

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALFRED W. HILL  
EDITOR

# Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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**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.



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## Calling Down and Calling Upwards.

We were having a children's camp. It was a very small one but it was a newly opening bud of promise—a dozen native girls, Arab and Kabyle, lent to us for a week in the country out of the city slums. The house mother was a Kabyle woman, whose heart God had opened, and with her had come her old half-blind husband, half blind in body and more than half blind in soul, and her two daughters, the younger of the two, Melha by name, a tiny creature just able to talk.

The week had come almost to its last day and the children had trooped into their quarters for the evening meal, garlanded with the few wild flowers that stand our summer heat, and echoing the shrill "You, you, you" which is their expression of all exuberant joy. As silence fell, Melha stood a minute before one of the pictures on the wall; it showed our Lord drawing the little child to His side. "Oh, father," she called, "look at our Lord Jesus." "I have no eyes, O my daughter, I cannot see," was the answer from the huddled heap in the corner. The baby thing was silent a moment, then she raised her face to the pictured face above her. "O, our Lord Jesus, look at father," came the words.

Was there not in them a touch of the

revelation that is hidden from the wise and prudent? They brought to their hearts the sense that He was in the room; and once more He had taken a child and set it in the midst to be our teacher.

"Look at our Lord Jesus." That is the burden of our message in Moslem lands. He is hidden from them; His work as Mediator usurped by a man with the worst faults of an Eastern race. How few of those to whom we give the call, turn to Him their dim eyes and groping hands. How many ignore Him in blind scorn. You in the homelands can give the other call. You can cry, "O, our Lord Jesus, look on Islam." It is the time for you to send this message up to heaven, while we pass on ours on earth. For it is the day of Islam's opportunity. Never before has there been so much faith and effort stirring on its behalf; never before has it quivered into motion under that joint attack. The outward movement towards liberty in Turkey and Persia, and the inward resistance of Pan Islam in India and Egypt tell the same tale, but the inertness of the Moslem attitude is a thing of the past. We have prophesied to the bones, to use Ezekiel's figure, and a shaking has begun; in some places we



"Oh, Our Lord Jesus, look at Father."

trace even the semblance of life that followed the shaking in the vision. In every station there are souls upon whom we gaze, wondering whether the quickening has begun or not; but taking "en masse" these doubtful cases, "there is no breath in them" as yet; no great spirit stirring such as has visited other lands, has awakened hitherto in the Moslem countries.

Is it not time to look up at the heavens, instead of down on the poor dead souls? To look up with the other cry, "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." What would bring, in the world of nature, the vortex into which four winds would meet? Nothing but a huge vacuum would have the drawing power. So just because of the vast need of Islam, let us send up the

prayer of faith that God will intervene with a tornado of blessing, loosed from the four winds in mighty energy, yet by the time it reaches the dead souls, just breathing into them the breath of life, till they rise and stand for Him.

We are sending the call downwards, and so we begin to see the shaking. Will you send it upwards till we hear the wind? We are saying, "O Islam, look on our Lord Jesus." Will you cry, "O our Lord Jesus, look on Islam." And will you go on crying till you at home, and we far away, can rejoice together over a new host, with new powers of fighting the Lord's battles, arising from the dust of death throughout the Moslem world, "an exceeding great army?"

I.L.T.

## Notes of an Address Given by the Late Dr. Chas. Inwood at an A.M.B. Conference.

"The government shall be upon His shoulder" (Is. 9. 6).

I believe that God the Father has placed upon the shoulder of Jesus Christ the government of all created existence of life and being. First of all the Father has placed upon His shoulder the government of the physical universe. We can see something like six thousand stars and planets with the naked eye. With the aid of the telescope we see so many millions. Lord Kelvin expressed it as his belief that there are a thousand million worlds in space; there may be more, but we do know that all physical forces, known and unknown, all worlds discovered and undiscovered, are subject to Him. That is the secret of their continuity and of their stability. "Upholding all things by the Word of His Power" (Heb. 1. 3).

Then we are taught that the providential government of the world has been placed by the Father on the shoulder of Jesus Christ. Mind and will, the breath, the life and the death of nations, the ebb and flow in human thought, strikes, revolutions, wars, all the most wild and reckless forces of the human race are subject to Him. Thus far can they go and no farther. The Divine voice is speaking through history; the Divine purpose is being accomplished. Nothing is put into peril by the devil, because Jesus Christ the Son of God reigns. Notwithstanding all the contradictions, all appearances, *the devil is not king in this world, Jesus Christ reigns*; a thought so full of comfort to some of us in view of the terrific problems of our own times.

¶ On the same shoulder God placed another and a heavier burden, for Jesus Christ was made a curse for us. "He laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "Our God in the day of His anger did lay our sins on the Lamb and He bore them away."

Supposing there are a thousand million worlds in space, the weight of them never extracted a groan from our Lord, but this burden did. Under this burden He staggered and fainted. This burden crushed and broke His heart. The bearing of it extracted from Him what is the most bitter and most mysterious cry that ever broke the silence, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" There is a verse in Revelation that teaches that even His glorified body bears the marks of carrying this burden.

The same God who has placed upon the shoulder of Jesus Christ the government of the physical universe and the providential government of the world, and the great burden of the world's curse, asks and desires that you and I should place on the same shoulder the government of our personal life. We need to do that no matter to what stage of grace we have attained. There are traitorous forces slumbering around which you yourself will never be able to reduce to law and order. Some of you cannot control your temper, thoughts, desires. No, you cannot govern yourself, and at what terrible cost some of us have learnt that lesson. You have not learnt the A.B.C. of the Christian life till you have learnt, no matter how strong your will, that you as a Christian cannot govern yourself, *but Jesus can*. He possesses all the wisdom, all the knowledge, all the holiness, all the authority, all the grace and all the power. To come under the sphere of that government, involves that the whole man, body, soul and spirit, passions, desires, everything that goes to make up the composite personality of your whole, must be brought under His subjection.

Some of you know I travel a great deal. I am much more often in other people's

homes than in my own, and in one interesting particular I have noticed a great variety in the homes in which I am temporarily a guest. As soon as I arrive I am shown to my bedroom. I begin to unpack. Sometimes I see a chest of drawers and a wardrobe. I go to the chest of drawers and find all locked except one. I go to the wardrobe and find that locked; or I find wardrobe and chest of drawers there, all unlocked but only one drawer empty, all the others full of other people's clothes. At other times I find a wardrobe and chest of drawers all empty and all unlocked. Sometimes I get two rooms instead of one. Once, when my health broke down, a friend of mine in Belfast came to me and said, "Mr. Inwood, I have a very beautiful house in Bangor. Now I want you to have it and to use the whole house. There are servants and plenty of coal, here are the keys." This throws a sidelight on the way the Lord's people treat Him. Some give Him a portion but reserve the rest. Some in going to conventions open a fresh drawer or two, but that is not enough. The keys handed over to Him, He takes and makes full use of every room. That is placing the government on His shoulders, *the government of the whole life*, and every relation of life, to society, to church, to country, to other countries. Every plan of life, every detail of life He will govern if you let Him, and as surely as you do that you will meet Him in those little details day by day, and you will bow your head in wonder and rapture.

Government means control. He is the final court of appeal and you simply refer everything to Him. It means first that you will be loyal to His government, next that you will be restful in that government, and then that you will be joyful in that government. "You will never know the largest spiritual freedom until you put the government on His shoulder."

## Editorial.

With this new number we begin the third year of "A Thirsty Land" (dear subscribers please note!) and we would take this opportunity to thank all those who have so kindly helped to make known through its pages some of the needs of this land of "thirsty hearts." As we look back, even through the short two years, we cannot but wonder at the unlocking of so many doors that in past times seemed hopelessly shut against Light and Life. To all the dear friends at home whose faithful prayers have so truly helped to open the way, we would return heartfelt thanks.

Looking still further back, through the forty years of itinerating work, we can but render praise to Him who has kept each member of the Band from all accident and in all moments of danger. Some such moments there have been, but the sheltering care of our Heavenly Father has never failed. Train, omnibus, auto, carriage, camel-back, mule-back or foot, among crowds, along precipices, in brigand-haunted desert, through stretches of wild and absolutely lonely country, once stoned, many times threatened with savage dogs, God's servants have passed uninjured and often times have been very conscious of the overshadowing.

The memory comes of the first time we ventured into the real desert. To reach the oasis that was to be our starting point required a long day's drive, and Miss Trotter feared that the carriage we hired might be too comfortable and un-apostolic, but when the ramshackle little vehicle appeared with its principal parts tied up with twine, she was satisfied, and without mishap we arrived at Touggourt where camels and a rather wild little mule awaited us. It was Good Friday when we started across the desert, and as Miss Trotter, seated on her camel, read from the 53rd

of Isaiah and spoke of our Lord to the Arabs accompanying us, they said, "These are wonderful words, why has no one told us of them before?" "Oh," suggested one, "the land of Palestine is very far off." "Yes," they all chorused, "the land of Palestine is very far off."

Was *that* the reason?



"Therefore though few may praise or help or heed us,  
Let us work on with head, or heart, or hand.  
For we know the future ages need us;  
And we must help our time to take its stand."

R. A. VAUGHAN.

\* \* \*

"I must headlong into seas of toil,  
leap far and from self, and spend my soul on others."

C. KINGSLEY.



## The Other Side.

One day we were talking to a group of women in a desert town when the husband of one of them came in. He was an old man, with a thin earnest face. He plunged instantly into the mazes of Moslem tradition and tried with touching earnestness to convict us of our danger. "You will see it when the last day comes," he said. "In the day of account you will see Mohammed stand and with him the multitudes of those who have followed him but those who have disobeyed him and done evil will be in the hell of fire. And the Jews and the Christians will say to him, "All these people who have trusted in thee,

but have not done right, thou canst do nothing for them." And Mohammed will say, "Ye shall see," and he will take them up out of hell, thus and thus and thus in crowds and crowds," and he made as if he were throwing them over his shoulder. "So he will save them all." "And you—," and the benevolent hazel eyes looked earnestly at us, "in that day God will say to you, 'I sent you warning. I told you by the mouth of that old man in Bou Saada what was the way of life and you would not listen to it: it will be woe for you in that day.'"

He would not listen to our side, dear old man; only sent for his best pomegranates and as we had no basket, filled one of our sunshades, (our "clouds" is their pretty name for them), to the detriment of its appearance and the risk of our heads.

We were afraid the women who were sitting by would be swept back from their first step towards faith in another way to heaven than that in which they had been brought up. But the torrent of words seemed to have rolled by them unheeded. He was a man: that was the way the men were bound to talk, far above their heads. The simple fragment of truth that they had understood remained undisturbed, so we trusted, from the few words we had with them before we left.

I.L.T.



## OTHER LANDS, OTHER MANNERS.

Question by a group of Arab women, "What, did your father leave you money and did not your cousins steal it?"

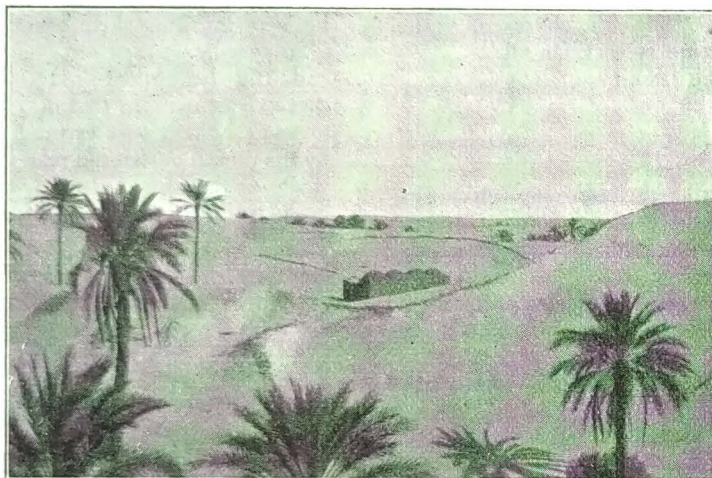
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Remark of an old Arab woman on first seeing a pocket handkerchief, "What is she going to do with that sheet?"



## The River is Flowing Though Unseen.

AN ITINERATION TO THE OUED SOUF.



Sunken Gardens.

On the 21st of January we left Algiers for these Oasis towns. "Oued" and "Souf" both mean "river," the first being the Arabic word, the latter an old Berber one. The river is underground, its presence indicated only by the sunken gardens and wells.

We started in a small open auto-bus at 4.30 on a dark cold morning for the journey of two hundred miles of desert and dune from Biskra to El Oued. Our fellow passengers were two Arab women returning to their homes, two children and the Arab driver. It soon became evident that the car was overloaded both with people and luggage; many a time we had to get out to enable the engine to get enough power to go over the top of a high sand dune.

In spite of sundry halts caused by car trouble and occasional dropping of pieces of luggage on the sand, we made the journey in thirteen hours and reached our destina-

tion before dark, very thankful for God's goodness to us.

How I wish I could picture for you that sea of sand dunes, those wonderful white lake-like Chotts, a Souf town with its many tiny domes, familiar to me because of the big photo Miss Trotter always kept on the wall of her room. Now the sacred opportunity had come to carry out her wish and visit this needy region. The friend who accompanied me on this tour had visited these places previously, and what a welcome she had as we ran through Kouinine! The Arabs would have had us alight at once, but we drove through to El Oued to call on the Chef Militaire and ask permission to work in his district. Leave was courteously granted, and two days later we were encamped in the little sandstone house that had been loaned to the missionaries last year.

We each had a little room about three



yards square. The desert sand formed our floor, and the painfully low doorway lacked any door, and the rough domed roof was built of so-called "roses of the desert" (crystals of gypsum thrown up from the soil when wells are dug and used with cement for buildings). Outside was a courtyard, its all-important door manufactured out of old wooden cases, and a tiny kitchen. Beneath, in the hollow, was the Caid's sunken garden, the dunes around banked up with palm leaves to keep the sand from falling back into the gardens; but even so, it requires constant labour to clear out the moving sand and prevent the trees from being smothered.

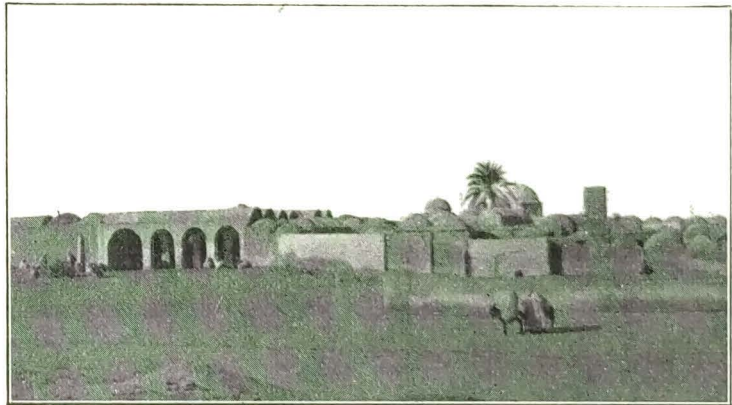
One of the chief charms of this desert town is felt in the evening, when the sun sinks in a blaze of glory behind it, and at dawn, when each little dome catches the pink glow of the rising sun.

Our days were busy ones: we could have spent all our time following the children from house to house, for my friend—through her medical knowledge—had, on her previous visit, been able to relieve many a sufferer, especially those with eye troubles, for almost every family in Kouinine has some member who is blind or rapidly going blind, sand, sun, glare and want of cleanliness spreading the infection.

From the beginning of our stay, men visitors came to meet us on the sand hill outside our house. The less instructed were always glad to listen to the Word of God and to our explanations of it. The readers and students came often to argue the truth of Christianity versus Islam,

but we found, as always, that God's Word was our best answer; and most of those who came to us have the Scriptures and read them.

One evening, after a somewhat heated argument on the divinity of Christ, a young student joined the older men and quoted Koranic passages. I knew by his enunciation that he came from the Djerid, and said, to silence him, "Why dost thou, the young one, speak so much before seniors? Art not thou from Tozeur, and hast thou not met the missionaries there?" His face changed, for he had been over all the familiar Moslem arguments with them. Finally, to my surprise, he asked me to lend him Dr. Zwerner's "Glory of the Cross." I said: "Will you return it to-morrow?" "Certainly," he replied "I give you my word. We students never break our word." So I lent him the book. Next day, at a time when no others were present, he came to our door and handed back the book saying, "I have read it; I believe all that is in it. I thought I was unknown here. I have a relative in Tozeur and came here to visit my blind mother; but people are watching me." I advised him to go back to his own town. Was he a secret believer, or was



A Oued Souf Town.

there some other motive for his conduct ? I could only bring him in prayer to God Who knows hearts. After that he did not come near us again, save once when he said something I could not catch, passing quickly as though afraid to be seen speaking to us. How he needs our prayers !

Little lads, who could read fairly fluently came daily, proud to memorise texts and hymns ; and what memories they had ! They would promptly correct me if I changed a word in quoting a hymn they had been taught.

It was the month of Ramadhan, the great Moslem fast, and during that hard last hour of the day, as they waited for the sunset and the call to prayer that would mean liberty to partake of their first meal, a group of fifteen to twenty-five men and lads would sit around listening to the Bible reading, many with thoughtful faces, though there were also some scoffers.

At the end of our stay one of these seeking souls came to tell us he believed Christ had died as our Redeemer and asked to be taught to pray. Those were very precious moments, praying with him and teaching him all we could in the short time ; and he went off to tell his old blind mother the things he was just learning. He can read a little, so let us pray he may feed on the Gospel and New Testament given him—alone among Moslems, with no human help, till God sends someone that way again.

We found the Wordless Book a great help with the women ; some little girls remembered it from last year's teaching, and would break into our talk with " that is the white page of the clean heart." The women also would try to join us in singing lines of hymns they remembered.

Of course it is disheartening, when talking earnestly of some Gospel truth, to hear, " See, she has a gold tooth ! Take it out, oh Saida, and let us see it ! " and so on. There were some real listeners, however, sad faced elderly women who drank in the

message. And I think of one dear little bride who did not look more than eleven years old. How she responded, her black eyes alight with understanding ; and then, to express her gratitude, she ran to get her scent bottle to fill our hands with perfume.

One day we went on camels a ride of nine miles to visit the grand Marabout (holy man). Both he and his father had known Miss Trotter. It was a fête day and important chiefs of the brotherhood were being entertained, but the Marabout left them in order to talk with us. He accepted books. Afterwards, in the crowded town, we had a grand opportunity to give and sell Gospels, and we returned home empty-handed but full of praise.

Twice we visited El Oued, the oasis town four miles beyond, and distributed tracts and sold books. One student there took my books from me and began quietly giving them round to the bystanders, saying to me " You have come to us in the place of Saida Bina " (the late beloved missionary from Tebessa). He had learned much through her.

A well-to-do merchant known to my friend invited us to drink tea in his depôt, and afterwards took us to see the house he was building saying, " This is where I shall be living next year, and then my old house will be at your disposal when you return."

Such an expression as " We are pleased to have you with us in our town " from the chief men, or " We are glad to see you come every year " from the little lads, was indeed heartening. To my friend the women said, " We sent out time after time to the car watching for your return." Also the way they remembered the former visits of Miss Trotter and others, shows that God has His purpose for the Souf, and will gather in His harvest. Though it is desert to our eye, the river is flowing underground.

M.D.G.

## Prayer.



Moslems at Prayer.

The second "pillar" of the Moslem religion, for which we use the English word "prayer," is something quite distinct from the Christian idea of it, which has been described as a creative process whereby the man who prays and his world are made anew. For the Moslem, prayer is a devotional exercise which he is required to render to God at least five times a day, namely, at the early morning, mid-day, afternoon, evening and night.

According to the traditions, it was during his ascent to heaven, that Mohammed received instructions to recite prayers *five* times a day. He tells us, "The divine injunctions for prayer were originally fifty times a day. And as I passed Moses (in heaven, during my ascent), Moses said to me 'What have you been ordered?' I replied, 'Fifty times.' Then Moses said, 'Verily your people will never be able to bear it, for I tried the people of Israel with fifty times a day, but they could not manage

it.' Then I returned to the Lord and asked for some remission, and ten prayers were taken off. Then I pleaded again and ten more were remitted, and so on until at last they were reduced to five times. Then I went to Moses and he said, 'And how many prayers have you been ordered?' And I replied, 'Five.' And Moses said, 'Verily I tried the children of Israel with even five but it did not succeed. Return to your Lord and ask for a further remission.' But I said, 'I have asked until I am quite ashamed and I cannot ask again.'"

These prayers are among the most prominent features of the Moslem religion, and many are the injunctions regarding them which have been handed down through the centuries. The service must be performed in Arabic; great cleanliness in person and in place are insisted upon. "That prayer, preparatory to which the teeth have been cleaned with the *miswak* (a kind of wooden brush) is more excellent

than prayer without miswak by seventy." During the stated service in the mosque the worshipper goes through no less than nineteen genuflections, the liturgy consisting largely of acts of adoration. "I extol the holiness of my Lord, the most High ;" also the Fatihah which asks for guidance, and a prayer for peace, mercy and blessing on the Prophet, upon us, and upon God's righteous servants. At the end of the service there is an opportunity for "supplication" which usually consists of prayers from the Traditions or from the Koran. Hughes in his "Dictionary of Islam" considers that "a devout Moslem in India, recites the same form of prayer at least seventy-five times in the day."

There are occasions of high festival when hundreds, sometimes thousands, of Arab men in spotless white garments meet in the desert and, guided by a priest, go through a liturgic service. The sight is most impressive when, as one man, they bow to the ground, and the deep rhythmic murmur of their responses is not easily forgotten.

Though it is true that in Islam, religion and true piety stand somewhat apart, one cannot but recognise that deep down in the Arab heart there is a recognition of a mighty God, all-seeing, merciful and compassionate—but not a Father.

F.H.F.

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## "Son thou art ever with Me and all that I have is thine." (Luke xv. 31).

"Son thou art ever with me,  
And all that I have is Thine ;"  
Lord, I accept the message  
Telling Thy love divine.  
"Ever with Thee"—the secret  
Of infinite supplies,  
"All that thou hast"—the measure  
To which my faith may rise.

All that Thou hast—of mercy,  
Meeting my deepest need ;  
All that thou hast of pardon,  
Making me blest indeed.  
All that thou hast of power,  
Clothing my helpless soul ;  
Fitting for joyful service  
Under Thy blest control.

All that thou hast of patience  
For days of weary pain ;  
All that thou hast of courage,  
When labour seems in vain ;  
All that thou hast of sweetness,  
When little trials press ;  
All that thou hast of pity,  
Thy suffering ones to bless.

FREDA HANBURY ALLEN.

## In The Aurès Mountains.

"Itinerating work is a work without an evident end. It is full of fragments variously cut and coloured which sometimes seem to be strewn about to no purpose. And you want to retrace, and gather the pieces together, and fit them into something. But you probably find this is not your business. Occasionally, however, you are allowed to go back and see how God has been fitting into His great mosaic the pieces you thought scattered and lost, and you see how He thought of each little piece, when He formed the design at the first."

Miss CARMICHAEL in "Overweights of Joy."

Under the title "A Door and a Wall," an interesting résumé of our third tour was given in our autumn number of last year. We Bou Saada workers wish now to ask prayer for another journey we hope to take through the wildest, roughest part of the Aurès mountains, preaching the Gospel to the inhabitants, now thoroughly Moslem, but of ancient Christian ancestry. The following pen pictures taken from our fourth tour may help in intelligent intercession.

Leaving Bou Saada we crossed nearly two hundred miles of desert to Tolga, where we spent four days visiting among the Arabs, and then went on to Biskra. From there we took a small auto bus and had a wonderful ride to the mountains, stopping at two large oases en route. Round many a dangerous turn we were whirled, the car finally dashing the spray all about us as we crossed the river at Mechouneche.

In one of our encouraging visits we had conversation with an old man who had once heard the Gospel from Miss Trotter many years before. As it was date harvest-time it proved impossible to procure mules to proceed northwards, so we had to return to Biskra, where we took the train. In our third-class compartment sat a man, not in a very friendly mood, who had bought a Bible from us two years before with much enthusiasm. I was praying quietly for courage to go along the corridor and distri-

bute tracts to the men in the six or seven double seats, when my fellow worker interrupted me by saying, "I will go round with tracts." This first attempt at train evangelisation on her part was very successful, the men receiving the literature gratefully. Then we "took courage" and during those long hours, as the train wound in and out among the mountains, we conversed on the things of God with the "Bible man"—who had thawed—and another. Next day we met the latter fellow-passenger in El Kantara, carrying on his back an enormous bunch of dates, and the welcome he gave us did much to encourage others to buy books. A woman led us from room to room in her house showing us her store of dates, and still men and boys entered, bearing large clusters. As their burdens were lifted off, it was pretty to see the children picking up with great glee some of the golden fruit which dropped to the mud floor. That same entrance-room became later in the morning a crowded medical clinic as well as a Gospel hall, to the delight of our hostess.

Menea was our next stopping place, and it was a joy to visit again an Arab mother who teaches her little children hymns learnt in her own far-away town. The lapse of time has made her forget a line here, a verse there, so we sing over and over again the old hymns, that embody

the sum total of her Gospel knowledge. By repeated visits we try to fan and feed this little flame, and the blessing spreads. for the children, carefully advised by their mother, take us to Chawia houses, where the people give earnest attention to the message. One outcome of our previous visit to Mena was the sending of French Bibles to three men who had asked for them. Now we are warmly thanked, and one man specially questions us closely, and in so doing displays the wide extent of his study of the sacred volume. Pray much for him. He is enquiring the way of salvation more earnestly than any other Chawia we have met.

Up there in the mountains mules were found, and we set off on a long day's trek. Our first sight of human beings was a company of white-robed men on a mountain side, standing shoulder to shoulder, repeating the Moslem prayers before interring the remains of one of their tribe. It was very touching to see little groups of women sitting at a distance, watching it all. Next, a new French school house came into view, built on a lonely hill-top, evidence of the awakening desire for knowledge. Many more miles of climbing, then a descent, when our mules enjoyed for a bit of the way splashing knee-deep along the banks of a swollen river, the only road to the village. On emerging we entered a narrow lane, and here two dangers faced us : walls so close that we had carefully to avoid having our feet crushed as the mules advanced : and overhanging branches of pomegranates and walnut trees, threatening our heads ! Reaching safely the top of the hill on which Tagoust is built, our men were nervous and wished to push through the streets without stopping. We called a halt, however, on the outskirts of the town, and many a tract found a reader, though but few Gospels were sold. Half a mile further on, and while we were contemplating the vast

mountain ranges from this high altitude, a whole band of men and boys came rushing after us, money in hand, to buy Gospels ! They heard a sermon as well (on the Prodigal Son) delivered from our seat on the mule-back, and the listening was quiet and very intense. A time to be long remembered by us !

A young man and wife were trudging along to their cave-dwelling in the Maafa Gorge, so at intervals we walked together and had serious talks. Then followed the long miles of the Gorge, terrible in its grandeur, the sound of human voices floating down to us from the cave dwellings. Flocks of goats were feeding high up there, too, on the precipitous side of the Gorge.

At last the gardens of Maafa came into view, beautiful in their russet autumn tints : a welcome sight in more ways than one, for we had vainly tried twice before, but from the west, to reach this important village—one which Miss Trotter had on her heart—and now we were arriving from the east. We received a hearty welcome, and half-an-hour flew by in the sale of books and distribution of tracts. The sun was setting as we hurried over the last six miles of our journey, past scattered farms, many wolf dogs barking at us, to the little railway station on the plains. The train drew up, and we little thought, as we found seats in an almost empty carriage, that our dangers for the day were not yet over ! A little later the train came to a standstill within a few yards of a flooded track !! The only sound, through the long quiet night, was that of the swollen stream rushing by. Early next morning we picked our way across the débris of rails and broken telegraph poles, caused by the sudden flood, to a relief train, and reached home with hearts full of praise to our heavenly Father for all His enabling and care.

A. McI.

## “He Entered into a Certain Village.”

“This is more than a pen and ink ‘God be with you’ to you and your comrades. My verse for you is from to-day’s lesson, Luke 19. 10. If our Lord is again going forth in you ‘to seek,’ it is surely also ‘to save’ the lost. It is good to go to them and not wait for them to come to us.” Such was Miss Freeman’s message to us as we four men went forth on trek on the morning of the twenty-fifth of April. The Gospels bear frequent testimony as to how much of the “seeking” of the Son of Man was done in the villages. “He entered into a certain village,” or “they went to another village,” is the record of the Word.

This was our experience as we went on our way. One day we entered a certain village, the day following we removed to another. Purposely leaving behind the large towns and the main thoroughfares, we sought out the distant hamlets. Each night we pitched our tent in some insignificant and hitherto unvisited spot. Was it “needs be” that we should visit such an uninteresting place as C—, with its straggling farm buildings, a few badly built native dwellings, a mere handful of Europeans and a small community of natives? Was it necessary to camp in such a place as this? On Saturday afternoon two of our party visited the very few Europeans dwelling there. In conversation with one of them, they met a longing soul. In his youth he had been blessed with a Christian home. Leaving his native land somewhat later, he emigrated to Algeria and settled down in this remote district. In the uneventfulness and monotony of daily life he remembered the family altar of bygone days. He longed for such a Bible as his father had. From whence could he obtain one? He did not know, and the years

passed with the desire of his heart unsatisfied, until the day came when we were led to visit this far-off village. We had not with us a large family Bible, but it has since been sent to him. If that small hamlet had been ignored, for how long might that soul have waited in vain for the Holy Book?

Living under canvas in the midst of the people brought us sympathetically near to them and they to us. One Sunday afternoon, at this same encampment, there was a steady flow of Arabs to our tent. Eagerly and readily they listened to the Gospel message. Even a wedding feast in the neighbourhood failed to attract them. One of them said to us, “We would rather remain here listening to such words as these, than go and join in the marriage festivities.” At sunset they reluctantly left us and next morning before five o’clock they were again at the tent clamouring for literature. The wedding party had broken up and the guests, many of them from a distance, were departing. “We want to take with us some remembrance of the words we have heard,” they said, as, books in hand, they dispersed to the still more remote villages and encampments in the hills.

Will you remember the many villages of Algeria as yet unreached? Will you pray that once again, through His servants, the Lord may enter into every city and village, preaching the glad tidings of the Kingdom; seeking and saving the lost?

A.E.T.



“I take Thy hand and fears grow still,  
Behold Thy face and doubts remove,  
Who would not yield his wavering will  
To perfect faith and boundless love.”

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.



## Home Notes.

The Home Council is glad to welcome among its members Mr. H. W. Verner, thus strengthening the bond with the Faith Mission, from which have come several of the workers now on the Field.

Miss Freeman is spending the summer in England, chiefly with the view of assisting Miss Pigott, who is now writing the life of Miss Trotter.

The following workers are home on furlough :—

Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham from Colea.

Miss Farmer and Miss Sheach from Dellys.

Miss Perkin and Miss Johnston from Dar Naama.

Miss Ridley from Relizane.

Miss Grace Russell, who is available for deputation work.

The Deputation Secretary is preparing a new talk for the Autumn season entitled "A Challenge to Faith." This will be specially suitable for places where our work is already known, or where work among Moslems generally is sufficiently familiar to the people to make them realise its special difficulties. For other meetings he would prefer to use the old title of "A Thirsty Land," under which he can give an outline of the work and of the Moslem problem as it faces our workers in North Africa. The question is frequently asked as to what is involved in undertaking to arrange for a visit from the Deputation Secretary for a lantern talk, and he would like to take this opportunity of making the position clear. He does not take his own lantern with him, and therefore it is necessary to provide lantern and screen. "Skeleton" handbills with space for local particulars can be provided, but those arranging the meetings should undertake the local printing, distribution and such other advertisement as they think necessary. There is no stipulation as to travelling expenses or hospitality

where meetings are arranged specially to encourage and concentrate prayer on the work of the A.M.B., but it will be readily understood that where these can be provided by Freewill Offering or otherwise, the expenses of the Home side of the work are consequently reduced.

A specimen copy of "Between the Desert and the Sea" will be on exhibition at 29, Church Street, Keswick, during Convention week, and orders may be given there.

## Annual Meeting.

It is proposed to hold the Annual Meeting the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, September 11th. Will our readers kindly bear this date in mind and make their plans accordingly. Further details will be forthcoming.

## In The Dark.

I read the other day the story of a child who asked her mother if Jesus could *really* see in the dark. "Certainly, darling," answered her mother. "What makes you ask that?" "Well, mother, I thought He could. I woke in the night and I smiled at Him in the dark."

We get dark times out here: darkened with perplexity or disappointment in the work; darkened on the home side, it may be, by troubles there which we can no longer help to lift; darkened by the "thick darkness" of the spiritual atmosphere around; darkened with a yet deeper shadow if that darkness has crept inside and we discover that we have to turn back in our souls' lesson-books and learn over again pages that we thought we knew quite well.

Have we smiled at Jesus in the dark? If so He has seen it. The darkness is no darkness with Him, but the night shineth as the day. And I think He has smiled back.

I.L.T.

**A. M. B. Literature for Arabs.***New Issues and Future Possibilities.*

A book on the Passover, with twelve pictures designed by Miss Trotter and drawn by Miss E. A. Wood, has recently been issued. The Bible words in explanation of the pictures are in French. This is a book which we believe will be used by God's Spirit to make clear the wonderful plan of Redemption. We want to bring the book out in colloquial Arabic also, but this, as well as other lovely possibilities, must wait for the incoming of the funds needed to print them.

Among the things ready to be printed are:—"The Lost Coin," (parable with pictures) and "Heavenly Light on Daily Life," a set of beautiful and practical lessons for women by Miss Trotter. Actually in the press is a book in French planned by Miss Trotter, on the infancy of Moses, with twelve pictures. It is hoped to issue this in colloquial Arabic also, later on.

**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. French Edition 3s. Post Free.

"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. 1s. 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.



NOTE.—Since going to press we have been informed that a limited number of copies of Miss Trotter's new book "Between the Desert and the Sea," will be ready for Keswick Convention, and obtainable there from the Secretary, 29, Church Street.

## Requests for Praise and Prayer.

### Praise.

For journeying mercies and the realised sense of God's presence in new ventures in the Aurès mountains this Spring.

For a recent successful colportage tournée to distant and little-visited markets.

For all the encouragement and blessing from the Brumana Conference for workers in Moslem lands.

For the hope of having Dr. A. E. Richardson at the autumn Rally.

For two newly-accepted workers, Miss Rona Smeeton and Miss Phyllis Russell.

For God's manifest blessing on some of the converts, who have been enabled to "witness a good confession" in face of great difficulties.

### Prayer.

For God's richest blessing on all the literature distributed in the recent tournées and that the Spirit's enlightening may be given to the readers.

Remembering that we are a faith mission, continued prayer is asked that all our financial needs may be supplied, so that the extension of the work may be unhindered.

That during the summer, when many of the stations will be closed, God's Spirit may abide and work deeply in the hearts

of those who have heard the message of salvation.

For two convert lads, obliged for Christ's sake to leave home; that God will keep and guide them.

For two girls desiring baptism; that God's will for them may be clearly shown

For three mountain women who, having accepted Christ as their Saviour, speak of Him to others.

For an increased circulation for "A Thirsty Land."



O God, give me what Thou knowest to be good; give me more than I can ask or think. If the reverse of what I ask is what I should ask, give me that; let me not be undone by my prayers.

THOMAS ADAMS, 1701-1784.



## Location of Workers, 1927-28.

<p>AT DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.          1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).          1919 &amp; 1922. Mons. &amp; Mme.                    PIERRE NICOUDE.          1922. Mr. &amp; Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.          1920. Miss A. KEMP.          1927. Miss JOHNSTON          1927. Miss C. CROSS, M.H.          1928. EDWIN WIGG (at language                    [study]).          1928. H. T. BARROW                    (Do.)          1928. Miss G. BLACKHAM, M.H.          1929. Miss R. M. SMEETON.                Miss MARY MAY.</p>	<p>BLIDA.          1909. Miss F. K. CURRIE.          1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE.          RELIZANE.          1907. Miss RIDLEY.          1926. Miss RUSSELL.          MILIANA.          1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.          1926. Miss D. RICHARDSON.          MASCARA.          1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.          1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.          TOZEUR.          1920. Miss V. WOOD.          MOSTAGANEM.          1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.</p>	<p>COLEA.          1920. Mr. &amp; Mrs. H. W.                                    [BUCKENHAM.          TOLGA.          1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).          TLEMCEM.          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.          SIDI BEL ABBES.          1912. SENOR &amp; SENORA SOLER                                                    (evangelist).</p>
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S.S. = Short Service.                    M.H. = Mission Helper.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN EARLY AUTUMN.

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