

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGERS
EDITION

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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General Treasurer :—Mr. H. W. BUCKENHAM, Oulad Sultane, Blida, Algeria.

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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 NICLOUD.
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.

1920. Mr. & Mrs. H.W.BUCKENHAM
1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE
(on furlough).

MILIANA.

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

MASCARA.

1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.

TOZEUR.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.

TOLGA.

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

TLEMCEM.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER.
1932. Miss S. HANSEN (part time).

DELLYS.

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

BOU-SAADA

1907. 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.



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Life Poured Out.

To be to Jesus all for which He has called us—letting Him have His way utterly with us, possessed by Him, taken up with Him—that is the first purpose for our souls. But the Father's plan for us reaches wider than that, though it can reach no deeper. "The first Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening Spirit." His ultimate aim is to set free for His own use that which He has wrought in us in secret, and to give us the power of *communicating* that Divine life of which we have been made partakers. We are to be "good stewards of the manifold grace of God," entrusted with "the true riches" to minister for Him—His for His spending. The promise to Abraham, "I will bless thee . . . and thou shalt be a blessing," gives the double purpose for His people—"grace" for our own souls, and "apostleship" for those around.

We have seen in parable, in the seed's growing and ripening, the work of the Spirit *within* us, forming the life of Jesus and bringing down the flesh into the grave. In its scattering we see shadowed forth the Spirit *upon* us in His power of

reaching other souls. There is no need to be with us that this double work should be consecutive as in the plants—it may go on simultaneously. There is never a moment, from the first receiving of Christ as Saviour, when the full outpouring of the Holy Ghost may not take place—never a moment when, in figure, the seed may not be set free. There are some few who leap down, as soon as they are saved, to the simple, bare, lowly faith which liberates God's power, and He can use them mightily all along, but they are very few. In most cases there *is* time involved, because we take so long to unlearn our own sufficiency and our own resources, and even after we have received the promise of the Spirit through faith, we are puzzled, it may be, by a want of continuity in His outflow.

It is because, before God can get us to the place where He can send Him through us in a steady tide, we have to go lower than we dreamed of at first, and He may have to stop using us for a time, that He may deepen this work within and bring us to utter brokenness.

Look at the last stage in the plant,

before the inwrought life is free for use. There is a breaking up and a breaking down such as it never had before. Such brittleness comes as the seed ripens that it is almost impossible to pick some of the stems without cracking them in two or three places. The ripened seed-vessels share the same brittleness : you can hardly touch them without the whole crown falling to pieces in your hand.

Conscious weakness, as a preparation for service, is one thing ; brokenness is another. We may know that we are but earthen pitchers, like Gideon's, with nothing of our own but the light within, and yet we may not have passed through the shattering that sheds the light forth.

This does not mean something vague or imaginary, but intensely practical. Read the description that Paul gives of the life of ministry—the apostolic life—and see what it is to be a shattered seed-vessel : it is no dreamy experience in the clouds ! “ Let a man so account of us as the ministers of Christ . . . We are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men. We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise in Christ ; we are weak, but ye are strong ; ye are honourable, but we are despised. Even unto this present hour we both hunger and thirst and are naked and have no certain dwelling-place. And labour, working with our own hands : being reviled, we bless ; being persecuted, we suffer it, being defamed, we intreat ; we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day.”

“ Seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not . . . But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed, we are perplexed but not in despair ; persecuted, but not forsaken ; cast down, but not destroyed ; always bearing about

in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.”

“ In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings . . . ”

“ Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches . . . I take pleasure in infirmities, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake : for when I am weak, then am I strong.”

Do you notice that in each passage these are given as the marks of “ ministry ” ? Such were what Paul found to be the conditions of spiritual power. Their absence among us may account for its absence too ! Oh ! how little we know of them in the midst of the spirit of luxury that is around us in the world and of the easy-going Christianity of the Church ! We cannot all be honoured by our service finding the same outward expression as his, in its bodily stress and suffering, but is there among us even a seeking after its spirit ?

“ This is sacrifice, ‘ death in us, life in you.’ In us, emptiness, weakness, suffering, pressure, perplexity. *In you* life — life — life ! As if Paul would say, ‘ the more I am pressed above measure, the more the life of Jesus is abundant in its outflow, and in its quickening of other lives.’ This is the apostolic life. Through the Eternal Spirit, Christ offered Himself to God. Through the same Spirit shall we be enabled to walk in His steps, and to ‘ rejoice in . . . sufferings . . . and fill up . . . that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church.’ ”

Yes, it is a broken spirit that we need--

a spirit keeping no rights before God or man, longing to go down, down *anywhere*, if other souls may be blessed."

(From "*Parables of the Christ Life*,"
by I. Lilius Trotter.)



Editorial.

The fine Spring days brought two very pleasant happenings to Dar Naama. The first was a delightful gathering of from fifty to sixty Arab women from Algiers who came for their yearly treat, in their best clothes and best tempers. All went so well and what really filled our hearts with thankfulness was the deep attention with which they listened to Mr. Theobald's address. Indeed we felt that some were not far from the Kingdom.

The second happy occasion was when Pastor William Cuendet of Lausanne gave a fete in the Orange Court to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival in Algiers of his parents, M. and Mme. Cuendet, as missionaries of the North Africa Mission. Some hundred friends gathered to do honour to the much-loved missionaries and very touching were the testimonies borne to their influence by the one who knew them best, their son, and then by their fellow-workers.

A few days afterwards we were called to see a hole in the ground, revealing an old hitherto unknown well, of which the covering earth had fallen in in the night. It was almost with awe we realised that the hole was close to the door of the Orange Court where the guests of the occasions mentioned above passed and re-passed and lingered about to greet their friends. Through all the pressure our Heavenly Father caused the weak covering to hold firm, and when there was no weight upon it, sometime in the night, it fell in.

Our inveterate itinerators from Dellys and Bou Saada bring us glad news of open

doors and open hearts. In one town seventy visits were paid, with only one refusal, and that a very courteous one—the blame put on an absent husband. In a desert town books and visits were gladly received. One Arab remarked to another, "These people have the Truth. They know the only way to escape hell."

M. Nicoud and M. Lull have returned from a somewhat difficult itineration (on behalf of the Nile Mission Press) in little-visited parts of Oran. Snow, roads that may be described as "shocking," heat on the plains—but everywhere except in one small town, an encouraging reception for themselves and their books.

At the end of the itineration season one's thoughts turn in thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for His protecting care through the many journeys that have been undertaken in His Name. On camel back, mule back, donkey back, on foot through somewhat dangerous mountain paths, in trams, in coaches, in autos forced along impossible roads, once a three-days' journey into the desert in a little carriage, of which the essential parts were tied together with twine—through all our Lord has kept His servants without one serious accident. And now we wait in sure hope that in His good time the seed so largely sown through the land will bear fruit to His glory. But oh, we want more preachers!

Our friends at home will have heard with regret of the retirement of Miss Currie at the end of twenty-five years of strenuous work. For a time we lose also Miss Roche, who, however, hopes to return to North Africa after a much-needed rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham, whose house at Colea has been claimed by its proprietor, will move to the Blida station, keeping, they hope, in touch with Colea which is not far off. It will be noted that Mr. Buckenham kindly takes up the work of Treasurer on the field.

"Death is swallowed up
in Victory."

As this number of the Magazine goes to press, the news reaches us by cable from Algiers that Miss Freeman, who wrote the foregoing Editorial, has entered into the presence of the Lord she served so long and valiantly. Her going was without pain, illness or good-byes, and for all that it means for her we can only worship the King Whom she now sees in His beauty.

The radiance of her courageous spirit and the revelation in her life of the Love that suffereth long and is kind, and that envieth not, will ever remain with those who knew her.

Miss Freeman was in her ninetieth year, and has been a missionary in North Africa since 1891, when she joined Miss Trotter in her early pioneer work. For years she lived among the people in simple daily contact, growing in love and understanding of the Arabs to whose ministry God had called her. During the last years of Miss Trotter's life she was with her at Headquarters, and since her passing Miss Freeman has taken her place as leader of the Band, and in spite of frailty of body she has been a mainspring of the work, and her life and dauntless spirit have been a constant inspiration to all who knew her. Her loss is above all we can say or think, and without her as "Head" we members of the Band would be orphans indeed, but for reliance on the promise, "I will not leave you orphans—I will come to you."

"I know thy works, and thy love and faith and ministry and patience To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne."

El Biar.

These are magic words for our women and children, for they bring to their minds happy memories of many sunny hours spent in the Dar Naama garden and woods. As the bright spring days draw near, many are the enquiries from old and young, "When are we going to El Biar?"

I wonder whether Miss Haworth had a vision when she took that house, of all the sad lives it was to brighten and of all the souls it was to refresh? For not only natives, but many a tired missionary has found renewed physical and spiritual strength under the shadow of its trees and within its picturesque walls.

When Miss Freeman asked me to write something for *A Thirsty Land*, the thought uppermost in my mind was "El Biar," for it is just at this time of the year that Mrs. Theobald and I are busy planning excursions there for the Algiers women and girls.

The first outing of the season took place on April 18th. The preceding days we spent visiting in the Casbah houses with brightly coloured cards of invitation. With what eagerness the women gathered round us, holding out their hands to receive the cards! The children, dancing around and asking when their turn was to be, added to the excitement of the scene. As always, the list of those invited almost doubled, for there was frequently some relative or neighbour they wanted to bring with them, and how could one refuse them when one looked at their drab environment? How wistful were the faces of those who knew that their husbands would not allow them to come! Some said they would ask permission, though they had not much hope of obtaining it, and others accepted gladly, but were disappointed at the last minute; either the husband was in a bad temper that day, or friends turned up from a distance, or the baby fell ill with

measles. Nevertheless, in spite of all these things, forty-three women came, seven big girls who used to attend our classes, but who are no longer allowed out alone, and about thirty tinies. Those who had never been before met Mrs. Theobald and me in the class-room down town, in front of which we took our tram.

It was such a warm day that the contrast of the cool garden after the dusty road was like water to the thirsty. Some of the women sat down on the seats placed for them by the well, chatting with one another and with us. Others walked about under the trees, whilst the more venturesome ones went into the field beyond to gather wild flowers and grasses. The tinies played with balls and other small toys provided for them. We had the great pleasure of having the Misses Bullen with us. They entered into everything, and one of them distributed to the big girls pretty handkerchiefs she had kindly brought from England.

Then came a service in the prayer court. Sugar sticks handed round at the beginning kept all the babies quiet so that their mothers were able to have an undisturbed time. Mr. Theobald, who presided, played his auto-harp. This was much appreciated. After some hymn-singing, Mrs. Buckenham sang a solo. The Gospel message rang out in pleading accents, the women listening in reverent silence. This was followed by an earnest address by Mr. Theobald. The intent faces of the congregation showed in some cases real longing and holy desire. The words of a favourite chorus of Miss Trotter's which we often sang with her in that very court came to my mind:

"He will break *every* fetter,
He *will* set them free."

The meeting was closed with a hymn, and we flocked back to the well where coffee was served and cakes and sweets

given out to all. Smiles and exclamations of joy greeted baskets full of marigolds which had been cut in the morning in order that everyone might have a little bit of sunshine to take back to their, in most cases, dark rooms. These, after distribution, completed a very pretty picture which we longed to be able to reproduce. The delicate shades of the women's clothes harmonized exquisitely with the golden glory of the flowers, the whole being set off by a background of greenery.

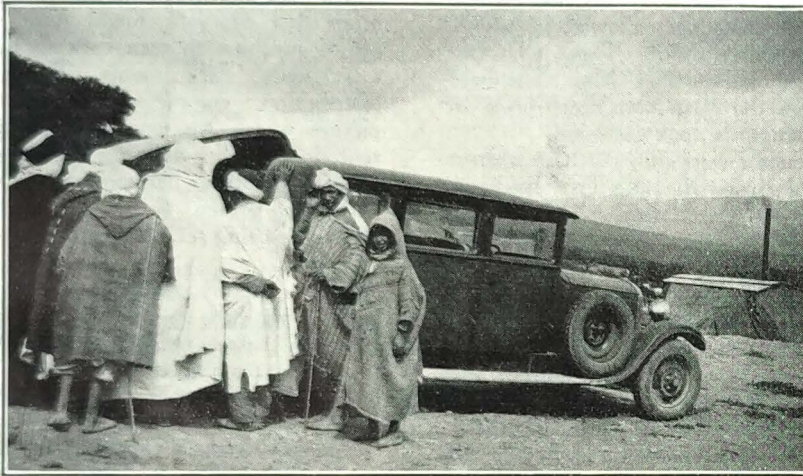
Alas, all earthly joys are fleeting, husbands and supper had to be thought of, so in twos and threes our guests left us, with beaming faces and an oft-repeated, "May it be like this again next year, if God wills."

We hope to have the children's fete on June 21st. Impatient little people are continually asking us, "How many more weeks until we go to El Biar?" During the needlework hour at the Tuesday morning class last week, most of the conversation among the children was of that great day. Those who have been to El Biar are never tired of telling those who have not, of its joys. One day a woman who had just brought her little girl to us, asked one of the children some details about the class, and the child began by telling her about the fete at Dar Naama.

There are other families we must not forget, those whose men folk are not so lenient. We are trying to get some groups of them up to El Biar in families, but it is not easy to arrange. The husbands so often say 'yes' to us, and then refuse to let the women go at the last moment. Some women we visit *we always* find "in", they are only allowed out, very occasionally, to the baths. How brimming over with gratitude our hearts should always be that we were born in a Christian land.

I. K. NASH.

Twenty Days' Colportage in Western Algeria.



POSSIBLE PURCHASERS ROUND THE CAR.

It was certainly a journey full of unexpected happenings, but filled with blessing too, since we were able to leave behind us at least nine hundred copies of our different books and tracts, including God's own Word—Bibles, New Testaments, and Gospels, to the value of about six hundred francs.

I have said it was a journey full of the unexpected, because we were not always able to find out in advance the exact days of the markets in some of the places, also in certain districts the roads were quite new to us. We visited ten markets and sixteen little villages or hamlets, often just a group of native shops or a café by the roadside. From place to place we offered the Word of God both to the Arabs and the Jews who are so often found standing about with nothing to do. Once, in a Bedouin tent, a chief bought some Gospels and a copy of Miss Trotter's "Way of the Sevenfold Secret." Another time a group of workmen who were mending

the road bought "The Gospel of Sidna Aissa." These men, who undertake the upkeep of the far-away desert tracks, live for long periods in tents by the roadside. The foreman of this particular group asked us to give him a lift for a few kilometres, and offered to make tea for us, but our time was too precious for tea, for sixty or seventy kilometres lay in front of us before we could reach our destination, a little village whose minaret we had seen sharply outlined against the sky as we started out in the morning.

Every day brought us new experiences, either because of the men we met or because of the roads we travelled. Day by day we saw and touched ever more closely this world of Islam, so heart-breaking and so fanatical, this empty religion, having only an outward and materialistic form, but with no peace or rest to offer to the thirsty, sin-stricken soul. For indeed some of these towns of south-western Algeria are veritable "Cities of Destruction."

For those who would like to follow our journey on the map, I will give the names of some of the towns we touched. From El Biar we went direct to Mascara and from there to Sidi-bel-Abbes and Oued Slissen. The latter is a colonists' village, where we found much poverty owing to the unproductiveness of the soil and the lack of rain. Here the family of a former French Pastor received us with open arms, for they rarely have the opportunity of fellowship with other Christians. The market not being a very important one, we decided to go on to Bedeau, a much more strategic centre, with a large sheep market. After working there all the morning, and having our usual mid-day picnic, we went on to El Aricha, the French customs house on the Moroccan border. Here we met with a somewhat doubtful reception, and met a young Kabyle teacher, whose soul had never been touched through all his education. He sought to hinder people from buying, but this only created the greater interest, and we were able to leave a good many books. It is after we have left a place that we need more than ever your co-operation in prayer, that the Lord may guide these souls in the reading of His Word.

The next day we went northwards to visit the market at Thiersville, and on the return journey we visited several little villages. The chief markets we visited were: Saida, Méchéria, Geryville, Aflou, Zenina, Chellala (Reibel), Trézel, and Boghari. Between each market there was a break, and we were able to make many interesting contacts.

Some friends may wonder what kind of roads and tracks we had to take. To begin with we met all kinds of weather—snow, rain, wind, and sand-storms. Once in crossing a short our road was under water, and we tried to find a better way by making a slight detour, but the ground over which we tried to pass was like glue. The wheels

turned helplessly in the sticky substance, and the car began to sink. To try to extricate ourselves we had first of all to find stones to stand on, and then others to place under the wheels of the car. No sooner were we out of one hole, than we were into another, and the process had to be repeated three times before we were free and able to regain the more solid track again.

One day we set out with the intention of visiting Brézina. After several hours' driving we were stopped by a river-bed, not by its waters, but by sand. However, we crossed over without too much difficulty, and having climbed a hill, we found our route barred by sand-dunes and sharp rocks, so although only a few kilometres from our destination, we had to give up and turn back. At the river-bed, we sought a sheltered spot for our meal, for a sand-storm was pursuing us. Later, when we wanted to start again, the river-bed sought to keep us; the car began to sink up to its axles in the sand, and it took an hour's hard work to get it out. The day was not altogether wasted, however, for it was on this occasion that we were able to leave God's Word in the hands of the road workmen and the tent people.

Going from Geryville to Aflou, we had to keep the car tightly closed up all day long because of the sand-wind. At this stage of our journey we passed through mountainous country and over passes 1,500 metres high. Here the last snows had done much damage and we heard of several natives who had died as a result of exposure to the cold and storm. Everywhere the officials were extremely good to us, which greatly helped us in our work.

In Aflou, a centre of wickedness, a man with a hard face stayed for over an hour by the car, looking at the books. At last, turning to those around he said, "All these books are heretical. It is a sin to buy them." Quite frankly I replied, "Look

at the open sin in the streets of your town and tell me where is sin—in our books, or in your hearts?" "What you say is true," said an Arab who was standing by, and the first man hung his head and walked off without another word.

At Charef I opened the car in the Square while M. Lull went to visit the shops. Presently a Jew came along, and after having looked at the books for a moment asked for a Bible saying, "I want to know what you say of Jesus Christ." In giving him the Bible I said in Arabic, "May the Lord open your eyes, and may His Light shine into your heart." "God willing," he replied in true native fashion.

The day when we had such difficulty on the shott, not being able to continue our road, we were received in a military post and given shelter and supper. This gave us opportunity to speak to the men there. Thus our tournée went on, and at the end of the time we found we had travelled about 2,500 kilometres.

Dear friends, that we have been able to do this work is due to your prayer co-operation. We do not feel that we go out alone, but realising your upholding, we go forth to the work with joy, seeking the advancement of His Kingdom in this land of Islam.

P. NICOD.

(This itineration was on behalf of, and financed by, the Nile Mission Press.)

Christ Risen.

Enough to meet every sorrow.

John 20. 11-19.

Enough to meet every fear.

John 20. 20-24.

Enough to meet every doubt.

John 20. 24-30.

Enough to meet every temporal need.

John 21. 1-15.

Enough to meet every failure.

John 21. 15-18.

An Arab Girl's Dream.

Though she called it a dream, in very truth, she said, it was not a mere dream, it was much more, for God had something He would teach her, and had chosen that way.

She said she saw a garden, so beautiful she could never describe it. There were flowers everywhere of every imaginable colour and sweetness of perfume. In this garden she saw a building and someone dressed all in white came down the steps to meet her and took her in. Strangely enough, she had recognised her at once, though never in this world had she actually seen her, for she had "gone on before" some time ago. She had heard much about her and had loved her in her heart, just from hearing.

Lalla Lilli (Lilias Trotter), for she it was, led her from room to room, each resembling the other and each filled with the most beautiful things of God. Then Someone else came towards her, Whom she had seen before, though also not with her human eyes, but with the eyes of her heart. God had let her see Him several times such as this. The dazzling Light that was always on His face and round about Him, again she could never describe, nor the shining whiteness with which He was clothed. Her eyes had "seen the King in His beauty" but that beauty she had no words to tell of.

He had talked to her before, and had comforted and assured her He would never leave her alone. By night and by day He would be with her. He had come to her once also when she was in great distress and trouble and reminded her of how, long ago, He had opened the prison doors of one who had been in prison for his love to Him, and had set him free because people prayed. He had told her to wait patiently and He would work for her too.

This last time He had said to her something quite different, repeating over and

over the same words, "Tell people to get ready. Tell people to get ready quickly, for I am coming very, very soon. I shall be with you. Tell them to prepare, tell them to prepare. Sing to them that hymn (one she loved)—"

"After a little while He is coming,

After a little while He is coming.

After a little while He will appear to me,
Our Lord, the Christ, our King."

Then in the distance she saw crowds and crowds of people, people without number. Who were they? She said they were Moslem people, that they were as sheep without a shepherd, but that when they were ready they would belong to One Shepherd and One Shepherd would be over them.

* * *

She said much more, and spoke of His great suffering and sorrow for them, but those words "As sheep without a shepherd" held me. She did not know how day after day they had been in my heart as I thought over the "crowds and crowds" of men, men "without number," I see in very truth continually. Men of the town, men from the villages, shepherdless, with no one human to care and to seek them. She did not know that I had just been reading those very words, and the ones before them written in the Book of God, of how the One True Shepherd had been "moved with compassion" as He saw the multitudes, of how He had yearned over them when He was here on

earth. His caring and suffering over the souls of men were such that at last, it is said, He died of a broken heart. But verily He had lived His whole life so. He could not see those multitudes that were distressed and fainting, without His heart being torn with pity and longing. And we, as we pass by, "is it nothing to us"? Are we truly praying for them as He, the true Shepherd, told His disciples to do that day long ago, as His eyes followed those straying ones? Or has it been that as we have looked we have been stirred and then because it was not a real heart-caring, the emotion of the moment has been allowed to sink back into oblivion?

You who read, and I who write, are we continually remembering before the Lord that in very many of these cities and towns of Algeria, there is as yet no messenger of the Gospel to seek out the men, and to "spend and be spent" for the thousands of boys that too, as yet, have practically nothing done for them?

Look again at these multitudes, and as you look, oh pray that the Lord of the Harvest will thrust forth labourers, that so indeed they may be ready when He comes, "and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

Pray for us, too, that our eyes may never get accustomed to the sight of these shepherdless numbers around, for it is true "if we cease to bleed we cease to bless."

J. K. B.

SUN AND SAND.



*"Everything
shall live
whither
the river
cometh."*

SUN, SAND AND WATER.



THE NEED FOR LIVING WATER.

Hindrances.

A few weeks ago two friends just out from England were sitting with us in the court of the Mission House, and we were talking over what they had seen and heard as they had visited the stations. One of them said, "We have no real idea at home of the tremendous difficulties of the work out here, and we need to be told more about this side of things."

In thinking over the difficulties there seem to be many of which one might tell, and perhaps some very great ones have been omitted from the following account. But among the hindrances that make it hard for Moslem men and women to accept the Gospel the following come to mind. (1) The fact that many of the women are very ignorant, that hardly any of them can read, and that from their ignorance and fear, superstition of all kinds arises and dominates their lives. (2) The difficulty that ignorant Moslems have in realizing that our Lord is not as the Moslem saints whose shrines they visit with offerings of candles and other things. (3) An even greater difficulty is found in the fact that Moslems think of their prophet Mohammed and the Lord Jesus side by side, looking upon Mohammed as the greater. The deity of our Lord is denied, and they do not believe that He died.

Though we rejoice to know that "Jesus shall reign" here in this land, we are meantime up against great odds, and it may help towards understanding prayer if we give a short account of happenings in one mission station during the last few months, which illustrate some of the difficulties mentioned above.

"We women are but cattle."

One of our girls had been married, and we went to see her in a gourbi away up on the mountain side. An elderly neighbour

had followed us in, to see what we had come for, and she listened with attention as we spoke of Christ and of the teaching God's Word gives us as to our need of a Saviour from sin. When we paused she said wistfully, "Those who can read and learn what is written down can understand and do it. But we women who are but cattle, what can we do? We can but fill our stomachs with food, that is all."

"Through fear . . . subject to bondage."

We were visiting the mother of some of our class children, and came across one of our long-ago girls in the same house. She had been married and had had several children, all but one of whom had died when quite small. We found her with her one surviving baby, a funny scrap of a boy with a sharp little face. He was not over clean or well-cared for, but he had twelve different charms hung round him! There were cowrie shells, a key, a coin, a pebble sewn up in a rag, several little packets sewn up in cloth which contained quotations from the Koran written on scraps of paper, a little metal hand, and so on. All were bought from holy men or brought from the shrines of different Moslem saints. The evil eye, scorcery, evil spirits, illness, and dangers of many kinds, all must be averted, for, as the poor little mother said to us anxiously, "I do so want to keep him. I don't want him to die like the others."

"A candle for the Lord Jesus."

A group of women arrived to visit us one afternoon, none of whom we had ever seen before. One of them was the grandmother of three little girls who come to the classes, and she asked to see their needlework, after which the room, pictures, and courtyard were much admired in turn. We sang some hymns, and then had a little talk about the Lord

Jesus, to which they listened quietly and seemed to be very interested. Calling down many blessings upon us they departed homeward, but after a minute or two there was a loud knocking at the door and we found that one of them, a dear dark-eyed girl who looked as if she hailed from the south lands, had come running back. Hastily and eagerly she tried to press three pence upon us saying, "It's for the Lord Jesus; it's to buy a candle for Him." Her heart had surely gone out to Him and this was the only way that she knew of showing her love.

"*Christ for them . . . Mohammed for us.*"

The day after the Aid el Kebir (the great Moslem Feast of Sacrifice) we were visiting a house where several women had also come to call on our hostess. One of these, who had seen us many years ago, said, "Do you still keep on with the Lord Jesus?" This gave the opening for a talk about Him, and afterwards a woman looked round at the circle of listeners and said, "Why yes, you see they have Christ to save them, just as we have our prophet Mohammed to save us."

"*Christ did not die.*"

We went one afternoon to see the two wives and the daughters of a man who lives quite near to us. This man had accepted a New Testament some time ago, though he said, "I do not really need to read it, for all that is in it is contained in the Koran." We were chatting with the family when the master of the house came in, and sat down to talk with us. He began to tell of a conversation which he had had lately with a Jew about Christ, and of the arguments he had used to prove to the Jew that His birth was supernatural. He then went on to speak of Christ's coming again, but when we turned the conversation to the fact of His death, we were at once met with a flat denial. "Christ did not die, no, He did not die."

* * * *

Thank God there was still a "last word" spoken in each conversation, but it may interest those at home who have read the stories, to think what they would have replied to these Arab friends of ours. We need your prayers, that as we meet the Moslems we may know how to give answers in the power of God's Spirit, which will enlighten the ignorant, which will show the truth to those who are mistaken, and which will convict those who are opposed to the Truth.

M. H. ROCHE.



"**As thy days so shall thy strength be.**"

Deut. 33. 25.

He gives the days,
From His own blessed presence.
He plans the moments,
And He leads the way.
He enters with thee,
Knows each need that cometh,
And offers strength
To faithfully obey.

He gives the service,
For He needs thee daily.
His heart of love
Years dying souls to win.
He gives to thee
The grace to wait His bidding,
And sends thee forth
To bring the wanderers in.

He gives the promise,
Strength as each day cometh.
No store of grace
For future need unseen,
But *just* sufficient
As the day unfoldeth,
And thou dost rest
Upon Himself indeed.

H. G. LAMB.

[*By kind permission.*]

A Day in an Ancient Desert Town.



ALL PUSH !

It was not a promising day, for the wind was blowing up a sandstorm, but it was our last opportunity of visiting this interesting town, the oldest of the M'zab group, founded in 1011.

A dilapidated motor-bus filled with Arab men and their merchandise, was waiting to start. We were packed in and soon were climbing over the rocky hillocks, or descending into the sandy river-bed. The palms waved their feathery branches in the wind, and the air was thick with sand. At length the bus drew up outside the gateway, which was formerly fortified and even now is closed at night. Our first visit was to a house to which a father in distress over his sick baby had led us on a previous visit, and where we were again gladly welcomed. We found that the baby had died during the year, and the pitiful old grandmother who had cried out, "They do not want me; I am blind," was also missing. We were taken to the upper guest room and preparations began for offering us the usual mint tea, while women and children crowded in and grouped themselves around on the

carpet. Others peeped in from the door to see these foreign women and to ask many inquisitive questions. One woman, pointing to the two younger friends with me said, "Are these your slaves?" showing that among the women there are those who are possessed and kept for the pleasure of their owners, though under the French rule they can of course claim protection and freedom if they so desire.

As soon as possible we turned their attention to the coloured pictures we had brought with us. One leaflet, describing the parable of the Lost Coin, has illustrations of an Eastern woman who has lost a coin from her necklace (like the necklaces they receive at their marriage, often made of gold coins). The second picture shows her hunting for it, and in the third she is on her roof, clapping her hands to attract her neighbours, that they may come and rejoice with her. The roofs of their houses are often the meeting places for the women to exchange gossip. Many young women are never allowed out of doors; their lord carries the key with him when he goes out! On the other hand, no man may go on to the roof of his house—it would be more than his life was worth—unless he had first sent a boy up to cry aloud, "Make way," so that the women on neighbouring roofs could disappear or veil themselves.

Our story was understood, but its application needed more care, for these women have not been taught that they are precious in God's sight, so precious that He sent One to seek and to save them, yet their

Eastern minds, open to parables, are quick to learn, but unable to concentrate for any length of time.

After partaking of their meal, and giving help where possible to the many suffering from eye trouble, we went to seek others and to sell Scriptures and distribute leaflets in the market and in the shops surrounding it, where we knew we should find readers. Everywhere we were followed by a crowd of boys, some asking for books, others ready to snatch them out of our hand. There were also those who told them not to buy the Christian's books, and we had to be alert, for there were also some wanting our Scriptures for the truth's sake, and yet perhaps not able to buy, and for such we had the gift Gospels.

As the time drew near for the bus to take us back, we went to the Square inside the gateway, to get roadside talks with the boys, while one of our number was kept very busy relieving the eye sufferers. We were also hungry, so tried an alfresco picnic, sheltering as best we could against a wall, but our *sandwiches* were rightly named, and very gritty, and there was quite a crowd watching. On a doorstep across the road some M'zab men were also seeking shelter, so we gave a book of parables to an intelligent little lad, knowing that it would promptly be in the hands of those readers, and soon we were watching them reading the stories of the Rich Fool and the Pharisee and the Publican to those around them. This is what we enjoy, for we can be quietly praying while they themselves read the Scriptures aloud.

The return journey was amusing though fatiguing, for the sand had collected on the route, and our 'bus soon came to a standstill. After much burrowing with their hands on the part of the men, to dig us out and prepare a track, the driver tried running the car up a bank to the sand hillocks with tufts of plants on them,

but that failed, and the wheels were again nearly buried in the sand. Then a lorry came along, also in difficulty, but it meant several more men to burrow and push, and eventually we arrived in our own desert town before dark.

It was all very worth while, friends had been made, the Message given to many groups of listeners, men and poor shut-in women and girls. Best of all there were Gospels, leaflets, and helpful stories in French and Arabic left behind, to lead on the secret believers, or stir up a desire for Truth till we can, God willing, go again next year.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.



A Visit to Setif— April 26th—May 3rd.

The winter has been so very cold and wet this year that we had almost abandoned the hope of being able to visit Setif. About the time when we were free to go, we learned that the funds for itinerating purposes were low, and we concluded that it would perhaps be better to leave our visit until next October, but it seemed as if God said to me, "I wish you to go now."

The following day a letter arrived from the Treasurer of the Band, telling us that a certain sum of money would be at our disposal for an itineration. We felt we should delay no longer. We just had time to pack and leave Dellys for a week.

We were very conscious of God's Presence all through. We had a very comfortable and quick journey. We travelled from Dellys to Menerville by 'bus and were not sure about the connection from Menerville to Setif, but God arranged that there were just two seats for us and sufficient time to catch the connection.

The people were delighted to see us again. They introduced us to strangers as the people who visited them from year to year to read God's Word to them. This introduction saved us a good deal of time, as there was no need to explain the reason of our visit. In the goodness of God we were enabled to visit seventy-two houses. In most of these the neighbours gathered together to hear what we had to teach them. We had great freedom in proclaiming the Gospel. Although the rooms were often packed with women and children, intense silence prevailed as they listened to the Message. We were never opposed in what we taught, though a few women asked us to say the "shehedda" (the Moslem creed). Most of them were very anxious to learn as much as possible in the time.

In former visits we have not felt that the women had much consciousness of personal sin, or that they realised their need of salvation, but this time there were some souls under conviction of sin. Many expressed a desire to know that their sins were forgiven. At the end of a talk, when we had tried to explain God's plan of salvation, a woman said, "I have fasted, prayed, and said the shehedda, yet I know that at this moment my heart is black with sin."

Messengers were sent to beg us to call at certain houses. As far as possible we complied with their wishes, but in many instances we were obliged to say that we would not have time. One of those who sent was an old man of eighty-five. He had had a chair placed at his bed-side, and as he could read, he eagerly followed the words of the Gospel as I read to him. He was very grateful to us for visiting him.

Some of the people had made us promise to return to their village before leaving. The afternoon was very cold and windy, and the sky lowering. In spite of this we decided to go. Walking was very difficult

and at last we agreed to try another village nearer Setif town, and were returning when the weather suddenly changed and we kept to our first plan. I am sure God led us that afternoon. We had a wonderful time. A man came to thank us for taking the trouble to come so far to visit his people and asked us to be sure to call at his house when we returned. He sent for the neighbours to come and hear us. One of the women told him that we had already been to her house and had said that their hearts were full of sin and needed cleansing by blood. He replied, "Yes, and do you know that they must be washed in the blood of Jesus Christ Who died on the Cross to save us from our sin?"

The people were most anxious to have us rent a house and live among them, as there was nobody like ourselves in Setif. It is a very needy place and there are many villages within easy reach. Perhaps some of you who read this article may have this burden laid on your hearts and will pray for both funds and labourers for this part of the field.

A. FARMER.

In the Villages.

I think you would like to hear of our itineration in the four Arab villages round the French town of Setif. For various reasons we could only spare one week, but we made it as full as possible, and the weather favoured us. Though there was much rain in other parts, we had none at all in our working time.

Last year we spent two weeks there, and were much encouraged. This time we were still more encouraged and feel, with others, that it would be a splendid centre for a mission station. We divided our time as equally as we could among the four villages and made seventy-two visits, not including wayside talks to men and

women. Of course that does not give much idea of the work, there being sometimes an audience of thirty or forty women and children and occasionally a man would listen too.

The children are a great help, inviting us to follow them where they know there is a welcome. As a rule they were allowed to enter with us, and so they had a good deal of teaching. They were very upset whenever they were refused admittance. They love the choruses and action songs, and in many of these there is good teaching, easily remembered. We usually began with the children by teaching them "Two little eyes . . ." so that by the time we had finished in a village they knew it.

The "Wordless Book" was another great help to them this year. We could see the look of horror on their faces as we showed them the black page representing sin. It seemed to bring home to them the awfulness of sin in God's sight. Sometimes the look of pleasure and relief when they were shown how God could cleanse away the blackness of sin and make their hearts whiter than snow, was indeed good to see.

How I wish it was possible to give you some idea of the look of hunger and sometimes hopelessness on some of these faces, as we talked to them of the assurance of salvation that we have, and that might be theirs if they would accept it in God's way. This year we were able to go much further and deeper with the teaching, and we were glad to see how they grasped it, and agreed with much of it, whereas on former visits they would have utterly objected, and would have demanded that we should say the "shehedda" (the Moslem creed). On a few occasions they asked us if we "witnessed," but when we replied that we witnessed to God and to our Lord Jesus Christ, they were silenced.

We both felt the Spirit of God with us in all our visits, even in one where we were asked by one woman to leave, as her

husband would be angry. We went sorrowfully, for we realised that the other woman to whom we were speaking, wished to hear.

We had very definitely asked that God would lead us to the houses where the people were hungry for His Word, so that no time would be lost, and we know that He answered that prayer abundantly, glory to His Name. And now we leave the watering, the germinating, and the full fruition in His hands.

I. SHEACH.



Notices.

Will friends kindly note that in order to facilitate negotiations, cheques in future should be made payable to Mr. H. W. Buckenham, and *not* to "The Algiers Mission Band." This applies only to gifts sent direct to the Field; cheques sent to our office in Croydon may be made out as usual either to the A.M.B. or to Miss Armitage.

Annual Meeting.

Please note that our Annual Meeting will be held D.V. on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 25th. Full particulars will be available later, but please keep this date free.

Erratum.

We regret very much that the notice in the last number with regard to Miss Roche's leave of absence, was such as to cause misapprehension on the part of our readers. Miss Roche is not retiring from the Mission, but is taking a year's furlough, and we hope that at the end of that time she may be guided to return to the Field.

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 ¼d.
- "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." 3d. (3 together).
- "A Challenge to Faith." 1d.
- "Lilius Trotter of Algiers." A booklet written by Miss Constance Padwick of C.M.S. 4d. Postage ½d.

Books on North Africa.

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

Prayer and Praise Requests. Praise.

For our Heavenly Father's protection and guidance through all the journeyings of this past quarter.

For the tokens that God's Spirit is working through His Word in distant parts.

For the remarkable welcome given to our workers on the last itinerations.

For new openings into houses in and around El Biar.

For the courage God has given to a young Christian, subject to real persecution.

That God opened the way for a little party of girls from Relizane to be with Miss Ridley at the seaside for the month of June. For a time of great blessing and enrichment as they were thus once more in touch with Christian teaching and fellowship.

Prayer.

That God will continue to work in the hearts of those who have His Word in their hands and who have heard the message of salvation.

For the "twilight souls" in the different stations that will be closed for part of the summer; that they may hold fast whatever Truth they have, and that the Spirit may reveal Christ to them more and more.

For definite guidance with regard to the possibility of opening a new station.

That God will supply all needs of the mission for the fulfilment of the work to which He has called us.

For God's blessing on all deputation work to be undertaken during the summer months; for guidance and the Holy Spirit's enabling for those who speak, and that those who hear may get a real vision of the need of the field and the urgency of the call.

That our Annual Meeting on September 25th may be definitely worth while in God's sight, and that His challenge for these lands may be realised and accepted.

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, The Bungalow, Barking Road, 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.
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.—Mrs. Willmore, 26, Halstead Road, Lexden, Colchester.
MANCHESTER (New Bank Street Mission).—Miss E. McDiarmid, 84, Birch Street, West Gorton.
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."
THORNTON HEATH.—Mr. C. J. Ford, 13, Heath View Road.
WELLINGBOROUGH.—Miss W. Purser, 23, Hill Street.
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, 23 Lake Rd., Takapuna, Auckland.
Miss R., Smeeton 57b, Remuera Road, Auckland.

Algiers Mission Band
Sketch Map of
Algeria and Tunisia

