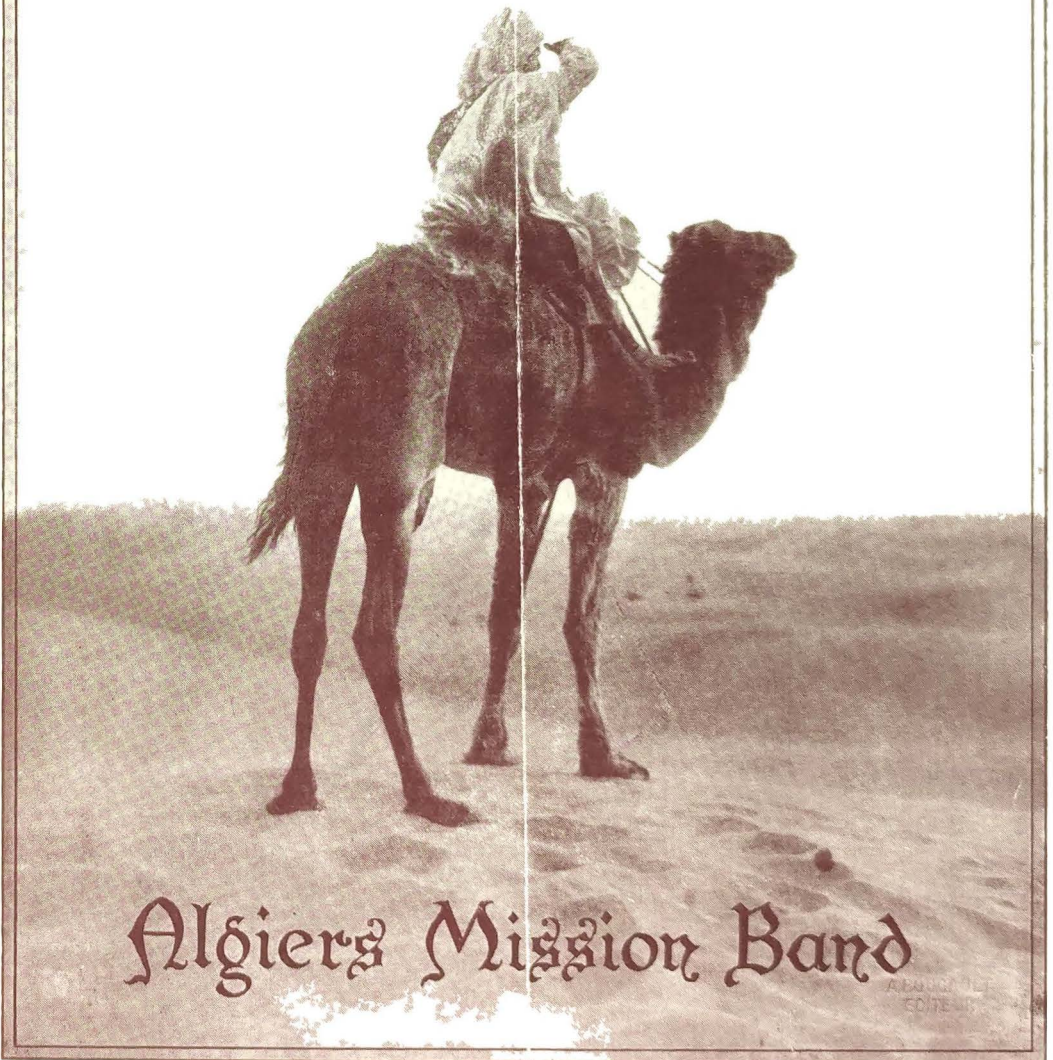


ITINERATION AND COLPORTAGE NUMBER

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

# Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS :—DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

General Secretary : Miss S. E. PERKIN.

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

## Executive Committee :—

H. W. BUCKENHAM.  
MISS BUTLER.  
W. CECIL COLLINSON.  
MISS FARMER.  
MISS GRAUTOFF.

S. LULL.  
MISS MCLROY.  
MISS NASH.  
P. NICLOUD.  
JOHN L. OLIVER.

MISS PERKIN.  
MISS RIDLEY.  
A. T. UPSON.  
MISS WOOD.

## Advisory Council in England :—

REV. FRANCIS C. BRADING, B.D.  
MRS. F. C. BRADING.  
W. CECIL COLLINSON.  
MISS F. K. CURRIE.

MISS DOROTHY DAY.  
MRS. S. KAYE.  
JOHN GORDON LOGAN.

JOHN L. OLIVER.  
REV. W. G. STALLEY  
H. W. VERNER.

## Hon. Secretary and Treasurer for England :—

1908 MISS M. H. ROCHE, 4, Waldens Road, Horsell, Woking. ✓

Hon. Medical Advisers : DR. GRACE CHAMBERS.

T. T. THOMSON, M.B., Ch.B., Edin.

Hon. Auditor : C. NEVILLE RUSSELL.

## Referee, America :

✓ 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., Park Apts., 525, Santa Barbara Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

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

Referee, France : PASTOR R. SAILLENS, Nogent sur Marne, Seine.

Referee, Algeria : PASTOR CUCHE, Mostaganem, Algeria.

Editor of "A Thirsty Land" :—MISS M. H. ROCHE.

## Location of Workers. Summer, 1938.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR (Algiers).

### Headquarters.

1906. Miss S. E. PERKIN.  
✓ 1907. Miss RIDLEY.  
1919 & 1922.  
M. and Mme. P. NICLOUD.  
1922. Mrs. THEOBALD.  
1937. Miss K. LAYTE (Short Service).

ALGIERS (City).

1930. Miss I. NASH.  
1922. Mrs. THEOBALD.  
1935. M. and Mme. MILLON.

BLIDA.

1920. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. BUCKENHAM.

BOU SAADA.

1909. Miss A. MCLROY.  
1919. Mlle. BUTTICAZ.

MILIANA.

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

MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

RELIZANE.

1934 & 1927.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. STALLEY.

SETIF.

1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.  
1922. Miss I. SHEACH.  
1935. Mr. and Mrs. THOMSON.

TLEMSEN.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER (in England on sick leave).  
Miss V. WOOD.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. STALLEY. } (part time).

TOLGA.

1928 & 1937.  
M. and Mme. S. LULL.

NEFTA.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.

### OUT-POSTS.

TOZEUR (from Nefta).  
Miss V. WOOD (part time).

GHARDAIA (Beni M'zab). Spring.

1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF. (part time).  
1929. Miss. P. M. RUSSELL. ,,  
1919. Mlle. BUTTICAZ. ,,

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



No. 45.

SUMMER, 1938.

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POST FREE

## Editorial.

Twenty-five years ago Miss Trotter read the verse below to two outposts as they looked with her over the straight white roads of the plain and the dimly seen tracks of the mountains beyond. The words have echoed ever since :

“ We were dreamers, dreaming greatly,  
in the man-stifled town ;  
We yearned beyond the sky-line where  
the strange roads go down.  
Came the Whisper, came the Vision,  
came the Power with the need,  
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was  
lent us to lead.”

How some of the dreams became realities during the Springtime of our Jubilee year is told in this number of *A Thirsty Land*.

Obedient to the heavenly vision God's servants went forth, east and west into the “ strange roads ” of the south lands. How they were led, empowered, and used, to bring the living water to thirsty souls, is told in the pages of this magazine, specially given up to accounts of recent itinerations and colportage journeys.

We are sure that those who read will praise God, and will pray that the Holy Spirit may continue the work begun in

the hearts of many of the sons and daughters of the desert.

\* \* \*

We are full of joy and thankfulness to hear that at Eastertide, for the second year in succession, our brothers and sisters, the native Christians of Algeria, led by M. Maoudj, called together a Conference. It was held at Tizi Ouzou, and a time of much fellowship and blessing was experienced. Arabs, Kabyles, Europeans of various nationalities, pastors and missionaries, old and young, “ all one in Christ Jesus,” were present—about one hundred in all. Many took part, experiences were shared, and in prayer and faith, under the guidance of God's Spirit, a deep desire was manifested to witness to Christ and to make Him known.

Several young native Christians from A.M.B. Stations were at the Conference, as well as a number of the workers.

“ This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes.”

\* \* \*

We rejoice with our friends M. and Mme. Lull, workers at the desert station of Tolga, in the gift of their little daughter Hélène. May God's richest blessing rest upon her !

M.H.R. *o.k.*

## Address given at the Jubilee Meeting, March 8th, 1938.

*"The Lord . . . in the midst of thee is mighty ;  
He will save . . . He will be silent in His  
love ; He will joy over thee with singing."  
(Zeph. 3. 7.)*

This is a day of thankful remembrance of the Jubilee of the A.M.B. As we offer to our Father thanksgiving for our friends who founded the Mission and for all who have carried on the work, we are conscious of the uniting of our praise with those in the more immediate presence of Christ.

Verses 18 and 19 of Psalm 72 give the words we need to express not only the thanksgiving of our hearts but the continuing purpose of our lives, "Blessed be the Lord God . . . Who only doeth wondrous things, and blessed be His glorious Name for ever ; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory."

For this the saints of God all down the ages have poured out their lives, and to-day we receive afresh the inspiration of the valiant spirit of Miss Trotter, that creative mind and tireless love which ever pressed forward in the battles of the Lord ; of the quiet enduring courage of Miss Freeman, of her faith which was expressed in utterly selfless living, of Miss Haworth's hospitable spirit and practical kindness.

The call comes to us to reconsecrate ourselves to the Lord this day when we His servants are challenged by a suffering chaotic generation.

The daily agony of countries being devastated by the bitter cruelties of modern warfare must break anew the heart of the Father of all.

World conditions recall the Gospel warnings and predictions of "the end of the age," and we lift up our hearts in the

hope that "our redemption draweth nigh."

We reaffirm our certainty that only in the Cross of our beloved Lord Jesus Christ is there healing for the sin and selfishness of the heart of man, the only solution for the fear, bewilderment, and perplexity of suffering humanity.

But the vital question for us here to-day is what is the fruit of this certainty in our daily living.

How is the result of the Lord's utter self-giving, and the power of His Risen life to be brought through our lives until "His glory fills the earth."

Our thoughts have been with our fellow workers in Algeria as Miss Roche gave us such a vivid picture of their work, now we must turn to ourselves.

In this comfortable England it is so easy to escape from the burden of the world's sorrows and struggle, we can dismiss with a sigh the tale of anguish and sin in our newspapers, not really accepting our responsibility for fellowship in Christ's suffering, and need of life channels through whom He can be made manifest.

One of Miss Trotter's incomparable writings gives, in parable, I think the meaning for Christians, of the present world situation. I can only quote from memory her picture of the formation of the opal with its almost unearthly beauty. In ages that are past it has been subjected to the enormous pressure of unknown forces and to melting heat ; beneath the surface of the earth the precious gem has come to perfection.

What is the secret of its radiance when it is brought from those hidden depths ? It is, that at the heart of the opal are countless tiny fissures, the result of non-resistance

to the burden of pressure out of which the God of creation has produced for His glory a little parable of His suffering love.

To us, here in peaceful England, persecution of the church of Christ has come nearer to our shores than in any day since under the Roman Empire, Christians "climbed the steep ascent of Heaven through peril, toil and pain." We pray for brave-hearted Pastor Niemoller, as he faces his trial, and for his suffering fellow Pastors of the Confessional church in Germany.

As Christians we must ask ourselves whether the secret of the opal (that picture of the Lord in His acceptance of the burden and pressure of the world's sin and need which brought Him to the Cross) is being literally worked out in our lives, "He saved others, Himself He could not save."

To change the symbol to the thought of the Lord's supper, are we becoming broken bread, and poured out wine given by His pierced Hands to those whom He seeks to save and to bless?

May our thanksgiving for those who have gone before lead on to fuller consecration to Christ, truer repentance for the sin which so easily besets us, deeper acceptance of God's forgiving love. So may we make fresh discovery of fellowship with Christ in intercession and in service.

I want to read you some lines which sum up the thought with which I close :

"Help me to cease wholly from self, good  
Lord,

In love's pure silence simply to be still,  
And let the very life of me be poured  
Into the sacred chalice of Thy Will.

So shall my soul make sacrifice of  
praise,

So shall my love as bread of life be  
given,

And, in earth's corner where I dwell,  
shall raise

Some living stones to build on earth  
Thy heaven." ELSIE THORPE.

## Praise and Prayer Requests.

### Praise.

For journeying mercies, open doors, and opportunities in many places of holding forth the Word of Life.

For God's gracious restoring work in the heart and life of a convert.

For the spirit of unity and desire to witness shown in the native conference this Spring; prayer for God's leading and shielding.

For *The Master of the Impossible*, recently published.

Praise and prayer, for the little daughter given to M. and Mme. Lull and for the little son given to M. and Mme. Munioz.

### Prayer.

For the working of God's Spirit through Scriptures and tracts circulated during itinerations, sold in book depots or given to students leaving the University.

That the convert mentioned above, and also his brother, may come back into full Light and service.

For God's rich blessing during the visit about to be paid by Miss Wood, and Mr. and Mrs. Stalley to Tlemcen.

For two Christian girls, that they may be strengthened physically, and "kept by the power of God."

For refreshing for the workers and safe journeying during the summer months.

That money needed may come in soon if it be our Father's will.

For the fulfilment of God's purposes in all deputation work whether in Great Britain, Canada, or Europe, and for all arrangements for our Annual Meeting.

## A Jubilee Journey in Three Stages.

(Translated.)

We had the opportunity this Spring of doing a long itineration, which was rather an unusual one.

We started on the 1st February, and between this date and the 4th March we covered considerably more than 2,000 miles. We visited twenty-four towns and villages, made many halts at Zaouias (religious centres) and wells, and also at each group of men that we met. We left in the hands of men and boys 262 Gospels in colloquial Arabic, 293 in literary Arabic including Bibles and New Testaments, 297 items of N.M.P. literature and 330 tracts, a total of 1,182 altogether.

One of our special joys was to go through certain districts which were so much on the heart of our beloved founder, Miss I. L. Trotter. When these journeys were made, the A.M.B. had almost come to its fiftieth anniversary, and it was our great privilege to see the road open ever further ahead and to have a part in the answer to the prayers of our sisters who had so often turned their footsteps and their prayers towards the Sahara. Our journeys were somewhat interfered with at times, not by people, but by the difficult desert tracks or by some trouble with our beloved old N.M.P. car. This is hardly to be wondered at, for it has had eight years work on trying roads.

Our itineration was divided into three stages. The first part was the journey Mme. Nicoud and I took from Algiers with Miss Grautoff and Miss Russell, who were going to Ghardaia, the M'zab Station. My wife and I continued the journey via Bou Saada, to Tolga, where she joined Mme. Lull at our Mission Station. M. Lull and I then did the second and third stages of our colportage journey, one to the land of the Oued Souf in the "sea of sand," and the other to villages along the old track to Tozeur (Tunisia).

### Our Journey to the Land of the Beni M'zab.

#### First Stage.

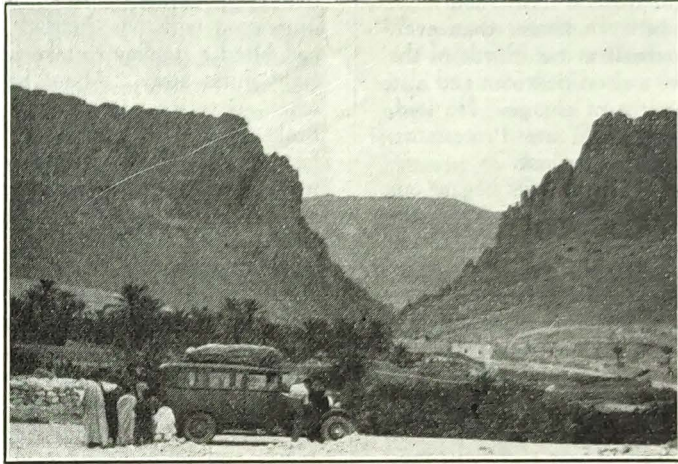
We set off from Algiers—Misses Grautoff and Russell and my wife and I on the 1st February for Ghardaia (Beni M'zab). The first day we reached Djelfa, with a halt at Boghari. The women missionaries visited in the native town above, while I opened up the book-store (in the car) in a main street, and was able for an hour to get into touch both with Arabs and Jews. The question most often asked me was "do you believe in the return of Christ?" My answer given in the affirmative did not always please them, but I was able to say, "Read God's Word, read the Gospels."

We reached Djelfa that evening, happy though weary. Next day we set out for Laghouat, and in spite of a rather bad road we arrived there early in the afternoon. I went to the authorities and asked for permission to have the car in the Arab market. They gave me leave, and I was able to offer the Gospel from two o'clock until sundown.

On the 3rd we set off for Ghardaia, leaving the road and taking to tracks. We arrived at Tilrempt, where we halted for a short time, in a violent sandstorm. Passing next through Beriane, one of the seven towns of the M'zab we reached Ghardaia safely in the evening. Quickly we opened up the little Mission premises, and slept well on camp beds, though the night was rather cold.

On the 4th we went to the Ghardaia market with its enormous crowds. Our hearts rejoiced at the opportunity, but one felt appalled at the thought of all these souls under the sway of Islam. Men and boys almost mobbed us for books; it was





THE MISSION CAR AT THE "GATE OF THE DESERT."

a good time, and I went back in the afternoon when the sales continued good.

During the remaining days at Ghardaia, we visited three other towns, el Ateuf, Metteli, and Bou Noura.

On Wednesday, the 9th February, Mme. Nicoud and I set out for Tolga via Bou Saada, finding a good many opportunities of witnessing to Christ on the way. At Bou Saada we found Miss McIlroy and Mlle. Butticaz hard at work, and we were able to visit some tents and also to take part in a boys' class there.

On the Saturday, Mme. Nicoud and I continued on our way to Tolga where we were joyfully received by M. and Mme. Lull.  
P. NICOUD.

### Our Journey to the "Town of a Thousand Domes."

#### Second Stage.

For the third time since 1933 we were able to visit the Oued-Souf, a part of the desert which is so different from the rest in various ways.

The country is one immense stretch of sand, and the dunes extend on every hand

as far as the eye can see. This land is called "the ocean of sand," a name which well describes it.

The architecture is peculiar. Elsewhere houses are built with flat, terraced roofs. In the Oued Souf the lack of wood has obliged the inhabitants to replace the terraces by domes. This is what has given to El Oued—the principal town of Oued Souf, the name of "the town of a thousand domes."

On Tuesday, February 14th, M. Nicoud and I left Tolga for an itineration in the Oued Souf. At midday we reached Chegga, a well on the track, at which a group of Nomads had gathered to water their flocks of camels and sheep and to get a store of water. There our work began. In a few moments almost all the men were round us. We read a passage, gave the Gospel message, and some of the Nomads bought Gospels.

We arrived at the town of El Oued at 5 o'clock in the evening after a journey of about 173 miles. We spent the first night at a hotel. The proprietor, a Roman Catholic, who had always shown us

sympathy and goodwill on former journeys, now proved to be even kinder than ever. He gave us our meals at two-thirds of the price, let us have a good bedroom and also garaged our car free of charge. He said, "I am a Catholic, you are Protestants, but you are doing a good work."

On the 15th February we began our work in the Oued-Souf, visiting on the Biskra road. At Guemar, a town of six thousand inhabitants, the work was hard. Jews and Moslems showed no interest in our books. We had the impression that a young man went before us into the shops to warn people not to buy anything. We were able, however, to have some talks and to sell some books. At the moment of leaving the town there was a crowd round the car, and when it started the stones rained on it: happily we were sheltered inside!

Three miles further on we visited the Zaouia of Taggourt where the Marabout received us with courtesy, as he had done three years before, and he recalled our former visit. We offered him a Bible for the Zaouia of Taggourt, and he accepted with pleasure. Many notables were with the Marabout; one of them, the Caid of the village that we had just left, seeing that the Marabout had received a Bible thought that he also had the right to have books free of charge. He came up to the car, helped himself royally, and went away without paying!

In the village of Taggourt the first group of men that we saw received us coldly, "You can burn your books, we don't want them," said one. Further on another group received us more cordially. We read with them, and explained the Gospel message, and many of them bought books. At mid-day we had our lunch outside the village, near a well. The Arabs came around us and we had a splendid chance, after our meal, to give them God's Word. Several of the men recognised us, and reminded us of an amusing thing that had happened

two years before, when I was doing an itineration with Mr. Harold Stalley. We had hired a donkey to take us to a village eight miles away. About half-way there, when we were not noticing, the donkey broke loose, and set off for his stable as fast as he could go, leaving the poor missionaries both surprised and amused—and obliging them to do the rest of the journey through the sand, on foot!

At Kouinine, an immense village, there was a crowd at the entrance. M. Nicoud remained there with the car opened up, and I set off to visit the shops.

On the 16th February we visited the villages to the south of El Oued.

At Oumiche we stopped on the market place, and immediately a crowd gathered round us. Again and again we had splendid times of reading and of quiet talk with groups of men who listened most attentively. "Blessing has come to us" cried one of them!

Further on we visited the Zaouia of a great Sheikh, one of the most influential in the Oued Souf; the Zaouia is a place of pilgrimage.

The Marabout accepted a Bible for the Zaouia and a number of men bought books.

Further south we visited the village of Rabah to which we had never been before. The Marabout of the mosque received us with courtesy, and invited us to have coffee with him. There were few readers, the greater part of the people being Chambas, a great Nomad people of the desert. We sold some books, however.

In the afternoon we visited the village of Tiggert where we stopped the car on the square in front of the Mosque. While the Muezzin was calling the faithful to prayer we evangelised the crowd that pressed round us, and sold our books to them.

On 18th February at eight in the morning, we left El Oued with the car to visit the villages on the road to Tozeur—about twenty miles. The track goes through



great sand dunes the whole way, and is very difficult indeed. It was a pretty tiring day, for the car got stuck in the deep sand fifteen times. Each time God sent men who helped us with shovels and tarpaulins to get the car out of its predicament. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon we came to a great dune which, after many efforts, we were unable to climb. This time there was no one on the track to help us, except a boy who had followed us since the morning. There was only one thing to be done—to go for help to the next village which was between three and four miles away, and this is what we did. While M. Nicoud stayed with the car, I set out with my knapsack of books, and the boy. After an hour's walk through the sand we arrived at Behima. I explained our plight to the Caid who told off six men whom the boy was to conduct to the car. I went with them to the end of the village where I sat down for a few moments. I was soon surrounded by a group of lads, and seized the opportunity to read to them from the Gospels. Many bought books. I had only just finished when M. Nicoud arrived with the car, and all the men who had gone to help him. Once more God had sent some kindly men who had helped with the car before the relief party arrived. The day was closing in and we did some colportage in the village.

From Behima we went to Segoum, a huge village of three thousand inhabitants, where we stayed the night at the postman's house. This postman, an Arab, offered us a little room in which to prepare our supper and have our meal. We had taken nine hours to do twelve miles, and the day had been tiring but full of causes for gratitude to God.

Early on the 19th February we did colportage in the village of Segoum. We met much fanaticism and prejudice with regard to the Gospel. Poor people, they have heard so little! The Taleb of the Zaouia who replaced the absent Marabout made

many give back books they had bought. We went to see this Taleb who received us in a courtyard and we had a long talk. We tried to prove to him that the Bible has not been falsified and we spoke to him of salvation. About fifty boys and men were listening to the conversation. The Taleb accepted a Bible but he said to the rest, "do not do as I have done. Do not accept any books, they have been falsified."

Learning that another track, longer but easier, unites Segoum and El-Oued, we did not hesitate to take it. It enabled us, moreover, to visit two hitherto un-reached Souf villages.

After an hour of travel without any difficulties we found the good track near El Oued. At midday we stopped near a native café and a well, for lunch. Before our departure we had a chance again to explain the Gospel to a group of about ten men. Thus ended our itineration.

We brought back from this tournée a vision of the immense spiritual needs of the Oued Souf and the necessity, in this region, for more intensive and more regular mission work. We praise God, however, that He allowed us to do this itineration and we thank most sincerely all the friends of the Mission who helped in it by their gifts and by their prayers. S. LULL.

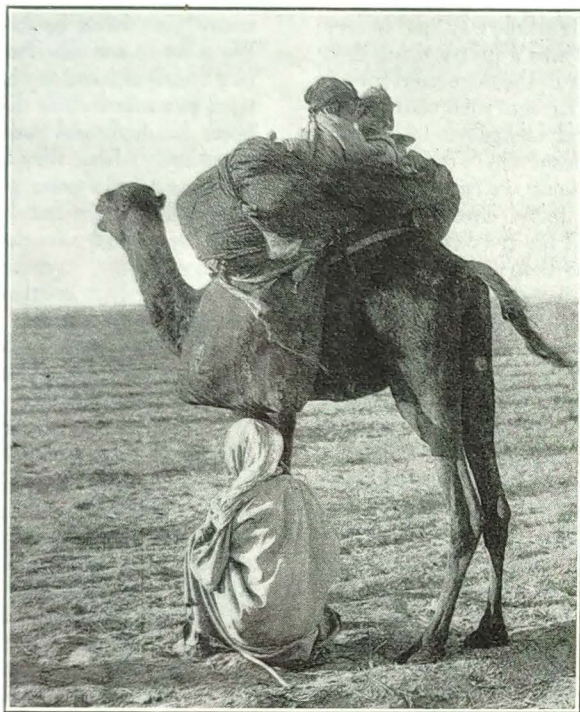
## A Camel to the Rescue!

### *Third Stage.*

During our second week of journeying we followed the old road—now abandoned—to Tozeur (Tunisia).

We started by way of Biskra, Sidi Okbar, and Ain Naga, where we made our first halt and sold some gospels. We camped for the night near the last telegraph station in this direction. The Arab postman, an open-minded man, had a talk with us, and bought a good many books.

Next day we started off, arriving first at a small village named Liana. Here a crowd came round to buy books, but while



OLD-FASHIONED, BUT RELIABLE !

we were busy, boys punctured one of the front wheels of the car, and some men managed during the disturbance to run off with books !

I was able, in a very narrow street, to change the wheel, and then we were off. The boys threw a few stones after the car ; was it a sign of friendliness or not ?

We visited Sidi Naji where we sold some books, and intended to visit Ferkane and Negrine to which we had never been before. But as we were joyfully going on our way on Thursday, the 24th, at 2.30 the car gently came to a standstill, a vital part of the mechanism having broken ! We were about forty-five miles from our last stopping place, and Ferkane was, we did not know quite how far, ahead !

Having done what we could, we prepared to pass the night in this place, which was every flat, with nothing in sight on the horizon ! We knew that behind us there were Nomads, and some places where there was water, but this was over six miles away.

At daybreak, after drinking some mineral water, we started off on foot in the direction of Ferkane. We walked during the whole morning without reaching the village. At last a shepherd appeared with a great drove of camels, and he gave us directions. Ferkane, which could be seen as a black dot at the foot of a mountain, proved to be still many hours away. Presently, a horseman arrived, and we asked to borrow his horse so as to get to Ferkane more quickly.

M. Lull begged me to ride to the town, which I did, getting there at 11.30, when I found the Caid, and had a telephone message put through to Tebessa. While I waited for M. Lull to arrive, I opened my bag of books, and a little crowd gathered. M. Lull arrived tired after his long walk and terribly thirsty; however, during the next half-hour he sold fifteen gospels!

I had asked the Caid to let us have two horses for going back to the car, and their owners were anxious to start, as we had come about twenty miles.

I tried to find some provisions, but, alas, there was no European food except two little tins of sardines! I also bought four Arab loaves, which turned out to be dry and not very well cooked.

We left the town behind accompanied by other riders who were going back from market, and talk began.

"Who *are* these men, and what are they doing?"

"They are messengers of the Lord Jesus."

Thus we got the chance to speak of the Saviour.

The hours passed and being unaccustomed to riding we began to get tired of our well-worn Arab saddles! At sundown our guides left us, for they were afraid of remaining in the territory of other tribes in the night. We were therefore obliged to walk alone for another hour along the track before we came to our car.

As soon as we got to it we prepared our supper, rationing our mineral water as we thought of the days ahead, for *when* would help really get to us? But we trusted in our Lord, and we knew many friends were praying for us. We calculated, that with economy, our food would last us for two days, but we had no ordinary drinking water.

While we were having our supper, a man turned up who had been told by one of those who had guided us that we had no water. He brought us a litre and a half of

yellowish water, which we boiled and then used to make some coffee. What a joy to have something to drink!

This Nomad had come over four miles to bring us drinking water, and with him came his little boy, six years old. This boy had asked to come with his father, as he had never seen a European. We shared our meal with them, and talked a little about the district, and then spoke to them of the Saviour.

Now came another night in the car, and in the very early morning we set out in the direction of Biskra, hoping to meet those whom we expected to come to our aid in answer to our telephone call. The nearest town was Sidi Naji which was nearly fifty miles away! After an hour's walking we saw on the horizon a man riding a camel and coming towards us. We begged him to procure someone to guard the car, and two beasts for us to ride. After some palaver he disappeared towards the south.

Towards eleven o'clock we saw a magnificent cavalier approaching. It was the first of the "mounts" we had asked for. When we asked "where was the second?" the man pointed to a camel in the far distance coming towards us, at a slow, deliberate pace. We thanked God for sending us two beasts to ride on, and departed on our way, one of us going pretty fast, the other majestically but terribly slowly! Our guide, however, pointed out to us that his camel was better than the car, which was unable to move at all—a very sad and true statement, at the moment!

We finished the last of our provisions and arrived rather weary, about 4.30 p.m., at a well, where two days ago we had sold some gospels. We had to call a halt for the night, for our guides did not know the country further on. Nearby there were the tents of some nomad Arabs and two negroes who were digging a well for the Government, who said we could spend the night

with them. We hired a blanket from some Bedouin Arabs, for the nights were cold, and they also prepared a meal for us. It was couscous of the Sahara, black, sandy, and pungent smelling, but very good, for we were so hungry! The negroes also made a kind of bread and served some tea in glasses. The hospitality of these Nomads was a real blessing to us.

After sitting a while round the fire, we had fifteen shepherds and others, mainly young men, listening to God's Word, and then we sold the last of our gospels. We went inside the tent to spend the night on the ground which was very cold, and in spite of the fact that we had a blanket and were very sleepy, it was impossible to sleep because of the great cold.

About three in the morning we roused our hosts, and asked them to make a fire. We sat round it and warmed ourselves till daybreak. It was Sunday morning, and we started off, breakfastless, to walk, for it was too cold to ride.

About four miles further on we came to Sidi Naji, and there found that owing to a mistake the relief car had missed us the day before. We pushed on therefore towards Biskra, and were joined en route by various travellers on horse and camel back. We were as many as twenty-five, part of the way. God gave us some very blessed moments with them, though at times they showed great hostility towards the Gospel.

There were a few amusing incidents and some threats. Once they asked if we were not afraid of being killed, and our reply, "The Lord takes care of us," seemed to surprise them. We thanked God for His deliverance, as He brought us safely to a village that afternoon where we found the Caid ready to welcome us. He had received orders from the Government officials and provided us with beds and as much water as we wanted to drink!

Our troubles were now pretty well over.

We went on to Biskra and from there M. Lull returned to Tolga, while I found a mechanic and a motor, and we went back to the place of the breakdown. The necessary repairs were carried out and on the Tuesday I was able to start again in our dear old colportage car, and arriving with a thankful heart at Tolga at about eight o'clock in the evening, found all safe and well.

We had not sought adventure, but through it many chances were given to declare God's Word and to tell of the Saviour.

I have not been able to tell all in detail, but we do indeed feel grateful and offer our thanks to those in Authority, and to the Administration, who did everything possible to locate us and to rescue us.

Dear brothers and sisters in the homelands, we want to thank you also for your help by prayer and gifts.

It was a crown on our Jubilee to be able to do this whole month of itineration and colportage.

We lift up our hearts and say:

"We praise Thee O Lord. Give us an opportunity to go again. May Thy Word be blessed in the hearts of those who received it." P. NICOU.

\* \* \*

"We came not in with proud firm marshalled footstep, in a measured tread,  
Slow pacing to the crash of music loud:  
no gorgeous trophies went before.

No crowd of captives followed us with drooping head,

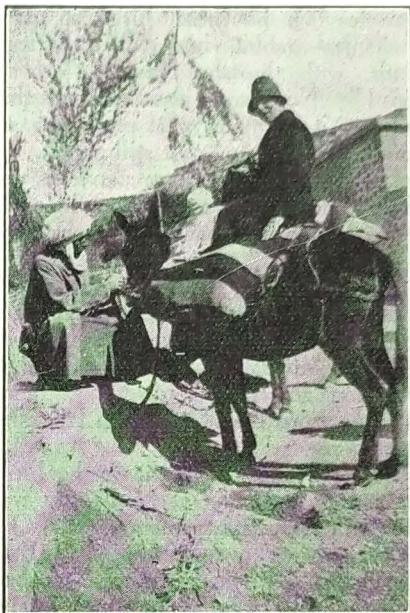
No shining laurel sceptred us, nor crowned,

Nor with its leaf our glittering lances bound.

With faces darkened in the battle flame  
Through wind and sun and showers of bleaching rain,

With many a wound upon us many a stain,

We came with steps that faltered, yet we came."



MULES ARE SURE-FOOTED !

## A Circular Tour.

We can still feel the thrill of it, this last crossing of the desert between Bou Saada and Tolga. It was a beautiful afternoon in October and we had almost forgotten our last journey five years ago, when, for two hours, our bus pushed its way over flooded tracks. Quite recently, we were told, that, while a bus was traversing one of the dry river beds, the river "came" with violence and without any warning. All the passengers were saved, but, alas, their luggage was carried down stream! We, however, could not discern even a trickle of water, in the river bed when we passed!

For the first time Tolga station was, to Mille, Butticaz and myself, a real "home," with both Monsieur and *Madame* Lull to welcome us! And what a busy "long

week-end," we spent there, visiting among the people and being taken by *Madame* Lull to new houses! We were able, too, to help a little in the many classes and in the dispensary work. We think especially of a visit to "Tozeur Roquia," on Sunday afternoon, with crowds of boys helping us to find the house. Of course, a good number crowded in, so there was quite a meeting!

Next morning Roquia came to the Mission Station, very anxious to enquire about her old friends—Miss Perkin, Mr. and Mrs. Theobald, Miss Krebs and Miss Wood, etc. She was most keen too, to learn some more verses of Scripture and hymns—altogether it was a really happy time we had together.

We went, all four, to see the artesian wells, their waters rushing up and out in streams, at the side of the rows of palm-trees laden with enormous clusters of beautiful golden dates. Would that "the river of God which is full of water," came to these sterile lands of Islam! "I will yet for this be enquired of to do it for them saith the Lord"—"Helping together by prayer."

We went next to Biskra with its large population of Europeans and Arabs. Most of our visiting was amongst new people. It was good, however, to meet with a few who had heard before, and were pleased to hear again. Some, too, counted us as old friends, and so told us of their sorrows and joys. Thank God, a good number of tracts found readers.

Leaving Biskra at 5 a.m. we had several hours good visiting at Max Mahon. As well as being welcomed among the Arabs it was very nice for us to meet again some Chaouia women. We then took the bus for Barika "the observed of all observers," amongst a crowd of native men. One man addressing an Arab official (dressed in beautiful garments of a light blue shade), enquired from him if he thought we were "the Sidna Aissa" (Lord Jesus) people? The reply was, "Yes, they are." "Well,"

continued the questioner, "then they are infidels!" "Oh, no," came the reply, "infidels are those who deny the existence of God—these people know God and serve Him."

We found the Hotel at Barika a little improved and of course, chose a room with lock and key intact and in working order. No fewer than three porter-boys climbed the wooden ladder with us to see us installed! We learnt from one, who was only eleven, that he had already begun to smoke, and to drink alcohol!

Our first visit was to a family we had known years ago, who gave us a hearty welcome. Let us pray they may continue to guard the Word of God heard then, and on this second hearing. Then there was an ex-soldier who had been to France, he and his wife and a number of others listened with great eagerness. One can remember the tense spirit of enquiry evinced by the man and how he grasped the book telling of the Prodigal. Something new and wonderful had come to his knowledge! Pray that the Holy Spirit may reveal Christ to his soul. We were conscious of the good Hand of God upon us in giving us entrance to what were, humanly speaking, fast barred doors.

Miss Farmer and Miss Sheach met us at Setif—our second new "home" on tour. They had a class of bright girls, at which we helped, as well as in visiting the women in the crowded houses. We took the walk to Mr. and Mrs. Thomson's house more than once and had fellowship in their work too. We saw the depot in the centre of the town well placed and suitably arranged for men callers.

We paid a flying visit to La Fayette to see our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, of the N.A.M. Mrs. Marsh had a women's meeting in the afternoon which we much enjoyed.

I cannot refrain from telling a lovely story about little John Marsh. When we

were leaving, he thrust his best toy—a mechanical rabbit—into Mlle Buttica's hands, with the shy remark: "It still hops!" No second-class offering this! and here it is, giving great pleasure to the Bou Saada children—"It still hops."

At Bordj-bou-Aureidj, preparations were being made for the Fast, but in spite of this there were good openings and listening. In one "court," where there were eight "homes" there was real grip. In another, the conversation turned to the famine in Bou Saada, and before we knew what was happening several women had made a little collection and handed us three francs! May the Lord bless them with His salvation!

While we were at Bordj the weather broke, so instead of calling at M'sila, we went right on to Bou Saada intending (D.V.) to visit the former town later on. Four times during the last two years we have been there and always found souls with a touch of God's working on their hearts, or as Miss Trotter so often remarked—"twilight souls."

M. ALICE McILROY.

## Jubilee Celebrations at an Out-station.

We celebrated it in *English*, on the evening of the 8th of March, by singing together that wonderful hymn of triumph, "For all the saints who from their labours rest," looking back to those faithful ones who have gone before and who fought the first battles for the King in this land fifty years ago, and as we sang, we also looked forward, seeing with faith's eye that glorious day when "from earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast" shall stream in through the gates of pearl that countless host, singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. And there will be Arab



voices blending in that heavenly singing. Praise God there are some already who have begun to sing His praises in this land. We were reminded of this the next morning when an Arab Christian girl chose as our opening hymn at morning prayers "There is no Name so sweet as the Name of Jesus," and meant it with all her heart. Fifty years ago not one Arab voice was raised in such a song. In fact, there were none such written, and no Word of God available in the tongue of the people.

We wondered if Miss Trotter and her friends read together in their cabin on that first evening in port, the evening portion of *Daily Light* and found strength and comfort therein. "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able . . ." "Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." "Able to save to the uttermost . . ." "Able to keep . . ." Believe ye that I am able to do this? Yea, Lord. According to your faith be it unto you." And next morning before they stepped ashore into the unknown land did they again open that precious little book and read the heart-strengthening words, "They got not the land in possession by their own swords, neither did their own arm save them, but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance . . ." "There be many that say, 'Who will show us any good?' Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us." Lord, our hearts would fail to-day if thou didst not lift upon us the light of thy countenance.

On the afternoon of the 9th, we celebrated it in *French*. Not a big crowd, of course! Just the French-speaking colporteur and his wife who live nearby, joining with us in praise and thanksgiving for all that God has done. But perhaps the happiest meeting of all was our celebration in *Arabic* later on in the day. Then we had the joy of having fellowship with our Arab sisters who are indeed "members of His Body"

with us. Their contributions to this simple service were spontaneous. One read the twelfth chapter of *Romans* (thank God that they now have parts of His Word in their own tongue) and we think the "unseen witnesses" who were looking on at this time, must have rejoiced as they heard such words from the lips of ~~one who~~ not so very many years ago would refuse to sing certain hymns or to repeat certain passages, because the words were "blasphemous" in her Moslem eyes. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God . . ." Another took the story of the grain of mustard seed and saw therein a picture of the way the Word of God is spreading and winning its way in the hearts of the people of the land. Such tiny beginnings of faith and love one sees, but they are growing, and we have not yet seen the end of the Lord's building.

Our happy day of remembrance ended with the singing in Arabic of "Oh, happy day," followed by the doxology.

J. C. STALLEY.

## Worth While?

It meant an early morning start in the post car, climbing up out of the dry river bed in which the five towns of M'zab lie, each one built on its Schebka (sand and rock hill) and then two hours across the desert to the town of Berrian.

We planned for two hours visiting and tract distributing in this town before the return post car came through to take us back to Ghardaia.

Was it worth while?

First, the journey was not waste time; Scriptures and leaflets were passed to readers who had nothing to distract them, a fine opportunity to watch and pray over the perusal and comments.



On our arrival, our bag of books was recognised and many little people were out to get something for nothing. "I can read," "I go to school," or "Give me for my big brother."

Our thoughts were for the illiterate shut-in women. Would a door stand opportunely ajar? Then when we gave the greeting from outside, would the answer come from within "Peace be unto you, enter?"

We started up a back street, hoping thus to drop some of the embarrassing little crowd that insisted on following from house to house! The children led us into their homes near the wall of the town, and there we found women weaving beautiful designs into carpets set on upright looms, an art handed on from mother to daughter down the generations. At times they dared not even stop to listen to us but at others they came round as we sat in their midst on the floor. After they had asked the questions so important to them, "Are you married?" "Where are your children?" "What about your gold teeth?" and so on, they settled down to be interested in a picture of some Bible subject.

In the quiet streets we always try for "waysides," that is we collect the children around us and show a picture. It was chiefly little girls who came, with the fat baby seated on the hip of its elder sister, while at the end of the alley a door stood open and we knew women were listening. On the roof above another woman was taking surreptitious peeps at us. It would not have been wise to look up, for she might be ignorant and think we were men, yet a message must, if possible, reach her. So we opened a brightly coloured picture folio of the Lost Coin, and holding it up high began a talk about it, aiming at the unseen listeners.

Presently an elderly reader (he may have been a Mosque official or Koranic teacher) came, and graciously invited us to his room, for in the southern Moslem houses there is

a special door with steps leading to the reception room of the master of the house, apart from the main entrance to the women's quarters.

There we found cupboards full of Arabic books. He pointed them out to us with pride, but we did not touch them; he might not have approved of a non-Moslem handling his sacred volumes!

His little children came in and he introduced them and then expressed his interest in the Scriptures, so we presented him with a New Testament in Arabic. The conversation about the things of Christ would have become deeply interesting, but at that moment another man, a guide and one who had travelled, joined us. The seeming hindrance was turned to profit, for, as though teaching the little children, we took out the Wordless Book and both men were thrilled with its message of life through the death of Christ. Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may illuminate the study of that New Testament in the quiet of that upper room.

Altogether six houses were visited and then we had to hurry towards the rendezvous for the return car. The ticket office was opened for us and we were allowed to enter and snatch a few minutes' rest and shelter from the sun's glare and the crowd.

Soon the Bureau filled with other travellers and to these we offered tracts. Over ninety Scriptures and tracts had been distributed in market, shop and road, so the purpose of our visit was known and arguments began among the waiting crowd. The Secretary stated that Christ Himself was all right; it was the things His followers had said and written about Him that were false. To this we could answer, "Why then did your prophet in his Koran tell you to read in the Old Testament (Taurat) and gospel (Injil)?" Among the audience were Talebs (readers) who strove, by firing off Moslem proverbs and classical statements, to catch us in our talk, but a crowd

was listening and our simple message was for them. One of the passengers at parting said, "We will meet again in the other town." Most of the by-standers took tracts and at the end of a stiff half-hour the post car hooted down the street.

The Taleb shot off a proverb, that he might have the last word, and those who had argued most came up to the window of the car for a final handshake. The hereafter alone will show how much was worth while!

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

### —◇—

## "Sure to Win."

"The waves may be defeated,  
But the tide is sure to win."

\* \* \*

"Sure to win—sure to win": that refrain has sung itself with a triumph-ring, ever since these lines reached us, by way of Dohnavur.

The wave is a small forerunner, swept by the wind out of the ocean's heart, falling backshattered into that heart, without having done much, apparently, to help the cause.

The tide is the ocean-heart itself, moving irresistibly to victory, yet needing the broken waves, every one of them, whereby to do its work. They are but little waves out here; the "thunderous din" does not characterise at present the progress of Christ's cause in the Moslem world! But what matter if we are but the waves that break on its edge? All that imports is that we let ourselves go to the driving force behind, to be sent just as fast and as far as God wills, glad indeed if He gives the honour of carrying the signal of victory, as do the incoming waves, a few inches further up the shore—then falling back content as the wave that has spent itself, into the heart of the Ocean whence we came, waiting there to see the hour when the tide has won.

I. L. TROTTER (*Reprinted*).

## Desert Jewels.

I am just back from a tournée down south, and in one town which I had already visited last year, and where there is a strong negro element in the population, I had most encouraging contacts. I was even able to form a class, one of the native women kindly placing her kitchen at my disposal.

We began with about three children, but this miniature class soon grew to twenty or more, who came twice daily. A few sweets were enough to attract these little darkies, and one little girl even said (after attending the class for a few days), "I have not come for the sweets but for the teaching," and she applied herself with such zeal to learn as much as she could that I believe her statement was at any rate half true! and she was very proud when she could repeat a text or hymn without a mistake. . . . What a pretty picture they made, this group of children of the negro type, dressed in dull reds, blues, greens and yellows, so restless to look upon after the glare of the sun, their eyes sparkling with eagerness to get hold of the words aright, their snowy white teeth shining in such contrast to their dark little faces. One little girl, about two-and-a-half years old, had a most bewitching smile, as she sat demurely on her sister's lap during the whole of the lesson. However, a few days later when a baby brother arrived, the bewitching smiles changed into pouting lips, as looking in the direction of the infant she muttered, "I hope he will die." Poor little soul, she was going through the trying experience of many babes of her age, that of being chased from her mother's arms and of seeing, and feeling, the attention of the whole family diverted from her to that little bundle which had taken her place!

A dear lad of eighteen to whom (after several talks) I gave a gospel, came to me one morning and said: "Last night Satan tempted me terribly: at last I got out the gospel you lent me, and as I read on the

tempter left me. I have not yet read the whole of it, can you leave it with me a little longer?" When told he might keep it he was delighted. Please pray that the Holy Spirit may continue to work in his heart. I hope to send him further literature.

The women whom I visited in their houses were most welcoming, and were so pleased with all that the children were repeating to them, "They are learning such a lot" one mother told me joyfully. I feel sure that the Gospel message reached many a home, which I did not enter, through the words of the children. One little fellow of about twelve, when he was told that I was in his home, dashed in for a few moments to thank me for the Prodigal Son tract I had given him a few days previously. "That is good reading," he said with a beaming face, and then politely shook hands and tore back to his work. Here in Algiers I am constantly offered cups of black coffee! Down south they always want to anoint one with very strong smelling scent, and once, before I could hinder them, my hat was off and a deliciously cool stream of some oriental perfume was dividing up into little rivulets in my hair and trickling down my face, reminding me for many a day of these generous, warm-hearted friends who wanted to give of their very best to one who had brought them God's Word.

I. K. NASH.

## Car or Bus?

It is not necessary to ask you whether you prefer to travel by private car or motor bus.

"Of course," you say, "a car is better, because you can start and stop when you like and go exactly where you wish. Besides, you can take all sorts of odds and ends of luggage and there is no waiting about for buses which fail to turn up. Then, too,

you can choose your own speed from start to finish."

Very true. There is certainly much to be said in favour of the private car, and yet, for missionary purposes, I believe I prefer travelling by motor bus. By this, I don't mean the cumbersome double-decker that one sees in a London street, but a long-distance machine, something like the Green Line coaches of Kent.

The buses we use in Southern Algeria have quite as many disadvantages about them as there are advantages about using a private car. They generally set off very early in the morning and will certainly not allow passengers to get down and explore any town that happens to interest them, on the journey. Luggage is liable to get mislaid while being transferred from one bus to another and the cars themselves are quite likely to break down in outlying districts. Some buses do not run to a fixed time table, but wait until they have managed to collect a car-load of travellers. Yet, in spite of many inconveniences, there are two great advantages which, from the missionary point of view, outweigh the rest.

Our chief aim is to get into touch with our Moslem neighbours, in order to pass on to them God's Gospel of grace. We always travel with bags full of Christian literature and during long, monotonous desert journeys there are many chances of getting into touch with fellow-passengers in a bus. Whereas the private car merely keeps one in luxurious isolation.

This Spring, when we were travelling back from the desert, on one stage of the bus journey, a man saw us reading the Gospel of St. Matthew in Arabic and promptly asked for a copy. On another occasion, tracts had been given to the occupants of the bus, and one man, after reading his, sat beside the driver and shouted the story into his ear.

This Spring we spent a few days in a town nearly seventy miles away from the



"CARS ARE QUITE LIKELY TO BREAK DOWN IN OUTLYING DISTRICTS!"

centre where we were living. When the time came to go back, we went to the garage and found that the bus would not be able to start for at least another hour, so we took a short walk, followed by groups of curious boys and girls. When we paused by the roadside they gathered round for teaching. Some of the girls said :

"We have no school to go to. "Won't you come and start one for us?"

We answered, "But you would be afraid to come to it, if we did."

"No, no," they said, "we would come and learn." The fact that we had no room in which to begin did not trouble them.

Those children seem very far away now. We are back in the north again, and many eager little ones come regularly to class. This morning they were learning a chorus about Jesus loving the black and white children, all alike, and after they were supposed to have gone home I could still hear voices in the gutter, singing :

"Les petits noirs, les petits blancs  
Il les aime également."

Will you pray for those who have only heard a little of the Gospel and are hungry for more, with no one at hand to teach them?

P. M. RUSSELL.

## "Perplexed but not in Despair"

Christian workers in the home-lands are often faced with the obstacle of passive indifference. The very reverse is the case in work amongst the Moslems in North Africa. Here, active opposition stands out in striking contrast to the passive indifference met with in the home-lands, and nowhere is it encountered more often than when missionaries are engaged in the work of colportage. Opposition shows itself in a variety of different ways. For example, we were visiting a market not very far from Setif, and just at the commencement of the work a young Arab of the educated class followed us about, and when we presented our books for sale he warned his fellow Moslems that these were dangerous books, and that they were on no account to buy them. On a crowded market such news spreads rapidly, and at last we were forced to leave that part of the market altogether, get clear of the young Arab, and begin on an entirely different part. This was easy since some of these markets are exceedingly large.

On many occasions men have bought books, but some little time afterwards have returned in a rage demanding their money back again. Somebody had informed them that they had bought heretical books. Not only do they return for their money but they take great pains to loudly denounce us and the books! This immediately results in the sales stopping at that particular time and also in other men coming back to return their books. You will readily see that this kind of thing makes colportage work very difficult, and sometimes a whole market is utterly spoiled because of the active opposition showing itself in this fashion. Just the very last time we had a table out on the street in Setif during market day for colportage work a little group of men began to denounce the books and their message, calling them heretical literature and telling the other men that as Moslems they were strictly forbidden to buy the books.

But it is joy to be able to say that even in the face of this active opposition colportage work is extremely encouraging, and is one of the most effective means of getting the Word of Life into the hands of these needy men. Often our hearts are thrilled when we see nomads buying books because it means that these books will be taken away to far-off desert encampments to be read to groups of men sitting around desert camp fires. Often men who cannot read themselves buy books to take home to their boys who in turn will read to their fathers the word of God, which, when it enters into the heart bringeth light.

One of the most encouraging features of the colportage work in Setif last time was the number of gospels bought by Jewish children. One child bought five of the gospels, one each for the different members of the family. When one remembers with what bitter hatred the Jews look upon the New Testament and its message our hearts were glad to see this little Jewish boy carry

away with him so much of God's word into a single family.

JAS. G. THOMSON.

## Arab Hospitality.

I remember once spending a night in a mountain hut with Miss Trotter. She thus described the breakfast we had at dawn:

"A kind of warm poultice of sticky meal, with pools of oil on the top. A second course came soon after—much to be preferred—green maize cobs roasted whole."

Butter-milk, curds, cheese and butter are a subject in themselves. Butter-milk is an essential in the diet of town-dwellers, mountaineers and nomads, and may be drunk from gaily-flowered china bowls, from home-baked clay-pots, and from tightly woven palm or grass baskets. Very welcome and refreshing it is on a hot round of visiting. So are curds. As a rule these are made by slightly warming and setting aside milk until it solidifies; but there are ways of curdling milk more rapidly, in the same way that we make junket with rennet.

Once when visiting a mountain village a young man attracted my attention while my friend was speaking. A woman brought him some unripe wild green figs and a clay-pot of milk. He smeared the handle of a wooden spoon with the acrid milky juice exuding from the ends of the figs, and then stirred the milk with it. The pot was taken away. Later on it was brought back and its contents were offered to us. We found the fig juice had transformed the milk into a kind of junket.

Milk is obtained from goats, camels and sheep, as well as from cows; but the greatest amount of milk consumed is goats' milk. The colour of goats' and sheeps' milk is "off-white." It can be taken fresh,

but there are folk who prefer it after it has been in a jar buried in the ground for a long time and has become so rancid that the Arabs describe it as "hot." Mountain friends have more than once brought me a present of this choice product. I have always been able to dispose of it to other Arab friends, who did not wait to be offered it, but came almost clamouring for a share.

"What a perverted taste," you exclaim! Well—yes. But there are also people who enjoy ripe Stilton cheese!

The Arab women, with few exceptions, season their food very highly. They use, in addition to salt, black pepper, cinnamon, cummin seed, coriander seed, bay leaf—but, above all, capsicum (red pepper).

Mouni's seasoning, though strong, will most probably not be excessive—but Oum Hani, in the Sahara, will put twenty capsicums in a dish for two people—whereas half a capsicum is more than enough to make a soup for a family really fiery.

I protested to a mother against putting capsicum into her little girl's wholemeal soup. "They *will* have it," she said. "I never taught them to like it. Zehour, when she was only three, used to get hold of green capsicums when I was asleep and eat them raw."

S. PERKIN.

## Jubilee Meeting.

*Held at Eccleston Hall, London,  
March 8th, 1938.*

We rejoiced, at our Jubilee Meeting, as we spoke together of those who led the way long ago, so bravely, so unflinchingly, and with such marvellous vision. But we offered our praise and thanksgiving to Him "The Lamb upon His throne," Whose face they see, and Who alone is worthy to receive "honour and glory and blessing."

We began with silent praise and were then led in praise and prayer by Pastor Stalley and by Mr. Collinson, a Psalm of praise being read by Mr. Verner.

We sang the hymns "Crown Him with many crowns," "Come let us join our cheerful songs," and Miss Trotter's chorus. Our Chairman Mr. Brading gave us a glimpse of the pioneer days of long ago when the going was more difficult even than it is to-day. The Secretary told of the wonderful way in which visions had begun to be fulfilled, and of how marvelously the tiny beginnings had grown. She also mentioned several urgent needs, for prayer.

Miss E. Thorpe (C.M.S.), who worked with the A.M.B. for some years,\* gave a closing message which called us all to renewed consecration, and to deeper love for our wonderful Lord and Master.

A cable of fellowship was sent from the meeting to the Jubilee gathering, at Dar Naama.

The meeting closed with prayer and the doxology, and we were able to renew many links during the tea-hour which followed.

We were so glad to have with us many dear friends of the A.M.B., among them Mrs. Egerton (Miss Trotter's sister), and Lady Procter (Miss Freeman's niece). A number of friends who have been on the Field were there—among them Misses Currie, Roche, Thorpe, Hurst, Brading, Pearson, Ferguson, Hart, Mrs. Kaye, Mrs. Wills, Mrs. Collinson, and Mrs. Summers. Friends from the C.I.M., E.G.M., Z.B.M.M., and other missions, were present. Messages of loving greeting were received from several others, among them being the N.M.P., the N.A.M., The Faith Mission, and from some of our faithful Local Representatives, who would fain have been there with us.

M. H. R. Roche

\*See page 2.

## Home Notes.

4, Waldens Road,  
Horsell,  
Woking.

Dear Friends,

Please note that the Jubilee Annual Meetings will (D.V.) be held at Caxton Hall (upstairs) on Tuesday, October 4th. We hope you will be able to join with us as we meet to praise God and to hear the latest news from the front.

A very important happening is the publishing by the S.P.C.K. of the book compiled by Miss C. Padwick from Miss Trotter's writings. To read it is to go, as Christian did, to the "delectable mountains" to glimpse things afar off, and to hear the voice of The Master of the Impossible.

I hope many will write to the Office for the book. (See back page of cover.)

Please put A.M.B. on all business letters sent to the Office.

A.M.B. meetings were held during March in Edinburgh and Dundee. It was a real joy to be at the Faith Mission, and at the Y.W.C.A. (Scottish National), Dundee. Great love and sympathy and prayerful interest in the work were shown.

## HOW YOU MAY HELP.

By becoming a Prayer Partner. Intercession on behalf of the work and the workers is greatly needed and deeply valued.

The monthly Prayer Letter giving the special requests and news from the Field will gladly be sent on application to the Secretary at Home.

By forming or joining an A.M.B. Prayer Group in your district, or by bringing A.M.B. needs before Prayer Groups already formed.

By taking the magazine *A Thirsty Land*, so that by following the reports given of the work, its needs and opportunities, your prayers may be definite and intelligent.

By arranging meetings in drawing room, hall, or church, thus giving an opportunity of spreading a knowledge of the work.

By undertaking to be a Local Representative for your district

Crusader girls at Epsom were a very interested audience, and new ground was broken for the A.M.B. at Battle.

Workers will shortly be coming home on furlough and will be glad of openings in England, Scotland and Ireland. Some meetings are already planned, but I shall be so glad if others can be arranged. Please write to me about it soon!

Yours very sincerely,

1905 MILLICENT H. ROCHE. ✓

## Pastor Jean Paul Cook.

M. Cook (Jalabert) was attending the Conference at Tizi Ouzou, when he was called away very suddenly into God's presence.

M. Cook gave, as the opening message of the Conference, the words "Rejoice evermore," and the call to enter into the joy of his Lord came to him next day.

This veteran pioneer missionary of Algeria was closely linked in work for some years with the A.M.B. and his life was one of joyful testimony to his Lord, to the very last.

We offer our deep sympathy to Mme. Cook and the family so suddenly bereaved.

By purchasing A.M.B. publications, which include Miss Trotter's unique and helpful writings.

By supporting the work in a material sense in any way that God may direct, such as by taking an A.M.B. missionary box. Sums left to the Band by will, would help the work of the future.

By facing God's call "Who will go for us?" in view of the need of the Moslems for Christ.

\* \* \* \*

## SUGGESTED FORM FOR LEGACIES:

"I give and bequeath to the Treasurer for the time being of the Algiers Mission Band, founded by I. Lilius Trotter in 1888, the sum of ..... free of legacy duty, to be used for the purposes of the said Algiers Mission Band, and the receipt of such Treasurer shall be sufficient discharge for the same."



## 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 and French-speaking Moslems of Algeria and Tunisia with special emphasis on the needs of the practically untouched regions of the interior.

### ENGLAND.

#### Local Representatives :

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.  
ILFORD.—Mrs. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.  
IPSWICH.—Miss Challen, C.A.W.G., Bolton Lane.  
LEWES.—Miss Lee, "Cobury," 20 Prince Edward Road.  
LEXDEN.—Mrs. Willmore, 26, Halstead Road, Lexden, Colchester.  
PENGE.—Miss E. B. Russell, 54, Thicket Road, Anerley.  
SIDCUP.—Miss P. E. C. Russell, 8, Old Forge Way.  
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 M. H. Roche, 4, Waldens Road, Horsell.  
WOODBIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.  
WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, "Heston," St. Botolph's 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. McGavin, Benruaig.

### IRELAND.

BESSBROOK.—Miss R. Baillie, Deramore House.

### NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.—Mrs. Reevely, 49, Ridings Road, Remuera.

# Our Jubilee Annual Meetings

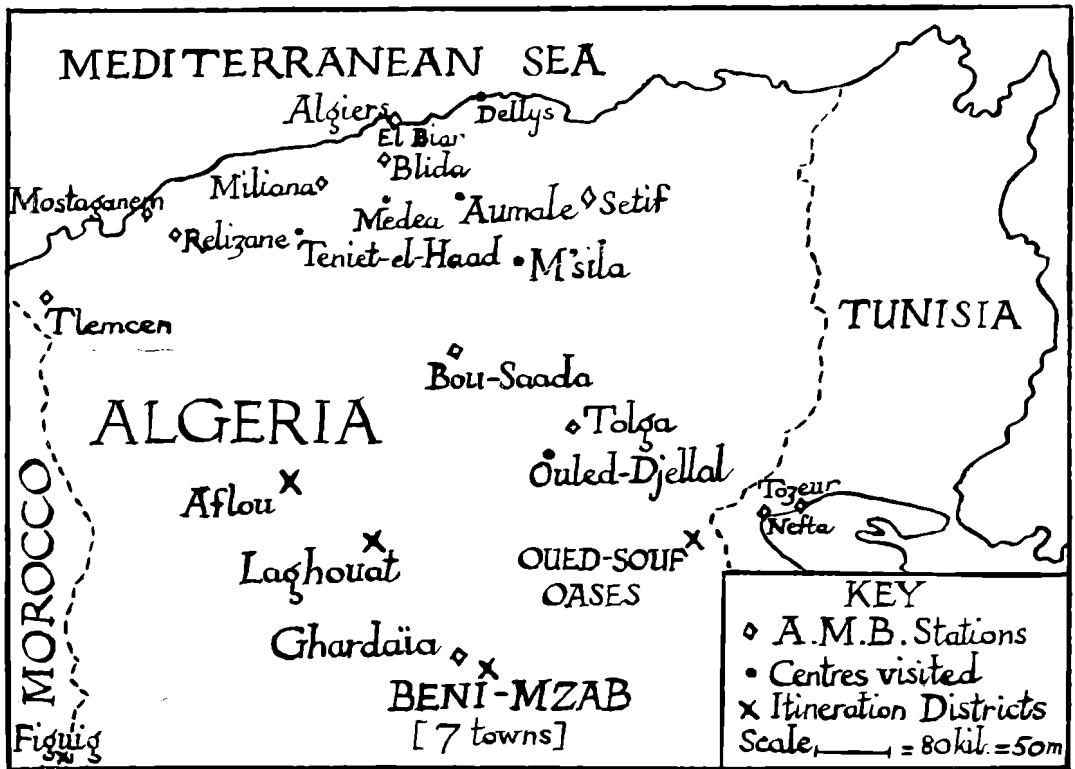
WILL (D.V.) BE HELD ON

Tuesday, October 4th, at Caxton Hall.

MEETINGS 3.30 and 6.30 p.m. :: TEA 5 p.m.

Up-to-date News from Missionaries. :: Lantern Pictures

FULL PARTICULARS LATER.



### Literature.

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