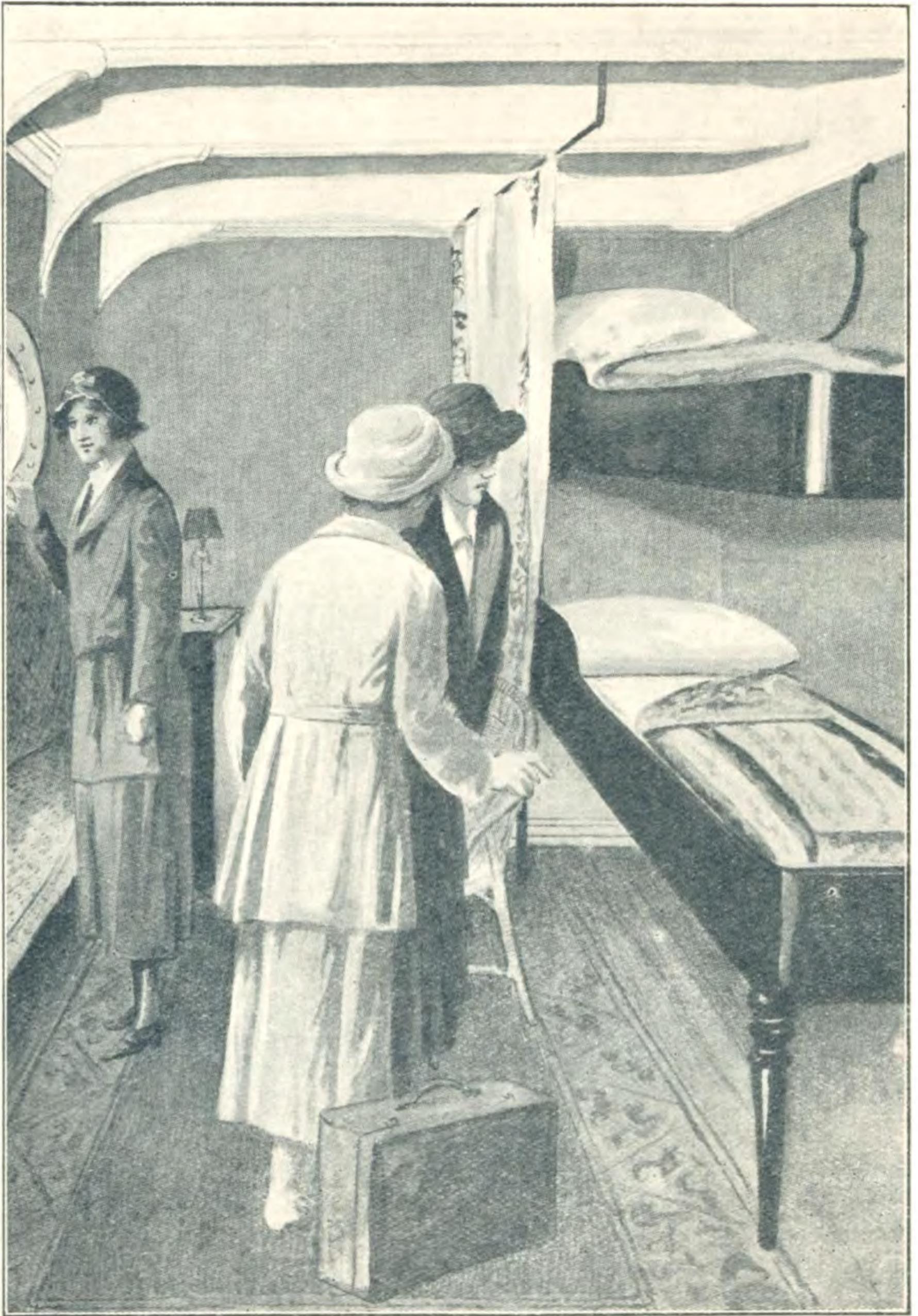


# TO MOROCCO AND BACK



**To Morocco and Back.**



*A CABIN FOR TWO.*

# TO MOROCCO AND BACK.

## THE STORY OF A CRUISE.

By E. E. S.



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# To Morocco and Back:

## The Story of a Cruise.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### LEAVING LONDON.

IT was somewhere about the year nineteen hundred and ten, one Saturday in the month of November, that three friends, Nora, Gertrude, and Elizabeth, met on board the *Razila*, lying alongside the Morocco Wharf at Wapping.

They were full of pleasant anticipation at the thought of all they were going to do and see before they landed again in old England, and eager to explore the ship which was to be their home for three whole weeks. So first of all they went downstairs to find their berths, for on board ship you have to go downstairs, not upstairs, when you go to bed.

Nora and Gertrude, who were sisters, were sharing a cabin, and they found their trunks put ready for them in a little room that had two tiny beds in it. It was much nicer than

they had expected, for there was everything in it they would be likely to want, even a wardrobe and drawers, and they quickly set to work to unpack their things and settle in.

There was a little round window in their cabin called a porthole, which looked out over the water, and electric light to switch on when it grew dark.

Elizabeth's cabin was much smaller, but she was very pleased with it because she had it all to herself.

Half past four on a November afternoon was not a very cheerful time to be starting down the river, especially as it soon began to get very foggy; but our friends were wrapped up well and went on deck to see all that could be seen of the historic shores of the Thames. And even though they did not see much they heard plenty, for to judge by the blowing of sirens, there were boats to the right of them, boats to the left of them, boats in front, and boats behind.

Oh, the music those sirens made! Some of them sounded like cooing doves, others like bellowing bulls, while now and then there was a sound like a corncrake, or the growl of some very bad-tempered boy or girl. And then, to the surprise of nearly every one, the boat, which had been moving more and more slowly, stopped altogether.

Whatever had happened? Nobody would answer the question, though a few knew quite well that to go on would have been unsafe. The fog was now so dense that the shore could not be seen, and for some time the *Razila* had been following the light of a steamer ahead of her, and might have come to disaster but for a friendly shout from another boat, warning that the one in front had run aground.

You see, it is always a mistake to follow any one or anything without being quite sure first that they are on the right track. Many young people, aye, and older ones too, come to grief in the voyage of life, because they do not heed the voice of the Lord Jesus saying: "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Happy are they who can sing from the heart:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
'I am this dark world's Light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright':  
I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done."

---

## CHAPTER II.

### OUR FIRST NIGHT ON BOARD.

AT dinner that evening the three friends had the opportunity of seeing most of their fellow-passengers and learning the names of some of them. The list was not so long as usual, owing to the time of year, but it included one or two doctors, a major and his wife, a lieutenant, a Danish nurse, an Austrian officer, and a good number of more ordinary folk.

Coming through London that morning, Elizabeth had specially noticed a foreign gentleman and lady in Eastern attire, with a large parcel of very strange shape, and as she stepped on board the *Razila* she caught sight of the same two sitting on deck with their strange-looking parcel beside them. Their voluminous robes of brown and white were very picturesque; the man was handsome, with clear cut features, but the woman's face was almost hidden.

Elizabeth heard afterwards that they were Jews, who had been on a visit to England, and were now returning to their home in Morocco. They did not sit down with the rest of the passengers at dinner, but took their meals apart, and in spite of her interest she never found an

opportunity of speaking to them, or of satisfying her curiosity as to the contents of that parcel.

There had been many new experiences during the day, and when bedtime came there was another, for a berth at sea is very different from a nice large comfortable bed at home, and it took nearly all the time till morning to learn to sleep in it.

But when Elizabeth awoke next morning and looked through her porthole, instead of fog and darkness she saw the white cliffs of the Kentish coast shining in the fair light of dawn, with calm, pale sea at their base. It was one of those lovely views which are not easily forgotten, and her memory stored it away in its picture book, to be looked at again and again.

Later in the day Beachy Head was sighted, and still later they watched the flashing light which warns ships to keep off the dreaded Needles of the Isle of Wight.

And then, when night was drawing on, Nora, Gertrude and Elizabeth found a quiet corner on deck where they could sit together undisturbed. They looked out over the darkening waters and thought of One whose pathway through this world was like a lovely track of light shining upon the waves, as they sang :

“ Across the dark grey sea  
I saw a pathway bright.

As if to shew how well to be  
In God's unclouded light.

Save in that path of gold,  
Gloom reigned on every hand,  
I loved its glory to behold,  
In isolation grand.

*One* path through all this scene,  
Unknown to earthly ken,  
Tells where the Father's Son has been.  
God's Christ, refused of men.

And now in heaven we see  
The glory of the Lord ;  
Unveiled His face : unveiled are we,  
In true and sweet accord."

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE COAST OF PORTUGAL.

NORA had brought a little bottle of medicine to prevent sea-sickness, and with this she dosed herself and her friends, and by bedtime on Sunday they thought they were first-rate sailors and not going to be ill at all.

But Ushant was passed in the early hours of Monday morning, and there was a swell in the Bay, and even before breakfast they did not feel quite so sure about being good sailors. Elizabeth

would much rather not have gone in to breakfast, but she did not like to own it, and went. It was quite a comfort during the morning to find that Nora and Gertrude, and even Mrs. Eddis, who had been to Morocco before, were none of them feeling very well. Lunch? No, thank you! nor dinner either; they were all in their berths.

But they did not stay there very long, for although the ship rolled a good deal, the sun was shining gloriously and the air was delicious. Even Gertrude, the delicate one of the party, was up and on deck next morning, and the wind gave them such a hearty greeting that they soon felt a little better, and were able to enjoy the big curling waves and their first view of the coast of Spain.

There were visitors, too, on the ship that morning, pretty little linnets, tired in their flight, made use of it as a resting-place, while poor, deluded butterflies were seen sporting over the dazzling waves, which could only mean death to them if once they touched their fragile wings.

And now they had passed Cape Finisterre and were steaming down the coast, close in to shore, so that they had a good view of the sea-side towns and pretty little villages of Portugal, nestling at the foot of sheltering hills.

Away in the distance and perched aloft on a

mountain ridge, they saw what they were told was Cintra, once the summer palace of the kings of Portugal, where the body of poor King Carlos was taken after his assassination. And then after Cape Roca the scenery changed, and the low, sandy shores of the Tagus estuary came in sight.

After that was passed they were called to the side to look at a school of dolphins at play, fifty or sixty of them, leaping and splashing in the sunlit waters, and frisking their fishy tails with great enjoyment.

And then once more night descended on the sea, shutting out all sight of the land, though far off they saw the gleam of the St. Vincent lighthouse shining across the waters.

During the night the wind sprang up, and it soon lashed the sea into great waves that made the ship pitch in a very uncomfortable way and banished sleep.

Elizabeth thought of Jonah as she lay listening to wind and waves. Perhaps he was very tired, poor man, fleeing as he was from the presence of the Lord, that he was able to sleep in such a storm; but even so, it was a wonder that his conscience did not keep him awake, seeing that he feared the Lord, the God of heaven, and knew that it was He who made the sea and the dry land.

The danger must have been very great that

made the sailors at last consent to throw him into that raging sea, when he told them that the great tempest had come upon them because of what he was doing, and that only so would its fury be abated. It is a terrible thing to disobey God, and down there in the depths of the sea, Jonah had to learn a terrible lesson; but it was well worth all the suffering it cost him to be able to say: "When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple. They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy. But I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord."

It was because of his own disobedience that Jonah sank beneath the waters; but when Jesus hung upon the cross and bore the judgment of God, the sins for which He suffered were those of others. All God's waves and billows went over Him, the great Sin-bearer.

"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

The unbelieving scribes and Pharisees had asked Him for a sign, and He had said to them: "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given to it,

but the sign of the prophet Jonas : for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly ; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

But how different was the humiliating deliverance granted to Jonah, when "the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land," from the glorious resurrection of the Son of God.

It was impossible that death should hold Him, and He rose from among the dead. No human eye saw Him rise, but "there was a great earthquake : for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow : and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men."

That, and the empty tomb, was all that the enemies of Christ saw of His resurrection. And now, being raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, remission of sins is preached in His name, that mighty name of which it is said, "Neither is there salvation in any other : for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." And, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

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## CHAPTER IV.

### ARRIVAL AT GIBRALTAR.

NORA, who had quite gained her sea legs, was up in good time next morning. She brought Elizabeth's breakfast to her, and with it such a glowing account of the delightfulness of being on deck that she too soon struggled up.

The sun was shining on foamy waves, the spray from which had reached her even in her berth, and the coast, to which they were quite near, increased in interest from moment to moment.

Their arrival at Gibraltar had been delayed for several hours by a contrary wind, but soon they sighted Africa, and could see the limits of Europe and the Dark Continent in one picture. And then the Rock loomed in sight and became the object of every gaze. Huge and stern it lay, stretching backward like a lion couchant, guarding the entrance to the Great Sea of the ancients.

How pleasant it was to think that in a few moments they would be at anchor, and have rest from that incessant tossing. Up to the heights and then down to the depths is a most trying sensation, and when the gong sounded

for lunch neither Mrs. Eddis, Gertrude nor Elizabeth dare venture below. But once more the stewardess came to the rescue, and with the bread and ham she brought them they picnicked as comfortably as they could on deck.

And then, what a change! They were at last within the roadstead, with the battleships they had seen from a distance lying around, stately and strong, and the sea, no longer dark with veins and crests of foam, lay emerald green and absolutely calm.

At once the question went round, "Who is for shore?" And soon a steam-tug came alongside. It was quickly filled, and in a few moments Nora and Elizabeth found themselves ashore, with others of a party conducted by Mr. Eddis.

Their first thought was for friends at home, so they visited the telegraph office and sent off cablegrams, and bought picture postcards. Nora bought a pretty cup and saucer, too, as a memento, though Elizabeth told her she could get one very like it in England and it would probably get broken before the voyage was over.

Then they went for a drive in a quaint little carriage, through the Alameda gardens, where palms, heliotrope, plumbago and cacti throve and blossomed profusely even at that time of the year, past the Governor's palace, with its floating Union Jack, and on to Europa Point.

And all this time Elizabeth, who had expected to find Gibraltar bristling with guns, had seen only three, and they looked very like some she had seen in parks and arboretums at home. No doubt if she had spent the time ashore in visiting the galleries she would have seen a few more of a different sort. The Austrian officer who was travelling with them had not wasted his visit among shops and flower-beds, but went to inspect all that interested him as a soldier.

On their way back they passed the Dry Docks, and saw a big battleship, the *Queen*, shored up on all sides with timbers while undergoing repairs, and soon after that there was an outcry for tea.

But, alas! they found that the Spaniard in charge of the café they entered did not possess the gentle art of tea-making, though he called the concoction he brought them by that name. The cakes, too, like some they had already seen offered for sale in the streets, looked strange and unwholesome, but Elizabeth, made bold by hunger, chose the best on the plate, and said it tasted nicer than it looked.

After tea some went one way, some another. Nora and her friend chose to explore the Roman Catholic Cathedral, not because it had any special beauty, but because Nora had a great desire to see what it was like inside.

Images and shrines, confessional boxes with

superscriptions telling what languages were spoken by the attendant father-confessors, pictures and marble fountains for "holy" water, surrounded the walls; and they did not stay long in the building.

They felt sad and oppressed in spirit as they thought of those who are under the bondage of forms and ceremonies, and seek to approach God through saints and images, instead of coming direct to the blessed Lord Jesus Himself, who said, "Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by ME."

Every language is known to Jesus, our great Priest, even the language of a broken heart that finds no expression but in sighs and tears. He appoints no penance to those who confess their sins to Him, but He Himself bore the penalty of them at Calvary; and to every repentant sinner He says, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," "Go and sin no more." For the word of God declares that, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

As the tug took them back to the ship in the dusk, searchlights from the Rock lit up the straits from shore to shore, while countless points of light flickered on the land and on the vessels

in the roadstead, and the lights of Algeciras were seen in the distance.

One lady, who had crossed by the ferry, told the others that eight thousand Spanish troops were assembled there waiting for transmission to Melilla ; for even in those days things were not quite peaceful in Northern Morocco.

During the evening there was firing from the Rock, as if to convince Elizabeth that the guns were there after all, even though she had not seen them.

Gertrude was very interested to hear all about the narrow streets and the square-built houses, and the many Spaniards and Moors and Jews and negroes and other foreigners they had met ; but they had to confess that they had not caught sight of a single monkey, in spite of what the geography books at school used to say about them.

They sat for a time after dinner on the upper deck as usual, but their singing was spoilt by sounds from below, and presently they went down to watch the unloading of cargo.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE TOWN OF TANGIER.

FROM Gibraltar to Tangier is no great distance, and next morning found the *Razila* once more safely anchored.

Looked at from the sea Tangier is very pretty as it stretches along the shore and backward up the slope of a hill, and every one was eager to go ashore.

Even Gertrude felt tempted to venture, and soon after breakfast the three friends and Mrs. Phillips, another of the passengers, found themselves seated with others in a boat rowed by lithe natives, who pulled with a will, rising as they dipped their oars, and putting weight as well as strength into each stroke.

They were warned as they crossed that the Moors were not always polite, and that it would be wise to have a protector, so they put themselves under the charge of a man who had come off from the shore that morning, an accredited guide, who soon had his hands full in escorting them through a motley crowd of men and donkeys.

He was a fine-looking man, this guide of theirs, of tall, athletic build, clad in robes of dark blue gracefully draped over a vest of yellowish hue,

not long enough to hinder free movement, nor yet to hide a pair of immaculate ribbed tan stockings and heelless slippers. His dark, bearded face, surmounted by a white turban, was kind and intelligent, and he looked trustworthy, though Moors are said to be very treacherous as a people.

In the midst of the rabble they came across Mr. and Mrs. Eddis; the latter had been persuaded to mount one of the donkeys, but she found the saddle, which looked more like a stuffed sack than anything and suggested unpleasant things, so uncomfortable, that after sitting there for a minute or two she called out in distress, "I can't stay on, I can't stay on, help me down!" She slid off, and was glad to find herself once more on her own two feet.

Nora and Gertrude and their friend were careful to keep close to the guide, but Mrs. Phillips was careless in following him, and soon found herself separated from the rest, and surrounded by jostling men excitedly talking in their strange language. Oh! how frightened she felt, and how glad when at last she caught sight of her companions. After that she was even more anxious than the others to keep near their Moorish friend.

When the Lord Jesus went back to heaven He did not leave those who were following Him without a Guide. He sent down the Holy Spirit,

the promise of the Father, to dwell in their hearts and be with them for ever.

Although the Holy Ghost is a divine Person, He did not come to direct our attention to Himself, but to the Lord Jesus. He brings to our minds the words that Jesus spoke and gives us a foretaste of heaven before we get there, and He teaches us to keep our eyes fixed on Jesus.

Stephen was a man who was full of the Holy Ghost, and even though he was surrounded by enemies who gnashed on him with their teeth, he "looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

If we look at the things of the world that Satan tries to tempt us with, we lose sight of the Lord Jesus and miss the path, and those who are the citizens of this world cannot help us to find it again, for they speak a different language and do not know the way to the city which we seek.

We need to pray earnestly that we may be kept "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of faith," so that we may not wander from the pathway.

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*IN THE STREETS OF TANGIER.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SHOPS AND STREETS OF TANGIER.

BEFORE leaving home Elizabeth had been asked to buy stamps for one or two enthusiastic collectors, so they visited the different post offices, for there were many nationalities represented in Tangier, and British, French, German and Spanish all had their separate offices.

*En route* they saw something of the place, but found the people themselves so fascinating that some of them almost forgot to look at the buildings.

Then their guide led them through narrow, cobbly streets to a shop, where they were invited to enter, mount the stairs and rest. And while they were sitting there in comfort, the owner brought forth the wares which he thought would interest them. One thing they bought was a curious little girdle which was fastened by slipping a miniature scimitar into its miniature sheath.

The room they were in had a pleasant balcony overhanging the street, and they stood for some time watching the busy scene below. They noticed one or two English ladies who were walking quite unattended, and concluded that it was only visitors like themselves who were apt to receive too much attention.

But in spite of the bright sunshine, and the novelty of it all, they saw very much to sadden them in Tangier. In our cities at home we have workhouses and hospitals where the very poor and the afflicted may find a refuge; but in Tangier misery openly displays itself by the wayside, and the beggars and "holy men" they saw were many of them most piteous objects.

And then, in one of the quieter streets, a familiar name caught the eye, it was British and Foreign Bible Society, and somehow it helped to comfort them, for it told that God's good news was offered there to all who would accept it, and the book which contains solace for all human woe was in their midst.

They would have been still more interested had they known in how very many languages the scriptures are stocked at that depot, and that quite a nice number are sold there every year. And besides this, colporteurs carry the precious book up and down the country.

Years ago, one of these brave men, Aisa Farah by name, had the joy of leading a Moorish ex-artillery officer to the Saviour. His name has not come down to us, but he is always spoken of as El Kaid, which means the Captain. In gratitude to the Lord who had saved him, and in love to his fellow-men, he too became a colporteur.

He knew that souls all around him were

## WHAT WE SAW AT CASABLANCA.

perishing, and he longed that they should believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and drink of the living water which had satisfied his own soul-thirst. And so he did not count his life dear to him, but went about among his countrymen until the day when he met his death at the hands of a fanatical mob at Larache. The suffering and ignominy have long been forgotten, and El Kaid waits with the Lord he loved for the day when he shall see the fruit of his labours and receive his reward.

It is never easy to be a Christian, but shall not the thought of El Kaid, one of the noble army of witnesses for Christ, encourage us to “lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us,” and “run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.”

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## CHAPTER VII.

### WHAT WE SAW AT CASABLANCA.

OF Larache itself our friends saw nothing, it was passed in the distance, as was also Sallee, a

very old town, from which in the seventeenth century Moorish pirates used to steal forth in their swift vessels. With long sweeping oars pulled by slaves to fall back upon when the wind failed to fill the sails, they swooped down upon unprotected merchant ships, carrying off those whom they captured to cruel slavery. There were no pleasant cruises down the coast of Morocco in those days, and woe betide the mariners who might be wrecked on those dreaded shores.

But to every dark cloud there is a silver lining, and it is refreshing to read of men who spent their lives in collecting money wherewith to ransom these poor captives and restore them to their homes.

Nora's-guide book told of Germain Mouette, a Frenchman, who wrote an account of the eleven years he spent as a slave in Morocco, and in that account says that some of these good men, who were known as Redemptionist Fathers, even offered themselves as ransom for their fellows, becoming slaves that others might go free.

How grateful those poor slaves must have felt to those who redeemed them, and at such a cost. But, oh! there is One, the Lord of glory, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from a worse slavery, and bring us home to God. A poor brigand in India who had heard

of the love of Jesus, wrote, "I want to be the Lord's bonds slave"; and is not that what your heart says too?

"I love to own, Lord Jesus,  
Thy claims o'er me divine,  
Bought with Thy blood most precious,  
Whose can I be but Thine!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Gertrude was travelling for her health, indeed it was for this that the voyage had first been thought of, and she usually stayed quietly on board and left her friends free to explore; so once more at Casablanca it was Nora and Elizabeth who went ashore with the other passengers.

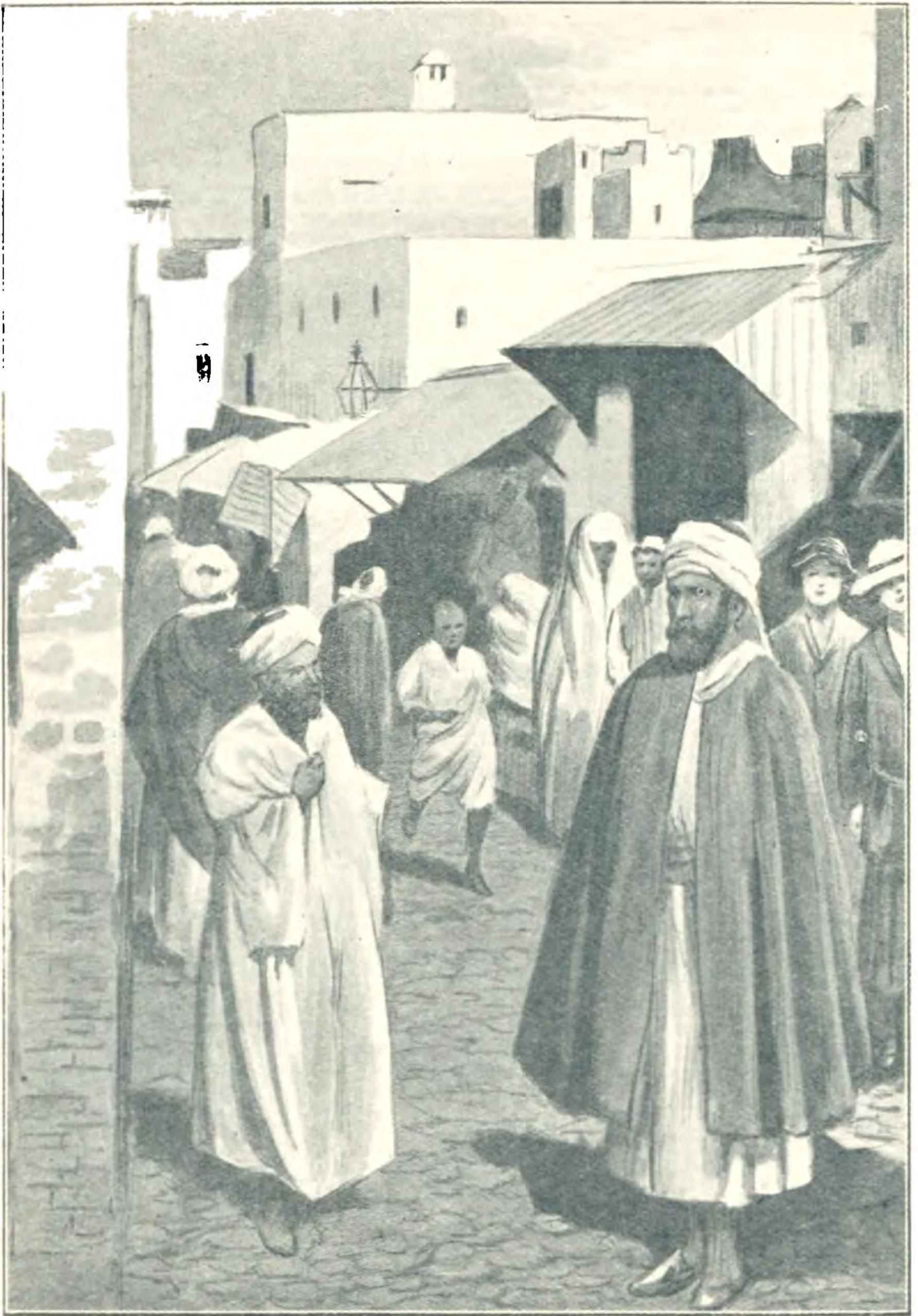
Willing hands were stretched out to help them alight from the boat, the Moors proving almost as clever at lending a hand as the sailors on board their own ship. And then, with one guide leading the way and another bringing up the rear, the little party moved on.

Soldiers in uniform, both native and European, reminded them that the place was under French occupation. One or two of the officers they met were splendidly mounted on horseback; they saw camels, too, but these were dirty, vicious looking beasts, and they took good care not to go too close to them.

Beggars seemed to have migrated to Tangier, and there was less here to shock the senses, always excepting that of smell; though even so, the eye was constantly falling on faces deeply pitted by smallpox, and very unhealthy looking pates.

There was much variety in the costumes worn. Old sackcloth formed the covering of the very poor, and between that and the dark blue or black robes of the higher classes, lay a vast range of greens and browns, with here and there a brilliant orange or an amethyst coloured cotton gown. Those who boasted trousers wore them of a very simple kind, resembling a sack with two holes cut in it, one for each leg, the said legs being very brown and very bare. Many of them, poor fellows, had bad sores on their shins, for when once the skin is broken and a sore formed it heals with difficulty, owing to the conditions under which they live. It is because of this that Friar's Balsam is so highly prized out there.

Moors love flowers, and there are very beautiful gardens in Morocco. The one which Nora and Elizabeth visited at Casablanca belonged to an English merchant, and they feasted their eyes on brilliant blossoms whose names they did not know. One gorgeous shrub was ablaze with small scarlet and flame-coloured blooms growing in clusters, and the guide, seeing their delight



*COSTUMES WORN IN MOROCCO.*

in it, broke off small pieces for them to carry away. There were oleanders, bananas and cacti, too, growing in rich profusion, and they saw dates hanging from the palm trees, but they were still unripe.

The day was hot, and they were glad to sit down and rest outside a café, while they drank queer-tasting coffee and watched the scene around. Donkeys went staggering past under heavy loads of stone, or laden with planks or piles of goat skins, these last being for embarkation on the *Razila*.

Presently a little crowd of men and boys gathered to gaze at the strangers, and without knowing it, gave them much entertainment.

The little boys were so charming that Elizabeth quite sympathised with some one who had wanted to take one of them home with her. Many of them had their heads shaved, with just one or two little tufts of hair left, and she had a dim remembrance of having read somewhere that Mohammedans leave that little tuft of hair on their heads in order that they may be lifted up by it to a happy place when they die. Poor little boys, their parents love them dearly and are very proud of them, but they cannot teach them of the Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and who died that they might be washed from their sins, and

made fit to live with Him in heaven, for they themselves do not know Him. They are followers of the false prophet Mohammed, a man of sinful, fallen, human nature like our own, who died many years ago, unable to save either his own soul, or those of his millions of followers.

They may indeed have heard of Jesus as a man who went about doing good, but they do not own Him as their Saviour Lord, the Son of the Father, "Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." .

Dear reader, has your knee bowed to Him? and has your tongue confessed Him Lord?

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A QUIET SUNDAY AT CASABLANCA.

WHILE Nora and Elizabeth had been on shore a swell had risen, which increased as the day wore on ; embarkation of cargo had to be stopped, and some steerage passengers who came on board during the afternoon had a rough time. They were moving from one coast town to another, and had their household goods, which were few enough all told, with them, and it was pitiable to see how wet the bedding was getting. The three friends stood on the promenade deck watching them, and held their breath as a child was thrown from the heaving boat to one of the sailors standing on the steps by which such passengers had to climb up the side of the *Razila*. He caught it safely, but it looked fearfully dangerous.

Soon after this they saw the Austrian officer and his Belgian wife putting off from the shore, but they came on board quite comfortably by a different set of steps. One of the ship's officers, who was standing by Nora, explained that it would have been contrary to the ship's rules to have allowed steerage passengers to come up that way, and that they were probably used to

that kind of thing. She thought of the child, and felt sorry that the rules were quite so rigid.

By this time the little family had begun to put up a sort of tent, under which they lived picnic fashion, as the steerage deck was open to the sky. It was in the stern of the vessel, and a little gate in the railing which ran along one end of the promenade deck opened on to a few steps leading down to it.

Our friends found a good deal of entertainment in watching the Moors who had taken their passage on this lower deck. One especially amused them. He brought out a small brazier and set to work to make a fire. In England we put the paper and sticks underneath and light the fire from the bottom, but this man appeared to be carefully arranging his sticks and paper above the coal or charcoal, and then set fire to it at the top. It was evidently the way he was accustomed to do it, and it soon burnt up. He next produced a pot or pan with a yellowish-looking mess in it, and put it over the fire to get hot, and every now and then he stirred it with his finger. This served a double purpose, as it helped to keep the thick mixture from burning to the bottom of the pot, and also enabled him to tell when it was warm enough. Before it was too hot for his finger he removed it from the fire and started eating it with evident relish.

If he had shewn signs of embarrassment, no doubt Nora and her friends would have looked another way, but he did not seem at all to mind being watched.

Another thing they could not help noticing about the Moors was the way they slept. They just lay down in any spot where they were not likely to be in the way, each one so covered up in his loose garment that it was sometimes hard to realise there was a man inside it, for they looked just like so many little heaps of clothes.

It helped those who observed them to understand the meaning of the charge which God laid upon the children of Israel when He said to them: "If thou at all take thy neighbour's raiment to pledge, thou shalt deliver it unto him by that the sun goeth down: for that is his covering only, it is his raiment for his skin: wherein shall he sleep? and it shall come to pass, when he crieth unto me, that I will hear; for I am gracious." Truly the God who cares whether or no a poor man has the garment which forms his covering for sleep, is a gracious God indeed.

When dusk fell the moon rose full and clear, and Casablanca was transformed by its softening light into a city of unreal beauty baffling description.

The next day was Sunday, and the friends

were glad to spend a quiet day, the only excitement being that the officer on watch in the afternoon discovered that the ship was dragging her anchor. Passengers were not supposed to know the reason of the sudden scurrying about, but when one of them asked a ship's boy what was the matter, he hesitated for a moment and then told her. They watched a man with a long line taking soundings while the ship moved seaward, and soon safe anchorage was found and the anchor let go again.

We all know the shape of an anchor, and that it is made like that so that when it is cast out one of its points may catch in the bottom of the sea. It has to be very strong because of the great strain put upon it, and besides this it has to be dropped in a place where it can take firm hold of the sea-bottom.

A believer on the Lord Jesus Christ who has fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before him is like a ship that has a strong anchor fixed in a sure place. No matter what storms of trouble or winds of temptation he may meet with, his anchor can never drag. All the promises of God are secure in Jesus, who has entered within the veil as Forerunner for us, and is there in the presence of God "a high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec."

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## CHAPTER IX.

### ARRIVAL AT MAZAGAN.

DURING the night the anchor was once more weighed, and before daylight Mazagan was reached. The sea was still so restless that cargo had to wait for the next day, and it was considered unsafe for passengers to land. However, a few of the bolder kind ventured, getting wet with spray before they reached the shore.

One of them had come out from London bound for Mazagan on business connected with the trade in eggs. These are brought to the coast in large baskets or panniers carried by mules. There they are repacked in wooden cases holding ten gross apiece, the wood for the cases being brought out ready cut from England. The eggs are said to be very good, but one of the passengers told that the guide warned him that some he saw offered for sale on shore were "second fresh."

By Tuesday the sea was calmer, and several, including Nora and Elizabeth, went ashore. To their dismay they landed on low-lying rocks, interspersed with clear pools in which green and purple anemones stretched out their tendrils. Walking was difficult, but worse followed. They

reached the beach in safety at last, but in how undignified a fashion, with arms around a Moorish neck, and feet dangling.

It is an amusing sight to see a company of people carried pick-a-back, and a voice was heard exclaiming, "Oh, for a camera!" Dr. Carson, who made one of the party, would have looked specially funny had a snap-shot been taken, as he was six feet or more in height.

Their first visit was to the Governor, who was an old man, but new to his work. He met the party at the door of his abode, which was something like a farm outhouse up stone steps. The guide, a fine specimen of the "merry Moor," acted as spokesman. He approached the great man with unshod feet, and retired after a lowly salaam, having obtained the desired permission to visit the old Portuguese forts.

But before entering the Colonel's permit, too, had to be obtained, and then armed with their double warrant they boldly passed the native sentry, standing with bayonet in hand.

The walls proved just wide enough to afford a good standpoint for looking around; as protection against modern cannon they would be quite out of date and useless.

In one direction they saw a native quarter with curious reed huts, and hard by a Jewish cemetery bore witness to the God of truth who

has kept His ancient people separate from the nations, among whom they wander, in view of the day when they shall be restored to the land of Israel, and in deep sorrow and repentance shall at last own their sin in rejecting and crucifying the Christ of God.

But we must never forget that it was for our sins, too, that He died, and although the people of His own nation cried out "Crucify him, crucify him," it was a Gentile ruler who delivered Him up to their will, and Gentile hands that actually nailed Him to that cross, when "The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ."

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## CHAPTER X.

### A MOORISH HOME AND SCHOOL.

IT was at Mazagan that Nora and Elizabeth saw the inside of a real Moorish home, for it happened that the favourite wife of their guide was very ill, and he had asked Dr. Carson to come and see her.

The guide's plan was that all the ladies of the party should go with the doctor into the sick

room, while the men waited elsewhere, but this did not please either the doctor or the ladies; so the doctor went in alone with the husband. He had quite a shock when he began to examine his patient, for her body had been stained black, and his first thought was that she had black typhus, a very dreadful disease. But he soon found out his mistake, and told the man to come to the boat for some medicine.

Meanwhile the ladies had joined the men passengers in another room, where they had been entertained by several Moorish women. One of these was young, with lovely dark eyes, and refined features, very different from the type of women they had come across in the streets. Her dress of various coloured muslins suited her to perfection, and as she came forward and with native grace shook hands and wished the visitors "Good-morning," they could not help admiring her beauty.

There was very little furniture in the room, just a good-sized bed with coloured bedclothes, and a few rugs on the floor.

The whole arrangement of the house was different from that of an English home. To begin with, inside the front door was a store-room for provender; then came an inner courtyard where were a donkey and two fat, horned sheep, the latter, poor things, waiting for the



*A BOYS' SCHOOL IN MOROCCO.*

coming slaughter of the "Feast of Sheep." A staircase went up one side of the square enclosure, and a narrow landing ran round three sides of it, out of which opened the women's rooms.

Whether the poor woman recovered or not they never heard, but the doctor did not think her case hopeless, although she really was, as her husband had feared, very ill.

Among the many interesting things seen at Mazagan was a native school. The room was open to the street, and about half-a-dozen lads were seated, face to the wall, repeating their lesson aloud, possibly a passage from the Koran. The schoolmaster was an old man with a very genial countenance, he seemed to like having his school inspected, and of course the boys enjoyed it very much, and did not keep their faces turned to the wall quite so strictly as they were supposed to do.

The tide was kind to the travellers on their return journey, and they stepped from the wharf into the boat, waving a farewell to the natives grouped on the little pierhead to see them off. They found embarkation going on busily aboard, for there were several thousand cases of eggs to be stowed away before the ship started that night. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the tired men had finished, and the Moors were hoarse from scolding and chattering long before

then, though they had breath left for an unmelodious song as they pulled off for home.

The three friends had stood on deck for some time during the evening, watching the men put one of the heavy hatches back into its place. Just at the critical moment, as it was dropped, one of the Moors failed to get his hand away in time, and had one of his fingers badly hurt. Another Moor, standing near, at once took charge of him with sympathetic concern, which was quite pleasant to see, and the cry of "Ingleesh doctor, Ingleesh doctor!" was raised. Happily Dr. Carson was close at hand, and the injured finger was promptly attended to.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### TOO ROUGH TO LAND AT SAFFI.

ONCE more the morning brought change of scene, and when our friends looked shoreward on the first of December they saw the ruined forts and rockbound coast of Saffi before them, surpassing in beauty any place they had yet seen.

An air of romance seemed to pervade the spot and suggest bygone histories to the mind, and if the stones of Saffi could have spoken no doubt they would have told thrilling stories of love and

war, brave deeds, and dark ones, too, of treachery and revenge, for Saffi is a very old town and must have had a chequered history.

But that sunny morning everything was calm and bright, and the boat which put off from the shore came on a peaceful errand. They watched it as it made a dash through the surf which fringed the coast; wave after wave seemed to break over it, but the rowers held on their way, and were soon alongside with their wares, which they had somehow managed to keep quite dry.

At other ports the natives had been permitted to display the things they offered for sale on the promenade deck, but at Saffi the salesman had to set up shop on the lower deck.

The special kind of pottery known as Saffi ware, baskets and beadwork, were temptingly displayed, and were well worth inspection. The ware was rather coarse looking and much of it was adorned all over with blue lines and curves, but the vases were of quaint Eastern shapes, many of them being models of water-bottles made with very narrow necks, so that the water may keep cool and fresh. His baskets, too, were very suitable for taking home as presents; but the man in charge looked either sulky or ill, and to begin with prices were high, and Nora had to visit him several times before he became reasonable enough to trade with.

Shopping in Morocco is very different from shopping in England, as Elizabeth had already found out when bargaining for a specially elegant pair of native slippers embroidered all over with finely worked stitchings of silver thread. People in the East are seldom in a hurry, they like to take plenty of time over everything they do, and would not at all enjoy telling the real price of a thing straight away.

However, in the end the man from Saffi sold quite a lot of his goods, and we will hope that he was as well satisfied with the money he got for them as the passengers were with their purchases.

It was a little tantalising to be so near to Saffi and yet unable to go ashore, but the swell made landing dangerous, and the only one who attempted it was a lady, who was taken in a small boat to the end of a little pier which was being built; she was then put in a large basket and landed by means of a crane.

But after all, it was very delightful on board, for the sky was blue above, and the sea was blue around, and the spray along the coast kept rising in clouds of snow-white smoke that shone in the sunlight. Besides, they could see the people moving about on the shore.

They were interested in watching a man ploughing with a yoke of oxen, and then, at sunset,

the sound of a bell was wafted to them across the water, and they saw people approaching the city from all quarters, some walking, some on mules or camels, but all trending in one direction, for work was at an end for the day, and all must re-enter the town.

After dinner the three friends repaired to their favourite evening resort on the upper deck, where they revelled in the glory of the starlit sky and enjoyed the quiet beauty of the night.

Since her first landing in Morocco, Nora had thought much of the verse that says that God "has made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." She had realised, as perhaps never before, the kindredship of the whole human race as being the offspring of God, though at the same time a fallen race as descendants of Adam, for "ALL have sinned." But, blessed be God, "Christ died for ALL," and "God now commandeth ALL men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

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## CHAPTER XII.

### WHAT WE SAW AT MOGADOR.

THE landing at Mogador, where they next went ashore, is only less difficult than at Saffi. However, the Moors know just where to run the boats in between the reefs, and Nora and Elizabeth and other passengers from the *Razila* found themselves safely landed on the rocks. There were plenty of natives waiting to carry them over the rough places, not this time pick-a-back, however, for here each one was grasped in a pair of strong arms. Elizabeth's man in his kindness carried her so far that she became frightened and called out, "Put me down, put me down!" thinking he might be carrying her off altogether.

The two friends wished to keep with Mr. and Mrs. Eddis, but one of the guides, an old Jew, willed otherwise, and they had to follow him. If they had stopped to argue the point they might have missed both guides.

The little party they were now with included Mrs. Phillips and Major Lambert, and together they visited the Danish Consulate, where they climbed up what seemed to them a great many stairs, and came out upon the roof. But the

view quite rewarded them for their toil, though the rocky, surge-fringed coast was bathed in sunlight so intense that they could not look at it for many moments at a time. In the other direction the city itself stretched out before them, a city of whiteness, of mosques and minarets, which the Moors themselves have called, "El Sûirah," which means "the little picture."

The guide did his work well, he pointed out the "Seven Arches," and the meat market, horrible to view; but neither Nora nor Elizabeth found them specially interesting. What they liked to look at were the shops and workshops, the people, and the animals in the streets.

They were much entertained in watching a potter at his work, one of Ham's descendants, with a wheel so primitive that they thought it must be very like the first ever used for making pots. But it answered the purpose well, and they left the clever potter rejoicing in a sixpence which Major Lambert gave him as reward for the deft way he handled his clay.

In another quarter they saw two merry old men weaving a blanket; they threw the shuttle back and forth to each other between the threads, but at the slow rate they worked that blanket would be long in the making.

Brasswork, too, is done in Morocco, and they saw at least one workshop which proved to them

that *all* so-called Moorish work is not made in Birmingham.

But by this time the old guide felt he had earned his pay, so he took them down to the little beach and left them there. And then their troubles began, for beggar boys crowded around begging for pennies.

One of the guides had tried to teach them a couple of Arabic words meaning "Go away," and when one of these poor boys, who was covered with sores, touched Elizabeth's clothes with his dirty fingers, she said them in her crossiest tones, but without any effect, for the beggar boys would not go. Oh! how she longed for the man with a stick, who had of his own free will accompanied them on one of their expeditions, driving away all troublesome boys. And to add to their perplexity there were a lot of men with carrying chairs, shouting and gesticulating and telling them to "Sit down!"

However, sitting down proved to be the right thing, for oh! the relief of it! when their chairs were picked up, each by two men, and carried off right out into the sea, away from the beggars with their polluting touch, through a stretch of gradually deepening water, till they reached the boat. But how indignant they all felt with a passenger who had joined them, when he refused to pay his bearers the usual fee, and put them off with

a few pence instead of the shilling they were expecting. It was of no use for them to complain, for by that time he was safe in the boat, and they in deep water.

Perhaps he thought that he was doing a clever thing in defrauding them, but if so he must have forgotten that "the righteous Lord loveth righteousness," and that "he that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker."

Meanwhile the waves had begun to break into the boat, and every one was glad when a start was made for the *Razila*. Nora and Eliza beth felt they were saying good-bye to Africa, but the visit to Mogador had not been a pleasant part of their Morocco trip, beautiful as the city is, especially as seen from a distance; and even a good wash with clean-smelling carbolic soap failed to remove the unpleasant impression.

The beggar boys certainly had been very persistent, but what troubled Elizabeth more than anything was the thought that she had shewn no kindness or compassion to the poor child with the dreadful sores; her one idea had been to get rid of him because he annoyed her. She felt she had been altogether unlike the Lord Jesus, who always shewed compassion to the afflicted. He never said, "Go away," but when a leper came to Him "beseeching him, and kneeling down to him, and saying unto him, If

thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. . . . Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean." And to-day, though He is in heaven at the right hand of God, crowned with glory and honour, and exalted far above all principality and power and every name named, He still says, "Come" to every poor, needy one. "And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," for Jesus has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### CAVE DWELLINGS AT LAS PALMAS.

AFTER so much sight-seeing it was quite a change to have a day at sea before they reached Puerto de la Luz, the port at which they landed for Las Palmas.

There were no Moorish lighters here with their active-limbed rowers, but craft of various nationalities lay around them, and they went ashore in a steam tug and landed on a wharf. Gertrude was with them to-day, and they were looking forward to a very pleasant outing.

The little party was in charge of Mr. Eddis, and they drove through the long, straggling

street leading to the fruit-market in a carriage drawn by two lean horses. If only fruit would have kept good indefinitely they might have brought piles of lovely things home with them, but even as it was they bought oranges and pears and guavas and little baskets to carry them in.

They needed no guide in the Canary Islands, but a tall, dark-skinned youth dressed in a white suit with a mourning badge on his arm, had joined himself to the little procession to act as interpreter, and they were able to do their shopping although none of them knew much Spanish. Cushion covers, shawls and more curios from Morocco, were added to their parcels, and on they went.

The road gradually became uphill, and after a time they came to an hotel with a beautiful garden of tropical and subtropical flowers. One shrub was covered with bright yellow blooms, and Mrs. Eddis was pleased to find ripe seed pods, and had visions of growing them in her garden at home. Elizabeth, too, helped herself to some of them and took one or two cuttings of a beautiful red flower, which some one told her was hibiscus; but, alas! they never rooted, and the seeds did not come up.

Meanwhile a third horse had been added to their vehicle. Mrs. Eddis, Nora, Gertrude and Elizabeth took their seats comfortably inside,

while Mr. Eddis sat uncomfortably outside on the box with the driver.

On and on, and up and up, they went for miles. The scenery was very fine and the day was perfect. Every now and then they had a glimpse at the deep blue sea lying far below them. They drove past plantations of sugarcane, bananas and other tropical plants; prickly pears, too, grew in wild profusion, very prickly they looked, and no one felt tempted to stop and taste their reddish-coloured fruit.

Entertainment was not lacking by the way, for jolly little boys, as sharp in their way as London street arabs, ran along by the carriage, sometimes on their feet and sometimes on their hands with their feet up in the air.

The drive took so long that they began to be afraid they would find the luncheon at the San Brigida Hotel all eaten up before they arrived. Nothing quite so trying happened, only Mr. Eddis and Elizabeth had to leave their share unfinished in order to start off again with others of the passengers who had managed to hire vehicles to take them to see some famous cave dwellings a mile or so further on.

Oh, that drive! Elizabeth wondered if the horses were running away as they galloped up hill and down dale, and Mr. Eddis put out his arm to prevent any one being shot out with

a jerk as they dashed round corners. It really was very exciting and not a little dangerous, but they got there safely.

The view was magnificent, as a vast amphitheatre, bounded on all sides by verdure-clad hills, opened before them, and here and there were curious little caves. Some close to them had been roofed in and had fronts built to them, thus making dwellings. In that delightful climate it would be easy to picnic out of doors all day, and just turn in at bedtime.

They were invited to enter one of the dwellings and sit down; and then they were shewn specimens of little clay vessels made by the cave-dwellers. But these were not at all pretty, and Elizabeth kept her pennies in her pocket. She would have liked to ask ever so many questions about the caves and the people who lived there among those beautiful hills, but no one seemed able to tell her anything more than she could see for herself.

Then there was the mad drive back again to the hotel, if anything a little faster than they had come.

The three left behind had been exploring the garden and had much to tell of its wonders. They had seen many lovely gardens since leaving England, but this eclipsed them all. It was said that there were four thousand different kinds

of plants in it, and the time was all too short for looking and admiring, for it was the sort of place to remind one of the garden which the Lord God planted in Eden, in which He put the man whom He had formed, the garden of which it is written: "And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." But it was time for the start back, and soon all were stowed away in the carriage for the return drive.

Part way down the hill Elizabeth, who liked an outside seat, changed places with Mr. Eddis, and sitting up there on the box she had a good view of everything they passed. Presently she saw a sad-looking little procession coming along, but what most interested her was a white box with blue edges, which they were taking with them on a sort of open carriage.

Ah! that explained why the poor people were so sad, for from the shape and size of the box Elizabeth knew that it must contain the body of a little child, which was being taken to its burial. And her thoughts went back to the garden where Adam and Eve never tasted the fair fruit of the tree of life, but instead partook of the forbidden fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. And through that act of dis-

obedience sin entered into the world and death by sin, for God had said, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

And then, lest the man should put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever, "therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

But that flaming sword which turned every way no longer bars the way, for Jesus, the glorious Head of whom Adam was but a figure, was obedient unto death and offered Himself without spot to God. Divine justice was satisfied when Jesus died, and John, who stood by His cross and saw the blood and the water which came from His pierced side, could write: "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God? This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood. And it is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth. . . . And there are three that bear witness . . . the Spirit, and the water, and the blood: and these three agree in one. If we receive the witness of men, the witness

of God is greater : for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself : he that believeth not God hath made him a liar ; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life ; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God ; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.”

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### HAULING DOWN THE SHIP'S FLAG.

CLOSE beside them in the harbour of Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, lay a Spanish man-of-war, and a little farther away a Dutchman, with white sides and gilt embellished prow, such a pretty ship to look at, that it was hard to realise she had guns and could deal out death and destruction. The Spaniard was so near that our friends could see a good deal of what was passing on board.

It was Sunday, and during the morning the crew was mustered for a short service, and then

came a quick change in the music, as the service being over, the officers gathered on deck for a ball. There were a surprising number of them, and they danced with ladies who had come off in little boats from the shore, and returned after the entertainment, escorted by their hosts.

In Spain very few people have Bibles, and possibly none of those who spent their time so gaily on the *Carlos V.* knew those words of the Lord Jesus, "The days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days."

How could the children of the bridechamber feast and make merry when the Bridegroom had been taken from them? And how can those who love the Lord Jesus, and own that He is the heavenly Bridegroom of the church, dance and make merry in a world where He has been, and still is, cast out and rejected?

In the afternoon they were startled by the sound of firing, but it was only the Dutch ship giving a salute to the Governor of the place.

And then at sunset they watched the ceremony of hauling down the flag on board the *Don*. The sailors were ranged on deck, the band struck up the Spanish National Anthem, and down came the flag.

A sailor boy explained all this to Nora, adding that the daily hoisting up and hauling down of

the flag was the chief business that went on on board a man-of-war.

Elizabeth, in her ignorance, had thought that a ship of that sort never took down its flag excepting when it surrendered to an enemy. A Christian's colours at any rate should never work by rope and pulley, they must be nailed to the mast, and remain through cloud and sunshine, fair weather and storm. As the little chorus puts it, a Christian must :

“ Dare to be a Daniel,  
Dare to stand alone,  
Dare to have a purpose firm,  
And dare to make it known.”

Soon afterwards the *Razila's* flag was pulled down, and there was no ceremony about it, but then she was not a warship, and her lads had plenty to do, even if they did find time to spin a yarn now and then.

When night fell it was a pretty sight to see the searchlight from the Spanish ship. Sometimes the light lay athwart the Dutch ship and sometimes it played up and down the shore, but whatever it touched stood out in vivid clearness against the dark of a moonless night.

Overhead the stars shone brilliantly, each in its own peculiar glory, as they must have shone on that night so long ago, when the Lord brought

Abraham forth out of his tent and said to him, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be."

And to those who, being Christ's, are Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise, this word is very precious, for it not only tells of the countless hosts of the Israel of God, but it reminds them that their calling is a heavenly calling, and that they are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. And it carries their thoughts forward to the time, now so near, when the Lord Jesus will come into the air, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the sleeping saints shall be raised, and the living changed, and all together shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air.

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."

"The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE WONDERS OF MADEIRA.

THE *Razila* arrived at Madeira before breakfast, and was due to leave again during the afternoon, so as soon as possible the three friends went ashore, for Gertude was feeling better, and wanted to see all she could.

They soon found themselves seated inside a bullock carrol, one of the quaintest of carriages, for it has no wheels, but goes on runners, like a sledge. The roads were paved with smooth cobblestones, worn smoother by use, and every now and then the driver threw a greased pad under the runners, picking it up again as soon as they had passed over it. They glided along over the stones, skidding famously as they turned corners, and thoroughly enjoying the novelty of the drive.

The mountain itself they ascended by train, but they came down again by the chute, for at the top of the hill they found a group of men, all anxious, very anxious indeed, to take the visitors down in their toboggans. These were made of wickerwork and were wide enough to hold three people sitting side by side.



*THEY ARRIVED SAFELY AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.*

As soon as our friends were seated, two men, one on each side, seized the ropes attached to the front of the toboggan and began to run down the slope. Faster and faster they went over the smooth track till the pace grew startling, when the men, still keeping hold of the guiding ropes, sprang up at the back of the little car and added their weight to its impetus.

Children ran out of the way, men shouted to each other and hurried to get their carts closer to the side of the track; but everything and everybody managed to escape in time, and at last the bottom of the hill was safely reached, which was much to be thankful for. But it somewhat spoilt their pleasure to see the state of the chute men, for they were doubled up for want of breath, and would need a good rest before they would be able to carry the toboggan on head and shoulders all the long way up to the top again.

When they reached the ship they found that others besides themselves had been buying some of the wicker furniture which is so beautifully made on the island, and it was a good thing that the holds of the *Razila* were roomy. Some of their friends, too, had bought pretty specimens of terra-cotta pottery.

In future the word Madeira would conjure up visions of bullock carrols, toboggans, without snow or ice, wicker-chairs, and a view of moun-

tain and gorge, with a tiny stream down at the bottom of it, musically tumbling its way to the ocean.

But after all they were rather glad to leave Madeira with its oily blue sea and relaxing atmosphere, and the thoughts of all began to turn homeward.

At first it was interesting to compare the islets they were passing with a little map one of them had, but soon they were right away from all sight of land.

There were deck quoits for those who cared to play, while others got their daily exercise by going for walks, but it took many turns of the deck to make a mile.

They loved to watch the sea itself, and there was a fine sense of freedom in being able to look all around and see nothing but sea, until sky and ocean met on the far horizon. The sight of that vast expanse of water made them think of the words: "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

At the present day we see men striving to fill the earth with their own glory; they set up their own puny reasonings against the revealed truth of God, forgetting that the Lord has said: "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at

my word," and "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches : but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me."

When the Lord Jesus was on earth, and the great and wise men of that generation refused Him, He "rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

The "babes" are taught that they will have part in the city which descends out of heaven from God, having the glory of God, the city which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God lightens it and the lamp of that glory is the Lamb. But they rejoice to know that the time is coming when the earth, this very earth where the Lord of glory was crucified, shall be filled with "the knowledge of the glory of the Lord," and that "the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### HOMeward BOUND.

AND now the passengers on the *Razila* were reminded by the increasing cold that they were well on their way northward.

One afternoon they ran through fog, then through rain, but after all, Nora, Gertrude and Elizabeth were able to enjoy their usual quiet hour on the upper deck. The night that followed was one of the calmest they had had since leaving England, although they were by this time well past Cape Finisterre and in the Bay of Biscay.

Next morning they found themselves once more on the grey, foam-flecked waters of the English Channel, in drizzling rain, glad to wrap up warmly and find a sheltered place on deck, until it got so rough that a few of the passengers had to retire altogether.

But what did it matter? for in a few hours they hoped to be back in England, at a time of year, too, when home seems specially homelike, and fogs and rain and frost and storms are more in keeping with the season than blue skies and sunny shores.

They landed at Tilbury and travelled up to London, and there the three friends, who had been so many miles together, and together had enjoyed so much of the goodness of God, had to part company. Nora and Gertrude took train for their home in one of the eastern counties, while Elizabeth continued her journey north with Mr. and Mrs. Eddis. And while they are bidding each other farewell, we too will take leave of them.