

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGIER
MUSIC

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS :—DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

General Secretary : Miss F. HELEN FREEMAN.

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

Executive Committee :—

H. W. BUCKENHAM.
MISS BUTLER.
W. CECIL COLLINSON.
MISS CURRIE.

MISS FREEMAN.
MISS GRAUTOFF.
MISS McILROY.

JOHN L. OLIVER.
MISS PERKIN.
A. E. THEOBALD.
A. T. UPSON.

Advisory Council in England :—

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MRS. F. C. BRADING.
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Hon. Secretary and Treasurer for England :—

MISS ENID ARMITAGE, 8, Sydenham Road, Croydon.

Hon. Medical Adviser : DR. GRACE CHAMBERS.

Hon. Auditor : C. NEVILLE RUSSELL.

Referees, America :

DR. W. C. PEARCE, W.S.S.A., 626, " W. M. Garland " Building,
Los Angeles, California.

CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, 104, Rex Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

Algerian Mission Band, America :—

President—MRS. M. F. BRYNER, 126, Flora Avenue, Peoria, Ill.

MRS. J. A. WALKER, Sec., 2300, Dexter Street, Denver, Col.

MRS. F. GOODRICH, Treas., 302 College Ct., Albion, Mic.

Referees, France :

PASTOR J. P. COOK, Lorient (Morbihan).

PASTOR R. SAILLENS, Nogent sur Marne, Seine.

Location of Workers, 1933-34.

AT DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.

1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.
1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time
1919 & 1922. [Tolga].
Mons. & Mme. PIERRE NICOU.
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.
1907. Miss RIDLEY (part time).

MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

BLIDA.

1909. Miss F. K. CURRIE.
1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE.
1932. Miss S. HANSEN (part time).

MILIANA.

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

MASCARA.

1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.

TOZEUR.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.

COLEA.

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

TOLGA.

1928. Senor S. LULL (part time).
Mons. P. NICOU (part time).

TLEMCEM.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER.

DELLYS.

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

BOU-SAADA.

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

RELIZANE.

1928. Senor S. LULL (part time).

Evangelist Colporteur : Senor MUNIOZ (of the Nile Mission Press). Headquarters at Relizane.

M.H. = Mission Helper.



No. 28.

SPRING, 1934.

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POST FREE

A Prayer for the Moslem World Today.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who hast made of one blood all nations, and hast promised that many shall come from the East and sit down with Abraham in Thy Kingdom: We pray for Thy two hundred million prodigal children in Moslem lands who are still afar off, that they may be brought nigh by the blood of Christ. Look upon them in pity, because they are ignorant of Thy truth.

Take away pride of intellect and blindness of heart, and reveal to them the surpassing beauty and power of Thy Son Jesus Christ. Convince them of their sin in rejecting the atonement of the only Saviour. Give moral courage to those who love Thee, that they may boldly confess Thy name.

Hasten the day of perfect freedom in Turkey, Arabia, Persia, and Afghanistan. Make thy people willing in this new day of opportunity in China, India, and Egypt. Send forth reapers where the harvest is ripe, and faithful plowmen to break furrows in lands still neglected. May the pagan tribes of Africa and Malaysia not fall a prey to Islam, but be won for Christ. Bless the ministry of healing in every hospital, and the ministry of love at every mission station. May all Moslem children

in mission schools be led to Christ and accept Him as their personal Saviour.

Strengthen converts, restore backsliders, and give all those who labour among Mohammedans the tenderness of Christ. So that bruised reeds may become pillars of His church, and smoking flaxwicks burning and shining lights. Make bare Thine arm, O God, and show Thy power. All our expectation is from Thee.

Father, the hour has come; glorify Thy Son in the Mohammedan world, and fulfil through Him the prayer of Abraham Thy friend, "Oh, that Ishmael might live before Thee." For Jesus' sake. Amen.

From "Call to Prayer."

[By kind permission of Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer.]

—◆◆◆—
"To suppose that the duty of intercession is fulfilled by attending what is called a hearty prayer meeting, to suppose that it is completed when a list of names is called over, is fundamentally to misunderstand. Intercession charges itself with the want, the woe, the load, the care, the sin, the anguish of all for whom it pleads."
(Anon.)

Death is the Gate of Life.

"The death of the Cross"—death's triumph hour—that was the point where God's gate opened; and to that gate we come again and again, as our lives unfold, and through it pass even on earth to our joyful resurrection, to a life each time more abundant, for each time the dying is a deeper dying. The Christian life is a process of deliverance out of one world into another, and "death" as has been truly said, "is the only way out of any world in which we are."

"Death is the gate of life." Does it look so to us? Have we learnt to go down once and again into its gathering shadows in quietness and confidence, knowing that there is always "a better resurrection" beyond?

It is in the stages of a plant's growth, its budding and blossoming and seed-bearing, that this lesson has come to me: the lesson of death in its delivering power. It has come to me as no mere far-fetched imagery, but as one of the many voices in which God speaks, bringing strength and gladness from His Holy Place.

Can we not trace the sign of the Cross in the first hint of the new Spring's dawning? In many cases, as in the chestnut, before a single old leaf has faded, next year's buds may be seen, at the summit of branch and twig, formed into its very likeness: in others the leaf buds seem to bear its mark by breaking through the stem blood-red. Back in the plant's first stages, the crimson touch is to be found in seed-leaves and fresh shoots, and even in the hidden sprouts. . . .

Be it as it may in nature, it is true at any rate in the world of grace, that each soul that would enter into real life must bear at the out-set this crimson seal; there must be the individual "sprinkling of the Blood of Jesus Christ". It must

go out through the Gate of the Cross. . . .

And as we go out free, we find that on the other side of the Cross a new existence has really begun: that the love of the Crucified has touched the springs of our being—we are in another world, under an open heaven. "Christ hath suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." . . .

But blessed as it is, this passage into a life of peace with Him, woe to the soul that stops there, thinking that the goal is reached, and dwindles, so to speak, into a stunted bud. Holiness, not safety, is the end of our calling.

And so it comes to pass that a fresh need for deliverance is soon pressed upon him who is true to God's voice in his heart. The two lives are there together, one new-born and feeble, the other strong with an earlier growth. "The flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh" and the will power is distracted between the two, like the sap that flows partly into the old condemned leaves and partly into the fresh buds. And here again, when the point of self-despair is reached, and we come to see that our efforts after holiness are as vain as our efforts after acceptance with God, the door of escape opens afresh.

A stage of dying must come over the plant before the new leaves can grow and thrive. There must be a deliberate choice between the former growth and the new; one must give way to the other. And before the soul can really enter upon a life of holiness, with all its blessed endless possibilities, a like choice must be made; all known sin must be deliberately given up, that the rising current may have its full play.

And from His side God will come in with a breath of His resurrection power;

for the Cross and the empty tomb cannot be long divided. The law of the Spirit of Life can now work, as you deliberately loose hold of all clinging to sin; the expulsive power of His working within, and the play of His winds around, will make you "free indeed" like the young shoots when last year's leaves have fallen.

(Extracts from "Parables of the Cross,"
by I. Lilius Trotter.)



"It is a shameful thing for a Christian to talk about getting the victory. The Victor ought to have us so completely that the victory is His victory all the time, not ours. It is He Who is the Victor and we are more than conquerors through Him."

OSWALD CHAMBERS.



Editorial.

"The breaker is come up before them: they have broken up and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it: and their king shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them." (Micah 2. 13).

These words have been much on our hearts, especially since we saw our party go off to their new out-post in the M'zab country. Of all exclusive people the Mozabites must count among the most exclusive, with their carefully guarded houses, and wives kept in a seclusion such as an Arab woman told us she could not bear. All this on the human side, but when we lift up our eyes to the Breaker, Who goes before, we know that His purpose will be carried out.

I think it is on the men's side of the work that we are having the most encouragement. Mr. Theobald is continuing the translation of the New Testament into Algerian Arabic, begun and carried far forward by the late Dr. Smith of the A.M.E.M. When finished this will be

an untold help. So far Mr. Theobald has translated Romans, the First and Second Epistles of St. John, and is now beginning on First Corinthians.

Mr. Buckenham in his individual contact with souls in his Depot, has many and hopeful opportunities. Mons. Lull and Mons. Nicoud received a warm welcome from men and boys on their arrival at Tolga in January, and have attentive listeners at their meetings.

The Fast of Ramadhan this year fell on the very coldest forty days of an especially cold season, and caused so much real suffering that some of the Arabs allowed themselves to question if the Fast was worth while, and what good did it do?—another indication that the iron fetters of Mohammedanism are being loosened from the souls of men.

This winter has brought us interested and interesting visitors, among others Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell of the Missionary Training Colony, and Commandant Delcourt of the Salvation Army, who is hoping to open up Army work in Algeria.

Each token of increasing interest in the hard Moslem fields, fills us with hope of even more and more intercessory prayer for these solemn times and for the constantly increasing number of secret believers, that they may have courage to confess Christ at whatever cost, and that we may have faith and wisdom to help and encourage them.

* * *

Since writing the Editorial we have heard of the passing to Higher Service of Monsieur Capelle, pastor at Miliana. He will be greatly missed by the French Protestant Church in North Africa, and not less by the Algiers Mission Band, whose French Representative he was, and to whom he always proved himself a most kind and helpful friend. In his firm and gentle character we ever found the support and help we needed.

Miss Currie and Miss Roche.

It was with great regret the Algiers Mission Band learnt that this summer would bring the resignation of Miss Currie and Miss Roche. After twenty-five years of strenuous work, they feel the need of rest.

Miss Currie has been our devoted Treasurer, and the Mission owes much to her able and faithful administration of the funds.

Both these friends have given to the Mission arduous and unfaltering work—"good measure, pressed down and running over", and to every member of the Band their departure will be a personal loss.

Miss Roche hopes that after a year's absence and rest she may be able to return to us.

The Treasurership has been kindly undertaken by Mr. Buckenham.



"It has come to me afresh this morning how much of His dealing with us abroad is to strip us bare enough to learn real waiting upon Him,—like Aaron's rod with all the natural life drained out of it, lying silent on the desert sand of the tabernacle floor before God's ark, its only one claim being that it was the rod of the man God had chosen, and that His name was on it. And I believe he is going to show us how into the empty drained-out channels, as we wait and believe, His blessed wonderful life will rise and flow and bud and bring forth buds and bloom blossoms and yield almonds—here and now, right down on the desert floor still, with no change of circumstances to help! I am believing for it."

I. L. T.

(From a letter.)

Lines, written by one who had greatly backslidden.

(Translated from the Arabic.)

Oh Jesus the Redeemer,
My heart desires Thee.
I have come to Thy door
Asking to be accepted by Thee.
I am a lost sinner
Caught in Thy laws ;
I followed my pleasure,
Counted among Thine enemies.

Oh Jesus, Friend,
None but Thee is worthy of adoration.
Thou Who art my portion,
Put me under Thy protection.
Thou the Lord, the Just One,
High in Thy Heaven,
I Thy vile slave,
I await Thy hope.

O Lamb of God
Redeemer of the nations,
Oh Healer of the sick,
The blind and the deaf,
Cleanser of the leper,
Giver of speech to the dumb,
Oh, Giver of Life to the dead,
Creator of man :

Oh Christ, Thine enemies
Are pride and the devil,
But among Thy sons
I remain in the faith.
When my life is finished,
I will live in Thy Garden ;
The Messiah will shepherd me
By the power of the Merciful.

By the Cross Thou didst buy me
Oh Christ the Righteous.
By Thy blood Thou didst ransom me
From the punishment of fire.
I give up myself,
My body, my whole being ;
I will remain steadfast,
Leaning upon Thee.

First Impressions of the M'zab Outpost.

January, 1934.

"Behold, thy mother, thine aunt, and thy sister have come unto thee!" Thus spoke the rather too jocular driver to the hotel keeper as the three travellers alighted at their destination—the largest town of the M'zab confederation. Perhaps the jest was a good omen, and meant that the Arab community, at any rate, would receive the visitors as their own people.

The procession which wended its way to the new mission station was an oddly assorted one and the bundles borne were even odder. In the rear followed a group of disgruntled porters who had been unable to secure anything; one of these was rewarded for his devotion by receiving a suit-case from a weary small boy who had managed to obtain two. The house had been white-washed throughout and looked very inviting. Our friend the hotel-keeper shut out the curious rabble and helped us to unpack our camp furniture. Next day, we hung up the dainty curtains made by the lace-workers of Miliana, and after a few visits from the local joiner and the purchase of a combined cupboard and meat-safe, the place began to look more like home.

Our first visit, naturally, was paid to the military authorities, to present our credentials. They accepted samples of the literature we had brought for distribution, and made no objection to our residing

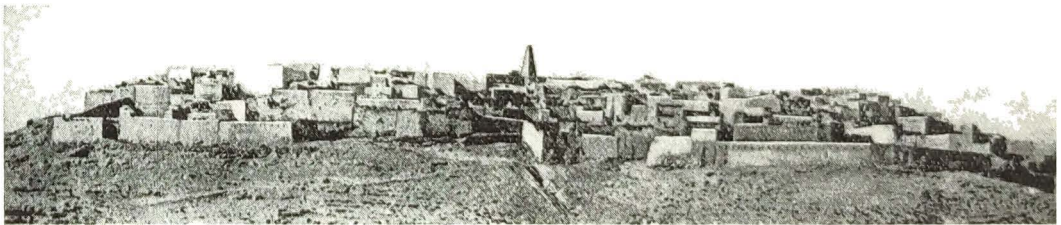
in the neighbourhood for two months.

The next visit was to the plump little Mozabite woman who is teaching Miss Grautoff the language. Her room looked more ornate than ever with its coloured glass balls and oranges, its many wooden brackets and rows of white china bowls. Aisha herself was most cordial in her reception, and we were forced to eat and drink with her on the spot.

Then there were our friends the tent people with their dark skins and gay clothing, who clustered eagerly about us as soon as we were seen approaching the first tent. While we sat among them, telling the Good News or singing the verse of some hymn, busy little hands stroked our fur collars, patted our leather shoes, or ran a curious finger up our stockings. There are always many who need the skilful attention of the eye-doctor, and for the next few minutes Miss Walton was kept busy with a constant stream of patients.

Last year we lived in the Jewish quarter, so there also many friends awaited us. Some of the women and girls are very beautiful, others of them noisy and trying, but they are our Lord's own people and desperately in need of teaching.

Some of the first visitors to the house were children—delightful little imps, with no idea of obedience. We had set aside the room on the right of the front door



A M'ZAB TOWN.

as a guest room, and there these little ones played ball and looked at the toys and books we had brought until it was time to learn a chorus and hear about the picture pinned up on the wall.

The real "house-warming," however, took place when two Mozabite ladies, their negro slaves and an Arab woman came to lunch. They brought with them their native dish of cous-cous, meat and hard-boiled eggs, with some gravy in a can. This food we were expected to eat with wooden spoons out of the central dish, tearing the tough meat with our fingers. Our part of the repast was to supply the dessert, with lemonade and mint tea as beverages. One of the Mozabite ladies began by drinking out of the lemonade jug before anyone else had been served! After the meal we were still sitting in a ring on the floor, when one of the guests suggested we should sing to them about Jesus. This gave us a natural opening for what was uppermost in our minds, and we sang one or two hymns with especially native tunes. Shortly afterwards our guests took their leave, but there remained with us the sure conviction that God had blessed this small beginning.

But what of the other towns of the M'zab confederation? They too must be reached with the Word of Life, and Mozabite, Jew, and Arab, be given a chance to receive Christian literature. Already the most fanatical town has been visited and there proud men turned with disdain from what we offered them, declaring that it was not good. "Prayer changes things"—and people, and we know that many are remembering the needs of this district before God. By the time this gets into print our opportunity will be over. Will you pray that our ministry here may have been "as a dew from the Lord, as showers upon the grass" (Micah 5. 7).

P. M. RUSSELL.

An Afternoon at Mostaganem.

"And Jesus said . . . No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God."
(Luke 9. 62).

One day, not knowing quite in which direction to go in my visiting, I asked the Lord to give me special guidance. Nothing seemed to open before me except a little village about three kilometres from Mostaganem. But I argued with myself, "You will not be able to do any good there. The last time you went you were able to do nothing and things were very difficult; one family had gone away, another had gone to the baths, and another seemed quite indifferent, being much more occupied with material things than with those which are spiritual. How much more interesting the former seemed to be than the latter!"

But the time had come to start out, and still nothing opened before me except this village. Going out, I began to climb up a little path, from which I could still see a corner of my house, and looking round, I felt almost persuaded to turn back. Ah, those backward looks! However, resolving to press on, I took courage and began again, feeling upheld as I pursued the path of obedience.

As I approached a little bridge near the entrance to the village I saw a young Arab woman walking in front of me. Suddenly she saw, lying at the edge of the path, some little pieces of pink paper, which she quickly picked up and with which she began vigorously to rub her cheeks, at the same time looking at her face in a little pocket mirror to see the effect, and if it might be growing more beautiful! As I caught up with her I asked, "Why are you doing that? These pieces of paper are dirty and full of dust." "That

is true," she replied, "but—it is the fashion!" Looking into her face I saw that one of her eyes was black as if she had received a blow. "What is the matter with your eye?" I asked. "Last night my husband came home drunk and beat me," she said. Poor little woman! How many like you suffer and weep without anyone caring.

"Where do you live?" I asked her. "Oh, I live at Tijdit, and am going to see my mother-in-law who lives in this village." Seizing the opportunity of this contact, I said, "Won't you show me her house, and ask her if she would like me to read the Word of God to her?"

Talking thus together we arrived at the door of the house, and after she had knocked I slipped in with her to hear the reply to my request. Seeing me there they hardly dared say, No! "Welcome," said the mother-in-law, receiving me very kindly, "who *would* not wish to hear the Word of God?" and the four women who were there listened intently as I read, and seemed greatly touched. Who can measure the power of God's Word in stricken hearts?

Leaving that house, with many thanks from the woman, and promising to return, I crossed the road and knocked at another door. Inside I found ten women, of negro strain, who had gathered together to make a big feast for the poor, after having made a vow at a marabout shrine. They at once wanted to start the gramophone in my honour, but I said, "Excuse me, first of all I would like to read you something from God's Book." "Oh, yes, yes," came the ready assent, "tell us what God has to say to us." So I began to read, and they listened with an attention which was really impressive. How I wished that those who say it isn't worth while to carry the Gospel to these people, and that it is waste of time, could have been there to see these earnest listeners.

After this I met a little girl who said, "Come and see my mother. She loves to hear about the things of God." And indeed both the mother and the child received me into their house with the greatest joy and called together their neighbours as well. It was a pleasure to talk to them, so great was their thirst for divine things.

Leaving them, with many salutations, I met in the street a little boy, five or six years old, who pulled me by my dress saying, "Now come and see *my* mother." How could I resist such a charming invitation, and as I went he ran in front of me saying "Oh, Mother, Mother, the Word of God has come!" His mother and sister welcomed me with smiles and asked me to read to them. They were so sweet and friendly, and I believe that the Good News went really home to their hearts.

Opposite their door was a big courtyard which I had visited several times before. As soon as I appeared, a circle of five or six women gathered round, asking me to read to them. Just as I was beginning, three men came in and settled down to listen in perfect silence, without a word of protest, which is very rare, for the men are always ready to argue and often bring in a difficult atmosphere with their "buts" and "whys".

The time passed quickly, and I began to think about returning home, for it was a good long way and evening was coming on; but there was still work to do, so I went on from house to house, and from visit to visit, and was thus able to speak to thirty-seven people during the afternoon.

When I reached home it was quite dark and I was very tired, but glad and thankful to God that I had been able to give His Divine Word to so many people, who would not have heard had I yielded to the morning's temptation to turn back.

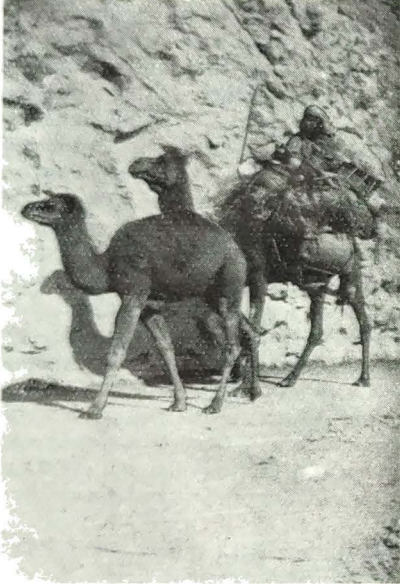
A. GAYRAL.

(Translated.)

On Tour.

Renewed Contacts with Souls.

It is not always at the first contact that those who see and hear the Gospel are most impressed. We have had some blessed experiences of renewed contacts during our last itineration, when the Holy Spirit of God brought enlightenment, and we trust, blessing.



The Caravan. We only managed to take this snapshot of a very small part of the big caravan, and it gives but a poor idea of what we saw and heard: the alertness of the men and women who were walking; the bright colours worn by the women and children, and not least their chatty, crisp remarks to one another. To our surprise they recognized us and salaamed as old friends, reminding us of our visit to their encampment some years ago. The caravan proper kept moving on—people, camels, donkeys, dogs, but some

women lingered to talk. Then two men came running back for tracts and talk and the caravan was almost out of sight ere they left. On our way home some days later, our bus passed their low brown tents bathed in sunshine. We were happy to think they had heard once again and had received tracts.

Small boys and girls. Almost everywhere and always companies of children follow us, many of these neglected and underfed and suffering, children we sometimes meet again after a few years. One such, a lovely young woman, with two children, welcomed us into her nice room in a much inhabited courtyard where we were not having any welcome from the other women. "Six years ago," she said, "I saw you at M—. I was a little girl then." How thankfully she listened again to the story. Her husband came, a Reader, and very pleased that we should visit his wife. "I have heard of you," he remarked, "I go sometimes to the market at Bou Saada."

The Silversmith. Toiling upwards to a village one day, we saw the silversmith bring out a bench from his shop, place it in the sunshine, and dust it just as he had done for us four years previously. We had a very good time there with readers, the silversmith himself the most eager to add to his little stock of tracts and books which he reviewed before us—they had a nice "used" appearance.

Train companions. Walking slowly through the narrow streets of a town hoping to be asked in somewhere, we saw a goat rushing towards us and heard women's and children's voices shouting "Stop it, stop it!" and this we did. This incident led to a beautiful visit. "Oh, we have seen you before," the women said, "in a train. We could not talk there, but we can here!" and talk they did, and questioned us about ourselves, while coffee and nuts were being prepared. Rarely have we

found hearts so open to the Gospel. It was our first visit, but they acquiesced, outwardly at least, to what we told them of our awful need as sinners and God's great provision in Christ to meet it, through faith. The shadows of night were falling before we could leave these dear women.

A lift. The state of the roads made progress slow, with so much sticky mud clinging to our shoes. Labouring along a track one evening a little bus overtook us and one of the men asked the driver to stop and give us a lift, remarking at the same time to the others, "Good people these 'Sisters of Mercy' (!). They come every year."

A Primus Stove. It was in a crowded house in a most muddy street that we had contact with two women who, more years ago than they could remember, had met other missionaries of the Cross. One woman from Constantine recalled a hymn and the parable of the Lost Sheep. The other woman had once seen Miss Trotter, near Beni Farah in the Aurès.

The east and the west met somewhat, when coffee was prepared for us on a Primus stove! Pray for all these women, that the Holy Spirit may bring to their remembrance His Gospel, heard in that short hour.

Tolga. We went there for a day to visit old friends. On the outward journey another car almost collided with ours. The contact left a deep dent all along the metal framework. We praised God for His deliverance. How often we realize that God is answering the prayers of home friends for us.

We found that one of our women friends at Tolga had died of a scorpion bite during the summer, and the other women were in a very subdued frame of mind when listening to the Gospel. We passed the little mission-house, unoccupied at the time, and paid various visits. Walking through the one long street we heard a

voice calling "Saida," and a fine young man advanced to speak with us. He was a former house-boy at a station hundreds of miles away. (He was generally called "I Can't," as he used these words so often.) Now he seems to be getting on well, thank God.

One new town. A town of six thousand souls has often been the subject of our prayers since passing through it eight years ago. The time had now come when we could visit it. The owner of the post-bus, which we were about to take, kindly took us in his own little car, as he was just then going to the town. After some conversation he remarked that perhaps we had known Miss Trotter? He was very pleased to learn that we could tell him of her. "It was I," he said, "who years ago took Miss Trotter and her companions in my long cart to their far-off camping grounds," and he related many interesting stories of those days. "Ah," he said in closing, "that sort of person no longer exists."

We had great joy in entering several houses in that town, where excited women gathered round to listen to the "old old story of Jesus and His love." Even in quiet streets groups of people gathered.

"Ah, the messengers of Christ are long in coming," a man said to us one day. "When are *we* to have preachers of our own? When we wish to hear we are obliged to go to Tolga"—thirty miles away.

"O God, ere Thy dread judgements fall,
Do Thou in mercy bring
A ransomed *host* from Islam's thrall,
To serve the Saviour King."

"And how shall they believe in Him
of whom they have not heard? And how
shall they hear without a preacher?"
"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the
harvest . . ."

M. ALICE McILROY.
A. BUTTICAZ.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Short Stories from Tozeur.

"Guardians."

(The writer is sleeping alone in the mission-house, but says she is quite safe, as the Arabs are much too afraid of the ghosts who are supposed to haunt it.)

"With regard to guardians, ghostly or otherwise, Mabrouka's little Ibrahim, aged about seven, offered to spend the night here to watch over me. His brother Mohammed (a little older) squashed him, saying that I did not need Ibrahim, for Sidna Aissa (the Lord Jesus) was better far, and that Ibrahim would certainly be frightened if any thief came, whereas Sidna Aissa would know what to do and would not be frightened."

"Christmas."

"I celebrated Christmas Day by having more than fifty women and many children visiting the house in a continuous stream. It must have been the largest number of women we have ever had here in one day, but there is more satisfaction sometimes in the twos and threes who come and really want to hear something.

The day before Christmas was *the* day for the congregation, who sang 'Hark, the Herald Angels' and 'O Come, all ye faithful' with great joy. The evening before, blind Bedra had been lamenting that she had nothing to give, and she did specially want to give that day, so her son Ibrahim produced two sous from his pocket, saying, 'That's really all I have, but you may take it for Sidna Aissa.' Little Salaha brought an orange which was half of it a Christmas present to me and the other half for Sidna Aissa, so I gave her three sous for that half, to put in the box. They all begin to think much more of this giving on Sundays, and sometimes I have a few handfuls of dates,

two or three pomegranates, and an egg or an orange brought 'for the box'; so they are solemnly priced and the money paid to the owners that they may put it in themselves."

More about Salaha.

Salaha lately took a naughty fit and refused to go with blind Bedra when she was wanted as a guide. Indeed she left her in the road and ran away, and no thumps from her mother or reproaches from the two Bedras had any effect. With an air of haughty indifference she said, "You can pray to the Lord about me if you like!" Of course I was requested to speak to her seriously, and in the end she decided to turn over a new leaf and is quite good.

Some days ago Salaha arrived with a small bag hung round her neck, or pinned on in front, from which she produced two sous. It appeared she had earned this sum by collecting and selling date stones (for camel fodder). She told me she was going to spend it on some beans for me, but could not find any that day. I thanked her for the kind thought, but naturally imagined that the two sous would soon be spent on something else. But this morning she appeared with her grandmother, carrying a small teapot half full of beans floating in the water they were cooked in.

Bedra told me Salaha had earned another sou and added it to the original two, and that she had been most upset because the man who sold the beans would not *fill* the teapot! Indeed she emptied them back into his pail because she thought he had not given her enough and her grandmother had to be called to the rescue to soothe the child and persuade the man into adding a few more."

En-Nouie.

"En-Nouie, my house-boy, in an access of affection the other day wished that my days on earth might be prolonged to two hundred years! I expostulated with him at the idea of so long outliving all my friends, but he got the better of me by reminding me of what he had just heard last Sunday about Enoch 'who walked with God three hundred years', and I was obliged to admit that in such a case the length of years did not seem such an unhappy lot."

For His Sake.

An Arab colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society writes: "When I began the distribution of God's Word at X—, among my own people, among those I so truly love and pity in their misery, it made me sad to see them without the grace of salvation, walking in darkness, beholding the mirage and accounting it a pool of water. I began by visiting several places in the native quarter of the town. Certain men there noticed me and watched me closely. One of them came to me and asked if I was the young man mentioned in a letter in the Arabic newspaper. I said, 'Yes, I am that young man.' He then began to question me and said, 'What is your nationality and belief?' I told him that by birth I was an Arab, and in belief, a Christian. He then asked me if he might question me further. 'Certainly,' I answered. 'What do you believe concerning Mohammed, Islam, and the Koran?' he asked. 'As for Mohammed,' I answered, 'he was a man, a sinner like the rest of mankind. As for Islam and the Koran, the prophet Mohammed was their founder. If only you would step out of the deadening circle of tradition, all this would be perfectly clear to you.'

After he had finished questioning me

I asked if I might ask him certain questions. He had asked me what I thought of Mohammed, so now I asked him what he thought of the Messiah. He said, 'According to the Koran and my belief, He is the Word of God and the Spirit of God. His birth was miraculous, revealing the wisdom of God.' I then asked him if he had found in the Koran one single word that lessened the high and noble estimation of the Messiah's person and character. He said, 'No, not one word.' 'Well, will you kindly allow me to place before you a copy of the full life of the Messiah, the Gospel, in order that your knowledge of Him may be greatly increased, and that you may know why the Messiah was born miraculously and what was the great wisdom of God revealed in the incarnation.' He then bought a Gospel, and several others present also bought Gospels."

[By kind permission of the B. & F.B.S.]

A violent article in an Arabic newspaper speaks of this young colporteur as bringing with him a "large quantity of misleading and erroneous books." His address was "poisoned with heretical apostasy" and he is accused of "spreading his heretical poison in the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society and in the name of the Gospel." The article ends with an editorial comment that the young man in question is "fit only to swallow stones and a stone is necessary that will make him know the evilness of the open lying about the honoured prophets of God."

The same colporteur when asked by another Moslem if none of the other prophets save Jesus had any truth, answered, "Some time ago when you wanted a light in your room, you had a candle; later you used a lamp; but now you have electricity. Do you want to go back to the candle?" A little later this man wrote to the colporteur asking for a copy of the New Testament.



IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE MISSION HOUSE AT TOLGA.

Tolga. 1934.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." (Isa. 35. 1).

When making a prolonged stay at Tolga it is very restful to walk through the various paths of the oasis and note under the shelter of the palm trees, the abundant vegetation and the clear flow of the waters in their courses, which mean life to all they touch. The contrast is striking with the desert surrounding the oasis. One has to dig for water, and dig still deeper for the artesian well with its better, because purer, water. We are here to bring to thirsty souls the living water which the Lord Jesus offered to the woman of Samaria. Our task is glorious, but we feel our weakness and insufficiency in the face of it.

At the present time there are opportunities for fairly systematic evangelization.

Men and boys come to the mission house to read God's Word and to sing hymns, many coming and going throughout the day; and sometimes a single individual makes his appearance, Nicodemus-like, seeking for the propitious moment to find us alone, and hoping to escape the notice of others. With such we have interesting conversations and have found truly thirsty souls, making us long to go deeper with them: they listen and then, as if driven by the enemy on the watch for his prey, they suddenly draw back at the Word. It is on such occasions we realize our need of the Holy Spirit and His divine wisdom to know how to reach their hearts with the love of the Saviour who forgives. The fact that He forgives now, in this present life, is a striking thought to them.

One day two young students came to call, one belonging to a well-known family of the neighbourhood. We read with

them several chapters of the life of Abraham, and afterwards, according to our custom, several Gospel portions. We at once encountered one of their difficulties, the difficulty of believing that the Lord Jesus is truly God's Son, also that to them outward religious practices of Islam were sufficient, even affirming that they themselves were holy from the mere fact of the observance of these practices. Alas, poor youths, in spite of their studies they have everything to learn, and we read to them the first of John, they telling us that these statements are all lies. We bring to them instances in daily life among Moslems; they admit the truth of what we say, that holiness is lacking.

For the men on Sunday evenings we are giving illustrated lantern talks on biblical subjects. The men are very appreciative, especially of Old Testament subjects, and make no objection to scenes from the life of Christ. Five times a week we have classes for boys, twice for those attending the French school and three times for the street boys. The boys of the French school are attentive in their behaviour and therefore the sowing of the seed is an easier task in their case. One Thursday we were giving the account of the feeding of the five thousand with the five loaves and two fishes. Two of the boys were much struck, and asked "How could Jesus do this?"

With the other boys we have to pursue a different course: we teach them to memorize and by means of pictures seek to impress the Gospel narratives on their hearts. One boy of six, on seeing the picture, exclaimed, "There are the loaves and fishes of the child!" Even in the hearts of these neglected children the Lord puts joy, and in compensation for other lacks, gives them a retentive memory. We have games with them, and some enjoy doing "texts" with coloured crayons.

In our walks we are able also to distribute tracts, scripture portions, and Gospels, which are gladly received, sometimes even asked for.

One other opportunity is ours, that of ministering in a feeble measure to the sick about us. Our hearts are filled with pity at the sight of little children, babies even, covered with sores, suffering from infection due to lack of hygiene, the victims of the ignorance and fatalism of Islam. As we relieve the physical need we also seek to drop a living Word for the parents who bring their sick children. They are touching in their expressions of gratitude, as for instance, a poor woman whose child had been helped, brought three eggs, and another a little milk.

Such is our life in the desert. We ask the Lord to meet all the suffering and to enable us to make His Word intelligible to these sheep of His. For me, who first came here with Miss Trotter about ten years ago, it is a great joy to be again in these surroundings and to find open approaches to the men. We thank the Lord for giving us the privilege of working for Him here.

P. NICOUÉ.

(Translated.)

The Mzab.

Marcel Mercier in his book, *La civilisation urbaine au Mzab*, speaks of this district of Mzab as "That rocky plateau isolated on the border of the Sahara, one of the islets of an ancient population, which has remained for generations sheltered from the waves of foreign intervention." In studying these towns we have indeed preserved to us "a fragment of ancient life." The plan of the towns, their curious construction, the remains of past fortifications, belong to a time when this brave sect had fled from persecution

into the desert, only to find themselves up against another enemy in the warlike marauders of the Sahara, who with their swift camels could swoop down upon these little towns and devastate them.

The Mozabites are a branch of the Kharadjites (literal translation "gone-out-ones") for when they disapproved of Ali, the fourth Khalif as successor to Mohammed, they were reckoned heretics by the other Moslems. Later they were called Ouahabites after their leader Abdullah ben Ouahab, who made an unsuccessful attempt to unite them against the orthodox Moslems. The effort failed and resulted in the massacre of the majority of the Ouahabites. Yet the undaunted little handful remaining were missionary-hearted and began to teach others around them what they considered to be the strict interpretation of the Koran. From among these there arose a teacher named Abdullah ben Abadh. He taught his disciples to be more humane than some others of the Kharadjites, who were sadly noted for their cruelty. His followers, called Abadhites spread along North Africa, and are the forefathers of the Mozabites who are all Abadhites. They settled in a district south of Tripoli, Djebel Nefoussa, and later captured Kairouan and had rule there for a time, but were driven out. Later they established a flourishing settlement with Tiaret as its centre, where they attained the height of their power, but in A.D. 908 they were driven out by the orthodox Moslems.

Eventually the Mozabites were forced to seek shelter apart and came to the rocky district about four hundred miles south of Algiers. Their first town, El Atouf, was founded in A.D. 1011 and Ghardaia in A.D. 1053.

We have to remember that though this sect had its origin in Arabia, yet those who for generations took part in this religious warfare were their converts from

the North African races and the Berbers (a name given to the mixed people, not Arabs or Turks, who formed the indigenous race, speaking the unwritten Berber dialects). The Mozabites are surely a people of character who have weathered storms for their convictions. Let us pray that the Spirit of the Lord will lead them into the full light of the Gospel and reveal to them their need of a Saviour to bring them to the Holy God. The scorn with which our Scriptures are refused is saddening, for they are a thoughtful people and among them there must be many an unsatisfied heart. We have this year (1934) opened a little mission outpost at Ghardaia; the Roman Catholics have been here for several years.

The seven towns of the Mzab are constructed on a similar plan. All are built on rocky elevations; the mosque with its minaret of pyramid form, tapering to four fingers pointing heavenwards, stands at the highest point. Adjoining it are the Koranic schools, and the prison for women. The latter is situated within earshot of the mosque, that the captives may benefit by hearing the prayers.

Around the mosque buildings are the dwellings of the "upper ten" of the town, who by means of their students, the Azzab, regulate down to minute details the affairs of their city, and police it. The streets are built in circles round the central buildings, winding down to the outer wall with its gates and watch towers, which were formerly manned night and day to give warning of danger.

It is a steep climb to the centre of the towns and the chief men in their secluded streets resent the passage of any but their own sect. Jews, Arabs, and Europeans of Ghardaia have their own quarters outside the old walls, and the schoolhouse also is built outside the gates, for none but Mozabites may dwell within the sacred city.

Ghardaia, the central town, has a large market, rectangular in shape, with shops and porticos and a raised pavement all round. On the curb of these pavements the sellers sit with their goods spread out before them. On one side is the Caid's office, and near it a raised stand from which carpets and things of value are sold by auction. Local industries, native medicines, dates, sheep, goats, camels, waterskins, and religious books, are the present wares, but before the French occupation, gold ore, ostrich feathers, elephant tusks, and skins of wild animals were brought from Timbuctoo and distant Sudanese places and the slave market was a prosperous one.

Only this morning I was talking to a negro seller of incense who told me she came from Timbuctoo. She was stolen from her parents by the Arabs before the French conquest, and brought to Ouargla as a little girl and sold there. "For how much?" I asked, and she answered, "I was but a child, how should I know." "What is your language?" "Sudanese," she replied, and greeted me with what sounded like "Indogaii"—"How are you," and told me to reply, "Aand el afia"—"Peace to you." We opened the "Wordless Book" and spoke of heaven and the way there, in a mixed dialect of Arab and M'zab words. It does not seem a long way to Timbuctoo here, and we thank God that the French have put down slavery.

Mozabites are never buried near the central mosque in shrines, as with the orthodox, but have numerous cemeteries around the towns with small mosques or prayer platforms in them. Their desire is to be buried near the graves of their ancestors or near some revered teacher of their people. The cemeteries are surrounded by walls, lest any animal should walk on the graves. Venerated doctors of their religion have four-square shrines

built over their graves; people bring stones to these shrines and believe that they will bring blessing to the one who has touched them. Earthenware lamps and vases were formerly put in quantities on the graves, also palm branches. A Mozabite will tell you that these broken pieces of pottery are to identify the grave, but students think they were for food originally and that they indicate the remains of an ancient belief in the material life of the dead.

I saw a banquet being held in one of the cemeteries last year. Mozabite men, on their beautifully cared-for donkeys, were riding to the cemetery carrying big vessels of cous-cous (the native dish), and there the feast would be held in memory of the dead, and a portion given to the poor. How we long to tell them of the living, risen, reigning Christ and the joy and peace and victory for all in Him.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.



Literature.

To be obtained from The Secretary,
8, Sydenham Road, Croydon.

Books and Booklets by I. Lilius 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. Lilius 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). 1s.

"Children of the Sandhills." a descriptive painting book. Pictures by Miss Elsie Anna Wood. 1s., postage 2d.
 "Focussed." 3d., postage ½d.
 "Vibrations." Some fresh thoughts on prayer. 2d., postage ½d.
 "A Thirsty Land and God's Channels." 2d., postage ½d.
 "A Life on Fire." 1d.
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"Story Parables." 3d. (3 together).
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 The "Outlook" Series. 1d., postage ½d.
 "Zenib the Unwanted."—What it is to be an Arab Girl.
 "North African Girls and Boys." 1d.
 "The Why and Wherefore of Industrial Work."

Requests for Praise and Prayer.

Praise.

For generous financial help in a very needy moment, and for all God's loving provision through another term.

That God is calling out more workers for this field.

For the opening of a new out-station in Ghardaia this winter; and for the opportunities given to the workers there amongst Mozabites, Bedouins, Arabs, and Jews.

For a splendid men's meeting held in a Colea café during Ramadhan, when over one hundred and fifty men listened in

respectful silence to the Gospel message. Also for similar, though smaller, men's lantern meetings at Tolga during the past two months.

For the warm welcome given to M. Lull and M. Nicoud at Tolga, and for all that they have been enabled to do among the men and boys there.

For the increased accessibility of Nefta and other desert places through the opening of motor bus services, and the possibilities for such outlying points in the future.

Prayer.

For very definite guidance in every forward step.

That God will bless with a true spirit of preparation those whom He is bringing out to work in Algeria.

For wisdom and guidance in the continuation of the translation of the Epistles into Algerian Arabic.

That the hymns and verses learnt by the children in the classes may, by the working of the Holy Spirit, become Light and Life to them.

That the Holy Spirit may have deeply blessed the Easter message to all who heard it—both old and young.

That God will confirm His Word to those whose "day of opportunity" is so short—in Ghardaia (M'zab), Tolga, and the towns visited by iteration.

For special blessing on the work at Colea during these next three months, before Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham have to leave their house there.

Continued prayer that God will make His Word "quick and powerful" to the conviction of souls in this land.

For yet more labourers to be sent out by Him, into the harvest.

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.

ENGLAND. Local Representatives :

ALL NATIONS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—Missionary Prayer Secretary A.N.B.C., Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.
BARKING TYE.—Mr. P. J. Butler, The Bungalow, Barking Road, Nædham 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, Longsowbery.
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."
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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.
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BESSBROOK.—Miss R. Bailie, Deramore House.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.—Miss D. Markham, 23 Lake Rd., Takapuna, Auckland.
Miss R., Smeeton 57b, Remuera Road, Auckland.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia

