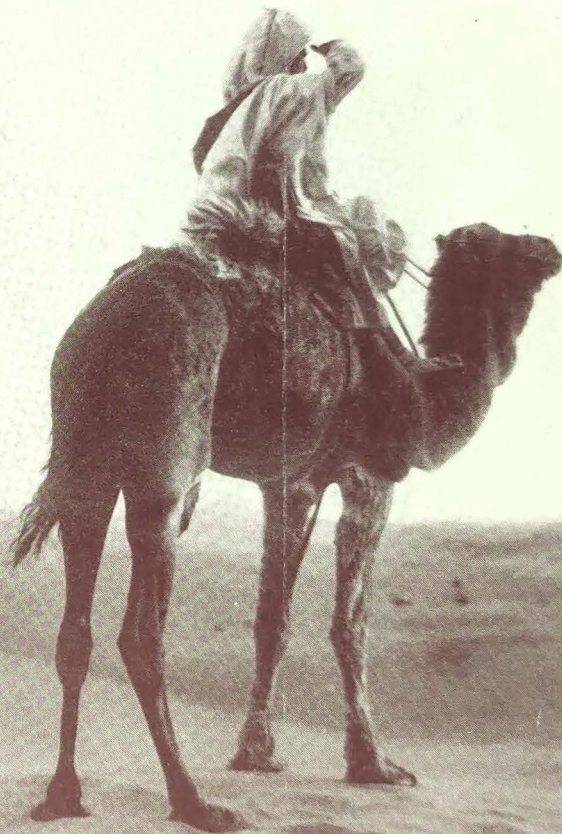


# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

# Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS :—DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

*General Secretary* : Miss F. HELEN FREEMAN.

*Advisory Council in England* :—

Rev. FRANCIS C. BRADING, B.D.  
W. CECIL COLLINSON.  
JOHN L. OLIVER.  
JOHN GORDON LOGAN.

MISS DOROTHY DAY.  
MRS. W. CECIL COLLINSON.  
Dr. NORTHCOTE DECK.  
Mr. H. W. VERNER.

*Hon. Sec. for England* :—

Mrs. FRANCIS C. BRADING, 38, Outram Road, Croydon.

*Hon. Deputation Secretary and Treasurer* :—W. CECIL COLLINSON,  
62, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich.

*Referees, America.*

Dr. W. C. PEARCE, W.S.S.A., 626, "W. M. Garland" Building,  
Los Angeles, California.  
Dr. S. D. PRICE, W.S.S.A., Metropolitan Tower, New York.  
CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, 104, Rex Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

*Algerian Mission Band, America.*

Mrs. J. A. WALKER, Sec., 2300, Dexter Street, Denver, Col.  
Mrs. F. GOODRICH, Treas., 302, College Ct., Albion, Mic.

*Referees, France.*

Pastor J. P. COOK, Menerville, Algeria.  
Pastor R. SAILLENS, Nogent sur Marne, Seine.

*General Treasurer* :—Miss F. K. CURRIE, Oulad Sultane, Blida, Algeria.

**INCEPTION & GROWTH.**—In 1888 work was begun in Algiers by Miss Trotter and Miss Haworth, who were soon joined by Miss Freeman. In 1907, after nineteen years of gradual growth, the name of Algiers Mission Band was taken. From one station the number has increased to fifteen stations and out-posts, with others on the horizon. The number of workers has grown to thirty.

**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.



No. 8

SPRING, 1929

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## Treasures of suffering from the Book of Job.

The book of Job has been coming to me afresh in its wonderful unfolding of the secrets of suffering. This unfolding has been in the three-fold purpose of suffering that runs through the book, beginning at the plane of the visible, ending in the depths of the unseen.

First, *individual training in faith*. Three times Job launches out into a recklessness of faith that could only be born out of the fire, a faith of a character undeveloped until then. "At all adventures I will . . . take my life in my hand." Ch. 13. v. 14. R.V. margin. "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him." Ch. 13. v. 15. "I know that my Redeemer liveth . . . in my flesh shall I see God." Ch. 19. v. 25, 26. "I go forward but He is not there, and backward but I cannot perceive Him . . . but He knoweth the way that I take : when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold." Ch. 23, v. 8, 10. "I am not dismayed because of the darkness." Ch. 23. v. 17. R.V. margin. All the sudden cries of limitless faith break out of the hardest stress : the stress is their "raison d'etre." That is the first and lowest fruit of suffering.

Second, *corporate training for humanity*. Till then suffering had been understood by man as simply punitive ; that was the lesson for the childhood of the race. Now mankind was beginning to outgrow its baby lessons and learn something deeper ; but it was hard for the first man who had to step out on this new plane. The wearisome reiterations of his three friends were always that he must have been walking in some secret sin to be punished thus. Ch. 4, 5, 8, 11, 15. And Job fought the battle for his own integrity till he landed himself in a self-justification that had to be brought low before God or his own soul would have suffered. "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear ; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." Ch. 42. v. 5, 6. But Elihu came, casting aside the old worn lights of the elder men, with the sense of inspiration that was on him (ch. 32). He knew he had the answer. The answer was this—suffering is not in its highest purpose punitive, it is a means for hearing God's voice, when man will listen in no other way.

This is marvellously unfolded in chapter

33. The result of God's chastening is, to stop man's work (v. 17), to free him from unseen dangers (v. 18), to reveal God (v. 26). When this is done, with the revelation of God comes the sense of sin and failure (v. 27) as with Job afterwards (ch. 42) and then comes the application of the "ransom" that has been found (ch. 33, v. 24-48). "Then He is gracious unto him and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom. . . . He will deliver his soul from going down into the pit, and his life shall see the light." There follows a tide of new life (v. 25), of answered prayer (v. 26), of unshadowed communion, of the sense of acquittal. "He shall pray unto God and He will be favourable unto him: and he shall see His face with joy: for He will render unto man his righteousness." And all this may be repeated "often times" (v. 29) for the bringing back of the soul from the pit and for the restoring to him of the light of life (v. 30).

The whole chapter is a wonderful epitome of the purpose of suffering in its training, its discipline, in the way of making man hear the voice of God, when from heart dulness he will hear it in no other way. "When He speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not," then "openeth He the ears of men" and withdraws them from their purposes and hides their pride from them and keeps back their soul from the pit and their life from passing by the sword, by laying them low; and when the lesson is learnt the Intercessor comes and wins back for them a new spring of life, joyous access to God, witness (see margin of v. 27, 28, R.V.) to those around of the might of His deliverance from the pit where he was going. "Lo, all these things worketh God twice and thrice with a man to bring back his soul from the pit that he may be enlightened with the light of the living" (cf. Isa. 38. v. 16). "Oh Lord, by these things men live, and in all

these things is the life of my spirit: so wilt Thou recover me and make me to live."

This was Elihu's clue. Suffering is meant to be for humanity the tunnel through which it passes to a new burst of light and power. Our conflicts down here may be the far-off echo of conflicts in the other world which would explain them all if we only knew; but then, as with Job, the test would be no longer a test. So God keeps His secrets still, and faith is still "acting as if we saw."

So be it till the seeing comes.

I.L.T.



## Two Remembrances.

From Mrs. GRAHAM BROWN, Edinburgh, who, since writing this has also received the Home Call.

More than thirty years ago at the early morning gathering of the Keswick Convention, the testimony meeting was being held. It was the custom then at the women's and girls' meetings, for the lady speakers, as well as for the platform speakers, to give the Convention a text. One after another rose and gave their texts, and then a tall lady stood up and said in a silvery voice as sweet as a bell, that reached all over the tent, "Thine handmaid hath not anything in the house save a pot of oil." The light that was never seen on land or sea lit up Miss Lilius Trotter's face as, quietly as she arose, she sat down, and the writer for one, heard *the* message of that year's Convention.

The Conference of Christian workers among Moslems held on the Mount of Olives in April, 1924, was over. Most of the delegates had left and a few women were waiting for their taxis to take them down to the Holy City, amongst them Miss Lilius Trotter. As we stood together beside the little Russian Church, she

turned and said, "We shall never all meet together again," and then that light was once more seen as she said, "but we shall all meet here at His feet." Two never-to-be-forgotten glimpses into a saint's life.

## Editorial.

The beginning of the year 1929 saw busy days at Dar Naama, every room occupied with workers from all the stations within reach. Rally days without our dear leader had been a source of some anxiety, but we might have trusted more, for the Good Shepherd was indeed among us in very felt Presence. Some He led by the still waters and some to the green pastures, but He forgot none and failed none, and to those who guided the meetings He gave words that went home to every heart.

Then the Band scattered, some to their stations where warm welcomes awaited them from the natives. Others went down to the desert to work in the oases so dear to Miss Trotter's heart; Miss Perkin, Miss Russell and Miss Richardson to Tolga, and Miss Grautoff with our friend Miss Walton to Oued el Souf and the surrounding district, both parties well supplied with literature for distribution. To one of us this verse was given, "He sent them forth two and two before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come" (Luke 10. 1).

The Fast of Ramadhan, observed throughout the world by Moslem peoples, is bringing its hard testing to the converts. It is true that of late strict adherence to these religious observances has slackened; if you eat because you do not believe, it is a sin, but if you eat because you are a Christian it becomes a crime, and hard measure is meted out to delinquents. Before these words are in print the fast

will be over and the many prayers which have surrounded those so sorely tried will have gone up to Him who is "able to succour them that are tempted."

## Tight Corners and the Way Out.

Little more than a year has passed since Miss Trotter felt the time had come to set before us in all thankfulness and in all faith, the position of the Algiers Mission Band.

March 9th, 1928, was the fortieth anniversary of Miss Trotter's arrival in Algiers with two friends to begin missionary work among the Arabs, and as she looked back her heart was full of thankfulness for the way by which she and her helpers, now increased in number, had been led. As she looked forward she was indeed illuminated with hope at the abundant answer to her prayers for open doors. Yet, with the increasing opportunities she saw, on the human side, that if the work was to continue and expand unhindered, we must launch out with absolute faith for the needed supplies by which alone any advances can be made.

Miss Trotter asked for definite prayer on this point, and now that the year is over we can say, with deep gratitude, to God and man, that we have been able to meet all needs on the needful day. We have known tight corners on the General Fund, but each time a real deliverance has come and so we go forward with increased faith for new tight corners should they be in our way.  
F.H.F.

"Everything depends on the demand which we make upon God."

From "A Call to prayer"—St. Andrews, Fife, 1927.



## Medea and M'sila

### NORTH AND SOUTH.

The A.M.B. car arrived early one morning this Spring, and in half an hour we had left the mission station behind us and were going through a gorge on our way up to Medea, a town in the mountains a little to the south-west of Algiers. This "Gorge of the Chiffa" is a delightful place, with its rugged, rocky sides intersected by streams like shining silver threads, falling into the Chiffa river below. We had peeps of beautiful wooded mountain tops, and close beside us were flowers, pink and gold and white, with maidenhair fern on dripping rocks, and everywhere the lush green of Spring, untouched as yet by heat or dust.

We passed through the gorge and enjoying the clear, fresh mountain air, journeyed on and up by the wonderful road leading to Medea. We stopped before reaching the town at an Arab café, where men were sitting on the ground chatting. A greeting and a question elicited the information that the house we wanted to find was on the hill-side above. We had never been to it

before, and a man from the group kindly volunteered to guide us. We climbed up a steep, narrow track which led us over the grass starred with flowers, pimpernel with its vivid, almost gentian blue, little scarlet anemones, wild orchids and hosts of others, a carpet of colour! Through a field of corn, as yet unripe and green, we followed further into the hills, passing little mountain houses which we hoped vainly might be the one we were seeking. Our guide enquired carefully whom we wanted to visit, and when we found that he belonged to the same family, we told him that the mother of Zacia, who had come from our town a few years ago as a bride to these mountains, was the friend whom we wished to see. "That is where she lives," he said at last, and we saw a low white house of good size on a little hill in front of us. As we came near, we were greeted, amid the barking of many dogs, by the master of the house, to whom we explained our errand. A delighted face peeped out

of the door, and we had a rapturous greeting from our little friend, who led us into the house. We were taken into a room opening out of a courtyard, and the greetings from the flock of women who quickly followed us in, were charmingly courteous. The mother-in-law, a dignified, elderly woman with a beautiful face, her two vivacious young daughters, and all the various relations and their children, came to see and to greet the guests. Our little hostess brought her sturdy son of about five to us, and then from the hanging wooden cradle she took her lovely dark-eyed baby girl, who came to our arms without fear, and smiled up into our faces as we sang and talked to the women. Quickly we began to give our Message, for these people are so hospitable we feared they would flutter off like birds to prepare a meal for us. But they listened quietly and eagerly as we told them of the Lord, His love for them, His death and His living again. They had never heard before, and the one girl who did know a little helped us all she could to make them understand. Then others came in, among them an old woman, distaff in hand, a picturesque figure in her straight, thick, crimson garment, its colour a contrast to the pure white wool she was spinning. Another who came was a hunch-backed lad who had been herding cattle on the mountain slopes, and he was pleased to have an Arabic tract, as he had a cousin who could read. He himself, in common with the women and girls, could neither read nor write. One of the women began repeating what we had said to the new comers, and we too were begged to tell and sing again. Then the fluttering began, and in spite of our protests that it was early yet, a little low round wooden table was set before us, a small clean white cloth was spread, and a big platter of cous-cous (semolina specially prepared) was put before us, with a bowl of milk and two wooden spoons. They were so hospitably anxious to give us their very best, and came

running with home-made butter which they had heated, to pour over the cous-cous. When we had finished, or rather, when we had eaten all we could we said we must go, and bade them good-bye amid entreaties to come back again. "Come," they said, "and let us know beforehand, that we may prepare for you; come and stay a night with us, we shall have a room for you." And the stalwart young husband of our friend, his brown face beaming, added his pressing invitation.

As we went away down the hill side we turned and waved to the women and children who stood, a picturesque group, in the rocky doorway of their mountain home, and we wondered when, if ever, we should see them all again.

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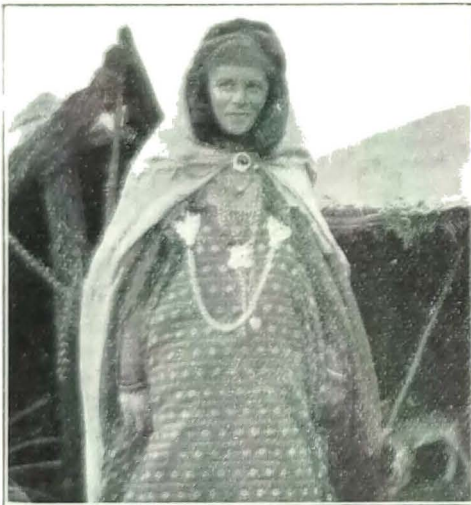
One week later we were far away in the south land, travelling across the Chott, a desolate and barren region where there was once upon a time a salt lake. No fresh greenness met our eyes, though there was beauty of a different kind; wonderful lakes appeared, with mountains reflected in them, lagoons of shining water with palm trees fringing their banks, strange islands and inlets, incredibly real, and yet all a mirage, vanishing away as we came near to them. Quite real, however, were the caravans of laden camels, some carrying household goods, some with women and children perched aloft with a baby lamb or goat to keep them company. Real too were the brown-faced dusty men coming from the harvest fields with their queer narrow sickles in their hands. A turn in the road brought us in sight of M'sila, a town of golden-grey concrete houses and quaint domed shrines. It was market day and the streets were thronged with men, many going home to distant villages, some on mule or camel back, but there were hardly any women to be seen. However, as we turned into a narrow alley

with roughly built, flat-roofed windowless houses on either side. a child smiled and called, a heavy door swung open and a group of women peeped out, looking like brilliant birds in a gloomy cage, with their heavy silver and gold ornaments and their vivid colours. With dark, eager eyes, and hands outstretched in welcome, they appeared by magic at one door after another. We told the Good News as simply as we could to small groups, and their puzzled, wistful eyes gazed at us and they called to others to come and listen.

At one house the children took possession of us, and their loving, eager welcome we shall not soon forget. "Tell us, we don't understand." "Thanks to thee for thy words, they were as pictures."

Shut away in the dark houses of multitudes of desert towns, and in countless villages in the northern mountains, these Arab women and children are waiting, waiting for the sound of the feet of the messenger "that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

M.H.R.



A Woman of the South.

## The Old Fire Pot

A few weeks ago, one of our workers in the suburbs of Algiers was surprised to see before the gate of the Mission House, a clay pot. It was a tiny old red fire-pot for cooking on, but in this one were a few half-burnt feathers and the entrails of a fowl. The native house-girl looked very grave over it and kept her distance saying quietly, "We think that a bad thing to find at *our* doors." Who had placed it there? The girl's manner implied that it was an enemy. But why? And what was the meaning of it all?

The belief in "Jenoon," or evil spirits, has a terrible hold upon the minds of the native population of North Africa. Many obscure maladies are attributed by the Arabs to the evil influence of these malevolent spirits.

When a person falls ill with some strange and baffling disease, therefore, they call in, not a doctor, but a "wise woman." She takes up her position in front of the sick person; the old firepot is placed before her and she mutters some strange incantations over it. A fowl is then killed over the pot and the blood made to flow into it. The feathers and the entrails are then placed in it and the "sacrifice to the spirits" is complete. This pot is then taken out of the sick room and placed in some pathway. They believe that should any unfortunate being kick against the pot, the angry spirits will be appeased and the sickness pass upon the unwary pedestrian. The sick man will recover, but the unsuspecting person who touched the "sacrifice" will sicken and possibly die!

Taking shelter beneath the all-availing blood of Christ from the very possible danger of infection, the missionary wraps the unsavoury little utensil in newspaper and carries it to a nearby rubbish-heap. The natives wonder at her daring and she and her friends pray afterwards that none



of the many ills of the land may suddenly come upon her and prove a stumbling-block to their flickering faith: "Father glorify Thy Name," she asks, for she is teaching them that Christ is Saviour, Conqueror and King. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in high places."

"Precious blood by this we conquer,  
In the thickest fight,  
Sin and Satan overcoming,  
By its might." A.E.T.

## The Secret of the Desert.

Beneath the sand-dunes glowing  
There spreads a crystal floor,  
And living streams are flowing  
Below it evermore.

And though o'er tracts unmeasured  
We wander far and wide,  
The secret of the desert  
Is ever with our Guide.

No magic wand He wieldeth,  
But in His presence sweet,  
The stony desert yieldeth  
Its treasure at His feet.

From "*The Upward Calling.*"  
By Pleasant Hurst.

"The eyes of reason are the eyes of nature; and the eyes of nature cannot see into that which is beyond or above nature. Reason sees from nature to nature. Faith sees from God to God. Reason's eyes divine truth as an infant an egg, namely as all shell. Faith pierces the shell and perceives the bird of Paradise biding its time with folded wings and closed eyes within its house of defence."

DR. PULSFORD.

## Little Sunbeam.

The first time we saw her she came staggering along the garden path too weak even to ask for medicine. When we offered her food she quietly said, "Oh, it's no use to try because for three days I have been too ill to eat," and we found that the state of her throat suggested that she was suffering from diphtheria. We asked her to sit in a nice sunny spot in the garden and after a few minutes' rest she began to take an interest in her surroundings. We took her to a small outside room and nursed her carefully for two days, giving her boiled rice water by spoonfuls and other soothing things, so that at the end of that time she began to eat.

At night we used to give her money for a lodging in the town, but after some days we both had an impression as from the Lord that we should take her in altogether, and so she came to stay and it was then that we heard her story in full.

"My father," she said, "was a Taleb (writer) and kept a shop. He was very kind to me and often gave me sweets from his shop, but one day he died. He left me some property but people stole it from me and one day, when all the women of our village went to visit the great Marzabout and took me with them, they would not let me go back to my home, but said, 'Go off to the town (which was twelve miles away) and earn your own living.' I was very, very weak, but leaning on a stick I set off walking slowly, slowly, till at last I arrived at the town. There I found my sister and stayed with her until she died. After that I got some work, but soon lost it through illness and when the Authorities took all the beggars of the town and put them in prison, I was taken with them. For three days we were kept in prison, and because I was little and weak and could not fight for my share of the bread that was doled out, I had to go hungry. After

coming out of prison I was in hiding for some time, then a Jewish woman gave me work in looking after her children, but I was too weak to carry the baby about and so she too sent me away. I had not even money to pay for a night's lodging, and so had to sleep every night under a tree in the market place. People often gave me bits of coal and I kept a fire alight in a little tin box and so kept alive, for it was very cold. Then someone told me about you and I came and now I am happy."

Poor little girl, for some weeks we were not sure whether she would pull through and each morning were almost afraid to open the door of her room lest we should find her dead. One day when our house-girl did not come, "Little Sunbeam" offered to help instead and proved a willing and capable worker. This seemed to give her something to live for and she gradually grew stronger. She also learned to do sewing and embroidery and even made progress in learning to read, but best of all her heart opened to the love of her Saviour. She threw in her lot with us and refused to keep the Mohammedan Fast and feasts though urged to do so by those who knew her in the town.

Some time after, a terrible calamity seemed to descend upon us, for she became blind. The doctor was consulted and said that although she might temporarily recover partial sight, she would most certainly be permanently blind in two or three years. Here again faith triumphed and she began to learn to do her daily work in spite of her blindness. Then a wonderful thing happened. After prayer, in which she joined us, and simple treatment, sight began to return and soon she was able to see again. She always attributed this recovery to the healing touch of the Saviour and she loved to look at a picture someone gave her of Christ touching the eyes of the two blind men. "Just like me," she would say, with such a loving

trustful expression in her face. She began to help us in a small way in the classes, being a useful monitress to keep the tiny ones in order. She loved the classes and learning to sing beautiful hymns, and best of all, the time of evening prayer, we held in Arabic for her special benefit.

A great event in her life was when we brought her with us to Algiers for the Summer, hoping if possible to get further treatment for her eyes. Everything was new and wonderful to the little desert child. The figures in the shop-windows looked so realistic; "Why are they looking at me like that?" she asked in bewilderment. What a thrill to ride in a tram; she had never dreamed of such strange vehicles; and indoors, to press a button and get a light was just too wonderful for words. In the big house at headquarters she became an invaluable helper, adapting herself quickly to the new mode of life. Here she found other native Christians and so her faith and love were deepened.

Now the dark shadow that falls on nearly every little Arab girl has begun to descend. Her uncle is making enquiries about her, wishing to marry her to a cousin in that far-away village. She needs our prayers.

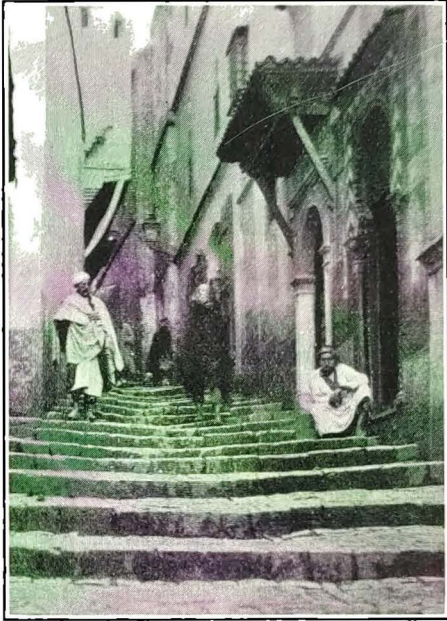
A.Mc. I.



"You do not know the difference it makes to take out all other causes and only see God in everything. Even if a person is in a bad temper and says hard things, it is God to you although it is sin to the person who does it. 'The Cup which my Father has given me shall I not drink it?' Why, you say, it was Judas who gave the cup. Yes, it was Judas, but the Lord never said, 'The cup which Judas hath given me.' To Jesus it was God the Father who gave the cup."

Mrs. PENN LEWIS.

## “To-day We Sailed On”



A typical Street in Algiers.

The story of Dar el Fedjr during the past few months, might well be summed up in the words of Christopher Columbus which we have taken for our title. On his adventurous voyage to discover new worlds, there were for Columbus many uneventful days when nothing of note could be recorded, when on the horizon neither sail nor land appeared. He then entered into the ship's logbook the words that express so truly the doings of the Men's Hostel, "To-day we sailed on." It was a record, not of attainment and achievement, but of faith, progress and perseverance.

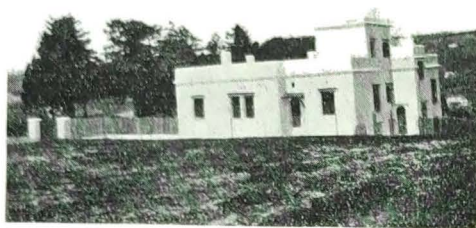
There are still before us, both far and near, new worlds to conquer. We think to-day of the world of boy life. To us in many ways it is still unconquered territory.

North Africa has witnessed in the past, long and patient sowing among the boys. Year after year the missionaries have steadily continued, undaunted by storms of opposition, undismayed by the lack of great results. Recently as the prayer requests have recorded, there has been on the part of all our workers, a deep yearning and longing that "boy-land" shall be won for Christ. It is, that "this land" may be reached, this longing fulfilled, that those at present in the hostel are seeking equipment through weary days of language study, with their enforced dumbness, when nothing exciting occurs to break the monotonous, though necessary, time of preparation. These days can only be recorded in such words as, "To-day we sailed on." In the city below us "boy-land" is still to a large extent untouched. Monsieur Pierre Nicoud, accompanied by Mr. Wigg and Mr. Barrow, has sought week by week to gather together boys at Beit Naama. Here as elsewhere, the work has been difficult and trying. The present accommodation is quite inadequate for effectual work and the desire is that a larger place may be found, not only to reach new boys but again to come in contact with many who, in past days, received at Rue de Croissant loving and faithful teaching. As yet there is nothing in sight, but meanwhile, in steady and regular application, it is, "To-day we sailed on."

There remains yet a vast region untouched by Christian literature and the problems of wise and effectual distribution are not entirely solved. This season the book shop in the Arab town has been re-opened and the duties connected with it have been shared by the four men at Headquarters. For the most part, the days have been quiet and no other record could be given than this, "To-day we went to the book depôt."

There are exceptions ; and we remember one day in particular. An illuminated text in Arabic attracted the attention of a passer-by. He was a well-educated Arab and keenly interested in Arabic literature. Examining a copy of the Bird Book (a book published in simple Arabic for children, written and illustrated by Miss Trotter), he said, "Sir, this is wonderful. There is nothing like this in Islamic literature. The Moslem press does not yet recognise the importance of books in clear, simple language, suitable for young minds." A few weeks later this same man called again. This time his interest was aroused by a copy of "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." The printing, the clearness of the type and the general appearance of the book called forth his warm praise. Then he examined the contents and exclaimed, "This is a Sufi book, I must read this. I have no interest in orthodox Islam, but Sufism has always appealed to me and I would confess that I have already read the New Testament. Only one part of it moved me in any way, all the rest seemed to me unintelligible. That part was the Gospel of St. John. I have always felt drawn to those mystical sayings of Jesus Christ concerning the light, the way, the truth, the life." The conversation was interrupted but he left the depôt a happy possessor of a copy of "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." As he reads this book we would continue in prayer that he may find and follow the "true light."

A book shop is a lighthouse for those in the immediate vicinity and for the passers-by. If we are to reach new regions we must go further afield with the help of the car. At present we are confined to the surrounding villages and markets, and because of the few Arabs who can read, often the log must be "To-day we sailed on." Colportage on the plain has already begun. The results have not been



The Men's Hostel.

great for the reason stated, but compared with the first time this district was visited the sales have multiplied ten-fold. I remember how at one market a few years back my sale amounted to just one half-penny; on my second visit to slightly more, but the third time the Arabs clamoured around me for books and I was sold out.

The "new country," for which we are daily seeking preparation, is the land of sand and sunshine. The desert is in many ways a "new country." There, the percentage of readers is high, there, in many places, Christian literature has not yet penetrated, therefore we make these untouched regions our objective. As we set forth we shall not go empty-handed, we shall carry a large supply of Christian literature for the educated Moslem, with a quantity of attractive booklets and pictures for the semi-literates and an ample supply of Gospels and Bibles for all classes, thanks to the generosity of a friend through the Scripture Gift Mission. Will you pray that the seed may find ready entrance, that many hearts may receive, not only the written word, but the Word Incarnate.

For all the needs-be monotony of daily sailing that shall bring us in God's due time to the new country, we desire your earnest prayers that "we faint not."

A. E. T.

## Fishers of Men.

Line fishing, with its study of the ways and the likings of the particular fish in view, is at present the means for winning souls from the Moslem world to Christ. We believe that the net fishing with its wide sweep of ingathering is yet to come. The day at present is for individual dealing.

As we study the Moslem with his fear-bound nature, we see how a book, or a tract, that he can read and re-read silently, has far more chance than the spoken message to which he listens with that paralyzing subconsciousness of being watched and suspected by the neighbour alongside. The printed page in his possession has a fair field. This is true the whole Moslem world over, but as every angler knows it is not only the question of where to catch your special fish, but how to catch him; and these human souls have probably as many leading characteristics as the lands that gave them birth. Certainly here in North Africa, the tastes to be studied in the literature direction are very well defined. We do not speak of the coast cities with their smattering of French, or of the few inland collegiate towns with their native colleges, or of the southern districts where the native schools are plentiful and where books in Egyptian Arabic are well understood. We speak of the great stretches of plain and plateau, mountain and valley, where at best the readers can only be called semi-literate. For them we have to prepare first, the bait of the story, second, the bait of colour, and third, the bait of the picture.

To begin with the bait of the *story*, it must be full of incidents applicable to Arab life. Ali's and Hassan's adventures and reflections must be just such as might occur to any living Ali or Hassan. It is

by stories that we need to reach the imaginative but illiterate dwellers in the villages, or the nomad tribes; stories with a moral such as shall make them think of their own lives, their own fears and hopes. With these people, living so near to nature but with a long history behind them, it is indeed a pleasure to see how quickly they grasp the thought of a parable or story and are ready to apply it to themselves. It was to meet such that we published our first tracts, in large written characters and of a very simple nature, which yet have been blessed and used by God, who uses the weak things of the world.

A worker recalls that in the early days, in talking with an intelligent blind Arab, to whom she had carefully explained the parable of the sower, she said, "And now Mohammed, much good seed has been sown in your heart, what is the fruit God looks for?" Without a moment's hesitation he answered gravely, "Dates." "Oh, Mohammed you have not understood," and the disappointed worker was going to repeat the explanation of the parable, when he said, "No, lady, it is you who have not understood. What fruit in all the world is so good as dates, and so God looks in our hearts for the best fruit."

With regard to *colour*, illiterate as our readers may be, we must make no mistake in describing the surroundings, or in placing the incidents of the story. With wonderful quickness they see any weak spot or incongruity, so that however simple the tale may be, great care has to be taken in all the details. One story, interesting enough in itself, was rejected by them because in these days of telegraph, the news of some catastrophe to a large town would certainly have travelled much faster than was represented. The same

precaution has to be observed with regard to the pictures selected and for this reason we have often found it better to illustrate by sketches taken in the country than by those which would represent Arab life in other lands, with some slight difference possibly, of costume or physiognomy. In North Africa most of the unspoilt native towns have a costume of their own, reference to which would make a story more vivid. So, knowing that we are surrounded by pitfalls, our simplest tracts have been prepared with great care, and in not a few cases God has used them to waken questions of far-reaching spiritual importance in the minds of the readers. Thus we have tried by printed page, as well as by spoken word, to be true fishers of men.

We realise that there is a great variety of minds with which we have to deal. Recently in a town at some distance from

Algiers, an Arab teacher was greatly struck by a tract representing the faith of Christ from a strictly philosophical point of view, while almost at the same time, a teacher, equally learned, in another town, was exceedingly struck by the very simplest of our books written for quite young children. Thus, in tract distribution, as in any other kind of work, we need to trust God's guidance, beyond all that we know—but never beyond His knowledge to whom the hearts of all men are open—praying that He will direct the giver and prepare the recipient.

Although against all Moslem ideas, *pictures* are becoming very welcome additions to our tracts. In olden times, the representation of anything living was forbidden to the extent that in order to avoid a scandal, when some painted doves, the work of a Christian slave, were found on the

wall of a mosque, they had to be represented as flying with their throats cut. Of late years this view of the matter has entirely disappeared, and the Arab's love of colour makes him welcome pictures or magic lantern slides. Indeed in the latter our workers find very helpful auxiliaries.

So committing all to Him we go forward, using as He guides, the printed page in very varying forms, to awaken the minds and hearts of those who dwell in the thick darkness of Islam.



Where our Colporteurs have passed.

## The Month of Ramadhan.

FROM THE MOSLEM POINT OF VIEW.

The month of Ramadhan through which we have just passed, with its fasting by day and its feasting by night, is one of the five pillars of the Moslem religion. During its course occurs the "Night of Power" in which the Koran came down from Heaven. On this night, the exact date of which was only revealed to Mohammed and some of the "Companions," the whole animal and vegetable kingdom bow in adoration before Allah and the waters of the sea become sweet in a moment of time. Throughout the month the gates of Paradise are open, the gates of hell are shut, the devils are chained by the leg, and only those who observe this fast will be permitted to enter the gate of Heaven called Raiyan. Those who observe it faithfully will be pardoned all their past venial sins.

Ramadhan must be observed by all Moslems, except travellers on a journey of more than three days, and sick people; both these classes are to fast an equal number of days so soon as they are able. Very young children are of course exempt; older children are gradually accustomed to the observance beginning with half a day's fast every third day, then every second day, then every day, then a whole day's fast at ever shortening intervals until at last, to their great pride and suffering, they are allowed to keep the fast as their parents do.

The rules to be observed during this month are set forth in the second Surah (chapter) of the Koran: "O believers, a Fast is prescribed to you as it was prescribed to those before you, that ye may fear God for certain days. But he among you who shall be sick or on a journey, shall fast that same number of other days; and as for those who are able to keep it and yet break it, the expiation of this shall be the

maintenance of a poor man. And he who of his own accord performeth a good work, shall derive good from it: and good shall it be for you to fast—if ye knew it. As to the month Ramadhan in which the Koran was sent down to be man's guidance, and an explanation of that guidance, and of that illumination, as soon as any one of you observeth the moon, let him set about the fast, but he who is sick or upon a journey shall fast a like number of other days." With regard to the night time, the chapter continues, "Eat and drink until ye can discern a white thread from a black thread by the daybreak; then fast strictly till night."

When the month of Ramadhan falls in the summer, the sufferings of the people are really great and in the desert men have been known to go out of their minds from the torture of the great thirst. At such times it is very pitiful to see the water-carriers with perhaps over-flowing pitchers on their heads, their parched lips firmly set that no drop of the forbidden solace may enter their mouths. Indeed an offering to an unknown God!

F. H. F.

—◆◆—

"Good works are cheap in Moslem count. We have been gravely told that if a man plants a fig-tree and gives its yield to the needy, every seed of every fig will stand on the right side of the reckoning in the Day of Account. Furthermore be it noted that it is a generally accepted article of faith that one good deed scores out ten bad ones. So theoretically, there is not much to fear concerning the Judgment Seat; and yet with all this, there is probably not a Moslem whose heart of hearts does not dread that hour."

I. L. TROTTER

## Home Notes.

The Deputation Secretary has, during this quarter, been able to visit Scotland and Ireland, where our friends of the Faith Mission have again rendered invaluable service in arranging meetings. Pastor Findlay of St. George's Cross Tabernacle, Glasgow, though unfortunately himself laid aside by illness, gave opportunities of telling of the work both there and at Quarrier's Homes, Bridge of Weir, places where any worker on faith lines will find fresh encouragement and inspiration. On the way to and from the West of Scotland, the groups at Darlington and Carlisle were visited. In Ireland, new ground was broken in Dublin, where Captain Wallis of the Y.M.C.A., arranged a lantern meeting; and the Deputation Secretary was encouraged, as last year, by the gatherings at the Faith Mission Monthly Conference in Belfast and at Ballymena, and was glad to re-visit Bessbrook and Monaghan. In Edinburgh and district the meetings were chiefly among groups who already knew something of the Band through previous visits of workers, though a drawing-room meeting arranged by Miss Moody Stuart in Edinburgh, was principally of those to whom the work was new. Other meetings, apart from this tour, were held at Streatham, Ipswich (Rope Walk Chapel), Bury St. Edmund's, Barking Tye, Tonbridge, Heathfield and Reigate. For all these opportunities we are very grateful and we would ask your prayers that the seed sown in the Home Field may grow up and flourish to the glory of His Name and the advancement of His cause in North Africa.

One of Miss Trotter's early diaries has been lost since the meeting held last September, at Eccleston Hall. It is needed by the one who is writing her life and any information about it will be welcomed if sent to 38, Outram Road, Croydon.

On the opposite page will be found a list of Books and Booklets bearing on the work which may be obtained from the Secretary, 38 Outram Road, Croydon, or 62, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich. In this connection we may mention that within the next month or so we hope to have ready a new book by Miss Trotter, with illustrations in colour from her drawings, entitled "Between the Desert and the Sea." The price of the book will be 6s. post 6d.

In response to numerous enquiries there has been published in booklet form the series of articles by Miss Trotter entitled "A Thirsty Land and God's Channels," which appeared in the Magazine. This booklet may be obtained for 2d., post ½d., or 2s. per doz., post free.

The Liverpool Committee of the Africa Missionary Fellowship ask us to announce their intention of holding a Day of Prayer in the Common Hall, Hackins Hey, Liverpool, on 11th May, and friends in the district will perhaps note this date.



"We shall not travel by the road we make,  
Ere, day by day the sound of many feet  
Is heard along the stones that now we  
break,  
We shall be come to where the cross-  
roads meet.

For them the shade of trees that now we  
plant,  
The safe, smooth journey and the final  
goal,  
Yea, birthright in the land of covenant—  
For us day labour, travail of soul.

And yet, the road is ours as never theirs.  
Is not one joy on us alone bestowed?  
For us the master joy, oh, pioneers,—  
We shall not travel, but we make the  
road."

FRIEDLANDER.



## Recent Publications for Arab Readers.

1. Twelve beautiful pictures of the Prodigal Son, drawn by Miss Elsie Anna Wood, of Cairo, have just been issued as a good-sized booklet (A.M.B.). The explanatory Bible words are printed in Arabic (colloquial) and French, respectively above and below each picture, with three supplementary verses on the last page. In such a setting the parable makes a great appeal, not only to readers but to the illiterate also.

2. Three drawings of the infancy of Moses, also by Miss Elsie Anna Wood, have been published by the A.M.B. as a folder, or wall-sheet, with verses in French descriptive of each. These pictures and their message, go to the women's hearts, and a book with the whole set of twelve pictures is being prepared.

3. A booklet on the "Wordless Book," with hymns and verses explanatory of the four pages, black, red, white and gold, has been prepared by Miss Watling and issued by the A.M.B. in colloquial Arabic.

Lantern slides have been made from sets of Miss Wood's pictures and will be a great help in the work.

A set of drawings on the Passover, which owe their inspiration to Miss Trotter, and for which she arranged the wording, will, we hope, be published shortly by the A.M.B.

### Recent Books and Booklets.

*Bearing on the Work in North Africa.*

- "Thamilla." A story of the mountains of Algeria. By M. Ferdinand Duchêne. 7s. Postage 6d.
- "The Land of the Vanished Church." A survey of North Africa. By J. J. Cooksey (World Dominion Press). 2s. Postage 3d.
- "Islam and Its Need." A concise book for study circles. By Dr. W. Norman Leak, M.A. 6d., Postage 1d.

"A South Land," with coloured plate. By I. Lilius Trotter. 2d. Postage ½d. The "Outlook" series. Written by Members of the Band. 1d. Postage ½d. 8s. per 100, post free.

"Now, are they Black?"

"A Province of Barbary."

"The Problem of Moslem Boys."

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

"A Thirsty Land and God's Channels."

By I. Lilius Trotter. Reprinted from the Magazine. 2d., postage ½d. 2s. per doz., post free.

*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" (Peril of Hasheesh and the Way of Deliverance).

By A. E. Theobald, 3d. Postage 1d.

A New Edition of "Parable Stories." By I. Lilius Trotter. Illustrated. 1d. each. Postage ½d. 8s. per 100, post free.

"The Weaving of Said the Silk Weaver."

"The River that Rose."

"The Lost Ones in the Sahara."

"The Bedouin and His Camel."

"The Story of the Nightingale."

"The Debt of Ali Ben Omar."

"Naseefa the Slave Girl."

"The Letter that came from a Far Country."

"The Robe of Er Rashid."

"The Stream and the Source."

*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, or 62, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich.

## Requests for Praise and Prayer.

### Praise.

For God's presence and blessing on our New Year's gathering.

For abundant answer to prayer on behalf of the workers in the South. At Toga there is a much more friendly and open spirit than was experienced last year, and the boys come in little groups and listen well. At Oued Souf, Kouinine and other oases, the missionaries are allowed to teach and colport in all freedom and their visitors are many; some to argue, but

many to listen, and nearly all are willing to receive books and tracts. Meetings for men and boys are held on the sand dunes.

For the re-opening of the book-depot at Tozeur and for the courage and faithfulness of the lad in charge.

For strength and guidance given to the Deputation Secretary in the work of the past quarter, and for the new interest awakened in many places.

### Prayer.

For colportage work now being carried on in villages and towns in the neighbourhood of Algiers.

That the French ban on the sale of Christian literature on the Moroccan border may be lifted before our plans for advance in this area mature, and that the

hindrance may not spread to other districts in the South, where recently we have had such wonderful openings.

For those who have received literature in the South lands and elsewhere; that God's truth may reach their hearts.



I have often felt that there is a danger that this spirit of lethargy around us should steal into our own souls. How frequent in the earthly war-news comes the short sentence with all it means of uttermost strenuousness—"They reached the objective assigned them by the given time." Have we? The reaching a given point in the heavenly warfare *by a given time* must come as surely into the plans of the Captain of the Hosts of the Lord as into

the plans of the human commanders, and yet we let ourselves go slack, as if anything, any time, will do, so long as we are fairly faithful to the outline of our orders. As never before, for this Winter's work, with the "last hour" closing in, we need the grace of intensity. Pray for us that it may be ours.

I.L.T.

(From a War-time Journal.)

## Location of Workers, 1927-28.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.	BLIDA.	COLEA.
1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).	1909. Miss F. K. CURRIE.	1920. Mr. & Mrs. H. W.
1919 & 1922. Mons. & Mme.	1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE.	TOLGA. [BUCKENHAM.
PIERRE NICOU D.	RELIZANE.	1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).
1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.	1907. Miss RIDLEY.	TLEM CEN.
1920. Miss A. KEMP.	1926. Miss RUSSELL.	1916. Miss K. BUTLER.
1927. Miss JOHNSTON	MILIANA.	1927. Miss D. GRAHAM.
1927. Miss C. CROSS, M.H.	1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.	DELLYS.
1928. EDWIN WIGG (at language	1926. Miss D. RICHARDSON.	1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.
[study].	MASCARA.	1922. Miss I. SHEACH.
1928. H. T. BARROW (Do.)	1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.	BOU-SAADA.
1928. Miss G. BLACKHAM, M.H.	1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.	1909. Miss A. McILROY.
	TOZEUR.	1919. Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ.
	1920. Miss V. WOOD.	SIDI BEL ABBES.
BELCOURT, ALGIERS.	MOSTAGANEM.	1912. SENOR & SENORA SOLER
1909. Miss M. WATLING.	1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.	(evangelist).

S.S. = Short Service.      M.H. = Mission Helper.

### ENGLAND.

### Local Representatives:

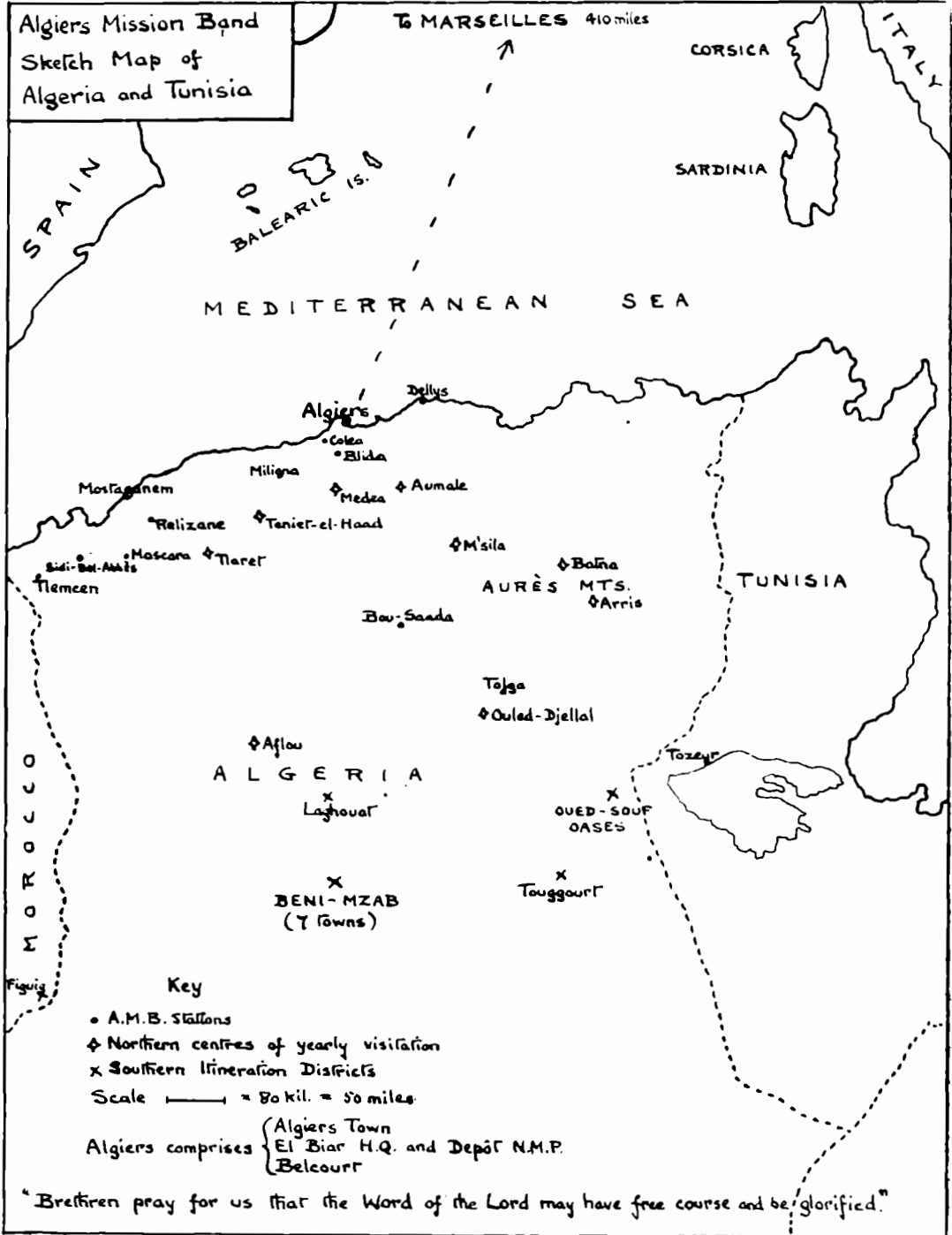
ALL NATIONS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—Mr. Francis Ewing, A.N.B.C., Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.  
 BARKING TYE.—Mr. P. J. Butler, Barking Hill, Needham Market.  
 BEXHILL.—Mrs. Brownrigg, Gorse Cottage, Terminus Road.  
 BOURNEMOUTH (Longham and East Howe).—Mr. H. J. Wigg, Longham, Wimborne.  
 BOURNEMOUTH (Winton).—Pastor W. G. Stalley, "Kurichee," Norton Road.  
 BIRKENHEAD (Emmanuel).—Mrs. J. D. Drysdale, Emmanuel Training Home, 1, Palm Grove.  
 BRIGHTON.—Miss E. Bullen, 14, Clifton Terrace.  
 BROCKLEY, S.E.4 (Girls of the Realm Club).—Miss L. E. Brittle, 31, Wickham Road.  
 BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—Mr. P. F. Quant, 49, Abbeygate Street.  
 CARLISLE (Willow Holme).—Mr. T. Child, 11, Ferguson Road, Longsowerby, Carlisle.  
 CRAWLEY.—Miss M. J. Cheal, The Nurseries.  
 DARLINGTON (Pierremont Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.  
 EASTBOURNE.—Miss C. Firmin, "Dale View," Willingdon, Eastbourne.  
 ILFORD.—Mr. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.  
 IPSWICH (C.A.W.G.).—Miss Challin, C.A.W.G., Bolton Lane.  
 ISLINGTON MEDICAL MISSION.—Miss Day, Britannia Row, Essex Road, N.1.  
 LEEDS.—Miss J. Falconer, Calverley House, near Leeds.  
 LEWES.—Miss Lee, "Cobury," 20 Prince Edward Road.  
 LEXDEN.—Miss G. WAYRE, 12, Straight Road, Lexden, Colchester.  
 MANCHESTER (New Bank Street Mission).—Miss E. McDiarmid, 84, Birch Street, West Gorton.  
 NEW CROSS.—Miss D. M. Appleby, 3, Arbuthnot Road, New Cross, S.E.  
 NINE ELMS (St. James' Mission).—Mr. C. H. How, 204, Stewart's Road, Clapham, S.W.8.  
 NORWICH.—Miss E. M. Hinde, 6, Town Close Road.  
 OLD HILL (Staffs.).—Miss R. Lamb, 34, Church Street.  
 PURLEY (Baptist Ch. C. E.).—Mr. J. C. Dinnage, "Ventnor," Whytecliffe Road.  
 SAFFRON WALDEN.—Miss E. Midgley, "Larchmount."  
 SCARBOROUGH (C.A.W.G.)—Miss Yelland  
 SIDCUP.—Col. Russell, "Rosslyn."  
 SOUTHPORT (Y.W.C.A.)—Miss Pennington, Lord Street.  
 ST. IVES (Hunts).—Miss F. Stuttle, Thorpe House, Station Road.  
 STRATFORD (Conference Hall).—Mrs. L. H. Nott, The Cottage, Water Lane, Stratford, E.  
 THORNTON HEATH.—Mr. C. J. Ford, 13, Heath View Road.  
 WELLINGBOROUGH.—Miss W. Purser, 23, Hill Street.  
 WEST SUFFOLK.—Mrs. Ed. Johuston, Campfield, Gt. Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.  
 WOODBRIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.  
 WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, White Lodge, Mill Road.

### SCOTLAND.

DUNFERMLINE.—Miss J. M. Swanson, 97, High Street.  
 DYSART.—Mrs. Muir, "Ansford," Dysart, Fifeshire.  
 FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—Miss I. R. Govan, 18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.  
 GLASGOW.—Mrs. D. J. Findlay, The Tabernacle, 54, Maryhill Road.

### IRELAND.

BALLYMENA.—Miss Harper, c o Mr. W. Millar, "Hebron," Ballymoney Road.  
 BESSBROOK.—Miss R. Bailie, Woodside Cottage.  
 CO. MONAGHAN.—Mr. P. McMinn, The Diamond, Monaghan.



Algiers Mission Band  
 Sketch Map of  
 Algeria and Tunisia

TO MARSEILLES 410 miles

CORSICA  
 ITALY  
 SARDINIA

MEDITERRANEAN SEA

SPAIN

BALEARIC IS.

Algiers

Dellys

Colza

Blida

Miligna

Medea

Aumale

Mostaganem

Relizane

Tanier-el-Haad

Sidi-Bel-Abbes

Mascara

Taret

Tlemcen

M'sila

Batna

AURÈS MTS.  
 Arris

TUNISIA

Bou-Saada

Toggia

Ouled-Djellal

Aflou

ALGERIA

Laghvat

Tozeur

QUED-SOUF  
 OASES

BENI-MZAB  
 (7 towns)

Touggourt

MOROCCO

Key

- A.M.B. Stations
- ◊ Northern centres of yearly visitation
- x Southern Itineration Districts
- Scale ——— = 50 miles

Algiers comprises {  
 Algiers Town  
 El Biar H.Q. and Depot N.M.P.  
 Belcourt

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