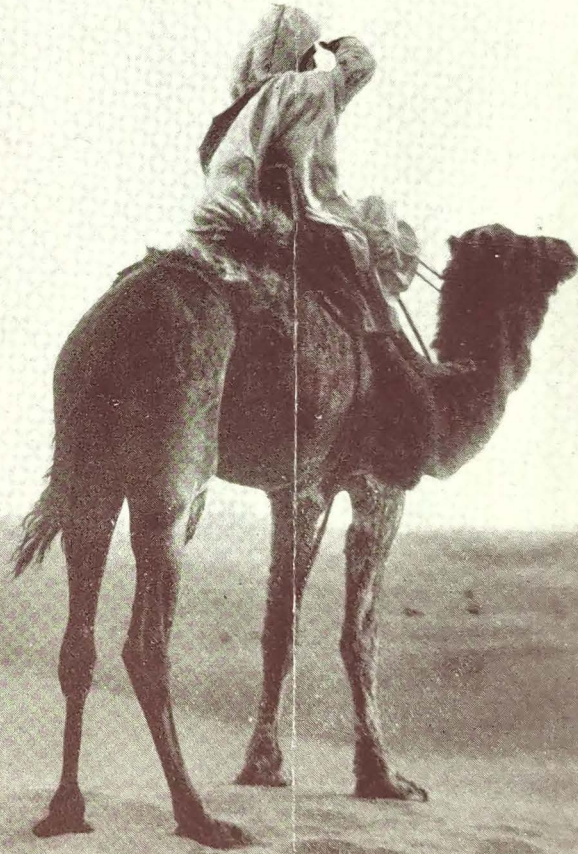


A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGIER
EDMONT

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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BASIS.—The A.M.B. is interdenominational and desires to have fellowship with all who form the One Body of Christ. The Band holds and teaches :—

- (1) Absolute Faith in the Deity of each Person of the Trinity.
- (2) Absolute confidence in the full inspiration of the Old and New Testaments.
- (3) Absolute belief in the Cross of Christ as the one means of access to God, and the redemptive power for the whole world.

COMMISSION.—The aim of the A.M.B. is the Evangelization of the Arabic speaking Moslems with special emphasis on the needs of the practically untouched regions of the interior.



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AUTUMN.

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POST FREE.

The Lesson of the Ox.

The following notes were taken at one of a series of Bible readings on the carvings on Solomon's temple, given by Miss Trotter to members of the A.M.B. at Dar Naama. One, "The Lesson of the Palm Tree," has already been published, and we hope from time to time to print what notes we have of the others.

I KINGS 7. 29.

As we seek to learn the lessons taught by each one of the carvings on Solomon's temple let us look first at that temple itself. This seems to be in its entirety a picture of the perfect service of the Church during the reign of Christ that is to come, and therefore it is imperative that we should learn its lessons here and now, that we may be ready to put them to their full use when His Kingdom comes. Just as the tabernacle on the other side of Jordan was the fore-shadowing of the temple, and perfectly depicted its service, so in the temple we see the picture of the good things to come that may be ours in their fulness here and now. It is on the Canaan side of Jordan that we learn the lessons which prepare us for the greatest service in the glory-life to come.

God always works step by step, as a flower is brought to its final perfection by

a gradual process of seed and leaf and bud. Thus the service which we will be able to render to our Lord during the time to come will be largely determined by the beginnings we have made "on this side." So it behoves us to see that we have these small beginnings here and now on which God can build, and which will culminate in the fullest possible service in His future Kingdom. Also let us not forget that, for a time at least, that Kingdom will be on this familiar earth of ours, only under different circumstances; our bodies will be the same bodies, but having undergone some wonderful change; and what we learn now will be ours, to use in its fulness, to the glory of our King.

Have we yet made our own unto obedience the teaching of the carvings on Solomon's temple? As a beginning let us learn the lesson of the Ox, who stands lowest in the scale of service, whose place is under

the yoke, in lowly submission. Let us understand first of all the "yoking together with Christ" and learn what that yoke-fellowship with Him means. If we look at Jeremiah 31. 18, we find that it is Christ Himself who takes us under His yoke; and as we may see in the East, a trained bullock trains the "unaccustomed" one by being yoked with him and allowing him, if necessary, to go down into the dust dragging and kicking, finding no relief for his bruised shoulders until at last he gives in and lets the yoke fall into its place and stay there. Then he finds the fulfilment of the promise "My yoke is easy and My burden is light"; for lo! it is Christ Who is yoked with us, and Who bears all that part of the burden that is too heavy for us. This taking of His yoke in uttermost yieldedness binds us into one spirit with Him, and then His peace settles down; the hour when we accept *all* in utter humility is marked with the words "Ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Another characteristic of the Ox is his patience, and this is yet another lesson that we learn in this yoke-fellow service. We see now something of the supreme patience of Christ. The binding of the swaddling clothes in those first hours in Bethlehem, and the binding of the grave clothes when His last hour had passed, were symbolical of what lay between the two. We see His patience in His temptation, during physical exhaustion and hunger; when offered kingdoms and glory, but without the price of the Cross. All through His ministry we see this patience—patience in His human limitations, in the misunderstanding of His friends and their slowness of heart, in His constant persecution and rejection, in His endurance of all things to the final taking up of His cross; patience in waiting always for the Father's hour, in putting aside present opportunities—as when the people would have

crowned Him king—looking only to the time when Israel shall see Him and welcome Him, when He shall receive the Kingdom and the glory of them from God Himself.

Our Lord desires our fellowship with Him in all these things, and it remains for us to know whether we are indeed willing to "learn of" Him, to be partakers with Him in His patience, to be yoked to Him in obedience, not only in the big issues, but in the trivialities of daily life, in the tiny units that make up the whole—just in any small beginning that He may give us. When rewarding His servants the Lord said "Ye have been faithful in the *little* things. . ." Let us learn this faithfulness, this patience in the "little things," this instant obedience to Him in our yoke-fellowship, as a preparation for that full rich time when the servants and their Lord shall reign together in His glory.



Editorial.

"After Many Days."

In the beginning of our missionary life the words fell on our hearts almost as a knell—to have to wait "many days." As time went on we learnt to regard them as a precious promise, God's promise, and now indeed after many days we are seeing its fulfilment among those whom we call "Mr. Smeeton's blind men." Year after year he laboured among them. Day after day he prayed for them "in all their feebleness" (one seems to hear the sympathetic pleading voice), and yet no softening came. Mr. Smeeton left us and the work was broken up. Many of the blind men were sent home to their villages by the Government, but three or four remained in Algiers and occasionally attended the Sunday morning service. Then for two of them the "many days" brought their fruition. One who for twenty years had

heard the good news with the same hard, irresponsible look, now listens with the deepest interest and understanding and has asked for baptism. The other, who we remember as a poor degraded man, being dragged along quite drunk to a native feast, is now truly "clothed and in his right mind," sometimes breaking in on the Sunday morning address with remarks, whiles of approbation, whiles of illustration, but always showing that he too had laid hold of the truth "after many days."*

And now there are still many days before us and we have a King who gives abundant largesse in His own good time. The several occasions on which the missionaries in this land have met with souls already touched in bygone years remind us that the Lord Himself felt the need for workers and intercessors. "The harvest truly is plenteous but the labourers are few."

We are happy that Mrs. Brading has withdrawn her resignation and has expressed her willingness to continue as secretary until the person of God's choice is found. Mr. Wigg has felt led to join the North Africa Mission and he takes with him our best wishes and our certainty that wherever he may be, he will be a good soldier of the Cross of Christ.

* Our friend "Nemo" whom we cannot otherwise thank, will we think be interested.

Algeria Re-visited.

It is a great joy to visit this beautiful land again, and it is also a great responsibility to come face to face with the tremendous need that there is for the Gospel. It makes one feel ashamed of our lethargy and selfishness at home, when the need is so vast.

Many think there is little progress in work amongst the Mohammedans—that the rivers of living water are having but

slight effect on the arid deserts of Islam. But though the rivers may be flowing underground, they are not lost, and one feels the future is full of glad surprises for His servants; is it not written, "the desert . . . shall blossom abundantly"?

Here are some stories of how God is caring for the work in the details, and if He is watching over the little things, how much more over the great eternal issues! There was trouble between two of the native Christian girls living at one of the mission stations, one accusing the other of something she denied. There were hot words, and the accuser was so rude that she was asked to leave the room where they were working. The missionary turned to the other one, "How am I to know which of you speaks the truth? We will bring the matter to God; He knows, and we will ask Him to judge." So they knelt down and prayed, "Thou Who knowest the hearts of all, show . . ." Then they went on with their work, but not ten minutes had passed before the girl present said, "I must go and apologise to A. Even though I did not do what she said, I lost my temper with her, and I want the Lord to forgive me." So they went to look for the other girl, but she was so touched that she burst into tears. "Oh," she said, "it is I who ought to apologise, for I have been telling lies because I was jealous of you." And so the breach was healed, and good came out of what was meant for evil.

Another story we heard was about a lack of balls to play with for the children who came to the mission house. For not only are the children taught, but they get some fun and sunshine introduced into their drab little lives. Well, the balls were too few, and the funds were too low to spare anything for balls, when one windy day, out walking along the shore, the workers found two beautiful balls that had been washed up on the beach—the nicest they ever had!

One feels a change in the attitude of the people. There is real friendliness, and confidence in the missionary, and a growing interest in the message; as one man said lately, "We thought there was nothing in this, but now we are beginning to see there is!" The witness of a lifetime is telling in this land. On the part of the workers there seems increasing hopefulness and faith in the God with Whom nothing is impossible.

The need of the women is as great as ever. Just now there is a prayer battle raging over a very dear Christian girl threatened with marriage to a rich fanatical Moslem (who has already divorced several wives) because there is no Christian for her



"I will cut in sunder the bars of iron." Is. 45. 2.

to marry. Very often the message seems to come to the women first, as it came in the New Testament days when Lydia was the first European convert. So here there are many girls and women whose hearts the Lord has opened, but whose lives are blighted by Moslem marriages. However, the Word bears fruit, for often they are anxious to send their children to the mission classes. Yet it seems as if there can be little real advance now until the men are reached in equal proportion to the women. And for this men workers are needed.

What was Garibaldi's challenge to the men of Italy? "I offer you hardships, wounds and perhaps death, but certain victory and glory," or something to that effect. The terms of missionary service are somewhat similar, but incomparably higher. This country in the fetters of sin, cruelty and hopelessness is groaning for liberators. And if that does not reach our hearts, surely the call of our Saviour will, "Who will go for Us?"

I. R. GOVAN.



An Arab Girl's Testimony to Christ.

The following testimony, given as nearly as possible in the girl's own words, was the answer to the question "What has Christ done for you?" Her actual conversion seems to have been so gradual that there was no definite time to record, though there have been various experiences which have helped to establish her on the Rock.

"When I was a little child I had never heard of Jesus, neither had my father or mother. Then came the time when I used to join the children who were playing outside the mission house while waiting to

go in for 'reading,' hearing the Word of God. I said to myself, 'They will not allow me to go in, but I can play with the children outside.' I was glad when I found that they would let me go in too. Every day I used to come and hear the Word of God and used to listen well, but I understood nothing. I used to answer all the questions and say 'yes' or 'no' but I did not understand what it was all about. For many years I came thus with no understanding until one day I was playing outside and quarrelled with another little girl, who ran away. I said to myself, 'When I catch her the next time I will strike her!' The door was opened to me and I came into the big court of the house and found that they were having a meeting for women. I said, 'Oh, I would so like to go in and see what they are doing'; but the missionary said 'No, the meeting is only for grown-up people, but you can play in the court.' I was so eager to get in that I said to one of the women, 'I will give you two sous (all I had), if you will let me come in.' However, I remained in the court and sat among the shoes at the door amusing myself by arranging them in pairs and at the same time listening to what was being said. When they began to drink coffee I was ashamed for I said to myself, 'They will think I have come hoping to have coffee offered to me.' After the coffee was finished I listened to what was being said in the room and heard the missionary say, 'God says we must be loving even as Christ loved us and gave Himself for us.' When I heard those words I was ashamed and said to myself, 'I will not strike the girl with whom I have quarrelled'; and from that time I stopped fighting with other children.

Then came the big Fast of Ramadan, and because I was kept at home to help my mother I was unable to come in the mornings to read; but I came instead to the afternoon meetings where things were ex-

plained more fully, and little by little I began to understand. I understood I must not be jealous when I saw other children with prettier dresses than I had. In the past anger used to fill my heart when I quarrelled with any one; now I find anger goes away at once and I can even be glad. Now I have given all my self to Christ and I wait His coming with joy. Last night I was thinking what a joy it is to me when the missionary comes to see me in my own house, how I run to spread the carpet for her to sit upon and hasten to make the coffee for her, for she is my friend and I love her and she loves me. And because I know I have not done anything to grieve her I am not frightened of her and do not wish to hide myself from her when she comes. She knows me and I know her and we are happy together. So shall I do for Christ when He comes. How glad I am when the time draws near for the return of the missionary from her own country, for she tells me of all the wonders and beauties of her country and of the journey. So will Christ tell me all about the wonders and beauties of Heaven.

The time came when I was old enough to fast, but I wished to break the Fast for Christ's sake. I saw we only changed the hours of eating and did not really fast as Christ fasted. My father was dead but my uncle said, 'You must fast and if you do not I will kill you.' I was very sad and cried. The missionary said I could not fast at the mission station so that night I went home and all night I kept crying to God and in the morning I said to my mother, 'I cannot fast, I am a Christian.' She said to me, 'Very well my daughter, you can do as your heart tells you.' My uncle said, 'You must fast'; but he did not do anything more than that, and I went back to the mission house with joy in my heart and from that time I have not kept the Fast."

The Carpet Work at Tlemcen.

Please, we are *not* a "fabrique" (factory) as the children say. We are all anxious people should understand that. We do "industrial" work, but only that the evangelistic work may not be hindered.

And this is our story. The first little girl God brought to us when we started work here, nearly four years ago, was a fascinating wee thing of about six years old. After she had been some time with us her mother thought that she would be far better earning money carpet making, and that also would keep her away at the factory till the evening and she would therefore be rid of her. We, of course, could not at that time keep her employed all day. So the mother took little Fateema away and later to our great distress we found that she was going four times a day, to and from the factory through the very worst and the very blackest part of the town. It was useless to remonstrate with the mother, but we prayed and prayed that the child should be saved from the contamination of those awful surroundings; and at last God very clearly showed us that the only way was to get a loom and start carpet work ourselves. We did this about a year and a half ago and great was our rejoicing when the mother let little Fateema come back to us.

At first we could only have the children for half a day as we were obliged to keep the afternoons free for visiting. This was not really a satisfactory arrangement either to us or to the parents; so last autumn we prayed very earnestly that if God would have us continue the carpet work He would show us someone who could superintend the girls in the afternoons thus enabling us to employ them for the entire day. Thank God he sent us a young French neighbour to come to our help.

If you could take a peep into the carpet room just now you would see ten pairs of

little hands busily entwining wool of different colours on the warp prepared by two of the bigger girls. How we work some days, and how we play other days! And alas! sometimes become very naughty and trying.

Our working day begins at 7 a.m. From 8 to 9 we have prayers, and this we count the most important hour of the day. During that time we have hymn and chorus singing, repetition of parables, verses and portions of scripture, a scripture lesson and prayer. What a joy it is to hear those who have been brought up in Moslem homes praying in the Name of Jesus Christ and to hear them singing in Arabic such hymns as "What can wash away my stains? Nothing but the Blood of Jesus," or "When I survey the wondrous Cross." We have a special chorus of our own which I think we might call the "Tlemcen Carpet-room Chorus." It loses in translation but nevertheless here is the literal meaning of the words:—

"We will work for the Lord,
We will work for the Lord,
We wish to, we wish to,
With our hearts and our will.
He is in our midst, He is here,
He is with us, He will help us."

Then if good work has been done and temptations have been overcome we end the day with a song of praise such as:

"Praise Him with joy!
Praise Him with joy!
Jesus Christ is always with us
Praise Him with joy!"

Difficulties and Disadvantages.

There are difficulties in this work which one cannot write about, and which only those engaged in it, or closely connected with it, know and understand. Of those we can name, one is the difficulty of obtain-

ing a suitable teacher. The first helper we had was a Christian girl who left us last Autumn to be married. The girl who now teaches has not as yet professed conversion. She belongs to a very bigoted family, her mother being known as a religious leader in one of the Moslem sisterhoods. To us it is a real victory to have her and to know that the Lord is indeed working in her heart. Humanly speaking her stay with us will be short, as, like all other Moslem girls, she will soon have to be married whether she wishes it or not. Please pray that she may be truly converted and that if it is God's will she may be allowed to remain on some time with us.

Then there is a continual combat over every child. Of course Satan does not want them to be taught the way of Christ and he makes an effort to get away from us every little one who begins to be touched. The fights over these children one after another are almost unbelievable, but they prove to us afresh the power of the precious Blood and that our God hears and answers prayer.

The great disadvantage of this work is the amount of our time it occupies. As at present there are only two of us working here we are greatly tied and are not able to visit or itinerate as we would like, the supervising and arranging of the work falling naturally on us.

Advantages and Victories.

The advantages of this work are also many, but we can only write of some of them. The majority of Arab parents here, wish their girls to learn carpet making whereby they can earn while quite small and afterwards when married. They send their little ones to the factories from the age of five or six to work steadily for nine or ten hours daily. It would be impossible for us to have the children as we have them now if it were not that we are able to teach them the trade they so much desire to learn. Coming daily we are able to give

them regular Bible teaching, and they have the opportunity of tasting something of the joys and purity of a Christian home. Some, such as the little one for whom the work was started, are thus for the greater part of the day saved from very sinful surroundings. We try to teach them that even their carpet work can be done for the Lord. One little girl, of about twelve years of age, to whom the Lord has been speaking lately, was very slow over her work and idled her time away. She had been told to pray to the Lord to help her. One evening after a splendid day's work (the best she had ever done), she whispered to one of the missionaries, "Satan thought he would gain a victory over me to-day. He came to me this morning and whispered into my ear that I shouldn't work and that I should say very rude words. I prayed to the Lord Jesus to help me, and He did, so Satan did not get the victory."

We cannot yet speak of actual conversions through this effort, but as this is the first year we have concentrated on it, those who know of the difficulties of work among Moslems will not be surprised. We have, however, very much to praise for, as we have seen the Lord working in our midst. It is now a regular thing for two or three of the bigger girls and one of the children to take part audibly during the prayer time in the morning, a step they have taken quite voluntarily. Six girls stay for lunch, after which, of their own accord, they often hold a prayer meeting by themselves, praying in the name of Jesus Christ, and with all sincerity. We would not say that they realise fully what it is to be a Christian, but they love the Lord Jesus, and probably if they were in the homeland they would be bright earnest Christians. Please pray that they may choose decidedly the way of the Cross, and become missionaries to their own people.

K. BUTLER.

D. GRAHAM.

Happenings—Old and New.

The interest excited by the visit this year of the Touaregs—the veiled people of the desert—to Algiers, to participate in Centenary celebrations, has reminded us of an incident in one of the itinerations long ago, which perhaps will not be without interest. Miss Trotter writes:—

November, 1895.

And we found our Touareg there as we felt we should. They said at first that all had gone, but there *was* one left, a merchant from one of the principal towns. Oh the joy of coming on him in the dark corner of a shop. We had gone out to hunt him down, armed in faith with a large Arabic Testament. He was a dear shy fellow, with his black face-veil across his mouth, and his dark eyes dancing above it. We each used our one Touareg sentence of greeting, which thawed him at once, and then had to relapse into Arabic to tell him what the book was about and to ask if he would take some more back with him.

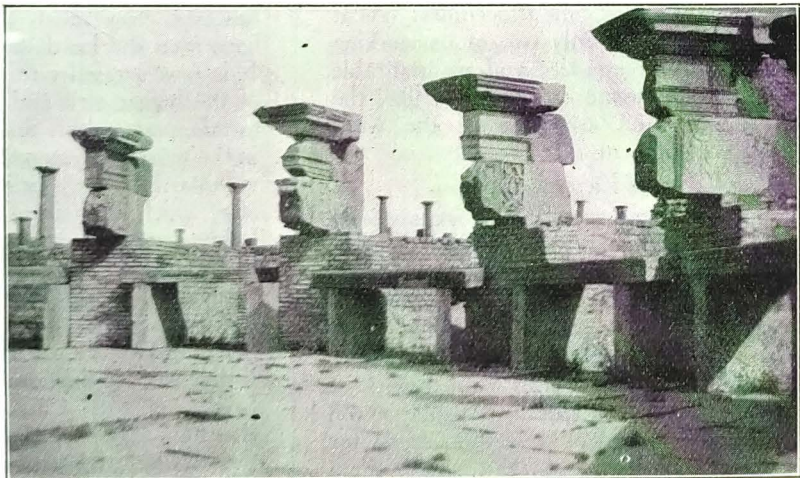
His eyes gleamed as he took it, and said he would take more, and as we turned to go he suddenly stretched out a great brown hand and grasped ours, first one and then the other. We went back and made him up a bundle in a native bag, for his land, and took it back to him and he hid it behind

him with another of his silent smiles. An hour or two after there was a knock at our door. There was our dear Touareg looking very shy: he would not come in, so we stood on the doorway and "preached unto him Jesus," and he gave a queer click in his throat now and then which seemed to mean approval. Then he seemed to get a bit restless and we left off; his hand dived into some mysterious recess of his garments and brought out a well-worn wooden spoon and a tube with a long leather fringe, probably for holding kohl to blacken his eyelids, and he thrust them into our hands, and turned away, and we saw him no more.



"Your labour is not Fruitless in the Lord."

It was market day and the streets were thronged with natives. Amid this crowd of Arabs a colporteur sought entrance for the Word. It was a disappointing



TIMCAD. Old Roman Market Place, with counters and signs above indicating what was sold.

morning, only a few deigned even to glance at the books, some openly denounced them as heretical, many turned disdainfully away as if such literature was not worthy of notice. But often the most discouraging day brings an unexpected recompense. "Light is sown for the righteous" although the hour of its appearing may tarry. On this particular morning after two hours of almost fruitless toil, a young Arab approached the colporteur. In his hand was a copy of the story of Joseph in French. "Have you the story of our Lord Jesus Christ of whom this book speaks?" he asked. The colporteur handed him a copy of the New Testament. "Sir, I cannot read this, the print is too small and my sight is weak." After searching through his stock the colporteur regretfully told him that for this time he had nothing he could offer him in larger type. At that moment another Arab who, standing by, had heard the conversation, said, "I think I can find something suitable for him." Putting his hand in his inside pocket he drew out a New Testament in a clearer type and offering it to the young man he said, "Take this, I have another one at home. I too am a follower of our Lord Jesus Christ." Sown by some missionaries long before in Morocco, light suddenly breaks forth at an unexpected moment to gladden the heart of one of the Lord's servants here in Algeria.

A few hundred miles Eastward another colporteur was working. Again it was difficult going. Sales were slow and hearts seemed closed. "Sir, I desire those books which will tell me more about Jesus." The colporteur looked into the face of this sturdy son of the hills and said, "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" "I do," responded the man. "I have learned to love Him, I love Him with all my heart." Hands were clasped in the fellowship of the one Lord. The Word faithfully delivered in some far-off mountain village of Kabylia begins to bear fruit in a crowded market place.

* * *

Still further on, in a town towards the south. The street was lined with traders; old clothes, sandals made from used motor tyres, bread, meat, dried dates, honey-cakes, highly coloured sugar sticks, in fact everything sought after by the Arab inhabitant could be purchased in this street. Among this medley of men and things the colporteur was steadily working. Going from one merchant to another he sought to persuade them to buy the literature he



TIMGAD. Present-day Arab Market recently visited with books.

was carrying. Approaching an Arab who was sitting by a heap of dried dates, he offered him some books to look at. The man took them from his hand and seeing that they were Christian books he said quietly, lest his neighbour should hear, "I believe on our Lord Jesus Christ. I believe now that He is more than a prophet. He is the Saviour. He is my Saviour." A message heard in the weekly classes in the city is not forgotten on the plain.



BOOK DEPOT NEWS.

A few days ago a visit was paid to the Book Depot by a man who had some time ago received a Bible and who testified to a change in himself and his family since they had read it. Suddenly and quite unexpectedly he turned to the evangelist and said, "What is this about the coming of Christ? Is it true that He may come again soon?" The Spirit had wonderfully prepared the young man for such a question for at prayers that morning this very subject had been specially considered and he answered him fully. Finally the man asked even as Nicodemus of old, "Then tell me what must I do to be saved?" The reply was, "Repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "But I do repent and I do believe," came the answer. The evangelist, thinking he was speaking too lightly, explained to him more fully what this repentance entailed. "Do you understand that it means a surrendering of all that is not of God? That you can no longer continue in the sins of the past? That the 'old things' must be put away?" And the man testified in all earnestness, "I do understand that and I do mean it. I do repent and I do believe." And with that he went away.

Only a few minutes later the old Arab proprietor came into the Depot for his rent. He is known to be a very hard man who seems to care for nothing but sous and francs. He was told that the rent would be ready for him in the evening, but

he said, "I will sit here till I get it." Suddenly he turned to the evangelist and said, "If I ask you a question will you be sure to give me a frank answer? Tell me, what is this about the Messiah coming again? Is it true that He may be coming soon?" And for the second time that day the evangelist replied to this question and told him of the promises and proofs that the time may be at hand, and asked him if he were ready. The reply came in almost the words of the other man, "What can I do to be ready?" Applying those verses in the 25th of St. Matthew the young man said, "What good have you ever done with all your money? Whom have you ever helped? To whom have you given food? What sick have you visited?" The old man was altogether overcome and tears ran down his cheeks as he had to acknowledge that he had no claim to any place but among "the goats on the left hand." In leaving he said, "I will come again that you may tell me more." We have not heard again whether the seed fell on good ground or whether the birds of the air snatched it away, but we do trace God's definite leading in this apparent "coincidence."

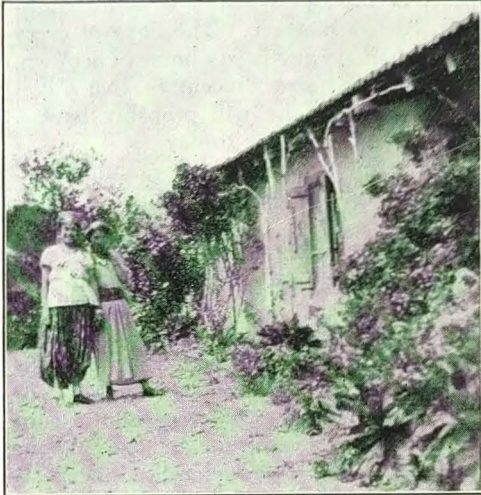


God's Small Messengers.

3.—The Vine-Bloom.

"The great vine overhead has been speaking again: it is loaded now with great clusters of grapes, to which we are told to help ourselves. So we cut a bunch for breakfast, and the bloom on them brought God's voice. It is absolutely unmarked, though the storms have begun here, too. It is the human touch that spoils it, inevitably and immediately. It set me thinking how God's glory is the bloom on the fruit we bring forth to Him, and it is as delicate as the grape bloom: the least human handling, whether it is self-congratulation or 'the praise of man,' and it is gone for ever."—I.L.T.

Glimpses of Dellys Women



Dellys Mission House.

To many of our readers the desire to visit this land must ever remain a dream. Yet a stay of a few weeks with some of the missionaries gives such an impetus to prayer to those who are privileged to see the work, that in this short paper I want to help you to visualize us in spirit. Imagine that you are with us in Dellys, and we will introduce you to some women in whom we are specially interested.

We will first call on Y—. The family is Kabyle but Y— speaks Arabic. Although she is at present only twenty-six years of age, she has had five children of whom most have died at birth, and she is now childless and divorced. We went to try to comfort her when her last child was taken. We found her very sad, for she had so hoped that the little one would be spared. Harder still was the fact that her husband blamed her for the loss of his son, and jeered and taunted her continually.

As she was at the time living with her father, he could not be openly cruel. One day he ordered her to return to his house. Y— refused, knowing that this act meant divorce. Happily for her, her father is quite willing to keep her at home for a time; the family is fairly well-to-do and own their house. The different married members occupy the various rooms. In all my visiting experience I have never met such a gentle, sweet nature as Yamina's.

A few days ago we heard that the brother was to marry a girl from the Kabyle Mountains. This afternoon we will visit his bride, I—. It is not the custom for Moslem girls to manifest any outward sign of joy or happiness during the marriage feast. It is difficult to know their feelings. In the case of I— her wretchedness is very apparent and real. Y— tells me she has done nothing but cry, since her arrival, refusing to eat or even to change the dress she travelled in for some of the prettier ones she has in her box. We are obliged to speak to her by interpretation. We try to console her. Poor child! To all I say, she only replies: "I may be happy some day but it cannot be yet!"

Where our words fail, often God's Word can bring comfort. We sing a Kabyle hymn. Her expression is already changing. See how anxious Y— and her sister are that she should understand the meaning of the words. They are so gentle with her. As our knowledge of Kabyle is limited, we must continue in Arabic. Happily she is able to get the gist of the story; she is surprised and overjoyed that she can understand so well. I am sure that Christ has been in our midst to-day and has brought joy and comfort to this lonely heart. It is good to be able to

leave them all so happy together. So different from the atmosphere we found on entering! We must pray that I— will be won for Christ.

Our next visit is to a lonely woman who, for the greater part of each day, is shut up in the house alone. We were passing by one day and knocked at the door. An old man opened and begged us to enter. He left us to talk to his wife while he went to visit his daughter. We were surprised to find the wife such a young woman. She at once prepared to make us coffee. We refused it on the plea that it would give her too much trouble, to which she replied: "I am so pleased you have come that I would do anything for you." She wished to know what we thought of her husband. I knew him very well and he had always seemed to me a very genial man, so I told her that to me he seemed good and kind. After thinking for a moment, she answered: "That is true, but he is old and I am young. If only I could have married a young man! My first husband was young but he beat me and left me when my son was born. For six years we received no news from him. Then my parents forced me to divorce him and marry this man. He brings me food and clothing and keeps my boy." Then with a sigh she added: "Ah, well! Everything is written. It was written that I should not have a young man. I am not happy and am very lonely. I am not even allowed to visit my mother and she is seldom able to visit me. I sit for hours looking at these four walls. It is written and I must bear it."

We shall just have time for the last visit to E—. Her history is quite different from that of the others. She is commonly known as the "sergeant's daughter." She must have lived a great deal among the French, for she is able to converse fluently in their language. She is very much respected by them and is also a leader among the Arab women and girls. When

very young she had a fall and is now quite deformed. For this reason the neighbours had taken it for granted that she would never be married. In this land, to be unmarried is a disgrace. The hope of every girl is to marry and have a home of her own. We have heard recently that E— is engaged, so she will probably have a great secret to tell us to-day.

E—'s mother is a widow and has to work hard to support her children. E— helps a little by basket making. During her mother's absence she acts as hostess. How she looks forward to our visits, especially if we are accompanied by some of our friends. I am sure you will receive a real welcome! Poor girl, she likes to give us coffee but is often too poor to do so. We must tell you about a conversation we overheard on one of our previous visits. We had called unexpectedly and I heard the following:

"The English are here and I have no money to buy them coffee. This is Friday. By Wednesday I shall have sold my baskets. I will ask them to return then and we will buy cakes and coffee."

She then extracted a promise that we would return the following Wednesday. We knew that she would be very disappointed if we refused. Unfortunately, on our return visit, the money had not been forthcoming, so she was obliged to manage with what she had in the house, which was very little. A hurried consultation was held but her neighbours could not help her. So the coffee was made and E— passed it to us, anxiously enquiring whether it was rather weak and whether there was sufficient sugar. As extra sugar had been added, to compensate for the lack of coffee, we could reply quite truthfully to the latter question, that we found it very sweet. E— felt that she should give us something more, so she offered us eggs and a basket each of her own making. We felt ashamed to accept

so much but she truly found pleasure in giving.

I believe her engagement is a real love affair ; as the man is her sister's husband's brother she knows him and it is not like being engaged to an utter stranger. She has his photo and is very proud of it. She is going to show us all the pretty things she has made for her wedding—dresses, curtains, cushions, etc. Hers will be a very pretty home.

The girls of the house were afraid we would leave without singing to them. E— is telling them the story of Christ. She has already learnt a great deal from us.

It is rather late and we must return home. Will you pray for these young women?

A. FARMER.

A Prayer for Moslem Lands.

O God of love and pity,
Behold these Moslem lands,
These souls so sunk in darkness,
So bound by Satan's bands.
Their darkness is their glory,
Their bonds they count as free,
Because they know not Jesus,
Sole Light and Liberty.

O God, by Thy pure Spirit,
Convict of sin and need,
Reveal to them the falseness
Of him whose name they plead.
From Islam's bondage free them
To seek Thine only Son,
Through Whose atonement only
Access to Thee is won.

O Lord, of Life the Giver,
Give life to seed now sown,
Draw souls to seek salvation,
Then seal them for Thine own ;
Through trial and persecution,
Be Thou their joy and strength,
And thus, their witness blessing,
Spread Thy true life at length.

O God, Thy guidance seeking,
Our weapons cannot fail,
Though mighty be the stronghold,
We know Thou must prevail.
Give us but one desire, Lord,
To be possessed by Thee,
That through us, wholly yielded,
Thy will fulfilled may be.

F. A. B.

Angels.

The second object of the Moslem faith is belief in the existence and work of angels, of whom four are the chief. These are, the angel Israfil, who will sound the trumpet at the last day ; Jibril, he who reveals ; Asrael the angel of death, and Mikal who watches over the Israelites. There are eight angels who uphold the throne of Allah, and nineteen who preside over hell.

Every true Moslem is accompanied through life by two angels, one on his right side and one on his left to record respectively his good and bad actions. In passing one may notice that in an order still carefully observed Mahommed said, "Spit not in front for you are in the presence of Allah. Spit not on the right hand for there standeth the angel who recordeth your good actions." (He forgot unfortunately to give like instructions with regard to the left !) Besides these close companions of his life an Arab is told that he is surrounded by angelic hosts. "Is it not enough for you that your Lord aideth you with three thousand angels sent down ?"

Two angels, black with blue eyes, visit the man after death and question him. Their names are "the Unknown" and "the Repudiating." If the testimony of the corpse to the unity of Allah and the mission of Mohammed is satisfactory the angels will say, "We knew thou wouldst say so." Light will shine around and the

grave will expand in length and breadth seventy times seventy yards. But should the response of the dead not be satisfactory the angels will strike him with an iron rod and the ground will close in upon him and crush him.

Apart from these special angels there are unnumbered multitudes whose duty it is to intercede for man and to praise Allah. "Their food is the celebration of His glory, their drink the proclaiming of His holiness, their conversation the commemoration of Allah, Whose name be exalted, their pleasure His worship." (Arabian Nights). The Khalif Ali, Mohammed's adopted son, spoke of an angel with seven thousand mouths and in each mouth seven thousand tongues unceasingly praising Allah.

Some few hold that Allah created angels of the light of fire, the jinns (or spirits) of its flame, and the devils of its smoke. Falling stars they believe to be stones thrown by the angels at the jinns who have had the temerity to climb up the bulwarks of Heaven in an attempt to see over the wall.

As far as my experience goes I would say that the Arabs are much more taken up by thoughts of the jinns than of the angels; the former are a kind of genii pervading every place and with much power for good or evil; but from the terror they inspire one would judge them to be mostly evil. They can take any form, such as a human being, scorpion, snake, wolf, etc. It was perhaps with this thought that Mohammed ordered that should any serpents or scorpions intrude at prayer they were to be admonished and if they did not retire they could be killed. Hughes in his dictionary relates that Aisha, one of the prophet's wives, having killed a serpent, was alarmed, and, fearing that it might be a Moslem jinn, gave in alms as an expiation 12,000 dirhams—£300—the price of the blood of Moslem.

The intervention of jinns is a constant terror in the minds of the Arabs, men

women and children, and ceaseless precautions are taken against their interference, in spite of the protection one would think might be looked for from the three thousand angels.

From this bondage of fear, deliverance can only come when they know Him Who is Refuge and Strength to those who flee to Him.

F. H. FREEMAN.

Home Notes.

This year an unusually large number of the senior members of the Band have visited England. This has given the opportunity for closer touch between the Home and the Field, for which we are glad.

The many friends of Miss Grace Russell will rejoice with us that she is so wonderfully recovered from her recent illness.

As there is no one at present to undertake the work of Secretary in England, Mrs. Brading has been asked by the Committee to continue in this capacity until God's will is clearly shown in the choice of her successor. This she is doing with the help of one of the younger workers.

As well as the usual deputation work done by Mr. Collinson, several of the missionaries, from time to time, have been telling of the work and of the need of the people. Miss Currie and Miss Roche spoke at the Y.W.C.A. at Penge. Miss Grautoff has spoken at the following places:—Hastings, Surbiton, Lewisham, Woking, Sidcup, and at the J.E.B. Conference at Swanwick. Miss McIlroy at Brighton and at several places in both Ireland and Scotland, and at the Perth Convention. Miss Butler has spoken at various places including Eastbourne and London. Mr. Barrow is having meetings amongst young people, particularly Crusaders and Christian Endeavourers.

We feel once more an urge to bring before our readers the need and the neces-

sity for understanding prayer for the converts from Islam. In a letter recently received from the Field the following appears:—

"How they need some one lashed alongside them all the time! The right reinforcements are a long time coming. We do need men who are willing for deep sacrifice and self-denial to come alongside these weak young men, to enter into the depth of their peculiar problems."

At least four of the most promising converts are at present in the grip of circumstances too strong for them. We hear of one, a desert lad of twenty, whom temptation has overwhelmed and whom the bands of Islam have again entailed. Another, with true Pauline courage, has, according to his own account, been robbed, bound and abandoned. "They denied me and the Lord," he writes; "they witnessed falsely against me, they imprisoned me for a time and then fined me." May he be able to say with his hero, the apostle Paul, "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Then there is a young baptised woman whose husband has brought home another wife, a Moslem. Can you visualise and enter into the problems that face this young life?

Yet one more, a dear, charming Arab girl, in whose heart for many years the Light of lights has glowed and shone, is being faced with marriage into a Moslem family. But the light can go on shining "more and more unto the Perfect Day."

These instances could be multiplied in this Thirsty Land of Algeria; but "we are not without hope." The Name of God's Holy Spirit is "One called alongside to help." Shall we not be sharers with Him in the ministry of intercession for these young souls whose peculiar problems we can understand only as we seek the Face of God for them?

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Requests for Praise and Prayer.

Praise.

For the sense of God's Presence and blessing in the summer deputation meetings.

For the measure of recovery given to Miss G. Russell.

For the day of prayer with the Arabs.

For the faithfulness of H— of Tlemcen and O—, of Relizane, now both married.

For much encouragement on the recent tournée with the N.M.P. car. For the

many books sold and for a meeting with one who remembered a visit made nearly twenty years ago.

For the steadfastness of a convert in a very lonely situation, enduring persecution.

That some knowledge of the true God is really penetrating among the people.

That the efforts of a certain Moslem sect to win back the converts from Christianity have so far failed.

Prayer.

For the eldest of the house girls at Relizane, who has just been married, and for another to be married shortly; that they may so abide in Christ that their lives may witness for Him.

For strength, wisdom and courage for secret believers in the land.

That God will bring to naught all subtle plans against His Kingdom in North Africa.

That He will hasten and deepen His work

in souls that have been reached during the past year.

That He will give to the converts true brokenness of spirit and love of souls.

That His will may be fully accomplished in and by His workers in this land.

That next Autumn's work may in all things be directed by God.

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Sometimes a fog will settle over a vessel's deck and yet leave the topmast clear. Then a sailor goes up aloft and gets a lookout which the helmsman on deck cannot get. So prayer sends the soul aloft; lifts it above the clouds in which our selfishness and egotism befog us, and gives us a chance to see which way to steer.

C. H. Spurgeon.

Location of Workers, 1929.

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