

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGERS MISSION
BAND

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS:—DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

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Referees, France :

PASTOR J. P. COOK, Menerville, Algeria.

PASTOR R. SAILLENS, Nogent sur Marne, Seine.

Location of Workers, 1931.

AT DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.

1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.

1906. Miss S. PERKIN.

1919 & 1922. Mons. & Mme.

PIERRE NICOU.D.

1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.

1920. Miss A. KEMP.

Miss MARY MAY.

1927. Miss C. CROSS, M.H.

1931. F. MACDONNELL WATSON.

ALGIERS.

1930. Miss IDA NASH.

MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

BLIDA.

1909. Miss F. K. CURRIE.

1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE.

1929. Miss P. RUSSELL.

RELIZANE.

1907. Miss RIDLEY.

1927. Miss JOHNSTON.

MILIANA.

1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.

MASCARA.

1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.

TOZEUR.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.

1929. Miss R. SMEETON.

COLEA.

1920. Mr. & Mrs. H. W. BUCKENHAM

TOLGA.

1928. H. T. BARROW (part time).

1928. Senor S. LULL (part time).

TLEMEN.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER.

1927. Miss D. GRAHAM.

DELLYS.

1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.

1922. Miss I. SHEACH.

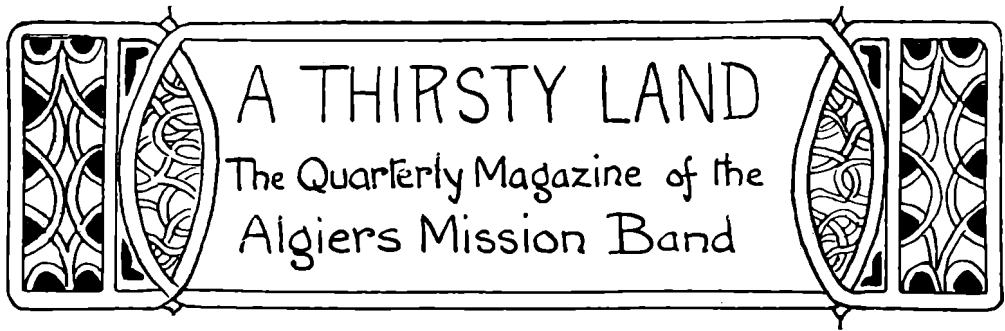
BOU-SAADA.

1909. Miss A. McILROY.

1919. Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ.

Evangelist Colporteurs : Senor S. LULL }
Senor Munioz } (supported by Nile Mission Press).

M.H. = Mission Helper.



No. 18.

AUTUMN, 1931.

1/6 PER ANNUM
POST FREE.

Defeat that is Not Defeat.

It was Christmas time in a little new outpost on the edge of the Sahara, a baby Station not a week old, planted down in the centre of the brotherhoods that hold sway in the Algerian deserts. And it was a very precious place in our eyes, that baby Station with its palm stalk roof and unglazed windows, for it was the outcome of twenty years' prayers for the place, where in former days no foothold had been allowed us. Even now, from the human standpoint, it was almost a useless thing to take our stand there for Christ in our utter weakness.

But that evening the Danish worker who was to be left in charge took to story-telling, as became a Scandinavian Christmas. And this was the story she told from the old mythology of her race. As she told it a light shone through it and sent us on our way glad at heart.

This was the tale.

There came a day when Thor, the god of Power, purposed to visit Jotunheim, the land of the giants, that he might match his strength against theirs. They taunted him as he came, and said that he would not be able to do any great thing among them, but he was confident in his own prowess and accepted their challenge.

The first test came thus—"Thou hast with thee thy lad Thjalfi," said the giants. "We will see whether he can beat our chief runner." Thor agreed unconcernedly, for never had Thjalfi been beaten. To his amazement and chagrin the Jotunheim runner, Hugi by name, shot past him, and was at the winning post before the race was well begun.

The giants smiled contemptuously and invited him to try again. Two other tests, one of which was a wrestling match against an ancient hag, brought equal discomfiture to Thor. At the end of supper they told him again to try his powers. "Here is a horn. We count that if a man empties it at a draught, he does well. If he takes two draughts, we hold it pretty good. If he takes three draughts to empty it we do not think much of him."

Coolly Thor took up the horn, thinking to toss it off. To his mortification his first draught left the contents at their old level; the second draught was no better; putting all his strength into his effort, he tried for the third time, but he only succeeded in lowering by a trifle the water's brim.

"Dost thou still wish to prove thy powers?" sneered one of the giants.

"See my black cat over there. Canst thou lift her?" Thor was forewarned by now that nothing less than his best would serve. He went over to the cat, and gathered his resources of might into the effort. All he accomplished, however, was just to raise slightly the creature's paw. To his surprise, instead of reading contempt once more on the faces of his hosts, he saw undisguised fear, and an invitation to depart next day followed speedily.

But before he left them on the morrow light came on the contest that had seemed such a failure. "Wouldest thou know what thou hast done?" said the giants, when they escorted him to their borderland. "Thou art beaten it seems; yet be not so much ashamed: there was a deception of appearance. The giant Skrymir who took thy blows on his forehead so lightly, was the earth: see over there in the mountains the three valleys that thou didst rend with thy hammer. The hag whom thou couldest not overcome by wrestling, was Old Age. And truly thy lad could not race against Hugi, for Hugi is Thought, and who can outstrip Thought? When thou didst set to work to empty the horn, thou didst not know that it was in truth the ocean, and we have heard that thou didst cause a great drop in its level that only after a few hours was retrieved. But it was when thou didst lift the paw of that black cat last night that we felt it was time to bid thee depart: for that cat was an impersonation of the great snake that supports the whole earth. Hadst thou lifted her, creation would have rushed to ruin. When we saw thee able to move her paw we felt we had seen enough of thy powers. Go thy way. Peace be upon thee."

And the result of his seemingly poor success lived after him, for the story goes that his effort to empty the inexhaustible cup set in motion the rise and fall of the tide that has continued ever since.

The story has its message of hope for us, and for our work in these Moslem lands. We do not know as yet the forces that we have been up against in the conflict—forces infinitely beyond those of the natural world, "for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

We seem to be doing so little, as men count. We know nothing of the immeasurable might that we are bringing to bear through the Cross of Christ on the regions of the earth where it is most stubbornly resisted. When the morning comes we may find that we have been dealing with issues beyond our dreams, and even where all looks to us a long story of failure, there may come in that day the wonder of His "Well done." Greater surprises may be awaiting us in the world to come than those that greeted Thor on the borderland of the Home of the Giants.

There is an old Testament history that sheds a flood of light on all that earth's contests may mean to our Lord, and to the "great cloud of witnesses" watching them from the unseen world. Down here, the story tells, all that was visible was a middle-aged man, ruined, forlorn, in sore suffering, sitting on a dust-heap outside an Eastern town. Up above, that man was the strategic point of a challenge between heaven and hell. . . . Will Job hold on? Or will he give in? He knew nothing of all that was involved, but he held on and held through.

So, like him, may we learn to "stand", even against the uttermost that is brought to bear against us in the fight; and our stand is not in the darkness that surrounded Job, for we have with us Him Who went through the uttermost of seeming defeat to a victory so complete that through it He has made us "more than conquerors."

I. L. TROTTER.

Editorial.

Time passes so quickly we can only wonder at finding ourselves again in the long summer days with their quiet hours and opportunities of looking back at the web and woof of the past months—the way the Lord has brought us “Joy and sorrow interwoven, love in all we see.”

During the late spring and early summer some members of the A.M.B. passed through a season of illness, but on all the Healing Hand has been laid. The poor old editor came wonderingly back to life, for at her age recovery seemed doubtful, but she realizes that she has still much to learn down here, and that the opportunity is priceless. To all of us the long quiet hours have led in a way we would not have missed.

There is another invalid whom we would remember, the young Christian mokedem who suffered greatly last year for his faith. An attempt was made to poison him; he survived but had not quite recovered when a second attempt was made, and the struggle for life has been severe. Yet he is still with us, and we trust a life of usefulness is before him. The cheerful old Arab woman at M— was again severely beaten for her faith, but whatever befalls her she always picks herself up and repeats her slogan—“They may kill me but I will not leave our Lord Jesus.” Her youngest daughter, a very sweet girl of sixteen, died of consumption this spring. Her last words were “I see our Lord Jesus! I see our Lord Jesus!”

An interesting tournée, or I should say several small tournées with Relizane as a centre, occupied the last weeks of work of the two Nile Mission Press colporteurs and Monsieur Nicoud. They visited the villages and markets in the neighbourhood of Relizane, and were greatly encouraged by the conversations which gave them oppor-

tunities to press home their messages of life and power.

A member of the Band has rented a delightful little house at Sidi Ferruch, and that spells picnics and bathing and all seaside delights for some tired workers. Miss Ridley and her little family of Christian Arab girls from Relizane were the first occupants and to them it meant a month of real fairyland. Others have followed, finding new life in the sea air and in the fresh surroundings.

During July we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Dugald Campbell, the well-known pioneer who travels among the wildest tribes in the interior, and, like his Master, finds faith and hope for all.

This autumn brings to us a new comrade in Mr. F. M. Watson, of Monaghan. His call to the work seems very clear and it leads him to leave a position which many people would consider enviable, for the toils, anxieties and sometimes privations of missionary life. To him we would extend a very warm welcome.

It is with deep love and gratitude for all the many years of loyal and devoted service given that we face the fact that in October Mrs. Brading, our Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, resigns from that office and hands over the work to another. We are glad to say that Mrs. Brading has kindly undertaken to initiate the new Secretary, Miss Enid Armitage, into the intricacies of her task, and we know we shall always be able to count on Mrs. Brading's prayerful and practical interest. We want to express here our deep appreciation of her unstinted gift of herself, her home, her time, to the work of the A.M.B. from the day she came into it in response to Miss Trotter's invitation. As our friends know, Miss Armitage has been associated with the work at Dar Naama for some time, coming out first as Miss Trotter's private secretary, and since then proving herself

a most efficient helper in the many things entrusted to her.

Our readers will note that through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Brading the address of our Home office continues the same as heretofore: 38, Outram Road, Croydon.

Home Notes.

There have been many opportunities of telling about the work since the last issue of the Magazine. Mr. A. E. Theobald has spoken at a Missionary Rally at Coney Weston, at Sudbury, Anerley, and Great Barton, also at the Eastern Counties Convention at Felixstowe and at Speke Hall, Battersea.

Two friends of the Band, Miss Bullen and Miss Firmin, arranged meetings at Brighton and Eastbourne respectively, the latter being in connection with Holy Trinity Church.

Mr. H. T. Barrow has spoken at the Missionary Training Colony, Upper Norwood Crusaders' Class, Selhurst Grammar School, Thornton Heath Mission, Warrington, Walsall and Birmingham Scout Groups, Norbury, Public School Boys and Varsity Camp at West Runton, Croydon, Eastbourne Crusaders' Class, Parkstone, and Purley Baptist Church and Sunday School.

Miss Rona Smeeton has spoken at a "Squash" in connection with the Clapham Training College, and at a C.S.S.M. gathering on the South Coast.

Mr. W. Cecil Collinson has taken meetings at the Edinburgh Convention, Dunfermline, the J.E.B. Conference at Swanick; Gorleston and Faith Mission Conferences at Blakenham; and at Barton and Higham. Other meetings will be held at the Y.W.C.A. Dundee, Tayport, West Kilbride, Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh, and Faith Mission Conferences at Rothesay and Edinburgh.



An Algerian Taleb.

A Taleb's Story.

A few weeks ago I went to visit an Arab woman and the charming girl whom she had lately brought from a mountain home to be the bride of her unworthy young son! When I arrived at the house I found that the older woman had gone away to visit a sick daughter in a southern town, but I was welcomed with joy by the little bride whose venerable father-in-law greeted me in a most courteous and friendly way. He invited me to have coffee, and I sat with him and his married daughter and the bride, and we talked together of many things. The old Taleb—or "wise man"

began to tell me about his work, and peering through his spectacles brought out Arabic manuscript books worn with use, from which he quoted. He told me of strange things which made the two women exclaim from time to time in fear and wonder, and of superstitions which many believe, and which echo from far back in the world's history, long before the birth of Islam. The Taleb spoke of the different spirits that are abroad on the various nights of the week; on one night they that fly, on another the Red Ones, on another the White Ones with their King, and so on for each night of the week. "One must beware," he said, "that they smite not upon the head, or pass before the face when out at night."

Illness is caused by these evil ones, and before a remedy is prescribed the Taleb must ascertain on which night the illness began in order to know which group of evil spirits is responsible for it.

The old man, who is often asked to go to houses to heal sick folk, told me of one of his cures in a neighbouring town.

A European doctor had been called in and had prescribed for a sick woman, but she was no better. This Taleb was then sent for, and having gone into the matter he wrote out (at a price) the works needed for the charm that should cure her. The illness was, he said, caused by the evil spirits, or "djinnns," and he ordered the killing, with certain formalities, of a black cock, as this was necessary in addition to the charm. Had his patient been a man, a black hen would have been substituted for the cock.

On his return after some days, the Taleb found the woman no better, in spite of the charm, and on making enquiries discovered that her husband had not been able to get the black cock. This fact explained the failure of his prescription, and he quickly wrote another charm, but insisted that the cock was needed. One was found and

brought to him, and he killed it. The blood was kept for some little while, then taken to the patient, and then put in a covered vessel on the ground. The woman recovered, owing to the fact, said the Taleb, of the djinn being conquered through drinking the blood. If the evil spirit had not taken the blood, the illness would not have been cured, "for," said the old man, "it is through the blood shed that the evil spirits are conquered." Puzzled, and yet interested, he and the women, so full of fear and superstition, listened to the words from God's Book, "without shedding of blood is no remission." And we spoke together of Him Who "hath redeemed us by His Blood from every evil thing."

In all parts of this land, in desert and town, in mountain and plain, there are to be found "wise" men and women to whom Moslems turn in their sore griefs and perplexities and their sickness of mind and body. Ready to follow any devious path that these "blind leaders of the blind" may, in their ignorance or cupidity, point out to them, these needy ones stretch out their hands in vain into the darkness, for they know not the only One Who "healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds" and who says "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest."

M. H. ROCHE.



The "wise men" were journeying to the manger—we to the throne. They to see a babe—we to look upon the King in His beauty. They to kneel and worship—we to sit with Him on His throne. That trembling star shone for them through the darkness of the night—Jesus is always with us, our star of hope; and the pathway is never dark where He leads; for He giveth "songs in the night."

A. E. Kittredge.

Other Towns Also.

" And He said unto them, I must preach the Kingdom of God to other cities also, for therefore *am I sent* " (Luke 4. 43.)

The Master's " I also sent them " was clear. We also were sent to " other cities also ." If you consult the map on the cover you will see that there are no towns marked immediately south of Médéa. This does not mean that it is a bare plain ! There are towns and a railway line. The missionaries who were wont to visit these have had other work of late.

After Easter we Bou Saada workers left Dar Naama for our Station, taking a " long way round." When changing our bus at Blida a needy soul was brought to us—a young Frenchwoman returning from the hospital to her farm in the wilds. Next morning she came to the hotel to talk with us before she started south. With what pleasure she recounted her childhood touch with the missionaries at rue Rovigo, Algiers, and her joy when they gave her a doll at Christmas ! She listened seriously to the Gospel, and we had prayer together. Since then we have sent her a Bible. Who will pray for her and her husband and his mother ?

Médéa was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Brading many years ago, so was of special interest to us. How beautiful the country looked in its spring green, outside the walls of the French town. Tier upon tier of houses built on the mountain side. And there, at a little distance, was our challenge—a Mohammedan Mosque in the centre of a close-packed village : " Not mere pity for dead souls " but the power of the risen Christ, can alone meet that challenge ! Our two days' visiting in town and country, with some distribution and sales of literature passed quickly, and then we went by bus to the next and smaller town where the work was somewhat similar.

We reached the third town, and it was then we began to notice more of the free working of the Spirit of God. The keen interest shown by two women who had heard the Gospel elsewhere stirred large numbers of women and children to give attention. The old hymns were sung and new ones taught to the children. Divorce and child-marriage had left sad evidences among them, and heart-wounds too, that only Jesus can heal. When we think of these dear, clever women still cramped into tight little rooms with only a bit of overhead sky in view, and the constant turmoil with troublesome neighbours similarly situated, we pray that the consolations of God may become theirs in Christ. The hush of God brooded over other groups. In one house we were obliged, first of all, to fight through by prayer. A " holy man " came to beg and became wild with rage when the woman of the house said she had no money. At last he left and a mountain woman and her daughter entered who had heard of our coming : then God's Word had free course with the two women and two girls.

We were taken to visit lonely Swiss settlers. As Mademoiselle Butticaz is Swiss they wished to see her and have a chat. The Lord gave a good opportunity for testifying to His grace.

At the next town a little incident occurred, in its nature new to us. We were sitting conversing with a woman outside her house on the hillside when a vulture swooped down and in an instant clutched a little chicken from the brood and soared aloft ! It was a vivid illustration of the swift and deadly power of " the birds of the air." A little girl who was present ran around, hoping in vain that the vulture would drop its prey. Later she urged us to accompany her across a ravine to her home. Her



On the Road to Médéa.

mother showed us into the cool guest-room and she and a negress gave themselves up to listening with quiet intensity.

Amongst other visits that we paid we went to a Sheikh's house. He was pleased to receive a copy of *The Sevenfold Secret*, but being ill was disinclined to talk. Not so his young wife and her household, who were delighted to entertain us.

After a twenty-mile run in a bus en route to the fifth town we stopped at a roadside village. A good number of men were sitting on large sacks of wool waiting for a transport-bus, and Mademoiselle Butticz enjoyed the opportunity of giving tracts and she even sold a few Gospels.

In the article entitled "Touching Him" in our last number we mentioned that the sister-in-law of Fatna had returned to her native town. Her name, also, is Fatna, so to distinguish her we will spell it "Fatina." We reached her town in the evening. Next morning God worked for us beautifully in leading us to her family. It was a happy moment when we started with Fatina's pompous husband from his shop with the immense key of his house in his hand.

Once there he sat and talked till his wives had time to dress in their best garments. Then, after giving us an invitation to come for a proper meal in the evening, he left, again locking the outside court door. How pleased Fatina and the women were to have us with them, and to converse. There was a touch of miracle about it all. In the afternoon, after couscous, our hostesses turned on the gramophone with the most screeching of Arab solos! A little persuasion and the music (?) stopped, and we had another good time together. There was, however, a little boy present who would probably be asked later as to our conversation.

In a house near-by we once more met Fatina's old mother, still counting her beads but not so terribly fanatical as she had been when in Bou Saada. Her son was working a sewing machine, and thanked us for our care of his late wife, Fatna, while ill at our station. He can read, and was pleased to have books and to listen to the Gospel. Another family, this, in touch with the Gospel. God's promise to Abraham was: "And in thee shall all

families of the earth be blessed." We await the fulfilment of this promise for these Arab *families*.

In one house a woman was helping another to cut out a garment, and was very impatient with her as she could not hold the material taut. We gave a hand and the atmosphere softened. We soon realised that the clever woman was a society leader, and through her we had invitations to tea and coffee everywhere. Best of all there was "the hearing ear." From time to time for the last twenty years we had heard Miss Trotter and others speak of the open door here. An industrial school for girls seems to be a real help, indirectly bringing in a certain sense of liberty. The town was crowded with men as those were market days. We gave tracts in some shops and also sold Gospels. One shop-owner refused to buy a Gospel. His son of sixteen came in at that moment—having seen us enter—and said he *must* have the Gospel as he desired to learn what it was all about. Reluctantly the father opened the counter drawer and handed us the money while the boy pocketed the book and went off.

A copy of *The Sevenfold Secret* found one more earnest reader. A dapper little man dressed in green and gold entered a house where we were visiting, and accepted the book with profuse thanks. He had come, apparently, to minister the comforts of religion to an elderly woman racked with rheumatism. Alas! her patience was put to the test, for, after a formal greeting to her, he sat down and proceeded to read the book. We left him there, reading steadily on, while we conversed with the daughters in another room.

We had the joy of sending a roll of tracts and a Gospel to the Sheikh of a far-distant tribe—bread cast on the waters; we had entered a fondouk to speak with a group of women huddled together there. The two men in charge joined us. All

listened well, and after explanations the leader promised to deliver the roll at its distant destination.

We had long looked forward to getting into touch with Djelfa, a town only a few hours' bus ride from Bou Saada, and this desire was now gratified. There was some interest shown as we visited and gave tracts, but the impression left on our minds was that of spiritual desolation. Djelfa is the terminus of the railway and there is a large military garrison. The big Roman Catholic cathedral and the immense mosque are the outstanding buildings, and convey their challenge to us. A man who has done colportage work there several times has called it a "God-forsaken town." We were sent, and pray that others, reading this, may have their hearts stirred to action in relation to the many "other towns" in North Africa seldom or never visited by God's messengers.

M. ALICE McILROY.



Ah, Grace! into unlikeliest hearts,
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of Thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

Faber.



The Moon.

She is well named "The Moon." Such graciousness of form and carriage, such softness of tone and speech, such gentle joyous shining light in her eyes as she welcomed us in. The best chamber was deliciously cool and dark after the glare of the road. We took off our shoes to rest our tired feet and to spare the brightly hued floor covering she spread for us to

sit upon. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness we saw her mother busy with the ritual of her Moslem prayers, bowing and lifting herself in succession, to the God who to her was just a machine that ruled the world with relentless force, lifting up one and putting down another without rhyme or reason other than a tyrannical will from which none could hope to escape. "Is it not our very character, 'written' for us, so who can be blamed for wrong-doing? Has not God Himself made us so?" To these Moslem prayers we silently added our own to the God who has given us liberty, the "liberty that is in Christ Jesus."

Coffee—strong, black and sweet—was brought to us in tiny saucerless cups and as we drank we were regaled with the latest news, beginning with outside things and gradually getting to the precipitate of personal affairs. "The Moon," not yet out of her teens, having already drunk the dregs of her second marriage, a bitter cup indeed, is again divorced. "He beat her every night," the mother explains, "and she could bear it no longer." The first marriage lasted but six weeks, for the child cried so for her mother and the "in-laws" were most unkind to her and jealous. "When the second marriage was proposed," said "the Egyptian," her sister-in-law, "The Moon wept and would not be comforted for she does not like men and would like to remain unmarried as you are." We thought of her quiet dignity and entire freedom from the usual coquetry of most Arab women and one could so understand the repugnance and horror that she would feel at being delivered bodily into the power of some unknown and probably brutal man. But of what use are tears and entreaties? Girls are but chattels and often encumbrances to their relations, their only use being their value in the marriage market. Marriages are quickly made and often as quickly ended. A suitable

sum of money changes hands, a few words said before the native "reader," a feast of sorts, and the girl is the property of the man. If she does not please him he has but to say before witnesses, three times, that she is no longer his wife and behold she is divorced and tossed like a shuttlecock back to her people, to be married to the next man who bids for her.

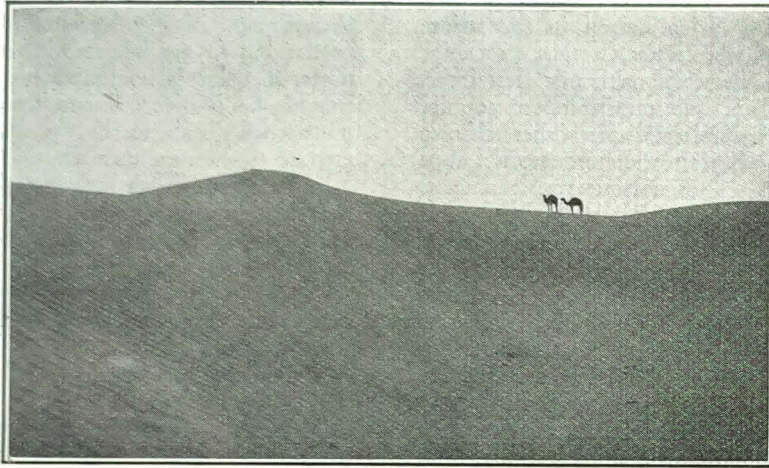
"The Moon" has had enough experience of marriage to make her dread it, but what is she that her wishes in the matter should be considered? Is it not her "fate" that is written, and how should she escape from the common lot of an Arab woman? Is she not caught in the chains of custom? Our heavenly inspiration came in the story of the angel sent to deliver Peter from prison, striking from his feet the shackles that bound him and opening the prison door before him—the door into liberty. For her too there is the liberty that is in Christ Jesus and as she listens the longing to rise up and follow Him is written largely in her face, in the nod of her head and in the shine of tears in her eyes.

There are others beside "The Moon" who have felt the touch of the angel's hand and have seen the vision of liberty. To them it seems but a glorious dream, for the custom of centuries holds them fast and they scarce dare try to rise and to prove that their dream is no dream but a reality. There are those who long to follow Him all the way but the chains of marriage hold them and they fear divorce—or worse.

The power that lay behind the deliverance of Peter was loosed by the prayers of those who prayed without ceasing night and day. Will you who read this join that company and hasten the time of deliverance for those such as "The Moon," that they too may know what is the liberty of life in Christ Jesus and that the Truth may make them free?

E. K. M. RIDLEY.

FOR OUR YOUNGER READERS.



In the Desert.

The Land of Sand.

Here are some tips for you boys and girls when you come as missionaries to the desert. You will find towns built on sand surrounded by hills of sand. The floors of the houses are of sand, the walls of sandstone and "roses of the desert" (beautiful sand crystals in many wonderful shapes). Sand in your bread, your eyes, your shoes. Sand everywhere. When a strong wind is blowing the air is full of sand and as thick as a sea mist, only instead of being like a soft cold blanket it stings and makes a lurid yellow light in the sky. You can easily get lost in these sandstorms. Nevertheless, the desert lands are very lovable and the lights and shades on the sands at sunrise and sunset are marvellous.

Now for the tips I promised. Be sure to bring glasses for the strong sunlight, or a veil for sheltering the eyes in storms. Bring as little luggage as possible, but warm rugs for the icy cold nights, or better still,

buy a native wool cloak when you get here. One plate, one knife, one fork, will do for each person because the sand is so clean you have only to polish your utensils in the silver sand blown fresh from the dunes each day, and knife and fork are ready for second course if you have it!

Then do not waste time buying blotting paper, for the sand will dry your letter; just stoop down, if you have the luxury of a chair to sit on, and throw some of the floor over the letter, and the ink is dry at once. You do not need a cupboard or larder; instead dig a hole in the sand in some corner where no one walks and bury your eggs and potatoes and carrots, your hammer, ink, medicines, even your plate and cup if you can remember where you have buried them; but beware of keys, scissors, or coins—they are lost in a moment in the sand, so we find the only way is to put these in bags and to tie strings

to such articles so that they can be located if they drop accidentally on the floor.

The house I camp in has no doors to its tiny rooms, but a sack well weighed down by sand at night keeps out the beetles, etc., and a little, only a little, of the sand.

You would love these south land nights when the stars seem so near and friendly. Though you know any one could climb the wall and walk into your bedroom, yet you feel quite safe ; God seems so near and His world is so wonderful. Only do not think it is warm, for though the sun is hot by day, at night it is very cold, and as the hours go on you wrap yourself in every rug in your possession.

To-day we tried to make friends with a handsome young camel two years old—he will be full grown when he is three. He was eating the desert plant (a moist, fleshy plant with yellow flowers) which his master held in his arms, and talking all the time in a funny high-pitched voice, so pleased as he seized first one bit and then another ; but when we came and wanted to pat him he thought that interference, and said what sounded like "rouh," an arab word meaning "go, be off, I am busy." So we went, for it is rude in the south to watch people when they are dining, and perhaps this young camel thought we did not know good eastern manners, but really we do, and learn to be thoughtful about the customs of the people.

A little lad of ten years old, dressed for the fête in a long white burnous (mantle of wool) down to his feet, bright red leather shoes and a clean white turban, was urging us to follow him to his home. Some one in his house had eye trouble and he wanted to help. We followed down the thick sandy street, with walls on either side, till we stepped over the entrance into what looked like a cave but was really the entrance hall of the dwelling. It led to a big open court with rooms opening on to it and a well in the centre. There we saw dark-

robed women with high head-dresses, and young wives with golden necklaces and huge ear-rings, and boys and little girls in long dresses down to their feet, babies, goats and pigeons, etc.

How proud these young wives were of their necklaces made of coins ; it reminded us of our Lord's parable of the lost piece of silver—for these women turn all their money into ornaments of coins and prize them as their wealth. Our Lord must have been thinking of these sad, needy women when He gave His disciples that parable, for it speaks straight to their hearts. Here was an opportunity we could not miss, so after we had given such remedies as were possible, we sat among the women on the sand, and told them that they are precious in God's sight—God cares for them, and would gather them into His Kingdom. We know He cares because He sent His Son from Heaven to die—is it not glorious to have such a Gospel to give ? I asked a Moslem man and Moslem boys if God loved us ? Yes, they thought so, for He had created us. Others said, "Yes, or He would long ago have destroyed us." Others, "We believe so, for we read it." We could answer, "I know." The Lord Jesus dying for sinners proves God's love. These people cannot believe this good news at first—over and over again the Gospel story has to be told, for it is all so new and unlike any teaching they have had about God.

You young people can share our work by praying God to open the eyes of their understanding, and later it may be some who read this will themselves be called to go out and teach in desert lands, if the Lord tarries.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

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(On the next page you will find some description of the youthful male population of the northern towns, differing somewhat from the boys of the desert.)

Boys! Boys! Boys!

Algeria is a land of boys; eager, mischievous, friendly little people, waiting to be loved and taught and won for Christ.

My first impression of Arab boys was gained at Blida. As I looked at a row of them, sitting cross-legged on the floor against a white-washed wall, they appeared to me like a group of little brown elves, wearing red acorn-cup caps on their heads. However, in the play-hours outside before the classes began they soon proved themselves to be human. There was one boy, I remember, who had learnt to stand on his head, and this he proudly did at frequent intervals. The only drawback was that he feared his friends might steal his marbles while he was thus engaged. The tragedy was averted by his storing the treasures in his mouth—though a tragedy of another nature *might* have ensued thereby!

During those first months the barrier of a strange language seemed insurmountable, but children are much quicker than grown-up people in accepting actions where words are not forthcoming. Thus, when one of the boys transformed himself into a goat, my tentative offer of a bunch of grass for him to chew was received in the right spirit.

When the time came for me to have my own class of boys to teach, week by week, we naturally became more intimate. One day young Hamid sat down on the little low table placed for expression-work, instead of on the floor. This being a breach of etiquette in Arab eyes, I said: "O Hamid, when I come to thy house do I sit on the table?" He looked up in amazement, and replied, "When have you



Some Algerian Samples.

been to my house? Oh *do* come and see us."

It was a proud moment for me when another member of the class, nicknamed Ugly (for obvious reasons) invited me to join the rest of them in a delicious roll on the grass.

Blida is not the only place where boys are to be found, though, of course, the finest specimens are there, unquestionably! In the mountain strongholds of Miliana many of the boys show pugilistic tendencies, possibly because their forefathers withstood the French invaders for so long. When I stayed there a summer ago one of the boys who came to the Mission House took a violent dislike to my hat. He termed it a "cooking-pot" and would never come near without trying to do something spiteful. Last June I saw him again, and we greeted each other in the friendliest manner possible. He is now working in a café, and cannot come to class any more. It is good to think that a Christian Club for such lads as this may shortly be started in the town.

While at Relizane last spring I had the good fortune to find myself at a meeting

for market boys. As soon as the doors were opened our audience swarmed in upon us just like a pack of dusky wolf cubs. They gave breathless attention to the lantern address, but when a question was put to them by the missionary, their united assent sounded for all the world like a low growl.

Algiers itself is naturally swarming with boys. They cluster round the bus stops and tram termini, eager to carry one's

luggage or clean one's shoes. A knowledge of their own tongue is the quickest way to their hearts, and even a few ordinary remarks in Arabic have a magical effect upon them. Don't we all of us love to be understood? Here are these Moslem lads waiting for someone to take the trouble to learn to understand them, one who can show them what life is, as lived in Christ Jesus, the Crucified and Risen Lord of Glory.

P. M. RUSSELL.

The Day.

The Judgment Day is another article of belief necessary to the true Moslem. Hughes, in his dictionary of Islam, quotes from the Koran seven separate names: the Day of Standing-up, the Day of Separation, the Day of Reckoning, the Day of Awakening, the Day of Judgment, the Encompassing Day, and the Hour.

The Koran itself contains some very impressive descriptions of that Day: "Man chooseth to deny what is before him; he asketh 'when this Day of Resurrection?' But when the eye shall be dazzled, and when the moon shall be darkened, and the sun and moon shall be forgotten, on that day man shall cry 'Where is there a place to flee to?' But in vain—there is no refuge. Why thy Lord on that Day shall be the sole asylum. On that day shall man be told of all that he hath done first and last, yea, a man shall be the eye-witness against himself."

"When the sun shall be folded up, and when the stars shall fall, and when the mountains shall be set in motion, and when the she-camels shall be abandoned, and when the wild beasts shall be gathered together, and when the seas shall boil, and when souls shall be paired with their bodies. And when the female child that

hath been buried alive shall be asked for what crime she was put to death . . ."

In all the Koran passages great stress is laid on the examination of deeds done in the body. "Then verily, oh man who desirest to reach thy Lord, shalt thou meet Him, and he into whose right hand his book shall be given shall be reckoned with an easy reckoning, and shall turn rejoicing to his kindred. But he whose book shall be given him behind his back shall invoke destruction; but in the fire shall he burn, for he hath lived joyously among his kindred, without a thought that he should return to God."

Around the solemn warnings of the Koran a host of traditions have sprung up, probably varying somewhat in the different countries—as for instance that in that Day men and women will diminish until they are only about two feet high. Also that an Anti-Christ will precede the Resurrection, a very tall man who would be exceedingly handsome if it were not that one of his eyes was vertical. He will ride a white ass whose every step will cover three leagues. All the Jews will follow him and most of the Christians. He will give himself out as God, and will have power to heal the sick and to raise the dead

He will go all round the world ending at Mecca, where a very holy Marabout will confront him and say, "You cannot be God, for He is perfect, and you have one eye straight and one eye crooked." Anti-Christ will command his followers to kill the holy man, but as the first drop of the saint's blood touches the earth the Lord Jesus will appear in the flaming fire, taking vengeance. I think this last touch is special to Algeria, and may be an echo of the testimony of Christian slaves in the long ago.

Not only mankind, but genii and irrational animals will have their part in the Resurrection, and animals and men that have been ill-treated will have their opportunity of taking vengeance on those who ill-treated them—the animals on those animals that caused them to suffer.

When all good and evil has been weighed, if the angels shall say, "Lord, we have given to every one his due, and there still remaineth of this person's good works so much as will equal the weight of an ant," God will double it him and he will enter Paradise. It is said that even between soul and body a dispute may arise, each casting blame on the other. The soul will say, "O Lord, Thou gavest me my body, I had not even a hand to lay hold with; therefore punish this body eternally but deliver me." And the body will say, "Thou didst make me like a stock of wood, I had neither hand nor foot till this soul entered into me, and my tongue spoke and my eye saw and my foot walked; therefore punish my soul eternally, but deliver me."

At the time of judgment, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and the Lord Jesus, having successively declined the office of Intercessor, Mohammed will undertake it. The angel Gabriel will hold the enormous balances in which good and evil are weighed, after which all the saved and unsaved must pass over a bridge finer than a hair and sharper than a sword. The righteous traverse

it like the wind without difficulty or fear, and the wicked fall from it into the hell which is gaping beneath them.

To every Moslem the Day is a great reality, although the Marabouts tell them that a few outward observances will ensure to them the unfailing intercession of Mohammed, and will bring them to Paradise with its sensual delights. Mohammed's belief went much deeper, for he represents Allah as probing the *motives* of the good works pleaded before Him—and on these points a missionary can always begin, going on to the gracious message of Him Who is Redeemer as well as Intercessor.

F. H. FREEMAN.



Almighty God, who, through thine only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ, hast overcome death; and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life.

Collect for Easter Day.



The Outlook of Night-Time.

(A message once written by Miss Trotter to those returning from Furlough.)

The great rest-shadow that sweeps round our world every evening is not a time of rest; it is a time of vision. For daylight shows up the sand grains and shuts out the stars: you cannot see both at once.

Our resting weeks are closing now: they have missed their deepest blessing if there has been no fresh "seeing Him Who is invisible" before the details of work come into focus again.

This is the message that comes to me out of the Spanish island where I am writing: it is the birthplace of Missions to Islam, and their birth-hour came with a revelation of Jesus Christ. In a castle over here, far

back in the thirteenth century, a wild young courtier was in the act of writing a love-song, when, unsought, there dawned on him a sight of the Crucified that swung round his whole career then and there, into a passionate following of Him and of His cause. All his versatile powers went into the one aim of that following, even when God's Hand pointed out for him this vocation, the forlorn hope that the quest of souls from among the Mohammedans must have seemed in those days. He was alone against the sleeping Church, and the scoffing world, and the Saracen hordes combined. Yet that one man, with little to show except utter faithfulness when his martyrdom came, has left his mark on ages to come as the pioneer of Missions to Moslems. Raymond Lull has broken the way for us all.

And the lesson for us, in taking up the winter's work, is to begin where he began. Let the very first drops of living water "issue from the sanctuary" where we see Jesus: then will the Spirit-tide flow on till it reaches the desert places with healing and life.

Daylight with its labour must bring detail. Do not let us miss the last chance of night-vision before it begins, even that coming face to face with the Son of God that fired Raymond Lull to the true Crusade.

"I see many knights going to the Holy Land beyond the seas and thinking that they can acquire it by force of arms; but in the end all are destroyed before they attain that which they think to have. Whence it seems to me that the conquest of the Holy Land ought not to be attempted except in the way in which Thou and Thine apostles acquired it, namely by love and prayers, and the pouring out of tears and of blood."

For that warfare and that winning may the heart-vision of Christ crucified make us strong.

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.

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"Parables of the Cross." Illustrated.
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All the above can be obtained from The Secretary, 38, Outram Road, Croydon.



Requests for Praise and Prayer.

Praise.

For all Mrs. Brading's years of faithful and devoted service as our Home Secretary. Pray for the one who is entering upon that office, that divine wisdom and strength may be multiplied to her.

For the kind reception that our deputation workers have received in England, and for all that has been accomplished in the renewing of old links and the forging of new ones.

That Mr. Watson is coming out to give much-needed help with the men's work.

For God's manifest going before in the colportage work done in Oran province during June, as indicated by the excep-

tionally large sale of literature and the many opportunities for personal conversations. Praise also for the protection of the workers during the very intense heat of that month.

For God's keeping of the Relizane Arab girls during their stay at Sidi Ferruch, and for all the joy He gave them.

That God has laid hold of the life of the young Colea convert, and is guiding him while human fellowship is withdrawn.

For the way God continues to meet those who gather weekly on Wednesdays for united prayer for revival in all His work in North Africa.

Prayer.

That God's hand may be upon us for good during our Rally; that in coming together to wait upon Him He may give His fresh anointing to each one, and that there may be no hindrance to the perfect working-out of all His plan for the coming year's work.

For God's special guidance in allocating the different workers to their stations.

That God may even now be preparing

and calling out a worker for Miliana to enter into the tremendous possibilities there, especially for work among the children. {Pray also for the suggested Boys' Club, to be started.

For the missionaries in all that awaits them in returning to and re-opening their Stations. That every situation may be faced, and all the work carried through, under the direction of the Spirit of God.

"Lord, teach us to pray."

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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Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia

