

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGERS
EGYPT

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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Location of Workers, 1933.

AT DAR NAAMA. EL BIAR.

1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.
1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time)
1919 & 1922. [Tolga].
Mons. & Mme. PIERRE NICOUDE.
1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.
1920. Miss A. KEMP.
Miss MARY MAY.
1927. Miss JOHNSTON.
1932. Miss R. KNIGHT, M.H.

ALGIERS.

1930. Miss IDA NASH.

MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

BLIDA.

1909. Miss F. K. CURRIE.
1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE.

MILIANA.

1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.
1929. Miss P. M. RUSSELL.

MASCARA.

1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.

TOZEUR.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.
1907. Miss RIDLEY.
1929. Miss R. SMEETON.
(on sick leave).

COLEA.

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

TOLGA.

1928. Senor S. LULL.
1931. F. MacDONNELL WATSON.

TLEMCEM.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER.
1927. Miss D. GRAHAM.
1932. Miss HANSEN.

DELLYS.

1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.
1922. Miss I. SHEACH.

BOU-SAADA.

1909. Miss A. McILROY.
1919. Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ

Evangelist Colporteur : Senor MUNIOZ (supported by Nile Mission Press). Headquarters at Relizane.

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“The Just Shall Live by Faith.”—Hab. 2. 4.

The three several times that these words occur seem to give, if taken with their context, the three main conditions of a walk of faith.

1. *Uprightness.* “The just shall live by faith.” As in an earthly friendship a reserve anywhere spoils the spirit of confidence, so here in our walk with God. And the closer our fellowship with Him, the more easily it is strained and shadowed. See John 5. 44. “Receiving honour of men” does not seem to have much intrinsically to do with believing, yet it is put as an irrevocable barrier to it. It is of no use trying to believe *against* some unrecognised barrier in our souls. If there is a point where our souls are not upright, not clear before God, down on that thing comes the hand of Christ, and He says, “How can ye believe?”

2. *Absence of self-effort.* Gal. 3. The just shall live by *faith*, not by law. Law is in its essence self-effort and self-effort is opposed to faith. We may have renounced self-effort for our salvation, and have renounced it, in theory at all events, for our sanctification, and yet keep quite enough of it practically to spoil the walk of faith. Restlessness of soul about our plans means

self-effort. It is not living by faith. The natural impulse to do something to extricate ourselves from a perplexity or a difficulty before God’s way opens is self-effort. “Hands off and eyes up!” That is a walk by faith as distinguished from a walk after the flesh.

3. *Going on.* Heb. 10. 38. “The just shall live by faith.” “If any man draw back,”—the Greek word means to bring oneself to a stand, to draw back, avoid, shun. How easy it is to bring oneself to a stand before some promise that seems to be too strong to be acted out, before some difficulty that seems insurmountable, “but if any man bring himself to a stand my soul shall have no pleasure in him” A moment’s hesitation and, as in a physical leap, the impetus is lost.

Most of us live a life of faith by fits and starts, but it is the maintaining that is needed. We take a few steps and then come to a stand and lose all the impetus. The souls who are strong and do exploits are the souls who stick at nothing, who go on believing full swing through everything. “By Thee have I run through a troop and by my God I have leaped over a wall.” If you see a troop or a wall before you, begin

this moment to run at it, and don't stop running to look at it again. By the time you reach it you will go through it with a swing, or over it with a leap. Amen.

Notes by the late I. Lilius Trotter.

"God loves with a great love the man whose heart is bursting with a passion for the impossible."—Gen. Booth.

That ought to be a watchword for Mohammedan work—not a mere consent to having been given an impossible task, as any good soldier consents to go on a forlorn hope if such be his orders, but a passion for it, because of the chance it gives for our God to get a glory He cannot get out of the "possible" things. When one gets just a glimmer of that, one would not change it for any other post in the world.

A story of the wars of the first Napoleon has often come back to me. He was trying, in a winter campaign, to cut off the march of the enemy across a frozen lake. The gunners were told to fire on the ice and break it, but the cannon-balls glanced harmlessly along the surface. With one of the sudden flashes of genius he gave the word, "Fire upwards!" and the balls crashed down full weight, shattering the whole sheet into fragments, and the day was won.

You can "fire upwards" in this battle, even if you are shut out from fighting it face to face. If God calls you there in bodily presence, you will never be able to pray to any purpose, or work to any purpose either, *except* there; but if He does not summon you, you can as truly, as effectually, as prevailingly, do your share within the four walls of your room. "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"

To "see the glory of God": that, in its crystal clearness, was the aim of Jesus.

Not mere pity for the dead souls, but a passion for the glory of God, is what we need to hold us through to victory. May He inspire it in us by the power of His indwelling life; then will the very "faith of the Son of God" Himself rise up within us, and the works that He did we may do also.

(I.L.T.)

Editorial.

It is no rare occurrence in Algiers to hear cannon saluting the coming in or going out of war ships, or the arrival of some important personage, but there is one single shot heard once a year that fills the hearts of numberless Moslems and of all missionaries with joy, and that is when on the night of the new moon, it marks the end of the Ramadhan month and of much useless suffering from cold or heat, hunger and thirst.

The Ramadhan month of fasting follows the lunar cycle so it falls sometimes in winter, sometimes in summer. In the former case the poorer women shiver with cold in their worn cotton haiks, while their lords and masters, wrapped perhaps in two or three woollen burnouses, long for the happy hour when at the sound of the cannon they may light their cigars; and if in summer, the sufferings of all from thirst must be very great. So when the last evening Ramadhan gun goes off, all the world heaves a sigh of relief.

And yet there is "another side to the medal" and that is the power of endurance which those days of fasting inculcate when truly observed. I have always thought with great respect of a little Arab ragamuffin from the street, who came to us for something to alleviate his toothache. Suddenly the capacious mouth which had opened to

receive the remedy, was shut with a snap as our little patient remembered that it was Ramadhan and even remedies are forbidden until sunset. He was alone with us and no outsider would have known, but Mohammed's law must be kept under every circumstance.

With all its faults, Ramadhan gives the missionary a special opportunity, for the men are very open to any suggestion that will fill up the long waking hours, and our friends at Colea were able to have two lantern meetings with more than a hundred Arab men present each time.

In contrast, two of our workers visiting in a desert town were pursued by a shouting crowd of lads and showers of stones, but as all the missiles fell short, one feels that the occasion was a demonstration rather than an attack. The smallest Arab imp can generally hit anything he aims at!

Two somewhat distant journeys have been undertaken this spring, one down in the desert to an oasis visited more than once by Miss Trotter, and the other to the M'zab country to a people considered as dissenters by the orthodox Arabs and speaking a Berber tongue, akin to Kabyle. The women are forbidden to leave their country. Once an enterprising couple started for Algiers, but they were brought back, and I fear passed a long and unpleasant quarter of an hour!

In one station very adverse influence sprang up for a time, and where there used to be good classes of boys, only a few came, and evidently in fear, for they begged that the windows and doors should be carefully shut and the instruction given in a very low voice. Sometimes in a wave of fanaticism they all stopped their ears.

Round all these souls, whether in towns near at hand or on the edge of the desert far down, an unseen, desperate warfare is being waged. Our hope is in the Lord who is King over all the earth.

“ Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy
tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time ; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

Leave to His sov'reign sway
To choose and to command ;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee ;
Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee ! ”

Rev. C. WESLEY.



In Remembrance.

The Algiers Mission Band has experienced a great loss in the passing over of their friend of many years, Miss Ryff—a Swiss lady. A brave traveller and full of sympathy in missionary work, many years saw her at one or other of our stations, or as helpful comrade in desert itinerations, accompanying Miss Grautoff in her journeys to the M'zab country; and when year by year she returned to her home in Switzerland, we felt as if we had had a fairy godmother among us, by the many tokens here and there of her kind thoughts for us.

F.H.F.

A Call and an Answer.

"Mademoiselle Jasmine's brother has come! What name shall we give him in Arabic? Let us call him Sidi Laughter, for he has such a merry laugh. Yes, when I hear him laugh I feel I must laugh too even though I do not know what it is all about!" Thus chattered the mission house children at Relizane one lovely spring afternoon in 1930, over the arrival of one who was to them already a "brother," come on a long-promised visit.

As a small boy his prayer had been, "Lord, make me a missionary," and later, "If Thou dost want me to be a missionary, give me a definite call." For this he waited, but his interests were ever with those over the seas who "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," and he longed to help. Now, after a serious illness, came the opportunity to visit Algeria and he was at once "at home" in the strange land. There was never any feeling of race distinction; his heart went out to the Arabs, especially the young fellows, and he welcomed opportunities of getting in touch with them. The lack of language was not such a barrier as it sometimes seems, for his actions spoke, his cheery laugh was infectious, and he enjoyed equally his contacts with the old coffee grinder in a Colea street and the dignified sheikh in his well-furnished home.

After a brief stay in the hospitable mission house at Colea, it was a joy to come down to Relizane, of which he had heard so much and where he received a great welcome from the "family" who felt they already knew him. Each day was filled with new interests: the little ones prepared an Arab tea-party for him and the brother missionary with whom he stayed, when we drank sweet mint-flavoured tea out of dainty glasses and afterwards sang choruses

seated on the floor round the little low Arab table. Another afternoon there was a menagerie to see, with a realistic rehearsal at home afterwards of how to feed an elephant, for the sake of little Rosebud, who had been too frightened to venture into the animals' enclosure! And just as he entered into the little ones' fun, so he shared with us the burden of prayer over one of the older girls, who was at that time threatened with a disastrous Moslem marriage. It did not need a foreign language for this, and in that he rejoiced.

Then there was an interesting visit by special invitation, to watch an old Arab sweet-maker at his work, thereby discovering the secret of how the stripes get into the rock! After watching the process for some time we were invited into his home to take coffee. It is not often that a man is privileged thus to see the interior of an Arab home, but again it seemed so natural that he should sit down with us on the floor to drink coffee in true native way. Presently the sweet-maker's wife, in her pretty native dress, which made a bright spot of colour in the sombre room, asked quietly, "Will your brother not give us a word from the Lord?" We were somewhat surprised at the request coming from her, but he was ready with a simple testimony which seemed really appreciated. Quite a different visit was that to the house of a sheikh, decorated in French style, where we sat on chairs and took coffee at a table, talking the while in French.

Thus the days flew past, with walks and talks and happy times with the children, and once a never-to-be-forgotten prayer meeting on the hillside looking over the town with its thousands of inhabitants to whom as yet no true Light has come. On the last evening of his stay a men's supper party was planned in the Book Shop over

the way, to which the fathers and elder brothers of the children willingly came. The womenfolk of course were not allowed to be present, but we looked in at the beginning just to see the brightly lit room, with its low cushioned seats and the little tables with their big dishes of cous-cous all ready for the feast. All sat on the floor and ate with wooden spoons, the cous-cous being followed by Arab tea and fruit. It was a wonderfully thrilling experience for him to be thus in the middle of things, sitting down to eat with those whom he had come to regard as friends. After supper was over, there were speeches and good wishes for his return journey and then to crown all, opportunities for personal testimonies from the three "brothers in Christ," who had sat down with the men. It was a great opportunity, and who knows how deeply God's Word went home to some hearts in that little room that night. . . .

Back in England three weeks later he wrote, "Have I really been to Africa? Is it possible that only three weeks ago I had just returned from Relizane . . . It is funny how often my thoughts turn there now. . . I think Relizane really focussed my stay in Algeria. I'm still remembering A. and H. and F. If you see any of the Arab menfolk tell them I had a good voyage, with good weather and good health and tell them not to forget that Jesus Christ died for them too and that He wants their lives for Himself."

It was not, however, until three months later that the voice for which he had listened for so many years spoke, and he knew he had heard his "definite call." "These last ten days," he wrote, "have seemed awfully long and I didn't seem to be able to see anything clearly at all, but the end of it is an answer to your prayers and mine and light has come so plainly and unmistakably that I cannot do anything else but follow the gleam. There is no

other thing to do. We had a great time at D.'s farewell meeting. (D. was a chum who was going into training for the mission field.) The hall was packed and I don't think I had felt God so really present in a meeting for a long time. I would have given anything to have stood in D.'s place—to know for sure what His will was . . . D. told the story of his call and I'm sure he spoke to lots that night, but I didn't see anything any clearer. I went home on Friday night and prayed hard for light, but none came and I knew I must decide this weekend so that I might let R. know if I was going in October. I knew there was the question of health, but I wanted His guidance without that. I wanted to know before I saw a doctor at all. On Sunday night my answer came. D. was to take the service. Well, the church was simply packed, but he had God's message—specially for me, and now I'm just dead sure that my life's dream will be fulfilled! His text was, "Come, follow me and I will make you fishers of men." It really is too absolutely wonderful. . . I saw D. afterwards and we went for a walk while I told him, and he told me the history of his text, how it had come to him when he wasn't looking for it and how he had scrapped it and tried to work on several others . . . then he had had to go back to it. And so I heard His call. "Come, follow,"—that was all."

But God had other plans for His child, and the missionary "field" to which he was sent was not Algeria as he had hoped, but a large Sanatorium where, in spite of ever increasing physical weakness, he became a "fisher of men" for his Lord. No one ever heard him murmur about the change of plan and all the keen disappointment involved therein, and always there was the cherished hope that one day he would set foot again in the land to which he felt he had been so clearly called. On

saying "Good-bye" for the last time he said, "Give my love to all I know out there and tell them I'll be there as soon as I can." Three weeks later he had seen the King in His beauty and had beheld the land that is very far off where "His servants shall serve Him" still. Knowing he was going he could say without hesitation, "He has never failed . . ." and to a friend* he gave the commission of finding for him a "substitute" for the mission field.

Shall his place remain empty and the

men and lads he loved and prayed for, look in vain for one who will be their brother?

"Verily it is no vain thing to be God's corn of wheat."

J. C. JOHNSTON.

*Since writing, this friend (Rev. W. Burgess, of Spurgeon's Tabernacle) to whom T. Johnston gave his last commission, has also been called to Higher Service.

"Drink Ye All of It."

Away near Antioch some years ago, down a well that was being excavated, a curious cup was discovered, the details of which were published later. In themselves they are remarkable, for the chalice dates from the first or second century, and under its chasing lies another cup embedded, old, worn, unadorned, for whose preservation nothing could account but some precious memory. There is said to be an eastern tradition that the cup of the Last Supper was buried in some well of Asia Minor. We put the two facts together side by side. More we shall never know.

"Drink ye all of it . . ." The words ring down the ages. Whether or no that little battered vessel ever felt the touch of the Lord's Hands, His true cup with all its infinity of meaning, is ours to have and hold. The cup of sacrifice to the uttermost, the cup of inspiration to new and

ever new possibilities, the cup of Christ's sweetness and Christ's fire; all this is given for our partaking in His "drink ye." Where are our lives alongside His ideal for us!

* * *

We ask ourselves and we ask you, shall we dare take from the Lord's Hands the cup of fellowship over these lands that He loves? It may mean a transforming of our lives: for the passion of caring, the passion of prayer, the passion for giving that are in Him, cannot come into our hearts without somewhere burning their way through: well may He ask, "Are ye able?"

The enabling will come, not with waiting to be able, but with the drinking. Shall we give ourselves to Him to learn all that we shall wish that we had known of it down here, when we drink it new with Him in His Father's Kingdom?—I.L.T.



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Ramadhan Days at Colea.

"Look on the fields . . . white"—John 4. 33.

Since we first knew Colea some eleven years ago, and especially since station work was commenced in it in 1920, the town and its environs have grown considerably. Houses, both European and native, have sprung up everywhere, new businesses started, additional banks opened, a new Government school for Arabs has been built, providing accommodation for over 300 boys; cinemas and music halls have been enlarged, and whole new quarters for native dwellings have been opened up. Frequently gourbis have given place to stone buildings, the latter having "Fatima's hand" for luck in glazed tiles over their doors, in place of the rude painted hand as before.

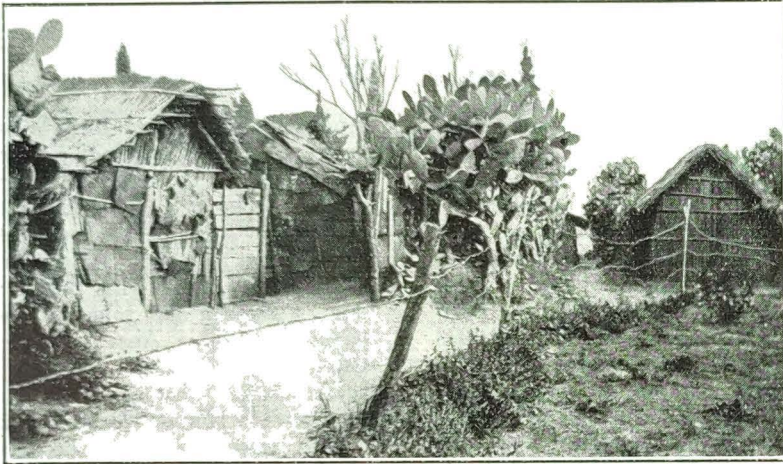
We were walking out into the country on the second Sunday of the Ramadhan now past, along one of our native roads on both sides of which for the length of a mile and a half may be seen gourbis in their little garden enclosures, or dwellings alongside larger holdings. We met many groups of men tramping in from still further afield to spend the last hours of the wearisome day with the town crowds and to do the extra shopping which their nightly feasting during the "fast" (?) demands. Suddenly a man from over the fence at our right saluted us and asked when would be the next lantern meeting? After giving its approximate date and parting with the usual salutations, we heard another man at work in his plot on the opposite side of the way ask, "What is this?" "Oh, it's about our Lord Jesus, our Lord Joseph and the others. It's good!"

We rejoice that these Gospel efforts have become in the minds of many a feature of their long Ramadhan evenings, and beyond being a mere topic of conver-

sation, we believe them to have become a centre of thought, reminding us of one of the promises, "To HIM shall the gathering of the peoples be." Retentive memories, with which these people are blest, are a great aid to this end. A woman in one of the houses where Mrs. B. was visiting, said, "My son has told me about the pictures of Sidna Aissa. In one He is standing outside a door, knocking, and the key is inside. That means we must open our hearts to Him or He can't enter!"

Each successive year it becomes more possible fully to preach the truth as it is in Jesus, and although at a certain point in this year's second meeting, two young men with a mocking word rose and went out, their action was discountenanced by the elder men of the packed audience, and reverent listening again prevailed.

That a good many are tired and even heart-sick of this Islamic institution of Ramadhan, is beyond doubt; some truly regard it as a fallacy, the feasting of each night taking up far more thought than the fast towards God. Said one of its faithful devotees to the writer and others, "Ramadhan is dead! The young men drink from morning to night." This, their extreme way of expressing disgust, went as a stab to one's heart. In a village not far distant, we saw the supposed descendant of its marabout and guardian of his shrine, passing the day's long hours complacently and unlawfully smoking, quite unabashed that we should see him so employed. Later, in a forest adjoining, as we walked along we scented the fumes of a cigar and it was not difficult to spot a red chachia in the foliage near by. Among the women the fast is equally disbelieved in. They, more than their men-folk, know the hardness of the binding of this burden, so



TYPICAL ARAB GOURBIS.

grievous to be borne, giving them additional hard work in preparation for the nightly feasting. Said one coming in from the baths, scarcely able to drag herself along, "Oh, I am so tired and thirsty!" "Take a drink," said her visitor. "Oh no, God would be displeased." "You know very well God would not be displeased. It is your will not to do it." Laughingly she replied, "Truth, but it is forbidden!" Truly it is "the fear of man which bringeth a snare" with many twentieth-century Moslems, more than a real fear of God.

Turning to the Depot we ask you to see with us the whitening fields. It is good to remember that when our blessed Lord used these words, "Look on the fields, white already unto harvest," He wanted His disciples to see the outcome of His talk with that one Samaritan woman which had caused them to marvel. The work in the Book Depot is largely individual work. Perhaps the citing of some individual cases observed during these weeks of Ramadhan

will help our faithful praying friends at home better to visualize how the work goes on and to pray more definitely for those who come and go, and thus to share in the reaping of the harvest. We are thankful that God continues to shield this His work in the Depot; usually a reverent atmosphere prevails and quietness seems the natural thing, reminding us of 1 Kings 6, 7. We have learned long since to keep its mission entirely to the Word of God. At first we thought it might be necessary to interest our visitors with books of a general nature, but Satan turned this weapon to other ends not conducive to holiness.

One of the most interesting cases of this Ramadhan has been that of a young man of a very thoughtful type. He has usually chosen the farthest corner seat. Having selected his book, he has seemed at once to become oblivious of all around and unlike many who come, who flit from book to book, not staying to taste the contents of any, he remains till he has read its last word. Often in the course of this he

seems wrapt in contemplation and gives himself to periods of meditation.

Another, of quite a different type, never seems happy till he has gathered two or three others to whom he can read aloud, and upon whom he can impress some of the things he has found in this or that book. One fears, however, that at the back of his life drink is beginning to take its hold. Another, a frequent visitor to our first Depot, came in boldly one evening to introduce a new friend, a brilliant type of young Arab manhood. This seemed very "Andrew-like." Among those who but come and go was one young man of very striking aspect. His eager request was for a copy of a certain brochure, the stock of which he feared we might have sold out. Hastily depositing his money on the counter, he hid his new-found treasure in his bosom and hurried away as if momentous issues hung upon the transaction. Perhaps this was even so. Anyway one's earnest prayers follow him.

Among the few elders who have entered was one who was persuaded to it as he was passing, by a company of middle-aged men who themselves had become interested in what they had been shown. This honourable visitor, with his string of prayer beads very prominently on view, was loth to get interested in anything. But God has His own word prepared for every soul and this most difficult case was amply met by that last great love-gift of Miss Trotter's to this and all Moslem lands, "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." Before leaving he asked to receive copies of such leaflets as were already in the possession of the men who had called him in.

This brings us again to the counterpart of Christ's great saying, "One soweth and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: others have laboured and ye are entered into their labours." In addition to the much which has been sown by the gifted pen already

referred to, what should we be able to do without the beautiful productions of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Nile Mission Press, the Scripture Gift Mission, and other societies? "They that sow and they that reap shall rejoice together."

This brief review cannot possibly close without mentioning those who make up the greater number entering the Depot. See them breathlessly arriving when school hours are over—the best of the boys, keen for everything that offers, particularly for publications in French. Their pennies are readily forthcoming for anything that pleases them, the "Story of Naaman," recently published by the Algiers Mission Band, being illustrated to their taste. Said one upon discovering "Noah" for the first time among our stock, "Is that history complete? Our master has told us all about it." One cannot speak too highly of the painstaking and devoted labour of the director of the French school for Arabs, before referred to. The hundreds of boys who have passed under his tuition are a real testimony to that.

Boys from the Koranic school have equal joy in coming. It has been touching to see how fondly one of the lads has handled the various specimens of tracts in our three cases—French, Arabic and Bi-lingual. He loves to arrange what others have disarranged, and has lingered even after the cannon has sounded the moment of permission to eat, drawing forth his chunk of bread from somewhere under his burnous, for his first mouthful.

Looking thus upon the field immediately at hand, we see also the "fields." Among the thousands who nightly crowd the cafés and eating-houses are some from all over the land. Often meeting us in the streets is a lad from Bou Saada; some from Miliana have been introduced to us by relatives; grown lads from Blida have been glad to testify to the work of the missionaries there,

and in one of our café audiences was a young man who made himself known to Monsieur Nicoud, as an employé of his friend in Algiers. While travelling in the desert we met those who knew Colea. How important rightly to regard every opportunity; any one seed sown may have far-reaching results. Pray again the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest.

“Up! the ripening fields ye see,
Mighty shall the harvest be.”

Then with those into whose labours we have entered,

“There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that grows from seed here
sown.”

H. W. BUCKENHAM.

—◆◆◆—
“Behold My Hands.”

These words, addressed by Christ to Thomas, appeal to all who are seeking to serve the Lord. “Behold as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters . . .” so our eyes look to the pierced hands of our Lord and Master.

While travelling by train some weeks ago, two Arab women were seated opposite us in the carriage. The elder of the two was speaking very kindly to the younger. Both were completely enveloped in beautiful white woollen haïks. As we journeyed the elder woman suddenly dropped her hands and rested them on her knees. But what hands! Hardened by toil, the joints swollen and wrinkled, they looked more like the claws of a bird of prey or bits of dry twigs ready to be broken. Of what untold suffering in life's struggle did they bear the marks. Over and over again the poor hands failed to grasp the inside of the haïk to veil her face again. When the train stopped at a wayside station, forgetting her limitations, the poor woman tried, but in vain, to push open the carriage door. Useless, suffering hands, do they not awake

in us a deep cry of intercession for the slaves of Islam?

Allow me to tell of hands yet more terrible than these. In the interior of the country, high on a mountain-side, is an Arab town, a very citadel of vice. Entering a small court we were invited into a room where three women were chatting together. Two of these were young and in great danger, for sin stalked all around. The third was an old woman, nearly blind and rather deaf, her chin bowed almost touching her knees, bent under the weight of years. Look at her hands! When I caught sight of them it was with difficulty that I was able to suppress a cry of horror. Emaciated, deformed, hideous, the thumbs stiffened and driven inwards so that they could not be moved. While we were questioning the others, the old woman lifted her bare arms above her head and with a cry of pain and hopelessness, said, “It was the wool-spinning that did it. I worked so hard. Now I wait for death.” Her words stirred our deepest pity. Far otherwise the two younger women, one of whom remarked in a most cynical tone, “She is old and of what use is she now? Much better for her to die.” The words sounded terribly cruel. As we tried to give a message of consolation and hope for the better country, the poor, broken, suffering hands of the old woman were pushed forward in an endeavour to take hold of ours as an expression of thankfulness. It was unforgettable.

We think again of our Lord's words to Thomas, “Behold my hands.” “He was wounded . . . He was bruised for our iniquities and with His stripes we are healed.” Miss Trotter had Albert Durer's picture of two hands raised in prayer, every muscle expressing the pleadings of intercession. May we, too, be strengthened to lift up holy hands in intercession in “the fellowship of His sufferings” for the Moslems.

A. BUTTICAZ.



A WELL IN THE SOUTH.
 [Note the goat-skins filled with water.]

The Wells and Streams.

"Skeefa't el Jenna," or the "Vestibule of Heaven," was the name given to a famous Moslem college in the west. From this centre of learning went forth the heralds of Islam who through their preaching and miraculous deeds sought to spread their faith among the tribes of Algeria. Many of the legends concerning the wonderful deeds of these early Moslem saints are associated with wells and streams. Some of these waters are supposed to possess magic power. It is said concerning one of them that many years ago the favourite daughter of a well-known marabout suddenly fell ill with some mysterious disease. Day by day she gradually became weaker; nothing could arrest the malady. One night in her delirium she asked for some camel's milk; this she said would bring back the roses to her cheeks. In

ordinary circumstances it would have been easy to obtain, but now it was impossible for all the camels were away in the far south. The marabout, after prayer, went to the source of a small stream near by and plunging his stick into it, immediately the water was transformed into milk. Of this he took a small quantity to the sick child and we are told that from that hour she gradually regained her strength and vigour. The Arabs of today still point out that same spring, and how the water gushes out white in colour. Although this natural mineral spring has lost its early virtues, many believe it is the place of healing because of the old saint's blessing.

In another southern town, well known to us and visited from time to time by our missionaries, there is at the head of a dry river course, a favourite place of pilgrimage.

Many years ago this town was often inundated by the sudden rising of the stream. Houses were swept away, gardens devastated. The inhabitants appealed to the marabout to work a miracle. He said to them, "After my death, bury me at the place where two streams meet and never again will the river overflow." Legend tells that it was so, and today many pilgrims visit the tomb at the head of the dry water-courses.

In the summer of 1927 we visited a famous Zaouia in the mountains of Eastern Algeria. On our arrival the first act of courtesy was to give us a bowl of water from the sacred well, a well hallowed by the memory of a legend concerning an Arab who once visited the world-famous well of Zemzem in Arabia. He dropped his valued brass cup into the water and could not recover it. On his return to Algeria he related the story to the marabout. The saint told him to go to the well of the hermitage, let down a bucket and in it he would find his treasured vessel. Tradition tells us that so the cup was restored. Today that old well on the mountain crest of Algeria is said to have the power to cure disease and bestow good fortune on all, because of the blessing of the saint.

But there is nothing compared with the sacred well at Mecca, Bir Zemzem. It is supposed to be the same spring from which Hagar and Ishmael drank in the wilderness and round it gather Moslems from all parts of the world. It is held in high esteem throughout the east and in Algeria, and a bottle of this wonderful water is a treasure beyond price. Pious men break their long fasts with it. It is applied to the eyes to brighten the vision. It is the great defence in the hour of death; when Satan stands by holding a bowl of purest water—the price of the departing soul—a few drops of Zemzem water enables the faithful believer to overcome the devil's allurements. Some say it is sent to distant countries to facilitate

the pronunciation of the different Arabic gutturals!!

Many are the wells and streams of Islam that speak to Moslems of calamities averted and blessings bestowed. Yet they know of no fountain that can ease the burden of condemnation, or of any stream that brings eternal life. They see not "the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness" or the crystal stream "proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Although physically streams and wells abound in some of their countries, morally and spiritually Ishmael's sons live in a dry and thirsty land where no water is. The well of Living Water is ever near at hand, but they see it not. "And God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water." Let us pray that soon their eyes may be opened, that soon the Lamb shall lead these suffering, sinful sons of Ishmael to the streams of Living Water.

"Providence, sacred and secret hand!

By whose assisting swift command

The angel showed that holy well,

Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,

And turn'd to smiles the begging tears

Of young distressed Ishmael."

(*Henry Vaughan*).

A. E. THEOBALD.



"The Sahara is a true picture of Islam: Islam is dry as the dunes, hard as the gravel, a problem that has baffled the Church throughout the thirteen centuries of its existence. . . . The Water of Life may yet be brought to the thirsty land, but it cannot be brought lightly. If the wilderness is to be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose, it can only be through channels in union, cost what it may, with Him from whose riven Heart the streams were set flowing.

Will it be worth while? Those will find out, whom God calls to the venture."

FOR THE CHILDREN.

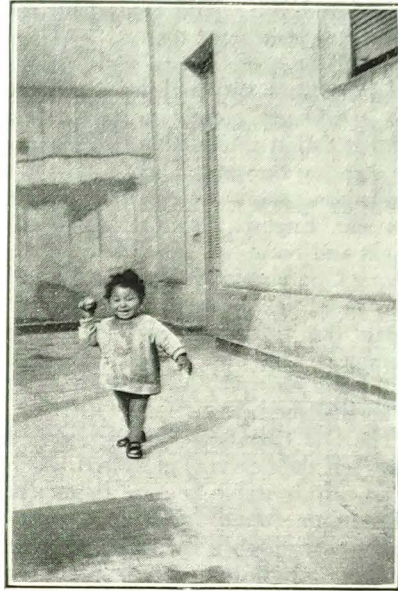
An Experiment.

Are you keen on trying experiments? If you are a boy you probably experimented with jumping crackers last Guy Fawkes' Day. I can picture you fanning the first spark until the fireworks suddenly woke up and chased you round the garden. If you are a girl . . . but then, girls are so different nowadays from what they were when I was small that I hardly know what to suggest. Whatever form the experiment takes, however, the interesting part about it is that one can never be quite sure how it will turn out.

Just before Christmas we tried an experiment at Miliana, and that was to hold a service of song for the Arab children and to invite their mothers to come and listen. Of course there is nothing new in this idea to you; it is the sort of thing you do every time there is a prize-giving at school, but our boys and girls had never done it before and you can imagine how excited they were.

We wondered much how the experiment would turn out, but the night before the event God gave us a lovely promise upon which to go to sleep. It was: "I will come unto thee and will bless thee . . ." The promises of God are very safe and comforting. Have you ever tried one of them as a pillow?

The next morning it was pouring with rain, but boys and girls are not afraid of rain drops and thirty-eight small folk turned up quite early. Then one or two mothers arrived and were taken upstairs to the large classroom, while the children remained below like little war-horses champing their bits, until it should be time to begin. The choir grew impatient and began practising the hymns on their own, and one little girl slipped upstairs unnoticed to join her mother before



A SMALL VISITOR.

the time. At last all was ready and the children marched in ranks to the upper room. Coloured paper chains hung across the ceiling and all looked very gay and festive in honour of Christmas.

Would you like to know what the children sang? Their language is Arabic so you would not have understood a word had you been there, but I think the tunes would have helped you to guess at the meaning of most of the choruses. The first one of all was a translation of,

"Jesus died for all the children,
All the children of the world.
Red, brown, yellow, black and white . . ."
etc.

Then followed their greatest favourite, which means, "Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the Kingdom of God.'" In the last line

of this the children say, "Come, let us go to Jesus." The next hymn was sung with actions and you would easily have recognised it, "Jesus loves me . . ." Then we repeated the text, "Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life . . .'" After this everybody stood up and we sang another action chorus about climbing step by step to heaven. Then followed two hymns, one about the creation, something like our English favourite, "All things bright and beautiful," and the other about having God always with us to care for us. One more text was repeated before we began the Christmas part of the programme. This time it was, "Jesus said, 'I am the Door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved.'"

The first Christmas chorus told of how Jesus left the heavenly glory and was born in an earthly stable because there was no other room found for Him. Then the words change to an invitation to Him to enter our own hearts, with the promise that we will make room for Him there. The other Christmas verses told of the angels' song when Christ was born and the last hymn of all had as refrain, "God is love, God is love." When the last verse was reached, calling upon the children to worship God, they all stood, closing their eyes and folding their hands in prayer.

I wish you could have seen their happy faces and sparkling eyes as they sang what they had learnt. It proved to us that our experiment was not a failure and that God was even then fulfilling His promise of blessing.

P. M. RUSSELL.



"I hide within my heart, O Lord,
 This sacred Word of Thine;
 Nor can the powers of darkness quench
 The flame of Light Divine.
 I hide Thy Word not knowing when
 The testing time may be;
 Or soon or late—but sure that then
 It will be true to me."

A Warm Reception in the Mountains.

We often visit two villages about fifty miles from Dellys and to reach them and return in the day we take the auto-bus passing our gate at 4.30 a.m., arriving at our destination at 7 a.m. The villages are perched on the summit of two mountains which face one another. We are obliged to wait at the entrances for someone to lead us to the houses. On the morning in question the first to arrive to our help was a young mother carrying her two babies, one on her back and the other in her arms. We greeted her and asked her to take us to her house. At first she was rather perplexed, then solved the problem by putting one baby, who was fast asleep, on the ground; the other she carried in her arms and we followed her to the village. She led us to the house of two sick women, then left us to go to the rescue of her baby.

A messenger was sent to call the other women to come to listen and so we had quite a good meeting. Fearing that we should tire the sick ones, we proposed leaving to visit other houses, but our hostess would not hear of our going so soon. Motioning us to be seated again, she said, "I am ill and need you; stay with me." As by this time another set of women had gathered, we also gave them a talk. Then once again we rose to go, but our hostess exclaimed, "Now, what is it my daughters? Are you hungry? I will order cous-cous to be prepared for you and in case you are not comfortable the women shall spread a mat and put cushions for you." We declined the cous-cous, but were very glad to make ourselves comfortable on the mat and the cushions. Thus we had another talk with a fresh group who had just entered. By this time we were told that all the women in the village had gathered, the others being away at the olive harvest.

We now decided that it was time for us

to leave in order to reach the other village. We were this time ordered by our hostess to get back into bed! (The mat is used as a bed in these mountain villages.) She remarked that as we refused to eat, she could not allow us to toil any further up these steep paths, making our legs crooked and tiring ourselves to death to visit other families. She said we had cheered her very much and she would be so glad if we would remain. We enquired the cause of her illness and were told it had arisen from shock received early in the year, through her house being destroyed by fire and her hard-earned savings burnt. This was the house where last year we were received with such kindness by her mother, who had entertained us to lunch. Our friend of today was absent on that occasion, but had heard from her mother that we were very good people. She had longed to hear about Jesus Christ for herself and now God had answered her longing.

Before we left, a young married woman who was suffering greatly, entered the room. She told us that the pain returned at the same period yearly and nothing would relieve it until she could obtain a charm from the Marabout (Arab saint). We asked what the marabout demanded as a fee and she replied that he would accept anything from a few sous to a chicken, or oil. These people have perfect faith in their Marabouts, who write charms which they hang over the affected part.

Eventually we did reach the other village and were able to hold meetings in the open air. We always find great difficulty in getting away from this place, as groups of women and children wait for us along the paths to coax us into their homes.

We returned to Dellys, very tired but with the assurance that God had opened doors and hearts to the entrance of His Word. Please pray that His Light may illumine these darkened souls.

I. SHEACH.

HOME NOTES.

In her recent deputation work the Secretary has much enjoyed meeting with some other of our Prayer Groups, and making the personal acquaintance of more of these friends of the A.M.B. This closer linking in fellowship is always stimulating, and it is encouraging to realise the reality and strength of the prayer-support that is ours, for which we praise God with expectant hearts.

The Secretary is hoping to pay a visit to the Field at the end of April, and on her return would be so glad to hear from friends who could arrange meetings—however small—for those who would like to hear the latest news from the different stations. Please address all communications on this subject to 38, Outram Road, Croydon.

Literature.

NEW PUBLICATION.

We are now preparing for publication in booklet form a Sketch of I. Liliat Trotter written by Miss Constance Padwick, author of the Life of Canon Gairdner, etc. This we hope to have ready before Easter, and we shall be glad to receive orders now from any friends who may like to have these booklets to send out with their Easter greetings. (Price 3d.)

Books and Booklets by I. Liliat Trotter.

"Between the Desert and the Sea."

With sixteen pages of Miss Trotter's beautiful illustrations in colour. 6s., postage 6d.

"The Life of I. Liliat Trotter." Compiled from her Letters and Journals by Blanche A. F. Pigott. 6s., postage 6d.

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

"Parables of the Christ Life." Illustrated. 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Bound in one volume. 5s. postage 6d.

- "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." (A Book for Twilight souls, written for Moslems). 1s., postage 2d.
- "Children of the Sandhills," a descriptive painting book. Pictures by Miss Elsie Anna Wood. 1s., postage 2d.
- "Focussed." 3d., postage ½d.
- "Vibrations." 2d., postage ½d.
- "A Thirsty Land and God's Channels." 2d., postage ½d.
- "A Life on Fire." 1d.
- "A Ripened Life." 1d.
- "Trained to Rule." 1d.

- "Story Parables." (3 together). 3d.
 - "North African Girls and Boys." 1d.
 - The "Outlook" Series. Written by Members of the Band. 1d., postage ½d. 8s. per 100, post free.
 - "A Province of Barbary."
 - "The Problem of Moslem Boys."
 - "Zenib the Unwanted."—What it is to be an Arab Girl.
 - "The Why and Wherefore of Industrial Work."
- All the above can be obtained from The Secretary, 38, Outram Road, Croydon.



Requests for Praise and Prayer.

Praise.

Praise to our Heavenly Father for the wonderful spirit of prayer with which He has inspired friends at home. May our hearts be open and expectant to receive all He has for us.

For the liberty we now enjoy in the work.

For much blessing in the Book Depot at Colea; for very touching instances of interest in and desire for His Word on the part of young and old. Also for two good Arab men's meetings held during Ramadhan.

For the little group of Christians in the Senegalese regiment stationed at Colea, who regularly attend the Sunday service held for them at the mission house. For their very evident growth in grace, and steadfastness under fierce temptations.

That some of the Moslems in this regiment have purchased books at the Depot, with a view to taking them back to their own country.

For the visits made possible to the M'zab and Oued Souf districts, and for the many definite answers to prayer in connection with these.

Prayer.

That the work of extending God's Kingdom may develop and deepen.

That we may be ready to profit by all God-given openings.

For clear guidance in all plans for the future.

For those who are visiting the Field; that all God's purposes for and through each visit may be fulfilled.

That the converts may know more of the "hunger and thirst after righteousness" and so more of the joy of the Lord.

That there may be a continuance of God's working in the different Book Depots in North Africa.

For very definite blessing on the many hundreds of tracts and Scripture portions sold and distributed during the various itinerations of the past weeks: that each may be used to turn souls "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

That God will guide very definitely in everything concerning the proposed Book Depot at Tlemcen. Premises are available which may be suitable.

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.

Local Representatives :

ENGLAND.

ALL NATIONS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—Missionary Prayer Secretary 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 (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).—37, Elswick Road, Lewisham, S.E.13.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—Mrs. Elliston, 82, York Road.
CARLISLE (Willow Holme).—Mr. T. Child, 11, Ferguson Road, Longsowerby.
CRAWLEY.—Miss M. J. Cheal, The Nurseries.
DARLINGTON (Pierremont Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.
EASTBOURNE.—Miss C. Firmin, "Dar Naama," Baldwin Avenue.
FELIXSTOWE.—Miss E. Threadkell, "Raebury," Constable Road.
FITTLEWORTH.—Mrs. Rice, "Fortrie."
HASTINGS.—Miss Kate Booth, C.A.W.G., 26 Holmesdale Gardens.
ILFORD.—Mr. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.
IPSWICH.—Miss Challin, C.A.W.G., Bolton Lane.
Mr. W. C. Collinson, 62, Tuddenham Rd.
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.
OXFORD.—Mrs. Elwin, 1, Warnborough Road.
PURLEY (Baptist Ch. C.E.).—Mr. J. C. Dinnage, "Ventnor," Whytecliffe Road.
REIGATE.—Miss A. M. Hodgkin, "Wraycroft."
SAFFRON WALDEN.—Miss E. Midgley, "Larchmount."
SIDCUP.—Mrs. Russell, "Rosslyn."
SOUTHPORT (Y.W.C.A.).—Miss Pennington, Lord Street.
THORNTON HEATH.—Mr. C. J. Ford, 13, Heath View Road.
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WEST SUFFOLK.—Mrs. Ed. Johnston, Campfield, Gt. Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.
WOODBIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.
WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, White Lodge, Mill Road.

SCOTLAND.

DUNDEE.—Miss Stewart, 8, Woodlands Terrace.
DUNFERMLINE.—Miss J. M. Swanson, 27, Monastery Street.
DYSART.—Mrs. Muir, "Ansford," Dysart, Fifeshire.
FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—Miss I. R. Govan, 18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.

IRELAND.

BALLYMENA.—Miss Harper, c/o Mr. W. Millar, "Hebron," Ballymoney Road.
BESSBROOK.—Miss R. Bailie, Deramore House.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.—Miss D. Markham, 123 Lake Rd., Takapuna, Auckland, N.Z.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia

