

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

# Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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

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

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



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## Waiting.

"For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, besides Thee what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him." (Is. 64. 4).

For him that waits—God works. The Arabic version brings out more fully the beauty and force of this verse. "There is no God besides Thee, who will work for him that expectantly waits for Him." For him that expectantly waits—the Lord will work. Waiting is one of the severest tests of the spiritual life. If only we may do something, if only we may exert ourselves, we seem so much more content. But to have nothing to do but to wait, to believe that, in spite of adverse circumstances, the Lord will work, this is of all things the hardest. Doing is always easier than waiting, yet the unfolding of the word "waiting" reveals to us that faithful, continuous waiting is one of the highest and most strenuous forms of service.

"For him that expectantly waits for Him, the Lord will work." The waiting spoken of by the prophet Isaiah is derived from the word to "entrench." God works for those who can stand the strain of long waiting—He works for all those who entrench themselves in Him. This is not the waiting of inertia—a soldier in

the trenches is not idle because he is waiting. He works because he waits. Neither is it the forced waiting of incapacity; trench warfare demands men of the finest physique, men capable of standing the discipline and strain of prolonged watching and waiting. Lloyd's dictionary points out that our English word "to wait" is from the German "to watch as on sentry—to remain stationary until full freedom of action is given." Waiting for the Lord is the expectant attitude of a soldier, one who watches unceasingly every move of the enemy, yet waits unmoved until the liberating word of advance is given. "When thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, *then* thou shalt bestir thyself, for *then* shall the Lord go out before thee, to smite the host." The call of Moslem lands is still for men and women of the finest spiritual morale, men and women who can, without visible results, wait unmoved for the word of release that shall usher in the final victory. "For they shall not be ashamed that wait for Me" is the Master's word of encouragement.

"I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait . . . waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning" (Ps. 130. 5, 6).

Again the word takes on another aspect—the meaning deepens. The first was the waiting of service, waiting in full view of the enemy, for the word of advance. Now the call is for those who can go even further with the Lord—for those who can watch with Him alone, in the silence, in the dark. “Be still—silent—and know that I am the Lord.” This is waiting dumb, unquestioning, for the dawn. Waiting, without any visible token of the Lord’s working, for the light that is sure to break. We owe much to the noble band of intercessors who, far behind the lines, faithfully, undauntedly, in the dark, hold on for the triumph of the dawn. They have not the same incentive to continuous watching as we, who in full view of the enemy, wait the liberating word of the Lord. Yet to them, as to us, the promise holds, for him that waits—God works. “God shall help her when morning appeareth.” However dark may be our present wilderness, however discouraging our immediate prospects, we are travelling towards victory, towards the sunrising. “It came to pass that in the morning watch the Lord looked on the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud. . . . The Lord said unto Moses, stretch out thine hand over the sea . . . and Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when morning appeared. And the Lord overthrew the Egyptians . . . and there remained not so much as one of them.” Waiting for the Lord in the dark is waiting for the triumph of the dawn.

“Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.” (Ps. 37. 7).

Be silent unto the Lord, and wait. The waiting of silence is now blended with the waiting of suffering. The word used here comes from the root “to be twisted as with pain.” We are reminded that waiting in the dark may mean for us the waiting

of suffering. This is the deepest call of all. “He hath poured out His soul unto death. He was numbered with the transgressors.” It is a call to share with Him the heart cry that pierced the utter darkness of Calvary. “Father, forgive them.” “Watchman, what of the night?” “The morning cometh.” Let the answer come in the words of Miss Trotter, who when we only saw darkness, could see in the slightest incident the movings of the mighty spirit across the deep, and discern in the densest gloom, glimmerings of the light heralding the dawn. She wrote concerning the night-watch these stirring and heart-searching words, “Here, in Algeria, it is now the hour before the dawn, heavy, dark and still, but the dawn is coming—Hallelujah! If you were called to go out and live in the silence and blackness of the ‘shadow of death’ might it not break faster—just a little faster? If it is impossible to share outwardly ‘the last watch of the night’ all the stronger comes the call to share it inwardly—to share it with Jesus. He is watching for the dawn too, from the Father’s right hand. ‘Until the day break and the shadows flee away I will get me to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense.’ Will you go with Him to that hill of frankincense and share His intercession for these Moslem souls? To the mount of myrrh—the bitter-sweet myrrh of the fellowship of His sufferings—His soul’s travail over these souls that He died to win? Will you stay with Him there until the “day breathe”? That Spirit breathing on the spiritual world, so like the stir that comes with dawn in nature till the shadows flee away—as the Sun of Righteousness draws near. It is not for long . . . look and listen and hear whether from the silence and the darkness these words come, ‘Could ye not watch with me one hour?’” “Until the day break and the shadows flee away.’”

## “Seen . . . Afar Off.”

(Heb. xi. 13).

God's promise to Abraham was twofold,—the land, and the seed; and his whole life was spent in clinging faithfully through tests, and even through failures, to those two words from Heaven.

He got side-tracked over the land promise when he thought that a famine in the land meant that he must ensure God's care of him by going down to Egypt; but faith rose again. He let Lot choose all of the country that seemed best worth having; he refused so much as a shoe latchet from the wicked kings; he held on to the far-off vision that the whole would be his.

He was side-tracked again over the promise of the seed, seeking to hasten God's steps for fear of earthly hopes dying out utterly. Here again faith got its balance back in such perfect poise that he lifted up his hand to deal the death blow to all his hopes, “accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead,” though no such miracle had ever been seen or heard of before.

And God so trusted Abraham's faithfulness that he kept him waiting to his very end. After all the marvellous promises about the land, north and south and east and west, and a seed like the stars and the sand, he closed his eyes on life with one purchased field for the cave-tomb, and one childless son. But he had not failed God, and God had not failed him. He has watched the fulfilment from that far land where he is now. He is watching it still.

(A.M.B.).



“Promises are not meant to be met with an aspiration followed by a sigh. They were to be received and used as certainties of the grace of God before the sons of men.”

MOUI F.

## Editorial.

Our Algerian spring-time has brought to us alternately glorious days and heavy storms—somewhat imaging the experiences of the Algiers Mission Band during the last months. We know the storms are good for us but we do revel in the gorgeous days when welcome news comes in of fresh souls touched and turning to the light; of those who in the old days listened with heart-breaking apathy now longing to learn the way and making no secret before their neighbours of their desire; of places hitherto unreached where the Word of God has been made known.

Lately one of our number visited in what is called *the Forest* or *the Mountain*, a district deserving both names. Being not far from a town of evil renown, it is a favourite resort of Arabs desiring to avoid the eye of the police. Scattered through the forest, however, there are a few small fairly well-to-do villages with whose inhabitants we have come into touch and whose readers send often to the mission house for books and more books. On this occasion our worker had an audience of about a hundred Arabs and her colportage supply was soon emptied. Thank God for the opportunities given to us through the Arab's love of reading.

Mr. Collinson's visit in the month of April was a very welcome link between the Home Council and the Executive on the Field. We are always grateful to friends who take the long journey in the interest of the work, and we are especially indebted to Mr. Collinson, who came at considerable personal inconvenience.

Friends of the A.M.B. will rejoice with us that Mr. Oliver, Secretary of the Nile Mission Press, and member of our Home Council, has consented to join the Field Committee. We are looking forward to a visit from him at the time of our October Rally.



A Gourbi, or Thatched Hut.

## Tell it Again.

“Jesus! Jesus!” let them ever say it  
Softly to themselves as some sweet spell;  
  . . . . lay it  
On their hearts, and it will make them well.

A miserable hut, just one of a cluster of thirty, and the cluster about like every other on our way. Had it not been for the ditch on the opposite side of the road, at the edge of which, on a former visit, we had seen such pretty little mud-carts being deftly made from its clay—carts with wheels complete, though all of mud—we might have gone on to one of the next of these many clusters of gourbis scattered along this vast Mitidja plain. But we remembered that the children had interrupted their play to conduct us gleefully past the dogs to some of their homes; also that we had disturbed a sleeping man in the lane that skirted the enclosure, and that he had sealed his approval of our efforts by finding some eggs for us—this because “our word were so like those he

had once heard from another messenger of God on the other side of the mountains.”

Within the particular hut of which we now speak we found a young girl-mother of perhaps fifteen, married since our first and only visit thirteen months before. Her baby girl was a charming little creature, and sharing the same miserable room was a consumptive sister whom she tended. She was delighted at the break-in upon her monotonous life and gave Mrs. B. a warm welcome. Producing a box, practically her only piece of furniture, she bade her be seated. Then at once she asked for the repetition of a story told her on the previous occasion, first reciting all she remembered of it. While it was being repeated to the suffering sister the room filled to overflowing with neighbours and friends. “Tell it to them! Tell it to them!” and this opened the way for other words as the Lord gave them.

Nothing extraordinary in that! Perhaps not—to us! But what to them? And to

the many similarly placed and equally receptive? Is it anything less than God's "sent word of *salvation*"? As yet they know not Christ as Saviour, but as evidenced in this young girl, what is understood is laid up in their heart. And we interpret their usual and pathetic parting word, "Come again soon!" to mean not only

"Tell us the story slowly  
That we may take it in,  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin"—but

"Tell us the story *often*."

Meanwhile it yet remains true, "The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Do we fail in prayer to the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers?

But see another gladdening picture: a crowd at the door of Colea's book depot, and they are men. One of them has come at least to "like" the Gospel stories, and is bringing others along to hear for themselves. "Tell them," says he, "first, the man with two sons." The French reader, the Arabic reader, the illiterate, and we ourselves are soon on common ground—"We have sinned and come short."

One other glimpse. It is one of the tense evenings of Ramadhan, and the little room is filling beyond its capacity. A young artisan presses in with half a dozen of his companions. Getting them seated as far forward as possible he orders quietness that they may hear what he has heard, naming the parables he is most familiar with. There is a common feeling that this is not the message of man, but of God.

To what does all this lead us, we, face to face with such illimitable soul-need, you, who have made the concern equally your own at the mercy seat? Shall it not be to a firmer resolve to tell it again and to pray it again, "till none can say of the children of men, 'Nobody ever has told me before!'"

H. W. BUCKENHAM.

## A Darkie Version of "The Ninety and Nine."

Po' lil' brack sheep dat strayed away,  
Done los' in de win' and de rain—  
An' de Shepherd He say, "O, hirelin',  
Go fin' My sheep again."  
An' de hirelin' say, "O, Shepherd,  
Dat sheep am brack an' bad."  
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil'  
brack sheep  
Wuz de onliest lamb He had.

An' He say, "O, hirelin', hasten,  
For de win' an' de rain am col',  
An' dat lil' brack sheep am lonesome  
Out dere, so far f'um de fol'."  
But de hirelin' frown; "O, Shepherd,  
Dat sheep am ol' an' grey!"  
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil'  
brack sheep  
Wuz fair as de break ob day.

An' He say, "O, hirelin', hasten,  
Lo! here is de ninety an' nine,  
But dere, way off f'um the sheepfol',  
Is dat lil' brack sheep of Mine!"  
An' de hirelin' frown; "O, Shepherd,  
De res' ov de sheep am here!"  
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil'  
brack sheep  
He hol' it de mostes' dear.

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness  
Where de night wuz col' an' bleak,  
An' dat lil' brack sheep, He fin' it,  
An' lay it agains' His cheek.  
An' de hirelin' frown; "O, Shepherd,  
Don' bring dat sheep to me!"  
But de Shepherd He smile, an' He hol'  
it close.  
An'—dat lil' brack sheep—wuz—me!

Author Unknown.

## The Continuation of a Pilgrimage.

The mules were ordered for five o'clock on Monday morning, and it was chilly as we rode along those first two hours amid new scenes. Our provisions were at a low ebb for we would not buy on Sunday, but we were not troubling about food. Had not the Lord sent us forth and promised we should lack nothing? We were going south, and a beautiful desert town came into view; here we halted, and on dismounting saw a woman rushing towards us. Before she could show us into her house the cow, which she had taken into the garden for grazing, must be guided indoors, and then we scrambled upstairs. Immediately our friend (for we had met at M—) brought out ten eggs and lighting a palm-wood fire boiled them in a huge pot perched on the only side of it which did not leak! Elijah's God still reigns to-day, hallelujah! We gave special thanks over those eggs at our ncontide halt, for the sharing of them with our youthful and nervous mule-drivers raised their drooping spirits considerably. For them too it was the first sight of this roadless route—(when we were within an hour of our destination they informed us we still had five hours to do!)

Another woman who knew us caught up with our little caravan and strengthened it. Her son was perched on the donkey and she, with her baby on her back, walked all the way.

At a village some people asked if we were not afraid to travel thus. We walked along a wide river-bed, picking our way among the streamlets, and realized just a little the loneliness of the way. On arriving at our destination came the crowd, to which, in spite of weariness, we wished to magnify the Lord. There, in the Official's office, we had our first meeting, and the preaching was given after receiving a depressing piece

of information—"The hotel-keeper has left for this season and taken the key of the house with him!" The officials in charge took us to see the one sight of the place, the "springs of water," twenty or more fountains of water ceaselessly springing up, and all the palm-trees luxuriant because the river had come. And God's "stream of mercy" reached us just then! the key of the hotel was found, and we were given the use of a nice clean white-washed room.

In the morning we had met, on a bridge path in the mountains, a number of wild-looking men, with mules laden with rough slabs of salt in panier baskets. Alas, their hurry was due to a murder committed by one of their number; and now we were to meet several members of the murdered man's family and converse with them on the solemn things of eternity and of God's remedy for sin.

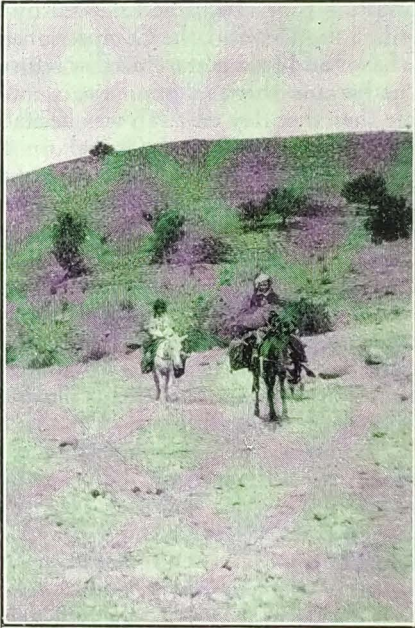
In one of the courts crowds of prettily dressed women and girls listened with interest to the Gospel in story and song and one dear woman sent an evening meal to our room.

We were invited to view the crude paintings on the walls of the official building and in this God again showed His guiding hand. It was during the leisure hour of midday, and the people began to come in quietly until the big hall was filled with a quiet and interested audience. How they listened! All understood Arabic, and had never before, as far as we could ascertain, heard the Good News. A few to whom the Word had specially come lingered behind for further teaching. There were many more conversations with individuals, and visits to some of these most needy people who have left prayerful yearnings for their salvation in our hearts.



Mules took us over the rough journey to B.— As we entered this village we saw an immense scorpion—a tragic reminder of how the old Scorpion, the devil, has power to poison and destroy the souls of men.

It was very lovely how quickly we were brought into understanding touch with the women of B.— so starved spiritually; they never tired of hearing. When the men came in the evening and saw our



Fellow-travellers !

literature they sent for the learned man of the place to give his verdict. After a tense half-hour the books were handed back to us, very politely of course, just as had been done to Miss Trotter many years before. Their action said, "We are afraid, and so we must reject Christ's teaching." With what sorrow we felt obliged to accept their decision! But

what a challenge to you dear prayer-comrades! We had lacked nothing on this journey, but oh, what these dear Chawias are still lacking! With all the resources of God at our disposal for them there should be a glad sequel, for the Lord Jesus Christ said: "Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My Name, He will give it you." The prayer-life in Christ acknowledges no frontier, it reaches out to a limitless dominion: "*Whatsoever ye ask.*" "If ye shall ask *anything.*" There is but one invincible condition—we must ask in the Name of Jesus, in harmony with His Spirit, in obedience to His will, in fellowship with Him.

M. ALICE McILROY.

### God's Small Messengers.

#### 1.—The Dew.

"He maketh small the drops of water."  
(Job xxxvi. 27).

I had never seen how literally true that is till I began to study the dew this morning. . . .

The grass has to stand very still as it holds its precious "weight of glory," and so has the soul on whom the dew of the Spirit comes. Literally, and how easily, this dew is brushed off some of us know to our cost,—an impulse of impatience, a sense of hurry or worry allowed to touch us, a mere movement of the self-life against His checking—and He is gone, and our soul stands stripped and bare.

Noiseless must be His Holy Habitation within us—still with the stillness of the Holiest Place of old, with all the camp sounds shut out by the fourfold curtain, and the very footfall of the priests hushed by the desert sand.

I.L.T.

## Moslem Articles of Belief.

In the previous numbers of the Thirsty Land we have taken hasty glances at the Mohammedan observances of Practical Religion—The Witness—Prayer—Fasting—Legal Alms—Pilgrimage. And now shall we look at the six articles of faith which, with the observance of these five rules, constitute the whole duty of a Mohammedan?

The articles of belief are as follows:—

The Unity of God—Angels—the inspiration of certain books—the Inspired Prophet—the Day of Judgment—Predestination. Gibbon says that the Mohammedan faith is “compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction.” There is only one God and Mohammed is the apostle of God. This dogma may have been opposed, in the first instance, against the gods that in Mohammed’s early years were worshipped in Arabia. In one of the Surahs we read:—“Verily the idols which ye invoke, beside God, can never create a single fly although they were all assembled for that purpose; and if the fly snatch anything from them they cannot recover the same from it.” (Surah xxii).

The doctrine of the Sonship of the Lord Jesus (entirely misunderstood) called forth bitter reproach in the Koran. “They say the Compassionate hath gotten offspring: ye have done an impious thing. It wanteth little but that the heavens be rent thereat and that the earth cleave asunder, and that the mountains fall down in pieces.”

The Holy Spirit as mentioned in the Koran is generally supposed to be the Angel Gabriel, though of one passage saying “The Spirit proceedeth at my Lord’s command,” a Moslem commentator says it refers to an angel with seven thousand mouths, in each mouth there being seven thousand tongues, unceasingly praising God.

Allah, the one God whom they adore, has ninety-nine names, each name an attribute, recited on a rosary of a hundred beads. With each one of these attributes every Christian could acquiesce, and though the Moslem conception of God is so far from that of a Father, yet the idea of One merciful and compassionate so predominates that every book must bear on its title page His name followed by the words “the Merciful, the Compassionate.” We have had Testaments refused or returned to us because this ascription was wanting. Only the other day an Arab was hesitating over the purchase of a Gospel on this account when a friend coming up said, “I will soon put that right my brother,” and taking out a pencil he wrote the magic words on the fly leaf and the Arab walked off very happily with his purchase.

It has been said that two absolutely contrary conceptions can lie side by side in the Arab’s mind without any recognition of their incompatibility, and this is illustrated in his conception of God. On the one side He is merciful and compassionate, the forgiver, the patient; on the other hand (quoting from Mr. Pgrave), He is the only agent . . . “leaving to all beings else nothing but pure unconditional passiveness alike in movement or in quiescence, in action or in capacity . . . the sole power is God, the rest is downright inertia and mere instrumentality from the highest archangel down to the simplest atom of creation.” This leads naturally to fatalism.

According to tradition, “God created Adam and touched his back with His right hand and brought forth from it a family; and God said to Adam, “I have created this family for Paradise and their actions will be like unto those of the people of Paradise.” Then God touched the back of Adam and brought forth another family,

and said, "I have created these for hell, and their actions will be like unto those of the people of hell." Frequently we have been told by Arabs that Allah had written on their forehead in babyhood all the actions that they would commit in life—good and bad—and from these there is no escape.

This aspect of the Ultimate Good, of course, would destroy all sense of responsibility, and yet the Arab still asks for and seeks forgiveness of sins and many terrestrial blessings, the latter often through the intermediary of a Saint. And so through all the intricacies and darkness that surround their conception of Allah, the Arab heart, which is very human, yet seeks to reach the ear of One Who can pardon and pity.

F. H. FREEMAN.



"How many there are whose real end in the spiritual life is self-improvement rather than God, and how little they suspect it."

FABER.



### A Desert Parable.

The "Triq"—or path—in the desert is a parable in itself: sometimes it is only a kind of imperceptible shimmer, a kind of wavering line of light where the stones in stony places have been kicked aside by the passing beasts.

It is possible to see it, to follow it, if you are on it: if you get off and wander only a few yards on either side it is very difficult to strike it again. So the individual keeping of the path is important. If you are not in the line of its march you can scarcely trace it; people walking close to you, almost at your side, can wonder how

you know it, and how it is you are sure of the road—but you, "being in the way," have no doubt of it.

Then, as a rule, you only see a few paces ahead, but you always see that much if any way at all is there. Now and then you may have to take a few steps in faith, but you are never long in doubt. Every divergence from it is waste of time for the journey. For one reason you can go along much quicker if you are on a path—the stones, it may be, are "gathered out" and you learn the meaning of that. Then if a river has to be crossed—as in the mountains on the desert edge is a frequent occurrence—you see nothing but a sudden gorge ahead of you, a chasm gaping to a depth of perhaps ten to twenty metres below you, and you know it has to be traversed. If you are on the path, no matter how slight, you know there will be a *way down* and a *way up* when you come to it; you do not see how, but the path will show you, and though your camel may be sent down it at a trot (a man hanging to its tail) to get impetus for the pull upon the other side, you know it will be all right, and so it is. It is a very different thing to be sent down a trackless steep!

"Thou art the Way . . .  
Grant us that Way to know."



In the way Thou seest best  
Teach Thou me—  
O'er the path Thy feet have press'd  
Lead Thou me—

In my heart Thine Own deep rest  
Give to me—  
With Thy service busy, bless'd—  
Till Thee I see!

E. L. Briggs.

## Happenings by the Way.

During the first itineration of the new N.M.P. car, which took place in the spring, Mr. Theobald fell ill at Ghardaia, one of the cities of the far-off M'zab country. A young Mozabite lad, servant in the hotel, used to come into his room to sweep. At first Mr. Theobald could not say much to him but he was laid on his heart for prayer. In quiet waiting upon God the opening came for a conversation. Mr. Theobald says :—

On the table by my bedside was my Arabic Testament and beside it a manuscript sermon in Arabic on the Seven Words from the Cross. The lad picked up the sermon and began to read it. I dared not speak, for I had not yet the word, so I held myself open before the Lord. After a few minutes the young man said, "Did you write this?" "Yes." Then the words came so naturally, and in answer to his questions I told him all about the delivery of the sermon and about the little gathering of Christians each Sunday morning at Dar Naama (House of Grace) and of how we met to worship God and to listen to His voice. He then asked several questions concerning the Christian idea of prayer compared with the Moslem conception of it. When I explained that prayer was a communion between us and God, as real as converse between friend and friend, he was astonished. That I could converse with God on my bed, or during my daily occupation, or even walking in the way, came to him as something entirely new. The thought of an ever-present, ever-near, ever-accessible God, a loving Father always ready to hear our cry, opened his heart to a new and wonderful light. It was *the word* for him. "That is what I need, I am so lonely." He then told me of his four years in Algiers working with his

father: "those were happy days, but father died, and all is different now; I am so lonely." I told him of One Who is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever—the constant Companion Who would never forsake the souls that trusted in Him. He left me in a very quiet mood.

The next morning he came into my room and began to recite in a low voice the opening verses of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. I said to him "There is a wonderful word in that Gospel" and I read to him the promise of our Lord to His disciples, pointing out at the same time that this word was only for those who accepted Him. "I will not leave you orphans." This revealed again that this was *the word* for his present condition of soul. It seemed to touch him in his loneliness. After this his whole demeanour changed, and a quiet peacefulness marked his expression. There was a change that was noticed even by others who at that time knew nothing of what had taken place in the sick room.

I did not have much opportunity afterwards for private conversation, so before we left I asked if I might see him as I had a book I would like to leave with him. In the meantime I wrote him a little note in two parts. I knew he wanted a sample of my handwriting, so I took this as an opportunity of appealing to him to accept our Lord as His Saviour, giving him such words as St. John 5. 24: 1. 12: 6. 37. The second half was on the promises of our Lord concerning His constant presence with his own. I closed this little note with an old Arab proverb, "A true friend is only known in adversity."

He came into my room on the evening before we left, but I was unable to have another intimate word with him, for stand-

ing in the doorway was another Mozabite, an older man. He was closely watching all that took place. I gave the young man the books I had promised him, and in handing him the little note I said, "Here is my address," which I had written on the back. At once he perceived that here was something for *his* eyes only and without the other seeing he quickly transferred the letter to his inner pocket.

He has promised to come and visit me in Algiers and said, "I want to know more, much more." Is he to be the first fruits from among the Mozabites? It may well be, for God has spoken deeply to his soul, but we must continue on the mount of prayer and intercession.

\* \* \*

During the same itineration Mr. Barrow writes of another M'zab town:—

One afternoon we visited a place called Bou Noura, a name meaning "father of light"—one of the seven towns peopled by this sect known as the Puritans of Islam. We felt the very name of the place was a

challenge. "Father of light" yet within its walls lived those whose creed of a false prophet was powerless to bring the Light of Life. "Father of light" where souls lived and died in darkness without Christ. How we longed to be torchbearers!

After some contacts with the people in the market and in shops, and disposing of some Light-bringing books, we found that two boys were following us to the city gate and they listened eagerly as they heard for the first time the story of the Prodigal Son. As they could read we left with them a copy of St. Luke's Gospel.

Later, on returning by the same road, we saw a group of lads in the distance, seated on the desert sand, and in the centre was the boy who had taken the Gospel, reading it aloud to the group so that all could hear its message. Who can tell what the result may be? Is it not written "the entrance of Thy word giveth Light"? And now we pray that so it may be, and that in this needy land of North Africa the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing in His wings."



Bou Noura.

## A Miliana "Happening":—

It was during a famine in our part of the land that Blessing came to Miliana. We found her in the corner of the shrine stable (a place intended for the horses and mules of pilgrims), seated on the ground among a crowd of other sufferers, near a fire they had lighted, for a cold rain was blowing in upon them and all were scantily clad!

Blessing was then a beautiful fair girl of eleven or twelve, but with such distress on her face because her little sister, lying on the ground at her feet, was unconscious and in high fever. The father had brought his motherless girls several days' weary tramp from their hut on the mountain-side, seeking for food. When it rained they had tried to protect themselves under Blessing's thin cotton wrap, and at night had crept when possible under the wall of some Moslem shrine, only to be driven off in the morning, for these villages had not food enough for themselves and could only hurry the famine pilgrims on to the central town of the district where it was said help might be found. Little Geltoun could not stand the cold and privation, so Blessing had tried to carry her on her back till a kindly Arab gave them a lift on his own donkey.

After some days of proper food and care, Geltoun revived, but police orders came telling of a crowd of other starving people on the way, and therefore those who had received hospitality must move on to make room for the newcomers. It was then the father brought his children to our mission house and begged us to shelter them, for winter had come and snow was falling and they could not go further.

Thus Blessing and Geltoun, little mountain girls who had never seen the inside of a town house, became our guests. Washed, dressed and well fed they were the merry happy children it was their right to be. What games and songs they taught

us, what tales they had of the wild mountain and forest life! Blessing, however, was still thinking of others and saving her supper to give her father when he made surreptitious calls on her early in the morning before any one was about. (The authorities had had to make strict rules and banish from the town any able-bodied man unwilling to work.)

Soon the children joined our mission house classes. The subject at the time was the Life of our Lord and we had reached the central theme of the crucifixion. What would it mean to these little strangers who heard it for the first time? Geltoun was engrossed watching the small town girls, many of whom were not over attentive that morning, but Blessing, sitting shyly at the back, was listening intently to the story—the last sad walk to Golgotha, the Crown of Thorns, the Cross—and all borne silently for others. Presently, unconscious of those around, she raised her hands above her head with a rapt expression on her face; this motherly little girl who had toiled up the steep paths carrying her sick sister was understanding and adoring the love that could suffer to save.

All too soon the father came from his hiding place in the caves outside the town to take his girls away, but the following year they were back again for one night's hospitality and help. Blessing was now a tall beautiful girl, and thank God, the hymns we had taught her were remembered.

The third year only Geltoun came, loving and bright as ever. The father could no longer bring Blessing, for she must work and learn to cook and weave under the aunt's direction, for soon she would be married.

After several seasons had passed without news from them, the father one day rapped at our door, impatiently demanding an entrance. "Geltoun has sent me; she misses her mission house mother," he

said. "And Blessing, where is she?" I asked. "Oh, I buried her a while ago with her babe."

Dear Blessing, the child-mother had given up her life for her babe. She understands the Saviour's love fully now.

\* \* \*

This from Bou Saada :—

A patient! Dirty, deaf and dumb! A frightful object of a boy of six. His one calico garment stiff with dirt and his fuzzy black hair standing up to a height of five inches and more.

He liked us, and came daily for treatment for the ugly ulcers in both ears. To have his ears syringed he promptly lay down full length on the floor and properly enjoyed himself, with faith in this wonderful affair.

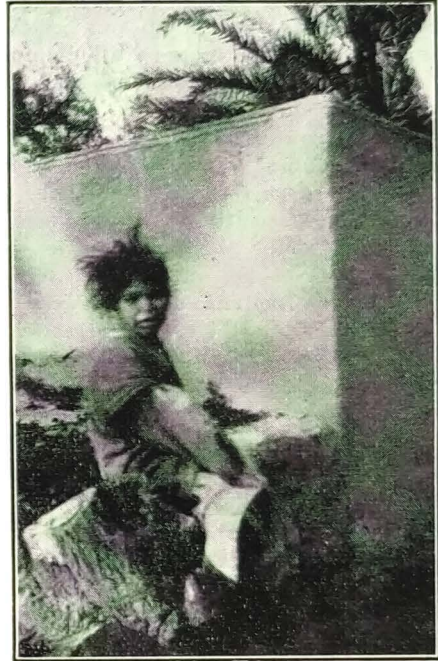
And he began to hear, his eyes grew less staring and his demeanour less dramatic. It was a great day when he was so far restored that he could mix with the other children and actually sit in the boys' class. He liked that! Miss Kemp saw him one morning and to her we translated part of his very original remarks. What depth of understanding they revealed in the heart of this so-called foolish child! Only a few months before, in the eyes of the public the more abnormally he acted the more "holy" he was. (For such is the Moslem conception). But the Grace of the Lord had been at work.

Yesterday, on our return from the Aurès tour, this one-time wild child came to welcome us and remarked to A.B., referring to another patient:

"Your son Hamid asks about you with good."

The said Hamid is an infant of a year old, unable to put two words together! We saw him the same afternoon—now a fine healthy child, and with difficulty recognized him as the puny skeleton of a baby we had nursed and so many times prescribed for.

A "Special Service Mission to Children" we may call this bit of the work. But what a contrast to the happy and free children of the C.S.S.M. one sees on an English beach are these boys in a Moslem land!



The Patient.

Dar Naama :—

During the last few months we have been—tell it not in Gath—in some financial straits, and a subscription that reached us during this time touched us greatly. It was from the "Missionary Tree Co-operation—Bono and Mina," whose thought is to encourage those who possess gardens or orchards to dedicate the produce of one or more fruit trees for the advancement of the missionary cause in any part of the world. The idea seems quite logical—"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

"Focussed." 3d., postage ½d.  
 "A Life on Fire," 1d., postage ½d. 8s.  
 per 100.  
 "A Ripened Life." Reprinted from the  
 Magazine. 1d., postage ½d. 8s. per 100.

(The last two Booklets have been reprinted in response to many enquiries).

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 the visit of Mr. Collinson to the Field, and for the acceptance by Mr. Oliver of the invitation to become a member of the Field Committee.

For all the years of devoted service and understanding sympathy of our dear Home Secretary, Mrs. Brading, whose ill-health now obliges her to relinquish part of the work, though remaining, to our great benefit, on the Council.

For all the encouragement received during the past months at the different stations.

For answered prayer for sick members of the Band, Miss Russell having so far recovered as to take the voyage to England, and Mr. Theobald to go on another car-itineration.

For a young Christian girl's quiet trust when threatened with a Moslem marriage, and that God worked her deliverance.

For the hope that the Tozeur bookshop will be kept open this summer by a Christian lad. Pray for him and for one other there, that they may be "strengthened with all might" by His Spirit.

That at Dellys our nursing of a little girl whose arm was badly burnt opened many doors to God's message and gained a sympathetic hearing.

### Prayer.

Pray for the believers, open and secret, that in the absence of the under-shepherds during the summer, they may learn to know more intimately the Good Shepherd of the sheep, and prove that He does indeed feed and care for them.

For a young girl enquirer who, after a time of apparent deadness, again listens eagerly, and has asked for a Gospel, which has been gladly given to her.

For Dar Naama and Dar el Fedjr, that those in sojourn there during the summer may be mightily strengthened inwardly through the Holy Spirit, and thus be ready for every contact God may bring about with natives or others.

That the privilege of depending on the Living God for the daily supply of temporal necessities may be appreciated by all; by those whom He is teaching to look to Him in need, and by those through whom He would meet the need. May there be true partnership with Him in giving and receiving.

Continue in prayer that the person of God's choice may be found to fill the position of Secretary made vacant by Mrs. Brading's retirement.

That their vacations may be blessed spiritually and physically to all workers.





## Location of Workers, 1929.

### AT DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.

1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.  
 1906. Miss S. PERKIN.  
 1919 & 1922. Mons. & Mme.  
                   PIERRE NICOUDE.  
 1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.  
 1920. Miss A. KEMP.  
 1927. Miss C. CROSS, M.H.  
 1927. Miss E. ARMITAGE (secretary)  
 1928. H. T. BARROW.  
 1928. Miss G. BLACKHAM, M.H.  
       Miss MARY MAY.

### MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

### BLIDA.

1909. Miss F. K. CURRIE.  
 1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE.  
 1929. Miss P. RUSSELL.

### RELIZANE.

1907. Miss RIDLEY.  
 1927. Miss JOHNSTON.

### MILIANA.

1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.

### MASCARA.

1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.

### TOZEUR.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.  
 1929. Miss R. SMEETON.

### COLEA.

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

### TOLGA.

1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).  
 1926. Miss G. RUSSELL (part time).

### TELMCEN.

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 & SENORA SOLER  
 (evangelist).

Evangelist Colporteur : Senor S. LULL (supported by Nile Mission Press).

S.S. = Short Service.

M.H. = Mission Helper.

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Algiers Mission Band  
Sketch Map of  
Algeria and Tunisia

