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The New Year.

In France New Year's day is the great day of the year. It is to the French child what Christmas is to the young people of America—the day for the giving and receiving of presents.

In the gloomy old royal palace of Madrid, also, the first day of the year is a happy and merry festival. The Queen Regent takes care that all, even to the humblest servants, have a share in the so-called aguinaldos, or New Year's bounties.

But it is in Russia that the boys find themselves most completely masters of the situation on New Year's day, for in that land the opening day of the year is especially the children's festival.

The boys rise with the sun, taking care to fill their pockets with dried peas and wheat. Then they go from house to house in a riot of fun. As doors are never locked it is easy for them to effect an entrance. The dried peas are to be thrown at their enemies, but the wheat is for their friends. They sprinkle it upon any of their friends whom they may be fortunate enough to find asleep, and hurl the peas with stinging force at their enemies.

After breakfast the handsomest horse in the village is brought out, its trappings are decorated with evergreen and berries, and the animal is led to the house of the nobleman of the place, followed by the pea and wheat-shooters of the early morning. The lord admits horse and guests to his parlor, where all his family are gathered. This is the greeting of the peasants, old and young, to their lord and master. The origin of the custom is shrouded in mystery, but it is supposed to date from very early times.

Morocco's Youthful Ruler

(Rev. Fred. Weiss, Missionary in Tangier, in 'The Christian Herald.')

Morocco is a land where the ways of life are the same to-day as they were a thousand years ago; a land wherein man may still be the slave of man, and where woman is no more than a creature of man's passions. The present Sultan, Abdul Aziz, is in favor of reform; he is trying to do what he can for his country; but the old statesmen are not favorable to a change. 'What has been good enough for our fathers,' they say, 'is good enough for us.'

Good government and intelligent cultivation will work an improvement in Morocco, by which it might attain to a place among the nations. Almost all kinds of grain might be freely grown here, and the country is rich in minerals. It is a country of great natural resources, which only need to be developed.

Slavery is still a recognized institution in Morocco, the victims being brought across the Sahara and the Soudan. Slave-hunts in the Soudan and in other parts of Central Africa are conducted by Mohammedan Arabs, who fiercely contend that they have the sanction of the Koran for these crimes. 'I am heartsore,' wrote David Livingstone, 'and sick of human

blood. Slaving scenes come back unbidden, and make me start up at night, horrified by their vividness.' A great many of the slaves never reach the markets at all, dropping dead along the roads, from wounds made by the slave-driver's whip or from exhaustion. Let us remember Morocco in our prayer, and also the missionaries who are toiling day by day to lead the people to Christ.'

About one-half of Morocco is living in rebellion against the present government. The rebels are mostly mountain tribes.

We hope soon to be off, visiting and distributing tracts and Bibles among the people of the interior. Our missionary band is well, and our Heavenly Father has supplied strength for the work. We are reminded each day of his watchful care over us, and he has graciously supplied our every need.

I am sending you, with this letter, a photograph of the present Sultan. The photograph was taken by a missionary, for whom Abdul Aziz has a very high regard. The Sultan is now twenty-three years old,



ABDUL AZIZ, THE YOUNG SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

Very few of the people living in the country and mountain district ever hear the Gospel. It is dangerous to travel among some of the tribes. The missionaries make long journeys on horseback, camping out at night, and each night they must camp near a village or city, and get protection from the Kaid of the city. He usually sends two men to stay with travellers who visit his town, the traveller paying the watchmen for their work. This you must do in Morocco; if you do not, the government will not be responsible for results.

and I am glad to say that he has accepted a present of a Bible from the hands of this same missionary, which Bible he has in his palace now. Let us hope and pray he will read it often, and accept its truths.

Sultan Abdul likes to ride the bicycle. His dress in the photograph is that worn by his country people. It is called the Gelab. He rides in this dress around the palace grounds.

Fez, the Sultan's capital, lies between two hills at the end of a plain. It was built by Mauli Edrees II., in 807 A.D. Its