with gardens, made verdant from the numerous springs whose waters ripple down the mountain side. The borders of these gardens have rows of dark green olive trees. There are many other kinds of fruit-trees, but the olive is the principal. When looking at the olive tree one is reminded of Scripture : " His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree." The branches of the olive are symmetrical—in other words, an all-round tree. May we seek, as Christian workers, to be, like the olive, celebrated for our usefulness—with a Christ-like beauty of character which the world will see, and take knowledge that we have been with Jesus ! In Morocco, trees are comparatively rare, but here we were surprised to see a number of large trees ; among them the ash, the first I have seen in the country. On these large trees the vines are trained. The town is walled, and hidden from view until one reaches it.

Arrived at Sifroo at 3 p.m., and went direct to the Governor, who received us kindly and asked where I came from—who I was. Sitting before the Kaid were two well-to-do Jews, who had brought him presents on the occasion of the Feast. There were two piles of dollars—I should say forty dollars—before them, which the Kaid appeared in no way anxious to lift, but left them as a reminder to other visitors to do likewise. We were sent to a Shereef—the Khaleefa of one of the Berber kaids. The shereef was exceedingly kind to us; gave us a stable, which had been used for animals. Being clean and dry, we were glad to accept of it. Several of his servants attended on us, providing liberally for us and our animals—so much so that our men said, “We would like to stay a long time here.”

Our muleteer caused us no little anxiety by the way. Scarcely had we left Fez when he became very ill, and fell from his animal several times. When we reached Sifroo our anxiety was increased. His hand and face were bluish-black, and his pulse scarcely perceptible.

Although there was every apparent difficulty in the way to prevent us going to Sifroo, yet we could not help praising God for the open door and kind reception. Oh that we might walk *always* by faith and not by sight!

After I had rested I called on our host, and thanked him for his hospitality. He assured me we were welcome, and whatever we wished we were to ask for.

While with my host, another shereef came, who asked many questions about our country, our government, engineering, etc. Tunnels and underground railways were to him great wonders. Ever and anon he would say, “Allah Akbar!” (“God is great!”). “There are things more wonderful still in our country, viz., our

Christian and philanthropic institutions; and last, not least, thousands, out of love for their fellow-men, have left all, and gone to other lands to tell of a Saviour's dying love." They all appeared deeply interested in what I said. Before leaving, I had to drink three cups of green tea.

Wednesday, April 9th.—Nature this morning was lovely, and as we had the choice we pitched our tent in a garden belonging to the shereef. Our muleteer felt rather better, so we thought it better to carry him out to the garden. It being the Feast among the Jews, we had continual visitors. Several were sick, others came out of curiosity. We found the Jews quiet and shrewd, and it was rather difficult to get them into conversation on religious subjects. Several invited me to their houses for tea, others to see sick friends. We could not get them to buy books, but they would take more Old Testaments than we cared to give away, without money. The New Testaments they said were "illegal," and they would not have them. Two young Moors came and read with us for over an hour. Everywhere I went I was accompanied by one or two servants of the shereef, who had given them special instructions not to leave me, lest anything should happen to me. I would much rather they had stayed at home, as they were a hindrance in the Work.

Thursday, April 10th.—Rose at 6 a.m. Morning delightfully fine, and a most delicious aroma all around from the fruit-trees and flowers, which were in abundance. Some thirty yards off were a few condemned criminals—a gang of highwaymen (I believe seven or eight); they were Berbers, and had been imprisoned for the last eight years. What fearfully degraded specimens of humanity they were! Each prisoner was in irons. Death was much more desirable than life, I should

think, judging from appearance. I was told that there was some hope, a year hence, of their being set at liberty. But they say no one can rely upon the promise of a Moslem.

Many Jewish patients came to-day, also a few Moors. The Jews in Sifroo are very industrious, many of them being engaged in gardening, while others carry on a good trade with the surrounding tribes, bartering, as they have comparatively little money. The Jewesses of Sifroo are famed for their smallness of stature and exceptional beauty.

During the afternoon a Moor brought his daughter of nine years for medicine. She was betrothed and was going to be married to a shereef of fifty years in two months. "How much did you receive for her?" I asked. "Oh, nothing," was the reply. "It is to a shereef. I gave her to him for God and the Prophet." How sad, how very sad! Many rich Moors give their daughters to shereefs (legal descendants of the Prophet, or supposed to be) in marriage, thinking that by so doing they shall receive the approving smile of God and their Prophet.

Here, as at other places, we met many who told us they were not sick, but if we could deliver them from the dreadful oppression of a misgoverned country, they would be thankful. We said we were unable—God alone could. We told them of Christ, Who came and died to deliver them from the bondage of sin, and by embracing Jesus as their Saviour they would receive the knowledge of the forgiveness of sin—having the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. I felt very sad for the oppression under which they are groaning. The Lord grant that their oppression may be the means of their deliverance!

About 1 p.m. down came the rain in torrents. The shereef sent his men to help us to bring our tents

and belongings inside, but not before we and they were very wet. Until Friday, April 11th, about midday, we had to keep indoors owing to the rain. In the afternoon visited the Jewish Quarter, as my last opportunity, intending (D.V.) to leave on the morrow. I received many invitations to visit houses, but none cared to take New Testaments.

In no town we visited was such respect shown to us as by the people of Sifroo. We never heard an unbecoming word uttered against us. Here they only know Christians as good people, as the first Christians who visited them and lived among them were the three lady-missionaries of Fez, viz., Miss Herdman, Miss Reid, and Miss Copping, who acted as benefactors, healing their sick, distributing to them and instructing them in the Word of God. I would to God that the natives in every town of Morocco could thus speak of the professing Christians living among them! Much good seed has been sown here, which, we trust, will spring up and ripen into an abundant harvest.

A rather amusing incident happened one day when walking through the street. Some Berber women from the mountains had come to the town. Never before had they seen a Christian. One from among them, seeing me with a large helmet on my head, became greatly excited, and screamed with fear. Having to pass me in the narrow street, she upset a large basket of nuts and raisins which a man was selling. She ran down the street, spitting, and crying, "See the man with strange legs" (my leggings), "carrying a living serpent in his hand!" The Moors who were with us roared with laughter.

The climate of Sifroo is good. Standing, as it does, some 1,500 feet above the sea-level, and in proximity to the Atlas range, the winters are cold and bracing. Frost

and hail are common. As a rule the mountaineers wear stockings, on account of the severity of the weather from autumn until the rains are past. As there is plenty of shade, and an abundance of water, the summer months are not too hot. Sifroo would be an excellent place for a mission station for reaching the Berber tribes living in close proximity. The population of Sifroo is about 7,000, of which one-third are Jews.

In the evening I called again on my host, and, when leaving, gave him a large Arabic Bible, which was gratefully accepted.

Saturday, April 12th.—Up early. Animals loaded and on the road by 7 a.m. Gave a few presents to the servants and slaves in attendance. Took farewell of our host, the shereef, who assured us, if we came to Sifroo again, we were welcome if we cared to accept the hospitality he offered. We tendered our warmest thanks to him, and after the usual parting blessings we left. All our servants most reverently kissed the shereef, in token of his lineage, who, in turn, raised his hand and blessed them in the name of the Prophet.

On leaving we were presented with a Berber mat and carpet, as a remembrance of our visit to Sifroo, and were told we might find them useful on the way should there be much rain.

For three hours we experienced some difficulty, our animals sticking and slipping on the clay soil. At 12 noon we came in sight of Fez, but as we did not wish to return there we kept the high road leading round the outskirts of the city. While crossing a small river, one of our mules fell. Fortunately our books and medicines were in watertight boxes, or they would have been spoiled. By this little breakdown we lost nearly an hour. At 2 p.m. we passed by the upper gate of New Fez.

“ Beautifully arranged along the Wad Faz (river Fez), were some two hundred tents, in which the students from the University of Fez were having their yearly outing. One of their number is chosen as Sultan Et-Tobba, and bears the title for a week, being honoured as Sultan, with a red umbrella held over him as he rides on horseback, on a steed lent by the real Sultan. It is a time-honoured custom, and the student who pays the most money gets the dignity. This year it cost \$170, last year only \$70. The Sultan Et-Tobba may release a prisoner. The present Sultan Et-Tobba paid this large sum to release his father from prison—a Kaid from the south of Morocco. The real sultan lends soldiers and tents to the whole party. When the week is complete, early in the morning the students return to their studies. The idea is that the students pretend to have usurped the throne. On the first day, riding in procession through the streets, his “ officers ” order the people about as if they were real ministers. On the last day the mimic sultan has to pretend to fly, and the rightful one resumes the rôle. Each day the *real* sultan sends twenty sheep, a large supply of figs, raisins, and flour, to the camp ” (*Notes from Miss Herdman*).

At 2 p.m. we came to a ford in the river Fez, where we watered our animals and partook of some cold lunch. As we had had no breakfast, and only a little dry bread by the way, I need not say we all felt rather hungry. After a little rest, we resumed our journey till 4 p.m., when we turned aside into a douar close by, on the way to Mequinez, feeling very tired from our day’s march.

The douar where we camped was not too inviting a place to have to spend the Sabbath. Having fixed on the cleanest place we could find outside the enclosure, we pitched our tent. Here we found the Arabs as cunning as the Jews of Sifroo were shrewd. The prices

they asked for everything were so exorbitant that we refused to buy, adding that before we would pay such prices we would fast till Monday. As soon, however, as they heard that I was a physician, little presents of eggs, milk, and butter came in spontaneously.

The Arabs told us not to be surprised should a raid be made on the douar during the night by some of the hill tribes. The sheikh placed four guards, with guns, around our tents and animals, and, as a further protection, he put a lantern on a pole in front of our tent, so that the guards might see the enemy and not be taken by surprise, should they come. Having committed ourselves to the care and keeping of our Heavenly Father, we retired to rest and slept soundly.

Sabbath, April 13th.—Rose at 8 a.m. Sliman and I felt much refreshed after our long sleep, and praised the Lord for His faithfulness in protecting us during the night. We experienced the fulfilment of the promise: "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is thy refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling" (Psalm xci. 9, 10). How much better it is to trust in the Lord than in firearms! The morning was lovely, and in the stillness we enjoyed a quiet time with the Lord.

Many patients came; but as we were spending the Sabbath among them, we refused to treat them till after midday, when we told them all would be welcome. From midday till sunset our hands were full—dispensing medicine, reading, and explaining the Word of God, and giving Gospels to all who could read. In the afternoon the village teacher came, with whom we had a long and rather animated discussion as to the merits of Christ and Mohammed.

I said to our audience, "Suppose two from among

you, by to-morrow morning, have ceased to be. One has died and is buried; the other has gone direct to heaven without dying. Which of the two do you suppose is the greater?" They all answered, "The one who has ascended." "The Koran says that your Prophet is dead, and his body lies buried at Medina. Your Prophet says Jesus Christ did not die, but that He ascended to heaven without dying. Now, according to your own statement, Christ is greater than Mohammed."

They were at a loss what to say. "Further," I said, "we believe that Jesus did die for our sins, and has risen again as a token of His work being finished and accepted. He is now at the right hand of God, and He is coming again (as written in your own book), not in love this time, but in judgment." Many present gave a long sigh and said, "May God lead us in the right way!"

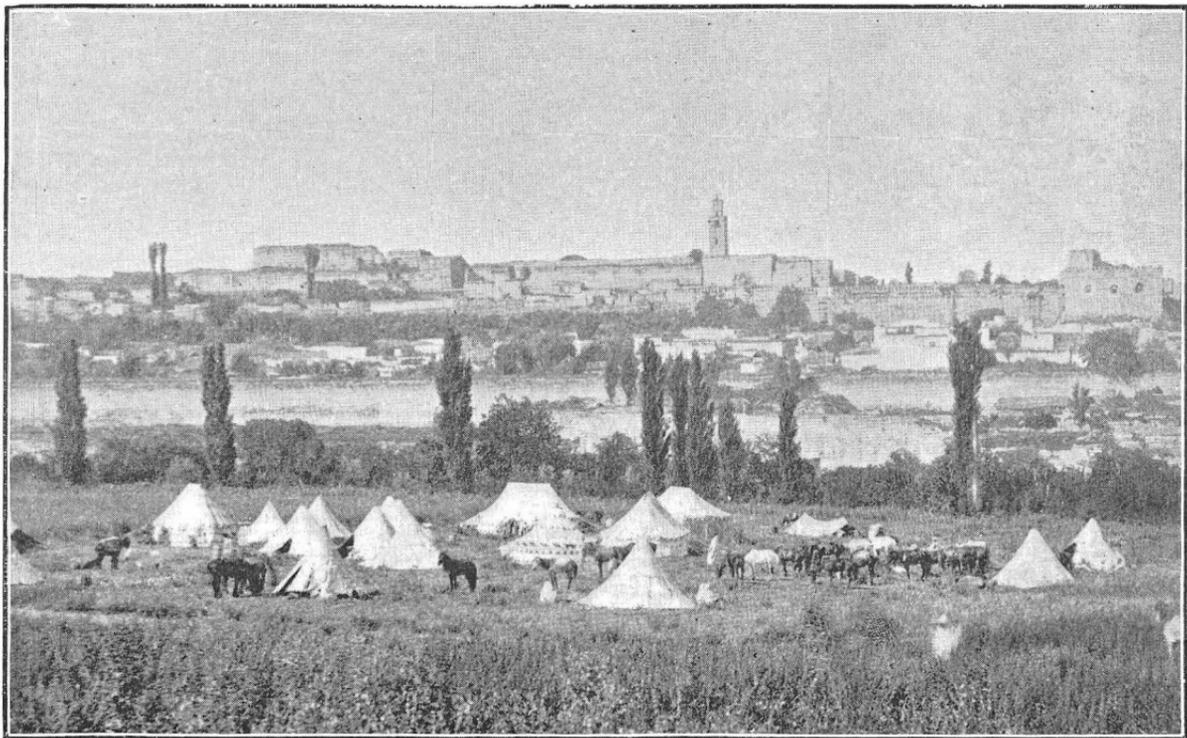
The village teacher did not altogether appreciate what I said. He rose and went out and said, "Don't believe in what that Christian is saying." Then, with hands uplifted most reverently, he witnessed before them all: "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." I treated thirty-three patients, eight of whom were women.

Before sunset I had to witness a rather painful scene. An Arab brought his wife suffering from entropia. I said "all I could do was to pull out the hairs of the upper eyelid; but should they come to Rabat I would operate." This, however, the woman would not consent to, and ran away. Off the husband went to bring her, but come she would not. She sat down on the ground and refused to move. For this the husband gave her a good sound beating with a stick, over the head and back. I felt a little uncomfortable at the sight, and asked the husband, as a favour, to leave her. "Why,"

said the husband, "do you think I am beating her because I wish her to get her eyes cured? Oh, no. If she gets blind I will divorce her and get another. I am beating her because she has disobeyed me before all the people." Afterwards she came and submitted to the operation, and left smiling, the husband adding, "You might have come when I asked you, and saved yourself the beating." When the evening came we were glad to rest, having had a busy day. Few could read, and we gave away only six Gospels. A little after sunset it began to rain, the wind gradually rising until it blew a perfect hurricane. At 8 p.m. it poured, and we had great difficulty in keeping our tent from being flooded. If we were uncomfortable inside, our animals were no less so outside, having to stand in from two to three feet of water and mud for several hours. Our guards sat up, keeping watch outside our tent all night—a not very enviable position.

Monday, April 14th.—Rose at 5 a.m., but was unable to get off before 7 a.m. The wind was cold and biting, and the hills in close proximity were covered with snow. As we passed on through the plain, we were surprised to see so much limestone—a stratum lying close to the surface. The Arabs all live in tents or huts; but with the abundance of limestone so easily obtained, splendid houses might be built.

At 10 a.m. we came to a river which, from the winter floods, had made deep ravines in the clay soil. The bridge which once spanned the river had been swept away. No new one had been built; and now the poor travellers in winter have to get over as best they can. The ford, a little higher up, was far from good; besides, there was a pretty strong current in the river. We deemed it advisable to let several Arabs, who were journeying with us, cross first. The one who took the lead said, "Come along. What are you waiting for?"



By permission of W. Rottenburg, Esq.]

CAMP OUTSIDE MEQUINEZ.

Almost safely over, his mule stumbled, and the rider was precipitated, head foremost, into the river. After some little trouble we got safely over. Our watch-dog was not so fortunate, having been carried over the first waterfall by the force of the current. It was with delight we were able to rescue him before he was carried to the second, for had he crossed it we should never have seen him alive again.

At 12 noon we crossed a well-built bridge, called the "New Bridge," perhaps deriving its name from the scarcity of bridges in Morocco. Here we halted, and partook of lunch.

Some two hours from Mequinez we had a singular experience, making a rather angular course down the side of a deep ravine, until we got to the bottom. Here we found a really good bridge; but the difficulty was not over, for we had as steep an incline on the other side to mount as best we could. We were often led to exclaim, "How short-sighted the Moors are!" A little engineering would make a level road, and a small tax would pay the outlay in a few years; but the Moorish government have no object in building bridges or making roads, which, in their eyes, would only facilitate the ingress of Christians.

On the outskirts we saw more traces of former civilisation than in any other place we visited. Once beautiful olive-gardens extended for nearly two miles outside the city. Little interest, however, is shown now in the cultivation of these gardens. Everything is marked with decay.

At 3 p.m. we arrived at Mequinez. The ascent to the gate is very steep, and our baggage animals had great difficulty in mounting the primitive causeway. The basement row was made from the tops of fine white marble pillars. We also saw some fine marble pillars

broken and imbedded in the earth close by. As soon as we entered the city a little boy shouted out, "Another infidel has come!"

Passing down a fairly wide street, we came to Bab-El-Mansoor, where we rested while the soldier went to present my letter of introduction to the Governor.

Bab-El-Mansoor is the gate which leads to the palace, and is said to be the finest specimen of architecture in the whole of Morocco. The fine marble pillars are supposed to have been brought from the Roman works at Salee. Over this beautiful gate is written the blasphemous words, "The great God adored to the Prophet Mohammed."

At Bab-El-Mansoor the Governor sits to do justice—or rather injustice—although the Governor of Mequinez is said to treat Christians with greater respect than any other Kaid in the empire. He gave us a very comfortable house in a small garden in the centre of the city, only a little way from our work among the Jews. Although the Moors have a dreadful hatred for Christians, yet they have a mania for stealing dogs. Our dog, being tired, fell asleep, and in the hurry we forgot all about him; and when we went back he could not be found. We all felt very sorry, as he had been a true friend and a trustworthy guard to our tent. Very many coveted him by the way, so he fell a victim.

Tuesday, April 15th.—Before breakfast was over we had a visit from two Jews. One of them began by saying, "My lord, may God prolong your life! We heard of your arrival yesterday, and are come to welcome you this morning to our city. I have been informed that you Christians have a great desire for Jewish and Moorish curiosities. Here is a basket full of them, viz., silver bracelets, silver shawl-pins, anklets, etc. If my lord should wish any of them, I shall be only too pleased to give them to him—the price is only a secondary

thing." What a wonderfully complimentary speech in the morning before breakfast was over! Our men could not retain their gravity, and roared with laughter. In reply I said, "How very good of you to come and welcome us! It is exceedingly kind indeed to expose yourselves to the inclemency of the weather this morning for the sake of a stranger you never saw before. However valuable these things may be, they are of no use to me. I am a poor man, and don't buy such things. My object in coming to Mequinez is to heal their sick, and to give them the Word of God to bring life to their souls. So I shall be pleased to give you a copy of the Old and New Testaments, if you wish." The Jew was taken rather by surprise. However, he accepted the books, asking another New Testament for a friend.

As we were starting for the Jewish Quarter, he went with us, and took me to the house of a well-to-do Jew, who was sick. While there, several of the sick man's friends came. "Where did you get these books?" asked another Jew who was present. "From the doctor. Two of them are Apicorus. The print is good, and I will teach my boy to read Hebrew from it. He does not need to believe everything which is in it." Then, with scornful faces, those present began to deride the Jew who brought me, saying, "This is who you have brought us! Apicorus, Apicorus!" The Jews can scowl; they surpass all I ever met. Here I felt what it was to be a stranger in a strange land, and to bear the reproach of Christ.

How the Saviour must have felt it when "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not!" I endeavoured to explain to them that the New Testament was just the fulfilment of the prophecies contained in the Old, in the person of Jesus as their Messiah; but they said, "The Talmud is of greater authority than the Word of God."

Passing through another street I came to a shop where two Jewish scribes were sitting. Their business was to write letters in Hebrew, charging according to the length of the letter and the position of the man. They invited me to drink gin and make friendship. I said I was a Rechabite, which surprised them greatly; but I said I would partake of a few nuts and bread. Many gathered round, anxious to know my business. Meanwhile, Sliman was in another part of the Jewish Quarter with books; but they appeared to be afraid to buy. At last a rabbi came, and, after examining, bought them all. How much one needs of the spirit of the Master, to bear with them in their ignorance! The words of St. Paul came forcibly to my mind: "The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will grant them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will" (2 Tim. ii. 24-6). I confess we did not always find it mountain-top experience. At times one feels sad, yea, even depressed, to see both Jews and Moors so indifferent to the things which pertain to their eternal well-being.

To-day we sold six Bibles, and gave away two New Testaments.

Wednesday, April 16th.—Visited the Jewish shops, where we met with much encouragement. One whispered, "I would like so much to have a talk with you on these matters; but not here. I will come to your house." Several Moors visited us—some for medicine, others out of curiosity; few cared to take Gospels.

During the afternoon I went out for a ride with the soldier through the government grounds, which are surrounded by enormously high, massive walls; but they

could never stand against European warfare. Curses and epithets were hurled at us at almost every corner. The soldier said, "Just follow me." "Why," said one of the guards, "are you going to bring that Christian here?" "Ah," said the cunning soldier, "this is a doctor, so if you have sick friends, just bring them, and he will heal them for God's sake, *Lil-lah.*" Of course every obstacle was removed. I regret that I could not get in to see the palace grounds, where the Sultan has a large number of ostriches.

The Sultan has a fine palace here, and often stays in it for several months at a time. My soldier accounted for the wickedness of the place from the large number of shereefs, who are under no rule whatever. After I returned, I passed a pleasant time with two young Jews, who, like Nicodemus, had come to have a quiet talk with reference to Christ as the Messiah. "We are not at rest; we wish to know the truth," said one. We reasoned with them, and got them to read the Word for themselves. When leaving, I gave each a Hebrew New Testament. Our hearts were greatly cheered by these two young men. It shows the Lord is working by His Spirit in their hearts. I treated seventeen patients to-day—ten Moors and seven Jews—sold four Bibles, and gave away several New Testaments.

Thursday, April 17th.—It rained freely all day, which prevented us getting out. We were not idle, however. Many attentive hearers came to us from among the Moors. The young Jew who whispered into my ear that he wished a talk, came. He said he had no difficulty about Christ as the Messiah; he was only afraid to confess Him for fear of the Jews. Being a good Arabic scholar, I gave him a Hebrew New Testament, and two Gospels in Arabic.

Friday, April 18th.—We had scarcely breakfast over,

when in came a soldier from the Governor, and very abruptly said, "You are to come to speak to the Basha at once." "What does the Basha want?" "I don't know; he sent me to bring you." When I arrived at the Basha's house, there were over a hundred Jews sitting. I began to wonder if the Jews had gone to complain about our work, as Sliman got himself into some trouble in the Jewish Quarter the day before by his indiscretion. The Basha asked me why I had not come to see him. "You are a medical man, and you have not come to see if any are sick among us." I explained it was not customary for Christians to call as soon as they arrived, but after they had rested a few days. "It is all right," said he; and had there been no cause, he, in all probability, would not have sent for me. "A friend of mine—a Governor from the country—is ill, and is anxious to see you." After arranging to see the patient in his own house, a soldier said to me, "Come this way." The interview was over, and they had no further need of my service.

This is how they treat Christians! The Kaid did not even thank me for coming. But we must "become all things to all men, so that we may win some" (1 Cor. ix. 22). A Christian missionary has to pocket many insults and indignities if he wishes to exemplify Christ to them.

I afterwards learned that the Jews had come to ask the Basha to petition the Sultan to enlarge their Quarter, which was too small for the growing population.

On returning to my house I found the two Jews who visited me on Wednesday waiting to receive more instruction, which I was delighted to impart. Afterwards I went with them to the Jewish Quarter, to see a girl suffering from tetanus. The girl's mother would not allow her to take medicine. They said the girl had visited

a place frequented by evil spirits, and, while sitting on the ground, the evil spirits entered her, and nothing but charms would cause them to leave. Visiting in the Mellah to-day was anything but pleasant—ankle-deep in mud, and an aroma far from agreeable.

Saturday, April 19th.—Anxious to leave, but unable to do so owing to the rain. Treated six Moorish patients. One brought us some nice fresh butter, milk, and honey. Sliman and I had to partake of the good things he brought me before he would take the medicine ; which meant to signify if I had no fear, and partook of what he brought, then he would not be afraid to take my medicine.

Sabbath, April 20th.—Morning delightfully fine ; but we had not much time for reading or meditation. Treated thirty Moorish patients. In the morning an old soldier came and took a Gospel, but brought it back in the evening, saying, "You want me to change my religion : the Koran is sufficient, and I wish no more." Towards sunset Mr. Dressler arrived, which was a pleasant surprise. Not being able to reach Mequinez on Saturday as he calculated, owing to bad animals and worse roads, he had to travel on Sabbath, so as not to miss me.

Monday, April 21st.—Removed a large pendulous tumour from the thigh of a Moor. He informed me the tumour was a great inconvenience, and he would like it removed if I did not charge too much. Being a poor man, I said I would be delighted to remove it free of charge. By way of reward he gave us a few nice oranges. In the evening we visited him, and found no signs of bleeding. He could not read, but he listened most attentively to the truth. "Why," said he to a neighbour present, "see what that Christian has done for me ! He does not wish money ;" and, with a long sigh,

he added, "Where is the Moslem that would do that without money?"

In the afternoon Mr. Dressler had some wonderful gatherings with the Jews in the Mellah. He proved a far greater attraction to his brethren according to the flesh than did my medicines. One of the rabbis said, when he heard that Mr. Dressler was one of the seed of Abraham, "I have no more strength left within me. To think that an intelligent Jew like you should become a Christian is past my comprehension."

MOULAI ISMAEL.

Mequinez was supposed to be founded about the tenth century, but it did not reach its glory till the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, during the reign of Moulai Ismael.

As one looks at the massive concrete walls, built by fellow-Christians enslaved, groaning under the yoke of a heathen potentate—a servitude tenfold more severe than that of Egyptian bondage—one is constrained to say, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge, and avenge the blood of them who were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held?" Many of the Christian slaves were thrown from the top of these walls to gratify that bloodthirsty monarch.

The population, I should say, is between 40,000 and 50,000, of which 5,000 or 6,000 are Jews. The inhabitants are poor, and mostly of the Arab class. The streets, as a rule, are wide, but the mud is as plentiful as in other towns, the Jewish Quarter, for filth, surpassing anything I have seen in Morocco; and the great wonder is that the people flourish as they do.

The manufactures of Mequinez are few—principally guns, ploughs, swords, saddles and pack-saddles. The

Jews are the artisans—brassworkers, making trays, tin-smiths, silversmiths, and goldsmiths.

The Jews have not the same liberty as in Fez or any of the coast towns. Here, also, when in the Moorish Quarter, they have to take off their slippers and carry them in their hands.

The climate of Mequinez is very good, as it stands high, and has always a cool breeze. In winter it is piercingly cold, and in summer considerably hotter than on the coast.

“The reputation Mequinez has earned for morals is one of the worst possible to be obtained, rivalling Sodom and Gomorrah in the tale of its wickedness.” The wickedness of the place is accounted for by the large number of shereefs who live in the city; and yet these shereefs are supposed to be holy men, descended in direct line from their Prophet!

Much good work might yet be done here. At present Mequinez is without a missionary:

Tuesday, April 22nd.—Rode out of Mequinez at 6 a.m. Day calm, and everything green from the rains; yet travelling was far from pleasant. We were scarcely free from the city, when down went our muleteer's donkey into the clay, as if it had been a pot of glue. Here four men laboured for over twenty minutes before they could get the donkey on *terra firma* again.

To the right, on the mountain side, were lovely olive groves, with the picturesque town of Sēdi Ali Bin Hamdoosh, the founder of a religious sect, who go yearly to pay their respects to their departed saint.

After a few hours' heavy travelling, we reached the high tableland, where we gazed on Mequinez—not altogether without mingled feelings, for we could not help thinking the Lord had many chosen ones in that city.

It being the second day of Rhamadan, our men, who were fasting, felt it most trying. One of Mr. Dressler's men, on coming to a river, looked up most piteously, and cried, "O Lord, what shall I do? I am at the point of death. Oh, forgive me: I must drink or die!"

Although Moslems, when travelling, do not necessarily require to fast, yet one is struck to see those who have no religion whatever, rigidly observing the fasting month.

At 3 p.m. we crossed the high, rocky mountains above Sidi Kasam, from the top of which we looked down on the great Sharda plain, studded with villages on both sides of the Wad Ardam. The river was greatly swollen, and we should have been unable to cross had guides not come to our aid. Safely over, we met with a warm welcome from old faces and friends. We asked them, as a favour, to allow us to pitch our tents in quietness, and then come back after sunset, when they had eaten, as they would then be in a better mood.

Mr. Dressler's man, who had broken his fast, greatly amused us. The day being cloudy we were unable to see the sun, so he asked me, as a favour, to tell him when it was sunset, which I did. Then he called out, "Allah Akbar!" "God is great!" to the great astonishment of the Mooidden (correctly Muithen) of the little country mosque. Then he lay down on the ground, sighing deeply, bemoaning his fate, making the people believe he was fasting while travelling.

After the people had eaten, many came to our tents, and Mr. Dressler and I were kept busy reading and speaking to them up till ten o'clock. I treated fifteen patients, and gave away several Gospels.

Wednesday, April 23rd.—Although we rose at 5 a.m., we were unable to get off before 7 a.m., on account of patients wishing medicine. The first two hours of our

journey were pleasant, but the next we were wading through a marsh, our men having to go in front to pilot the way. While sitting on a green spot writing my diary, my horse ran off, and while trying to catch him I got into a ditch up to the knees, and had to give up the chase. Two of our baggage animals sank in the marsh, and their loads had to be removed before they could get up. Resuming our journey, I had to travel for the next two hours in my wet clothes. Fortunately the day was warm.

At noon we arrived at Wad Bihth, where another difficulty presented itself. The river was greatly swollen, and, as there was a strong current, we were afraid to venture. The Arabs saw our difficulty and refused to help us, intending to make profit out of us. After we had sat for over half an hour, and while we were wondering what we should do, one of the Kaid's sons, whose acquaintance I formed on the way to Fez, came upon the scene. After mutual greetings I said we would be very grateful if he could induce the men to help us across. My request was no sooner made than he said to the men, "Get up." They quickly obeyed, and before twenty minutes we were, baggage and all, safely on the other side. We were grateful to the Kaid's son, and thankful indeed to our Heavenly Father for sending him at the right moment.

Resuming our journey, we felt the heat trying, and, there being a scarcity of water, our animals were greatly fatigued.

At 4 p.m. we came to our halting-place, a douar called Sidi-ou-Oubad. One of the Arabs here, an old patient, provided us with supper. Before retiring I treated twenty patients, and gave away twelve Gospels, and could have given away many more. This was the only place where there was a greater demand for books than

medicine. Besides the patients we had an interesting group of listeners of men and boys. At 9 p.m. we had to request them to leave, as we felt tired out from our long ride.

Thursday, April 24th.—At 6 a.m. an Arab was at my tent door asking for another book. Last night I gave him the Gospel of St. Matthew, and now he wanted St. John's Gospel, having seen one in the possession of a neighbour. I said I was sorry I had none to spare. "Oh, you might," said he, "I will soon read the other;" and added, "I know you Christians are fond of sporting dogs, so if you give me a Gospel of St. John, I will give you a nice sporting dog which I have." And then he pleaded so earnestly, I was led to give him one. I may add that an Arab will part with many things before he will part with his dog, more especially if it is a good one. The dog given me was a species which is rare, and much like the rough-faced collie at home. For this dog an Arab ventured to offer me a dollar; and a wild Zair who came to the Mission offered me a sheep; but, on account of its interesting history, I refused to part with it.

Nothing of interest occurred by the way, and at 5 p.m. we passed by the outskirts of the Mamora forest. Close by was a douar, called Wuled Musa (children of Moses), where we rested for the night. We could not find a clean place in the inside of the douar, and if the douar was dirty, the people were no exception. I treated fifteen patients, all suffering from itch, save two or three. The people were painfully ignorant, and very much like their neighbours in Mehadea. We only found one who could read. After treating him I gave him a Gospel. In a little he came back, asking me if he should tie the Gospel over the place where he had pain (as they do with their charms). "If the book had any charm in it

whatever, I would like to tie it over your heart, so that it might change it. If you read the book it will teach you the way of life and immortality through Jesus Christ."

Friday, April 25th.—Rose at 5 a.m., and off by 6 a.m. Scampered on with the soldier in front of the muleteer. Everywhere the Arabs were busy with the barley harvest, and mounted horsemen, on their prancing steeds, were riding about on elevated places, to give signal of the approaching enemy. Everything looked lovely. As we entered Salee, volumes of curses were hurled at us by the street arabs; but it was cheering to hear from old patients the words, "Welcome, welcome."

Arrived at Rabat at 9 a.m., with grateful hearts to our Heavenly Father for His preserving care, not only to us, but also to the loved ones left at home.

July 14th.—We got a pleasant surprise when we saw Dr. Churcher step into our courtyard, having arrived from London on his way to Tangier (the Mersey Line go direct from London to Rabat). As iron sharpeneth iron so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. It is always cheering to meet with one in the King's service.

Next morning we left with Dr. Churcher for Tangier, my wife being much in need of a change, while I went to negotiate regarding the building of Mission premises, and also for temporary Mission accommodation. I returned shortly after to Rabat. Two weeks later duty called me again to Tangier, the Moorish government refusing to carry out the order for temporary accommodation. I had only been a few days in Tangier when Mrs. Kerr was laid aside by a severe attack of intermittent fever, which caused us no little anxiety. The kindness of Nurse White and the lady missionaries during her protracted illness will always be thought of with warmest remembrance. Her convalescence was slow,

but as soon as strength permitted we returned to Rabat, where we arrived on October 30th.

We often wonder why such troubles come ; but as our Heavenly Father chastens in love, it must be to conform us into the image of His dear Son, and make us partakers of His holiness.

NOTES FROM SYNOPSIS OF THE YEAR'S WORK.

Hospital work.—For want of suitable accommodation we have been obliged to reduce the number of indoor patients. It was a matter of much regret that this interesting department of our work should have been crippled, as many of our hospital cases have been fraught with much blessing. It is scarcely possible to fulfil our dear Lord's command, "Heal the sick," unless you have a place where these poor sufferers can rest and receive attention.

Often when looking at these poor people, naked and hungry, with pale and haggard faces from poverty and disease, our hearts have been drawn out in sympathy towards them, and more so, as they are buoyed up with a false hope of eternal bliss, through witnessing to their Prophet.

It is with grateful hearts that we are able to report a spirit of inquiry among God's ancient people. Not a few, we believe, know and feel the truth of God in their hearts, but are afraid to make an open confession among their brethren.

Among the Moslems an interesting work has been carried on during the year ; many of them are open and willing to listen to the truth.

The work is growing so rapidly that a co-worker is greatly to be desired, and we fondly trust that the

forward movement suggested by the Committee in the January number of the *Presbyterian Messenger* may be realised. I have long wished that our Mission could be so strengthened as to enable us to take up Mequinez as an inland station.

During the year, while in Rabat, the dispensary has been opened every day except Sabbath, and the work among the patients has been most encouraging indeed. Owing to the irregularity with which the patients come, we have been unable to have a regular service; but we deal with them in groups or individually, believing that the good seed thus sown will not return void.

The engagement with our Syrian workers having terminated, they, not finding Morocco agreeable, emigrated to America.

Standing much in need of a helper, I engaged a young converted Jew while at Tangier to assist me in the dispensary. He is a young man of promise, and has been very helpful to me among the Jews.

The building of Mission premises, for which we have been negotiating during the year, appears to be still in the future.

A clause in the Treaty of Madrid stipulates that the Sultan of Morocco must build suitable houses for all Europeans at 6 per cent. on the original outlay, should the government not be able to provide them suitable accommodation. This clause, like all others affecting the welfare of Christians, is a dead letter.

I had several interviews with Her Britannic Majesty's Minister while at Tangier, who assured me he would do all in his power to induce the Sultan to build on the site chosen by us. The Moorish government offered to build Mission premises, but as the place on which they wished to build was in the most inconvenient and filthiest part of the town, we refused to accept it.

The correspondence regarding building is something incredible, and the Mission is deeply indebted to Her Majesty's government for the aid it has given us.

Often our hands would be weak and our knees feeble were we to look at the human side ; but taking these difficulties and obstacles cast in the way as tokens that our work is being felt and beginning to take root, it is then we can take courage and go forward.

Although the year has been much broken up, yet our hands have not been idle. I treated 3,686 patients ; the number of Jews being one in seven.

Visiting the sick in their houses takes up a considerable time ; but it is interesting work. Meeting with them in their homes helps materially to break down their prejudices, and pave the way for the reception of the Gospel.

The number of books sold and given away has been more than in former years. As the distribution of these has been judiciously made to persons whom we thought interested, we have good reason to believe that these Gospels are silent missionaries in not a few cases.

While waiting for the fruit of our labours we ask the prayers of the Church, that we may be faithful to our trust, and be kept waiting on God.

· SIXTH YEAR (1891).

STREET ORATOR.—MOSLEM THEOLOGY.—GOD THE AUTHOR OF GOOD AND EVIL.—SECOND ITINERANCY.—SALEE FOOKIE AT LIL-LI-TO.—TRAVELLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—JEWISH MONEY-LENDERS.—SABBATH IN CAMP.—OUR EXPERIENCE IN FEZ.—THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE BO-JILOOD.—MOORISH INTRIGUES.—WORK AMONG THE JEWS.—ARRIVAL AT MEQUINEZ.—WORK AMONG THE JEWS.—ARAB THIEVES.—HOSPITAL PATIENTS.—HAPPY DEATH.—BIN SHIBBA.—BALL EXPLODING AFTER FORTY YEARS.—SYNOPSIS OF THE YEAR'S WORK.

THIS year, like many others, began quietly, and at our little evening service we took for our motto Phil. iii. 13, 14: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Wednesday, Jan. 7th.—To-day four men, journeying from Abda to Fez, came asking for books. I gave each a Gospel, and then spoke faithfully to them of Christ, the only sacrifice for sin. I was struck by a remark which one made: "You are the same kind of Christian which we met in Shawea," referring to the missionaries who had visited them. It is a cheering omen to know that there are a few in Morocco who can distinguish the same disinterested motive in us, namely, seeking their eternal well-being.

Tuesday, Feb. 24th.—Went in afternoon with my dispenser to Salee, to visit some patients and old friends.

On returning, we passed through the market, where a street orator happened to be haranguing his audience about the "holy war" which they would yet wage on the Christians. Looking up, and seeing us a few yards off, he cried out, "There they are ; go for them !" Before half a minute we were surrounded by an excited crowd of over a hundred people, most of them from the lowest strata of Moorish society. They hooted, hissed, cursed, and threatened us.

I asked my dispenser to keep perfectly calm, knowing that the slightest indiscretion might be fraught with most serious consequences. I lifted up my heart to God and said, "O Lord, Thou knowest we have come this day about our Heavenly Father's business. Shield us from 'the adversary.'" I looked at the excited crowd, smiled, and said, "Have you never seen a Christian before?"

A well-to-do Moor, a shereef (unknown to me), lifted a handful of stones and threw them at the crowd, at the same time hurling the most awful imprecations on them, and on their family. As the shereef appeared to be of some standing among them, not one advanced a step further, while a cordon of some half-dozen friendly Moors surrounded us.

"No shaft can hit
Until the God of love sees fit."

After leaving, I remarked to my dispenser, who had been rather impatient. "How infinitely wiser it is to leave ourselves in God's hands, Who is ever as a wall of fire around His servants!"

Often I have been attacked at Salee, but always providentially delivered. Once a stone was aimed at me, but I escaped unhurt by quickly bending down my head.

Here is an instance of the inveterate hatred which the



*From a photograph by
A. Cavilla, Tangier.*

WAITING FOR FERRY TO CROSS TO SALEE.

people of Salee cherish towards Christians. One day a rather amusing incident happened while passing through Salee. An old woman cursed, and spat, and roared at us until she made herself hoarse. An old patient, coming on the scene, called out, "Welcome, welcome, doctor!" "Oh, call him back," said the old woman, "to see my eyes." "See your eyes!" exclaimed the old patient. "You cursed the doctor, and then you would have the barefacedness to ask him to come back and look at your eyes! Off, off, out of this! You cursed his parents." The old woman went away saying, "God has written this calamity upon me, so I must bear it. May the curse of God be upon Satan!" The Moslems have a strange theology, the precepts of which are difficult to reconcile. "God," they say, "is the Author of all things, good and bad, but Satan is responsible for the evil, being the instrument which God uses in bringing the evil about. Had it not been we were hurried, riding to see a patient outside the city, we would have turned back and attended to the old woman's eyes.

In perils oft in Morocco, we can testify to God's faithfulness in preserving His people. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness which is of me, saith the Lord" (Isa. liv. 17).

How sweet such promises are! Help us, dear Lord, implicitly to rest on them.

It is not expedient that the messenger of peace should look for aid from the powers which be. Doubtless there are times when it becomes necessary that we should assert our rights; but our battles can only be fought, and our rights vindicated, by prayer and supplication, on our knees before God. Oh to be Ezra-like at the river Ahava!

“Then I proclaimed a fast there, at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of Him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance. For I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers to help us against the enemy in the way : because we had spoken unto the king, saying, “The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him ; but His power and His wrath is against all them that forsake Him. So we fasted and besought our God for this : and He was intreated of us” (Ezra viii. 21-23).

“Prove me herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

SECOND INLAND ITINERANCY IN THE SPRING OF 1891.

Travelling in Morocco has a romance about it which we never experience at home. There are no cabs which we can engage to be ready for us at a fixed hour, which will take us to the station, to reach, after a few hours in train, our destination. It was all arranged that we should start (D.V.) on Monday, March 16th, at 8 a.m. Our muleteers not only arrived late, but raised innumerable objections—first, the loads were too heavy ; and then we must feed their animals by the way. They sat down and refused to move, and neither persuasion nor threats were of any avail. At last we had to send to the British Vice-Consulate for a soldier, who, on arriving, informed them that since they had taken the earnest money the day previously, they must now abide by the agreement, and advised them to pick up the loads and move off as quickly as possible, otherwise they knew the alternative. Without causing us further trouble they loaded their animals, and went on, laughing and singing as if nothing had happened.

Our party consisted of Mr. Dressler, of the Mildmay Mission; my dispenser; our cook, Hassan, a lad, the son of a Kaid, a State prisoner from the south, who has been imprisoned for the last seven years; a government soldier, and four muleteers; and Miss Fletcher, of the North African Mission, who availed herself of the opportunity of going to Fez to join the lady-missionaries there.

As the journey is nearly the same as we took last year, I will only refer to the practical details by the way.

At 4 p.m. we arrived at our halting-place, a douar close to the Kuntera (bridge). The people were a most filthy and stingy lot, asking enormous prices for everything; besides, our soldier had great difficulty in keeping them at a respectable distance until we pitched our tent; yet, with all our watchfulness, some of the Arabs most adroitly stole the cloths of one of our muleteers, by sitting down close to them, and then getting them under his loose garments without being noticed. We only found one who could read—a goodnatured old man—to whom we gave two Gospels. I treated twenty-one patients.

Tuesday, March 17th.—Up early. Crowds came to see us, some for medicine, others out of curiosity, while a few we had good reason to believe were bent on business, which caused us to adopt the precaution of seeing them outside my tent, on account of their nimble fingers. Having seen several of the most deserving cases, I refused to treat more until they brought back the muleteer's cloths; but they only laughed at us. However, we remained firm; sent the soldier on horseback to bring the sheikh, and demanded the cloths. "The cloths have not been stolen by us," said the sheikh, after he came. "Well, then," said I, "the case can easily be settled. Our muleteers say that they will be

satisfied if you bring down all your douar, to the saints' tomb (close by); and if you swear you have not taken them then, there is an end of the matter." "Oh, no," said the sheikh; "we do not take oath here; but we will pay the value of the cloths;" which they did. Afterwards we overheard the sheikh asking a friend of his who it was that took the cloths. "So-and-so," was the reply. "Then go and tell him how much they cost him."

It was now 8 a.m., and we were anxious to be off. The first two hours' travelling was heavy, being through a marsh, but after crossing it the road was firm all the way. At 4 p.m. we came to Lil-li-to, where we had many sweet recollections of our former visit. After resting a little we visited several of our old friends, some of whom we were glad to find had become familiar with the contents of the Gospels. An old patient brought us a nice fowl, a large jug of milk, and some barley boiled in sour milk; the latter our men enjoyed immensely.

Although the day was fine, towards the evening the sky became o'ercast; and before 10 p.m. the rain came down in torrents, and the place we had pitched on was soon turned into a bog.

Wednesday, March 18th.—Unable to start, owing to the rain; but our stay was not in vain. Over a hundred persons visited our tent. I treated forty-five patients, gave away two large New Testaments, and twenty Gospels.

About 11 a.m. a lively scene occurred. Some twenty men were sitting at the tent door and listening most attentively to the gospel, when a Fookie from Salee (who was camped close by) came and listened for a few minutes, and then shouted, "Get up. Go away, every one of you, from here. Don't listen to that man." Many of those present jumped to their feet and quickly

dispersed. I went to his chief and complained, and asked not to be interfered with in my work by any of his party, but he treated me with the utmost contempt. The Salee Fookies happened to be the guest of an Arab who had European protection. He, however, took a more serious view of the matter, because he came at once and apologised. I said the Fookie must come to my tent and apologise, which he did shortly after, to our great surprise. What happened between the Arab host and his Salee friends (the Fookies) we could not learn; but they packed up in the midst of pouring rain and went off. Shortly after the Fookies had gone, their Arab host came, and said, "You must send Miss Fletcher to see the women in my tents, so that I may know we part in friendship." I need not say that the invitation was accepted; and it was a very pleasant visit indeed.

We do not wonder that Satan should seek to hinder our work; but we could not help seeing the good hand of God upon us, in foiling Satan's attempts to turn the people against us by sending his agents away with shame and confusion of face.

Thursday, March 19th.—During the night we had considerable difficulty in keeping our belongings in the tent dry. Started at 8 a.m. The weather was not very promising, but we were anxious to change our camping-ground. At 2 p.m. we crossed Bihth. Here I met with an interesting surgical case (the wife of a blind man), but was unable to operate. The sky being clear we thought that we might proceed further, but scarcely had half an hour elapsed when the rain came down in torrents, and it continued to pour until 5 p.m., when we came to our halting-place, marching on through ploughed fields. Nearing our journey's end we had to cross a river at the bottom of a deep ravine, with clay embankments on either side. It was not taken without

fear and trembling. When in the middle of the stream my horse took fright, and as he was unable to turn in the narrow stream, he made to climb the side of the slippery embankment. Being afraid the horse would tumble over on the top of me, I jumped backwards out of the saddle into the stream up to the knees in water. My dispenser began to upbraid me for attempting to cross without one to guide my horse; but the horses could keep their feet better than the men. My dispenser dismounted, and got one of the muleteers to carry him on his back. While in the middle of the stream the muleteer stopped to readjust his burden, when a loaded mule coming on behind gave them such a push as to send them (all fours) into the river. Having crossed the river we took the pass as best we could, praying all the time that the Lord would preserve us, which He mercifully did. Five minutes later we reached a small village; but the people refused to have anything to do with us or give us a place, although we offered to pay them liberally for everything. So we had to wend our weary steps to the house of the Kaid, half a mile farther on. The Kaid received us kindly, and placed two rooms at our disposal. We were a piteous sight, benumbed from the cold, drenched with rain, and bespattered with mud.

Miss Fletcher, for the first time in her life, was made a prisoner, locked up in a room, with a guard outside, by order of the Kaid.

The male portion occupied the upper room, with a clay stair, which the rain had made as slippery as ice; and occasionally we heard a visitor or servant being precipitated to the bottom. Some Arab women made futile attempts to get up to see me. Finding it impossible, they cried out at the bottom of the stair, "Lillah" ("for the sake of God") "come down." At

the top of the stair lay five splendid greyhounds, who at times thought we were intruders, and disputed the right of the stair. The Kaid and several of his friends visited us, brought a big tea-urn, and partook freely of the green tea. To the former I gave a large New Testament. May it be owned of God to shed light into their hearts! If it was uncomfortable outside it was almost as bad inside, for we were tortured in a most indescribable manner by the innumerable host of insects. Here we found two Jews carrying on their nefarious traffic in money-lending. The Arab population, who are directly under the government, are, as a rule, so poor that they have often to borrow money. The Jew is the lender, and he often charges 60 per cent. for three months. Say the Arab borrows \$100, but he has really borrowed \$40, for the interest is added on to the sum borrowed. Should he, at the end of the stipulated time (generally six months), be unable to pay, the lender comes and says, "Well, I will give you six months more, but I must have a notarial document written for \$200." Should he have paid \$20 or \$30 that goes for nothing. The lender in Morocco keeps the accounts. Of course at the end of the year he has not \$200 to give. The lender then says, "Pay me my money or I will put you in prison." The man pleads for mercy. "Well, then, you must give me a document for \$400," and so on. One day when the poor Arab is not aware he is thrown into prison, and all he has is sold, and for the original \$100 he or his friends have to pay \$1,000,—the lending Jew generally being in league with the district Governor, who receives a share of the profits. That is how they do things in Morocco.

Friday, March 20th.—Every prospect of a good day ; so, after treating twenty patients, we left at 9 a.m., thanking the Kaid for his kindness. Our horses and

men had the greatest difficulty in moving along, the clay soil sticking to their feet like enormous balls. At noon we came to Wad Ardām, which was not very enticing to cross. There was a heavy current running, and the river was gradually rising. The natives urged us to make haste, or perhaps we should be unable to cross for several days. The fords are just as nature made them; and the fatalistic Moslems believe it would be interfering with the decrees of God to pick a little earth off the side of the embankment to facilitate the ingress and egress of animals when crossing. At the river we met with several of the sons of Abraham travelling from Morocco city to Fez; two of whom I engaged to pilot me over. They were grateful for the little I gave them. I was struck by what they said to me: "We are afraid to travel alone, and would have been so glad to avail ourselves of your protection, but we are unable to proceed further, on account of the Sabbath." Here are poor sons of Abraham, strangers in a strange land, and yet they rigidly keep the Sabbath. Their actions would put many Christians to shame.

Safely over, we found ourselves in the midst of a number of villages called Sharda, where we rested for a little, and partook of lunch, and treated several patients. One poor man followed us for over two hours on horseback, as we were unable to open our medicine-boxes by the way. Here we were surprised, as also at Lil-li-to, to find a number of Jews temporarily residing, buying and selling cotton goods, candles, etc., etc. To each of these Jews who visited us Mr. Dressler gave a Hebrew New Testament, and I distributed over a dozen of the Psalms in Hebrew, and a few Gospels in Arabic.

Scarcely had we resumed our journey when we saw a portly Moor following us on muleback, and calling upon us to stop. This Moor we found was the

scribe of the Kaid at whose place we camped over night. He was living in a village some distance from the Kaid, and arrived an hour after we had left. Being informed by the Kaid where we were likely to camp, he followed us to be treated for intermittent fever, and he was not a little disappointed when we told him he would require to come a little farther before we could treat him. At 3 p.m. we arrived at Bab-Tuka, where we were glad to pitch, being wet and cold from the drizzling rain.

The man, who followed us all the way, we treated on our arrival, and he left in time to return to Shrarda before sunset. The sheikh sat on the top of a conical rubbish heap, and gently moved around, watching his subjects, to our great amusement. Up till we retired we were busy with patients, Mr. Dressler reading and speaking to the people, while my assistant dispensed the medicine. We were delighted to find many of the people able to read, open, and willing to listen to the gospel. I treated thirteen patients and gave away a number of Gospels. Though tired out by a fatiguing day, yet we were unable to enjoy nature's sweet repose owing to the barking of dogs and a man repeating parts of the Koran in the most mechanical fashion from about 10 p.m. till 5 a.m., with a voice like Jupiter. It was not until the morning I knew who this holy man was. I asked them if they had a madman in the village. They appear to think that such acts are meritorious, and that it will wash away their sins. Alas, poor people! They forget that God looks on the heart and judges accordingly.

Saturday, March 21st.—Left at 9 a.m., having before that hour treated ten patients. This was the only place where a few of the villagers came of their own free will and assisted us to load our animals. From this village we all carried many pleasant recollections with us.

Frank and open, they unburdened many of their difficulties. The Lord hear their groanings!

Roads heavy, with continual showers of rain, made travelling anything but pleasant. At 3 p.m. we came to Dar-bin Shlich, at the top of a mountain range called Silfet, where the Sultan had his harem last year. Here we pitched our tents in the midst of a perfect hurricane of wind and rain. Afterwards we went to the village to buy charcoal and barley; but they said they had nothing to sell us. So we had to betake ourselves to the acting Kaid half a mile off. Meanwhile, Mr. Dressler and my dispenser went to the village where we camped last year, and were kindly received by the acting Governor (all the Kaid's were away at the war); he gave them several loaves of bread, and charcoal, free of charge. Having mentioned what we wished to the acting Kaid (by the bye, this worthy man was living in a tumbledown hut), he said, "Go to your tents." Shortly after he brought all we required: but the price of everything was exorbitant—twice as much as the articles would have brought in the London market. We had, however, no alternative. The people told us that they were very poor, and had almost nothing; that by providing allowances for the various camps of the Sultan passing and repassing they had been eaten up.

After a change of clothing, some nice warm soup, and a cup of tea, we felt quite comfortable and happy.

The Kaid, anxious that the Christians should not bring him into any trouble, placed four guards to watch our tents. They sat at their posts all night in the midst of pouring rain.

Sabbath, March 22nd.—Morning lovely, and as there was a good breeze we got our clothing nicely dried. After breakfast we read Psalm xci., feeling it had been verified in our own experience; and while singing

the sweet songs of Zion we forgot all about our drenchings by the way for the joy of being ambassadors for Jesus Christ.

About 12:30 p.m. the sky became overcast, and scarcely had we time to gather in our belongings when it began to rain, or rather *pour*. Yet nevertheless, crowds came to see us; some out of curiosity, others for books and medicines. Here, under the most adverse circumstances, we had the most interesting work of all by the way. We met with not a few longing after the truth. Some said, "I have come to be treated, but I would rather have a book than medicine." I treated thirty patients, and gave away twenty Gospels. In the evening I could not help thinking that, in the good providence of God, these Gospels may yet be the means of shedding abroad the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ in these little villages on the mountain side.

Monday, March 23rd.—We got our tents up dry, and were on the march by 10 a.m. Scarcely had we gone a hundred yards when we encountered heavy rain and hail, which came pelting in the horses' faces; they turned and refused to go forward.

Our path lay down a deep clay descent, and men and animals were slipping in every direction. Miss Fletcher's animal fell in a narrow path at the top of a deep ravine. It was an anxious moment, for we were about as helpless as the animals; our men invoking all the patron saints to their aid. I need not say we were looking to our Heavenly Father, and, praise His Name, He can and did deliver. The animal got safely on his feet again without any mishap.

Travelling was as if going through ploughed fields—ever and anon in the most imminent danger—rounding clay passes by the side of deep ravines. The muleteers were so fatigued that they were unable to keep up with

the animals ; and by the neglect, or rather fatigue, of our men, two of our mules fell into a deep gorge, and everything had to be unpacked before we could get them out.

At 4 p.m., drenched and shivering, we came to an en-zella (camping-place), where the inhospitable people could not be prevailed upon to give us a hut. Their invitation to pitch in the enclosure knee-deep in mud we declined with thanks, and pitched our tents on the hill side close by. Out came the sheikh, apparently in a great state of excitement, and said, "You cannot camp there ; you will be murdered, and your animals stolen. We refuse to protect you." In reply we said, "We don't wish your protection ; because, if God be for us, who can be against us? Nobody can harm us without the will of our Heavenly Father." At this they were rather surprised that we Christians should know God.

Barley they had none, and our muleteers' animals had to do without it ; besides, we had the greatest difficulty in getting bread for ourselves and our men. The people were poor, debased, and ignorant ; none in the village could read ; yet we preached to all who came the Word of Life.

Tuesday, March 24th.—The day dry. And when the sun began to send forth his rays, and the larks to sing overhead, it reminded us of spring. Some parts of the roads were heavy, but on the whole travelling was agreeable, and we reached Fez at 3 p.m.

OUR EXPERIENCES IN FEZ.

When we arrived at New Fez, I sent the soldier with a letter to the Governor, requesting a house in close proximity to or in the Jewish Quarter. Mr. Dressler kindly stayed with my assistant and pitched the tents,



SHEREEF OF WAZAN, LATE PATRON SAINT OF MOROCCO.

(From a photograph by A. Cavilla, Tangier.)

while I went with Miss Fletcher to the North African Mission House, which is in Old Fez. When my soldier returned, he informed me that the Governor, on reading the letter, said, "Welcome, welcome! It is now late, but I will send my soldier to a nice camping-place for the night. Christians are not allowed to live in the Government Quarter; but if the doctor wishes a house in the Jewish Quarter, he shall have his choice." How delighted I was on the receipt of the news.

But Moslems flatter with their lips, while their hearts are gall and wormwood. Our camping-place was the Bo-jilood (the father of skins), from the place having been used by tanners to dry their skins, and was surrounded by huts and tumble-down houses, in which were living the "submerged strata" of Moorish society. Under our tents were vaults, inhabited by men and women whose sins and the sins of their parents had made their lives more miserable than death. Eight guards kept watch around our camp by night, hooting like owls to keep their brethren awake, and they kept us awake too, having with them about a dozen yelping dogs to join in the chorus.

Wednesday, March 25th.—Before we got dressed all the guards were at our tent door, each demanding a shilling, which we flatly refused. After breakfast I set out on horseback with the soldier to call on the Governor of New Fez. He received us politely, and assured me that anything he could do for me would afford him the greatest pleasure. He then sent his soldier with our soldier to the Governor of the Jewish Quarter, a big, burly Moor, who treats all foreigners with as much contempt as if they were unclean beasts. "If the Christian has no letter from the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Tangier, I won't give him a house in the Jewish Quarter." When the message was brought to

me at the gate of the Jewish Quarter, I was a little disappointed. I returned to the Governor of New Fez, and upbraided him for his deceitfulness. "Why," said I, "if you have no power to give me a house in the Jewish Quarter, why not say so?" But Moorish officials delight in making themselves as disagreeable as possible to the "Christian dog" who may chance to visit them, as a hint not to repeat his visit.

After returning to our tent, and while we were drinking a cup of coffee, the soldier who was sent to guard us stole my riding-whip, which I left at the tent door. I sent and informed the Governor, and asked that the soldier be removed and the whip returned. Mr. Dressler said he was anxious to go with the soldier, so that he might hear what the Governor said. The Governor received them coldly, and, in an insulting manner, said to Mr. Dressler and the soldier, "If the doctor cannot take care of his whip he deserves to have it stolen." We thought that this was rather too good. We pay a soldier to guard us, and he steals from us; and when we complain to his master, he says "if we cannot watch our own goods we deserve to have them stolen."

Thereafter I went with another letter to try what success I might have with the Governor of Old Fez, who is not much improved in his manners towards Christians. "You can have a house," said he, "for \$6 per month, or you can have one for \$10, or you can have one for \$20; but if you stay one day in the house, you must pay a month's rent; that is how we rent houses here." In reply I said, "You are mistaken if you think that is the way we hire houses; so if you can't come to reasonable terms, I will camp out, and you will have the honour of guarding my tent." Afterwards, I requested Mr. Dressler to go to the Kaid with his circular letter. With his thorough knowledge of Arabic, he was more than a match for the

old Kaid. "Can you," said Mr. Dressler, "show me one passage in the Tourat (Old Testament), or in the Anjeel (New Testament), or in your Koran, which says you are to treat Christians so? Does not your Koran say that the most favourable towards the believers are the Christians? And this is what you give them in return!" "I have been in Europe," said the Kaid, "and I have had to pay a great deal more in hotels than you are asked to pay." But in reply Mr. Dressler said, "Have you ever had to pay for what you never got?" "Oh, no," was the Kaid's reply. "Suppose," said Mr. Dressler, "that you went to the bakery and bought two loaves of bread, is it just that you should be made to pay for the whole oven?" Cries of "Shame!" from the Moorish soldiers, and, "Shall we remove him?" "Do you mean to say that we are trying to rob you?" said the Kaid. "No," said Mr. Dressler, "there is no trying about it. You openly rob us." A scribe sitting near said to the Kaid, "Arrange, my lord, with the Christian." "What do you wish?" said the Kaid. "I wish you to give me a house at a fixed rent per day." "We have a place, but it is not walled in, and you will require to have two soldiers to guard you night and day, and their pay will be so much." "What! soldiers to guard us in the city, and in sight of the Sultan's palace? Had you ever to pay for soldiers to guard you when travelling in Christian countries?" Cries of "Shame!"

Mr. Dressler remained firm, and noted down the daily charges in a book in the presence of the Governor before he left.

During our absence, our men had considerable difficulty in keeping the aristocracy of the Bo-jilood from lifting our belongings. They would barefacedly come to the tent, and lift whatever they could lay their hands on, and walk off with it.

Afterwards we were informed by Christians and Jews that it was the grossest insult the Governor could give to any one to send him to the Bo-jilood. There is no doubt that the Governors have instructions to be as disagreeable as possible to Christians.

Thursday, March 26th.—Though anxious to leave the Bo-jilood, yet we wished to settle with the Governor of New Fez before leaving. I went to the Governor, and complained of the conduct of the guards in allowing the people to come and annoy us. "Well," said he, "you had better leave." "But leave we won't." I further told the Governor that if my whip was not forthcoming by midday, I would vacate my tents, and allow the people to take the rest, and would hold him responsible. Saying this, I left him. Half an hour later the whip turned up; it was given to a woman, who let it drop while passing near to our tent. And shortly after, greatly to our surprise, four new guards came; they were sent by the Governor, who informed us that we need not fear, as they would be responsible for anything that went amissing. The new guards had no difficulty in protecting the tent. Of course their instructions were different.

In the course of the afternoon we removed to our new quarters at the south-east end of Old Fez. The house, or rather old Moorish bath, given us, was uninhabitable; but as there was space at the upper end of the garden, with a splendid view of the city, we preferred camping out in the rain to the prospect of an attack of enteric fever. The tenant who had been turned out to make room for us was suffering from tuberculosis in an advanced stage. Now this is the fine palace which was so difficult to obtain!

Scarcely had we got our tents pitched and our animals tied in front of them, in Arab style, when a soldier came and said, "The Governor has sent me to say that you

must take your animals to the fonduk (native inn), as he is afraid they may be stolen ; and unless you take them to the fonduk, the Governor won't be responsible."

We informed the soldier that we had liberty to tie our animals in the garden, according to agreement, and said, "It would appear that the Kaid is far more anxious about the safety of our animals than he is about ourselves ; so kindly tell the Governor that we won't remove our animals."

In about ten minutes the soldier came back with an inspector and two notaries, who were to draw up a protest at the instance of the owner of the garden (who had been instructed by the Governor), that we had forcibly taken possession of the garden, and refused to remove our tents and animals therefrom. We might have been a little upset had we not been familiar with Moorish intrigues. We, however, informed the party that we would bring their action under the notice of our government. On hearing this they became afraid, and left quicker than they came, the notaries leading the way.

Who at home could imagine that there should have been such a commotion about a nettlebed? But had we fully appreciated the service of the Moorish government, and paid them accordingly, this never would have happened.

Friday, March 27th.—At 7 a.m. we were really surprised to receive a visit from the Vice-Governor. It would appear that they thought the game had been played too far. "I have come to see," said he, "if you are comfortable, or if I can do anything for you." We told him we had never received such disgraceful treatment from any one, and most assuredly would bring their conduct under the notice of Her Majesty's Ambassador at Tangier. The Vice-Governor said the soldier

was not authorised to bring notaries, for which he was sorry, and promised us that the soldier would be punished. (This, of course, would never be done for a Christian.) He hoped we would be comfortable, and said that we ought to consider ourselves fortunate in being able to get such a nice place (full of nettles!), with such a lovely view of the city, etc. Then, wishing us good-morning, he left.

From March 26th till April 2nd we remained camped at Old Fez. Twice during that time we visited the Mellah, but were unable to obtain a house, the people being afraid to let when they heard we were missionaries. I sent my assistant to a young Jew who had showed us much kindness on our former visit, expecting he would help us. He assured us he would do what he could; but the following day, when he came to my tent, although he expressed his delight at seeing us, yet I could see he had been influenced against us. He told me that the chief rabbi had upbraided him for inquiring after a house for those who had come to change their religion. At last we resolved to camp in the Jewish graveyard, and trouble ourselves no more about a house.

During our stay in Old Fez it was a great pleasure to visit the North African Mission House, and assist the ladies with the medical work. What cause for thankfulness to see so many who are not sick come to read the Word of God, and bring friends with them! The "entrance of Thy Word giveth light"; and the light of the glorious gospel from this inland centre is gradually widening day by day.

None at home have any idea of the difficulties which these ladies have to contend with; yet they joyfully do it, without a murmur, for Christ's sake. Who could believe that the ladies require to have a government order for so much butter, bread, etc., to be supplied them



HEBREW MARRIAGE COSTUME, TANGIER.
(From photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.)

every week? What would my readers think if they had to go to the lord mayor of the town to get an order to be supplied with provisions, even though they had sufficient money to pay for them? Often we felt our weakness and insufficiency for the work in the midst of so many difficulties, and this made us go to our knees, and ask grace from our heavenly Father to know and do His will: "Lord, if Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." And, while waiting on the Lord, the answer came: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Friday, April 3rd.—The weather being favourable, we got our tents pitched in the Jewish graveyard; but none too soon. Close to our old camping-ground were some cattle-sheds, which had been flooded; and the owner, wishing to make himself comfortable, removed the embankment, and flooded our camping-ground.

At 3 p.m. four soldiers came to our tents, accompanied by the sheikh, or military governor, of the Jewish Quarter, saying they had orders to guard us; but, on informing them that we would only pay for one, the others left.

While arranging our tents, we could hear the Jews saying to each other, "Who are these Christians? What is their business?" Some think we are merchants, others that we are travellers. "Ah," said one shrewd-looking fellow, "they are Apicorus. Don't you see the books?" Then Mr. Dressler stood in the front of the tent, and said in Hebrew, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one God. Our object in coming to you is to heal the sick, and say unto you, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." Soon a crowd gathered, all standing at a respectable distance. One of the crowd stepped forward—a well-dressed young Jew, who took hold of my hand, and kissed it, saying, "Welcome,

welcome!" The crowd pressed forward. Some in Hebrew, others in Arabic, asked the young Jew, "Who is this Christian?" He replied, "This Christian is the doctor at Rabat, who treats all our poor brethren there *lil-lah* (for the sake of God). I was almost blind from the dust and sand when travelling to Morocco city, and he cured me." A change came over the faces of many present. Coming still nearer, some asked for books, and examined them most carefully; and from this hour until we retired we had interesting visitors.

Saturday, April 4th.—It being Saturday, few of the Jews left their Quarter, so we had crowds all day. I think we had all the boys in the Mellah crowding round our tent, and I must confess they were a little troublesome. They played for hours at leapfrog. Games among the Jews I have never seen on Saturday before. Till the afternoon it was impossible to do work, the crowd being so great. Treated twenty patients, who were admitted one by one into the tent. It was cheering to find that several inquirers had come under the guise of patients, and from among the honourable ones.

Sabbath, April 5th.—Up early and off to service at the North African Mission House. How sweet it is to meet in a dark land like this with those with whom one can have fellowship! In the world and not of it. Strangers and pilgrims—no continuing city—but we seek one to come. While here I was greatly struck with the words of Moses to Hobab: "We are journeying to the place of which the Lord said, I will give it thee. Come thou with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." Perhaps it was on account of the family tie that Moses so earnestly urged Hobab to come with him; but we ought to urge Jew and Gentile out of love for their never-dying souls. And we can assure them that "he who believeth shall not be confounded."

During the afternoon some came to read, but towards the evening we had a large audience from among the learned. Mr. Dressler talked and reasoned with them for over an hour. I never saw a more attentive audience. What convictions the Holy Spirit carried home to their hearts the Lord alone knows; but many went away deeply moved, wishing us a hearty good-night. Several sent us bread and sweets, under the false belief that Christians have a feast every Lord's Day. I gave away twenty Hebrew New Testaments.

Monday, April 6th.—Up till midday we were unable to stay in our tents owing to the intense heat. Mr. Dressler left in the morning for Tangier. We were sorry to part, as we had intended to return to Rabat together; but duty called him to London. The Moor who hired the animals to Mr. Dressler assured him that he would furnish him with a pair of fine mules which would take him to Tangier in a day less than ordinary animals would do. Judge of Mr. Dressler's surprise when he saw the animals; and scarcely had he gone two hours out of Fez when one of them broke down, compelling him to return again to Fez.

To-day I had more invitations to visit Jews than I could comply with. In several houses we were greatly pleased to see the spirit of inquiry manifested. Many have no difficulty about Christ as the Messiah, but deny His atoning work. Several complained that we wished to denationalise the Jews, seeking to sever them from all their feasts, which are so dear to them. However, this is not to be wondered at when the Jews hold their feast days more sacred than their sabbaths.

Often the question was asked me, "Now, tell us who you are?" This gave us a favourable opening to preach the Word—to tell them of the triumph of the Cross of Christ; of what we once were; how that God, by His

Spirit, had changed our heart, that now we love God because He first loved us; and how, having become partakers of the blessings of salvation, we wished them to be partakers likewise; that if they would only search the Scriptures they would find in Jesus of Nazareth their long-looked-for Messiah. Our deep regret was that we could not find a suitable house, to enable us to stay longer among them. With tents it was impossible.

Up till 10 p.m. we had Jews in our tent. "Is there nothing we can do for you?" some would ask. "If so, kindly let us know." One Jew brought us six loaves and a large jar of butter; others brought pastry, while not a few privately asked for Hebrew New Testaments, being afraid to have it known that they were in possession of them.

Tuesday, April 7th.—Left Fez at 8 a.m., Mr. Dressler travelling with us for two hours. Then we parted—he for work among God's ancient people in the far East; while I continued on my journey.

Nothing of interest by the way, save that we saw some twenty horses saddled ready for action in a tribal war.

We arrived at Mehadooma at 3 p.m., but were unable to take the ford. A little farther up the natives had constructed a small bridge, where they charged a small toll, and which I think should pay well in the rainy season. The sheikh at this small camping-place was exceedingly kind. He boiled water and made us tea—rather interesting work for a Moor to do to strangers. The people here are Berbers, unable to read Arabic although they can converse freely in it. We spent a most agreeable night indeed with the natives.

Wednesday, April 8th.—Left Mehadooma at 6 a.m. Morning cool, and travelling agreeable. We arrived at Mequinez about noon, but had to wait two hours before

we got a house. . There are no inns for travellers, so the people had to be turned out of their house to make room for us. We had just gathered all our belongings into the house, when one of the occupants, a woman, came. She screamed, yelled, and shouted. "Why have you brought Christians into my house?" The soldiers answered, "One word more and you are off to prison." As two rooms were quite sufficient for us, we allowed the occupants to remain in the others. Highly appreciating our considerateness, they remarked that we were more kind-hearted than their brethren the Moslems.

Thursday, April 9th.—After dinner I visited the Jewish shops, while my dispenser went to the Jewish Quarter, with books, of which he sold two Bibles, twenty-one Psalms, and one New Testament. We then returned home, and while we were on our knees waiting on God four Jews came in. Shortly afterwards other four followed, all anxiously wishing to read. My dispenser I found of great help, with his knowledge of Hebrew. None of our visitors were in any hurry to leave, and our hearts were cheered by such early tokens of answer to prayer.

Friday, April 10th.—Busy till noon with Jews, who came to read and get New Testaments, and a most profitable time was spent. I treated ten Moors living in the vicinity, many of whom were frank and open; and all who could read took a Gospel with them.

Saturday, April 11th.—I was anxious to visit the Mellah in the forenoon, but was unable. First, seven Jews came, then three others, all wishing to read and have the scriptures explained. With these we were kept busy from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m. Oh, how our hearts were cheered to see these young men drinking in the Word of God! My dispenser and I visited several families by appointment. All were drunk—roaring and singing. They said "it was not a sin to make merry on the

Sabbath." Afterwards we visited the chief rabbi, who received us kindly, and requested us to wait and drink a cup of tea, which we did. He is a most intelligent man of about forty years of age, and gets a daily paper from Germany, in Hebrew; and although never out of Morocco, yet he was conversant with the outside world. He said he heard that we paid men to become converts. We informed him this was not true, and all the reward we could offer them was to be found in the tenth chapter of Matthew's Gospel. After followed a long and interesting conversation. "He told me the Jews in Mequinez did not approve of the schools of the Israelitish Alliance because they turn out men weak in the Law. The teaching of languages to working men only creates a spirit of unrest, causing them to migrate from their homes."

Treated to-day eleven patients.

Sabbath, April 12th.—To-day the rabbi returned the call, and stayed a short time. Of course it was not to be thought for a moment that he would agree with us in everything. In not a few instances we found that many of the so-called Christian travellers had left behind them, by their actions, false impressions in the minds of the natives regarding Christians.

Up till an hour before sunset we had numbers of Jews coming for books, and desiring to be instructed in the Word, and when night came we were quite tired out. One of the first questions was, "Why do you Christians keep the first day of the week, and not the seventh?" This always gave an opportunity of showing that the Messiah must die for the sins of His people, and that now we keep the first day of the week in memory of our risen and exalted Lord and Saviour.

We would have fain stayed longer among God's ancient people, but, D.V., we must be off on the morrow. Not



From a photograph] JEWS: HUSBAND AND WIFE.
by L. L., Tangier.

a few wished us God-speed, soliciting us most earnestly to return. Here, as also in Fez, there are many open doors, and we believe in both cities there are many who will yet adorn the Saviour's crown.

Monday, April 13th.—Up early, and, after numerous delays, left Mequinez at 7 a.m. During the night it rained freely. Contrary to our expectations, the day proved excessively hot, and although we all left Mequinez in excellent health, yet before we arrived at Shrarda we were all so ill that we were scarcely able to speak. We were suffering like those who had caught severe influenza. Such complaints are quite common in Morocco. After a night's heavy rain the germs become moistened, and if followed by a hot sun, the miasma appears to rise freely in the air and, being inhaled, produces the symptoms mentioned above. As we were indisposed, we saw only one patient, who was rather ill.

Tuesday, April 14th.—Up early, but had considerable difficulty with our new muleteers. Poor fellows, they were fasting, and not very quick in their movements. We saw the Kaid's son, a nice young man, suffering from intermittent fever; gave him some quinine, and he, being a good-natured fellow, sent one of his men to guide us to the best ford in the river.

With a hot sun overhead we felt travelling rather uncomfortable, and moved on rather slowly. We witnessed many touching scenes by the way. At several of the douars the people came out and caught hold of my horse; others, throwing their turbans on the ground, implored me to stay with them a few days. I said it was impossible, but, D.V., I would come at some not far distant date. "You are not far from Rabat; come and get treated there." "We are afraid to go to Rabat; our Kaid would catch us, and once in prison all is over." We could not help lifting up our hearts to God, and

saying, "Lord, in mercy visit them." All along the way were swarms of locusts, and in some places almost everything was eaten up.

A little before sunset we arrived at Sidi-ou-bad, where we met with many old friends. Though much fatigued, I had to treat several patients. The sheikh kindly provided me with a hot foot-bath, which was most agreeable. As a rule, travellers sleep in the tent used for school and mosque in all the Arab douars. A neighbour, under the guise of a traveller, sleeping in this mosque, coveted my horse, and at midnight paid us a visit. The guards were all asleep, but our dog attacked him. Afterwards the sheikh had heavy iron anklets put on our animals. The visitor, however, was bent on business, and shortly afterwards most adroitly mounted a fine mare, and, with club in hand, made off with his prize as fast as he could.

Wednesday, April 15th.—Up at 5 a.m., and on the march by 6.30. All of us were feeling much better. The day, however, was still hot, but as soon as we came in sight of the sea it was delightfully cool. We pitched our tents beside the sons of Bo-rami in Amar.

The Amar tribe is the most disreputable of all the tribes from the gate of Salee until you reach Fez. At this camping-place we found the most expert thieves we met with on the journey, very dirty, and all covered with itch. There were none in the whole douar who could read.

Thursday, April 16th.—Arrived at Rabat at 11 a.m. Glad to be home once more, and thankful to our Heavenly Father for the many tokens of His presence vouchsafed to us by the way.

Sabbath, April 26th.—To-day we were sorry to part with our friend Mr. David Muir of the South Morocco Mission, who left by steamer for Mogador. During a pleasant stay of six months (acquiring some medical

knowledge) he showed himself an ardent student, and an exemplary Christian young man; ever ready to speak a word for the Master, or to help in any way. He kindly took charge of the Mission work during my inland journey. Mr. Muir had a motto which it is to be regretted that all Christians do not see their way to adopt: "Abstain from all appearance of evil; so as to give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully." "Walk in wisdom towards them that are without, redeeming the time."

On the evening of August 10th our old servant-lad Abraham passed gently away. His death was not unlooked for. He had been with us almost three years, during which time he saved a little money, and, on leaving us, he went into partnership in a flour mill. He was never robust, and living in an unsanitary mill and being much exposed at night, his old complaint (phthisis) began once more to show its symptoms. He asked to be taken into the hospital; and, as soon as his friends saw there was a gradual change for the worse, they wished him to leave, and not die in the house of a Christian. But his reply was, "The doctor and his wife have been more to me than father or mother, and shall I leave them now? No, never!" While he was in our service Mrs. Kerr, in the evenings, taught him to read and write Arabic, and to repeat texts of Scripture. During his long illness he was most patient, and often he said he never had felt happy in anything which his religion could give, "but now I am quite resigned and happy." "What makes you so resigned and happy?" I asked. "Because I have believed in Saidna Isa (our Lord Jesus) as my Saviour."

What made him think seriously about the matter was, he said, that he saw such a difference in our lives; that

we were so happy in our religion, and sought to make others happy. How cheering to know that God had made us the humble instruments of leading him to Christ, and that now there awaits him the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection!

Friday, Sept. 25th.—This morning we had the joy of welcoming two little visitors, twin sons. Little did we think, then, that the tender lambs which we dedicated to our Heavenly Father should so soon be transplanted to a serener clime!

Absolem Bin Shibba (the son of Alum) Twasote, from Ben-i-Hassan, was admitted into the hospital on October 2nd, and operated upon on the 6th. It was all arranged that the operation should take place on the 3rd, but the evening before, he, with his friends, quietly slipped out of the hospital, crossed the river, and slept in Salee. He had been advised by his friends not to run the risk of the operation. Great was our surprise to see him turn up again on the afternoon of the following day. "Where have you been?" I asked. "Oh, I wished to sleep in Sidi-Bin-Asher (saint's house) before being operated on," was the reply. As his health was rather precarious, it led us more earnestly to rely on God in prayer. The operation was successful (lithotomy). Some eight days after this I saw a European key under his pillow. I asked, "What are you doing with that key?" "This key," said he, "has a history. The night I fled from your house I thought, as my last resource, I would go and sleep in the saint's house at Salee, and on the way to it I found this key. During the night I prayed to the saint to help me. About the middle of the night I dreamt that the saint came to me and said, 'This key is the key of health.

You take this key, and go back to the Christian ; don't be afraid, you shall be cured.'” Then he took my hand, kissed it, and said, “Had God not spoken to me that night in the saint's house, I would never have come back here.” We could not help saying,—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

One thing we were certain of was that Satan did not bring him back to us.

Absolem was a fine, stalwart fellow of about forty-five, over eighteen stones in weight, with a most resolute countenance. The whole family has a bad reputation. Some years ago Absolem's brother was publicly beheaded in the market-place of Salee, by order of the Sultan, for the cold-blooded murder of a Kaid sent to them by His Shereefian Majesty.

During his stay of two months, our patient gave us much anxiety owing to daily attacks of intermittent fever, which came on despite our efforts to check them. He told us he passed sleepless nights. We found from one of his friends that it was on account of several murders he had committed. Many he admitted he had killed in war, but that never cost him a thought. There were, however, three travellers whom he waylaid and murdered about sunset, and buried their bodies in the lakes.

The Arabs who are set on plunder in Morocco will murder a man for his clothes, the value of which may not be over four shillings.

The spirits of these three innocent men, he said, would come and try to choke him at night, and, being ill, he thought if he died there would be no hope of forgiveness for him. What an awful record! Yet for this poor man and his brethren, Jesus died.

“Truly the dark places of the earth are the habitations of cruelty.”

The gospel was faithfully and lovingly preached to him, and often he would say, “You are the believers and we are the infidels. We don’t know better; we have no government; we have no religion. The Lord be merciful to us!”

After two months, though scarcely better, he pleaded with us to get away, saying, “I have no friends, and if they knew who I was they would have me in prison”; and often he would ask my hand and request me to promise that I would not mention his name. He never dreamt of us betraying him, but was afraid we might incautiously mention his name. I need not say that we assured him that he was perfectly safe, and if need be I would accompany him to his tent.

A friend of Absolem’s told me shortly afterwards that he was now well and strong, for which we praised God. Often we are constrained to say, “O Lord, how long shall this land lie in the hands of the wicked one?”

Sabbath, Oct. 18th.—This forenoon the Governor of Salee sent a soldier requesting me to come at once to see a female slave whose arm had been blown off by the exploding of a cannon ball.

On arriving I found it necessary to amputate, the arm being terribly mangled, but, strange to say, no other part of the body injured.

This ball had lain in the Governor’s court for over twenty years, having been picked up after the bombardment of Salee by the French over forty years ago.

On the morning in question the slave was washing the court, and had lifted the ball and thrown it gently down in another part of the court, when it exploded with terrific force, carrying away part of an adjacent



DERVISH DANCER.

(From a photograph by R. Aquaroni, Esq., Spanish Consul, Raba .)

wall, while several persons over a hundred yards away had a narrow escape from the missiles.

The Governor, acting on my advice, gave orders to all who had any of these old balls to have them thrown down deep unused wells. I need not say that all who had them willingly complied with the Governor's request.

When the French bombarded Salee it is said that only two persons were injured ; but since then over fifty persons have been killed by these balls, which did so little injury at the time.

Only a few years ago some dozen young men at Salee, while going along the shore, found several of these balls which had been washed up by the sea, and began to play with them, believing them to be solid iron ; two of them exploded at the same time, killing four of the lads and seriously wounding others.

The amputation over, the patient was placed in bed. The old Governor came in greatly moved, fearing the slave would not survive. Even though the Governor had freed the slave, and she was married to a servant in the house, it was touching to see the affection between the master and his old slave.

Returning to the river we had great difficulty in crossing, owing to a heavy tide, and several times we were nearly capsized. Some poor women from Salee sat in the bottom of the boat with their heads covered up, so that they might not see death should it overtake them. Safely landed, we gave thanks to our Heavenly Father ; but never since have I undertaken such a perilous crossing.

The patient made an excellent recovery, and has enjoyed good health ever since. In all this we could see the good hand of our God opening doors which would have been otherwise closed.

SYNOPSIS OF THE YEAR'S WORK.

The year ending 1891 has been eventful in the history of Christian Missions in Morocco. For the past eight or nine years missionaries had been permitted to labour on without much notice being taken or obstructions raised by the Moorish government. In June 1891, however, all missionaries received notice from Her Majesty's Charge d'Affaires of a complaint from the Moorish government regarding the religious propaganda, and requesting that the missionaries be withdrawn from the country, as the Moorish government could not hold itself responsible for their safety, as the Moslems must defend their religion *at all costs*. The charges against the missionaries were most absurd, and varied in different places. I am charged with being engaged in a most muscular act—of pulling down a government house, which had been given to the lady-missionaries, and of building it anew, and making windows to look into the courts of Moorish houses. What makes these charges so ridiculous is, we cannot get lime, or masons, to build without an order from the Moorish Governor. We are likewise charged with entering the Moorish graveyards, and of "setting the women against their husbands, and inciting them to insubordination"; speaking to them about religion, and seeking to convert them, and greatly disturbing their minds. This has reference to Mrs. Kerr's work among the women.

In her work among the women my wife has had much encouragement, and it is a matter of praise and thankfulness to God that we have been left to labour in peace so long, and still more that God by His servants should be "disturbing the minds of the people." And our prayer is that conviction may culminate in true conversion.

The months of July, August, and September were heavy months indeed, on account of the visit of the Sultan and his army; but grace was vouchsafed, and we all enjoyed good health.

During the year the number of cases which asked for medical aid have been as follows:—

Jews, Moslems, and Europeans	5,046
Of which were Jews	823

Last year the proportion of Jews treated was one in seven; this year one in six. Over five hundred visits have been paid to the houses of the people, of which three hundred were to Jews.

A special feature of the work has been that amongst the Jews at Salee. This has been carried on mainly by my dispenser, who found a ready access to his own people. Though we cannot report conversions, yet we can say that day by day, week by week, the sphere of labour amongst God's ancient people widens; we are looked on with less suspicion, and there is an increasing desire to listen to the Word.

HOSPITAL WORK.

We are happy to chronicle our first Jewish hospital patient, from the mountains of Taflet. His feet had been frost-bitten, and through want of proper care had become literally filled with maggots, and part of one foot had to be amputated. He was a most interesting patient, and a true type of the sons of Israel. The truth was faithfully put before him during his stay of eight weeks, and when he left we gave him a Bible and New Testament, which were gratefully received.

This year we have had twenty-two indoor patients, several of whom had to undergo serious operations, viz.,

two lithotomy patients, three arm amputations, and several gunshot cases. In the hospital we have had three deaths, one being that of a Moorish soldier, who was shot in an engagement. His friends pleaded with us to give them a place where he might rest his weary limbs.

No ambulance corps follows the Sultan's army, and soldiers have told me that often after an engagement they have buried their brethren before life was extinct, so as to prevent the enemy (their Moslem brethren) coming and mutilating the bodies. What a contrast to English customs! Here there are no physicians, or tender-hearted nurses, to care for the poor sufferers—no messenger of peace to point the dying soldier to Jesus Christ, a Saviour and Friend. Truly this is Dark Morocco.

Over three hundred books have been given away (some Bibles and New Testaments were sold), about one-third of these being to the Jews. We have been cheered by the number of requests made this year for Hebrew New Testaments.

In the work we feel our weakness and insufficiency, and ask your prayers that grace and strength may be vouchsafed, and that this coming year may be a year rich in blessing to Jew and Gentile.

SEVENTH YEAR (1892).

SCENES AND EXPERIENCES DURING A TEN DAYS' MISSION TOUR
AMONG THE ARABS.—BEREAVEMENTS.—H.M.S. "AMPHION"
IN THE BAY.—SIR CHARLES EUAN SMITH.—COMMERCIAL
TREATY.—MOSLEM HATRED.—SYNOPSIS OF YEAR'S WORK,
ETC.

THE year began with many tokens of the Master's presence; yet we felt the need of having our hearts garrisoned by the peace of God lest Satan should get the advantage of us; for we are not ignorant of his devices.

Our faith was tried sooner than we anticipated. In the early part of January I vaccinated some Jewish children at Salee. Through some false notions the women tied coloured handkerchiefs over their arms; consequently they became greatly inflamed, through the absorption of the dyes. In one case, great was the anxiety of the parents; but in a few days the children got well; yet, notwithstanding, reports were circulated that the children were dead. By these false reports Satan greatly hindered our work.

The Lord, however, must have had a wise purpose in it all, by trying the faith of His servants. It led us to cast ourselves more on Him.

Shortly after another sore trial came, in dissatisfaction among our workers, which was a greater blow to the work, and a heavier trial to my dear wife and myself, than all our outward trials put together.

If the love of money is the root of all evil, surely, also, the lack of consecration is the root of all dissatisfaction among Christian workers. How often when Satan is unable to hinder the work from without, he does so from within, by discord! Had Paul not seen that the Church at Ephesus needed a like exhortation he would not have said, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice : and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Eph. iv. 31, 32).

SCENES AND EXPERIENCES DURING A TEN DAYS'
MISSION TOUR AMONG THE ARABS OF BEN-I-
HASSAN.

Tuesday, April 26th.—Left this morning at 8. a.m. for Ben-i-Hassan. At noon we arrived at Dar Bil-a-roose, where we pitched our tent at the outskirts of the douar. Shortly afterwards we were visited by the Kaid, who squatted down on my bed. He and his friends asked me all manner of questions about our government, and they were greatly surprised to hear that I had never seen war in my own country. I said our religion was the cause of this : the religion of Jesus Christ taught us to love our enemies, and pray for those who despise us and hate us ; "but your religion" (Islam) "teaches that you are to kill your enemies ; hence the miserable condition of your country." He said, "Ah, true, true!"

I treated twenty patients. I did not find any who could read ; but I talked and reasoned with them till tired. Many of them listened most attentively.

About midnight, when sound asleep, I was suddenly disturbed by the discharging of a gun outside my tent, and close to my head. Then tug, tug, at the ropes of

my tent, from men falling over them. I knew what it was, and jumped to my feet, and went out as quickly as possible to see if my horse was gone. About ten minutes later our three guards from the Kaid returned, and informed us that they had been in pursuit of two thieves, one of whom was in the act of cutting the anklets off my horse, when the guard discharged his gun.

The guards kept a sharp look-out, as their Kaid had told them that if anything was missing in the morning they knew what would happen.

Such was our first night's experience among the Arabs.

In the morning, before we left, the Kaid came and asked if anything was missing. I thanked him for the guards, and gave them a little for their trouble, then started on our journey again, after wishing each other the usual Moorish compliments.

At 3 p.m. we camped at the Kuntera (bridge). Just as we were pitching our tents, the Kaid sent a message to say that he wished us to come and camp beside his tent. Not only did we decline his invitation with thanks because the place was dirty, but we find that it is always advantageous, for the work's sake, to be as far away from the Kaid as possible, as the people are afraid to come.

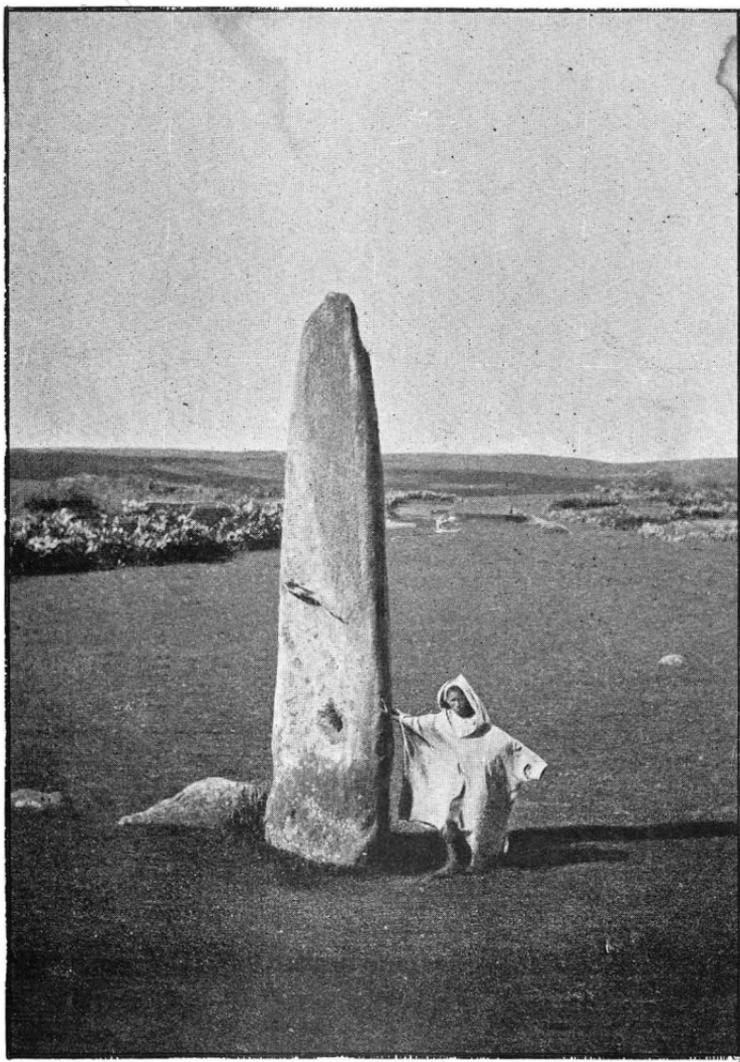
Here the people are as ignorant as ever; and while telling those who gathered around my tent of the love of Christ—the Just dying for the unjust—some exclaimed, “Oh, oh, oh! a just man dying for an unjust! We know nothing of that. Powder for powder, bullet for bullet, life for life! What should we think about the next world for?” Truly the depravity of the human heart is great! Yet not a few listened to the truth, and stayed behind.

Thursday morning, April 28th.—Struck our tents at 9 a.m., and travelled till noon, when we pitched at a douar

called Wood-Boo-Rughma. Scarcely had we our tents pitched when I was recognised, and many old friends came to welcome me.

I treated over eighty patients ; then, being very tired, and my head quite giddy from their shouting and roaring, I wished to rest for a short time. But it was quite impossible ; they formed a cordon round my tent, and they sat and jabbered and jabbered. But this was not enough ; they must have me out. I heard one saying, " Why does he sleep during the day ? " and another, " Here, I know you are tired, and I have brought you some milk ; come and take it " ; and another, " Wait a little ; I'll get him out. Oh, friend of the doctor come and take him a present " ; and then, " Oh, here is another come " ; and so on, till over thirty were crying out that they had presents for me. Truly, here gifts are not to be valued for their intrinsic worth. One present was a little sour milk in a dish so dirty that we preferred to hand it over to the servants rather than offend them. Then another old woman came with three eggs, value perhaps a farthing ; another with a chicken ; and so on.

In the evening I had a most interesting time with the tulba, or readers in the mosque (which was a tent here). I invited them all to come to my tent, and for a long time read and explained the Way of Life through Jesus Christ. I said, " To-night you have finished your fasting month. Now, are you any better than when you began ? " They answered, " We cannot say we are. " " You have nothing in your religion which can keep you from sin. Jesus Christ, as our Saviour, does not only save us from our sins, but He preserves us and keeps us from sinning. " They listened most attentively, and several of them, when parting, kissed my hand (Eastern custom), and thanked me cordially for the Gospels I had given to them, wishing me God-speed in the work, one



REMAINS OF DRUID TEMPLE, MESORA.

(From a photograph by A. Cavilla, Tangier).

adding, "You have put us to shame." In the evening I could not help saying, "Lord, watch Thou over the seed sown to-day, and water it by Thy Holy Spirit."

As a rule, after the fasting month they have always a week's holiday. The sports in town and country vary according to the tastes of the people. Here the Arabs amused themselves by making sham raids on their neighbours, and carrying off their cattle; and it was marvellous to see the adroitness of their horsemanship. They were not all interested in these sports, however; crowds gathered round our tent. When leaving, some caught hold of my horse by the bridle, others by the tail—all imploring me to stay. I said it was impossible. Some were blind, others had chronic stiff joints; old women earnestly sought me for medicine to cause their husbands to love them once more. All of these were past medical aid.

At noon we pitched at Twasote—a wild, marauding tribe. Absolem Bin Shibba, an old patient, came out to meet us, and shortly after crowds came to see the doctor who had cured Bin Shibba. It was by no means a pleasant task to have to shake hands with all Absolem's friends, many of whom would have been greatly the better for a warm bath. Such dirty people I scarcely ever saw. Absolem and his friends acted as a kind of military guard to keep the people away until we pitched our tents.

Then, as I was wont, I fell on my knees, asking our Heavenly Father for Divine light and leading, for grace to know how to speak a word in season, and for the Holy Spirit to carry it home to their hearts. How helpless one feels! "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?" The Lord never failed us. Rising from one's knees with that inward calm, the consciousness of His abiding presence enables one to rise above the fear of

man. Darkness must fall before the light of that bright and morning star.

Here we remained from Friday, the 29th, till Monday morning. During our stay we were beset with crowds from morning till evening, suffering from itch, chronic inflammation of the eyes, ague, etc. At Twasote we treated over three hundred patients. Although the work was trying, yet we had most interesting evenings, and a great demand for Gospels.

Sabbath Day, May 1st.—We had the greatest difficulty to get an hour's quiet reading at a time. I could hear them outside saying, "Why should he wait inside on Sabbath? If he wishes us to make a feast, as we do on Friday, we'll bring him sour milk, butter, and eggs; then, after he is able to eat no more, surely he will come out and treat us." They cannot understand how one should make the Lord's Day a day of devotion, and rest for the body. In the evening I gave away half a dozen Gospels, and was surprised to find the amount of intelligence among those who could read.

The tribe for the last year have been at war among themselves, and now are only semi-reconciled. Truly the harvest *is* great, but the labourers are few. It was cheering to see the readiness with which these wild tribes received the Word of God.

Every night during our stay here there were as lively scenes as at other places, and many were the shots which were exchanged. But we slept at perfect ease, not having the slightest fear.

Monday, May 2nd.—Left about 6 a.m. for Lil-li-to. Here we remained till Wednesday morning, when we treated over a hundred and fifty patients, and gave away a good number of Gospels. The people were more intelligent than at other places, and willing to listen to the gospel, though they are more directly under the thumb

of the government ; and many were the tales of sorrow and injustice, which they related to me when in my tent ; and they would add, " We are now without government and without religion." It is encouraging, though, when they receive the Word of God. It cannot return void.

Wednesday, May 4th.—Unable to proceed further. Medicines almost finished, so we turned our steps homeward, and at noon we pitched at another douar amongst Wooled-Boo-Roughma.

This douar was, for poverty and filth, on a par with the Kuntara. Nearly every one was suffering from intermittent fever, on account of the marshes around. I treated about forty patients and gave away four Gospels. Here, as at other places, we met old patients and friends, who came and talked with me, and listened to the reading of the Word until I retired.

Thursday morning, May 5th.—Before leaving I treated thirty patients, mostly inflammation of the eyes, from uncleanliness. At this douar also there were tales of woe and oppression. They practised spiritualism ; and for their diseases they would put out oil and flour to please the evil spirits ; and often, for intermittent fever, a man was beaten till he was black and blue while in a rigor.

Arriving at the Kuntara at noon, and finding I could reach Rabat the same day, I rode on before, and in the evening reached home, where I was glad to be once more.

Great was my sorrow on returning home to find that during my absence a fearful epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease had broken out among the cattle ; and as our little boys were dependent on cows' milk, it was evident they had been poisoned. The following Sabbath I rode from morning till evening from village to village in search of asses' milk, but without success ; the next day

we found it, but it was too late—the little ones were rapidly sinking. On the morning of May 17th little Claude fell asleep in Jesus. "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." It was a terrible blow, but, having done what we could we have no reflections. It is only in eternity we shall know the meaning of it all.

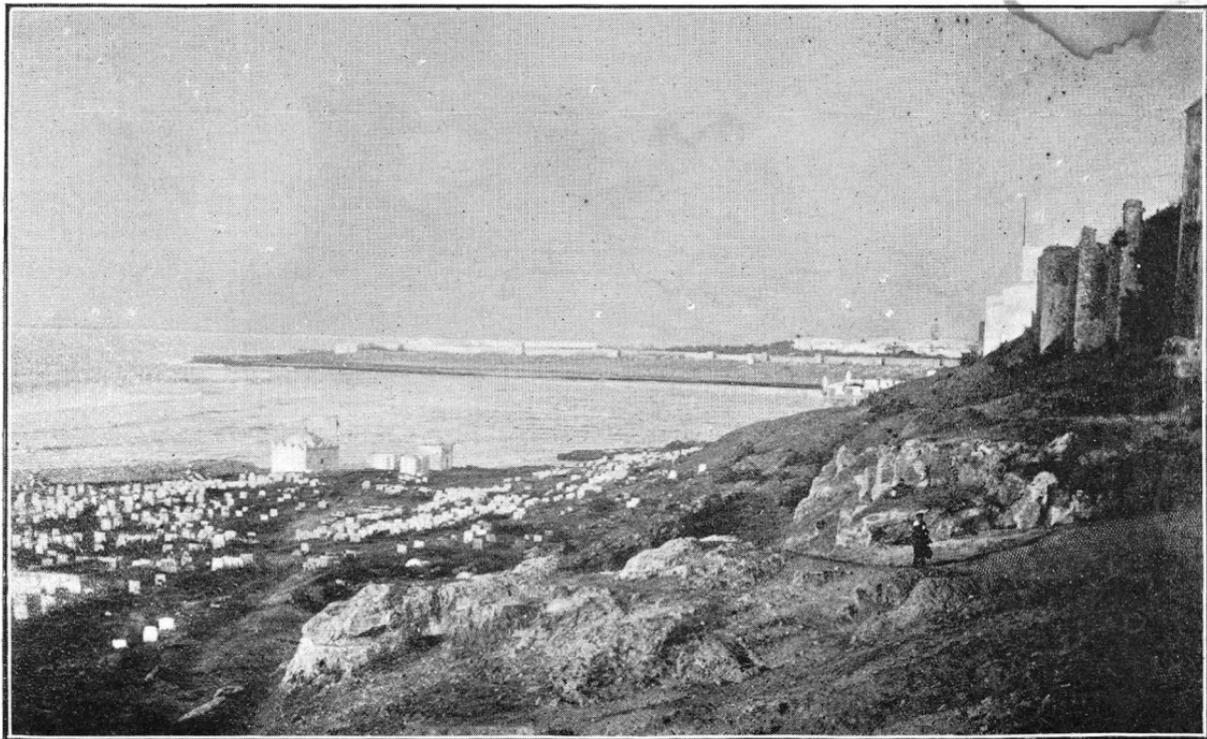
Ten days later George followed his little brother. Here the little ones lie side by side in a heathen land, yet, praise the Lord, in a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. "Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest and teachest out of Thy Law" (Psalm xciv. 12).

Dear Lord, let not this chastening pass without teaching us the lesson Thou dost wish us to learn; weaning us from things of time, and fixing our hearts in heaven, from whence we look for the Saviour.

Worn out from sickness, anxiety, and overwork, my dear wife felt the need of a change. So on July 4th she left for England with our remaining boy, hoping to recruit her health at home among loved ones in her native air.

Sabbath, July 17th.—We were surprised this morning to see H.M.S. *Amphion* cast anchor in the bay. Owing to the unsatisfactory diplomatic relations at the court, the town was in intense excitement, and until the *Amphion* saluted the forts the people veritably believed that she had come to bombard the city.

Thursday, July 21st.—To-day Sir Charles Euan Smith and party arrived on their way back from his special mission to the Sultan; the failure of which was a great cause of regret, not only among the merchants, but also among the missionaries.



From a photograph by Herr Hell,
Tangier.

BAR AND ENTRANCE OF BOO-RAG-RAG.

In the Commercial Treaty which the Moorish government wished Sir Charles to accept there was a clause in which it was declared that no British subject was to have the right to repair his house save with the consent of the Sultan. If, when negotiating for a commercial treaty, the Moorish government should cast such obstacles in the way, manifold more will be the obstacles put in the way of the messenger of peace when their religion is attacked.

The hatred which the Moslems show is not so much against us as against Christ. They profess to love Him as a prophet; but His name they really abhor. How appropriate at such times is the second Psalm, and what comfort we have derived therefrom! "The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His Anointed, saying, Let us break His bands asunder, and cast away His cords from us."

"The religion of the Prophet is wide. We can enjoy all the pleasures of sin—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life—and in the end enter into eternal bliss." Awful delusion! We often feel lonely, and need the prayers of the Church that we may be filled with the Holy Ghost, so that we may speak the Word with boldness.

On leaving Rabat, His Excellency gave a handsome gift to the Mission.

On Wednesday, September 28th, at the prayer-meeting in Highbury Park Church an interesting service was held, when our firstborn was dedicated to the Lord. No greater joy will fill our hearts than the realisation of the prayers presented on his behalf on that occasion.

"All of us will remember your pretty, lovely boy, and his rides on his four-legged stool, which his imagination converted into a Morocco jee-jee (horse).

“ I will not soon forget the service of last night in the interest of Israel and Ishmael.

“ Your little William may be, as we indeed prayed, a prophet to go before the face of the Lord God, preparing the way for the fulfilment of Abraham’s prayer: ‘ O that Ishmael might live before me ’ (Gen. xvii. 18) ; and of Paul’s prophecy—God’s promise through His servant : ‘ So all Israel shall be saved ’ (Rom. ii. 26)” (*Extracts from the Convener’s letter*).

Oct. 14th.—To-day, after an absence of three months, my wife and little boy arrived at Rabat, when with united hearts we thanked our Heavenly Father for all His journeying mercies, and for health and strength vouchsafed by the way.

SYNOPSIS OF YEAR’S WORK.

The year ending 1892 has been a year of many joys and sorrows, the latter especially from dissension and discord among our workers. Still, the year has not been without blessing.

Often we have felt like Gideon with his small army of three hundred men, faint yet pursuing ; carrying on our work amid many difficulties.

Although our work has been more closely watched, and obstacles put in the way of those frequenting the Mission, yet the number seeking medical aid has been more than last year, and what is still more encouraging, we have had many willing listeners.

A good number of Hebrew Old Testaments have been sold, also a considerable number of Psalms have been given away to the poor, though few care to have the Hebrew New Testament as a gift.

While itinerating among the Arabs in the spring I had a great demand for books. One of the leading men

among one of the wild tribes said to me when leaving; 'You must promise to come again soon, and not only bring medicines, but your books about the Lord Jesus.'

Among God's ancient people we find not a few who are interested in the truth; but they are more under their teachers than the Moslems. These, by their influence, prevent the Word taking root, and, as of old, we can say still, "They shut up the kingdom against men; for they neither go in themselves, nor suffer those who are entering to go in."

Many believe the truth, but are afraid to confess it for fear of the consequences. Although both Jews and Moslems are favourable to us, yet I believe both will make a decided stand against us when any should publicly confess their faith in Christ.

In the month of November last, a Turkish doctor, a Jew, died. He was well known in Morocco, having been baptized many years ago, at Mogador, by Mr. Ginsburg. The Christians in Morocco often took an interest in him, and helped him, but, poor fellow, he fell away. Because several Christian Hebrew books were found in his house after death, orders were given by the Jews that he should not be buried with the sons of Abraham, but interred in an out-of-the-way corner, as a warning to others should they die under like circumstances. We were grieved at their actions, as it revealed their hardness of heart and hatred, which they still show, towards Jesus, their Saviour and Messiah. If they but knew Him!

For the year ending 1892 the number of patients treated has been as follows:—

Jews, Moslems, and Europeans	5,092
Of which were Jews.	849

Some 677 visits have been paid to the homes of the people, of which 314 were to Jews.

In most of the houses we are well received, though in others with the utmost formality ; yet we have abundant cause for thankfulness, seeing that the Moorish government has done everything in its power to expel the missionaries from the country.

HOSPITAL WORK.

From not having suitable accommodation, and also on account of the hospital not being in close proximity to the Mission, we have been unable to carry on that part of our work as we could have wished.

The advantages of having patients in the hospital are great. It brings us into close contact with them ; besides, it affords splendid opportunities for following up impressions made. It is also a great drawback that we have not a reading-room attached to the Mission, such as Mr. Meyer has in London ; but we have not the accommodation, and building for the present appears to be out of the question.

This year we have had twenty-one indoor patients (all Moslems), nearly all of which were more or less serious cases, such as lithotomy, removing hip-joint, amputating the arm, compound fractures of legs and arms, knife wounds, gunshot wounds, etc.

We have had two deaths in the hospital, but had no trouble with the authorities as regards burying them. The greater number of our patients were very ignorant ; yet we had abundant proof that they appreciated our kindness, and that they carried the tidings home that we did it for Jesus' sake. Through our patients we get away many books, which will be silent messengers of the truth. From time to time many of our old patients visit us, bringing little gifts in token of gratitude for the kindness shown to them.

Among the women Mrs. Kerr has always found open doors and willing listeners. The poor women are always glad to get one to speak words of comfort to them.

We often feel it trying to our faith not to see more actual fruit from our labours ; but we labour on in faith, trusting that ere long the Spirit will be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted a forest.

APPENDIX I.

HYGIENE; OR, NOTES ON HEALTH.

WHEN going abroad, people are much concerned about what they should do so as always to retain a measure of good health.

By attending to the following simple rules much discomfort and sickness may be avoided.

CLOTHING.

Should be of good quality, but not too heavy. Much more attention should be paid to underclothing than is generally done. Wear flannels summer and winter—of course, lighter and heavier according to the season.

White cotton or linen suits for summer are very agreeable. Never have more clothing than is absolutely necessary, as it is eaten by insects. Black coats are not good for Morocco, only an encumbrance. Jacket sufficient.

Good pith helmets for summer—not too heavy. Guard the nape of the neck by wearing puggarees.

Boots not heavy, but with good firm soles. Waterproof coat, sun and rain umbrellas.

Cholera belts I have found very useful, and strongly recommend every one never to be without them.

DIET.

Will vary much according to one's tastes. Food in summer should be light and nourishing. Not so much quantity as quality. In summer always avoid bacon and oatmeal, as they are far too heating.

Buy all your meat from the Jews. They adhere to the Mosaic Law; and should there be the slightest taint in any of the organs, the animal is rejected and sold to the Moslems

Tuberculosis is very prevalent among cattle in Morocco. Among fowls the disease is known as ej-jidre, or "small-pox." One should avoid the barbarous mode we adopt in Britain of strangling fowls. It is just as necessary that fowls should be bled as bullocks. As the tubercles in fowls are mostly found about the mouth and throat, after bleeding, the neck should be removed close to the breast. Should there be the slightest symptoms of disease the fowl should be rejected. Many people on coming to Morocco pride themselves on being able to eat every kind of Moorish dish. This is very unwise. Fish, fowls, etc., cooked in oil and rancid butter almost invariably upset one's digestion.

Care also must be exercised with regard to fruit, even though ripe. Children have been known to die from eating a few dates, while I have seen alarming symptoms produced from pears, apricots, and dates, among adults.

Unless you know the source of your milk supply, always boil it. Filter your water, and then boil it. This is of paramount importance.

Be temperate in all things.

EXERCISE.

Without exercise one will soon break down. Never go out in the heat of the day unless duty calls you. Should your flannels become wet from perspiration, change at once and rub down. From attending to little things one derives much comfort. No exercise is so good or beneficial as riding.

THE DWELLING.

House accommodation in Morocco is one great drawback. If possible, have your bedroom upstairs. See to your sanitary arrangements. Have all your drains trapped and ventilated, and well flushed with water. Everything necessary for this can be found in Tangier.

MEDICAL NOTES.

EVERY traveller or missionary in Morocco should have with him a small medicine chest; the general knowledge of a few simple drugs and how to use them is absolutely necessary. Medical aid will not always be at hand; hence, provision should be made against emergencies.

Without being a physician one can relieve much suffering, and call forth thankfulness from grateful hearts.

Every one should know how to dress a wound; treat intermittent fever; a simple cold in the chest; inflammation of the eyes from sun and sand; and last, not least, diarrhœa.

Very convenient medical cases can be had now in almost any town of importance in England or Scotland, having the bottles labelled, showing diseases for which each drug is used, and the doses for *adults*.

To this should be added a few simple disinfectants, and counter-irritants; a little vaseline and skin plaster; boracic lint; and iodoform. A few bandages, and a small pocket case, are all that is necessary to complete a simple medical outfit.

As small-pox is prevalent, every person should be re-vaccinated before leaving England.

There is an excellent English-Arabic vocabulary, by James, Ed. Buggett Meakin (Trubner & Co., London), which will be found of great service to travellers and missionaries in Morocco.

APPENDIX II.

CENTRAL MOROCCO MISSION.

SINCE the foregoing was written, I have tendered my resignation as Agent of the Presbyterian Church of England.

After seven years' happy service, without one jar, and not a few tokens of the Master's presence, it is with the greatest pain that my dear wife and I have been led to take such a step; but circumstances having arisen, over which we had no control, we were led, after waiting on God, to step out on FAITH, trusting to the Lord alone for support.

“So long THY power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fea, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The dis'ant scene; one step enough for me.”

It has, all along, been our great desire that the work might be extended; but the CHURCH apparently lacked interest in this corner of the MASTER'S VINEYARD.

Regarding the future, we hope, D.V., to carry on the work in Rabat, Salee, and Mequinez, among the Jews and Moslems, as that of the “CENTRAL MOROCCO MISSION.” No direct Mission work has been done in Mequinez, where we hope on our return to open a MEDICAL MISSION.

For this work we shall require at least eight workers and £1,000 to set it on foot; but we trust there are to be found consecrated young men and women ready and willing to go, and that many of the LORD'S stewards will be led to take an

interest in the cause of Israel and Ishmael. The work will in no way interfere or overlap with the existing MISSIONS in the field. Morocco is wide and needy, with a population of 8,000,000, and as yet only some eight or nine towns occupied. These three large towns will form the basis of our operations, and from which we shall seek to evangelise the tribes lying between, viz., BEN-I-HASSAN, ZIMOOR, and ZAIR, with a population of from 400,000 to 600,000. The climate is good, although the summers are rather trying, but the winter and spring—from November till May—are delightfully fine.

It seems strange that the Church of Christ should have neglected Morocco so long, when every child of God has a MEMENTO of that DARK LAND in their homes. Morocco has given name to a fine leather, which is so highly prized by us that we wish to have our BIBLES bound in morocco.

We wish, long for, and pray that Morocco be bound with the Word of God. Then shall darkness be dispelled, a reign of peace begun, and God glorified in that benighted land.

ROBERT KERR.

5, DOUNE QUADRANT,
KELVINSIDE, GLASGOW.
May, 1894.