

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

# 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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## Vibrations.

*'Its mighty vibrations ring up to the throne of God—and thunder upon the gates of hell.'*

A bang and a crash, and a cloud of dust that when it cleared showed a picture of ruin. One of the pillars that support the gallery of our old Arab house had fallen down into the court and lay shattered on the pavement, carrying with it a block of masonry and a shower of bricks and blue and white tiles from the arch above it.

Down below, alongside of us, a native baker had installed himself six or seven years ago. This means that for hours every night two men had swung on the huge see-saw which in some mysterious way kneads their bread, and every blow backwards and forwards had vibrated through our house, and now at last the result was seen in the shattering of masonry that had looked as if it would last as long as the world.

The town architect came, confirmed this as the probable cause of the collapse, and obliged the baker to do his kneading after another fashion!

But God had meanwhile given an object lesson concerning a truth which had glim-

mered out before in thinking of the strange power of vibrations—once more "the invisible things being understood by the things that are made."

For there is a vibrating power going on down in the darkness and dust of this world that can make itself visible in starting results in the upper air and sunlight of the invisible world, "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalts itself against the knowledge of God." Each prayer-beat down here vibrates up to the very throne of God, and does its work through that throne on the principalities and powers around us, just as each one of the repeated throbs from below told on the structure of our house, though it was only the last one that produced the visible effect. We can never tell which prayer will liberate the answer, but we can tell that each one will do its work: we know that "if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us, and if we know that He hear us we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

There are two parables in St. Luke's Gospel that translate this matter of the power of vibrations in the prayer world out of the region of theory into that of revealed truth: the parable of the three loaves in chapter 11, and that of the widow and her adversary in chapter 18. It is not a question in either of them, it seems, of prayer for the personal needs of our souls; for these we do not need to come again and again to wring an unwilling answer out of our Father, but to search in His Word till He gives a promise which meets our case and then to step out on it in the bare faith which believes that it receives.

But the question of prayer becomes more complicated when it concerns others—complicated not only by the independence of their individuality and their personal wills, but by the action of the principalities and powers of the rulers of the world of darkness. We have a glimpse of this in Dan. 10. The answer was sent out from God's presence "from the day that he set his face," but it took three weeks to battle through the opposing hosts, and all that time God *needed*, in some mysterious way, the help of Daniel's fastings and prayers down in the darkness, to help fight through and reach Him.

Compare the two parables. They rhyme as it were; there is much that is parallel, and yet we see the shade of difference. Both begin with helplessness—midnight in the first, a shut door, a far-off voice that only answers "not now." Loneliness in the second—a widow with no one to take her part, no brother or son to stand for her. And yet in each case "because of importunity" they will not recognise defeat and they both fight through all odds to victory.

But the aim is different in the two. The first is the cry for supply for the individual souls who come to us in their journey through life, the second is the battle that

we learn further on, against the principalities and powers in heavenly places, headed by "our adversary the devil." In both there is the stepping down into the place of helplessness first, the Peniel of the crippled Jacob, where power with God and with man is to be found.

Have you ever watched trollies working on a moorside between the quarries above and the road below? How are the empty trucks sent flying up, against all laws of gravitation? It is by the full trucks going down—*down* . . . "I have nothing to set before him." And not by our own power or holiness can we produce any supply. Our cupboard bare, all resources closed around us like the bread stalls in the deserted street,—shut up to hope in God alone, that is the first condition. And the second, is the importunity which holds on to the end, until the answer has come. A break of faithlessness gives the enemy time to regain his power and to seize again the ground we have gained, like the Amalekites prevailing when Moses let down his hand, "the hand upon the throne of God" (Ex. 17. 16 margin) and *through* that throne upon the powers of the enemy. With our hands placed there upon the place of power we learn the secret of prevailing. "Men ought always to pray and not to faint."

I. L. TROTTER.

(From a rough M.S., a further extract from which will be printed in our next number.)



"Believe in God; trust God by obedience to the uttermost; trust Him for a way when there is no way; for light when there is no light; for all things when you have nothing; for joy when there is only sorrow; for life when you are in the midst of death; thus you will find at last that faith is not only righteousness, but life and joy and peace."

## Editorial.

The last six months have brought encouragement and we may say that all of us have heard the "go forward" in our hearts, that shows us that we are not working in vain and that the Breaker-through is going before us.

Mr. Theobald's notes tell us of souls definitely broken down and brought into the Light, and from one and another we hear of prejudices dispersed and inquirers really anxious to learn. From one station we are told of a stranger at a lantern meeting:—"He was extraordinarily understanding and stayed for the second edition of the same talk for one who came in late. He told the colporteur afterwards that he had never heard such wonderful teaching and it was better than going to any café!" The next day he came again and had a long talk. This time he said he had never been in such a house of prayer and benediction.

A meeting in a café in another place was fairly crowded out. It began in regular Arab style, Mr. Theobald being the inquirer and Mr. Smith (of the A.M.E. Mission) the Sheik who answered his difficulties. This was followed by the story of Joseph with the magic lantern, and ended by a hearty invitation on the part of the audience to come again.

During the month of Ramadhan we were cheered by the way in which, on more than one station, the fast was openly broken by those who have taken the Lord as their Saviour and their guide. One old woman with her daughter was temporarily turned out of doors for her faithfulness in this matter, but she said that if her people killed her she would not leave the road of the Lord Jesus.

Some time has been spent at the little mission house near Tolga by Senor Lull and Mr. Barrow, partly with a view of obtaining more intimate acquaintance with

the language and lives of the Arabs. And Miss Grautoff and Miss Walton have revisited their old haunts of El Oued and Kouinine in the desert. On her journey through Tunisia, Miss Grautoff travelled in a train thatched with snow and with mingled snow and mud underfoot; and soon after she wrote that a sandstorm had found them out in their old caravansery, lent to them by a friendly Arab. As it has neither doors nor windows, but only walls and openings where doors should be but are not, the attempt to keep the sand out with curtains was not very successful! Everything was covered with that fine, almost impalpable desert sand, which is delightful to walk upon but trying for eyes and lungs to meet unsheltered. So missionaries must be prepared to meet all sorts and conditions of weather as well as all sorts and conditions of men.

We have lately had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Robert P. Wilder, of the Near East Christian Council, and his stories of God's wonderful working in Persia make us long and *hope* to see similar blessing in North Africa.

Two pamphlets have lately come to our notice which we should like to recommend to our readers. One is "The Moslem World, A Call to Prayer," by Agnes M. Boys, which in a condensed form contains much interesting information concerning the Moslem world, past and present. The second book, "Straws on the Streams of Islam," by Thomas Warren (World Dominion Press) gives an illuminating description of a very hopeful work among Moslems in Paris at the present time.

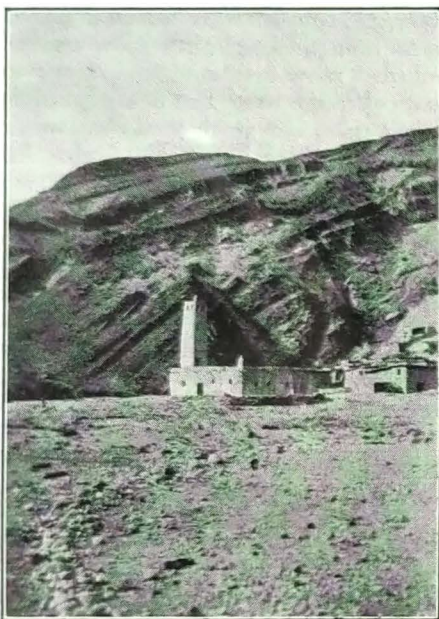


"We have to learn not only how useless we are, but how marvellously mighty God is."

*O. Chambers.*

## On Mule-Back in the Aurès.

*A Three Days' Journey from rugged mountain-top to sandy desert.*



Mechouneche.

Five years ago we were told that this journey was too rough to be undertaken by women, but the Lord kept the challenge of this region's need before us and we knew that travelling conditions had improved. The other two easier routes of this old-world land of the ancient Chawais (Shepherds) we had already trodden in Christ's Name on previous occasions, from the north to the south.

Between our Station at Bou Saada and the Aurès lies a journey of a score of hours, but we pass over the news-items of the towns visited on the way so as to concentrate on the three days in the wilds.

A.B. and I left Arris, the principal town, on mule-back. The drivers were friendly and made it easy for us to hand out a few

tracts at every hamlet we passed through. At one place two men joined our caravan. One of them, a man of forty, perceived at once that we were missionaries. He had bought a Gospel in Arabic at a market some time before and God had led him, as he said, "into clearer and clearer light." He expressed the desire that missionaries might visit his village so that they might have prayer morning and evening. His one regret, he said, was that no one in the village would understand the experience through which he had passed; he had not spoken of it to any one. There must be other isolated souls like this that greatly need our prayers that they may be made free in Christ, and become His witnesses at whatever cost.

We reached the magnificent Gorges of Tighanimine. A few words, roughly cut into the rock at the entrance, told us that a legion from Syria had established a road across the Gorges in the eleventh century. After passing through these Gorges the country became wild, rough and lonely but very picturesque as we rode along the banks of a winding river. At a small wayside inn we gave a Gospel talk and sold Genesis and a Gospel. The latter was bought by a poor eager-faced boy who borrowed the money from the inn-keeper. Remember this boy in prayer, please, and the others who heard; some had run over a mile to reach the inn in time. We gave some tracts here and at a village further on. Then came a hurried march so as to arrive before sunset at the government post of Tkout, where we were expected and kind preparations had been made for our comfort. Our opportunities for conversations and tract-giving came next morning. One of the men, a secretary, was most appreciative of our tracts, especially "The Sevenfold Secret."

Tkout was scarcely out of sight when my driver gave the mule I was riding a sharp lash with a whip, with the result that I was thrown right off; the driver, however, broke my fall, so that I reached the ground uninjured. "Only good, only good," he exclaimed, "he always throws me off in exactly that way!" I asked for the whip and the mule gave no more trouble! The evening before, at almost the same place, in spite of my trying to avoid the overhanging branch of a tree, my head was knocked right against it, while the mule I was riding walked briskly forward; but by God's mercy I received no hurt.

A Mechouneche boy now joined our caravan and for the next two days led it, mounted on a sprightly donkey. We took our way through the mighty cañon as the river was low. Here and there on either side of its precipitous sides, and built in the yellow rock high above us, were houses, only noticed by the holes that served as doors for these cave-dwellers. Then as we passed on we saw several of the picturesque fort-like "gullaas" or grain-stores still in use.

Before Rouffi was reached a steep ascent to the plateau had to be made, and the mules of course kept as near the edge of the terrible precipice as possible! For safety we walked the last part of the way. At the entrance to the village we found a sort of College. The men were very polite and pleased to receive tracts. We lingered some time in conversation with them on the things of God. The Transatlantic Hotel next came into view, quite a large modern building but built into the rock in the same way as the cave-dwellers' habitations. The view from the hotel was grand, and the precipices to the river must have been about a hundred and fifty feet in depth. We had been advised that, as the tourist season was over, accommodation would be furnished at reduced prices by the Arab

guardian. While there we had several opportunities for talks.

At five the next morning we were ready to face the difficult bit to Mechouneche, as the guide-book informed us. At six that morning we met two immense caravans, camels laden with tents and all manner of baggage, camels with canopies five feet high, out of which peeped women and babies. A number of women were walking and one spoke my name. She was from Bou Saada, and we had a chat. Then followed large flocks of sheep and goats. As the caravans moved slowly forward two men lingered behind and listened to the Gospel for the whole of twenty minutes. They looked fierce, with guns strapped on their shoulders and were from a village near Bou Saada.

There was practically no one on the "road" till Baniane was reached, a huge oasis with a forest of palm trees, where we took shelter from the heat. The first to welcome us were some small boys and then a whole company of people gathered to see and hear. Later on a benign old gentleman invited us to his house, terribly distressed that we should pass through the country without eating. When we declined with thanks, as the hill to the village was fatiguing, he climbed it himself, returning with a coffee-pot and cups and eight hard-boiled eggs (still warm!) As we drank the coffee we asked if he had seen Miss Trotter thirty years before. "No," he replied, "a man at Mechouneche told me she came there riding a camel, but she never came to us here." We related the story of Miss Trotter's request that we should come to these parts, and of her triumphant "Home-going," and believe his soul was really touched. We said good-bye and passed on, through straggling palm gardens, to the river, where we encountered a group of men, the most wild-looking man among them being the best reader. Three and a half hours of stiff mountain climbing, with

a precipitous descent on the other side, and then the welcome sight of the Fondouch Hotel, at Mechouneche ! The prayers of years were answered, the most feared road trodden in Christ's Name ; what mattered if we were tired ! Then we paid our men and said our thanks and good-bye. The next thing was a group of students asking for books. Two days later the bus took us to Biskra, where we boarded the afternoon

train, arriving in Bou Saada next day.

*Later.* We rejoice to know that Mons. and Madame C. Cook, of the N.A.M., have now settled in the Aurès, and we bespeak for them your earnest prayers that through them many of the Chawais, whose forefathers were Christians, may yield themselves to God through Christ's atoning death and be freed from Islam's bondage.

A. McILROY.



A  
BEDOUIN  
WOMAN  
BREAKING  
STONES.

*Kindly lent by Mrs. Fryj*



### A Hellzane Love Feast.

In the Methodist Church they celebrate from time to time what are known as "love feasts," and the other night we had one here. It was an unusual one and it may have been unorthodox, but it was very sweet and this was how it came about.

On Sunday afternoon as I was going to my room, I encountered two dancing little figures in pale green, with sparkling eyes, who seized me by the hand and said, "Come along, we want to talk to you." So I came along and when we had all settled down they began. "We are so full of joy to-day that we just don't know what to do. Our hearts are all melted and running over and we must do something to show it and to-morrow we want to have a little 'feast.' We have been praying about it in Mademoiselle May's room and she is full of joy too. We think we would like to buy some little presents for our big sisters for they have been so good to us, and we must give Mademoiselle May something too, because she has been so kind and loving and has taught us in the way of Christ until now we do understand and we do belong to Him and He has given us all this joy. Then there's the Rosebud, she must have something too for she is *such* a good little thing and does just what we tell her" (this with the air of grandmothers), "and isn't a bit disobedient. Perhaps we will get her a hankie for her nose, because you know she needs it sometimes." (It is a failing of the Rosebud's to lose every hankie she possesses.)

"But," I protested, "you know that the fêtes are coming, hadn't you better wait. . . ."

"Oh, no," they said, "it must be to-morrow. You see we are so full of joy we must do something soon."

What could one do but hug them and give in?

"So to-morrow," they went on, "We will all go to the big bazaar and choose our presents." (They were, of course, to come out of their own money.)

The visits to the bazaar the next day were a great excitement and the shop assistants were very amused over the little purchasers with their anxious and whispered consultations over the merits of the wonders of the big bazaar. The children themselves were so impressed with the kindness shown them that they insisted on shaking hands with the man in the desk before they left the shop. Then later on the presents had to be wrapped up in coloured papers and suitable labels attached to each.

"What shall I write?" asked Mademoiselle May.

"Please put, 'To the Rosebud, from her little sisters,—to show the love of Christ.'"

Similar labels were put on each parcel. Then in great secrecy we prepared the women's room, putting cushions on the floor and placing two low round tables trimmed with pomegranates and leaves, for the gifts. Then, after supper we all collected there and were regaled on Arab tea, out of dainty glass tumblers, and biscuits and sweets. What over-flowing of joy at the opening of the little parcels, what surprises for the "big sisters" who knew nothing of all this, and what hugging all round, with the added joy of knowing that it was nothing but the love of Christ, Who is so real to them, that had made all this possible. Then we sat round on the floor in a circle and sang all the joyful things we knew, beginning with, "Oh happy day."

Two little Arab girls, full of His love and wanting to show it,—and they gave. Isn't it just His way? "God so loved the world that He gave. . . ." What are we, who know so much of His love, giving Him in response?

Lord what wilt thou have *me* to do?

J. C. JOHNSTON.

## White Unto Harvest.

(Unrevised notes of one of Mr. Theobald's recent itinerations).

We went to L—, a place which on a previous occasion we had found completely closed, especially to literature distribution. We put up our table inside the gate. There were many coming and going but the work was slow ; many Arabs were illiterate and those who could read were fanatical. One would come to our table, and hardly looking at the books would cry out so that all could hear, "Infidel—forbidden to us," and then march off head in the air, as if a great victory had been won. But God. . . .

A marabout approached, banners waving, tum-tumming of drums as he collected money to pray for rain. He looked at the books, came round to the back of the table, quickly chose a book, slipped the money into my hand and disappeared. A young Arab asked for a book containing the story of the birth of our Lord. He came from a far-away place on the edge of the desert, where he had attended the boys' class held by the missionaries stationed there. He bought a Gospel and two other books because he wished to follow up what he had heard as a boy.

The next place was somewhat fanatical. On these tournées one gets glimpses of the strange Arab mentality. One man evidently desired to buy four books which he had chosen with great care. He had put them beside him, then suddenly he passed them back and said he did not need them. About an hour later as I was returning, the same man came to me and asked to see the books. He took the very ones he had previously refused, paid for them and went his way. When he was handling them in the first instance I was led to pray that the Lord would incline him to buy those special books, and when he left me the second time

I could but recognise the Lord's answer to prayer.

On our way to our next stopping-place we heard of a marabout who reads to the people frequently from the New Testament. This is the second time I have been told of him ; one would like to meet him.

This morning we worked T—. It was very hard but just before we finished we entered a shop. There were three men there ; one of them turned to me and said, "I know your motives, you are seeking by your literature to convert us from Islam to Christianity." "True." Another took up "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret," in Arabic, and said, "Who is the author?" I told him and showed him a photograph of Miss Trotter in the French edition. I told him of Miss Trotter's love for the Arab souls, her sympathy with seekers and how the book was written, in much weariness and with much prayer. "Well," he said, "If this book was written as you say by a woman, and during great weakness, it must be something worth reading. I will take it."

At the next stopping-place, a Mission Station, the travellers found that a supper had been arranged, "that we might meet the men of families in touch with the Mission house." Much—very much prayer was made. Only one man came, but what a result—that soul was saved. He definitely accepted the Lord as his Saviour. Mons. L. said to us afterwards, that only once before in his life had he felt, in such an awesome manner, the Presence of the Lord, and that was on the day of his conversion. It was a wonderful moment. Never shall I forget the light on the young Arab's face as we stood and sang the doxology in

praise to God for His deliverance. The young man had been to see me the day before, but strange—I was almost dumb. I did not know what to say. I put before him two persons, Christ and Mohammed. He left me saying, "It is impossible . . ." I felt in myself that all had failed. BUT GOD. . . .

A year ago God laid it upon the heart of one of the missionaries to pray for this soul and two days after the year was completed he gave himself to Christ.

A brother of H— came to see me. I found him to be a soul near to the Kingdom. Prayer had already broken up the soil, and the seed went in to the depths. He repeated after me, "I here and now accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I believe He died on the cross for me; here and now I accept Him as my personal Saviour." He repeated the words with such earnestness one could not doubt the reality of it.

The first days are critical days, the most dangerous time. As soon as the young tender shoots appear, they are open to all the assaults of the enemy. The birds of the air are very partial to young and tender shoots, the scorching sun and hot winds play havoc with them, and maybe the Lord kept me here those days, those early days as His under-gardener. I can "shoo" off a few birds. So can you! They cannot stand prayer! Isaiah 27. 3 was very helpful this morning, and in prayer I felt led to seek and plead this and also Jeremiah 17. 8—to plead and claim for these young souls that "the heat shall not affect them," "his leaf remains green" (French version). I like the thought of remaining green. We have annuals in our garden but what a joy are the perennials—ever greens. May they be "ever green" Christians, "not ceasing from yielding fruit." It is this ever-green, fruit-bearing life that one longs for in one's own experience, and then for the converts. My prayer this morning was linked round

all the converts. The unwithering leaf, the unfailing fruitage.

Si M— came this morning and I spoke to him on witnessing—"He first went and found his brother." But God had already spoken to him of this. He had yesterday the urge from God to tell his brother what had taken place in his own life and while we were talking his brother came in. He confirmed all that Si M— had said and truly the Lord was present with us . . . before he left the bureau he too had accepted the Saviour.

We gave out the invitation for a men's meeting, the subject announced being "The forgiveness of sins." Not a subject that would attract a fanatical Moslem, but it was the word laid on my heart to give. The room was not packed out—only five men came, but there was such a sense of the presence of the Lord. Speaking on the death of our Lord as the only sacrifice for sin, and as the only assurance of forgiveness, one felt that there was no hard rejection, no antagonistic controversial spirit, although I spoke freely of the impossibility of Islam to meet and satisfy the deepest longings of the soul. One old man listened with much eagerness. He is the father-in-law of the young man who accepted Christ the other evening. We found afterwards that he has been touched and had spoken of what he had heard to others in his house. Among the Europeans also God called out one and another soul into Light—Spaniards and French heard and believed.

Both here and in another town visited the sales of books were most satisfactory. A secret believer in the latter place—an excellent reader—told some interesting things concerning his distribution of literature. He does not give away indiscriminately to every one he meets; in some way or another in conversation with individuals he seeks to discover if there is spiritual hunger. If there is a sincere desire for a

deeper knowledge of God he suggests that he has been helped by certain books. "Would you care to have one?" Then he gives them some of our literature; but not until he is sure that it is a soul who is really seeking, and desires sincerely to have a deeper knowledge of God, does he attempt to offer any Christian literature. This is certainly a wonderful way—by a native—of distributing literature among the secret seekers. One can never estimate the value of such thoughtful seed-sowing among those whom we as Europeans could never reach.

### The Silence of Christ.

In the great silence, Jesus on the hills  
Kneels to create God's fellowship with men.  
Far, far below is Peter's hasty rage  
And Judas turning restlessly in sleep.  
Many a Rabbi bent above his books,  
Many a crafty Pilate moving men;  
Self-interest, ambition, luxury,  
Hover in noxious clouds above the plain;  
Jesus is kneeling on the hills above  
In the eternal, radiating calm  
That mirror perfect unity with God.

Jesus, my love is torn a thousand ways  
Distracted by cross-currents of life's need;  
Come to unite me in myself to Thee,  
And in that quiet solve my questioning.

VERRIER ELWIN.

### Incidents in the Work.

#### CHRISTMAS AT DELLYS.

*(Though Christmas is long past we think our readers will be interested to see how their gifts helped in one of the stations.)*

It would be difficult for friends in the home-land to imagine the joy the Christmas fêtes bring to the hearts of the Arab children.

This year, through the kindness of friends at home, we were able to make Christmas a specially happy time. Our

custom is to give each child a bag, which contained, this year, beads, soap, a handkerchief, an orange, sweets, nuts, etc.

Imagine forty girls, who have come an hour before the time, sitting quietly waiting, full of expectation. The excitement becomes more and more tense.

At the close of the address, to which they have listened with great interest, they watch the bags disappear one by one, each child wondering if the supply will last till her turn comes, but not one moves from her place. When the last bag is given the door is opened and each child returns home to examine her gift. By the time we leave the hall they are already back from their houses to thank us. The friends at home would feel they had their reward, could they only see the happy faces of these children. There is never a trace of discontent. Their joy remains for days, and they begin already to look forward to next Christmas. It is very touching to see the gratitude of the parents.

We held the boys' treat a few days after that of the girls. We had reckoned on five helpers, among them a French pastor. We prayed earnestly that God would give him a message of salvation for these boys. Between the girls' and boys' meetings rain fell continuously, making the roads impassable. Consequently, arriving at the hall on Sunday at the appointed hour, there was no pastor, and a crowd of about a hundred boys was waiting before the door.

Then a man from the post office brought us a telegram saying it was impossible for the pastor to come, owing to the state of the roads.

At the same time, a French friend arrived quite unexpectedly and, although we were reduced to three workers, we opened the door. We felt our French friend was the messenger of God's choice, his talk was so direct, we are sure it went home. We were conscious of the presence of the Holy Spirit in that meeting, the reverent attention

of the boys was so marked. We admitted fiftyeight of them who had attended the classes and, happily! we had a bag for each. To their delight there was a musical instrument in every bag.

Among the gifts, sent by friends, were some dolls which we could not give to the class girls, but we distributed them in houses that are too far away for the children to attend. One morning we had a few in our bag. While in a house, a very poor child asked us for some rags. We presented her with a doll. She gasped with joy, kissed our hands, thanked us profusely and, hiding it in her ragged frock, rushed out of the house to her home. The following morning, meeting us on the market place, she ran to us exclaiming: "Oh! My precious ladies!" Most probably it was the first time she had possessed a doll.

We realise that these gifts to the children mean sacrifice on the part of those who send them. But for their kindness it would be impossible to afford the little ones this yearly treat, and there is no doubt it is a means of demonstrating Christ's love to them through His people.

May we solicit your prayers on behalf of the children, who, we believe, are the hope of the future.

I. SHEACH.

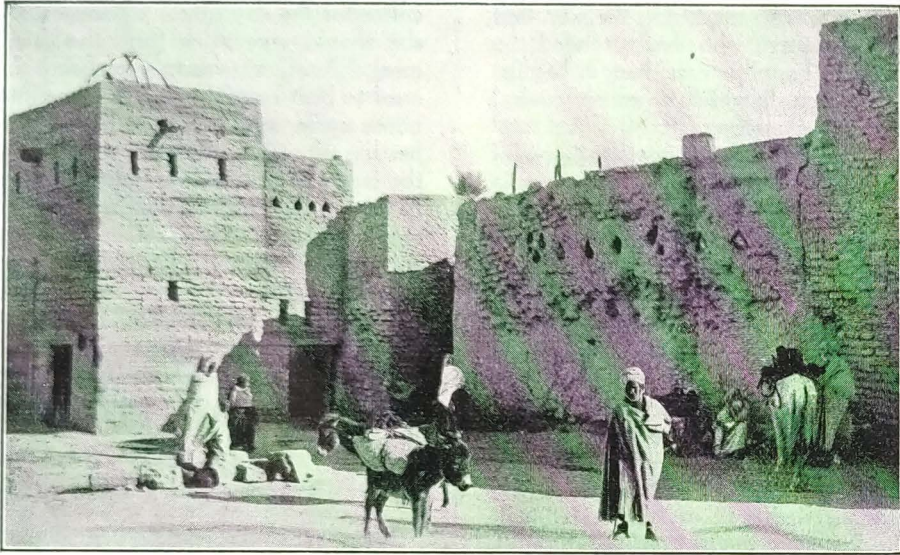
#### ECHOES OF RAMADHAN.

A. has told her family that whether they are angry or not she will not fast. They were displeased but seem to be letting her alone. I also find that little Z.'s mother is likewise breaking it openly. At first she feared to tell her husband, but when she did he said, "You can do as you like, it is no matter to me." She said she was eating for God's sake, and he said, "Well, you know better than I do. I am not instructed. But you need not expect that I shall give you any money to buy

coffee for the day time." I suggested that she should save some from the evening's meal. Another woman's husband threatened to beat me if I dared to come into his house again, and he scared little Z. out of her life when I sent her to invite his wife to the lantern meeting last night. So I went to see his wife this morning and to see what would happen. He came in as soon as I arrived and looked very angrily at me, complaining about the misery of Ramadhan. I laughed and said, "Yes, it is the time when one gets angry because one is hungry." He agreed and put himself to bed saying that was the only way to get through it!

#### EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

One day, sitting reading behind the door of our Book Depot I saw the shadow of a man in the doorway. He entered. He was carrying a burning censer which he began to swing backwards and forwards, all the time muttering in Arabic, and taking at first no notice of me. I did not move. When he had finished and looked to me for some recompense, I said to him, "My brother, I know of something better than your incense to expel demons, to dispel fear." "What may that be?" he demanded. "Our Lord Jesus Christ in the heart, He conquers all fears." He was amazed, never before had he heard of such a One. "What kind of a person are you?" he asked. "A follower of Christ." Then I preached unto him Jesus. I told him of the One who came to seek, came to seek *him*. "He asks thee now for thy heart." The poor old man hardly knew whether he was awake or in a dream, never before had a personal appeal been made to him. I wish you could have seen his face as he left the depot. He most religiously kissed my hand, and left wondering, and I expect is still wondering "Whatever kind of person may he be?"



A Street in Tolga.

## Bringing the Good News.

In one of his letters on "The loveliness of Christ," Samuel Rutherford says: "God hath called you to Christ's side, and the wind is now in Christ's face in this land; and seeing ye are with Him, ye cannot expect the lee-side or the sunny side of the brae."

It is certainly true that "the wind is now in Christ's face in this land" of Algeria, but blessed be His name, down here in the desert and particularly during the present month of the Ramadhan fast, when there is a crushing sense of terrible opposition to the Son of God and His cross, —in spite of all, we are proving day by day the truth of those words: "A MAN shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" (Isaiah 32. 2.) Rassouta, near Tolga, is a small village situated in a land of far distances, for we

can see the immense plain stretching away south towards the Sahara; a land of date-palms and camel caravans; of brilliant sunshine and wonderful skies at sunset. Yet contrasted with this grandeur and beauty of nature, we are conscious that all around us are places where Satan's seat is "where shame and wrong and crime have birth" because men worship a usurper and give to another the glory and honour due to our Lord Jesus.

Most mornings the boys of the village come into our courtyard for an hour of play, and afterwards listen to the Gospel message simply told in story and song.

Like boys of the Homeland, these young Arabs love any game with a ball. Sometimes as a special treat they have the joy of listening to the gramophone, and all the time we are seeking to win their love and confidence and direct their thoughts towards "things that are true and honest

and pure, things that are lovely and of good report." There are daily opportunities of adding to our vocabulary of the spoken Arabic and at the same time of sowing the seed of God's Word in these young lives.

They are lives in peril, surrounded by the deadening influence of Islam; influenced more and more each year by the dark side of all that a twentieth century civilisation without a Christian standard is bringing to them; poisoned in mind by the poisonous literature that pours into Algeria every year.

Yet God gives the vision of the crowning day that is surely coming, when the bread cast upon the waters will be found after many days.

Sometimes there have been opportunities for simple medical treatment among these lads. One incident is worth recording as it was an answer to prayer. In our first week after arrival a little fellow of ten years of age came to the door with his playmates but was afraid to enter. He had never seen *men* missionaries and all our persuasion could not induce him to come in with the others.

That same evening when we had our time of prayer we definitely asked God to take away the fear from this boy's heart and make it possible for him to come and hear the message of a Saviour's love. A few days after I was in the village and met this boy crying bitterly because of a severe cut on his foot, which was bleeding profusely. After a great deal of persuasion he came to the mission house and while I was boiling the water to bathe his wound, he was delighted at being given some picture books to look at. He went away smiling with all his fear gone, and has come several times since bringing fresh boys with him, and he listens eagerly to the Gospel story.

We ask the prayers and sustained interest of our fellow-helpers at home that out here, in the thick of the fight, we may not only be called and chosen, but *faithful*, looking

ahead with joyful hearts to that day when those out of every tongue and tribe and nation shall unite to crown Him Lord of All.

HAROLD T. BARROW.

## The Inspired Prophets.

The fourth article of Moslem belief is that of the Inspired Prophets.

We are told by Hughes in his dictionary of Islam that Mohammed said there were 124,000 prophets and 315 apostles or messengers. Ten of the latter are most frequently quoted as objects of belief—Adam, Noah, Abraham, David, Jacob, Job, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed. Of these prophets six have a special title as "Moses, the Converser with God," "Jesus the Spirit of God," "Mohammed the Messenger of God," and so on. In the Koran twenty-eight prophets are named, those mentioned above and others including Methuselah, Lugman (supposed to be either Baalam or Æsop), and ending with Alexander the Great, though it is a matter of doubt among Moslem commentators whether the two latter were really inspired. In the Koran the words of Lugman to his son are quoted with approbation: "Distort not thy face at men, nor walk loftily on the earth, for God loveth no arrogant vain-glorious one. But let thy face be middling and lower thy voice, for the least pleasing of voices is surely the voice of asses."

To Adam, called the Chosen of God, ten portions of scripture were revealed. When he and Eve were cast out of Paradise he fell on the island of Ceylon, and Eve found herself in Arabia. After two hundred years the angel Gabriel reunited them.

To Abraham, the Friend of God, twenty portions of scripture were revealed, and the

son whom he was willing to sacrifice was Ishmael, father of Arabs, and not Isaac, father of Jews.

Of David, though a prophet to be believed in, the story is told of two angels, disguised as litigants, who appeared before him, and he was frightened. One of them said, "One of us has wronged the other . . . verily this my brother in religion hath ninety-nine ewes, and I had one ewe ;<sup>1</sup> and he said, 'Make me her keeper' and he overcame me in the dispute." David said, "Verily he hath wronged thee . . ." and the two angels ascending to Heaven and regaining their rightful forms said "The man hath passed sentence on himself." So David was admonished.

Of Jacob, though an inspired prophet, there is little said directly in the Koran, but he is frequently alluded to in the chapter devoted to Joseph. He is represented as misdoubting greatly the story of the brothers who said that while they were running races on the plain, Joseph, who had been committed to their care, was eaten by a wolf.

The story of Job in its outline is given in the Koran where he is praised for his patience, and his inspiration is spoken of in one of the Surahs: "And we inspired thee as we inspired Jesus and Job and Jonah and Aaron and Solomon." To express the riches of his latter days some commentators say God sent two clouds, one of which poured gold and the other silver on his two threshing floors.

To Moses, to whom the Tauret (the law) was revealed, long passages of the Koran are devoted in which again we can trace the outline of his life with many strange occurrences added.

Our Lord Jesus is spoken of as the greatest of the prophets except Mohammed. "To Jesus, son of Mary, gave we clear proofs and strengthened him by the Holy Spirit." When Jesus the son of Mary said 'O children of Israel, of a truth I am God's

apostle to you to confirm the law which was given before me, and to announce an apostle that shall come after me whose name shall be Ahmed.' The Jews are considered accursed for saying, 'Verily we have slain the Messiah, Jesus the Son of Mary, an apostle of God.' Yet they slew him not and they crucified him not, but they had only his likeness . . . and they really did not slay him but God took Him up to Himself. And God is Mighty, Wise." (Moslems believe the Lord's likeness passed on another who was crucified in His stead—some say Judas, some say a spy, some, one Titian, who had previously tried to kill Jesus.)

"The Jews say Ezra is the Son of God ; and the Christians say that the Messiah is the Son of God ; that is what they say with their mouths imitating the sayings of those who misbelieved before. God fight them!<sup>1</sup>—How they lie !"

Of Mohammed, whose name means the Praised One, it is difficult to describe his wonderful influence through centuries on millions of human beings—an influence not only exerted by his words, which were supposed to be inspired, but by his actions. Some time after Mohammed's death one of his followers was seen to be turning his horse round and round continually in a certain place. When asked why he did so, he said he had once seen the Prophet turn his horse in that identical spot. The minutest details of his daily life were and are treasured—what he did with his shoes—the divine revelation to him about his moustache—his tooth picks, without which he never travelled, and so on.

Perhaps Dr. Marcus Dodds' words in his "Mohammed, Buddha and Christ" best express his complex character. After speaking of Mohammed's irresistible inward impulse to preach the unity of God, for which he suffered heroically years of persecution and distress, the author goes on to say: "He was a prophet to his countrymen in so far as he proclaimed the



unity of God" (as against their senseless heathen practices) "but this was no sufficient ground for his claiming to be their guide in all matters of religion, still less for his assuming the lordship over them in all matters civil and religious . . . to put the second article of the Mohammedan creed on the same level as the first, to make it as essential that men should believe in the mission of Mohammed as in the unity of God, was an ignorant, incongruous, and false combination." Even Moslems admit that Mohammed sinned and when faced with the sinlessness of Christ they have no answer. Mohammed's teaching in giving our blessed Lord the second place as simply a great prophet, and denying His atoning work, shuts the door against the sure and certain hope of the Christian in his ever present almighty Lord and Saviour.

F. H. FREEMAN.

### God's Small Messengers.

#### 5.—The Seedlings.

We have been watching since we came up here the seedling of a wild cyclamen in the tangled bit of garden. A few weeks ago it was a madder-coloured ball; that puzzled us till we identified its long twisted stem, for its leaves had died away. In the course of time it reared up and opened, pouring out a pile of golden seeds on the ground.

Just now we visited it again, and thought that it had vanished; even the seeds were nowhere to be found. But blown under a tuft of withered grass, there it was; the bottom of the empty cup gone and only a little fragile crown left.

So make us Lord to Thee, when our sowing days are over, all poured forth, and only a little crown in the dust at THY FEET.

I.L.T.

### Recent Books and Booklets.

#### *Bearing on the Work in North Africa.*

"The Life of I. Lilius Trotter." Compiled from her Letters and Journals by Blanche A. F. Pigott.

"Between the Desert and the Sea." By I. Lilius Trotter. With sixteen pages of illustrations in colour. 6s., postage 6d.

"Children of the Sandhills," a descriptive painting book. 1s., postage 2d.

"The Land of the Vanished Church." A survey of North Africa. By J. J. Cooksey. 2s., postage 3d.

"Thamilla." A story of the mountains of Algeria. By M. Ferdinand Duchêne. 7s., postage 6d.

"Islam and Its Need." A concise book for study circles. By Dr. W. Norman Leak, M.A. 6d., postage 1d.

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"Now, are they Black?"

"A Province of Barbary."

"The Problem of Moslem Boys."

"Zenib the Unwanted."—What it is to be an Arab Girl.

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#### *English Translations of Books Written for Moslems.*

"The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." (A Book for Twilight souls). By I. Lilius Trotter. 1s., postage 2d.

"The Lily of the Desert." By A. E. Theobald. 3d., postage 1d.

*Other Books and Booklets by I. Lilius Trotter.*

"Parables of the Cross." Illustrated.  
3s. 6d., postage 6d.

"Parables of the Christ Life." Illustrated

3s. 6d., postage 6d. Bound in one volume. 5s., postage 6d.

"Focussed." 3d., postage ½d.

All the above can be obtained from The Secretary, 38, Outram Road, Croydon.

## Requests for Praise and Prayer.

### Praise.

That God has answered prayer in giving us a room in a most suitable quarter of the Algiers Arab town, where classes and meetings for women and girls are now held.

That at several of the stations there were some who broke Ramadhan for Christ's sake, and for the encouragement that this gives to the workers.

For very good attendance and interest at the men's meetings held weekly at Colea (twice weekly during Ramadhan), and for encouraging meetings in other places visited.

That through ministering to a sick girl at [Bou Saada a large circle of relations was reached with the Gospel, and that we believe, before the end, the girl was trusting in Christ as her Saviour.

That Miss Grautoff and Miss Walton were able once more to itinerate in the Oued Souf district, and for the welcome they received at Kouinine. Also that the mission house near Tolga has been opened for some months. Please pray that this scattered seed may bear fruit.

### Prayer.

For a Christian soldier and his wife who have had to leave Blida and the fellowship they have enjoyed there with the missionaries. That the way may be opened up before them and that wherever stationed they may be witnesses to Christ and His saving power.

That God's Spirit may work definitely among the many boys and girls who come to the classes at Blida, bringing them to Christ and making them leaders of others.

For abundant blessing on the enlarged

carpet school at Tlemcen, that it may be used of God as a means of bringing many to a knowledge of Himself.

For a young man in whom God's working is very manifest, and who has lately confessed Christ in baptism. That God may really anoint him with His Spirit and make him a leader for his own people.

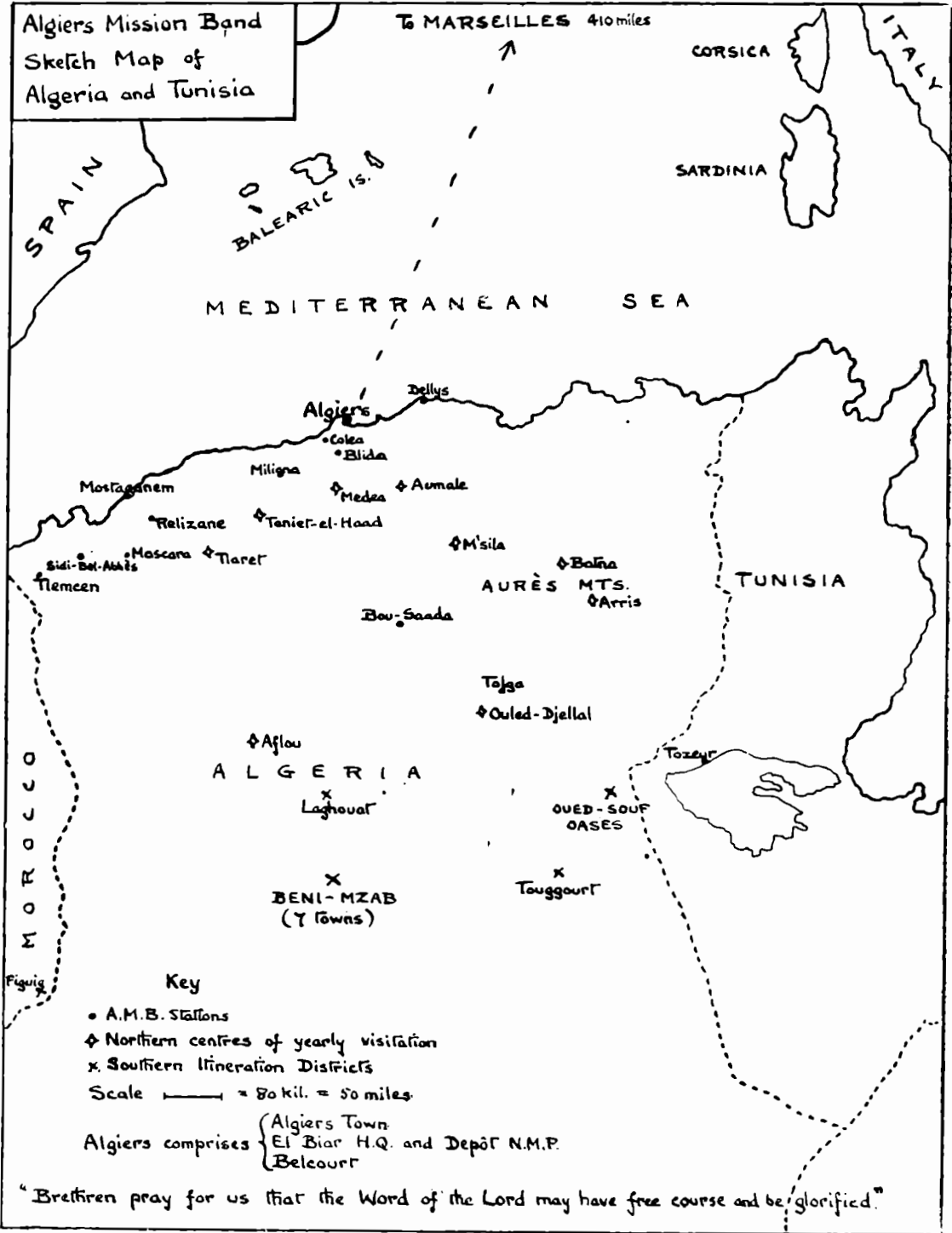
For the lads going to the mission house at Tozeur, that through all difficulties and temptations the Spirit of the Lord will bring them through to Christ.

Church of Christ, awake, awake! Listen to the call, "Pray without ceasing": take no rest, and give God no rest. Let the answer be, even though it be with a sigh from the depths of the heart, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace."

REV. ANDREW MURRAY.



Algiers Mission Band  
 Sketch Map of  
 Algeria and Tunisia



Key

- A.M.B. Stations
- ◊ Northern centres of yearly visitation
- x Southern Itineration Districts
- Scale ——— = 80 kil. = 50 miles.
- Algiers comprises { Algiers Town  
 El Biar H.Q. and Dépôt N.M.P.  
 Belcourt

"Brethren pray for us that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."