

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGERIA
EDITION

No. 1.

Summer, 1927.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

HEADQUARTERS :—DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

Gen. Sec. :—Miss I. L. TROTTER.

Advisory Council in England :—

REV. FRANCIS C. BRADING.

REV. E. H. HAMILTON.

W. CECIL COLLINSON.

REV. CHARLES INWOOD, D.D.

J. G. GOVAN.

J. GORDON LOGAN.

JOHN L. OLIVER.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer for England :—

MRS. BRADING, 38, Outram Road, Croydon.

Hon. Deputation Sec. :—

W. CECIL COLLINSON, 62, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich.

A THIRSTY LAND.

THE QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF
THE ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

No. 1.

SUMMER, 1927

1/6 PER ANNUM
POST FREE.

A THIRSTY LAND AND GOD'S CHANNELS.

1. The Thirsty Land.

It is a land hardly to be imagined by those who have never known it : on the cover you see a glimpse—that is all. The cream coloured sand dunes trend away like billows, soft and deep, till they reach the horizon—the camel rider is gazing in vain for the line of blue-green that means a distant oasis, or the little white dome that marks a well.

These thirsty lands of the Sahara extend in latitude from the borders of Morocco to the Nile Valley, and in longitude from the foothills of the table lands that rise from the coast of Algeria and Tunisia, down to the basin of the Niger. In Tripoli and beyond to the Delta, the desert meets the sea.

Belts of sand dunes lie from East to West, unbroken by vegetation, except a wiry tuft of tamarisk or white broom now and again in the hollows. Between these sand-smothered districts you will find tracts of gravel, sun-tanned and bare, broken here and there by an outcrop of black rock, or a patch of scrub. All is death except where there is a water supply ; then, all is life.

Life, and life more abundant than anything that our northern lands can shew. You would say that the soil was hopeless, sand dune and gravel bed alike. Bring water and you will see ; where God's touch has set the streams flowing, the miracle awakes. A forest

of date palms will rise, sheltering beneath their shadow an undergrowth of fruit trees ; pomegranate, fig and apricot interweave in a realm of luxuriance : within a literal stone's throw you have this garden of the Lord alongside the wilderness.

It is by means of channels, seen and unseen, that the supply comes. It is brought by the way of the water courses, by the way of the springs and by the way of the wells. Each of these should have its own chapter, for each has its own lesson concerning the other "thirsty land" that is figured by the literal waste places. Each has to do with us, if we would bear our part in the fulfilment of the word that "in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert."

The Sahara is a true picture of Islam : Islam is dry as the dunes, hard as the gravel, a problem that has baffled the Church throughout the thirteen centuries of its existence ; and it dominates the seventh part of the world's population.

"Let it alone"—so say they whose imagination is caught by the outward solemnity of Moslem worship. If they lived awhile at close quarters, they would learn that those observances influence heart and life no more than the glowing sand is influenced by the mirage that floats above it, beautiful and futile.

“ Let it alone ”—so speaks on the other hand the shallow, lazy unbelief that limits God’s resources by the things that it has seen Him do. Would it not be something worth living for, if this generation were to witness the first emerging of an oasis-island from the sand swept waste ?

But to start with, let us face the facts of that thirsty land, as they are to-day. Why is Islam arid as no heathen religion, in its yield for God’s kingdom ? True, it stands for monotheism, and as monotheism it made its first brave fight. Only its deity was not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was the Allah of Mohammed’s invention, a far away Eastern Potentate, merciful and compassionate in name, but in character, uncaring, driving the universe relentlessly. Under this despotism all withers into the one word “ fate.” The Moslem believes that even his sins are decreed beforehand, and written on his forehead : he has no choice but to commit them, and Allah is responsible. Following this teaching to its natural sequence ; man’s responsibility is nil, so conscience ceases to raise a protest and becomes inert, and the sense of sinfulness dies away.

Next to a man’s thought of God, comes the human ideal, in its influence for making or marring on the natural plane. The ideal of the Moslem is Mohammed—that is to say, first a visionary with a strong message, then a chieftain with magnetic powers of leadership proud, wayward, dissolute, promising his followers a heaven polluted by indulgence in earth’s sins, on the sole condition that they testify to the unity of God and to himself as God’s Prophet.

This formula of “ testimony ” sums up the Islamic creed. It is repeated, times without number by its adherents till their last breath, and leaves them,

having performed this duty, to act as they will. All is lifeless, loveless, void of aspiration, except where man’s heart swings him away from the emptiness of orthodox formality into the side tracks of Mysticism—a Mysticism debased with sorcery and magic, and pathetic in its search for the unknown God.

Where lies the hope ? There are those who are looking to civilisation and education to give these lands a chance. Progress can alter the outward features of Islam, as the winds of the desert shift the dunes into new configurations. But the winds cannot give life : that remains for the streams. The world can bring the wind, and only the wind—it is for us to bring the water. “ Rivers of living water . . . This spake He of the Spirit.”

The setting free of “ the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ ” for Islam is the challenge to His Church to-day. Just because of its defiance to His Godhead and to His Cross, His honour is at stake, and the life tide needs releasing in a way unknown till now. Unknown too are the possibilities among Moslem races when the God of those desert oases puts forth the power of Pentecost. For this miracle it is not yet too late—the essence of a miracle lies in the sudden intervention from His unfathomed resources.

The Water of Life may yet be brought to the thirsty land, but it cannot be brought lightly : the lessons that we shall see in the water ways will shew us this. If the wilderness is to be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose, it can only be through channels in union, cost what it may, with Him from whose riven Heart the streams were set flowing.

Will it be worth while ? Those will find out, whom God calls to the venture. I. L. T.

SECRETARY'S NOTES.

It is indeed a cause for thanksgiving that we are to have this fresh link between "Field" and "Home," and in presenting this first number of "A Thirsty Land" our desire is that the ranks of those who are "bringing in the water" may be swelled, through the supply of the necessary information that will and must lead to prevailing prayer. You who read these lines can help us by introducing this new Magazine to those you desire to interest: indeed we should hesitate to introduce another *Missionary Quarterly* were it not for the fact that the Lord has given us many prayer helpers who ask for news of the work. Again, will those who are willing to help in the broadcasting of the needs of North

Africa by arranging meetings where these needs can be voiced communicate with the Hon. Deputation Secretary (W. Cecil Collinson, 62, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich). It is hoped that workers home on furlough will be able to assist in this service, those available this summer being:—Miss I. K. Butler, Miss M. D. Grautoff, Miss A. McLroy, Miss E. K. M. Ridley, Miss H. G. Russell, Mr. J. S. Tetley, and our Assistant Secretary, Miss B. H. Patrick. We rejoice too at the opportunity of co-operating with other societies, such as the Children's Special Service Mission, at several of whose seaside Missions one of our workers is hoping to give lantern talks during August.

**LAND AHEAD?**

What land? Unconquered land, very much land, for "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." As the steamer enters Algiers harbour, this land comes into view. Dr. RITSON in the following quotation makes a very striking statement.

"The number of human beings in "the world who know little or nothing of Christ is more expressive than the "output of all literature agencies combined, even if the output be expressed "in pages. The existing organisations "with all their activities have only "touched the fringe of the world's "need."

This is a world wide view of the accomplishments of Christian work on

the various Mission fields; much has been done, but very much more remains to be done.

This is equally true when we turn to Algeria, for with all that has been accomplished in the past, we all recognise that in the task of the dissemination of Christian literature, only the border line has been crossed, and "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

The immensity of the field and the fewness of the labourers has hitherto rendered the great task of efficient occupation an extremely slow one. "The people be strong that dwell in the land, and moreover we saw the sons of Anak there." How a country twice

the size of the British Isles, with a very scattered population, could be effectually reached by Christian literature through the medium of only a handful of Arabic-speaking men missionaries was a giant to be reckoned with.

In January 1926 the vision was clear and the inward urge imperative, and we felt that the hour had arrived for a "much more" decided advance. "Let us go up *at once* and possess it" was the watchword, and the work of occupation began. During that year 72 towns and villages, many fenced and strong, were entered, and several thousands of books, tracts and Scriptures were sold and distributed. Since that time during the first half of this year, a number of journeys have been made to Eastern and Western Algeria, and to the borders of the great Sahara desert, and over 2,000 more books and tracts have gone forth on their errand of illumination and dynamic penetration. Again, while we praise the Lord for the much that has been done, we hold ever before us in prayer and supplication that much more which remaineth yet to be possessed. The vision of hundreds of villages, countless gourbis and Bedouin tents dispersed over all the land into which the word of God has never penetrated, beckons us on.

True, the gift of the car has brought many of these remote places near, but even at our present rate of progress, several thousand miles a year, and with our existing man-power, it will only suffice to cover the ground once in five years. One colporteur has been appointed in Western Algeria, but the numerical strength of Arabic-speaking men missionaries and colporteurs free for literature distribution is still under five, and this in a country of 5 million inhabitants. Is there not a "yet much more"? an unconquered land?

From sea coast to desert sand, towns, villages, and Bedouin encampments await possession, tarry for the message and the messengers. Is it not an exceeding good land? Is not the need apparent? Is it not importunate?

True "there remaineth *yet* very much land to be possessed". Certainly "the sons of Anak are there", but, what then? Shall not our "much" of praise blend with our "very much more" of petition, as we in joyful obedience "go up *at once* to possess it," for we are well able if under our great Captain we unitedly go to prayer and action.

A. E. T.



"OUT WITH THOSE BOOKS!"

or Co-operation in circulating the Message quickly.

"*The King's business requireth haste.*" But if all the societies are working beyond their means, and cannot be humanly expected even to catch up with the growth of population, what then?

Why, then, the only possible thing is to co-operate with those who like yourself are "on the Rock of Ages." But note the condition of standing

The present writer inspected the offered site for a colportage store at El Biar, Algiers, and his Committee most enthusiastically took up the idea of two yearly grants, a small one of money from London, and another of books from Cairo. On the other hand, the Algiers Mission Band most kindly agreed to loan a goodly portion of Mr. Theobald's time to travel about as colportage supervisor. Just about the



shoulder to shoulder—it is "shoulder to shoulder *upon the rock of Ages.*"

The Nile Mission Press has often praised God for the help so freely given to it by our beloved friend, Miss Lilius Trotter, not only on Committee Work, and not only in editorial and arts spheres, but also we remember still the inspiring visit paid to Egypt by Miss Trotter and Miss Haworth in the early part of 1915. This being so, what answer could we make when the hearty invitation was sent "Come over and help *us.*"

same time, gifts were sent to the A.M.B. to provide their first Gospel car, a Renault 4-seater, easily convertible.

Once again it was our privilege to get a few days' inspiration at El Biar this spring, but—being called away on account of an operation upon an aged parent—we were not able to travel with the car as had been hoped.

Now,—how far have we got? Well, the car has run something like 10,000 miles over hill and dale and

justified its purchase again and again. And during the first year over 9000 volumes were sold, many of them Scriptures. Some remarkable reports have been made by Mr. Theobald upon the helpful incidents which invariably occur—sooner or later, sometimes the latter—upon these journeys. Here is one such.

“It is always a stimulus to our

“another young man turned up desiring the New Testament in Arabic, the perusal of some N.M.P. tracts had driven him to the fountain head. ‘I have read something of our Lord Jesus Christ, but I do so want to know more’ was his remark as the request was made. Again as we went forth on mountain and plain we found the same eagerness for the printed page.”



“faith when we see a keen desire awakened within the natives for the Word of God. I have been privileged of late to see something of the value of tract distribution in creating a thirst for the Word itself. One Arab who last February purchased from us a number of N. M. P. tracts and books is so gripped by their messages that in April he makes a long journey on foot to meet our newly appointed colporteur at R..... and purchased from him a Bible. The next week

Then, an appeal has lately appeared over the signatures of the Secretaries of the North Africa Mission, Algiers Mission Band and South Morocco Mission, asking for others to come over and help with their big task. In response to that appeal, the N.M.P. Committee kindly agreed that the writer should make journeys in Morocco and Tunisia on his way back to Egypt after a couple of months in England. To do Morocco and then Tunisia, and to get back to Egypt by an agreed

date, has meant that very few days could be given to each, and further that the writer has had to take seven separate steamers on his way to Egypt. But it has been well worth while, for some very valuable information has been obtained, and plans are now on foot for:—

- (a) an extension of colportage work;
- (b) two or three new agencies for N.M.P. books.

May God send more helpers and thus enable us to do more!

Much encouragement has been received from the North Africa Mission (of which the writer was a member before the Mission Press was started in 1905) and from the South Morocco Mission, one worker of which—**Mr. CUTHBERT NAINN**—treated 40,000 cases at the station dispensary in one year. It has “warmed the cockles of his heart” to live in the homes of these dear people.

Some may ask—What is involved in such co-operation? Well, I would like to make it clear that co-operation is not affiliation (even though Mr. Oliver, the Secretary of N.M.P. is a member of the Home Council of the A.M.B. and the present writer a member of its Field Committee, while Miss Trotter is a member of ours.)

One might perhaps quote the words used in another connection—“Mind whom you marry.” Yes; mind *whom* you co-operate with; be first assured that both you and they take your stand upon the Rock of Ages.

But also, one might add, “Do it royally as well as loyally.” Don’t measure out sacrificial service by the ounce but rather by the ton. Sow thickly, and re-sow. Such seed may lie for some years apparently dormant, but let me assure you that at least one man holds that there is going to be a wonderful germinating process hereafter. “Thou shalt see greater things than these.”

Just three N.M.P. books circulated in Damascus; just a young Moslem converted and sent for training to Egypt; out of that has come a journey to Rabat (Morocco)—but alas, to find the bird flown to Syria—and, best of all, the Danish Mission, the American U.P. Mission, the Egypt General Mission, the N.M.P. and the N.A.M. all find themselves co-operating in trying to extend the Kingdom of God through helping this one convert.

Friends, “Out with those books.” No business man can afford to tolerate hoarding old stock; his slogan must be:—

“TURN OR BURN.”

Turning your stock means getting rid of it to customers and re-investing in fresh stock. At any price, and at any cost,

“TURN OR BURN.”

ARTHUR T. UPSON,
Field Director N.M. Press.

Tunis, 22/5/27.

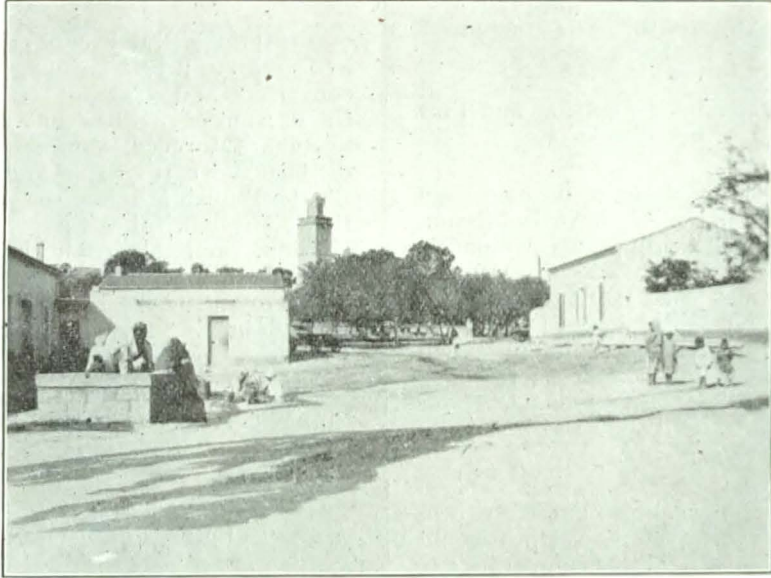
THE LITTLE HILL OF FLIES.

Relizane, of which the interpretation is "the little hill of flies," well deserves its name, especially in the summer when the hot winds drive even the Arabs into their houses, and the missionaries leave for some cooler spot.

But it is not of flies and summer heat that we want to tell you, rather we would speak of heart plowing and

In God's goodness He gave us to see from the first one and another soul break through into the light, but time went by and we could not feel that the spiritual spring-life had quickened the fields.

Then the work began; among the young girls, hearts were touched and a longing expressed after something



Relizane (Mission House on right.)

sowing and waiting and seeing the first tiny leaves break through the hard soil and pass from darkness to light—spiritual autumn and winter and spring.

It is now eighteen years since missionaries first occupied Relizane, and there was a long autumn and winter of suspicion and curiosity to be passed through, seemingly dead hearts to be stirred and the good seed to be sown.

better than Islam could give. Instead of suspicion, doors and hearts were opened, and, better still, several of the children were allowed by their parents to spend their days, and in many cases their nights, at the Mission house which used to be looked upon as the house of the unbelievers.

As the worker in charge writes :
 " Just a series of tiny bangs on the
 " Mission gate which opened to admit

"two wee mites, not sisters but close
 "friends. 'By thy kindness we have
 "come to sleep.' Such a small begin-
 "ning, the two first little seed leaves--
 "the miracle of life. More and more
 "frequent were the visits and requests
 "began to come from others. 'May
 "I too sleep to-night
 "at thy house?' Day
 "and night children
 "brought themselves
 "for work and play,
 "till now we are
 "never less than six
 "& often more sleep-
 "ing under God's
 "roof. Not orphans
 "nor homeless, but
 "free to come and
 "go, learning God's
 "ways and the won-
 "ders of His love.
 "Hardy joyous little
 "blossoms taking the
 "fragrance of Christ
 "with them and
 "scattering the seeds
 "of love and prayer
 "into the hearts at
 "home."

"Is that not why
 "four souls broke
 "open to the tender-
 "ness of God's par-
 "don at the lantern
 "meeting last night and received, we
 "believe, His living breath into their
 "souls?"

The children are learning to pray
 for themselves and others, not only in
 the Mission house but in their own
 homes, and our Heavenly Father
 often graciously gives them exactly
 the answer they expect.



And the boys—they are just like
 boys all over the world. The other
 afternoon on the occasion of a lantern
 lecture, there was pandemonium at
 the Mission gate. It seemed as if all
 the boys in the neighbourhood were
 struggling to come in where there
 was only room for
 a limited number.

When the eighty-
 seven victorious ones
 fought their way in,
 breathless and trium-
 phant, they took their
 places and sat like
 little statues drink-
 ing in the story of
 the Saviour's love.
 Do you wonder we
 ask you to pray and
 pray and pray for
 these young souls,
 boys and girls?

They have little
 to help them in their
 homes. Brigandage
 and robbery are com-
 mon occurrences and
 the successful crim-
 inal is the hero of the
 hour. Bad words and
 lies are their heritage
 from childhood.

Untaught as are
 the mothers, the
 changed lives of their children speak a
 language they understand, and of late
 some have expressed a wish to follow
 "the Road of the Lord Jesus." From
 their willingness to let their children
 come to the classes, we believe they
 wish this for their little ones, but it is
 doubly blessed when the mother comes
 and says "I want too to know about
 the Christ."

Now we are hoping for the fathers, who are beginning to ask what are these strange thoughts and influences that have come among them.

While we rejoice at these tokens of the Holy Spirit's working, we rejoice with trembling; knowing that any move forward, even in a little town like Relizane, will not escape the notice of the watchful enemy of souls, who will use all his insidious powers to hinder or destroy.

But our eyes are unto the Lord and again and again we have experienced that he is stronger than the strong.

Even Relizane can boast its Roman remains—the ruins of a small fort on the hill side testifies to the need the Roman conquerors felt to garrison the land at all points and hints at the weak link in their dominion, in that they were never able to be anything but conquerors in North Africa and all attempts that they may have made to assimilate the Berber races ended in failure. There was ever a flood of fierce half-civilised barbarians ready to overflow and destroy all tokens of

Roman civilisation. Now there is peace in the land. Even the neighbouring restless tribe of the Flittas have been subdued; only when they come to the market they are requested to leave their sticks behind them.

It is true that sometimes in the night shouts and screams and blows and revolver shots are heard, but the little Mission house with its protecting walls is like a port where God's peace rests unbroken even by the occasional menaces against the young Christian girls sheltered there. (As one of them said, facing an angry, threatening crowd of relations and neighbours who threatened to shoot her, "Yes, I am a Christian I am not afraid of you, for God is with me").

On the Mission field one learns anew the mighty power of the truth even over the lawless. On one occasion a worker was visiting a village of somewhat ill-repute and after she had done speaking one of the older Arabs who had not seemed to attend said, "When you come to die you will lay down your head in peace—not as we do like this," grasping right and left in the air. F.H.F.

THE STORY OF TOZEUR.

Many converging lines seem to shew this summer, that we are reaching a point which marks a new move onward in the evangelisation of this land. We are being set free at last, to hope that the hour has come for some more adequate offer of men to help their fellow-men among the Arabic speaking races of the Algerian coast.

The story of Tozeur gives but one of these lines of God's working, and its first traces lie far away in the past: it may be that some will like to follow the unfolding till now, that they may, with us, watch for His sequel.

In the Spring of 1894, two of us were out on our first exploration of openings far south. We had reached,

as our limit, the towns of the Oued Souf, lying in crowds of little clustering domes among the sand dunes.

"It is a pity that you must go back," said our native guide, as we stood with him in a market place. "In five days more we should reach the Djerid, just over the Tunisian border. The men of those towns read and read. They would want all your books. It is a beautiful land; see the fruit of it." And he stooped and picked up from the mat in front of one of the booths, two or three huge oval oranges. It must be explained that, down there, an orange is a great rarity, for it needs salt in the air for its production, and the air of the coast is only to be found again in the great salt marshes that bound the Djerid oases on the south.

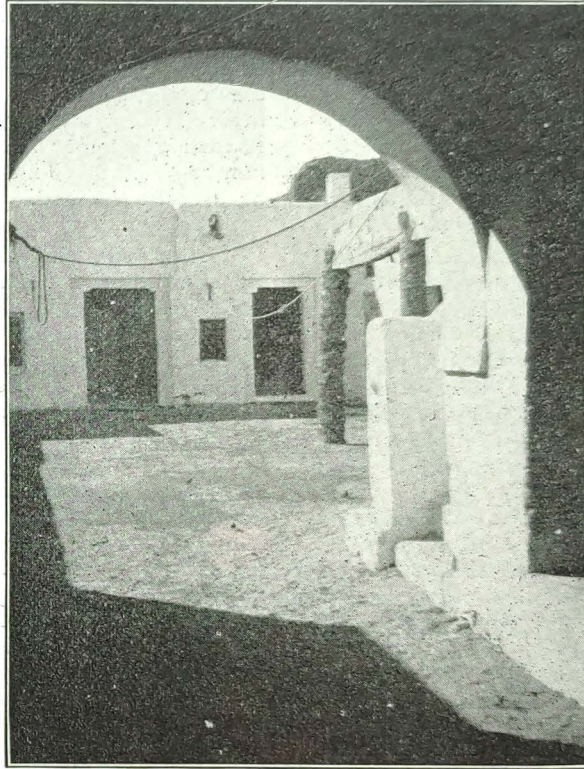
The words of the guide remained with a strange sense of beckoning and in the autumn two of us set off with

tent and baggage-camels, skirting along the foot of the Aurès range, eastwards from Biskra. Sundry adventures followed, together with times of camping alongside the villages that are to be found among the mountain spurs,

wonderful in the loveliness of their palm grouping against the golden cliffs. Six weeks or so brought us across the Tunisian border to our goal.

The first night at Tozeur will always remain among memory treasures. Our tent was pitched outside the town, the stars glittering through the palm fronds above us, and we felt a brooding of the Spirit over the place, strange in its intensity.

Next day the rumour that we had books spread apace, and reading men came trooping over the sand dyke that hemmed in our camping ground. From morning till night for ten days they were there in groups, with a heart hunger to hear and understand that in those days was an almost unknown thing. As yet we



House at Tozeur.

knew nothing of the teaching of Moslem mysticism which was doubtless a factor in their eagerness; the Brotherhoods are strong in the South. Soon our supply of books ran short, and instead of giving or selling, we could only lend: and there were men who would sit up half the night reading a gospel through, and come in the morning to exchange it for another. We think that the blind taleb who was their leader, opened his heart to "the True Light," and kept the heavenly ray till his death a few years later; though in silence after opposition arose on his faith becoming known.

Such was Tozeur's entrance into our annals. Soon followed years when political complications kept all the desert out of bounds. When the Entente Cordiale brought back freedom of access, we found an ally in one of the workers of the North Africa Mission with whom or through whom a visit was possible now and then. Her station was in Tunisia, so the final stage of the journey was now from the nearest station of a mining railway by a Tunisian cart. That meant a few boards slung between huge gaily painted wheels and covered with a mattress, the luggage swinging below. This worker, Albina Cox, felt with us the call of the Djerid, and was well qualified for meeting it, both in mental training and in spiritual vision. There are those who still remember her talks with them as they thronged the little shop hired for selling books. Again and again she recognised God's power flooding through His Word, and two brothers are standing for Christ now, whose first touch of His love came through her merry patience when one of them, then a small school-boy, flung a stone through the door that hit her hand

Then came the joyful year, 1910, when she was down there with a Danish worker who had lately joined us, and whose heart was in the South Land. A letter came from them—"An old caravanserai in the market place is to let. Shall we take it?" It was a venture, for we saw no way of working a station there: the comrade of that first southern journey rose to the challenge and secured it, and before two years were over, that Danish newcomer had made good in language study to a degree that fitted her to take the lead.

That lead she has held till this Spring, when ill health has brought her to retiring. During three of the war years access was shut off: then the military authorities granted us a month—enough to prove that God's Hand was still on the place. With the Armistice all opened afresh, and a legacy came enabling us to buy the caravanserai—dear from the first with the memory of the inn of Bethlehem long ago, and consecrated by seeing the Living Spirit of the Christ of Bethlehem at work year after year among the lads and men. Each winter His banner has been uplifted; we doubt whether the religious leaders would have borne with us as an all the year round station, even if the summer heat had allowed us to stay. As it is, a wave of opposition often sweeps the reading room empty, and only gradually the hearers slip in again, with anxious looks at the door, where spies may be watching.

There is little to shew above ground as yet: we believe the upspringing awaits the next chapter of Tozeur's story. But now and then one will come and tell of the grip of

certainty that ours is the Way of Life. Usually he disappears again, suddenly and completely.

We return to our opening words : the station is left empty by the loss of our one worker able to hold it. Is it that the time has come for men to undertake the next stage? All is ready to their hand; rooms of a primitive order large and small, a book shop and reading room and a club room for the boys. The human element is waiting too, white robed student lads and little fellows from the streets, all needing a brother-hand. Out and beyond, there are enquirers hidden away in distant towns and villages to whom a men's guest house might mean the gate into the pilgrim road and a rallying ground for making a stand.

Chances of service in these direct-

ions would await new comers from the first: but the main work would be language study, stern and steady, for Arabic is no child's play: and we want men whose sense of call is strong enough for the plunge into months of lonely strenuous life. First and foremost, we want the right leader for the new venture: his appearance will be God's signal.

Will you help us in prayer over this crisis? And will you pray on that the moving of the Heavenly Dove on the face of the waters may give peace to God's, "Let there be light"; and that then there may come a dividing between the light and the darkness that may send forth from the Djerid a band of brothers, European and native together, who shall carry Christ's radiance through the land.

I.L.T.



THE POWER OF FAITH.

God can use very weak and imperfect agents. He can do great things with poor instruments. But there is one kind of person He will not use. He will not send blessing to the world through an unbelieving heart. If you would be a vessel meet for the Master's use you must have faith. Believe in Christ. Believe that He is able and willing to do the "greater things" which He has promised to do through His disciples. Open your heart to receive Him and all that He brings. Expect Him to do great things through you. If we have faith there is no limit to what Christ will do for us. Faith lays our powers in Christ's hands as the chisel is laid in the hands of the sculptor for the carving of the marble statue.

J. R. MILLER, D.D.

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Praise.

For the "quiet days" of Easter week, and for the growing sense among us of our need for the liberating of the Spirit's power.

For two student lads from Tozeur who have come away, leaving home and earthly prospects for Christ's sake. Pray that the Father will keep them through His own Name.

For two young girls at Relizane who have openly witnessed to their faith, though leave for baptism was refused at the last by their people, and for the Spanish converts whose baptism was carried through.

For all the guests whom God has brought to our help this Spring, and for the way they have taken to heart the needs of the land, thus opening many fresh channels of prayer power.

For the ever widening horizons, and the earnest co-operation of the Field and Home Committees in following up the points of expansion, and for God's supplies that have begun to come as His seal.

For the growing demand everywhere among the natives for Christian literature—"marvellous in our eyes" after the indifference and hostility of bygone days.

For all that points to the time being at hand for the sending out to us of men to qualify for the endless opportunities of the present time in direct evangelistic work among the Arabs.

Prayer.

For this quarterly, that, from its outset, it may carry God's messages.

That we may be given the leader for the men's Study Centre which we are hoping to start in Tozeur next winter. Pray that a man may be sent forth by the Holy Ghost for this post.

For Mr. THEOBALD's proposed stay in Constantine during August, in view of developing colportage work from that centre. Pray for the bringing out of Arab converts into this service.

For guidance concerning the house-room needed for expansion in Miliana and Relizane.

For guidance in finding the right premises for the new little Mission House in Dellys, needed in September.

That we may see God's plan of shelter for the divorced girls and young widows, especially those in whose hearts God is working. Pray that all mistrust and opposition on the native side may be broken down.

That a helper may be sent to Mr. SMETON in his work among the blind.

For all Deputation work this summer, including that carried on by those on furlough, and for wisdom and insight concerning any offers that may result from these meetings.

That a great thirst of soul may be awakened among all of us who are working for God in the land, that He may "come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth."

STANDING IN THE GAP.

But as we ponder the Divine demand for a man to stand in the gap, a gulf opens between it and the heartless cult of the individual. For the man whom God seeks is one who will *stand in the gap*, and no superman was ever either able or willing to stand in the gap. The superman is eager to pull down the hedge, or ambitious to build a hedge round the pedestal upon which he has set himself. But the man who would mend the gap and stand between a people's sin and its God must be emptied of self. His must be that deep and substitutionary sympathy which feels the sin of others as if it were his own, and that unreserved self-identification with God's will and purpose which precludes self-interest. His horizon must not be bounded by *his* individual needs and aspirations. He must have the priestly heart; his must be the secret of sacrificial love. He is there not to build a monument to himself, not to achieve a personal

triumph, but to repair a breach by putting *himself* into the gap, and, as it were, becoming part of the protective masonry of life. Only one who has sunk self in God and lives in Him can stand in the gap.

The good shepherd does not harangue the sheep when he sees the wolf coming; neither does he harangue the wolf. *He steps into the breach with his own body.*

So our pondering of a great saying leads us on and back to the Supreme Repairer of the Breach. We look into His shepherdly heart, and our best work stands convicted of externality. We see that heart broken for the sin of the world, and, entering by the crimson gateway, we are initiated into the mystery of the Sacrificial Life.

From an Unknown Source.



LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD.

Waiting for our tram at the top of one of the steep, narrow streets of Algiers, we saw three biers being carried up the steps. It was a very laborious task, but easily performed by a band of young men. As we looked down, we could best see the front handles, and the constant stream of men coming forward from the rear and "lending a shoulder"; for at least every half-minute the bearers were changed.

A little while before we had passed a Mosque, and through its open doorways had seen the three biers resting side by side. This in itself was unusual, but we were arrested by the sight of the men at worship: row after row, shoulder to shoulder, going through all the gesticulations of their Moslem prayers: the outstanding word "Allah" (God) resounding again and again with great fervour. And they were all *young* men, at least those nearest the door-

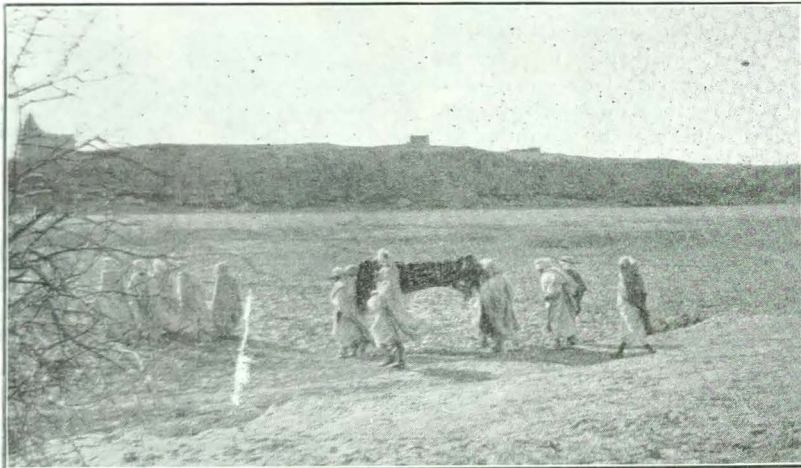
ways ; for they faced outwards to the street. Some were in artisan's clothing, some shopkeepers in their overalls ; all were in everyday attire, and on every face was such a look of intensity.

"Let the dead bury their dead," said Jesus : "but go thou and preach the Kingdom of God."

This incident seemed to come as a direct message to young manhood in the homelands. *Algeria needs now a*

Life is not getting, but giving ;
Arise to the clarion call,
And learn the true secret of living,
To love—and to *give*—that is all.

To give as a king to an equal,
To love with a heart all aglow
With a love that makes us its captives,
Christ's love, whose depths none can
[know.



Through the river bed at Oulad Djellal—a funeral.

band of young men to come and preach Christ's Gospel in the power of the Holy Ghost to their Moslem brothers. The task may seem overwhelming, but it need not be if you are as keen to come along and lend your shoulders to the burden as those young Arabs were to bear the burden of their dead.

"I am *debtor* I am
ready to preach the Gospel."

Rom. i, 14 & 15.

A. McL.

LOCATION OF WORKERS. Winter 1926-7.

The present stations are given in order of opening, the workers in order of length of service.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR. 1908.

1888. MISS I. L. TROTTER.
1912. MR. J. H. SMEETON.
1919. M. P. NICLOUD.
1922. MME. P. NICLOUD.
1921. MISS A. KEMP.
1921. MR. & MRS. A. E. THEOBALD.
1925. MISS B. PATRICK. (Sec.)
1926. MISS L. BRADING.
(Short Service.)
1926. MR. & MRS. J. S. TETLEY.

BLIDA. 1908.

1909. MISS F. K. CURRIE.
1909. MISS M. H. ROCHE.

RELIZANE. 1909.

1907. MISS E. R. M. RIDLEY.

BEIT NAAMA. (Algiers.) 1909.

Weekly Boys' Class.

MILIANA. 1909.

1907. MISS M. D. GRAUTOFF.
1922. MISS M. H. DRYSDALE.
(Short Service.)
1926. MISS D. RICHARDSON.

MASCARA. 1912.

1890. MISS F. H. FREEMAN.
1912. Mlle. F. HAMMON.

TOZEUR. 1913.

1909. MISS A. KREBS.
1920. MISS V. WOOD.
1926. MISS G. RUSSELL.

MOSTAGANEM. 1917.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

BELCOURT. (Algiers.) 1921.

1909. MISS M. M. WATLING.

COLEA. 1923.

1920. MR. & MRS. H. W. BUCKENHAM.

TOLGA. 1923.

1906. MISS S. E. PERKIN.
1926. MISS M. WALTON.
(Short Service.)

TLEMCEN. 1925.

1916. MISS J. K. BUTLER.

DELLYS. 1925.

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

BOU SAADA. 1925.

1909. MISS A. McILROY.
1919. Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ.

SIDI BEL ABBES. 1925.

- SEÑOR & SEÑORA SOLER.