

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

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Algiers Mission Band.

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INCEPTION & GROWTH.—In 1888 work was begun in Algiers by Miss Trotter and Miss Haworth, who were soon joined by Miss Freeman. In 1907, after nineteen years of gradual growth, the name of Algiers Mission Band was taken. From one station the number has increased to fifteen stations and out-posts, with others on the horizon. The number of workers has grown to thirty.

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 Moslems with special emphasis on the needs of the practically untouched regions of the South.

A THIRSTY LAND

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A THIRSTY LAND AND GOD'S CHANNELS.

2. THE WAY OF THE WATERCOURSES.

In our northern lands a watercourse shews out as the richest green of the meadowland, broken by a ripple and a glimmer and a glitter through reeds and ferns and moss.

Not such are the African watercourses, and not such are God's counterparts in the spiritual kingdom.

Out here you can detect the channel by the clue that it will be the barest of bare places — sunbleached rounded stones, stretching across a plain, or a deep-cut gully, winding among the tablelands that bound the Sahara to the north. The nearer the time of the water-floods among the hills, the more sterile they will look. "I will cause the rain to come down in his season," that is the promise: the season for that outpouring is when the apricot colour of the dried-up grass has faded to yellow grey under the summer scorching.

But summer and winter you will see in those barren waterways a supply going down to the oases that cluster among the cliffs and bastions, where the plateau breaks down to the desert. Trace the gully upwards till it is but a trench, and you will probably find that it starts with a scooped-out hollow in the gravel, no more than a couple of feet across, holding a pool that shews a bubble now and then. In that pool lies the source of life for the oasis below. Will it win its way?

The water begins by grooving that trench at the lowest level that it can find, and it seeks all the time to make that level lower

still. Gently it chisels and undermines, first on one side of its bed, then on the other, carrying away all the soil that it loosens. And as the stream works downward and ever downward, the flow grows stronger, receiving fresh infilling by little rivulets from the heights above, and these supplies only serve to lower the depth of the chasm, for a chasm it is now.

Further on the chasm becomes a gorge: the cliffs that it has hewn asunder stand back, and the stream suddenly finds a cluster of young palm trees on its shore, then another and another. A few hundred yards more, and the watercourse has reached the meaning of the lonely path, the stripping bare, the ever deepening emptiness. For the last sweep has sent it forth into the glory of its mission. Away beyond stretch thousands upon thousands of palm trees, waiting for the treasure that it has brought down. The power of the water, and the laying low of the channel—between them they have opened this great gateway. "Thou didst cleave the earth with Thy rivers."

Even now the water-way is as bare as ever: it has widened into a bed of shingle, holding a stream that hardly needs stepping-stones whereby to cross it, for it has been tapped farther up in the gorge for the supply of the higher slopes of the palm gardens, and here, below, it sinks away under the earthen banks and vitalises the lower stretches. When the oasis is left behind, the water and its channel vanish together:

no trace can be seen of one or of the other in the waste beyond—only the work that they have wrought remains.

Have we read the lesson as we went along, as the Arab children do when we tell them a story? If God has brought us inwardly by that path of the watercourses, it will need no explanation.

But others there may be, to whom it will be a new view of the meaning of being "channels only"—words sung so easily and with so little thought of what may be involved.

For many a one begins the quest for the Promise of the Father with dim comprehension and mingled motives. Hopes lie in the direction of becoming successful workers, always going about with a satisfactory sense of capacity for any task, and of fitness for any responsibility, any emergency. "All that would be very delightful," as Bishop Wilkinson said once, "only it is not God's way." Instead of being a life of conscious power, it will probably, if He is going to do any deep work in us, be a path of humiliation, of stripping, of emptiness, where no flesh may glory in His presence.

For the way of God with us is as the way of the watercourses. The first step is a very simple one—"Receive ye the Holy Ghost"—no matter how unworthy of the Gift. It is not the question of an advanced spiritual attainment—"For the Promise is to you and to your children and to them that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Your thirst marks that "call"—"I will give unto him that is athirst of the Fountain of the Water of Life freely." Your heart is like the little sandy basin in the hills, all unmeet to be the vessel for those first living drops that rose within it: but such is God's will and His way. He has said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost"; ours, if we are athirst, is but to say "Amen." The price was paid on Calvary.

But that absolutely simple act of receiving by faith the personal incoming and indwelling Spirit, is but the initial step—the entering into new conditions—an act that soon develops into a pathway, as with the hollow in the hills. Full soon, as many of us can well remember in looking back, the way goes downward and downward into the valley of humiliation, for the self-life stands revealed by God's pure Presence. On and on, instead of the sense of power, there comes only more and more the overwhelming sense of insufficiency—for as in the natural world, if you want to seek water, look in the very lowest place that you can find. "Death worketh in us, but life in you."

Now and again, as on the North African tableland, a fresh rivulet from the heights above finds its way down to us for a new infilling, but this infilling gives nothing wherein we can glory—only more self-abasement, more sense of infinite shortcoming and unworthiness. The channel sinks by the heavenly inflow: that is all.

Even when the rain comes down "in his season" and the torrent sweeps through in a tide, it does but deepen and strip the watercourse yet more. The channels that God has chosen are ready to His Hand when He works in ordinary ways, and ready to His Hand in equal abandonment of emptiness when He visits the earth and waters it with the flood of revival.

Whatever the ministry may be, it is the same story—the stream-bed going lower and lower, with nothing to glory in but the one wonderful glory of bearing the life-giving waters.

Look again at the contrast—the almost imperceptible starting point above, the wealth of palm forest below—"There is no limit to that which God can do with a man, provided he will not touch the glory." Study His beginnings in the great revival tides within memory. In one case after another the channel was a handful of souls,

or even one apart, bowed before Him in humiliation. The Thirsty Land of the Moslem world has seen tireless energy working against all odds, fine organisation, boundless self-sacrifice, and each has helped in preparing the way. But how much has Islam seen yet of the lonely nightwatch of Peniel, the helplessness of the halting thigh, the daring of the defeated Jacob as he flung himself full weight on the Wrestler Who was bringing him low—"I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." And in that hour came the word, "As a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed."—"And He blessed him there."

Once more, shall we make the venture. The pathway may go very deep into the shadow, and it may lead very far—far in the road of intercession, far into the Christ-following of surrender. Little matter if we may in our turn, and in the measure of the vocation wherewith we are called, open a way from the hills of God to the thirsty land below. I.L.T.



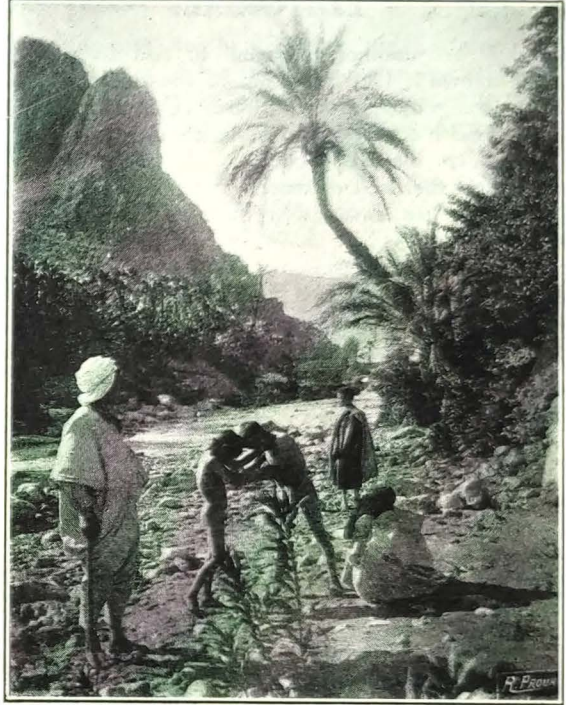
EL KANTARA.

Hard, stern, forbidding, giant rampart
By more than human might ; [placed,
Man's puny strength, by this tall fortress
Must wage a weary fight. [faced,

By patient, groaning toil—in sweat of
Beyond all power to say. [brow—
While days and months and years of
struggle flow,
He still makes little way.

How futile must his strongest efforts seem
To pierce that mighty wall.
And yet—behold the miracle ; a stream
Quiet, unnoticed, small,

In calm and gentle, yet resistless strength
Has pierced it, and has brought
On its life-giving waters here at length
Abundance beyond thought.



The Gorge of El Kantara.

Ah, what a parable!—there, tier on tier
Stands Islam's empire throne,
'Gainst which our poor, weak efforts but
appear
Like scratches in the stone.

And yet the ever-living stream of grace
The Holy Spirit's power
Will pierce all rocks—make the most
barren place
Lovely with fruit and flower.

And so take courage, heart, His time to bide
And praise God if e'en you
May lift a stone or scrape some sand aside
To let the waters through.

V.W.

EDITORIAL.

Yet another magazine to add to the crowd! Our reason for its issue concerns things outward and inward. Our outward reason is that those who follow us in prayer in the blessed "Together" of our compact, feel the need of more regular information than we have given them in occasional papers. These have been uncertain in their issue, because usually, if not bound to any date, the more there is to tell, the less time is to be found for telling it.

But beyond this comes a wider call that we would gladly share in voicing, for it concerns the whole land. It is a threefold call.

First, that the Moslem world around us here can be reached through the human voice and the printed message, on lines of evangelization as simple and as straightforward as those of Christian countries.

Secondly, that the defiance of Islam is to be broken and melted, not by the skill of organization, the force of argument, or the impact of education and civilization, but by the power of God the Holy Ghost released here as in other lands and ages.

Thirdly, that this releasing of His power, both in ourselves and in the spiritual atmosphere, is to be sought urgently and at all costs, while lasts the new and strange readiness to hear and to consider, among the Moslem races around us. This readiness sounds out the "Now" of their day of salvation.

Will you join with us in the supreme quest that the life tide may set in?



"The only difference between a stumbling-block and a stepping stone is the use we make of it."—*Literary Digest*.

"COMING."

"They shall come from the East."

Yes, they do come! This spring many women have come to the new station at Bousaada. Before the dawn one group left their tents and it was still early when they knocked at our door. First a woman in red, helping her daughter, entirely covered with a lace shawl, then the old grandmother with a donkey. "My daughter is ill," the mother said, "and I was told you could make her better."

After medicines were given we sat under the palm trees telling about Christ dying for their sins "by Whose bruises we are healed" (French version). The grandmother was restless lest the caravan should start without them; the young girl was very grateful, listening and questioning intelligently. They started off in the heat of the day, with just a spark of inward light and a greater hope for the future.

A fortnight later the grandmother returned to tell us that the dear girl had passed away two days before. She had been sitting outside their tent at sunset and was saying, "When I am stronger I will go back to the teachers and stay with them two nights and one long day." Then she leant forward and "was not" for God took her. May we believe that the Lord, Who does not "quench the smoking flax" had fanned the tiny spark into a flame.

Let us pray that "from the East" many may come and sit down in the kingdom of God.

A.B.



"If we plant our seed daily in faith, and leave it in God's keeping, it will spring up, we know not how, and faith shall be turned into sight. God created, He can re-create. When the underground work is completed the visible growth is rapid."

PILGRIMS—WHITHER BOUND ?

Among the Arabs, a pilgrimage is a matter of great importance, and frequent visits to the tombs of the holy is an essential part of their every-day religious life.

Algeria teems with these memorials. On every hand, mountain and valley, trees and caves, rocks and stones unite in giving their testimony to the sanctity or miraculous reputation of the departed saints. These sites of holy memory are held in great veneration by the masses, and multitudes of pilgrims visit them not only at stated periods, but at all times when in need of healing, consolation or material blessing. The holiest of these places of pilgrimage are situated in positions difficult of approach, on the summit of a high mountain, or perched on the edge of a dangerous ravine. To reach these hermitages much physical exertion is needed, but the general belief is, that the greater the toil, the more trying the ascent, the richer is the blessing awaiting the faithful and persevering pilgrim.

PILGRIMS WHITHER BOUND ?

Shall we address this question to a party of Europeans and natives toiling up the steep slopes of a rugged mountain ? The party is made up of six individuals, Rev. P. Smith, B.D., of the M.E. Church, A. E. Theobald, A.M.B., Si Sultan, a native lay preacher, two recent converts to Christianity hailing from Tunis and Tozeur respectively, and a local Arab guide. "Pilgrims Whither Bound ?" labouring thus, laden with books ? We are setting out to visit one of the most famous Zaouias of the neighbourhood—the rallying point of mystic brotherhoods, the meeting place of wandering tribes, the seat of learning for many young native students, and a spring of felicity and joy to the faithful. We are travelling there with the desire not only to deliver the oral message of salvation, but to leave with them a large copy of the Holy

Scriptures, that he who reads may find the real peace, consolation and happiness for which he is so painfully, yet earnestly, groping. Fellow pilgrims will you accompany us ?

The ascent was laborious, the route long and tedious, but on reaching our destination we were rewarded by these words of encouragement and comfort : " Truly, you have washed away many sins to-day "—for it is believed the more a pilgrim perspires in reaching this sacred spot, the more are his iniquities cleansed. After the traditional words of welcome we were ushered into the guest room. The first act of courtesy was to produce a bowl of water from the sacred well, hallowed by the memories of a legend concerning an Arab who once made a pilgrimage to Mecca. In visiting the world-famous well of Zam-Zam, he dropped his valued brazen cup into the water and never recovered it. On his return from Arabia he made a special pilgrimage to this place and recounted to the old saint the story of his loss.

The " marabout " told him to go to the well of the hermitage, let down a bucket and in it he would find his treasured vessel. The man did as he was commanded and, according to tradition, the cup was restored, and from that day to this, the old well on a mountain crest of Algeria has the same qualities as the well of Zam-Zam in far-off Arabia, having power to cure diseases, prevent plagues and bestow good fortune on all.

This holy water was handed to us in the ancient communal cup, which was black with age, adorned with verdigris, and worn smooth by the constant touch of the lips of the thousands of pilgrims who have visited this consecrated territory. It had never been desecrated by washing or cleansing, so one dare not think of the many dirty and diseased wayfarers who had quaffed from

this cup of blessing. Our hosts had absolute faith in the healing and benefit-conferring properties of this sacred water ; to refuse to drink would have been a slight and a breach of native etiquette not to be lightly passed over, and also it would have imperilled the purpose of our pilgrimage. After this, food was placed before us, and thus traditional Arab hospitality was fully upheld.

PILGRIMS WITHER BOUND ?

" To proclaim the glad tidings of Him Who came to seek and to save the lost. Will you accompany us ? "

Scriptures in his own inimitable way. His audience was gripped by the Gospel message so faithfully and fearlessly delivered. Fellow pilgrims, stop and think, is anything too hard for the Lord ? Here in a Moslem holy of holies, a place of sacred and revered memories, even here, the story of salvation was heard without let or hindrance.

PILGRIMS WHITHER BOUND ?

" We are going to place a large Bible in the library of this wonderful centre, and not only here but by God's grace in every brotherhood ' Zaouia ' throughout the land —Fellow pilgrims, will you join us ? "



" The Stone of Expectation " is the one seen projecting below ; it looks nearer than it really is, for a gully lies between.

Immediately after our refreshment, the convert from Tunis chanted and intoned the 51st and 23rd Psalms ; he has a good voice and is a master of Arabic enunciation. His body swayed backwards and forwards to the rhythm of the melody and the weird cadences of oriental music, rose and fell on enchanted ears.

This was followed by an explanation from the native evangelist ; opening the Bible at Luke 15 he explained to them the

The leader of this particular fraternity graciously accepted from us the Sacred Book which was placed in the college library for the perusal of all student pilgrims. In addition to this he received with great joy a number of N.M.P. publications including the Seven Secrets and the life of David Livingstone. Before we left we visited the mysterious holy stone. This stone is supposed at certain seasons to float in the air, and to the natives it is indeed holy.

No one may approach except bare-footed, for is not this the stone of expectation? Shall there not come from the west a saint who, praying on that stone, will suddenly be lost to sight, the stone seen no more, and the end of the world be at hand? Our host deemed himself unworthy to approach the hallowed spot; one must be pure and sincere to draw near.

This sense of unworthiness, this yearning for peace and satisfaction, this thirsting for assurance is seen in all the animistic tendencies of popular Islam. What points of contact! What avenues of approach! What opportunities! What a glorious honour to bring longing human hearts to the ever open arms of a loving, pleading, patient Saviour! Fellow pilgrims, will you accompany us? Who can tell the result? The spoken word gladly heard and the written word freely received.

PILGRIMS WHITHER BOUND?

"We are travelling to that last meeting place of the redeemed, where we shall join in the everlasting song of triumph, the song of Moses and the Lamb." We shall see the ransomed of the Lord returning; do we not hear their joyful voices as they enter Zion with songs and everlasting joy on their heads? For them the mists of uncertainty have passed away, the night birds of sorrow and sighing have spread their dark wings and fled, their day of hope has dawned. At last they have found in Him the satisfaction and peace for which they craved so long. From whence came they? "They came to Him from every quarter." From the desolate wastes and barrenness of Islam, from the arid desert of sin, we shall yet see those redeemed ones who have exchanged the mirages of disappointment, for the joy and rest of the river, the pure and crystal river that proceeds from the throne, and from the riven side of the Lamb. "The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie.

Though it tarry, wait for it, for it shall surely come."

Fellow pilgrims will you accompany us in this great and glorious venture of faith, hope and love, till

Lands where Islam's sway,

Darkly broods o'er home and hearth,

Cast their bonds away;

And His praise from Afric's shore

Rise and swell her wide lands o'er.

Pilgrims Whither bound?

A.E.T.

A HOLIDAY ECHO.

Straight and beautiful as the pillars in some vast cathedral rose the stems of the pine trees, their branches arched and interlaced beneath the glorious blue dome of the North African sky. Mingled at first with the sighing of the sea breeze as it moved gently in the tree tops, came a sound of joyous singing. It approached nearer and nearer and then, out from among the trees, came a little procession.

They were Arab girls who walked, two and two, with light on their faces, and a song of heaven on their lips. In the forefront was one, dark and purposeful, a girl on the threshold of womanhood, who led by the hand a tiny boy with the face of a cherub. Beside her, dignified and fair, was the boy's widowed mother, herself little more than a child in years. Behind these two, who came together, and who were singing with all their hearts of their Lord and Saviour and His Heavenly Home, walked one whose young face was shadowed by sadness, born of oppression and cruelty, and yet she too sang with the light of peace in her dark eyes. Beside her was another and there were yet others following on.

Looked at from the human standpoint it seemed a procession of utter weakness, but "God hath chosen the weak things"—and to the one in the forest on that glorious summer day came a vision as she watched:

a vision in which the pine trees reached up to the celestial city, and the voices of earth were changed into the music of heaven, and that little procession became merged in the host of which it is written, "Lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

Between the vision and its fulfilment there lies, be it long or short, the "steep ascent to heaven" beset with stones of difficulty and sharp thorns of persecution for those who, in the midst of the darkness of Islam are set to follow Christ. By a

miracle these girls were gathered together this summer for a few days or weeks, in lovely surroundings, and in the freedom of Christian shelter and friendship.

They need much prayer that they may be kept, now, by the power of God, from all the evil surrounding them, and that they may be brave and faithful witnesses to Christ and His salvation. They would ask you to pray for them could their voices reach you. Therefore on behalf of that great host of Moslem girls, who have never had even a taste of the joy and freedom that Christ died to bring to them, we would say

"Pray ye therefore."

M.H.R.

FACTS IN FICTION FORM.

Facts, and particularly unpleasant facts, are not always acceptable to the reading public, and most of us are only too ready to take the edge off our appetite for hearing of the realities of life with a diet of light and fanciful reading.

Yet facts have to be faced, and if one is to take an intelligent interest in the needs of the Moslem world, the conditions under which its womankind are living to-day must be grasped.

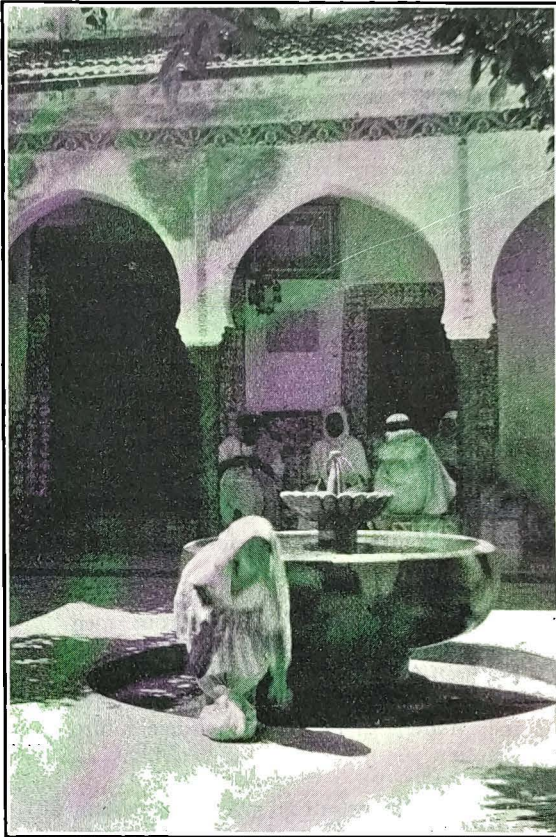
Monsieur Ferdinand Duchêne, a Judge in the Appeal Court in Algiers, has, in his prize-winning novel "Thamilla," set forth the life of a Kabyle woman in Algeria in a way that stirs all those who read it. The book is not written with a missionary purpose, but with the avowed intention of influencing the natives themselves to change the laws under which the cruelty and degradation, slavery and shame meted out to their women are allowed.

But we, knowing that the only remedy for these, as for all other ills in this world, exists only in Christ Jesus our Lord, recognise

in the story a valuable handbook for the students of missionary problems, and it was because of this that Miss Isabelle May and Miss Emily Newton, who are in close touch with missions all over the world, and who have spent some time in Algeria in the scenes where the story is laid, translated the book, so that it might reach a wider circle than was possible in the French edition.

The story is vividly told in the present tense, because, as its author explains, it is no tale of a life that is past, but the record of lives that are being lived out at this moment. The translators have preserved in a remarkable way the beauty of the descriptive passages and the faithfulness with which Kabyle life and language are set forth. It is a book which we should like to see in the hands of all those interested in Moslem women and which all Study Circles should have. Copies can be obtained through our Secretary at 38, Outram Road, Croydon or the publishers, Oliphants, Ltd., 21 Paternoster Square, E.C., and the price is 7/- net.

MILIANA THEN AND NOW.



Outer Court of Miliana Shrine.

Miliana—means plentiful. It stands about 2,700 feet up, on a spur of the Atlas range. It is plentiful in water from the mountain streams, plentiful in the wealth of its iron mines, plentiful in forests of cork above and fruit gardens nestling right down the hill sides to the plain beneath. You can see them best if you visit us in the months when cherry, apple and apricot trees are in full blossom.

There are also plenty of children, many

with fair hair and colour in their cheeks and the glorious brown eyes of the south. These sum up the beautiful things.

But they are all Moslems and all who have worked among these know there is also plenty of hidden sorrow and suffering and wrong. Our Station was opened in 1909. It began in a very humble way, a tiny Mission house outside the walls, just room enough for two workers, a woodshed for classes and a balcony. Oh! that balcony! it made us eye-poseessors of over 30 miles of plateau and mountain range. Shall we ever forget the majesty of those storms as they stalked across the plains till they dashed against our own mountain some 5,000 feet above sea level?

A Danish pastor, who was present at the farewell addresses for the new outposts opened that autumn, gave Miliana as her text, "They pitched before them like two little flocks of kids." We were indeed such babes in the Arabic language and foreign mission work, but Miss Trotter's text gave us our motto: "Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." We had been told that the men of Miliana and district were inclined to be friendly, but that the women were of forcible character, very conservative and not at all desirous to be friendly with their European sisters. It was true. How we walked round our Jericho those first months; hoping we might get a smile or greeting from someone; but it took time and patience to live down the prejudice.

The town of Miliana possesses a noted shrine dating back to the 14th Century, when a certain Sherif—descendant from Mohammed, named Si Mohammed ben Yousef ben Miliani, was buried there. It is said that seven visits to his tomb (bringing gifts) are as meritorious as one pilgrimage to Mecca, though it does not confer the title of Hadj.

Therefore, at stated seasons, thousands come on pilgrimage with banners, music and much blank cartridge-saluting, to share the festivals in the town and to pour their money into the shrine coffers, the 200 descendants of the holy man dividing the proceeds among themselves.

We began our work cautiously, outside in the houma or chief suburbs of the town. A little negress up a cherry tree gave us one of our first invitations to her hut, and soon after, when a babysister was born, the mother sent for us to come with our Zither harp and sing and play at the seventh day festival. Thus, through an Arab woman married to a despised negro, we had our first introduction to a crowd of wondering Miliana women. What must they have made of that halting Arabic!

The children were the first to break through and visit us. They toddled in, some only big enough to roll over the doorstep, having been dragged up steep mountain paths by elder brothers or sisters—then the mothers' hearts opened and so the doors to their homes, until, after some five years, we felt ourselves established enough to move into town.

Our cherry tree negress girl went with us as a servant. She sang to us the hymns she loved till a few years later she fell ill and God called her home, a secret believer in her Lord and Saviour, though it was yet early days to speak of open witness in baptism; but on her grave in the Arab cemetery is the text, "Blessed is he whose iniquities are forgiven, whose sin is covered."

Inside the town, classes grew rapidly and the work soon doubled. The boys were attracted by their love of painting or the pleasure of a magic lantern, for cinemas had not yet spoiled them. Even now they never tire on wintry days of the painting class, the reward for all who have been good listeners to our Bible talk. Many of these lads are now fathers and send for us when in trouble over their young wives or chil-

dren; one former pupil with his Christian wife and little family is a member of the native church at El Biar.

In town we first met the old blind Hadj. He opened his door to us and his heart to the Gospel. He is a witness to the power of the written Word, for, many years before we missionaries came to live in Miliana, a passing stranger had read to him the story of the Crucifixion while resting under a tree outside the town. This had so gripped him that a great, fervent love for that Crucified Lord had conquered his heart, though he did not know Him as Son of God or Saviour of sinners.

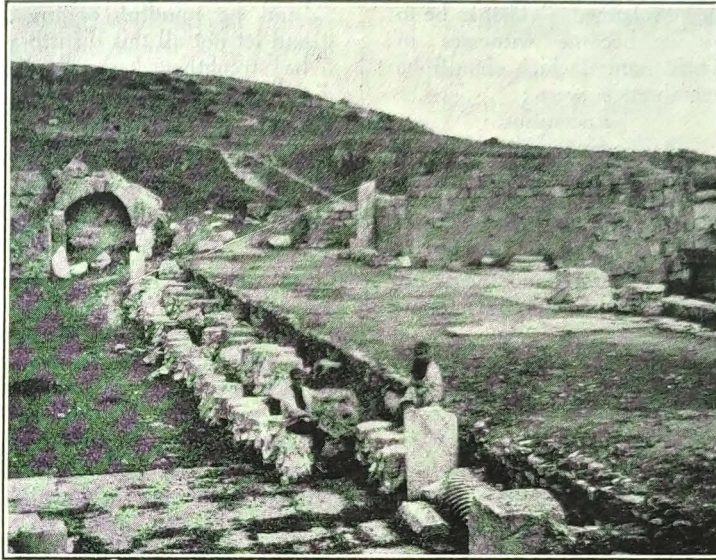
After his baptism this blind Hadj became such a true friend, fathering our little outstation by prayer and advice so that it was an inspiration to all who came to Miliana and visited him on his bed of suffering. His witness was so faithful that after his death there was serious discussion among the Moslem authorities before they would bury him in their cemetery. His prayer still awaits an answer, "Tell them in England," he said, "to send out men workers to go with the Gospel to my brethren in the southern towns."

Here I must end the "Then" and leave the "Now" of our work to some future chapter.

M.D.G.



"The trumpet must give no uncertain sound. It is a solemn thing for a Christian missionary to be engaged in unsettling day after day the religious opinions of immortal beings. If we call upon the millions of Islam to loose from their moorings amidst the reefs and shoals of a false system . . . we must surely direct them to some fair haven of refuge where they will find rest and peace. None could be so helpless in dealing with Muslim doctors, as those who are wandering about in the uncertainty of doubt, and cannot stand firm in the certainty of faith."—Hughes "Notes on Muhammadanism."



The Roman Theatre, Carthage.

THE HOME OF MANY MARTYRS.

Two days' and two nights' journey by land and sea will bring the traveller to a country which, until the last few years, has not received the attention which its interesting and very complicated church history deserves.

When the Phoenician colonists first landed in North Africa they found themselves faced by the native Berber population whose origin is still an unsolved question among the learned.

Greeks and Romans soon followed the first invaders—the Greeks to trade, the Romans to conquer, and in a measure to colonise the land—the important town of Carthage becoming the seat of their government.

There is no definite information as to when Christianity first reached the North African shore—probably through its close link with Rome. Be that as it may, surely no soil has been so widely and deeply sown with martyr blood.

Exposed to the full fury of repeated persecutions under the pagan Roman Empire, to be followed by almost as cruel dealings under the Vandal conquerors, again to be followed by massacres at the hands of Moslem hordes, and later by a slavery worse than death under the pirate Turkish rule, history bears witness to the heroism that an indwelling Christ can inspire.

On its first entry into the country Christianity seems to have made rapid strides—too rapid indeed, for it became fashionable to be called a Christian, and the original high standard of morality was lowered. This was only for a time; soon the church was tried by fire, and the wood, hay, stubble were cleared away.

On July 17th, A.D.180, seven men and five women were martyred at Carthage. Refusing a respite to reconsider their position they were condemned to death by the sword. Hearing their sentence, with

one voice they exclaimed, "Thanks be to God, to-day we become witnesses in heaven." Their names which should be held in remembrance were :

Speratus,	Lactantius,
Martzalus,	Jannaria,
Cottinus,	Genrosa,
Veturius,	Vestia,
Felix,	Donata,
Apulinus,	Secunda.

By these and by like heroic souls the day of their death was called the day of "victory" as it was indeed.

It is interesting to learn from the answer of Speratus to the judge that at that early date they had "books and the Epistles of St. Paul."

The story of the "victory" of St. Perpetua and St. Felicitas is too well known to need repetition here. The document which contains their history is counted the earliest that has come down to us of Christian Latin.

They had companions in the fight who were less known. One of this noble band, Saturus, was their pastor, and of him Dr. Stuart Donaldson says (in "Church Life and Thought in North Africa, A.D. 200.")

"Saturus was evidently an evangelist of wonderful power, whom no difficulty could thwart, no danger repel : so entirely had he convinced this little band, drawn from all classes of the community, of the truth of his message, that they faced an appalling death not only without fear but with exultation. He himself it seems had not been arrested with them in the first instance, but gave himself up to the authorities, that he might suffer with his disciples. His missionary spirit is unquenchable. In the prison and even in the amphitheatre itself, he ceases not to preach Jesus Christ, and his last act before his death is to convert the Roman soldier Pudens, from whom he asked the loan of his ring, and after he had dipped it in his own blood, 'Farewell,' he said,

"and be mindful of my faithfulness : and let not all this disturb you : rather, 'be strengthened thereby,' and so left to him a precious heritage and memorial."

And thus along the beautiful coast of North Africa and inland, brave hearts were found whom fear could not daunt into denying their Lord, as St. Cyprian at Carthage ; at Cherchell, the pleasure city of the Romans, the names are preserved of Arcade, Fabius, and the senator Julius Severianus who, with his wife, Aquila, was burnt to death. The young daughter of a nobleman, Marcienne, who was said to have been of great beauty, overthrew and broke a statue of Diana in the middle of a feast day. Tied hand and foot she was thrown to the wild beasts who did not attack her, so she was done to death by the gladiators.

As in the case of her sister-martyr, Salsa at Tipasa, who cast into the sea the golden head of a dragon idol, her action was not approved by the Doctors of the church who condemned the too bold zeal of Christians in overthrowing idols and risking by their imprudence severe measures against the whole community.

At Constantine a tombstone has been found recording the names of Mariani and Jacobi and ten others martyred in the year 289—and so on the list of noble names might be continued. But who shall count the Christian soldiers suffering torture and death for refusing to worship the Emperor as God, and the unknown martyrs put to death in solitary places.

The writer was told of a Christian grave in which was found a bottle with crimson stains. On the covering stone a cross was roughly sculptured, but on the inside, so that nothing betrayed to passers-by the faith of the entombed.

So deep an impress had this side of Christian witness made on the idolaters that in the mystic rites of the god Mithra the soldier "has a crown offered to him at

the point of a sword in mimicry of martyrdom." (Tertullian, quoted in "Church Life and Thought in North Africa.")

Unable as a church to obtain a legal status, the early Christians enrolled themselves as belonging to a burial club, and thus their burying grounds were recognised as legal property, where it appears they gathered for worship.

At Cherchell there still exists such a cemetery surrounded by a high wall. In the centre is the tombstone of a martyr and over this was a vaulted shrine. In times of persecution the heathen's first savage cry was "away with the cemeteries."

The mighty names of St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, and Tertullian are sufficient of themselves to awaken our gratitude to the land that brought them forth.

In a masterly recapitulation of his work, Dr. Stuart Donaldson says:

"We of the 20th century have surely much to learn from the North African Church of A.D.200. May the lesson she has to teach not be lost upon us. May we to-day draw inspiration and encouragement from the faithfulness, the constancy even to death, the discipline, and obedience, the ready liberality, the wisely broad foundations of Church government, the respect for duly constituted authority, and last but not least, from the recognition of the supreme claims of Jesus Christ as the Incarnate Son of God, which we find so characteristic of the Church in Carthage at the end of the 2nd century."

Where these Christian stalwarts witnessed in old-time to their crucified Lord, the name of Mahomed is now revered, almost worshipped, and that of our Lord is relegated theoretically to the second place, in reality nowhere. Are we content that thus it should remain?

F.H.F.

ARAB PROVERBS.

No flies enter a closed mouth.

Eternity pierces marble.

If thy neighbour has gone on the Pilgrimage to Mecca, sell thy house. (He will be so proud and disagreeable when he comes back).

Before you come to crossing the river say to your donkey "Oh! my lord!" After you have crossed say "Oh! Donkey!"

Consult thy wife and do the opposite of that which she advises.

The barking of dogs does not hurt the clouds.

He passed the night in a marsh and awoke in the morning as a cousin of frogs.

The camel does not see his hump; he sees the hump on his brother's back.

To die in taking revenge is better than to live with shame.

Do not buy your fish in the sea.

Allah sees a black ant on a black stone at midnight.

(To express an impossibility). An elephant riding on a needle.

He who is bitten by a viper is afraid of the shadow of a cow.

No one knows the weight of a club but he who has received its blows.



"The clouds themselves are children of the sun."—*Tennyson*.

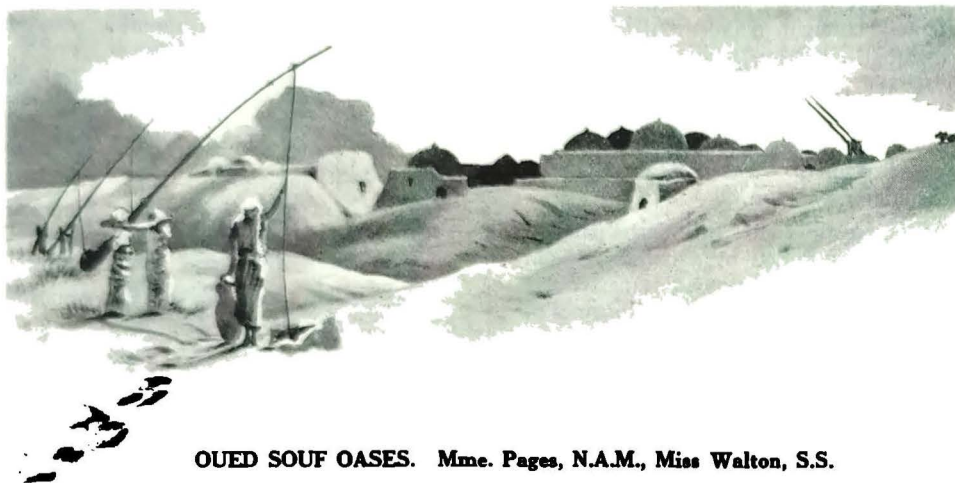


"There is always sunshine, only we must do our part; we must move into it."—*C. L. Burnham*.



"It is the lifted face that feels the shining of the sun."—*Browning*.

AUTUMN QUARTER, 1927. HOPED FOR ADVANCES ON THE FIELD.



OUED SOUF OASES. Mme. Pages, N.A.M., Miss Walton, S.S.

We hope by the kind co-operation of the North Africa Mission, with whom Madame Pages is working at Tebessa, that she will be able to spend two or three months this winter in the Oued Souf oases, far down in the desert. She will, we hope, be accompanied by Miss Walton, who has been giving us help during this last year.

If this should prove the starting point for winter work down there, it will be a crowning joy, and the answer to many years of prayer, for we feel it to be a district of special promise on the heavenly side.

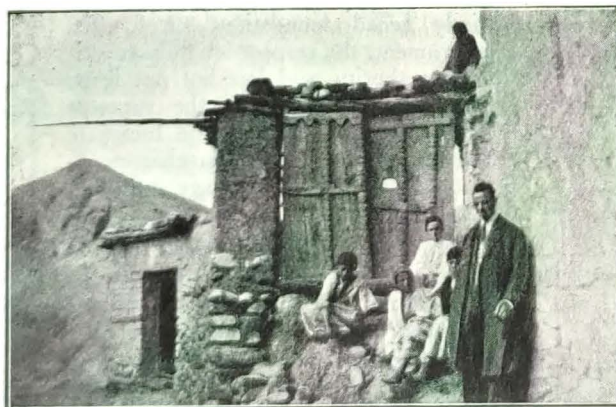
They plan to leave from Tozeur in mid-November. Pray for the needful physical strength, and for power from on high.

AURÉS MOUNTAINS.

The first autumn advance is hoped for among the Aurés mountains in East Algeria. The Chawia race that inhabits them is Berber, but Arabic is understood. It is an old race, and the fortress-like villages are still on their Roman sites. Christian echoes of those bygone times still linger. We found among them long ago those who

still keep Christmas, all unknowing its meaning—only that it is a feast of our Lord the Christ at the time when the sun is at the lowest.

Three journeys have been taken there during the last two years, reconnoitring in various directions. The time seems to be coming for more intensive work.



Aurés Mountains. Miss McIlroy, Mlle. Butticaz.

AUTUMN QUARTER, 1927.

HOPED FOR ADVANCES AT HOME.

Deputation work, in view of gathering prayer forces, is undertaken by W. Cecil Collinson, Deputation Secretary. His talks are illustrated by lantern slides. He hopes to address meetings at the following places during the next two months :

November.—Acton, 8th ; Ipswich, 11th ; Reigate, 12th and 13th ; Brighton, 14th—17th ; Worthing, 18th ; Crawley, 20th ; Bury St. Edmunds, 23rd ; and East Harling, 24th.

December.—Hemel Hempstead, 4th ; Emmanuel Church, S. Croydon, 4th ; Stratford Conference Hall, 5th.

And he will be glad to arrange further meetings for free dates during these months and January and February of next year. Those who desire to further the cause by giving an opportunity for the work to be made known in this way should communicate with him at 62, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich.

There is nothing which the workers on the Field value more than the prayer fellowship which they have with God's faithful intercessors at home. The list of local representatives given on the back cover are those who represent meetings at which the needs of the Band are remembered regularly. The Secretary for Prayer Helpers is desirous of meeting such groups and will gladly avail herself of any opportunity of doing so, and of giving any who desire to be linked thus, particulars of pressing needs as they arise.

Barking Tye, Barton, Bury St. Edmunds, and Elmswell Groups have been visited

during October, and during November she hopes to be at the Islington Medical Mission on 6th, Shoreditch Tabernacle on 7th, Brighton on 14th, Shoreham on 16th, and Worthing on the 18th.

Those of our workers who were at Keswick Convention had an opportunity of stressing the need for prayer at one of the daily meetings held by the Fellowship of Faith for Moslems in Lakeside House.

Missionaries on furlough have had many openings for deputation work during the summer months. Several leaders of Children's Special Service Missions kindly arranged for illustrated missionary talks, and we are grateful for being thus able to interest the young people in their brothers and sisters in Algeria. We hope by next summer that we will have in our magazine an inset specially for the children.

The Faith Mission invited some of the workers to take part in their Conventions at Larne and Perth. The link with them will be the closer as one of our new recruits this season has been a Faith Mission Pilgrim.

Several of the other meetings held during the summer in various parts of the country are being followed up this winter by lantern talks.

The Deputation Secretary has a small lending library of books dealing with Moslem questions, which is available for those who are interested enough to want to know more. A list of the books can be obtained either from him or from the Secretary, 38, Outram Road, Croydon.

By the death of Mr. John George Govan, Founder and President of the Faith Mission, whose promotion to higher service came suddenly while he was leading the Perth Convention, we have lost a member of our Home Council and an old friend of the work.

REQUESTS FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Praise.

For God's touch in the closing days of last season's classes at Tlemcen and Bou-Saada and for the manifest quickening among Christian women and girls from Relizane, Blida and Miliana during days spent together at Sidi-Ferruch.

For the unfolding prospects in the new guest house of Dar Naama.

For the remarkable opportunities of Mr. Theobald's visit to Constantine and the real help given by native converts. Praise that the student lad from the south is doing well there.

For the prospect of the answer to prayer in an offer of a helper from Australia for Mr. Smeeton.

For all the openings at home given to those on furlough.

That we can welcome two new short service workers at Dar Naama and one for permanent service sent from the Faith Mission.

Prayer.

For the new advances hoped for as told on page 30 and for the breaking up new ground in car work east of Constantine.

For the stations where the Autumn start finds special shorthandedness—Blida and Tolga.

Algiers is still without a worker for Beit Naama, and Colea longs for a native helper.

For the new literature being issued this Autumn. (See below).

For the Deputation work at home and its consolidation into fresh Prayer Groups—that God may teach them and us the intercession that shall prevail.

That He will remember our call to Him for a leader who shall be able to train men for the work.

For the converts throughout the country, that God may strengthen such as do stand, and comfort and help the weak-hearted and raise up them that fall and finally beat down Satan under our feet.

LITERATURE NOTES.

We hope in an early issue to tell of one of the branches of work out here which has a wide prospect for the future—i.e., the output, alongside the publications of the Nile Mission Press for the educated classes, of others for the semi-literate and French reading natives.

The A.M.B. has prepared this summer :—

(i) The translation of a tract by the late Rev. T. McIntyre, on "Christ the Deliverer from Fear." Only those who know the

demon-haunted terrors of these superstitious races can estimate its value. (Edited by M.D.G.)

(ii) Three booklets, with letterpress and illustrations in orange and dark green, giving in Bible language the stories of the Fall, Cain and Abel, and the Deluge. (Compiled by M.M.W.)

These are now going out for circulation. Pray them on their way.

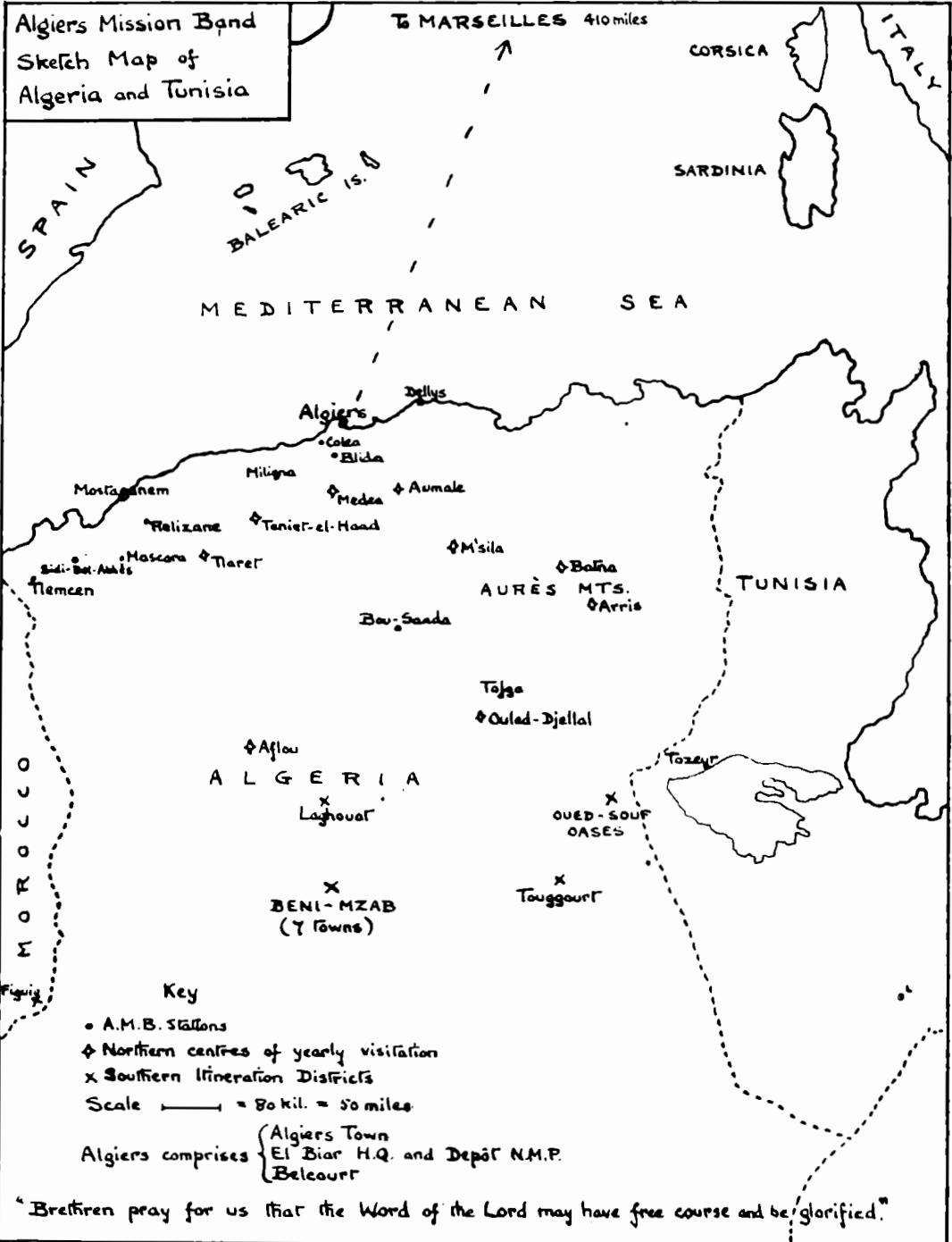
Location of Workers, 1927-28.

- DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.
 1888. Miss I. L. TROTTER.
 1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).
 1912. Mr. J. H. SMEETON.
 1919 & 1922. Mons. & Mme. PIERRE NICOU
 1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.
 1922. Miss A. KEMP.
 1926. Miss BRADING & Miss WALTON, S.S.
 1927. Miss JOHNSTON & Miss ARMITAGE, S.S.
- BELCOURT, ALGIERS.
 1909. Miss M. WATLING.
- BLIDA.
 1909. Miss F. K. CURRIE.
 1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE.
- RELIZANE.
 1907. Miss RIDLEY.
 1927. Miss RUSSELL.
- MILIANA.
 1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.
 1926. Miss D. RICHARDSON.
- SIDI BEL ABBES. 1912. SENOR & SENORA SOLER (evangelist).
- MASCARA.
 1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.
 1912. Miss F. HAMMON, Mission Helper.
- TOZEUR.
 1920. Miss V. WOOD. Miss EMERSON (temporary).
- MOSTAGANEM.
 1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.
- COLEA.
 1920. Mr. & Mrs. H. W. BUCKENHAM.
- TOLGA.
 1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).
- TLEMCCEN.
 1916. Miss K. BUTLER.
 1927. Miss D. GRAHAM.
- DELLYS.
 1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.
 1922. Miss I. SHEACH.
- BOU-SAADA.
 1909. Miss A. McILROY.
 1919. Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ.

Local Representatives:

- ALL NATIONS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—Mr. W. J. Smith, A.N.B.C., Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.
- BARKING TYE.—Mr. P. J. Butler, Barking Hill, Needham Market.
- BARTON, GREAT.—Mrs. Ed. Johnston, "Campfield," Great Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.
- BEXHILL.—Mrs. Brownrigg, Gorse Cottage, Terminus Road.
- BIRKENHEAD (Emmanuel).—Mrs. J. D. Drysdale, Emmanuel Training Home, 1, Palm Grove.
- BRIGHTON.—Miss E. Bullen, 14, Clifton Terrace.
- BROCKLEY, S.E.4 (Girls of the Realm Club).—Miss E. Brittle, 31, Wickham Road.
- BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—Miss F. H. Davies, 121, Queen's Road.
- BURY ST. EDMUND'S RAILWAY MISSION.—Mr. A. F. Cobbe, 3, Peckham Street.
- CARLISLE.—Mrs. E. Hutchinson, "Fayrehurst," Goschen Road.
- CRAWLEY.—Miss M. J. Cheal, The Nurseries.
- DARLINGTON (Pierremont Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.
- EAST HARLING.—Mrs. G. B. Burt, North View, East Harling, Norwich.
- ELMSWELL.—Mr. N. Mulley, "Rosebank," Elmswell, Suffolk.
- ELSENHAM.—Mr. C. H. Kohn, Mission House, Elsenham, Essex.
- FORNHAM.—Mr. H. W. Wells, Short Brackland, Bury St. Edmund's.
- HIGHAM.—Mrs. Bareham, Higham, nr. Bury St. Edmund's.
- HINDERCLAY.—Mr. Scott, Hinderclay, nr. Diss, Norfolk.
- ILFORD.—Mr. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.
- ILFORD (Grantham Road Mission).—Mr. H. J. Payne, 106, Landseer Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.
- ISLINGTON MEDICAL MISSION.—Miss Day, 13, Windsor Street, Essex Road, N.1.
- KEDINGTON.—Mrs. Taylor, Dane House, Kedington, Haverhill, Suffolk.
- LEEDS.—Miss J. Falconer, Calverley House, near Leeds.
- LEWES.—Miss Lee, "Cobury," 20 Prince Edward Road.
- LEXDEN.—Miss G. Wayre, 28, Colne Road, Lexden, Colchester.
- MANCHESTER.—Mr. F. Kirkham, "Ashlea," Rivershill, Ashton-on-Mersey.
- MANCHESTER (New Bank Street Mission).—Miss E. McDiarmid, 84, Birch Street, West Gorton.
- NEW CROSS.—Miss D. M. Appleby, 3, Arbuthnot Road, New Cross, S.E.
- NINE ELMS (St. James' Mission).—Mr. C. H. How, 204, Stewart's Road, Clapham, S.W.8.
- NORWICH (C.A.W.G.).—Miss C. Mumford, C.A.W.G., St. Giles, Norwich.
- SAFFRON WALDEN.—Miss E. Midgley, "Larchmount."
- SIDCUP.—Rev. G. R. Harding Wood, Christchurch Vicarage.
- SIDCUP (Girl Guides).—Miss V. Martin, 18, Carlton Road.
- WELLINGBOROUGH.—Miss W. Purser, 23, Hill Street.
- WOODBIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.
- WOOLWICH (Tabernacle).—Mr. Miskin, Woolwich Tabernacle, Beresford Street, S.E.18.
- WORTHING.—Miss Gotolee, White Lodge, Mill Road.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia



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.

- SENOR & SENORA SOLER.