MOORISH GIRL.

MOROCCO FOR JESUS!
Morocco for Jesus! Its millions need Jesus,
For no one but He has a balm for their woe,
For lads who are tempted, for men who are captives,
For women whose anguish no other can know.

Around us is sorrow, and sighing, and sinning,
Oh, who but the Christ has compassion for all,
Who cares for the broken, the crushed, and the hopeless:
Christ loves them, and seeks them, the great and the small.

Morocco for Jesus! Be “helpers together”
With us who are out in the midst of the fight;
The Lord in His glory is waiting, and longing,
And yearning for souls who are lost in the night.

Be “helpers together,” for Jesus is coming,
The harvest is great, but the toilers are few;
Lift with us the burden of praying and longing.
And telling these souls of a love ever new.

Mogador

MARY RITCHIE.
"They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him."

Southern Morocco Mission

It was said of the mother of Phillips Brooks that, as she went about her household tasks, her spirit brooded in prayer over the whole world. No greater service could be rendered on behalf of world-evangelisation than that Christian men and women had such an enlargement of heart and vision that they, too, would brood in prayer over the whole world. We trust this brief recital of the work in Southern Morocco will lead many to take upon their hearts, with a deeper sense of responsibility, the needs of that dark land.

Forty years ago the founder of the Mission, Mr. John Anderson, spent some months in Morocco in search of health. He was prostrated with fever and in that hour of weakness the Lord drew near to His servant and revealed to him the spiritual needs of Morocco. The conviction deepened in his mind that he must face the question thus divinely raised, and do what he could to send the message of the Gospel to these neglected people. And so the Mission, through his urgent pleas, by pen and voice, was called into being.

On 10th January, 1889, after a protracted voyage, our first two missionaries, Mr. and Miss Nairn (now Mrs. Richmond), arrived at Mogador. It was a venture of faith and of a fine courage. One, writing at the time of their arrival, said: "Before them in Morocco stands the citadel of satanic power, entrenched and buttressed by superstition, and lust, and fanaticism, and proudly defiant in the prestige of a thousand years' supremacy in the land. Against this stronghold human might and wisdom are of no avail. The purest motives, the loftiest enthusiasm, the most dauntless courage, can of themselves achieve nothing. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit saith the Lord.' The spirit in which they
took up the work may be judged by these words written thirty-eight years ago in Mogador. "It means we must be willing to experience Gethsemane's bitter sorrow, and have fellowship with Christ in His sufferings, and that we be willing to labour day and night with tears. The flesh shrinks from such a course, but the fire is burning, and as eternal things become more real, the things of time are fading from our sight." These pioneers were ready for any sacrifice if only Christ would be glorified in the hearts of men and women in Morocco. So they began their great Mission with courage and with an assured belief in the Lord's presence and power. They knew persecution; stoning and cursing were theirs in those early days; but God had sent them, and that was enough. The Government was stirred up with a determination to expel them from the country. The work was almost brought to a stand. By a system of espionage and terrorism the natives were prevented from holding any intercourse with the Missionaries, who were threatened and taken before governors, but they could only answer that God had commanded them to preach the Gospel to every creature, and they would obey God. How little these governors knew Who it was that stood by and strengthened these strangers! Prayer in the all-prevailing Name of Jesus triumphed and they were left in peace. They went forth on their missionary journeys impelled by the love of Christ, bearing the message of salvation to men sunk in unspeakable depravity; their confidence fixed in God alone; proving the reality of their faith by cheerfully accepting the plainest fare and the humblest shelter. By dint of persevering love and patience they gradually broke down the ill-will of the people and prepared the way for the Coming of the Lord.

**Changing Morocco.**

During these thirty-eight years changes of far-reaching import have taken place in the political and social conditions of the country. The advent of civilisation has introduced many changes—some for the better and some for the worse. The
opportunities for Gospel testimony increase on every hand, and the Missionaries do not spare themselves in their efforts to enter these opening doors.

The Scriptures.

Government schools have been opened in all the cities and towns. As a result of this enterprise the youth of Morocco are being taught to read, and that not in the mechanical way of the olden days, but with understanding and insight. This is a great advance, opening, as it does, their minds to enlightened ideas of science, geography, and other branches of learning. As a result of this teaching, much that they were wont to consider sacred and unassailable is now found to be untenable, and their faith in many of their old beliefs is being rudely shaken. In this condition of mind there is a great field for sowing the seed of the Gospel. Every opening for Christian instruction is taken full advantage of, the Missionaries missing no opportunity of putting the Scriptures into the hands of these readers. It is a hopeful thing that the Word of God is now being read by educated Moslems, who cannot read these wonderful words without feeling something of their power to arouse and quicken.

Gospel Preaching.

There is great freedom nowadays for proclaiming the Gospel message. The country is open as never before for the Gospel messenger. Cars run to all the towns and to the market-places, and to the large villages. In the valleys of the Atlas mountains; in the hamlets on the great
plains; in the winding streets of the towns; in the Jewish quarters the worker may go unhindered with the message of salvation. Gospel meetings are regularly held in the evenings. It is an inspiring thing to the workers to testify openly for Christ in the midst of the Moslem multitude. "Missionary expectancy in North Africa has radically changed during recent years. Not so long ago the Missionaries considered themselves in an entrenched line, almost on the defensive. To-day in face of new situations and possibilities they are full of hope and anticipation, and believe the day has come for a great, well-conceived, united, and sustained advance."

Converts.
It is impossible to say how many Moslems and Jews who have been in frequent and close contact with the missionaries may have believed unto salvation. One cannot doubt that numbers during the course of the years have believed the message of the Gospel, although they made no pronounced profession of faith. We have to remember the pit from whence they have been dug. A missionary writes: "Across the plains of Morocco the breath of the Holy Spirit is blowing, and who dare say that His gracious influence has not been at work in some hearts, convincing them of the truth of the words they have heard." But in recent months some have come boldly forward, openly confessing Christ. To hear these believers pray and testify is to have a quickened expectation of great things to come. When the strong allegiance the Moslem manifests to his false prophet is transferred to our Lord Jesus Christ we may expect an out-and-out testimony and devotion to His Name which will be of priceless value for the spreading of the Good News.

Inquiries.
Many of these seeking and wavering souls are being taught and exhorted by the Missionaries, who seek by prayer and effort to bring them to a full decision. There is every likelihood that, as one after another makes open profession, numbers of those who know the truth, but who at present are
fearful and hesitating, will be emboldened to make the great decision.

Among Boys and Girls.
The youth of Morocco are now entering the heritage so long denied them by the ruthless neglect and ignorance of Moslem leaders. The French authorities have opened schools in every town and secular education is being given. The Missionaries are teaching the children the Gospel message, and large numbers are in attendance at the classes in the various Mission Schools. It is a priceless privilege to have these little ones at their impressionable age under Christian example and teaching. There are native helpers who themselves, believing in Jesus Christ as their Saviour, teach these boys and girls the Words of Life. Nothing impresses visitors more than to see these Christian native women in charge of large classes, instructing the children in the things of Christ. That it is now possible to continue this service without hindrance is surely a good omen for the future of the work.

Among Moorish Women.
To see the work carried on among Mooresses and Jewesses at the various stations is to be impressed hopefully with the changed attitude of the natives to the Missionaries. It is an encouraging thing to see large gatherings of these hitherto secluded women now meeting together for Gospel services in the Mission Homes. These women cannot
read, as their young people are now being taught to do, but they listen with evident interest to the message of the love of God in Christ Jesus, which to them is amazingly strange, and when realised will be unspeakably precious. Visitation in their homes is also assiduously carried on by our sisters, who thus by word and deed commend the Gospel.

Dispensary Work.

Before the advent of the French almost the only work done for the relief of sickness and suffering among Moors and Jews was that of the Missionaries. In the early days no agency was of greater usefulness for uprooting prejudice and hatred than that of the Dispensary. It was a witness and a corroboration of the message of the Gospel. Here were men and women giving themselves with unstinted devotion to the alleviating of suffering and misery, and that in many cases under the most revolting conditions. Even the fatalistic Moslem was impressed by, and wondered at, such devotion. And it was all done in the Name and for the love of Jesus Christ.

The Dispensary has not only been a place of healing for the body, but it also stands in a very real sense for the healing and enlightenment of the mind. What age-long misconceptions of Christianity have been swept away in the kindly atmosphere of the Mission Dispensaries. The multitudes who pass through our Dispensaries and who hear time and again the words of salvation cannot altogether be unimpressed by their power and love. “The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it.”

How Those Can Help Who Have a Willing Mind.

First of all there is the call to definite and persevering prayer. This is a common-place in missionary statements, and, by reason of its frequent iteration, may be passed unheedingly. Yet it must be emphasised, for it lies at the very heart of all true Christian activity. The harvest is great, therefore pray is the command of the Master of the Harvest. There may be much
activity without prayer, but there can be no true blessing. To this ministry of intercession we are called, and it means taking upon our hearts the burden of the needs of these Moroccan peoples. Their needs are unspeakably great, and when realised will send us to the place of prayer, where power may be found and communicated to the workers in Morocco, who are bearing the burden and heat of the day.

Our friends, who read the reports of the work in the Mission Bi-Monthly, are aware of the enlarging opportunities which now exist, and also of the deepening interest on every hand. It is hoped stations will soon be opened in unoccupied territory where the people have never heard the Good Tidings.

Mr. Robert Waugh
(A New Worker for Safi).

The workers at our six stations—Azemmour, Mazagan, Safi, Mogador, Marraksh, and Amzmeez—need to be reinforced, and in view of these opportunities the Council have accepted and sent out four new workers. This will mean a considerable addition to our constantly growing expenditure, and its supply will call for earnest prayer on the part of every one who is interested in the evangelising of Morocco's peoples. The sum of £80 a year is required for the support of a worker. It would be an encouragement if one or more of these new Missionaries were provided for, wholly or in part, by special gifts. Might not some who read this review of the work hear, in this, a call from the Lord to undertake this privilege of service for His sake, who freely giveth all? And in view of these clamant needs might we not increase, as the Lord enables us, our gifts to the Mission? Christian workers, who
may be reading in this booklet for the first time of the operations of the Mission in Morocco, may be constrained to send gifts for its support, and, if so, we shall be thankful. We are grateful indeed for the unfailing and generous support of so many willing helpers, who have enabled us, by their prayers and gifts, to continue this ministry of the Gospel in Morocco for thirty-eight years. Their support, so heartily given, has been a constant satisfaction to the Council and to the Missionaries, and to all these friends we send cordial thanks.

Last year our income, including a credit balance from the previous year, was £4395, and our expenditure £3418.

The conviction should be deepened in our minds that this work is none other than the Lord's, and that He Himself has called us to share in it. The deepening of this conviction in our hearts will lead us into new and more fruitful avenues of service, and to a prayerful resolve to further this gracious work. Those who are already helpers might do what in them lies to commend the work to others. In view of the lessening days of opportunity, and of the pressing needs of the work, this call comes to all of us with urgency and with force.

**Mogador.**

Miss MacNab writes: "Since my return from Settat I have been visiting, street by street, and have had good times, some showing interest. I believe God's Spirit is waking and convicting souls of their need. One woman I met wanted to know how to get her sins forgiven, as she was so afraid of the Day of Judgment. Another man came begging to get a copy of the Bible. He has read the Gospels. I went to Sok Tleta last Tuesday and distributed about two hundred tracts. When my supply went low, I paid a number of visits, as the car from Marraksh did not come till the evening. In one house I had quite a big audience. In another house I found a young mother seriously ill with pleurisy. Very little could be done to relieve her sufferings so far away from any medical help, but I told her of the Great Physician. While sitting under the shade of an olive tree waiting for the car, quite a company
gathered, and I had a grand opportunity of telling them of the 'Way of Life.' One old black man who was sitting in the background, said to his friends, 'Have you ever heard words like those we have listened to? I have not. They are the words of God.'

"On Thursday I had an earlier start, as the car left for Sok-El-Khamees at 4 15 a.m. I had not visited this market before, so that I was a comparative stranger. Keeping on the outskirts of the market, my object soon became known, and that the books I was selling were the "Ingeel" Gospels. Soon I was surrounded by a crowd, and in a very short time I was left without a book; and by twelve o'clock I had given away nearly three hundred tracts. I had many requests to return with more books. What opportunities for sowing the seed!"

Miss Hosie writes: "Our two house-girls and I had a most interesting and unique outing last week. We started off in a fishing boat about 9 a.m.—four Moorish men, a Moorish woman, five children, and myself, so it was a heavy boatload. As the sun was rather hot we all grew thirsty, and the natives thoroughly enjoyed the coffee-coloured water of the river. When we had reached halfway, one of the men got some mud from the river bank, made a fireplace in the bottom of the boat, kindled a fire of roots, and soon the kettle was singing merrily. The inevitable tea-tray and glasses were spread at the back of the boat, and our thirst was allayed by fisherman's green tea."
"About one o’clock we disembarked, climbed the steep river bank, and found our hostess and the little members of her family out to welcome us. We were soon seated in one of the two rooms of the house—for this family boasted a house in the midst of the tents—and presently it filled up with interested neighbours and friends. By the time we had drunk tea and dined on koos koosoo, the afternoon was far gone, but our host suggested a walk to their threshing-floor, and no suggestion was made of preparing to return. As the men who had rowed us were worn out, and no animals were available, it seemed that, in spite of my protestations, we should have to remain overnight. When our hostess said, ‘You can’t go yet; I’ve been busy, and you haven’t explained the Book to me yet,’ I felt we could not leave them that night. And so we sat on the top of the stacks of wheat and sang about the Lord Jesus, and talked of His love and His power to save. Just as the sun dipped in the west we got back to our home, but there was still time to go round the tents and talk to the country-folk as they lit their fires and prepared their evening meal. On our return to the house we found the room already filling up with visitors eager to talk to ‘the European’ and ready to listen to ‘the Book.’ While I was speaking at one end of the room, one of our girls began to read and explain at the other end, and though many came and went, and children ran in and out among us, there were listening ears, and we pray that there might be softened hearts as well. Supper was brought in about ten o’clock, and as no preparations were being made thereafter for bed, I suggested we might follow our custom, to have prayers and go to rest. They readily agreed, and we proceeded to instruct them what to do—just to keep quiet and listen and to close their eyes. As we had been reading several times, we simply sang a hymn and then proceeded to the new and strange task of praying in a company. I shall never forget the deep silence that pervaded that stuffy room as we prayed in Jesus’ Name. When we had finished the women were profuse in their thanks, and added, ‘Don’t go to bed yet; read to us again.’ And so we sat till twelve o’clock
reading and talking of Him who died for Moslem and Jew and European alike.

"The next step in the procedure was the preparation of my bed, for they had told me very proudly I was to sleep on the bedstead, and so far it was devoid of a mattress. The only mattress they possessed was placed on the bedstead, turned in at the top as its dimensions were scarcely in accord with those of the bedstead, and lots of room was left at the back on which to place unwanted articles! Our girls' hyak served as coverings, and presently I was installed on the bed at the one end of the room, while the rest of the company lay down on the floor, parallel with the bed, beginning from my end and reaching to the other end of the long room. I watched one after another going off to sleep peacefully, and laughed to myself as I counted them—ten adults and five infants! Our hostess found a small corner in which to bake, and it must have been 1 a.m. when she, too, shut the door and
lay down. How I did want to get up and open that door, but knowing their fear of draughts, and not being in the happy position of being opposite the door, I decided to wait till dawn, dreading the idea of the visit of 'the teacher' being ever after recalled as the night when they caught a chill.

"At dawn our hostess got up and went out, leaving the door open, and the joyful breath of air was soon accompanied by the entrance of the cat, and the hen and her chickens. Soon the other thirteen occupants of the room began to wake, and up they got, shook themselves, and without dressing—for they had removed no clothing—they went out into the mist. We, too, were glad to get up and go out into the mist to cool! Breakfast over, we embarked once more in our fishing smack, and were soon sailing down river, leaving the little village busy with the many duties of country life; and leaving, we trust, the precious seeds of the Word of Life. How refreshing it is to one's own soul to speak of His dying love to ears that have never heard. Only His Holy Spirit can apply it to their hearts."

**Marraksh: An Impression.**

"Ever since leaving Casablanca we have had in mind this last run from Mogador due east to Marraksh, the great southern capital, which holds 145,000 souls, where the opportunity of wide service has been justly measured and met.

"Here the mission dispensary is a powerful 'Open Sesame' of hearts and homes. Thousands every month are tenderly cared
for and healed, and many more are instructed in the way and love of Christ.

"City Arabs, Berbers from the High Atlas, Negroes, neglected women, and suffering children, catch a glimpse here of the tender Christ of Galilee, and forget a while the man of Mecca. The percentage of literacy is comparatively high here in the city, and a large field of work is covered by that imitable form of service to Moslems—personal soul dealing. This is followed by the sale or gift of literature and Scripture portions, through which the message is maintained in memory and conscience. These written messengers find their way beyond the confines of direct missionary work, up into the hill fastnesses, and by the camp fires on the endless plains they are read and discussed. For sixty miles around Marraksh it would be hard to find those who had no idea of the Christian message. And looking thus abroad takes us up to Amzmeez, a big Berber village of some five thousand people situated at the foot of the Atlas. Here we are honoured to meet a brave woman working alone, and embracing in her area of responsibility many more similar centres. It has meant learning another Berber dialect to come here—comparable to a lowlander tackling Gaelic; she takes it as a mere item in the day’s task. Her work is what you would imagine it to be, caring for the bodies and souls of the women and children, living the Christ life, going about doing good. About one per cent of the population here is literate, which demands a greater personal effort to cope with the unashamed sin, the degradation, and the dirt which wait upon ignorance and Islam. Somebody is still living the ‘laid down life,’ making the critics of the Christ look ridiculous.

"Seven missionary women are constantly being invited into the intimacy of the harems of Marraksh, as well as into the rooms of the humbler folk. The social, moral, and spiritual reaction of such striking contacts as are represented by the best Christian womanhood and the usual Moorish woman, can hardly be calculated. Those who think nothing much is happening in North Africa are mistaken.” J. J. COOKSEY.
Southern Morocco Mission.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Hon. President:  
JOHN ANDERSON.

Chairman of Council:  
R. W. RAPHAEL.

General Council:  
Right Hon. LORD MACLAY, LL.D.  
D. J. FINDLAY, J.P., Glasgow.  
D. J. KNOX, J.P., Glasgow.  
DAVID KEITH-MURRAY, Crieff.  
R. G. MUNSiE, Glasgow.  

Superintendent in Morocco:  
CUTHBERT NAIRN.

Hon. Treasurer:  
JAMES FULTON, 64 Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

Secretary:  
JOHN GEDDES, 64 Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

MISSIONARY STAFF, 1926.

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year of Departure</th>
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Native Helpers—Rahma, Silcan, Tammo, Zaharah Rahma, and Radera.

Pickering & Inglis, Glasgow and London.