

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGERS MISSION BAND
EDITION

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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Location of Workers, 1935.

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1927. Miss J. JOHNSTON.

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1922. Mrs. THEOBALD.

MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

BLIDA.

DAR EL AINE.
1920. Mr. & Mrs. H. W.
BUCKENHAM.

DAR ER RIH.
1907. Miss RIDLEY.
1932. Miss S. HANSEN.

MILIANA.

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

TOZEUR.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.
1935. Mons. and Mme. MILLON.

TOLGA.

1928. Senor S. LULL (part time).
1934. Mr. H. STALLEY.

TLEMCEN.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER.
1932. Miss E. CLARK (M.H.).

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

BOUSAADA.

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

RELIZANE.

Senor S. LULL (part time).

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

Miss KEMP (in England).

M.H.=Mission Helper.

Miss MARY MAY (in Switzerland).

Miss M. H. ROCHE (on furlough).



No. 32.

SPRING, 1935.

1/6 PER ANNUM
POST FREE

Spring Time.

A week ago, up here in the hills, they said one day, "A cherry-tree is in bloom." The day after, whole orchards were snow-white. Who can tell which tiny movement is the precursor of blossom-time in the bare trees of Islam! Some faith act on our side, like a grain of mustard seed for smallness, may suffice to set free the life current; and the marvel of Spring-time in the Moslem world will stand revealed, through "the unknown reserves of the Divine resources," the infinite wealth of "the undiscovered in God."

I. L. TROTTER (from *Cherry Blossom*).

Editorial.

"Has the Lord Jesus come?"
"Is He here?"

These were the eager questions once asked by a little Arab girl as she came into the joy and gladness of an Easter Sunday morning Service at an A.M.B. Mission Station.

The triumph of Easter seems specially precious to those who work amid the darkness of Moslem lands. Islam has a dead prophet, we have a Saviour, "That liveth and was dead," and who is "Alive for evermore."

We are so glad to have an Easter message in this "Thirsty Land" from Mrs. Jennie

B. Logan, Secretary of the "Fellowship of Faith for the Moslems."

There has been good news from various Stations, and there have been several itinerations, some of which are described in this Number.

The M'zab Country is once more having a visit from Miss Grautoff and others, and she writes of new houses open, and a real welcome back given to them by some, in that land of closed doors.

News has come from Tozeur that M. and Mme. Millon had a happy entering in. The book-shop is open, and men are coming. This depot needs our prayer backing, and Blida asks continued prayer that a suitable place may also be found there for a book depot.

It is good to hear of new young workers offering for the Field. Let us pray for God's blessing upon them as they prepare to go forth, and also upon the band of young French people coming over this Easter for a Missionary Conference to be held at Dar Naama (A.M.B. Headquarters). Their thoughts will be turned to the spiritual needs of the land (which is a French Colony) and they will hear of, and see, Mission work going on. What a joy it will be if some of these young French men and women hear God's call to evangelize the Moslems of Algeria!

M. H. R.

Risen with Christ.

"The Lord is risen indeed!" (Luke 24. 34).

What does that glorious fact mean to you and me?

Paul's longing to enter into the full meaning of it is expressed in the words: "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection." "If ye then be risen with Christ," he says to the Colossians, "Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." And to the Ephesians he writes: "God . . . hath quickened us together with Christ . . . and hath raised us up together: and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

That we should be seated with Christ in the heavenlies "far above all" is one aspect of our blessed Lord's finished work. The word "redeem" has different shades of meaning and one of these is: "To buy out of the market." The poor slave of sin and Satan is bought by the precious blood of Christ, delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the Kingdom of His dear Son (Col. 1. 12-14).

Identification with Christ in His death and resurrection is the great provision God has made for His people, whereby they may

know a life of victory over sin, the world, self, and their spiritual enemies. In God's purpose the deed is done: "Knowing this that our old man *was* crucified with Him." "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God" (Rom. 6. 6, 11).

"'Buried with Christ,' and raised with Him too;

What is there left for me to do?

Simply to cease from struggling and strife,

Simply to 'walk in newness of life.'

Glory be to God."

I heard of a man the other day who had been bed-ridden for years. An accident to his spine made him an hopeless invalid. Four of his friends used to come in once a week to lift him out of bed in order that his mattress might be turned. One day a stranger took the place of one of the usual helpers. He was nervous or awkward and let the patient slip to the ground with a crash. Unconsciousness supervened and the doctor was called in. When, however, the man regained consciousness, somehow the rough jolt he had received had replaced that which was out of position in the spine. He arose and very shortly was able for his ordinary work again.

If we Christians would know the power of Christ's resurrection we ourselves must "awake" and "arise from among the dead" to claim our glorious position with all its privileges. No longer must we sleep, no longer must we "walk as men." That beautiful third chapter of Colossians shows us how the crucified and risen life is to be manifested: in glory (v. 4); upon the earth (v. 5); amongst our friends (v. 13); in the home (vv. 18-21) and in the kitchen (v. 22).

"Therefore let us not sleep as do others." If we would all awake and possess our inheritance in Christ Jesus what a glorious and wonderful awakening there would be.

JENNIE B. LOGAN.

“Stony Ground.”

We left Dellys on the 20th of November for Dar Naama, and were present at the weekly prayer meeting which was held there that afternoon. Mr. Buckenham told of his tournée to Mascara and Relizane and we felt encouraged to go forward.

We started from Algiers the next morning at 5 a.m. in good weather, but as we passed through Bouira and for some distance beyond, we ran into cloud. This part of the journey is very mountainous and there was snow on some of the higher peaks. Setif was reached at 11 a.m. and we made arrangements to visit Philippeville the following day.

Having half-a-day to spare we visited one of the Setif villages. Here we were invited into a house and several children followed us. We usually have to introduce ourselves and to explain the reason of our visit. We mentioned the fact that we came from Dellys, where we had classes for girls and boys, but later we regretted having given this information for the news spread that we had come to take the children back to Dellys with us to teach them! After we had sung several hymns and spoken to the women, a very fanatical woman ordered the children out, then turning to us said, “They have gone and now you can go!” At first we thought she was joking, but she was in earnest and we were obliged to leave. We had rather a trying time after this. The children gathered round us in crowds and told the men that we had come to take them to Dellys. Happily a former acquaintance of ours came to the rescue and received us into her home. She was quite distressed on our account and kept repeating, “It is too bad. They have come all this way to see us and now these children are telling lies about them.” Before we left she explained to the children who we were and begged them to leave us in peace. We were able to continue our

visiting after that and made five other calls.

Later we continued our journey to Philippeville. The road from Setif was very wonderful, but full of dangerous turnings. The following morning we were out quite early making enquiries about the Arab town. The information we received was not very reassuring. We learned that the Arabs did not live in native houses but among the Europeans and for that reason were difficult to find. After several futile attempts to find the Arab families, we followed some children, who led us to a house where natives were living. We stood on the landing and read and sang to a woman. A man came in and asked what we were doing there. We read to him, and explained the reading, then left a book with him, for which he insisted on paying.

This was the first time we had visited Philippeville. In each house we were not at all sure of our welcome to begin with, and the first few moments were rather critical. We found it best to produce our Gospels, showing that they were written in Arabic, and then to read a few verses. This led on to more personal talks on sin and its consequence, and so to the death and resurrection of Christ.

One woman said to us, “You know there is something in your faces—a kind of light.” We told her that this should be so in the case of every Christian, because we are commanded to “shine as lights in the world.”

Sometimes the talks were very difficult and the women very fanatical. This was specially the case during the last afternoon that we were at Philippeville and we felt it was well that we had decided to leave the following day. During the many years I have been in this land, I have never felt the evil power of Islam so strongly. We should be glad of your prayers for the families we visited, and for these people in their ignorance.

A. M. FARMER.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Boys and Boys.

When I came out here last autumn quite a number of friends spoke to me about "first impressions." These remarkable things seem to be something like a cold one catches when the weather changes suddenly, or one goes into a different climate, but which one soon gets over. Of course they are much nicer than colds—it is to be hoped they are, at any rate.

You may be thinking that I have chosen a very queer title for this article. Why not "Boys and Girls"? I am sorry to have to leave the girls out, but here is one of my first impressions—they seem very rare. Boys everywhere!

As the steamer was being pulled into the wharf at Algiers, it was the boys who welcomed us. They came out in little boats to meet the ship, and could dive beautifully and pick up anything as it fell through the water. But they turned up their noses at pennies. Sixpences, yes! Nothing under sixpence!

When the ship was tied securely, up the gangway trotted a file of porters to take our luggage ashore, willingly taking up the heaviest cases and piling them on to one another's shoulders until you thought their legs would crumple up beneath them; their tongues clacking away all the time. Just big boys they were!

My heaviest box happened to be the last to leave the boat, and while waiting on the wharf for this, the next thing that interested me was a group of boys again. The attraction this time was a couple of them going at it hammer and tongs at fisticuffs. I just had to go nearer and inspect. There did not seem to be a great deal of difference between these boys and some others I know. One of the two

was retreating and coming in my direction. The other, seeing me, let him alone and looked at me rather interestedly. "Dutch?" he queried. He got no reply. "Engleesh?" was the next attempt, but still I said nothing. "Scotchch?" He seemed a bit more hopeful this time. I don't know why, but I just had to grin. He did too, and gave me such a beautiful "Och a-we-e-e!" that I could well have imagined myself on the Broomielaw at Glasgow, instead of the Algiers quayside.

On the journey down to Tolga from Algiers, in the bus, we had a very boyish person beside us all the way. He had a nice white beard, and beside him were seated two who might have been his wife and daughter, or even his mother and somebody else, but as they only allowed us to see one eye through their veils, we couldn't even guess. They wanted such a lot of room and only left one place for Monsieur Lull and me to share. The conductor tried to put this right, but they said not a word. It was the old gentleman he had to deal with, and he, rather than let his lady folk feel at all squashed, would perch on the top of the back of the front seat, and with wonderful agility he swung himself up with the help of one of the uprights supporting the roof. He was as good as any boy at monkey tricks! Of course that wouldn't do for the conductor, and he had to give in and persuade the ladies to sit a little closer.

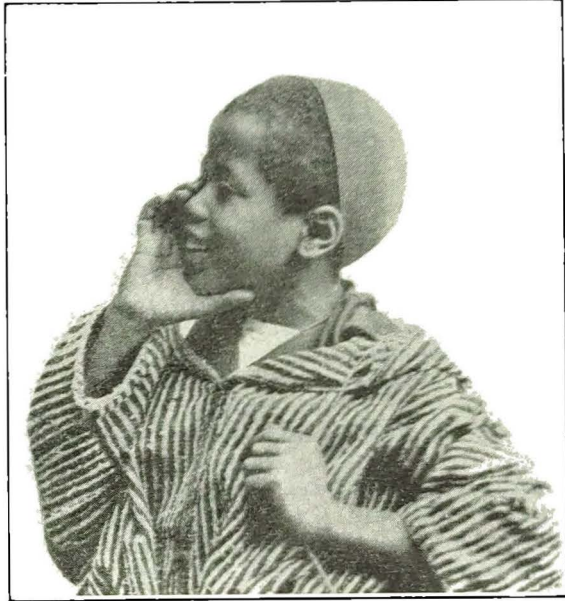
We hadn't gone far along the road before the old gentleman recognised Monsieur Lull as having visited his village near Tolga a year or two ago. The two had quite a friendly conversation for a while, which I could not of course understand. Then something happened. He seemed to be very angry and suddenly ceased, and would talk no more. He had asked a simple question, "What do you think of Jesus?" My friend replied, "He is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world." That had

caused the outburst. So here was a specimen of the people I had come to work amongst!

The boys of Tolga, all ages and sizes, gave us a good welcome. They seemed to be all smiles and "Bonjours." I have got to know them better since. There were the stately high-school boys, who walk into our court with all the slow solemnity of judges, the ragged, rowdy street boys, many of whom have to beg from door to door for their daily bread, but everyone is a champion of his religion, Islam. Some of them can play football too. I saw one very proudly playing in nice white tennis trousers and shoes, a black jacket and red fez! Then there are the grown-up boys. But why call them boys? Well, as a rule you have only to smile at them very nicely and see. There is a very solemn-looking fellow who comes to our house three times a week to try to teach me Arabic. They call him a Taleb. Sometimes as he enters our front door there are a number of poor people there. Up goes his head, his hand gathers in his flowing burnous, and the poor ones meekly let him pass. He tries to be very severe with me sometimes. Of course I can't help making mistakes, but I soon found out that you only have to smile and keep on smiling and soon he is all smiles as well. So he is only a big boy after all.

One day he asked me why it was that I did not go to the casino and theatre, when I am in Biskra, and drink and smoke like most other Europeans he knows. "Is it because you do not like to?"

I said "I did not like!" "Why?" he asked. "Because I have a NEW heart," was my reply. He was surprised, and I had to get Monsieur Lull to come and



"ENGLEESH?"

explain it further to him, because he doesn't speak French and I could not speak enough Arabic.

That is the one great difference between the writer and the boys around him. He received that NEW heart from His wonderful Saviour when he was a boy, and that is why he is now a missionary to the boys of Islam. Islam does not and cannot offer them that most wonderful gift. Jesus only can do that, and every boy must know it.

I haven't told you all my first impressions, but . . . perhaps another time . . . if they haven't all fled.

H. W. STALLEY.

In Algeria there are well over half a million boys between the ages of five and fourteen, all shepherdless, all starving in soul, but for the inappreciable number in touch with the Mission Stations.—I.L.T.

A Stolen Gospel.

A blind Arab went with his wife to visit her relations in the mountains, and before going provided himself with literature. On arrival he gave a colloquial Gospel of Matthew to a Koranic reader, El Hadj, who sat himself down with a group of men under an olive tree and at once began to read it aloud. It was then about 1.15 p.m. He read on and on to his enthralled audience, stopping now and then to explain or to comment on a passage, until after 3 p.m., when one after another the men fell asleep.

In course of time they awoke. El Hadj was still reading. "What? Have you not been asleep?" "How could I sleep when I had such a book? I want to read it straight through to the end. Each page is better than the last." He went on until six o'clock, when he had to go and attend to his goats, and leave finishing the book until next day.

El Hadj told the blind man that one day he had seen colporteurs in the market, and was approaching to see and hear, when he was seized upon by the local policeman who had some business with him, and by the time that was settled the colporteurs had gone. "That policeman was like Satan," he said! He added that he had been on the lookout for the colporteurs in other markets since, but had never seen them again.

El Hadj lives in a gourbi far in the foothills, and when he needs to buy provisions for his family, he has to walk half the night to reach the market by the morning. One night, early in January he left his wife and children and set out to buy a few provisions to celebrate the Feast that ends Ramadhan. He is a poor old man. His sole possessions then were two she-goats, a large sack of barley, and most precious of all a little painted box containing two handwritten copies of the Koran, the Gospel of Matthew, and the illustrated folder of the

parable of the Lost Sheep. His wife rose in the morning, lit the wood fire and went to loose the goats. They were gone! The sack of barley was gone! She could make no bread for the children—and the box of books was taken!

When the weary man returned, bringing coffee and sugar, meat, figs, monkey nuts, and honey cakes for the children, his wife told him first of one loss and then of another and the loss of the books was almost more than he could bear.

El Hadj made enquiries in every direction, but in vain. However, he strongly suspected some well-to-do neighbours. He went to them and asked if they could give any light on the subject. "No," they said, "we have no idea who are the thieves." El Hadj left them, and at the side of the path came upon four little shepherd boys, children of the neighbours, who were busy with some illustrated sheets of paper. He approached. "Let me see what you have there." It was the Lost Sheep folder which they were dividing into four. They also had a page from St. Matthew's Gospel on which El Hadj read, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off."

"Where did you get this?" "It was thrown out yesterday and we picked it up." El Hadj returned to the house and told the men that he had proof that it was they who had robbed him. They vehemently denied the accusation and became threatening. El Hadj hastened to the sheikh of the Division and told his story. The sheikh mounted his mule and accompanied by his attendants went to the house. There he found goats' flesh being cooked, and further search revealed the skins of the stolen goats. The men were taken to the Caid, who asked El Hadj what he wanted him to do to them. "I am a poor man," said he, "but all I ask is that my property be restored to me, including the books, and may God forgive the thieves. I forgive them. You deal with them as you judge right."

So restitution was made to El Hadj and he returned praising God, who had blinded the thieves so that they had carelessly allowed evidences of their guilt to appear. He was convinced that there was some special blessing in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but alas, those torn leaves were all that remained to him!

A consoling thought came to him. If he could send word to the blind man who gave him the Gospel in the summer, perhaps he would send him another one. A young man going to visit relations in Algiers was entrusted with a letter, but did not deliver it. Another messenger was more faithful. He sought out the blind man and told him the story. But El Hadj was again doomed to disappointment. The blind man had no Gospel, the messenger was returning that day and it was impossible to get the Book in time. There seemed to be no means of reaching that remote region by post. However, the blind man was given the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, and two Scripture portions, ready for the next opportunity, and one morning he prayed very earnestly to be led to a messenger who would deliver them for him. That very day he met a friend of El Hadj, who promised to give the precious packet into his hands. He would look for him at the market, though he hardly expected to see him there, for what with the almost famine conditions and the severe weather, the markets are, as the Arabs express it, "dead." The man said, however, that failing to find El Hadj, he would take the long weary journey through mud and snow, up to his friend's gourbi.

The blind man, in relating the story, said he had been thinking back over it all and tracing God's over-ruling Hand in all the happenings. "Ah," he said, "El Hadj will be glad with a great gladness when he gets those two Gospels. He is such a thirsty soul. The thought of his joy is always with me."

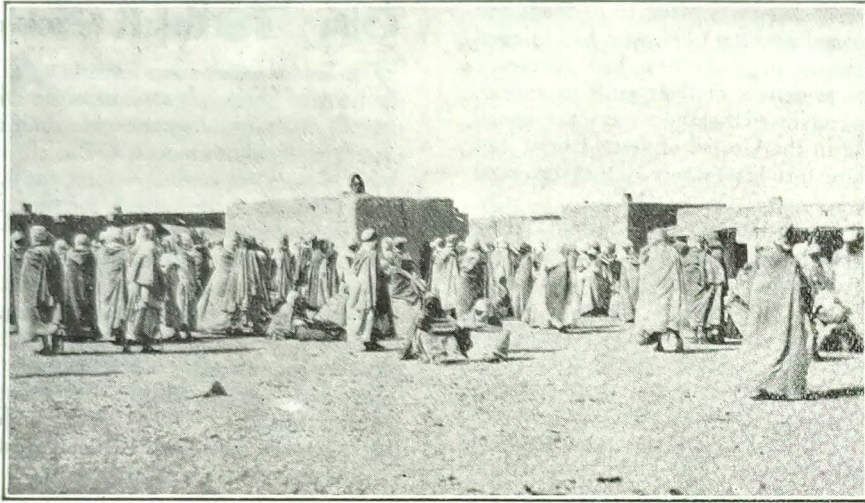
S. E. PERKIN.

The Faithful Sower.

"Behold a sower went forth to sow." In the book of Ecclesiastes we have the Divine portrait of a faithful sower. He sows in all places, in all circumstances, and at all times.

He sows in all places. "Cast thy bread upon the face of the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." About five years ago a missionary and a native Christian went forth to sow. They entered a village renowned as a place of pilgrimage, a stronghold of Islam and a most unlikely place for the reception of the heavenly seed. The people were fanatical; few desired to look at the books, fewer to buy. Yet in that place the seed was sown and there the Divine sequel has appeared.

This year the same native Christian, now a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society, re-visited the place. During the intervening years a change had taken place. This time the attitude of the people was kinder and more open. A greater readiness to receive the Word was observed. He was going from shop to shop when a man called to him and said, "Do you not know me?" The colporteur could not remember his face. "No," he said, "I do not think we have met before." "We have," replied the shopkeeper, and producing a Bible he asked the young man if he recognised it. The colporteur examined it carefully, but could not recall anything special in connection with it. It was the usual classical version published by the Bible Society. The Arab then told him that he had bought the Bible from him on his previous visit five years ago. The Bible had many marks and comments written in the margins. The Gospel of St. John was very freely annotated, and beside almost every verse some comment was written. But the shopkeeper was still in doubt; light had not yet fully dawned upon his soul. "Who is this



A DESERT MARKET.

promised Comforter?" he asked. "Is it the prophet, Mohammed?" The colporteur did not answer him immediately, but instead he asked the Arab if he had read the Acts of the Apostles. The man said he had only read the Gospel of St. John. Then the young native Christian showed him in the Gospels some of the characteristics of the disciples before Pentecost, at the same time indicating to him our Lord's command to His disciples to wait at Jerusalem for the fulfilment of the promise. "Now," he said to the Moslem, "read the Acts of the Apostles, note how the disciples waited at Jerusalem and then read on and observe the tremendous change in their lives after Pentecost. If you read carefully the Acts of the Apostles, bearing in mind what you have read in the Gospels, you will no longer be in any doubt concerning the promised Comforter." The man promised to begin there and then to read the Acts of the Apostles. "Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."

He sows in all circumstances.

"He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." Again we are in a well-known town in Southern Algeria. Before us stretches the vast expanse of the Sahara desert. The native colporteur of the Bible Society has been toiling all day. Results are poor, rebuffs are plentiful. He has been trying to persuade a native hairdresser to buy a Gospel. The hairdresser is hard and fanatical. "I have no need of the Gospel. I have the Koran and that suffices me." The colporteur, disappointed but not defeated, turns to leave the shop. Passing through the doorway, he looks back. What he sees arrests his attention. There on the wall at the end of the shop is a beautifully framed text. In large Arabic letters these words are written: "Ask and ye shall receive. Seek and ye shall find." Regardless of the set-back he has just received, regardless of the fanaticism of the hairdresser, he re-enters the shop, "Pardon me, but I thought you said that you had

no need of the Gospel, and here in your shop are words from the very book of which you say you have no need." The hairdresser denies that they are Gospel words. "No," he says, "they are not Gospel words, they are words from the great Koran." Then the colporteur, opening the Gospel of St. Matthew, gently draws his attention to the Lord's own words, "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." A deep conversation follows, on "asking, seeking and knocking." The hairdresser, impressed and ashamed, buys the very Gospel which a few minutes before he had even refused to look at. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

He sows at all times.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand for thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that." A man, who in the morning had insulted him, asked the native Christian to come in the evening to his house. At the appointed hour the colporteur went forth with the Divine seed. Another native was present and conversations were long and deep. They talked of the lives and teachings of the prophets. "Who was the most worthy of trust and faith?" "Who was the most perfect example of forgiveness love and unselfishness?" These and many other questions were asked and answered. The hour was very late when they parted, but not too late for the Arab to confess to the greatness of Christ, and to express his desire to correspond with the Christian colporteur. "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, this or that."

God has gifted this native colporteur beyond many for the great calling of "seed sowing." Let us continually uphold him by our prayers, that his soul may be kept from any touch of the enemy. Let us

pray that in his work as a colporteur he may remain steadfast and unmoveable in the Lord. May we in unceasing prayer and intercession emulate the faithful sower. In all places, in all circumstances, and at all times continuing in prayer for the many souls still in Moslem darkness. Such faithful sowing, such faithful praying, will surely have the Divine sequel. "Be ye patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of our Lord. Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth and hath long patience for it until he receives the early and the latter rain." In this triumphant faith let us pray and let us sow. Praying and sowing where the wind is fiercest, the darkness deepest, the need greatest. "For in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

A. E. THEOBALD.



In Memoriam.

We briefly mentioned in our last Number the passing on, in November, of M. Rolland, of Tizi Ouzou, Kabylia. From the very early days M. Rolland was a friend of the A.M.B., and his childlike faith, his untiring zeal in his Lord's service, and his overflowing love for all who were "In Christ Jesus," were an inspiration to old and young missionaries alike. His life seemed an expression of the words of the Apostle, "This one thing I do." Whether he was going from village to village, with his colporteur's pack, visiting in the homes of the Christian Kabyles who were his spiritual children, or taking part in meetings for natives or Europeans, his joy in serving his Lord shone out in his face and in his words. M. Rolland's faith, though simple, was very "great," and God delights to honour those who trust Him beyond the limits of ordinary expectation. The "Mission Rolland" at Tizi Ouzou is living and ever growing proof of God's response to the expectant faith of His servants.

M.H.R.

An Incident.

It was a terrible tangle, and there seemed no way of arriving at the truth, upon which a personal reputation hung. Two Christian Arab women were concerned in the matter, one a married woman who had not long since found her Saviour, the other a young girl with little experience of life, but with a real love for Christ, for Whom she had already suffered more than once.

The thing that happens so often in this land was happening once again. The enemy had raised a perfect storm of tongues to blacken the name of this young girl, for a Christian girl would be a specially desirable focus for gossip. For weeks the black clouds of suspicion had gathered round the child, till life was one big burden and misery. Through it all the older woman had seemed to be her friend and comforter. Then came a day when the latter, with an air of sorrowful mystery, began to whisper a tale in our ear. The child confessed to a certain foolish and compromising action which she begged the other not to tell. "Say not that I have told you," she said, "for she would never forgive such a breach of confidence and her anger would be great."

It can be imagined with what sorrow and heaviness of heart this news was received, for girls are sorely tempted in this land, and the devil is subtle and cunning. In spite of the breaking of confidences it seemed right to question the girl, and face her with what she had said to the woman. It was near the end of the season, and the dust from the books we were putting away for the summer was not thicker than the dust in the spiritual atmosphere of that room.

A prayer went up to God for His help and guidance as the question was put. "These are the words thy 'sister' says she has from thine own lips. Is it so?" she was asked. With a despairing gesture the girl dropped her pile of books, and turning to the other said, with bitterness and anger, "So this was thy pretended

friendship for me! All the time thou hast been against me, and now thou art telling this lie." Then both dust and sparks filled the air, while each in heated words reviled the other. Each said she spoke the truth and that the other lied. The battle of tongues was so fierce that the older woman had to be sent from the room until her temper cooled. What could be done? Which really spoke the truth?

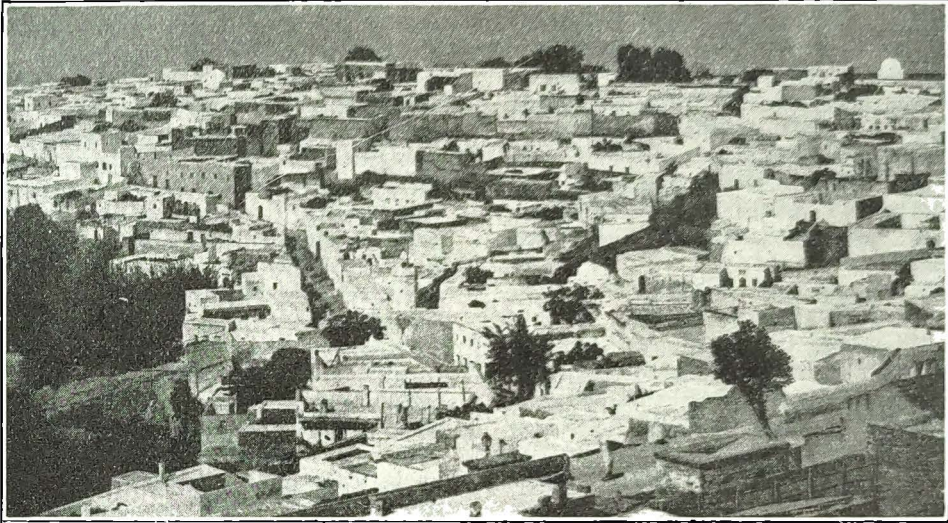
Then came, as an inspiration from Heaven, the thought of the Great Judge before Whom we could quite simply spread the case, for from Him no secrets are hid. So the two of us knelt amidst the dust and disorder of outward things and asked Him to bring to light the truth from amidst the dust and disorder of spiritual things. There was no longer the sense of battle, but just a great peace and certainty that the Judge of all the earth had the matter in hand, and all would be well.

Suddenly the child turned to me with a face white with the stress of feeling, but firm with resolution, "Wilt thou send for my sister?" she said, "I wish to ask her pardon for my angry words, for anger is not right; but in truth, I said not the thing she says I did."

The woman was found and the message delivered. She stood near an outer door where the light fell upon her face. Her expression was hard and angry, but as she listened her face crinkled up into sudden tears and she burst out with, "Oh, in truth, it is not she who should apologise to me, but I to her, for what I said of her was a lie; she said it not." With tears running down her cheeks she ran back to the girl and throwing her arms round her neck, kissed her, asking for forgiveness and acknowledging that it was jealousy that had caused her to act in this way.

After that, sunbeams mingled with the dust, for the Judge of all the earth had indeed sent the Sun of Righteousness to bring the truth to light.

E. K. M. RIDLEY.



A VIEW OVER MOSTAGANEM.

“After Many Days.”

(*Mostaganem*).

Today I visited Si M. (the old Arab officer for whom Miss Freeman had prayed for so many years) and read with him the latter part of the fourteenth chapter of St. John and the fifteenth chapter. He was deeply moved and said to me, “You know, Mademoiselle, when you read me passages like those, my heart weeps within me. You know that the Arabs will not believe, and always disclaim the supremacy of the Lord Jesus, saying He is just a prophet like all the others. Only the other day, at the Feast at the end of Ramadhan, some Talebs came to me and said, ‘Is there not a missionary who visits you and reads to you the words of the Lord Jesus?’ ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘and everything that she reads to me is the Word of God. It is the story of all the prophets.’ ‘But you know,’ replied the Talebs, ‘that these missionaries say that the Lord Jesus is the Son of God,

which is blasphemy. We cannot accept that.’ ‘Yet it is written in the Koran,’ continued Si M. ‘that He is the Spirit of God.’ What does this mean, but that He is the Spirit of God Himself; and although you will not acknowledge that He is the Son (although He truly is) can you tell me which prophet it is who is called by this name ‘Spirit of God’? Is it Abraham? Is it Moses? Is it David? And tell me, which prophet was raised from the dead?”

‘The Lord Jesus,’ they replied.

‘And who was it who raised the dead?’

‘The Lord Jesus.’

‘And who is soon coming to judge the world?’

‘The Lord Jesus.’

“And,” went on Si M., “After having talked and argued with them for a long time, I turned upon them. I was ‘boiling over’ and I said to them, ‘Study the books for yourselves, and when you have found a Prophet Who is risen from the dead, Who is soon coming to judge the earth, and Who

is called the 'Spirit of God,' come and tell me, and I will believe in Him. Now leave me in peace. I have not many more days to live down here. If you come to Heaven I will meet you there, but if you are going to Hell you will not see me there. The Lord Jesus has given His life to save sinners. Tell me another prophet who has done that!' And the Talebs' mouths were closed, and they went away with bowed heads."

Now I am convinced that Si M. has accepted Christ as his Saviour. What a day of joy that was for me! It seemed as if I came back from that afternoon's visit on wings! You can imagine how happy I was!

Pray for Si M., that the Lord may deepen his faith, and finish the work which He has begun in him. Pray also for his daughter that God may be glorified in both their lives.

A. GAYRAL.

(Translated from a letter.)

“The Pulling Down of Strongholds.”

The last colportage done by Mr. Buckenham and myself was on a ten days' journey in November. We travelled 1,300 kilometres (about 866 miles) and, with Relizane as our centre, visited six markets. We sold more than five hundred publications, including Gospels, books, leaflets and Nile Mission Press literature.

We had some very blessed times, and some difficult moments with fanatical leaders. The most striking market was at Mazouna, a little town away in the mountains. It is a real stronghold of Islam and it was the first time that God's Word had been taken there. Mazouna is one of those towns to which nature has given a lovely setting. Miss Trotter would have found in it a subject for a beautiful picture, and what a description of it she would have given!

There is a very important Zaouia (college) at Mazouna and certain Moroccan

brotherhoods send students there. The town is an ancient one, built on a spur of the mountain. One can only arrive at its centre on foot and by steep paths. We were there a good many hours and I had the car opened up to show the books, at a place above the town. Here the sheikh of the Zaouia and twelve talebs visited me. They examined and read portions of the Scriptures, particularly from the illuminated Gospel of St. John, and I offered them tracts, which they accepted.

M. Munios was with us, and between us we sold more than forty francs' worth of booklets and tracts, which were bought chiefly by the schoolboys from the Government and Koranic schools. When it was time to leave, I went to look for M. Munios in the lower part of the town and it was striking to see the men in different cafés reading the books that the children had bought.

At another place a young Arab taleb was white with anger, and said that I “blasphemed” in declaring that Christ is living and that He is the Son of God. He became quite aggressive and a policeman came up to me saying, “There must be no propaganda here against the religion of the Arabs. What are you selling?” I answered, “Sir, it is the Word of God, the Bible, that I sell.” When he heard this he at once replied, “Oh, if it is the Bible, you can go ahead. You are doing no harm.” The fanatical young Arab seemed quite subdued and did not say another word. After a moment I spoke to him and offered him a leaflet, which he accepted. Then I said to him, “Where is Mohammed?” He answered, “He is in the grave.” So I replied, “But Jesus Christ is alive. In whom then have you confidence, in a living One, or in one who is dead?” “In one who lives,” he said. Some other men who were listening said, “This is the Truth.”

P. NICOURD (Translated).

M'sila Re-visited.

A swift bus journey of three hours took us from Bou Saada to M'sila, where we left our luggage at the little hotel, while we continued our journey as far as the big new dam which is being built across the river twelve miles further on.

After a picnic lunch on the hill-side which is rapidly being covered by little new houses we were ready to cross the dam to the native villages on the other side. Just then a horn blew and the men came in a steady stream along the path to their stone dwellings built on the mountain side. A welcome? Yes. Several little groups lingered to buy books, or to have a talk, and a good number asked for tracts. Moroccans seemed in the majority, and Kabyles an easy second. Three of the former brought us a pot of hot green tea: they were from Marrakash. Then followed quieter work among the Kabyles and Arabs, some of them very quick-witted, as is usual amongst those who travel about a good deal. With the square court of one house as a pulpit, the little rooms which surrounded it being so low that we could look right over to the surrounding country, Mademoiselle Butticz began to peak of Kabylia, and of

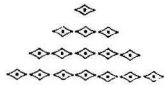
many of their native towns which we had touched in our journeys. So in a happy atmosphere the Good News of salvation was sounded forth. An Egyptian was very keen to hear and to have tracts.

The ordinary village houses opened to us also and we had a good time amongst them until the evening bus took us back to M'sila. Two days intensive visiting there made our hearts ache for the very many poor and ailing women. It was raining too and the narrow side-streets were deep in mud. A good number of new houses opened to us, but oh, the sadness of it, they had never before heard of Christ, and our time there seemed so short!

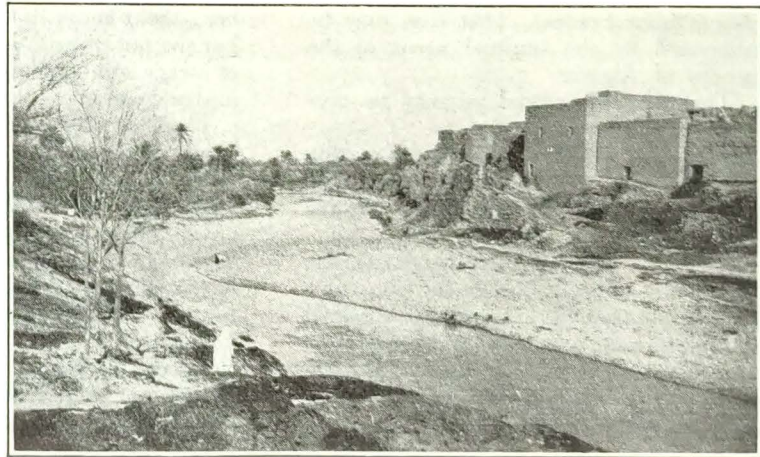
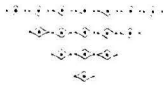
When returning to Bou Saada we were relieved to find the road across the Shott quite passable, but what a scene of desolation those regions presented! Here we saw the dead bodies of many beautiful birds from farther east. They had not been able to withstand the tempest.

We hope to re-visit M'sila in the early summer and shall be very grateful if friends will remember us then. To those who have for years taken that large and ever-increasing population on their hearts, we would say: "Keep on praying. God is at work."

M. ALICE McILROY.



THE M'SILA RIVER.



Praise and Prayer Requests.

Praise.

For the literature that has been distributed in many towns and villages in these last months.

That workers have been again able to visit the M'zab and the Oued Souf.

For the Millions who have started work at Tozeur, and for new candidates offering to the A.M.B.

For God's goodness in preserving M. Lull and Mr. Stalley from injury when their bus overturned on the way back from El Oued.

Prayer.

For blessing on all literature sold and distributed, specially in those regions only rarely visited.

For those who come to the book shop at Tozeur, and for God's restraining hand on the student lads who have been a hindrance.

That a place may soon be found for a book depot at Blida.

For Mr. Theobald and all associated with him, both Arabs and Europeans, in their splendid and difficult task of translating the Bible into colloquial Arabic.

For the Missionary Conference to be held at Easter, in Dar Naama, for young people from France. That they may be impressed by the spiritual needs of the people of Algeria.

That the new candidates may be prepared of God to go forth.

That God will give openings for making the work of the A.M.B. known, and that He will use the "*Thirsty Land*" in this connection.

Owing to the low rate of exchange the time is a difficult one financially. Our Heavenly Father has marvellously supplied our needs in the past, and our present wants are known to Him. Let us ask that He will continue to send "According to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Tozeur.

(Continued from the last number of "A Thirsty Land.")

An unfinished story and an "incomplete woman."

Of late years Ourida's anxieties and cares have been mainly centred on her only daughter. Hania is the daughter of Ourida's first husband, who is still living, and she is a young woman with a hot temper and some force of character. She may have been about sixteen when her father first gave her in marriage: her mother had not much voice in the matter, but on the whole she was glad, as Hania was a high-spirited girl such as Arab mothers are apt to think safer married. The man chosen had at any rate this merit, that he was not many years older than his bride. Two years passed during which time Hania became the mother of a daughter, a squinting, weak-eyed infant, but nevertheless wonderful and dear to the hearts of both her parents. Then the young husband was taken for a soldier, and Hania began the sad existence of a young married woman whose husband is away and cannot even support her; and every day she was made to feel that she and her child were just an unwanted burden in her father's house. It was hard, very hard, but she put up with it, not having any way of escape and hoping for the time when her husband's term of soldiering would be over.

Then, alas for poor Hania, evil tongues began to whisper (as was only to be expected in a Moslem household) about the young wife with no husband to keep her in order. Her father became uneasy and also tired of supporting her. He decided it was no use waiting for her husband to return. He had a friend who wanted a young wife and had money enough to offer. What did it matter if the friend was old enough to be her father? What did it matter if Hania wept and stormed and vowed

that she wanted no other husband than the father of her child? She had no power against her father. Divorce and re-marriage were accomplished and the reluctant Hania went to her new husband's home, leaving her three-year-old daughter with Ourida, perforce.

Shortly after this I had a visit from Ourida. "Go and see my daughter," she besought. "Tell her to be good and not to make her husband angry. *Patient* her." ("Make patient" hardly expresses the Arabic verb). What a task! when one could only feel how altogether wrong it was that the poor girl should have been forced into the marriage. Yet what course was open to her but patience? Open rebellion could do no good, and the man, though so much older, and with daughters as old as Hania, was not unkind and did all he could at first to please her by presents of bracelets, head-handkerchiefs, and so on.

The visit was paid as soon as possible, Hania's new home being in another village in the oasis. She brightened at the importance of having a visit all for herself, with pride explaining her visitor to the grown-up step-daughters and other women. But there were signs of recent weeping, on her face, and her eyes filled with tears as she begged me to ask her mother to come and see her. Any attempts at "patienting" were rather hampered by the want of privacy common to a Moslem house; but the other women crowding round seemed to wish to be friendly with Hania, if she would let them, though they felt she was unduly given to sulking.

Not very long after I went again, for the girl was much on my heart, and it seemed that a friendly talk might cheer her a little. When I reached the house there was a funny little scene at the door. It was open, and the opening was filled by the figure of an Arab woman, so occupied in screaming rude remarks after another woman who had just left the house, that she seemed quite

unconscious of my presence. I stood for some minutes waiting, till, having screamed herself quite hoarse, and the woman having disappeared, she suddenly noticed me and invited me in. It turned out that the other woman was her co-wife, and she next asked if I knew any remedy for sore throat and loss of voice! "Not to scream so much" seemed a simple prescription, greeted with much amusement and appreciation by the other women. On asking for Hania the disturbing news was given that she had quarrelled with her husband and run away to her father, hoping to get him on her side, though it was rather a forlorn hope. "Why had she quarrelled?" He said "that there was *dirt* in his food." "And was there?" "Yes, there truly was. But go and see her. Tell her to come back, and tell her we all love her," they said. Starting off again to look for her, I found Hania very subdued and perhaps rather frightened of the consequences of her hasty act, sitting with her father and his wife (not her mother). It seemed that the husband had already sent a message imploring that she might be sent back. The question of whether to send her or not was still in the balance. "Well, out of respect to *you*, she shall go," said her father; "after she has had supper I will take her myself." Not much more could be said, but a few words of counsel advising patience and attention to her husband's wishes, were given. "Why did you put dirt in his food? Of course he would be angry!" "I did not do it on purpose." (But who knows?) There did not seem much more prospect of happiness than before, but Ourida, the mother, was really grateful for what seemed to her a most useful bit of peace-making.

For a few weeks no more was heard of Hania; then her mother came to say that she herself was going away for a time, and would I visit Hania in her absence? "She is your daughter as much as mine. You must go and see her soon, and advise her,

and *patient* her. I leave her in your hands. She loves you and will listen to you. I shall be happy about her if you promise to go." This was the gist of her request. I lost no time in going and was accorded much praise by the women. "See, Ourida has only been gone a few days, and already she has come. She must love Hania very much; see how she keeps her promises. She has come in all this heat too!"

Twice I went there in Ourida's absence, the second time hearing, "Her mother has not even sent her a letter, and the Saida has been twice to see her. She's better than her mother!" It was a quaint visit: women and children crowded round as I sat on the ground in a shady corner of the court, and Hania and her husband sat on either side of me. On my lap was placed a plate on which was a large piece of honeycomb, and a sharp pointed knife was given me, with which to carve chunks of honeycomb and put them in my mouth. While engaged in this rather difficult operation, I was expected to hear the complaints of both husband and wife, and to give both good advice. "She is always grumbling because I don't give her things and I can't always do so. I never see my children now; she has quarrelled with them all, till they won't come near the house." "No, it is not true; but they all hate me and they *make* me quarrel."

These were some of the complaints. What could one say? Words half-understood about the way of peace and love; counsels of forbearance, advice about patience and how to obtain it, it all seems of so little use when one thinks of the darkness of these souls. Yet it seemed as if a gleam of light had entered, and some work had been done, when poor little Hania said quite earnestly, "I *do* try (not to be cross and quarrelsome, she meant) but they must be patient with me too. I can't become a complete woman all at once." No, indeed Hania, you cannot, and I

cannot. And thinking of all the love and patience spent on me through many years for my completion, and how far from complete I know myself to be still, yet His patience tires not, and His love abideth—I would thank God for any sign of the smallest beginnings of His work in these "twilight souls" and pray for the confidence of Saint Paul, that "He Who has begun a good work . . . will perfect it," with infinite patience, and in spite of all seeming impossibilities.

V. WOOD.

Since the above was written, news has come from Tozeur that Hania, whose sad storm-tossed life is typical of those of vast numbers of Moslem women, has been again badly treated and sent back to her father. She is now much hoping that when her first husband (the father of her child) finishes his military service in the summer, he will take her back again.

Home Notes.

Miss Roche would be so glad to hear from any friends of the A.M.B. who could give openings for telling about the work in Algeria.

* * *

The A.M.B. will be represented at the Missionary Conference, convened by the "Fellowship of Faith for the Moslems," to be held at Slavanka (Bournemouth), from June 14-21.

"We go" in faith, our own great weakness feeling,
And needing more each day Thy grace to know:
Yet from our hearts a song of triumph pealing;
"We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go."

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 Avenue.
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.
CARISSLE (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.
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. Willsmore, 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.
DYSART.—Mrs. Muir, "Ansford," Dysart, Fifeshire.
FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—Miss I. R. Govan, 18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.

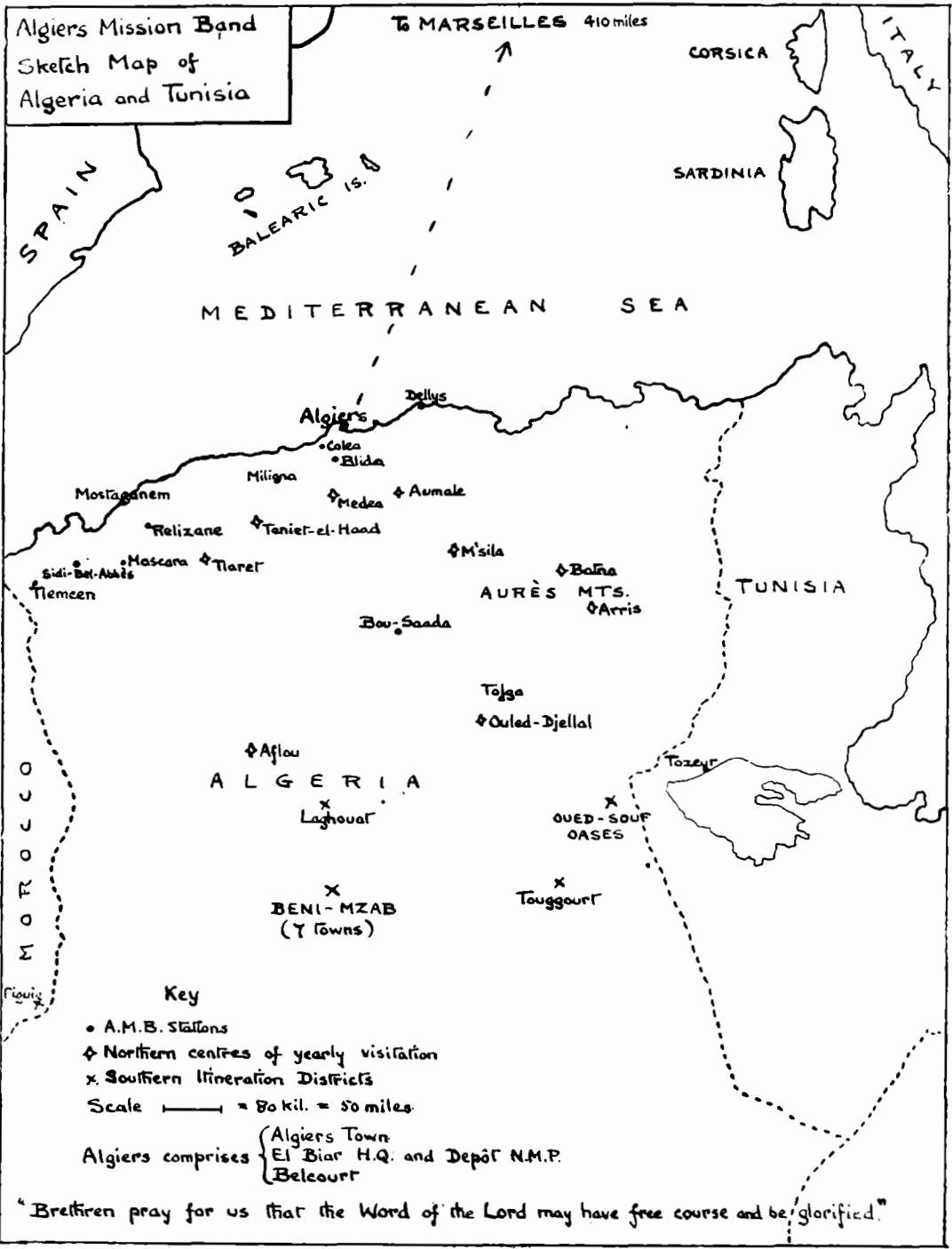
IRELAND.

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, Deep Creek, Torbay, Waitemata, Auckland.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia



- Key**
- A.M.B. Stations
 - ◊ Northern centres of yearly visitation
 - x Southern Itineration Districts
- Scale ——— = 80 kil. = 50 miles.
- Algiers comprises { Algiers Town
 El Biar H.Q. and Depot N.M.P.
 Belcourt

"Brethren pray for us that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."