

Dr. Kerr's headquarters were at Rabat, a fortified town, full of mosques, minarets, and mausoleums. Rabat is situated on the south bank of the river Boo-rag-rag, and is said to be the prettiest town on the Atlantic sea-board of Morocco. Salee is on the opposite bank, about a quarter of a mile from the river. The population of Rabat is about 30,000, with 4,000 Jews, and Salee 20,000, with 2,500 Jews. Rabat is inhabited by Moors who were driven out of Spain; Salee, by the original inhabitants of the country, called Berbers.

The advantage of medical missions was shown from the moment that Dr. Kerr landed at Rabat, his central sphere of labour. An ordinary mission might have remained little known for years, but "immediately on hearing that a doctor had arrived, one of the best families sent to the Consul, requesting him to send me at once to visit their daughter, who was seriously ill." The day following, another urgent request was made to the Consul by a French officer, residing in Rabat, for the doctor to attend his wife, who had been ill for several weeks—and without medical aid. Soon afterwards he was called to treat an inmate of the Sultan's harem. He was sent for by many others—Jews and Mohammedans.

CALLOUSNESS OF THE MOSLEMS.

A shereef (the shereefs are supposed to be descendants of the Prophet, and are haughty and bigoted), who was a night-guard in the streets, was stabbed in the back, while endeavouring to apprehend a robber. Being paralysed in the one arm, and finding the burglar too much for him, he held on by his teeth, until the other guards came to his aid.

The following morning the poor man was brought to the dispensary, and, as he lay at the street door, a number of respectable Moors gathered round. Some said 'bravo,' others 'poor fellow,' while a third would say 'why, God had decreed that this should be his fate, and why murmur?' I said, 'Is there none here who, for the sake of a poor brother, will bring a shirt or blanket?' But there was no response, and the crowd began gradually to disperse.

A friend of the town clerk, who brought him, had the courage to say, 'If you wish to do anything for this poor man, do it—otherwise we will lift him and carry him to the Fonduk, where he will die or live as God wills.' 'Is this all the reward this poor man is to receive for the act of bravery?' 'Yes,' was the reply; 'and if he had let the robber go he would have been imprisoned and lashed. Now, because he has been wounded in securing the robber, we will, as a reward for his bravery, carry him to the Fonduk, as he is unable to walk.' This is how the Moslems treat their brethren.

I often wish that those who write about the

uprightness and the goodness of the Mohammedans, had just gone to live a little among them. Where are their hospitals and almshouses? Where is the sympathy which they manifest towards those of the same faith, even in their poverty and distress?

I have seen a soldier on the march with a broken leg. On offering to receive him into the hospital, he said, with tears in his eyes, 'The Lord bless you, but I cannot accept your offer. If I were to stay till my leg was better, I might lose my head.' The policeman's life was saved, after immense watchfulness and care: but though "we watched over him, fed him and cared for him, he was so fanatical that he had never a good word to say for us." "We often contrasted Christians and Moslems, showing him that if we, out of love to Jesus, had not taken him in, he would have died of hunger, 'Quite true,' said he. 'Nevertheless, God will pardon them, because they are Moslems, so long as they witness to God and the Prophet.'"

SALTING OF HEADS.

In noting a visit to the Sultan's Palace, at Rabat, Dr. Kerr describes the following gruesome sight:—

While waiting at the Governor's, we saw one of those revolting sights which make one's blood curdle. A muleteer had just arrived from the Sultan's camp with the panniers of his mule full of human heads. As the victims had been decapitated the week before, the odour was anything but pleasant. The Moors, however, laughed and talked with as much glee as if they had returned from a boar-hunt. Before we left, a soldier arrived with a dozen poor Jews, who were commissioned to salt the heads of the faithful, prior to their being nailed up on the city gates. This appears to be the only honour the poor Jew has in Morocco—that of embalming with salt the heads of these holy Moslems.

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

THE PRISONS OF FEZ.

are thus described:—

The prisons of Fez are supposed to be worse than in many places of Morocco. There are two large prisons, which are foul, underground cells—one chiefly for condemned criminals and State prisoners. Their condition in these underground cells is too awful to describe, and often, to escape torture and a lingering death, the poor prisoner brings his sufferings to an end by a large dose of poison.