

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGIER M.
EDITION

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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

Algerian Mission Band, America :—

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

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

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Location of Workers, Winter, 1935-36.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.

1906. Miss S. E. PERKIN.
1919 & 1922.

Mons. & Mme. P. NICLOUD.
1922. Mr. & Mrs. THEOBALD.
1927. Miss J. JOHNSTON.
1935. Mons. & Mme. Millon
(language study).

ALGIERS.

1930. Miss I. NASH.
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.
1922. Miss I. SHEACH (part time).

TOLGA.

1928. Senor S. LULL (part time)
1935. Mr. J. THOMSON (part time).

TLEMEN.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER.

DELLYS.

1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.
1935. Miss S. WRIGHT
(language study).

BOUSAADA.

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

RELIZANE.

Mr. H. STALLEY (part time).

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

Miss MARY MAY (in U.S.A.).



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The Pathway of Faith.

An address given at the Rally (Dar Naama) in October.

"Trust in the Lord at all times, pour out your hearts before Him: God is a refuge for us." Ps. 62. 8.

"God has never asked but one thing of man since the world began, and that is to trust Him. He does not ask that man should understand Him, explain Him or vindicate Him, or anything else but this, that he should have confidence in his Maker." (i) Again and again in the Scriptures we are exhorted to put our trust in God. "Roll thy way upon the Lord, trust also in Him and He will work." "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion—unmoved." And to-day as in the days of old, God asks and encourages His people to put their trust in Him.

Faith is one of the most comprehensive graces of the soul. Too often it has been limited to but one sphere of human experience, the supply of material needs. Faith embraces much more than this. There is a faith that receives and a faith that refuses, a faith that dares and a faith that stands still, a faith that sings and a

faith that is silent, a faith for victory and a faith for defeat. One cannot, one ought not to limit the range of faith's influence. It should enter, not only into matters concerning finance, but into every part of our lives, spiritual and physical. It should rule our conduct, not only in the crises of life, but "at all times." We are apt to view the life of faith as a last resource in the hour of need, when it should be the ruling principle of our lives. One seldom hears much about faith except in some hour of extremity. But faith is not a way of escape, something one clings to as a drowning man to a straw, a last hope. Faith is the unchanging attitude of the soul towards God. "Trust in the Lord at all times." It is only the faith that trusts God at all times, that can truly trust Him at any time. The soul that lives in an atmosphere of daily trust is never dismayed in a crisis. David, when keeping the sheep, trusted God at all times. Every day and every night he put his trust in the Eternal God and never once had David known Him to fail. In the hour of Israel's

extremity, amidst Goliath's thunders and taunts, his was the only undaunted heart. He assured King Saul that the Lord, in whom he trusted at all times, was well able to deliver at this time.

"The just shall live by faith." It has been borne in upon me recently that God is calling His people to-day, as never before, to a deeper, a more continuous trust in Him. He is calling us to have unwavering faith in Him at all times, that we may not fear at any time. "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord: in the year of drought he shall not fear." A faith mission, according to the pattern revealed on the holy mount, is a band of men and women who trust in God at all times, men and women, who like Paul, when neither sun nor stars appear for many days and all hope seems gone, can still cry out, "*We believe God.*"

Trust involves *listening*. The soul that trusts God is a listener unto death. It hears the voice of God, not only in Holy Scripture, but in the many changing circumstances of human experience. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." The beginning of a life of triumphant faith is in the recognition of the voice of the Lord. "When He putteth forth his sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him for they know his voice." Abraham's life of undaunted faith began in the recognition of the voice of God. "Now the Lord had said to Abraham, get thee out of thy country . . . into a land I will show thee." Abraham heard and obeyed. We cannot tell how the voice of the Eternal came to Abraham, all we know is that one day God spake and Abraham heard. The patriarch must have been an habitual listener, or he would not have recognised the voice of God amid the many other clamouring voices around him.

Two friends were once walking along a street in New York. One of them asked his companion if he could hear the chirp

of a cricket. His friend laughed and replied, "Who could possibly hear a cricket above the noise of all this passing traffic?" His friend stopped, lifted up a stone, and there underneath the stone was a cricket. "How could you hear it?" he asked, "I heard nothing but the noise of the street." "I will show you," answered his friend, and taking a small coin from his pocket he threw it up into the air. It fell with a jingle on the pavement. Immediately several people turned round and began to feel in their pockets. Above the din of the city they had heard the sound of the falling coin. The man who had heard the cricket was a keen naturalist, and turning to his companion said, "You see, we hear what our ears are trained to listen for."

If we listen constantly to God's voice in all the ordinary moments of life, we shall not miss it in the crises. To hear God's voice at "any time" is faith, to hear it "at all times" is triumphant faith.

Our Lord Himself, the Prince Leader of our faith, was a listener unto death. Above and in all the disappointments of His earthly life, He always heard the voice of the Father. When John doubted Him, and the people slandered Him, when the cities rejected Him, then, in that hour He heard the voice of God. "At that hour Jesus answered and said, 'I thank Thee, O Father, Maker of Heaven and earth . . .'" Jesus heard God's voice when no one else heard it because He was ever a listener. He could rejoice in the midst of trouble. He could already hear the distant triumph song, "all things are delivered me of my Father" because above the sounds of earth, He heard the voice of His Father in Heaven.

In a recent broadcast address, the President of the Methodist Conference, the Rev. — Jackson, quoted the following words, "It has been said that religion is walking and talking with God, and the

quality of our religion depends upon who does the talking." If our faith is to be invincible, God must speak and we must listen. Too often, alas, we do all the talking. An unprecedented situation is an opportunity for speech, and at such times the talking is generally pessimistic. "We have never experienced anything like this before! Whatever shall we do? We cannot possibly continue like this!" The only result of such talking is the creation of an atmosphere in which faith cannot possibly expand and grow; every crisis should be for the Christian a fresh opportunity for listening to the voice of God. It may be that in the financial embarrassments of to-day, in the perplexities of the present world situation, God is speaking. Are we listening? The quality of our faith depends upon that. In Psalm 62 we have an illustration of how faith is strengthened by hearing. In the second verse David says, "I shall not be greatly moved." The enemy is restless, the outlook dismal, yet, I believe that whatever happens I shall not altogether fail. Fear may sometimes grip me, but "I shall not be greatly moved." Then we pass on to the sixth verse and we notice that a change has come over him and all his uncertainty is gone. He cries, "I shall not be moved." His fears and apprehensions have all departed; his faith has become bolder and stronger. Why? Because in the meantime he has heard the voice of God. Communion with the Eternal has deepened his faith. The secret of an indomitable faith is deeper communion with God, and the recognition of His voice at all times.

In the thought of many people a faith mission is akin to a tramp, a traveller without visible means of subsistence. It is true that a faith mission relies upon God alone for all material supplies, but something more than this is required. A faith mission is a band of men and women who constantly hear the voice of God. "My sheep hear

my voice and they follow me." The tragedy of life is not in the failure of material resources, nor in the failure of physical health. The tragedy lies in our inability to hear God's voice. A little fear, a little pride, a little unbelief, may make our ears very heavy. Miss Trotter, during one of her holidays in Switzerland, was sitting on the mountain side listening to the sound of the stream tumbling over the rocks. In her journal she wrote, "His voice was as the sound of many waters. I have never noticed before how small a thing will check the voice of the torrent. A rock, a bush even, intervening, will chill it from a thunder of power into a mere whisper, where all the harmony of its multitudes of tones is deadened and lost." She continues, "we want to live where not one of the undertones or overtones of His voice is stifled or missed." Her faith was ever strong because she was a listener unto death, she was never dismayed however dark or disappointing the outlook. "Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to Thy voice; cause me to hear it."

" Oh speak, to reassure me,
To hasten or control,
Oh speak, to make me *listen*,
Thou Guardian of my soul."

A. E. THEOBALD.

(*To be continued.*)



God hath called you to Christ's side,
and the wind is now in Christ's face in
this land; and seeing ye are with Him,
ye cannot expect the lee side or the sunny
side of the brae.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

Editorial.

As we face the New Year we see before us, on the earthly level, Islam with its captives still in their strong prison, our own insufficiency, and all the seemingly hampering difficulties whether on the material or spiritual side.

Thankfully and joyfully we lift up our eyes from earth to Heaven, and "We see Jesus." So we go forward with our eyes on Him, and in our ears those glorious and heartening words "He that spared not His own Son . . . how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

As 1935 closes, the great Fast of Ramathan will just be over, and once more some of the converts will have proved God's power to keep, in the midst of loneliness and hostility such as *we* have never experienced. Shall we, at this New Year, specially remember in prayer these our brothers and sisters who have been freed by Christ from the prison-house of Islam, but against whom the Adversary directs his most subtle and unceasing attacks? Let us ask that, in a new and increasing measure, the joy of the Lord may be their strength.

New horizons have been sighted during the last months with regard to making the needs of the Moslems known, in French and Algerian Protestant Churches, and also among children and young people in the home lands.

Dr. Wakefield, on her way to Tamenrasset to work among the Touareg women, and Mr. and Mrs. Tullar and their children on their way to Nigeria via the Sahara, have been at Dar Naama, and mutual fellowship in the work among the Moslems has been created.

We hope, in our next number, to tell of itinerations, which have been made lately, one to M'sila, and others with Relizane, as centre.

M. H. R.

Praise and Prayer Requests.

Praise.

That God has answered prayer, for one in Mostaganem (Si M), and for another formerly of Colea, who had gone back in their Christian profession.

For many new doors open, specially in Algiers.

For good classes at all Stations.

For the witness of "Dawn" (whose story is told on page 6).

For God's blessing on the means used to bring healing and help to those both in Bou Saada and Tozeur who are ill and in need.

Prayer.

That this year may be one of deep blessing both to the converts, and to those who are hesitating.

For a group of women at Blida who have a thirst for God's Word.

For the family of a paralysed child in Algiers, whose father was a class boy long ago, and whose mother seems to realise the need of a Saviour from sin.

For two desert towns lately visited, M'sila and Nefta, and also for Setif. That the Holy Spirit may continue to work and to prepare hearts and that God's will with regard to these towns may be carried out.

That God will bless and use "Dawn" and keep her by His power.

For guidance and wisdom in all plans with regard to the Home side of the work.

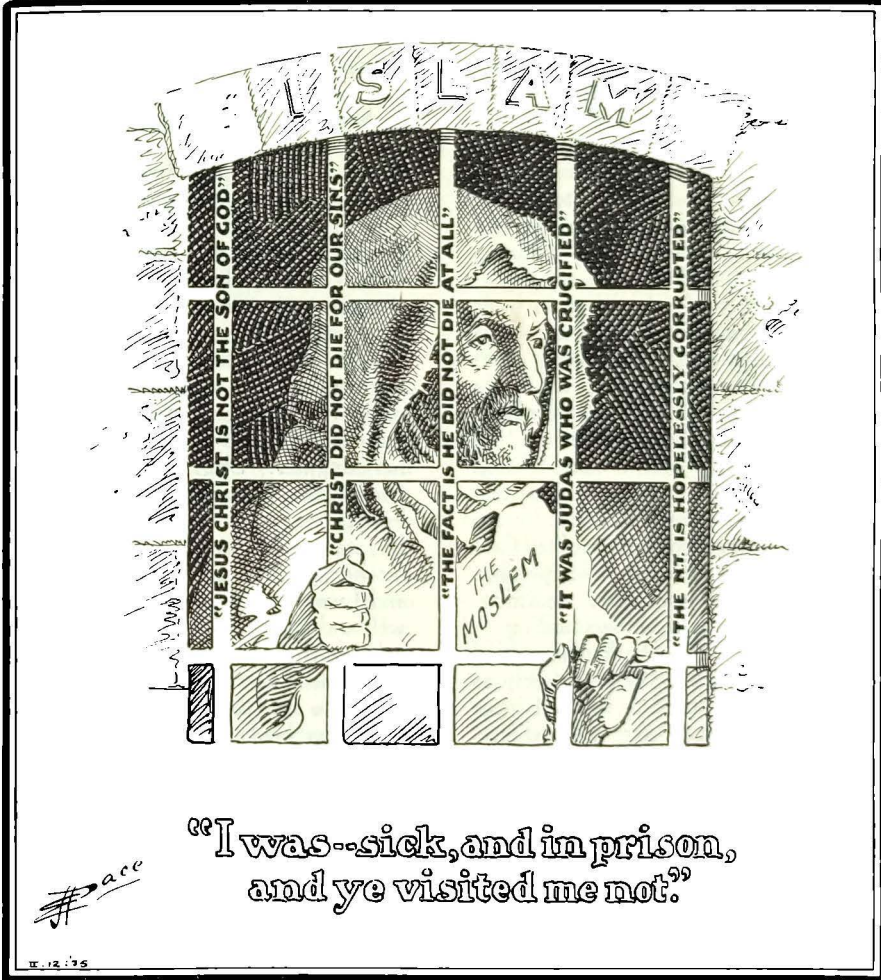
That God's purpose in allowing a time of financial difficulty may be fulfilled, and that all concerned may understand what the will of the Lord is.

For blessing on the new effort to get children and young people to share in the work of the A.M.B.

A Challenge to Faith.

Do you think the son of God who died for him says of the Mohammedan, "There is no help for him in his God?" Has *He* not a challenge too for your faith, the challenge that rolled away the stone from the grave where Lazarus lay? "Said I not unto thee that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

I. LILIAS TROTTER.



"I was--sick, and in prison,
and ye visited me not."

Dawn.

It certainly was God who brought her to us, though the human agent was her brother. That was about eight years ago. He was then coming very regularly to the class we had for Arab boys every Thursday. One day he said he would bring his sister to see us. As far as I can remember he brought her the next Sunday afternoon and left her with us for the usual children's class. Dawn was then a very intelligent girl of about twelve. She could read and write in French having attended a Convent school here for some time. In fact I think she was still attending this school when she first began to come to us on Sundays and Thursdays for she used to bring little sacred pictures and cards to show us, which the Sisters had given her.

At Christmas time God seemed to work definitely in her heart. Indeed it was a time of very special blessing, one child after another coming to tell us quite spontaneously that she had let the Lord Jesus come into her heart. We felt that God meant Dawn to take a definite step too and that she was ready for it. So one day we asked her if she would not like to come into the little prayer room and tell God about it. To our great joy she did open her heart to the Lord Jesus that morning, quite quietly and with understanding.

Soon after this she left the French school and was not allowed to go out as freely as before, but was supposed to be shut in as Moslem girls of that age usually are. However, she continued to come to us on Sundays and Thursdays for some time and was always good and helpful with the others. Then we heard that she was to be married, and were very distressed at what was being proposed. We prayed very much that God would specially protect her and keep her from any marriage that was not in His will for her life, and the plan that was talked of did *not* come to pass.

From time to time, when she was allowed, Dawn continued to come to us, and latterly as of course she had grown up, she came to the women's meetings, usually brought by a maid. Her people used to ask us to pray that she might be married, because from an Arab point of view she was getting old, though she is only twenty now! The family had made up their minds that because her father had been an officer in the Army, she must only marry an officer, so that delayed matters. However, this last summer, just before we left for the holidays, we heard that she was about to be betrothed. When I went to say good-bye to her I found that this was true, and that soon after her marriage she would be going to France with her husband, a lieutenant. I gave her a special little New Testament which I knew she would like, but could not say very much to her because of the relatives and other people who were present, but she knew that we would follow her with our prayers. As soon as I could, after my return in October, I went to see Dawn's mother and found her very desolate without her daughter. She had been married about five weeks previously and had gone to France with her husband who expects to be stationed there for two years. Her mother gave me a letter to read from her, and I was thankful to know that she seemed well and happy. The other day I received a letter from her myself, which made me very glad. Her husband evidently leaves her quite free to read her New Testament and other books she has. He himself has begun to read the New Testament. Will you pray that God will keep Dawn so true to Christ, that He may be able to use her to help her husband to love and follow Him too. She will have many temptations in her present life. She writes that she is going to lay aside the veil she wears as an Arab girl, and dress as a Frenchwoman so that she may be able to go about with her husband. Please pray very earnestly that

the love of Christ in her heart may be more precious to her than anything this world can give, and that she may be able truly to say, "To me to live is Christ."

J. K. BUTLER.

(The name of the girl in this story is not "Dawn," but as her true name cannot be given, it will serve.)

"After Many Days"

One hot July morning three people set out in a battered, disreputable car, bound for a vague destination in the distant mountains to visit Miriam, once a lovable little Arab girl, married and lost to sight for twenty years.

The forest tracks tested the gallant old car to the utmost. Hours passed and the party came to a halt. We seemed to be getting nowhere. Just then an Arab horseman galloped up shouting, "Miriam and the family are awaiting you in the forest three kilometres further on." He then pointed the way. More than six kilometres further up the mountain we saw a carpet spread, and on it was a large family group. Two slender women in gay flowery draperies, Miriam, whose joy was great at seeing us once more, and her sister (whose name means "old maid") advanced to welcome us, and Miriam introduced her two little girls; She had also two boys, her seven other children had died.

The guests were pressed to sit down and eat hard boiled eggs and white cheese. Finally Monsieur Nicoud stayed behind with the car, while Mademoiselle Butticaz and I were each mounted on a horse in front of an Arab woman.

Oh, the comfort of leaning back against the cushions in the tent after the hot weary ride! And were ever drinks more refreshing than the cool water and buttermilk from the goat-skins hanging on tripods? Men, women and children gathered round

listening, thrilled to hear the Lord's parable stories, and gladly accepted illustrated copies to pore over in the long evenings.

Our hosts had a house but were, as is usual, spending the summer in their roomy tent. All tents are divided by a curtain into two compartments, one for the women, where they prepare food, and one for the men. The tent was guarded by four unsleeping dogs. We dared not stir outside without the protection of a woman. Once we were covered with the women's draperies to allay the dogs' suspicions.

Late in the afternoon the men took us for a walk up the hillside and left us to wander on alone. We went down to investigate the much vaunted stream, the sole water supply of the district. It was a pool of milky water, seeping away into mud. Suddenly we were aware of the four dogs making towards us, and not a person in sight! We shouted and shouted and threw stones, and still they came on. Joy! our cries were heard, a man appeared against the skyline and we were safe.

Our friends owned extensive corn land and in the evening goats and sheep came trooping back from pasture. Ten cows came to be milked outside the tent, four calves were tethered inside, and chickens walked among us and over us.

When we were settled down again, little bits of roast mutton were passed round. Then Miriam asked for the story of Adam and Eve, which she remembered from long ago.

The last meal was steamed semolina, with chunks of stewed mutton and curdled milk, and in due time the men withdrew to sleep on the grass outside. At that time the women all came and sat round us. "Now let us have a good talk," they said. However, they were considerate, realising that we were tired, and soon left us. Our bedding—carpets, bolsters, coverlet—had all been woven by the women from the wool of their flocks.



MISS PERKIN, WITH LITTLE MIRIAM AND HER FAMILY, LONG AGO.

At dawn the women were up making scones with coarse semolina and oil, for our breakfast, and these before long were put before us, with coffee, and what was left was given us for our journey.

At our departure we were offered a lamb, which we refused, and a cock. When I was mounted I saw two cocks suspended by their legs from the saddle. That could not be! So they had to be carried across the front of the saddle—a very uncomfortable arrangement for both rider and fowls, though much better for them than dangling by their legs.

At long last we rejoined Monsieur Nicoud where we had left him on the "Mountain of Thirst." He had had a dramatic experience. The gang of Moroccan labourers had revolted, and when the water lorry came, forcibly prevented their European employers from getting the water. Things

looked threatening and the employers slept with loaded revolvers. They invited Monsieur Nicoud to share their stifling little hut, warning him not to risk sleeping in the car. But it was all worth while, for during that long hot evening opportunities were given of speaking of the things that matter most, to the Europeans, who were intelligent, thoughtful men.

* * * *

The younger of the two sisters ("Old Maid") has come to live in Algiers, and although living in miserable conditions is glad to be there because she can be visited by the missionaries and can now and again come with her husband to the Sunday meeting. Through her comes news of the rest of the family in the distant mountains.

S. E. PERKIN.

"In Journeyings Ost"

We are just back after a busy day. We were up to breakfast at 6.30, for the boys had told us that our car to Metlili (M'zab) left at 8 o'clock. At 7 a.m. I went off to see, but the car had left at 6 a.m. ! As we were all ready we decided to go to Berrian forty-seven kilometres away. We went to the office and found that the mail car had just started, so we jumped into a motor van and overtook the mail. We hailed it and got in, arriving at Berrian at 8.30, with about 120 tracts, books, and a few pictures.

A boy offered to lead us into this M'zab town, and in two houses, Arab, not M'zab, we received a kind welcome and had good talks. Other doors were open to us, but the mob of boys and girls prevented our going in. We had a wayside talk with ten boys, three girls and a few passing men, as we sat on the steps of the Mosque, the unforgiving servant being the subject. Then we started back along the narrow streets to the market, giving tracts and offering our books. Miss Sheach sat on a stone bench while I went round with the Khutbas (special tracts) and soon all were gone. Meanwhile Miss S. was preaching to a little crowd. Then we went back to the Post Office having disposed of all our literature. At the Post Office we ate our lunch and then had a long talk with Jewish women in the garage. The postal car arrived at midday, but alas, there was no room and they said we must wait till 11 o'clock at night ! We could not do that, so hired a car, Jewish fellow-travellers paying part of the cost, and so off to Ghardaia once more.

The car was rather uncertain as to springs and the road was terrible. Bump ! Jerk ! Stop ! But thank God (and how we do thank Him each time for the mercy of safe journeys) we arrived all well at Ghardaia at 2.30. After tea we went with

the negro lad to his relatives, negro M'zabs, and talked to them in their own Mozabite language. We spoke of the woman of Samaria, the feeding of the four thousand, and Jairus's daughter. Praise God they understood and re-told it to each other.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.



Islam or Christ ?

(A letter published in a Moslem paper some years ago, with the Editor's answer.)

"There is something I wish to say and if you can be so kind as to advise me, you would be saving me from all suffering. I am a girl of twenty and from the age of twelve I have committed every sin you can think of, in fact I have tasted of every leaf of the tree of life. Alas, there is nothing left for me but Hell when I die. I ask you sincerely what am I to do to be saved ? I have put this question to a priest. He told me to repent, but to tell the truth I cannot repent, as what I have done I have enjoyed doing, though it was sin. Now will you advise me what I am to do so as to be saved from hell ?"

The answer. "Turn over a new leaf. Lead a righteous life henceforward. This alone can wash off past sins. This is the only true atonement. Sins are washed off, the Koran assures us, by good deeds and by these alone."

* * * *

THE TESTIMONY OF A TUNISIAN CONVERT.

(Given at about the same time.)

"Why did God let Christ die ? To save me from my sins. How can one be saved ? A little while ago I should have said by prayers, reading, fasting and alms, but now I know it is only by the Redemption of our Lord the Christ."

How Heaven came to the Village.

It is a lovely spring afternoon. The countryside is as green and fresh as it is in England. Near the river are luxuriant cornfields with ears of wheat waving in the breeze; beyond the village, rolling velvety hills, glowing here and there with patches of what looks like purple heather (in reality probably the pretty wild mallow which grows in such profusion here, or one of the many charming vetches of the land), and farther away, the majestic mountains, still snow-capped.

The village itself does not seem to fit into the picture. Just a lot of straggling, brown huts, each surrounded with an untidy stockade, a few scraggy fowls scratching about in the dust outside, and several unkempt children gazing curiously at the somewhat unusual sight of three European visitors approaching their homes.

How does one get into such an uninviting looking place? The senior missionary shows how. Stopping before a gap in the bank that borders the road she stands still and claps her hands. This is the Arab way of ringing the bell! No reply. Another loud clap and she calls out, "Oh thou mistress of the house. Where art thou?" After another pause there is a shuffling within the stockade and a smiling face looks over the doorway. There is immediate recognition and the smile broadens. "Oh, it's you! Come in, and a welcome to you. Peace be with you. How are you? Don't be afraid, there are no dogs. Come in. Come in." There is no doubt about the welcome. These are old friends. "We remember your coming before. But not this one: she is a stranger. Oh, a visitor? Peace be upon her."

Our Arab friend leads the way to the door of the hut. One feels it would be

nicer to sit outside in the open air, but no, that would not be hospitable. "Come in, come in." The doorway is low, and the inside of the hut dark. There is nothing to sit on but the floor. "No, wait a minute," says the mistress of the house, "here is my son's burnous. You can all sit on that." The cleanliness of the burnous is very doubtful, but one mustn't think about it. We sit down and our eyes become accustomed to the gloom. The hut is roughly divided into two parts by the raising of the mud floor of half of it about a couple of feet higher than the rest. The higher part comprises kitchen, living room, dining room, bedroom, for the whole family; the lower part belongs to the animals. Two sheep are at this moment calmly chewing the cud at our feet, and chickens are scratching away behind them. At our side, in the semi-darkness, sits a beautiful girl, dressed in brightly coloured clothes and many jewels, making a native basket. She looks like a beautiful bird in a dingy cage. It is the daughter-in-law of the house, and her baby, a chubby little brown thing in scanty clothes, crawls about at her feet. The only "furniture" that one sees in the hut is a series of enormous jars made of dried mud, some of them about five feet high, in which the family's supply of grain, dried figs and other provisions, are kept.

There is no privacy in Arab life. The neighbours have heard the sound of visitors and come crowding in to see what is happening. The children too troop in after us. As many as can, squat down on the floor beside us, while the others fill up the doorway, completely blocking out the light and air that would otherwise enter.

"Shall we sing to you?" "Yes, do!" "For the children first then, 'Two little eyes to look up to God.'" It is always a favourite with them. Then something for the women, about Heaven, and the only means of getting there. A parable, illus-

trated with a picture, helps to make the truth clearer. The women assent warmly, nodding their heads and saying, "That is the truth." But one wonders how much they have really understood. Some faces are dull and heavy, others keen and intelligent, others cynical or careless. They hear so seldom and at such long intervals. Is it worth while? "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

But they are calling to us from another hut, and we cannot stay too long in one place. The kind mistress of the house goes to one of the big jars and takes out two eggs as a parting gift for us, a touching token of their friendliness. In the next hut, a somewhat similar scene takes place. The same group of children follow us round, but each time it is a different group of women. In another hut we share the floor with four good-sized cows, and the close proximity of their horned heads to our feet is not exactly conducive to tranquillity. But they are quiet beasts and do not give any trouble. The chickens are more troublesome as they fly about without any respect for place or person. A small child is told off to keep them in order with a long stick, which becomes rather a menace in itself. But the "preaching" goes on all the same. This time it is the matchless Prodigal story, which never fails to touch a hidden chord in the heart of the dullest listener. A girl with such a lovable face leans forward not to miss a word, and one's heart goes out to her. How can we make her understand the love of God in Christ Jesus, for *her*? Only the Holy Spirit can reveal Him. May He do it, is our prayer.

In the next place we have our desire granted for a meeting in the open-air. On the other side of the road there is a tumble-down house, but it has a garden and there

a group of women are already seated, having a chat among themselves. "May we come?" "Yes, come along," and they make room for us in the circle. It is a beautiful setting. One is reminded of the time when the Master caused the people to "sit down in companies on the green grass." Here an almond tree gives friendly shade, and looking across the plain one has a satisfying glimpse of the beautiful mountain range. Some of the women remember a previous visit. "Have you brought Heaven with you this time?" asks one of them. "Last time you remember you brought Heaven to show us." The missionary is mystified for a moment, then she remembers the Wordless Book. "Yes, that is it. Show us again." "Let me see too," says an old woman who is nearly blind. "I am an old woman, but I would like to see the colour of Heaven." And so the golden page is shown round, and the meaning of the black and red and white pages explained too.

But the afternoon is almost gone. In the last house there is a woman who seems very ill. One wonders if she will ever hear the Message of Life again. Next time she may not be there. Sow the seed faithfully, "thou knowest not . . ." "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou . . . canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." "Come, O Breath, and breathe upon these . . . that they may live."

J. C. JOHNSTON.

A Sequel to "The Lost Gospel"

(See Spring number of "A Thirsty Land.")

The Blind Man visited the mountains in the summer and took Scriptures and tracts to the Hadj. He received them with great joy, and every day gathered a large group round him and read to them. Finally he went away to Teniet el Haad and took the books to read to a friend.

Young Friends of Algeria.

Who likes to get a letter? I can hear a whole chorus of voices saying, "I do!" and especially if its a nice long interesting one from another country, telling about the boys and girls who live there, the kind of houses they have, what they eat and how they dress and all about them. Well, I will tell you just how you can get that kind of letter.

A few months ago a group of young missionaries in Algeria put their heads together to see how they could link up the young people at home who are really interested in missionary work, with the young people out here in North Africa amongst whom God has sent us to work, and who need so much help and prayer. Some of them are just beginning to understand what it means to follow the Lord Jesus, but are up against tremendous temptations and difficulties; others have just had a glimmering of light, a distant vision which they can hardly believe to be possible for them, and others are still in the blackest darkness of ignorance, with no idea of who the Lord Jesus really is, or that He loves them and wants them for His children. So we wondered how we could let you know about them in such a way that you would come to love our boys and girls and help them by your prayers. Then somebody had a brain-wave! "Let's send them letters!" Letters are so much more personal, aren't they, than just a page in a magazine, and one can sometimes put things in a more interesting way. Then you can write a reply to a letter if you want to, and ask all sorts of questions that you wouldn't dare to ask the busy Editor of a magazine. So one of our number was chosen to be the Secretary and to write such letters as I have described, and a very kind friend in England, Mrs. Kaye, who

used to be out in Algeria herself, has promised to send them round for us.

This is what Mr. Harold Stalley, the Secretary, has written: "Are you amongst the number of those who love and honour the Lord Jesus? If so, become a real active co-worker for Jesus with us. 'How,' do you ask? There are two ways to begin with. The first is to pray. . . . Look up all the wonderful promises Jesus has given to those who pray. The second is to get to know more about the people and the country for which you are going to pray. Become really inquisitive! You must have an awful lot of questions to ask sometimes. Then why not write? You can do that to your own special missionary friend, or to me if you wish."

So if you really want a letter, and you feel that the Lord Jesus would like you to help on His Kingdom in this way, by praying faithfully, and by seeking to interest others in His work in Algeria, just send a postcard to Mrs. Kaye, Hansla, East Grinstead, Sussex, and she will see that you get one. And if later on you would like a missionary to come personally to your church or mission-hall, to tell you more, perhaps it could be arranged.

J. C. JOHNSTON.



"Feeling" Christmas!

Such a darling baby, she was, and her sweet eyes smiled up at her young Arab mother as she bent down to the quaint wooden cradle, suspended under the big bed. By and by the baby began to try and stand, and then to walk a bit all by herself, and her mother often laughed as she watched her. Suddenly and silently smallpox came into that little Algerian house, and soon the baby Fatima Zohra was tossing in a burning fever. Through the long days and nights her mother

watched her, tending her unvaccinated baby, as best she could, without the help of doctors or nurses. At long last the fever spent itself, but alas for the bonnie girl, whose eyes were spoilt and blinded for ever!

Fatima Zohra's little mother grieved over her eyes as well she might, but there was worse to follow. She soon found that those sturdy legs had lost their power, and that the knees that had been straight were bent, and indeed from that time the child was a cripple. A pitiful sight she was, at over seven years old, shuffling about, crouched almost to the ground, her poor eyes white and staring, but her ears alert, and her fingers, feeling, touching, seeing! Though her ignorant young Moslem mother was sometimes very impatient with the poor deformed child, and even beat her because she was so helpless and ugly and not like other children, yet in her heart she loved her. So when the missionary said to her, "Wilt thou carry thy daughter up the hill to our house on the Christmas tree day, that she too may be happy?" she answered gladly, "Yes, indeed I will bring her, may blessing be multiplied unto thee!"

Soon the longed-for day arrived, and crowds of Christmas guests with shining eyes and eager faces, came into the room that was lovely with shimmering green leaves, silver stars, flowers, and pictures. With their faces turned towards the light—the light of many little candles shining on the tree—those children from Moslem homes sang their Christmas hymns joyfully.

When the sweet scented cakes of pink soap were all given, and the silver-covered chocolate sticks, and the pictures of the Wise Men presenting their gifts, the children went away, and the Christmas missionaries began dressing the tree all over again for their next relay of guests. Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and in came a white draped figure, carrying in her arms little Fatima Zohra, who was

smiling, and sure of her welcome. Her wee sensitive fingers were soon feeling the branches of the tree, the candles, a stick of chocolate, and then the feet and hands and face of a doll. Her ecstatic smile of joy when this was put into her arms, "for her very own," made everyone feel that Christmas was more lovely than ever! Next a warm garment pink and soft, and with lace edging on the sleeves, was caressed gently by those busy fingers. How the dear English grannie across the sea, who had made it so beautifully, would have loved to see the happiness on that poor little face, and so would the girls and boys who gave the doll and the chocolate!

"The Lord Jesus who loves thee so, oh Fatima Zohra, has brought this joy to thee to-day, this is the time of His birthday, and we are all glad," said someone, and began to sing,

"Jesus loves the little children,

All the children of the world," etc.

To her surprise the blind child joined in, singing each word sweetly and correctly to the end! The Christmas missionary, whose eyes were full of tears of joy, said, "how didst thou learn those words, oh my daughter?" "My brother taught them to me," said the little broken winged sister, and joyfully his teacher realised that the small rogue of a brother, who always seemed too busy poking the boy in front of him, or making faces at the girl behind him, to listen to the hymns or to learn the verses, had after all listened, and learned, and had even taught someone else!

They sang the chorus over again, and Fatima Zohra said, "I always told thee I was coming, and now I have come," and her friend answered: "Praise God thou didst come on this most joyful day!" Then they said many good-byes, and the little blind crippled girl went away with Christmas light on her face, and Christmas joy in her heart.

M. H. ROCHE.

From Tlemcen.

After a long, hot, hard climb under a brilliant Algerian sun I at last stood on the summit of one of Tlemcen's lovely hills. The view that met my gaze was magnificent and must ever rank as one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The dominating feature of the view was of course the town of Tlemcen. There it lay under the hot glare of the sun, like a child nestling peacefully, in the protecting care of the motherly arms of the hills. Beyond the town, running East and West, stretched an exceedingly fertile plain across which, like narrow winding strips of white ribbon lay the Oran and Algiers roads. This beautiful plain is hemmed in on the North and South by high hills, and through one of the gorges in the Northern range I caught a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean forty miles away.

Tlemcen is a very old town and has behind it a long and interesting history. At one time it lay under the dominion of Imperial Rome. As elsewhere, however, so here, the power of Rome weakened and her place was taken by the wild, undisciplined, turbulent, sons of Morocco. But they too passed away and now all that is left of these two kingdoms is a few old ruins which serve to keep alive a memory, and which stand as mute but nevertheless irrefutable witnesses to the fact that kingdoms based on human pride and selfishness must pass away. "The things that are seen are not eternal."

But since the kingdom based on human achievement and self-aggrandisement has crumbled into decay another has arisen, and one needs but to walk through Tlemcen's busy streets to discover what this new kingdom is. This is the kingdom of Islam and the beautiful town of Tlemcen is one of its great strongholds.

But what is the nature of this kingdom? Is it an eternal one? It is not. The foundations on which this kingdom

is built are faulty and rotten. It is based on an absolutely false and inadequate conception of God; its doctrine of sin is weak, its ethics are corrupt and its hatred of Christ is bitter and fanatical. Can a kingdom stand for ever when it is built on such unsound foundations?

Thank God even in the town of Tlemcen whose citizens are self-righteous and bigoted adherents of Islam there are sure and unmistakable signs of crumbling and decay.

And after Islam has passed away (and it shall pass away), what then? There are two alternatives, Atheism or Christianity. Strangely enough it is the Christian Church which will largely decide the way in which the disillusioned and disappointed sons and daughters of Islam are going to follow, when the collapse of the structure of Mohammedanism takes place. They will find themselves at the cross-roads, as indeed some of the people of Tlemcen are to-day, and if the representatives of the Christ of Calvary are not standing at these cross-roads there may be a veritable landslide of Islam's millions down the steep declivity of Atheism which leads to darkness, despair and eternal ruin. Older Christians, the quality of your prayers and intercessions and the degree of faith on which your prayers are based will be amongst the most important factors which will decide the way Islam will take. Young Christians, the quality and degree of your personal consecration to Jesus Christ and the extent of your personal obedience to young King and to His unique claims upon your life will also rank amongst the moral and spiritual forces which will count in the glorious task of bringing in the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ when the kingdom of Islam crumbles and perishes. May the precious souls here have no cause to say on the last great day, "No man cared for my soul"!

J. THOMSON.

"Jesus sat over against the Treasury."

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Statement of Accounts for the Year ending June 30th, 1935.

RECEIPTS.		Francs.	Francs.
By Balance in Bank ...		7530.68	
" Cash in Hand ...		106.70	
			7637.28
<i>General Fund:—</i>			
" Donations ...	156719.74		
" Legacy (part)—The late Miss Freeman ...	16659.80		
" Miss Trotter's Estate for Société Anonyme ...	14166.65		
" Rent and Sale of land at Blida ...	32100.00		
" Bank Interest ...	458.35		
			220104.54
<i>Appropriated Funds:—</i>			
" Donations ...	2687.35		
" Sale of Literature, etc. ...	1072.30		
" Legacy (part)—The late Miss Freeman ...	20000.00		
" Miss Trotter's Estate for upkeep of Dar Naama ...	26805.40		
" Rents of land and buildings at Dar Naama ...	10247.00		
			60812.05
		Francs	288553.87
		Francs.	
Balance of Appropriated Funds ...	9851.59		
Deficit on General Fund ...	8516.29		
		Francs	1335.30

Treasurer: H. W. BUCKENHAM,
Oulad Sultan, Blida, Algeria.

PAYMENTS.		Francs	Francs.
<i>General Fund:—</i>			
To Missionaries' Allowances ...	171393.20		
" Rents, Taxes and Repairs ...	27908.35		
" Travelling ...	2854.65		
" Postage and Stationery ...	882.85		
" Various Mission Expenses (including formation of Société Anonyme) ...	22100.72		
			225139.67
<i>Appropriated Funds:—</i>			
" Refugee Work ...	1850.00		
" Production of Literature for Arabs ...	1965.70		
" Itinerations ...	704.50		
" Car and Colportage ...	1038.75		
" Stations ...	346.65		
" Mlle. F. Hammon—part legacy the late Miss Freeman ...	20000.00		
" Upkeep of Dar Naama ...	36172.50		
			62078.90
" Cash in Hand ...			1335.30
		Francs	288553.87
<i>Appropriated Balances:—</i>			
		Francs.	
Refugee Work ...	7886.01		
Production of Literature ...	538.18		
Itineration ...	269.95		
Car and Colportage ...	3.65		
Upkeep of Dar Naama ...	1153.80		
		Francs	9851.59

Examined and found correct. HENRY R. TURNER.
Algiers. 27th September, 1935.

The foregoing statement at its approximate value in English Currency, the average rate of exchange for amounts received having been 74 francs to the £1.

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Balance in Bank ...		101	15	3½			
" Cash in Hand ...			1	8 10	103	4	1½
<i>General Fund:—</i>							
" Donations ...	2117	16	8				
" Legacy (part)—the late Miss Freeman ...	225	2	7½				
" Miss Trotter's Estate for Société Anonyme ...	191	8	10				
" Rent and Sale of land at Blida ...	433	15	8				
" Bank Interest ...	6	3	10½	2974	7	8½	
<i>Appropriated Funds:—</i>							
" Donations ...	36	6	3½				
" Sale of Literature, etc. ...	14	9	9½				
" Legacy (part)—the late Miss Freeman ...	270	5	4½				
" Miss Trotter's Estate for upkeep of Dar Naama ...	362	4	8½				
" Rents of land and buildings at Dar Naama ...	138	9	5½	821	15	8½	
				£3899	7	6	
* { Of this from Home Office ...	500	0	0½				
" " Gifts from America ...	599	1	1½				
" " from Home Office ...	6	6	7				
† " " from Home Office ...							
‡ Additional £35 in transit when Financial Year closed.							
		£	s.	d.			
Balance of Appropriated Funds ...	133	2	7½				
Deficit on General Fund ...	115	1	8½				
		£18	0	10½			

Treasurer: H. W. BUCKENHAM, Oulad Sultan, Blida, Algeria.

PAYMENTS.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
<i>General Fund:</i>							
To Missionaries' Allowance ...	2316	2	5½				
" Rents, Taxes and Repairs ...	377	2	9½				
" Travelling ...	38	11	6				
" Postage and Stationery ...	11	18	7½				
" Various Mission Expenses (including formation of Société Anonyme) ...	298	13	1½	3042	8	6½	
<i>Appropriated Funds:—</i>							
" Refugee Work ...	25	0	0				
" Production of Literature for Arabs ...	26	11	5½				
" Itinerations ...	9	10	5				
" Car and Colportage ...	14	0	9				
" Stations ...	4	13	8½				
" Mlle. F. Hammon: part legacy late Miss Freeman ...	270	5	4½				
" Upkeep of Dar Naama ...	488	16	4½				
				838	18	4	
" Cash in Hand ...				18	0	10½	
				£3899	7	6	
<i>Appropriated Balances:—</i>							
Refugee Work ...	106	11	4½				
Production of Literature ...	7	5	5½				
Itineration ...	3	12	11½				
Car and Colportage ...	0	1	0				
Upkeep of Dar Naama ...	15	11	10				
				£133	2	7½	

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.

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.
CARLISLE (Fisher Street Mission).—Mr. T. Child, 11, Ferguson Road, Longsowerby.
DARLINGTON (Pierremont Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.
EASTBOURNE.—Miss C. Firmin, "Dar Naama," Baldwin Avenue.
FELIXSTOWE.—Miss E. Threadkell, "Raebury," Constable Road.
HEATHFIELD (Welcome Mission).—Miss E. Phillips, 2, East View, Alexandra Road.
ILFORD.—Mr. Walter Sarlas, 121, Coventry Road.
IPSWICH.—Miss Challin, C.A.W.G., Bolton Lane.
LEWES.—Miss Lee, "Cobury," 20 Prince Edward Road.
LEXDEN.—Mrs. Willsmore, 26, Halstead Road, Lexden, Colchester.
TEDDINGTON.—Miss Ethel Little, 32, Field Lane.
THORNTON HEATH.—Mr. C. J. Ford, 13, Heath View Road.
WEST SUFFOLK.—Mrs. Ed. Johnston, Campfield, Gt. Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.
WOKING.—Miss F. K. Currie, Walden Cottage, Waldens Road, Horsell.
WOODBRIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.
WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, White Lodge, Mill Road.

SCOTLAND.

DUNDEE.—Miss Stewart, 8, Woodlands Terrace.
FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—Miss I. R. Govan, 18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh
GLASGOW.—Miss Guthrie, 90, Barrington Drive, C.4.
NEWPORT (N. Fife).—Mr. D. R. W. Gavin, Benruaig.

IRELAND.

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.

Literature.

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

Books 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.

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Please Note.

A renewal slip is sent with each magazine this time. If you have already paid please ignore the slip.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia

