

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ABU...
EDITE...

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



No. 3

WINTER, 1928

1/6 PER ANNUM
POST FREE.

A Thirsty Land and God's Channels.

3.—"The Way of the Springs."

We have seen the first and simplest of the forms of water supply in the Sahara, in the open watercourses that bring the streams from the hills, and lose themselves as soon as they have watered the first stretches of oases that lie close under the cliffs flanking the sand-ocean.

Next in order come the river oases that find their supply through underground springs; and right out in the length and breadth of the desert lie the wells. Each link in the water system has its lesson for us if we want to share in bringing the living tide to the Thirsty Land. If we are ready to lie low and bare like the open channels, if we yield to the inward urging of the outflow like the springs, if we consent to be broken to the depths of our being like the desert wells for the full uprising of that tide, then will God find the water-way that He is seeking.

The supply of water through the gullies, at which we looked in the last article, is not available in the desert for any great distance from the hills that furnish it. If it ran even a score of miles across the wilderness it would involve a wasting away

through evaporation. So in the economy of the natural world, the resources are hidden underground, till some chance is given them by an upward rift; but thus liberated, they afford the loveliest development of the water system of the South Land, a river oasis.

The Arabs tell us that there are hollows among the heights, where, if they lay their ear to mother earth, they can hear the murmuring of the water underground.

If we knew how to give heed, we should catch among the silences of the holy places, something of their resources for the Moslem world, for the River of God is full of water, only waiting to break through human hearts that will let Him have His way. What matter is it that Islam holds 234 millions of the most fast-bound and tenacious opponents of the Truth! "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, Thou hast received gifts for men, yea even for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." That promise covers the Mohammedan. Let us listen until we hear.

Far out from the shelter of the hills, you will suddenly meet, full flow, the stream whose whispering was to be detected up above.

It is a merry place, that river bed, especially in Tunisia, where it is practically common property. You will see a group of little village maidens, indigo clad, clanking their heavy anklets as their feet dance on the clothes that they are rinsing. Then will come a drove of donkeys from the house of a rich man, with amphora-shaped jars slung in pairs by hoops of palm-stalks across their backs. Brown babies will be paddling about in the pools, or an old man will be washing his head-scarf, and holding it between his outstretched hands to dry in the desert wind.

But all this is but the play-ground of the new-born river; its working days lie beyond. So precious is the outflow that it is measured and paid for by the handbreadth, after the system of the old Berber races, which neither Romans nor Moslems, when each over-ran the country, could improve. There is nothing haphazard about it. The network of trenches is planned out so that each corner of every garden gets the fortnightly flooding, swirling round the roots of every tree, penetrating the soil of each patch of carrots and onions. The sand barriers that divide the interlacing channels are opened and closed in turn by a stroke of the hoe, so that the two or three handbreadths of water in the two or three hours that are allotted may do full work. This ministering of the tide is the owner's responsibility; if through indolence or carelessness he loses his chance of the life touch, death may have laid hold of some of the garden produce before it comes again.

The co-operation between supply and need is in perfect adjustment up to the measure of the ministration given by the spring. "Everything shall live whither the river cometh." The fertility is limited

by the flooding, and by that alone.

We have touched in the first chapter on the capacity for fruitfulness locked up in the apparently hopeless sand and gravel of the Sahara. It is worth emphasising. Ward Platt says in his book on "The Frontier"—"A peculiarity of the desert region is its soil. In these northern regions it shews a marvellous natural richness. The application of water works wonderful transformations. Products in quality and quantity are amazing. The soil in these dry climates has never been impoverished—the valuable mineral constituents have not been dissolved and washed out by rain. These elements of fertility, under irrigation, accumulate rather than diminish."

May it not be that the same Lord over all has stored like possibilities of fruitfulness in the arid soil of Islam, leaving it for these last times to shew what His Spirit can do with it? Study a market crowd out here. Consider whether those forceful, thoughtful faces do not shew material for Him. Take a group of village women, left to themselves mentally and spiritually for all generations, and judge whether that fallow ground lies dead: it is simply unreached, unvisited as yet by God. It may prove, like the desert soil, to have been storing the richer yield through a fettered past, awaiting the hour when the Spirit is poured forth.

But how is He to reach the hidden wealth? Turn again to our desert picture. Follow the oasis river up to its source, three miles perhaps from the town outskirts where we first saw it. Out and away, at the farthest tree limit, you will find one or two deep pools, each a few feet across, jade green, set in the ochre of the sand. The farthest pool holds the mystery of the river: it has liberated, far down, the spring that lies in the broken ground just beyond, liberated it by yielding to the silent urging of the living tide below, that was only seeking to be set free. The water wells out,

clear, strong, unfailing, able now to reach those countless palms to the utmost verge of their forest. It has been given right-of-way, that is all. The hidden rift, by simple yieldedness, ministers the resources from the hills—it waits on its ministering, and sets free the supply that it receives.

Do we follow once more the story of the inner life of God's channels? It is a further on lesson than that of the water-courses.

For the springs teach us that the in-

our aim, as Faber puts it, "Only not to impede the sweet grace from above." The measure and the swiftness of our yielding will be the measure of the putting forth of His power.

The converse is true. If by our unbelief we limit the Holy One of Israel, if we quench the Spirit, if we thwart Him by our obstinacy, our apathy, our slowness of heart, we shall be confronted at the Judgment Seat of Christ by the "left undone." For our life's possibilities have been



The First Outflow of the Tozeur River.

dwelling Spirit Whom we have received by faith, holds sway in our hearts by heavenly impulses, that throb within us like the pulsing we have all noticed in living water. If we respond to that urging, He is set free in power: He is the Spirit Whom God has given to all them that obey Him.

The needs-be is that we should yield to His touch, in heart-sensitiveness and quick, full co-operation, whether the inward call is to action, or utterance, or prayer, letting Him work His way, as the hidden spring frees the silted channel—

measured up, measured out in heaven, as surely as the oasis-bounds have been determined by the water supply of the river.

"Work out"—these two words sum up the lesson of the indwelling and the releasing, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of His good pleasure."

"Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it." I.I.T.

Aicha.

One hot July day, we toiled up the steep mountain-side to visit a village which had never before been reached by missionaries, though not far from civilization.

The village huts as we approached, looked like a cluster of faggot-stacks. We tried to make friends with some shy children but they would hardly let us go near them. Then we turned to a group of women at the entrance of the village, and after the usual salutations, asked if we might read and talk with them.

"No!" they said, "go away again over the mountain. You have one religion, and we have another. They are not the same."

At this a woman stepped out from among them. "You come with me," she said. We followed her down the bare slope, to another group of huts, better than the first. These had mud walls, and red tiled roofs. Our guide invited us into one. It was absolutely dark, and the only furniture was a straw mat. We groped our way in, and sat down on the mat. Our hostess proved to be Aicha, the wife of the Sheik of the village. Women and children came and squatted close round us listening eagerly to the few simple words about sin and redemption.

"These are women sent from God," they whispered among themselves.

They repeated again and again the simple prayer which we taught them; it was as much as they could grasp.

"O Lord Jesus Christ! save me from all my sin!"

"If you say that from your heart, and not merely with your lips, He will hear."

"He will hear us"—Aicha repeated the words wonderingly as though they were too good to be true.

Then a hymn for the children, and a few words of explanation.

"The Lord loves the children." How the mothers' eyes brightened at that! The little girls, too, were as anxious to get the prayer by heart as were the women.

Now a large wooden dish of semolina and eggs was placed before us, with two wooden spoons, and, to please our hostess, we made a show of eating very heartily, though it was too hot to eat much.

When we left, Aicha took up the remains of our meal and carried it to our guide who was waiting outside the village. While he was eating, Aicha sat down beside us and said:—

"Tell me more!"

She drank in every word. When the guide had finished, she said, kissing us:—

"I will pray to Jesus to-night." Then she added beseechingly, "Come again soon and remind me."

"Come again soon!"—Aicha had to wait three long years before we could go again and "remind" her. There was the same hushed attention as before. She was ill, and as we told her of the Lord Jesus, she could only say:—"I understand with my heart, but not with my head. Come again soon, but perhaps I shan't be here then."

"Then it may be that you will have entered in by the Gate."

"Yes," she replied, "because He bore my sins."

S.P.



"Even the bare earth at the creation was 'very good' for God saw what He was going to do."

(Unknown).

* * *

"Heaven is still as full of stores of spiritual blessing as it was in the days of the apostles."

Andrew Murray.

Finding the Landing-Place.

During the last few years we have seen wonderful advances in aviation. Many problems concerning travel by air have been solved, many difficulties overcome. Yet in spite of all this progress, one difficulty remains, the finding of a suitable landing-place. This resembles the position of the Christian missionary to-day. How to reach with the Christian message, a people antagonistic to the messenger is the ever recurring problem of the worker among Moslems everywhere. To find for the good news of salvation, in the midst of ignorance, superstition, prejudice and traditional hostility, an acceptable landing-place is indeed an arduous task. Can it be found?

From long experience in all parts of the mission field, there is a consensus of opinion that one of the best means of approach to the "city of Mansoul" is the printed page. A book often facilitates the free delivery of the Gospel message. In the month of November, a number of villages, towns, cafés and markets were visited, hundreds of books were sold, and distributed. An incident on one of these journeys will illustrate the importance of literature as a means of landing the message. At S— in the main street, the native evangelist mounted a chair and began to speak. Taking from his stock a book, he opened it and began to explain the contents. Quickly a crowd gathered round to listen to the speaker. A keen interest was soon stirred up and on every side hands were out-stretched to purchase the book. Over 300 books and Gospels were sold that day. The reading in one book had opened up the way for the proclamation of the Gospel story, and the ready reception of the Written Word.

The records of the past year witness also to the power of the Holy Scripture in



At the Landing Place.

making a landing-place in the midst of ignorance and prejudice, and the free grants of the Scripture Gift Mission have greatly facilitated this praiseworthy work. Away in Southern Algeria a visit was made to a remote desert town. The Caid of the place received the missionaries most warmly. In subsequent conversations with him, he acknowledged that he had for long read in his father's New Testament. This book was a bequest from his father who died when he was only five years old. The father had, as far as we can tell, received the truth, and the son himself seemed to be one of the great number of secret believers. Again the Written Word had gained an access, and provided for God's servants a closer touch with a human soul.

Yes, undoubtedly literature very effectively makes the landing-place, but are the goods accepted? The printed page assur-

edly opens the way to the city, but is the position ever captured? Once more let us turn to the pages of history, this time a recent case. A tract published by the Nile Mission Press was handed to a young man in the street of a certain Moslem town. It was read by the recipient, then passed on to a comrade who was studying in an Arab college. That pamphlet turned the student's face towards the light. To-day he is a Christian, openly acknowledging Christ as his Lord and Saviour. He, from personal experience, is convinced of the impelling power of literature. This past month has revealed his earnestness and zeal for souls. Filled with strong desire to reach his own people with that which has brought such blessing to his life, he has gone forth again and again, seed-basket in hand. He has accompanied me on all the journeys and helped to sell and distribute over 2,000 Gospel books and booklets in the villages and towns of the mountainous districts of Eastern Algeria. Many instances could be quoted, proving clearly that literature not only makes the landing-place, but effects the entrance. The Rev. Hudson Taylor was brought to Christ, when quite a boy, by means of a tract. The Rev. Prebendary Webb-Peploe was himself awakened to a sense of his need of Christ, by a pamphlet given him on Derby race-course. Wesley, Whitefield, and many others have borne witness to the power of literature.

The God of those mighty workers in the past, is our God to-day. May there not well be here in North Africa in these days among the numerous recipients of books, some future workers for the Lord, men who will be greatly used of God to bring from the darkness and deadness of Islam, many souls to the Light and Life of men? The landing has been effected, the books distributed, the approach made. What now remains? There is still one thing more to do. Shall we unite together in intercession

for the last great break, the final surrender, that the King of Glory may come in?

Uplifted be the gates of brass
And the bars of iron yield,
To let the King of Glory pass,
And the Cross to win the field.

A.E.T.

—◆◆—
**" Make the Books
 Speak."**
 —◆◆—

Make the books speak, Lord,
Make the books speak!
Give us an open ear,
Let us their message hear,
Calling to far and near—
Make the books speak!

Let my pen speak, Lord,
Let my pen speak!
Keep it controlled *by Thee*,
Never untrue *to Thee*,
Ever on fire *for Thee*—
Let my pen speak.

Open men's hearts, Lord,
Open men's hearts!
Give us a blessed shower
Of Holy Spirit Power,
That we may speak this hour
Straight to men's hearts.

ARTHUR T. UPSON,
Director, Nile Mission Press.

—◆◆—
 " God has entrusted the whole of His
 Redemption in Christ to His people to
 make known and to communicate to men."

Andrew Murray.

Colea's Day.



Still in Darkness. Boy Visitors at a Colea Shrine.

Before Daybreak.

"This town is still, to Moslems of Algeria, the Mecca to which, in pious pilgrimage, Arabs of the district repair." Thus opens a description of Colea, issued a generation ago at about the time when two servants of Christ were stoned out of it for bringing His message.

Down to this day, crowds of devotees may be seen at certain seasons, assembled to revere the memory of its patron saint, Si Embarek, in whose honour the larger mosque of the place was built in the times of the Turkish governors. Palms and cypress trees, whose seeds came from Mecca, shade the koubba near by, where this saint and his descendants are buried, and here the pilgrims are regaled.

All this, from year to year, has gone on very much the same, but, praise God, a difference has come about in Colea's attitude to the Gospel and its bearers.

It is as if the cry of old, "In the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy!" had gone up to God, with the

result that a steady softening has taken place. The few entries in the "Journals" for that period referring to Colea point to this. One, as far back as 1911, tells of a worker at Blida one evening being sent for "to talk to a family from fanatical Colea," and "instead of an argument there was earnest listening."

Later, there are several references to Miss McIlroy's visits, telling of "opening doors" and of "good hearing." These were used of God to lead up to permanent work in Colea, and the entry of the 4th August, 1921, closes with these words, "It looks as if Colea's Day may be dawning soon!"

The adjectives "hard," "tough," and the like, applied no longer in an absolute sense.

The Dawn.

The first gift of the dawn was the opening of a Mission Station. How wondrously God worked! Hindrances were removed and best of all there were souls whose faces seemed to be turning towards the Light.

Witness and Warfare.

"Colea" or "El Colea" as it was named at first, lends itself to two interpretations. The most probable is "The fortress," the other, "The little town on the uplands." Both are suggestive.

The latter speaks to us of "the city set on an hill that cannot be hid"—and, literally, when we return from "villaging," we see not only Colea, but the Mission House itself, on the hill. "So shine" is the message.

There has been abundant proof that its purpose is understood; that it stands for witness to "truth as it is in Jesus." And, as "to Him shall the gathering of the people

be," so to this house has there been a steadily increasing gathering. Said one woman of the plain, "Oh that I could live by you, always to hear these words!" Another, and this is a Marabout family, "Those words were my only comfort in my affliction!" And parents of little ones who attend the Classes have testified to their joy at hearing the children use the prayers learned at the Mission.

We are also literally reminded of the other interpretation, "The fortress," for immediately at the back of the Mission House stands one of the two ancient watch-towers that guarded the town of old. "The weapons of our warfare," however, "are not carnal, but mighty before God." His end in view is, "the prey to be taken from the mighty and the lawful captives delivered." Islam's power is still strongly entrenched and souls are not lightly let go.

Has there been any deliverance wrought as yet? We cannot tell.

But among the things visible we can tell of a wedge driven into one of the fastnesses of the enemy's strength. Much prayer has been made for the branches of a leading family to whom regular visits are paid. In this family, which exercises a wide influence, a New Testament has been accepted, and the younger members of the household come freely to the Mission House.

It was a time of strong reinforcement and clear testimony, when the Mission car made its first appearance. To this day men speak of the fearlessness of the testimony borne before the hundreds who gathered to know what this thing might be. "Praise the brave, even if he be your enemy," is an Arab proverb; but we believe that there was a deeper impression than that. Many were affected at their first hearing of God's message in Christ. Colea has a considerable following among two of the larger fraternities of the land, and the native helper on the car, himself well versed in

mystic lore, was brought into sympathetic touch with these brotherhood men.

For all this witness and warfare we have felt the help of those who have prevailed in prayer, and we covet that others also will stand together before the Lord for Colea; so "shall His expectation not be cut off."

We have this blessed assurance, looking over the five years since that "dawn," that He has mercifully "set us in the way of His steps." Thus, and thus only, would we follow on. H.W.B.

Editorial.

Mr. Tetley had, through grave warning from the oculist, to give up his return to Algiers after the summer. But our friends at home will be glad with us over the news just received from him, that he can still, in the unfolding of God's purposes, yield his life to His service in this land, which became very dear to him and his wife during their few months with us.

He has taken the post of Deputation Secretary to the North Africa Mission and thus remains in the forefront of God's cause out here, and makes a further linking between their work and ours. He will always be associated with this Magazine, in having helped in the launching of its first number.

There is yet another matter of advance and one in which we ask you to share in the gladness that this Spring brings. For our Deputation Secretary, Mr. Collinson and our Assistant Secretary, Miss Patrick, will be united in marriage at the end of April.

Their whole desire is that their lives should be given together to God's service at home for the carrying out of His purposes for this land, and we join our faith with theirs to this end, in thankfulness for all that it will mean to us as a Band.

In the Aurès Mountains.

This story tells of two tours taken among the ancient Chawia tribe, which numbers about 300,000 souls. The efforts made towards their evangelization may be counted by a paltry few days' visit at various times.

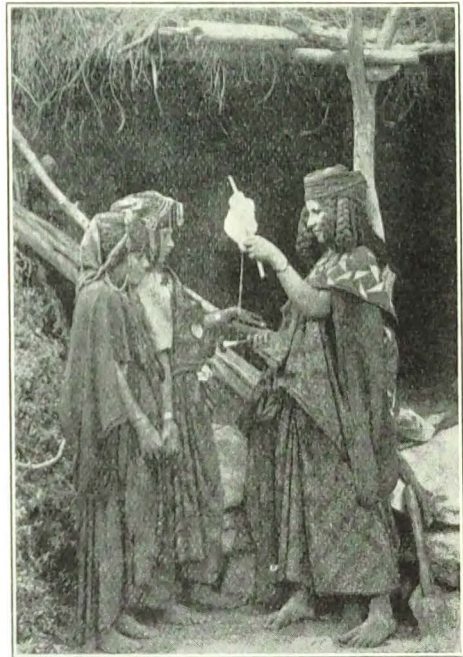
Still fresh in our minds is the large map of Algeria and Miss Trotter pointing to village after village visited twenty-five years before, and saying, "I do so wish them to be revisited."

Our first going was only an auto bus ride across the north of the Aurès, taken at the end of a previously arranged tour. We left Batna at four in the morning and it was still early when we stopped at Timgad, where we wandered among the immense Roman ruins of that once beautiful town. Leaving the depressing atmosphere of deserted streets to regain our autobus, it was a joy to see an old fountain of clear running water, like something living and happy, and our thoughts went back again to those Roman times, when perhaps Christian Chawias slaked their thirst at this very place. Shall it be so again? The fountain of the water of life, clear as crystal, has, alas, been stopped up outwardly for all these hundreds of years, until now the blight of Islam hangs over all. The little Timgad fountain was a heartening parable. May some who hear of it offer themselves as channels of blessing for this neglected land.

We passed rapidly across splendid plateaux, with miles of Spring corn, but very few dwellings. Then came a halt at a lovely mountain village and a few tracts were given to some shopkeepers. A rough unlettered man wanted to know what it was all about and as we began reading to him, standing beside the autobus, our fellow-travellers and others gathered round listening intently, our poor Chawia keeping up a running assent to the truths he heard,

with special emphasis over "the thief that comes to steal, to kill, and to destroy." To this quiet company our first message of salvation was given in the Aurès.

At nine we reached Khenchela, our destination for the week-end. We took out our case of books and soon numbers of quick-witted shopkeepers gathered and bought Gospels. (Christian literature is a most useful adjunct, for, besides the blessing to those who buy, it helps to declare clearly what our work is.) One grain merchant sitting among his piles of corn was keen to teach us the language, still unwritten. He and Mlle. Butticz found common ground in naming roots of verbs in Kabyle and



Women of the Aurès Mountains.

Chawia. This came into the reconnoitring of the land as well as the visiting, which tested in how far the women understood our Arabic. One nice woman sent a child to fetch us for a second visit. It was in her house we received a conclusive answer to our question from a large company of women, "We all understand."

Our second tour took place in September, 1926, when we again called at various towns en route. Conditions in these parts are different from many in Africa, as French towns with hotels are dotted over the country. By occasional calls at these, though they may pay but a few visits, missionaries become known and trusted, a necessary first step.

This time we went straight to the heart of the country. From Batna again, through sixty miles of beautiful mountain scenery, to the principal town and residence of the Administrateur. That first morning we saw something unique, a little circle of six or seven men praying in the open street, the palms of their hands turned upwards in the attitude of receiving from God. The leader was praying in eager tones for forgiveness, the other men responding, "Amen, Amen." The Spirit of the Lord is at work.

We found the shopkeepers friendly and sold a number of books to them and in the tiny market. An intelligent native doctor was keen to procure a copy of each book to take to his far-away home in the mountains. Then he mounted his donkey and was off, his poor wife trudging at his side. Later a boy led us by a very steep track that wound in and out among the rough stone houses, the roof of one house sometimes forming the front door-step for the one above! Looking into a little shop of all wares, we found the owner to be an intelligent woman, very unlike her servile Arab sisters. She took us down a ladder to her house where younger women were busy weaving. We saw another Chawia woman

still more emancipated. The sun was setting in wonderful glory as we made our descent, a more difficult task than our ascent, with sprightly goats and little kids meeting us at every tiny turning. The Hotel people kindly arranged a room for us in the midst of rebuilding operations.

Next morning we mounted mules early and started for Menaâ. Shall we ever forget the joy of those first hours of riding, higher and higher and then down into the valley, receiving a wonderful welcome at a large village? A post-boy was there on his journey to Arris and offered forthwith to give up his job and accompany us as a guide. Books were left and even medicines, and before long we struck the government road. We knew by the milestones that we must hurry to reach Menaâ before dark. For the last ten miles we walked each alternate kilometre and by the time the evening star appeared we were waiting outside the Fondouk. From our tiny Chawia window next morning, we had a lovely view of the mountains with the quaint little town nestling at their feet. The caretaker took us to see an Irish lady, an artist, and also to see the Cadi. Then, as we wandered about, a woman came along with a heavy load of vegetables on her back and asked us to her house. From the roof there was a delightful view of well-cultivated gardens with Indian corn waving in the breeze. She gave us melon and pomegranates and grapes to eat and the joy of harvest was in all our hearts, though it was but the sowing-time for the eternal seed.

A student lad showed us round later. The little shops with silversmiths at work were doing a good trade, for the women's wealth is largely worn in the form of bracelets and anklets. On our way to this boy's relatives, we passed doors with the cross formed in the centre. Fifteen women had gathered in a desolate bare room, sympathizing with a woman newly widowed and robed in pure white calico. With

what interest they listened to the story in Luke 15, the boy making sure they understood. We may mention here that during our last tour just completed, we again saw this widow, and remarking that she was ill because of insufficient clothing were told that she must not have anything new until her widow's attire was worn out, that is to say, the calico, now grey with dirt, must wear off in rags. What cruelty during Winter snows!

A chance motor took us down to Batna in two hours and tracts were given at some stopping places in one long fruitful valley, full of evil as we read later in a book written by an explorer.

In a future issue we may tell the story of our third and fourth tours. Meanwhile pray for the fulfilment of Romans 15. 21 (Weymouth's translation):

"Those shall see, to whom no report about Him has hitherto come, and those who until now have not heard, shall understand."

A. McL.

Coming A.M.B. Issues.

The A.M.B. Issues in hand for the early months of the year are:—

(1) "A Miner Story" (by M.D.G.). This is a tale of the Miliana iron mines, and tells of a lad imprisoned by a fall of rock, and of his elder brother, who gave his life for his rescue, in breaking through the barrier that hemmed him in. The similitude needs no explanation.

(2) A Bird Book. (I.L.T.) with two-colour illustrations mostly adapted from old Japanese drawings. This is our first book for little children giving them the heavenly teachings of bird life.

Submission.

Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept my will, this day, for Jesus' sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-proud sacrifice to make;
But here I bring, within my trembling hand,
This will of mine,—a thing that seemeth
small—

And Thou alone, O God, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this, I yield mine
all.

Hidden therein, Thy searching gaze can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I love, and am, and fain would be,
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings
infinite.

It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed
with sighs,

Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it
none:

Now from thy footstool, where it van-
quished lies,

The prayer ascendeth, "May Thy will be
done."

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thine own will, that e'en
If, in some desperate hour, my cries prevail,
And Thou give back my will, it may have
been

So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace
divine,

I may not see nor know it as my own,
But gaining back my will may find it Thine.

Author Unknown.

Arab Beliefs and Etiquette.

1. If one of you sneezes his companion should wish him well; but after three sneezings he should not wish him anything as he probably has a cold in his head.

2. When you hear a hen cluck you know that she has seen an angel. When a donkey brays, beware of the attacks of the demon (who deserves to be stoned), for the donkey has seen the Evil One.

3. When food is served, eat round the plate, and leave the middle, for the blessing of Heaven will descend upon it.

4. When a fly falls into your drink you must plunge it quite in, and then withdraw it, for in one of its wings is evil, and in the other is the remedy.

5. The dress you put on for the first time on the first day of the week will cause you grief and sorrow. If put on on a Monday it will draw down upon you the blessing of Heaven; if on a Tuesday it will be stolen or burnt; if on a Wednesday it will obtain for you durable happiness; if on a Thursday it will give you science, honour, consideration, power; if on a Friday it will bring you a long life; and if on a Saturday it will make you ill for as long as you wear it.

6. Never eat food kept over from the previous day, for in the night the demons have already partaken of it.

7. When a church bells rings say, "In the Name of God" repeatedly, for forty demons have descended on the earth.

"Light the Fire."

Simple, everyday words. But behind them, according to custom around us here, lies a meaning that tells of the low moan of conscience. For the Arab woman does not say "Light the fire," using the ordinary Arabic word "nar," but "Light the peace" using the word "afia." You ask her why. "Hakatha—thus it is" will be her answer. That ambiguous term shrouds much that they do not wish to explain. If she is communicative she will tell you the truth; "We do not like the word 'nar,' it reminds us of hell fire, so we say 'light the peace' that the word may not trouble us."

Such are the smothered fears, that reveal the Voice of God sounding through the false security of Islam, giving warning that there is a judgment to come. Poor foolish souls, that ostrich-like hide their heads from those pursuing terrors because they know of no true shelter. Have we no message for them? Have we no way of sending the message if we have it? The words that they have spoken, and left unspoken, are their appeal.

I.L.T.



"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Heb. 2. 14, 15.

The Home of Many Martyrs.



The Basilica of Tipasa.

North Africa is said to have been the Roman Province where the Christians suffered the most in the Diocletian persecution; and yet the church exercised so great an influence that the well-known scholar Mommsen says that "in the development of Christianity Africa plays the first part; if it arose in Syria, it was in and through Africa that it became the religion of the world." Be that as it may, the unflinching courage of the early Christians bore them triumphantly through the fires of dire suffering. But the Evil One had not done with North Africa. When the time of outward trouble was ended, a conflict still more dangerous for the fruitful life began, jealousies, schisms, heresies, sprang up on all sides; even some of the confessors who amid torture had borne unflinching witness to the truth, became so elated by the generous admiration expressed for them by their fellow-Christians, that they attempted to over-ride the disciplinary rules of the Church, causing difficulty, friction, and often separation.

Christians and Donatists strove one against the other with a zeal which on both

sides was apt to degenerate into persecution; when possible, Novatianism, Pelagianism, Circumcellorism, and other false doctrines wormed their way into the very heart of the Church. But God's Hand was stretched out still in defence of the faith, and in Saint Augustine and Tertullian we find victorious champions for truth. Hardly, however, had the echoes of internal strife died away, when a fresh persecution came upon the sorely tried Church. For long the Roman power in North Africa had been failing and was now replaced by the Vandals who sought to promulgate their Arian tenets. In 484 the storm broke. At Tipasa all who would not submit to the new Arian bishop were condemned to have their tongues torn out, and to lose their right hand. Those who could, escaped to Spain; those who remained, gathered in secret to partake of the Lord's Supper. On hearing which, the King Hunneric issued command that the cruel order should immediately be carried out.

Again we read of four Christian servants of the Vandal King having been exiled among the Moors, beginning to preach the gospel among their captors, with so great results that a number of the Moors were baptized and a Church was built. This alarmed the Moorish king, and soon they sealed their faith with their blood.

It has been observed that "if the life of the Church had depended solely upon its overseers, it would have been now nearly stamped out." For the Arian persecution was especially directed against the leaders. People and Pastors earned the crown of martyrdom, some by sudden death, others through lingering suffering. Persecuted, exiled, tortured, scourged and thrown into slavery, firm on the Rock they did not falter, but endured to the end. It was part of the Arian policy rather to kill

by inches than at once, in order to make it more difficult for the Church to render the sufferer the veneration due to the martyr. We are told of one, Mascula, who, unafraid before the uplifted sword of the executioner, was suffered to live only that he might not be honoured by the Church as a martyr. It has been observed . . . on one day nearly 5,000 ecclesiastics were torn from their homes. . . .

The persecution only deepened in severity. Torture, mutilation, indignity, were the order of the day. Particularly were ladies of noble rank the objects of special violence. But terrible as was the persecution, it did not last for long; famine caused by drought and pestilence, absolutely devastated the land. This, followed by the death of the king, gave a needed respite to the suffering, but still triumphant Church.

Under the next two Vandal kings the Church had rest and a measure of tolerance; but still the Evil One had a fresh plan of attack. Thrashmund, the grandson of Hunneric, issued a decree shutting out all the orthodox from promotion of any kind. Any one who would deny his faith would receive high honour and great riches, and to become an Arian ensured forgiveness for every crime. Finding this effort futile, the Bishops of the Church were again exiled, and on his death-bed the king required an oath from his successor, Hilderic, that as King he would not recall the exiles or open their churches. This oath was not kept, and again the Christians had rest, such rest as they could have through the politically stormy years that followed, ignorant of the last fatal overthrow hastening to it in the advent of the Mohammedan conquerors.

Shall the Church have no successors in this land? Shall all that remains of the Martyr Church be the Christian tombstones that are found here and there, some with the palm of Victory tremblingly scratched

on the crumbling stone? Is it not worth while to take up the succession?

In those dread days the far larger number of so-called Christians fell away, but the faithful few still constituted the true Church of North Africa, and they loved not their lives to the death.

F. H. F.



To any who would wish further information about the early North African Church, we would mention:—

Dr. Stuart Donaldson's "Church Life and Thought in North Africa."

"The Land of the Vanished Church."—World Dominion Press.

"Acts of the Early Martyrs."—By E. C. E. Owen.



Winter Quarter, 1928.

Home Notes.

As we review the deputation work of the past three months, we have much cause for thanksgiving. There have been many opportunities of making our needs known in meetings of one kind and another, both in places where interest already existed as a result of former visits and in new districts. We believe that there has been a linking up of fresh prayer forces, which ought to mean much in the future, for where people lay hold of God in faith for things far beyond human possibilities, there is no limit to what He can accomplish in and through them. All the work of the last quarter has been directed towards this end.

Perhaps the most encouraging time was in Brighton and Worthing during a week of meetings planned for us by Miss Bullen,

who rendered most efficient service in making the arrangements. It is a great advantage to have such local representatives who can plan out what can be best done in a limited time, and we are grateful to those who are helping in this way. We should like to see one in each district where meetings have been held, who could follow up the enthusiasm which is frequently aroused on first hearing the story of the work, but which so often flickers and dies down simply for the want of tending.

Our friends of the Faith Mission have again given us an opportunity of taking part in their Conferences, this time in Scotland, at Perth, Thornton and Dunfermline, and we are glad to be able to add to our list of local Representatives a number of Faith Mission Prayer Unions in Ireland, who are remembering our work regularly at their meetings. The Deputation Secretary intends to visit Belfast and Monaghan in the beginning of February, when he hopes to meet some of these groups. Other meetings arranged are St. Ives, January 30th, Saffron Walden, February 2nd, and 3rd, Purley, 14th, Wellingborough, 15th, Southampton 21st, Bournemouth, 22nd and 23rd, and Portsmouth, 27th and 28th.

We would like to mention once more the lending library, a list of which can be obtained from the Deputation Secretary, 62, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich, or from the Secretary, 38, Outram Road, Croydon. We would also draw attention to the list of books and booklets given on this page, which we can supply at the prices named.

Miss E. E. Trusted, of Lewes, has very kindly given us 1,000 copies of a booklet of her verses, attractively bound and illustrated, with a colour landscape of Snowdon, and she wants the whole proceeds of their sale to go to the funds of the Band. The price is 6d., or 7d. post free, and copies may be obtained from the Deputation Secretary, or from Messrs. Morgan and Scott, who publish the booklet.

RECENT BOOKS AND BOOKLETS.

Bearing on the Work in North Africa.

"Thamilla." A story of the Mountains of Algeria, by M. Ferdinand Duchêne. 7s. Postage 6d.

"The Land of the Vanished Church." A survey of North Africa. By J. J. Cooksey. (World Dominion Press). 2s. Postage 3d.

"Islam and Its Needs." A concise book for study circles. By Dr. W. Norman Leak, M.A. 6d. Postage 1d.

"In Desert and Town." Illustrated. By M. M. Wood. 1s. Postage 2d.

"The Lily of the Desert." (Peril of Hasheesh and Way of Deliverance). By A. E. Theobald. 3d. Postage 1d.

"The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." (A book for twilight souls). By I. Lilius Trotter. 1s. Postage 2d.

Other Books and Booklets by I. Lilius Trotter.

"Parables of the Cross." Illustrated. 3s. 6d. Postage 6d.

"Parables of the Christ Life." Illustrated. 3s. 6d. Postage 6d.

"A South Land," with coloured plate. 2d. Postage ½d.

"Focussed." 3d. Postage ½d.

All the above can be obtained from The Secretary, 38, Outram Road, Croydon.

* * *

Hoped for Advances on the Field.

As is our way in the Winter, the treks are far down in the South. Our little caravan, taking Mme. Pages, her son and Miss Walton, reached the Oued Souf in mid-

December, and will, we hope, be in full work by the time of this issue. It is purposed that in February the work down there will be reinforced on the men's side through a tournée by Mr. Theobald and a helper. This would be in view of following up openings already made, and of working in the other towns and villages of the Oued Souf group, which have not been touched this time.

At about the same time Miss Grautoff and her helper hope to take a parallel line

300 miles to the west. Its ultimate point will be the district marked on the map, "Beni-Mzab." Its people used to be reckoned by us as among the toughest in the land, a race of hard-headed traders, to be met with everywhere. Now God's softening has begun, and we have come across earnest seekers among those who come to the coast. The women never leave their own country, and are still dense and shy of strangers. Pray for God's open doors among them.



Requests for Praise and Prayer.

Praise.

For the leading of God's Hand, and His patient care "these forty years" since we landed on March 9th, 1888.

For two leading men from different brotherhoods, who have each come to their neighbouring mission station, earnestly desiring to know the Truth, and to make it known among their fellows.

For God's guiding in the tournée among the Aures mountains, and for the start for Oued Souf, for both of which prayer was asked in the last Number.

That prayer has also been answered by a start having been made afresh in the Beit Naama post of Algiers.

For yet another answer, in the opening of a village colportage round Constantine. The workers came into touch again with several souls whom they had met before in far-away places, and who showed desire for further teaching.

For God's sheltering of our workers and stations during the floods, and that at Macsara and Mostagenem there are signs of souls having been moved through the sudden disasters.

Prayer.

That grace may be given to all converts in the long strain of the month of Ramadam (Feb. 21st to March 22nd), and that there may be a fearless breaking of the Fast.

For a deep working of God to be wrought through His Word among the brotherhoods of the land, and that leaders for Christ may be raised up among them.

That a special manifestation of the Spirit's power may be given in these Winter months in the Oued Souf, that has waited so long for ambassadors for God.

That the way may be shown for the Winter's work at Tolga, where the sense of welcome is warm.

For Mr. Collinson's visit to the land during the month of March, that God's fullest purposes may be wrought out.

For extension of work among Arab men and boys, and guidance in regard to several possible men candidates for the field.

Above all that God's going forth may be as the morning, and that He may come unto us as the rain.

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 NICOUD
 1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.
 1920. 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.
 1926. 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).
- TLEMCEM.
 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.

ENGLAND.

Local Representatives:

- ALL NATIONS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—The Missionary Sec., 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 L. 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.
- 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, 12, Straight 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, Arbutnot 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, Roslyn.
- WELLINGBOROUGH.—Miss W. Purser, 23, Hill Street.
- WOODBIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.
- WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, White Lodge, Mill Road.

IRELAND.

- CLONES.—Mr. A. B. Henry, Clones, Co. Monaghan.
- CLONES.—Mr. B. Kennedy, Stonebridge, Clones, Co. Monaghan.
 Mr. R. Curries, at Mr. David Patton's, Monaghan.
- SILVERSTREAM.—Mr. George Quinn, Hand and Pen, Silverstream, Monaghan.
- BALLINODE.—Mr. John Dunwoody, Ballinode, Co. Monaghan.
- WATTSBRIDGE.—Mr. J. Ritchie, Wattsbridge, Co. Monaghan.
- GLASLOUGH.—Miss Crone, Glaslough, Co. Monaghan.
- GLASLOUGH.—Mr. Robert Wilson, Shelvins, Glaslough, Co. Monaghan.
- CASTLESHANE.—Mr. W. Eagle, Braddox, Castleshane, Co. Monaghan.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia

