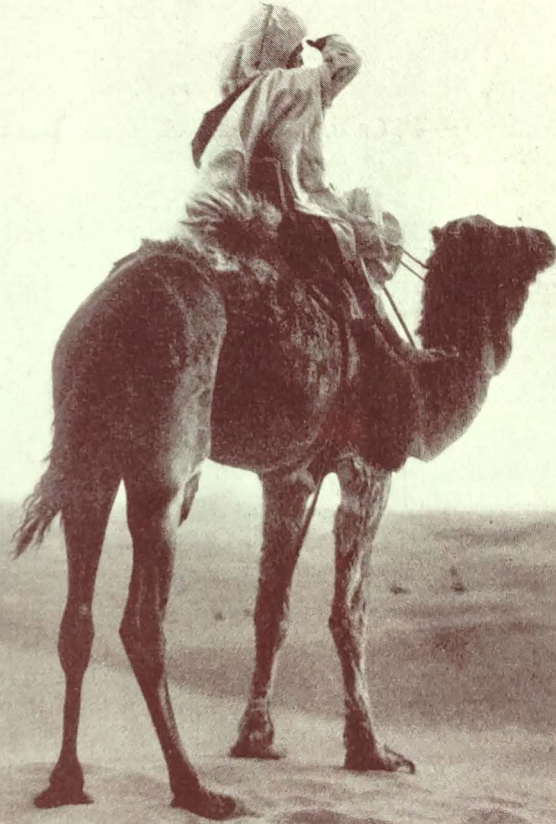


# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGERS MISSION BAND  
EDITED

# Algiers Mission Band.

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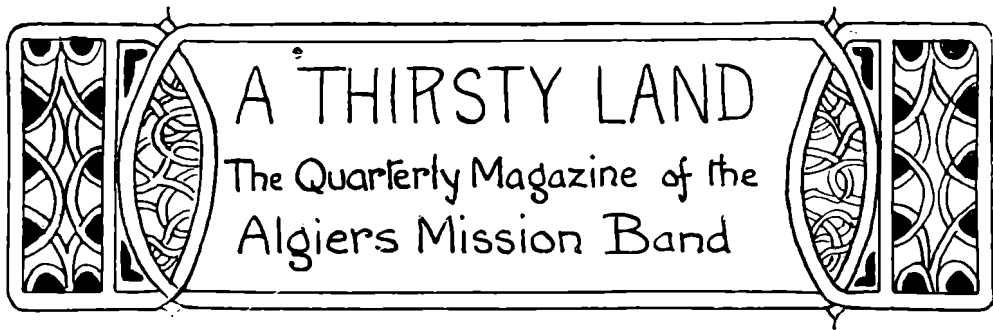
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**INCEPTION & GROWTH.**—In 1888 work was begun in Algiers by Miss Trotter and Miss Haworth, who were soon joined by Miss Freeman. In 1907, after nineteen years of gradual growth, the name of Algiers Mission Band was taken. From one station the number 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. 5

SUMMER, 1928

1/6 PER ANNUM  
POST FREE.

## A New Thing.

"They shall look upon Him Whom they have pierced."

"I will pour upon the House of David . . . the spirit of grace . . . and they shall look upon Him Whom they have pierced . . . in that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. 12. 10; 13. 1.

These words, uttered by God so long ago, admit of many fulfilments. Already they have been quoted, by inspiration, of the careless crowd who watched the Saviour die, and of the soldiers who crucified Him. (John 19. 37). And they are to find their great and final fulfilment when the Saviour comes again, to be recognised and acclaimed at last by the Jews, His own peculiar people. But they have been finding a new and remarkable and very literal fulfilment the last few years, in Eastern lands, among both Jews and Arabs.

One of the strangest tragedies of history since Calvary, has been the constant attitude maintained towards the Lord of Glory by these two peoples, who, being His own kin in the flesh, above all should have loved Him. Yet the seed of Isaac and Ishmael, antagonistic to each other in all else, have

only been united in their constant rejection of this One, Who is "greater than Abraham," their common ancestor. By both, in a special sense, He has been continually and consistently "Despised and rejected of men." Peculiar it is that among the Jews, this greatest Jew after the flesh could seldom be mentioned without oaths and cursing and spitting, and among the Arab sons of Ishmael, His divinity and death and resurrection have always been as bitterly denied and anathematised.

All down the centuries that attitude has been maintained. It has ever been bitter, unchanging hostility to His love, to His claims. The cross, to the Jews a stumbling block, was equally so to the Arabs and all Moslems. Strange indeed has been the outcome of Abraham's petition to God:—"Oh that Ishmael might live before Thee!" (Gen. 17. 19). And strange indeed the fulfilment of God's promise, "As for Ishmael I have heard thee . . . I will make of him a great nation." For Ishmael's seed has certainly become the world's greatest missionary nation, and the solidity of Islam has long been the

greatest obstacle to the Gospel, the faith of the Moslem the greatest, most potent enemy of the Cross that the world has known.

For Islam is unique in that it is the only great world religion founded since the death of Christ. Buddha and Confucius knew nought of Him; they lived centuries before. But Mahomet knew of Christ, yet rejected His divinity and His sacrifice, and claimed to have superseded Him as the final and needed revelation of God.

It is worth while going over these facts, for a wonderful, and surely a prophetic change of attitude has certainly come, suddenly and simultaneously, over both races and also large sections of Moslems during the last few years, unexplained (except that it is the hand of God), unexpected, and still largely unrealised by the Christian public. In a very blessed and literal sense, more and more they are willing to "look upon Him Whom they have pierced" with their rejection for so many centuries. Where before they cursed, now, in increasing measure, they are willing to listen to the preaching of the Cross. Where before they cried, "Away with Him!" now continually they are willing to "look upon Him," intently, as He is set forth crucified for their sins.

During a two months' visit to Algeria it has been my privilege to be present at various gatherings among Moslems in several stations of the Algiers Mission Band, and to gather, from missionaries of long experience, much information on the Moslem problem. In the varying public audiences I have heard the Gospel clearly and emphatically preached again and again. Each time the need of the Cross, and the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, facts absolutely denied by all Moslems, have been lovingly yet clearly insisted upon. Working among pagans as one has been for years, one has read and been told continually that such preaching was impossible

with Moslems, that it would produce at least a heated discussion, or more probably a riot or stampede to the door. Yet there was no sign of these, and in each and every case the changed attitude to the Saviour's claims and to the Gospel was abundantly evident in the keen, respectful and intent hearing given to every word of the preacher. And this, I was assured by a number of missionaries, has become their usual experience. Not that there never would be interruptions or audible dissent any more than in open-air work in England. But the usual thing to-day is a very willing and intent listening to the claims of Christ as the only Saviour of the world.

The first public gathering I attended was in a mission station near the coast. It was held in a street café, and was open to all who cared to come. It was a lantern lecture, and Mr. Theobald of the Algiers Mission Band, who was the speaker, had obtained permission earlier in the day to hold the meeting. There had not been much notice given, yet the café was filled with a most representative and varied audience. I sat in the midst of the crowd of "all sorts and conditions of men," wreathed in tobacco smoke, and surrounded by a babel of tongues, Arabic, French and broken English. A smart, clean Arab soldier rubbed shoulders with dirty old ragamuffins, while grave white-bearded and turbaned village elders sat solemnly amidst swirls of restless Arab boys, but all were equally intent on the pictures.

The speaker did use a little guile in mixing a few travel pictures with the Gospel slides, but Christ Jesus with His great demands and His offer of pardon and cleansing were vividly and faithfully preached. Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac drew much attention, and was emphasised as a type of the Lamb of God. Pictures, too, of the passover lamb and the blood on the doorposts drew deep attention, for the sprinkling of the blood on the doorposts, to propitiate evil

spirits, has long been observed by the Moslems of Algeria and Tunisia, though they have never thought of its origin, or the special significance of its observance. Then came Calvary and the Saviour crucified for men, and the need of the Cross and of the new birth were again lovingly emphasised. I watched the faces of those around me, and marvelled at the attention of the men, and how they hung on every word of the speaker. Were these the intolerant Moslems one had so often heard about? Where was the opposition, the fanatical zeal, against Christ and His Cross? And at the end their pent up feelings found vent in hearty cheering!

Later, at another station, with the same speaker, I was present at a still more remarkable gathering of one hundred and fifty Moslems of the town, who came by the invitation of the North Africa Mission. Many were lads who had passed through mission classes. But there were numbers too, of older men, Moslems of evident standing in the town. This time there was no lantern to help hold their attention. But it was not needed. For again there was the same breathless intent hearing given to the speaker, and the clear challenging message of the Cross of Christ the Son of God, so contrary to, so incompatible with all that a Moslem holds dear. I watched especially the faces of three thoughtful well dressed men in the centre, men evidently of some importance. Continually they nodded approval of the message as the speaker dwelt upon the bondage, the chains of sin, and emphasised the burden of the unsatisfied heart of the sinner. But there was no word of protest, no lessening of the attention when the messenger went further and insisted upon the need of the new birth as the only way of deliverance. And at the end, that packed, tense mass of Moslem humanity relieved its feelings by cheering the speaker, to shew its appreciation!

This kind of meeting and the continual testimony of missionaries of long experience are evidence of the tremendous change that has come over the Moslem world in North Africa and Egypt during the last few years. How much further it will go, and when, no one can say. But it does indeed seem prophetic of greater things. And having personally watched their new welcome and reception of open fearless preaching of salvation through Christ alone, I would say emphatically to all supporters of missions in North Africa and Egypt, whether in prayer or with substance: "Your labour is not in vain in the Lord"! And slightly changing the old text, I would further say, "Look up, and lift up your heads, for *their* salvation draweth nigh." For I cannot believe that this profound change of attitude, so sudden, so unexpected, on the part of these ancient enemies of the Cross, is without divine significance. Surely God has been pouring upon Arabs and other Moslems as well as upon the Jews, "the spirit of grace," that they should so listen. Surely now that their ears are open to the gospel their hearts are to open also, and God is about to "open a fountain for sin and uncleanness," alike for Ishmael and for Isaac.

Certainly to-day the missionary to Moslems has opportunities before undreamed of, and a freedom widely to witness to the Cross before denied him. And it does indeed seem to-day as if "the corn of wheat" sown so patiently for many years past, which apparently only fell into the stony hearts of Islam to die, is about to bring forth fruit. And the Arabs' special promise (Isaiah 60. 7) "All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered unto thee," seems beginning to be fulfilled. Let us all, then, encourage ourselves in God, and afresh press forward to possess the land for Him.

NORTHCOTE DECK.

## Editorial.

"These forty years" bring to a close, on the visible side out here, a fellowship that has been ours through nearly half their course. For it was in 1908 that a visit from Mr. Smeeton made him one of our most earnest friends, and four years later he came out with his sister to cast in their lot with us.

This was in the old days of 2, Rue du Croissant, and when Miss Smeeton was taken, he continued with us there till all was transferred up the hill to Dar Naama. It will only be in the life of the world to come that we shall know everything that his loving ministry has meant to us, and realise the ever-widening prayer-current

set in motion around us through his correspondence.

And now that failing strength points to his return to England, we still hope that the nearness of his home to our Croydon office will allow of close intercourse and the weaving-in there of the untold value of his intercessor friends, the world over. His English address by the time this issue is published will be:—

"Kenilworth," 193, Croydon Road, Anerley, S.E.20.

The article that follows tells of the other vocation that has been on Mr. Smeeton's heart since the early days of his stay with us. He longs that prayer should surround it still, and bring from it God's fruition.



Mr. Smeeton with his Blind Men.

## Mr. Smeeton's Work Among the Blind.

Although the Algiers Mission Band has not adopted the work among the blind as one of its activities, the work has grown up alongside us and it is thought that an account of its inception and development

under Mr. Smeeton's devoted direction, would be of interest.

Visitors to Algiers will surely remember the mournful groups of blind beggars squatted outside the different mosques,

stretching out their hands to passers-by with a murmured, "In the name of the Merciful and Gracious." In spite of their poverty-stricken appearance, symbol of their trade, some of them gain a fair harvest, for many a halfpenny is given by passing Arabs, sometimes in charity, sometimes as a good work, and sometimes in the hope that it may counterbalance one of their minor sins as lying, or anger, which may be pricking the not yet hardened conscience.

Sitting apart, we noticed one man, "the servant of the Strong" by name, whose appearance seemed to betoken a certain intelligence and refinement above his fellows. We invited him to the Mission, but at first that seemed to him too dangerous an undertaking. Eventually he was enticed into the house, where a cup of hot coffee and a fried egg made a good impression. A place was found for him by a friend at a brush-making shop, and on their way to work each morning they came to the Mission House for coffee, a verse of the Bible and a hymn. For a long time these two formed the class, but gradually others were persuaded to come and listen and learn. By degrees, by slow degrees, they were taught to read, and some of them to print the Braille, and to those who could repeat the first chapter of St. John, a blind man's watch was given, a highly appreciated reward. So the years passed on, Mr. Smeeton's faithful toil never slackening.

Every now and then the class would be scattered by a government order for all beggars to return to their native villages. "The servant of the Strong," having obtained work at the brush-making shop, did not come under the ban.

Back to their villages, Kabyle and Arab, went the blind men, not too much perturbed when the order came at about the fig-ripening season, and then, when a suitable time had passed, one by one they reappeared in their accustomed haunts in

Algiers and in their accustomed place at Dar Naama, to be met ever afresh with the words of life.

The latest government decision, however, is more drastic, for all beggars have been swept into large compounds where they seem to be well cared for and encouraged to work as far as they are able. This coincides wonderfully with Mr. Smeeton's necessary return, for reasons of health, to England; and he is thus able to leave them without anxiety for their material needs.

Many have gone back to their distant villages and we may picture them surrounded by a knot of admiring stay-at-homes, to whom they recount the wonderful things that happen in "the great White City," as Algiers is called, and what a blessed scattering there is of good seed as these men with their retentive memories tell of the strange hours they spent away from the evil atmosphere of the town, surrounded by kindness and hope while hearing of the love beyond all human love that reached down to them, even though as yet they do not grasp it. It may be that in the time to come when the Spirit's touch has quickened the head knowledge into heart acceptance, we may hear of these blind men travelling from village to village to tell the Good News that changes darkness into light.

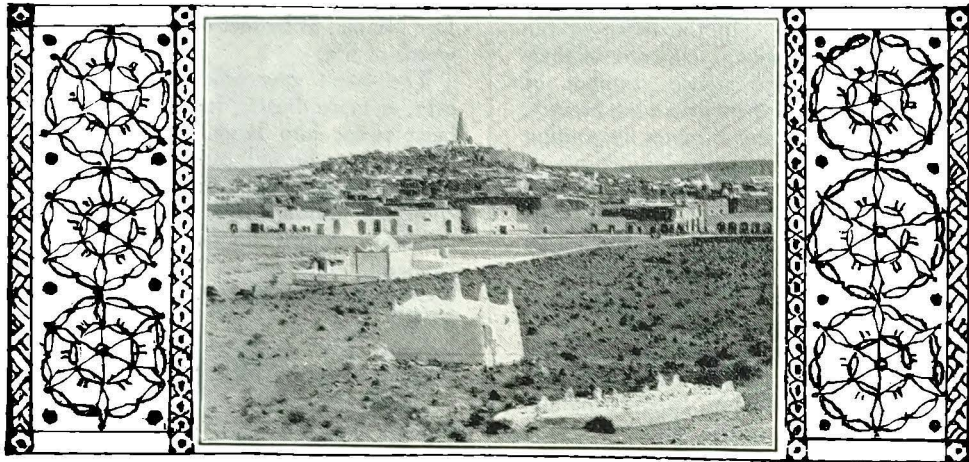
F.H.F.

"We shall wrong God if we fear lest good causes should be quite forsaken. He knows how to serve Himself of the least, of the fewest, and could as easily be attended with a multitude, if He did not seek His glory in unlikelihooods."

*Bishop Hall.*

"God is not counting men these days, He is weighing them."

*Joseph Parker.*



Ghardaia.

"DOWN SOUTH." The readers of "A Thirsty Land" will know by now that those words hold for us as a Band the strange inexplicable drawing power that tells of God's call. They will easily find the three lines of this winter's "penetration." Oued Souf to the East of Algeria, Figig to the West on the Morocco Border

(of which Mr. Upson will tell you), and in the centre the Beni Mzab Confederation, with which this story deals. It lies due south of Blida, where Miss Grautoff from Miliana, and Miss Walton, but lately returned from Oued Souf, met to make their way together.

I.L.T.

## An Itineration to the Mzab Towns.

The men of the Mzab towns pass for heretics among other Moslems. A truer definition would be that they stand as the Protestants of Islam, for they refuse tradition and saint worship, and hold to their prophet Mohammed and his book the Koran.

When persecution drove them, long ago, from the neighbourhood of Tlemçen, they sought refuge in these desert regions, and with labour built seven towns, making oasis gardens alongside by a system of wells and artificial irrigation.

Here the women and children are left,

while the younger men go trading in the northern towns of Algeria, with more ease now that a motor service connects them to the railway line.

That railway line runs south as far as Djelfa, and we decided to take some of the towns on the way down and others on the return journey. Recollections and letters have been strung together in our story.

Boghari came first, a picturesque, unfriendly native town, comprising a marabout village with its shrine alongside, and the European quarters below. But it



opened its doors to us, and God must have used His Word, for on our return journey several sought us out, asked why we had not revisited them, and some accepted Gospels. Surely God has His purpose for this place. Should we not surround it by prayer?

Our next centre, the beautiful town of Laghouat, is sad in its memories. A kindly Jewess welcomed us from the first, and introduced us to her friends, Jewish and Arab, in whose homes Miss Walton was able to relieve eye troubles. Then came Sunday; we met our Jewish friend in the palm-gardens, where the peach blossom was in wonderful beauty, and talked with her of the true Messiah, and we felt strangely drawn to her as she embraced us in loving farewell. We little thought it was for the last time. That night robbers broke into her house and strangled her, and next morning we were called into a home of wailing.

We left many another who needed our message in those palm-gardens. In the narrow lanes that intersect them we were stopped by sad faced women, and men and boys who gladly took tracts to read, for it was the fast of Ramadhan, and the hours dragged heavily to sundown, when the firing of the cannon is the signal for the night feasting. And now the desert journey really began, and we went on and on by a narrow track across its endless spaces, watching our road narrowing to a thread on the horizon.

Occasionally a man would appear from the little black dots in the distance that meant Bedouin tents; sometimes he seemed to come from nowhere; the motor 'bus would stop for him to have a hasty conversation with the driver and to receive matches, cigarettes, or possibly a letter; then we would race on again, leaving him alone in the wilderness.

All was so well planned for us by God; if we had come a week earlier the route

would have been blocked by snow, but we had sunshine and a clear blue sky.

Our destination was the group of towns of the Mزاب Confederation; the photograph shows its central city of Ghardaia. We arrived there in a wonderful sunset over the desert hills, and stayed for the next two days. There was a sense of God's leading in every walk; once we sat on a stone seat in an empty square, and in a few minutes had fifteen lads round us to listen to our story and take leaflets. By mid-day we had already distributed one hundred and fifty tracts, and about twelve to fifteen gift gospels, and when the sun was somewhat lower we were off to another quarter of the town with a refilled bag of tracts and Gospels . . . and so the days went by.

But our farthest goal was an outlying town of this Mزاب group not yet visited, Guerrara by name. Space necessitates leaving the chronicle of the other visits made later on to the towns grouped round Ghardaia. We started for Guerrara at 5 a.m. on the Monday, in a motor lorry, chartered by some Mozabis who were taking a party to the wild fête that happened to be going on that day. There had been rain, so the stony ground was broken by desert blossoms of pale heliotrope, very beautiful. Later we crossed the shell-coloured hills and Guerrara came into view, a walled-in town with its chimney-like minaret on the hill, and a blue-green palm oasis at its feet.

After securing rooms in the Bordj provided for visitors, we found a little Arab girl proud to be our guide. Again we saw God's planning, for she led us to houses where there were Arab women who could interpret for us to those who spoke only their own dialect.

In one house we were taken to the bedroom, a windowless chamber on the roof, draped, the ceiling included, with the

bright carpets that they weave so beautifully, and from above hung eight rows of double bowls, one forming the lid of the other, held together by tasselled strips of leather. There must have been well over a hundred and we wondered what they contained, or whether they just represented the family wealth.

It is sacredly thrilling to tell the Gospel story in a new place; we realize afresh the great truth of a Saviour for all, a message suitable for all races. How wonderful a first hearing must be!

A young Arab guide led us to the two mosques, and at both we were able to give and sell books and tracts. The native college was closed, it being a fête day, but we met the two chief sheikhs, so were able to present to them the big Bible in literary Arabic, that we had brought expressly for this new centre. May it be laid on some hearts to pray for this and the thirty Gospels and Scriptures left behind.

The fête was now in full swing, with banners waving and random firing of blank cartridges and flourishing of swords; a kind of black Guy Fawkes shammed death and finally got up and walked off. We had to wait our chance for getting back to our rooms, and this gave the most precious opportunity in this neighbourhood, in a quiet talk in the palm-gardens with our young Arab guide, while the excited crowd passed on. He also has his Gospel now.

Next morning the lorry was due to start at six, but did not leave till several hours later, another bit of God's plan, for we had time for some open-air talks with a crowd of boys, forty or fifty at a time. They were very keen over story tracts. Men were standing round waiting like ourselves, and we had two more short visits to houses, led by eager little children.

I wonder when they will get their next message.

M.D.G.

## “These Forty Years.”

The month of March has marked an era, this year, in our A.M.B. history. We want those who follow that history on the Home side, to share with us in all that it means.

For through God's loving kindness and tender mercy, it has brought us to our fortieth anniversary in the country. It was on March 9th, 1888, that the first three of us landed, knowing no one, even by sight, among the few workers who were here before us, and without a clue as to how we were to start alongside them.

Before nightfall, came the first of God's seals that we were in the way of His steps. All unwittingly we had taken rooms in a pension where an unknown friend was on the lookout for our arrival: that evening started a close linking together in the work which has lasted throughout all these years.

Thenceforward we have watched “the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night” in the assurance of God's going before. In one development after another we have seen Him provide the supply ahead while as yet we had hardly even realized that the path for advance lay open. Faith hardly needed to be used, so gently was the path mapped out “by grace.”

But faith, like all other living things, has to grow, and that through exercise. From time to time crisis points have come when this was plainly God's intent in His way with us. Such is the case, once again as we leave our forty years among the things that are behind, for, thank God, never have we seen such a host of possibilities among the things that are before, and never, thank God once more, such a sense of being cast on Him for bringing them to fruition.

For certain props of private resources that have served in their day, have not only become inadequate, but have practically ceased to exist.

It comes to me under the likeness of a shipyard. The props were well and good while the boat was building, but when the day has come for launching, they become hindrances instead of helps, so down they go to the very last one, then, without an effort, just by the weight of its own helplessness, the ship takes her way to the sea. In like manner, and joyfully, we move out towards the ocean line, where the resources of God, untried in their breadth and depth, await us.

For we think that as with Israel of the closing of the forty years behind us means the going in to possess those far-reaching lines of advance that as yet only lie before us in vision. Other pages of this issue will tell you through Mr. Upson of the opening of the South land and you will hear also of the new hostel on our hillside where the men who are brought to our help may be trained for their calling; and these do not cover the whole of the Spring's outlook, but hold wrapped within them other hopes, as yet only kept before God for His unfolding.

Pray with us that He Who is the Beginning and the Ending may hold us with Him in His path to His goal.

I.L.T.



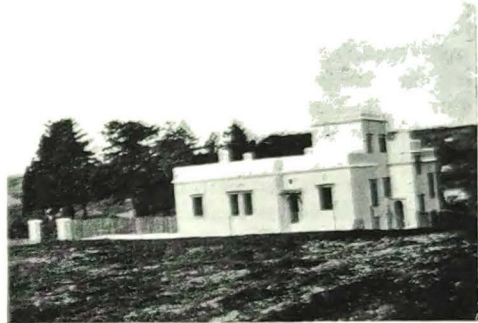
"Jesus is Master of the impossible."

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"We absolutely owe it to our Lord never to be afraid of anything."

*Charles de Foucauld.*

## Dar el Fedjr— The House of Dawn.



The New Hostel.

On March 9th, 1928, the Algiers Mission Band celebrated its "Fortieth Birthday," and among the glad things of that very glad day, two birthday gifts were claimed—a promise and a vision. The promise was from Malachi 3. 10. ". . . prove me now herewith saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

In recalling the early days we were reminded that three things were then specially prayed for. They were, "Open doors, open hearts, and open heavens." Now, after forty years, the doors are open indeed; they are even as someone has said, "off their hinges," and we see also hearts opening on every hand. But we wait for the "open heavens" and that pouring out of the Spirit according to the promise.

What about the vision? It comes to help fulfil the promise. It is a vision of the flooding of the land with the Gospel by the printed page and word of mouth, and to make this possible on a larger scale than hitherto, more labourers are needed for

the harvest field. And this is where "Dar el Fedjr," i.e., "The House of Dawn" comes in.

It is, as its name suggests, a place of new beginnings. In reality it is a simple white house, standing on a green hill-side, built in Arab style with its rooms opening from a central pillared court, and its windows looking on a vista of hill-slopes, with just a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean where they dip far down below the pines.

The plan for its immediate future is that it shall be a Hostel for the new men candidates whom our God has begun to send out; for Mr. Theobald, who will be in charge, looks forward to initiating them into practical efforts in the Arab town close by, and in colportage work further afield.

On March 26th, the "House of Dawn" had its turn in the "Birthday Celebrations" when a group of workers and friends gathered for the first time within its walls to dedicate it and all its unknown future to God.

After a morning of showers, the sun gleamed out brightly as we met in the big, well-lighted dining-room for the opening ceremony. A little of the old hearth fire was carried from Dar Naama, "House of Grace," our Headquarters, and helped to light the first fire in the "House of Dawn," and as the glowing embers caught the new wood and blazed up triumphantly, we seemed to get a glimpse of the old and the new fusing together and burning more brightly in consequence: the devotion and faithfulness of those workers who have toiled so long and "borne the burden and heat of the day," kindling with the new zeal and energy of the younger generation who are coming to keep the fire burning till the work is done. It seemed fitting that one should have been present who has been, ever since the very beginning,

a true friend and fellow labourer, and the Home and Deputation Secretaries from the English side, whose work it is to fan the fires, together with the dear American friends who are so closely linked with us, especially in the work of spreading the flame through the production of the magazine.

A note of consecration was struck as we commenced with the hymn,

"We give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be;  
For all we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee."

Then was it mere coincidence that Mr. Collinson opened his Bible at Malachi 3. 10 and read the familiar words: "Bring ye *all* the tithes into the storehouse . . . and prove me now herewith saith the Lord of Hosts. . . ." Again we looked up and prayed that indeed the windows of heaven might be opened and the blessing come down.

Reference was made to Miss Haworth, one of the earliest workers, as one who had indeed brought "all the tithes into the storehouse" and who "being dead yet speaketh," for it was largely through her gift that Dar El Fedjr had come into being.

Miss Trotter was, of course, not able to be with us in person though she was very really there in spirit, and we thought especially of her as we sang her chorus:

"Here I come O great High Priest,  
I the lowest and the least;  
On mine ear, foot, hand and head,  
Be Thy sweet anointing shed."

Then Mr. Buckenham led us in prayer for God's blessing and guidance on the two who are to take charge and for the work committed to their care.

After this came the tour of the rooms. The first halt was made in the drawing-room at the other side of the house, where

we sang, with triumphant note, "Jesus, the Crucified, far above all," and in a brief prayer Miss Newton dedicated that room to God.

The study is above all a room of faith, for it is so planned that enquirers may have easy access to it by a side door from the garden. God grant that many such may find their way to that room! Here the French worker, Mons. Pierre Nicoud, who has put so much time and thought into the planning and arranging of the house, led us in a word of dedicatory prayer.

Next, to the kitchen, for everything in this house is accounted "Holiness unto the Lord," even to the pots and pans, and all felt that God took knowledge of the prayer for blessing on the practical and homely side of the new venture.

The spacious tiled roof was the next to be visited, the place of far visions as someone called it, and here under the blue dome of the sky, with hearts full of praise we sang, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

Then down to the Arab room in the basement, where a native Christian led us in prayer, in Arabic, followed by the Doxology in the same tongue—surely a sound that made the angels rejoice, and our hearts went out in faith and hope for all that the "House of Dawn" may mean for the natives of the land.

J.J.

### From "The Life of Josephine Butler."

It is not without significance that she had a vital word to speak concerning peace. None could endure to be a warrior of her order without knowing the secret of inner quiet. "One needful condition" she

says, "for attaining to the seeing eye and the hearing ear in the things of God is soul-leisure, quietness, calm and concentration of spirit. Earth's voices must be silenced for a time. I seem to hear a deep sigh from the heart of many a true servant of God 'faint yet pursuing,' whose soul is athirst for the living God, and for the calm and silence in which he can hear the Divine voice, but who sees no way of escape from the pressing claims of earthly duty. Cease from conflict with circumstances, from this toiling in rowing, from this breathless swimming against the tide. HE can create a silence around you, and trace a clear path for your feet to enter the Holy of Holies."

### If I Am But His.

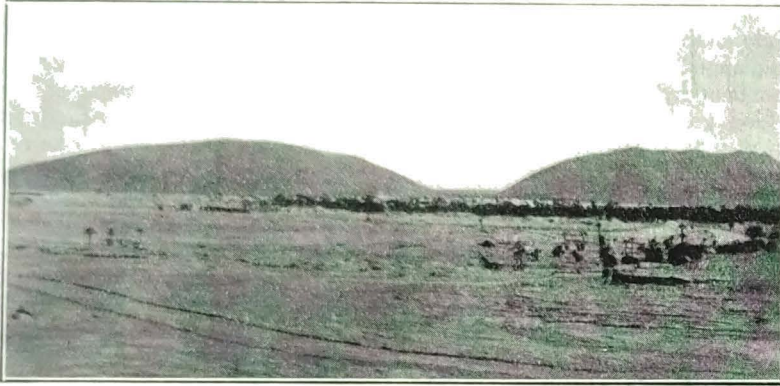
If I am but His,  
If He be but mine,  
If my heart hence to the grave  
Ne'er forgets His grace divine;  
Know I nought of sadness,  
Feel I nought but worship, love and  
gladness.

If I Him but have,  
Glad I fall asleep,  
Aye the flood that His heart gave  
Strength within my heart shall keep  
And with soft compelling  
Makes it tender  
Through and through it swelling.

Where I have but Him  
Is my Fatherland,  
There all gifts and graces come  
Heritage into my hand  
Brothers long deplored  
I in His disciples find restored.

Novalis, 1772—1801.

## Prospecting in the Sahara.



The Oasis at Figuig.

We often hear of missions to the Sudan, whether west or east, but seldom of missions to the Sahara. Why is this? It is probably due to the popular conception of the great Sahara desert as a land of sand dunes. True, large areas of dunes are to be found in many parts, but a great deal of the Sahara consists of hard, rocky, stony plateaux which can be levelled for carriage tracks. There are also mountains and hills of considerable elevation. Scattered about in various places, until recently unexplored, are hundreds of oases. These oases contain thousands of people, possessors of immortal souls, and, remarkable to relate, their standard of literacy is much higher than that of the northern districts.

The Algiers Mission Band have always had a deep concern for these people of the South lands, therefore they have rejoiced this winter that there could be expeditions in three different directions. Others have told of their "tournée" to the Oued Souf and to the Beni Mzab; it was the writer's great privilege to join Mr. A. E. Theobald to travel in a district neither of us had seen before, the very

fertile Figuig Oasis at the extreme south-east of Morocco, last visited four years ago by Miss Ridley and Miss Butler.

*Our Objectives.* First, the writer wished to visit the Nile Mission Press Colporteur at Relizane and to see for himself how the Nile Mission Press books are received.

Secondly, to obtain information as to possible tracks (called by the French "pistes") by which a worker with an ordinary car could itinerate with the message, and to ascertain the distances, stopping-places, supplies of petrol, etc.

Thirdly, to carry books for distribution in the oasis, some to be given away, others for sale.

*The Start.* Leaving Algiers the eighth of March, we drove to Orléansville, visiting Miliana en route. The next day, after calling at Relizane to see Miss Ridley and also Salvador Munios, we climbed the rough mountainous road to Mascara, where we left the car at a garage and took a train for Tizi. This route was forced upon us by the winter floods, but the time was not wasted, for we got into conversation with two native soldiers at Tizi, and found

that one of them had seen service in the Druze Mountains in Syria. They listened attentively while A.E.T. read aloud a whole tract to them.

The next morning we arrived at Ain Sefra, the chief French military station for this region, where we spent the week-end. It is an attractive spot at an elevation of about thirty-four hundred feet, with mountains of five or six thousand feet on three sides of it. Some books were sold here and many tracts given away. It was the worst month of the year, being the Fast month of Ramadhan, when Moslem religiousness is at its height; still it interested me to see how well our tracts were received, particularly, "Are we in the last days?" and "Are we believers?" both especially written for the south land.

*In South-East Morocco.* On Monday we took another four hours' journey, crossing the Ksour mountains, a part of the long Atlas range. We found accommodation at Beni Ounif and from there, carrying a heavy pack of books, we walked toward the Figuig oasis. At one place a Government official bought four of our books. One of them was "The Lily of the Desert," which he hoped would help some of his native attendants who were addicted to keef smoking.

*A Dogcart in the Desert.* One day a negro accosted us and offered to drive us to Figuig proper in a karrusa (cart). We agreed on the terms, and behold it was a dogcart; the track was quite good enough for it.

Figuig Oasis is a pretty spot, at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet, with mountains all round it like the rim of a basin. It contains nearly three hundred thousand palm trees, forming what is called "The Sea of Palms."

We visited two or three of the villages, and though the market was not so large as we had been led to expect, yet the reception elsewhere was good; two Mos-

lems bought almost a score of books between them. The Jews, too, were quite ready to purchase, their principal choice being the "Life of Joseph" in French and Arabic, illustrated by Copping pictures.

Altogether Figuig Oasis appealed to us very strongly, but the outstanding impression of our journey was rather —

*The Lure of the Desert.* Regions beyond always appeal to one's imagination and the Gospel is now being taken to the very heart of most of the neglected lands, then why not to the Sahara? A.E.T. and I walked about three miles to the south across the desert and obtained some useful information, but in addition, we seemed to be led of God to meet just the right people to help us. For example, a French engineer, from his own technical knowledge, assured us that to reach Figuig from the north, expensive cars, specially constructed for the sand, were not needed. The road was clearly defined and though rough and stony, it was practicable for ordinary four-wheeled automobiles. He also advised us where petrol could be stored or purchased. Then again a friendly chauffeur supplied us with a list of advisable stopping-places on the southern route. The concensus of opinion seems to be that, provided you curve from west to south instead of going due south, an ordinary car of fifteen horsepower is quite sufficient for the missionary conquest of much of the Sahara.

The Sahara is Arabic-speaking and Arabic-reading, whereas for the French Sudan and Northern Nigeria one would be forced to use the Hausa language. Now the Nile Mission Press books are not only in Arabic, but in literary Arabic, which is exactly what appeals to the people of the Sahara oases. Among these people there are many students attending Zaouias. One such, twelve days' camel journey south of Figuig, was described to us as having at times as many as eight hundred students enrolled.

The fact that the Nile Mission Press books come from Cairo, which is respected as the brain of the Moslem world, is another important point in their favour. They only need to be known. And what shall we say of Miss Trotter's "Sevenfold Secret?" Should that not go to the desert, the home of the oriental mystic?

*Some Incidents.* Space forbids details of the journey back or our visit to Relizane where Mr. Collinson joined us, but one or two incidents stand out in our recollection.

At Ain Sefra, after our evening distribution, we heard some men coming part-way up the stairs of the inn. It was merely some Moors who wished to utilise the hanging lamp to read our tracts. It was very rare to see one torn up.

But perhaps the most remarkable of all was the discovery of two Moslems from afar, one of whom was a Tunisian and the other an Egyptian. In fact the latter's home is in the same quarter of Cairo as the Nile Mission Press. These two men not only received tracts and listened to our message, but inside our room at the inn, they stood at attention, with heads uncovered whilst prayer was offered for them.

*Our Expectation.* The South lands for the Master! The Sahara for Christ! This involves no new society, no fresh organisation, for the happy co-operation of the Algiers Mission Band and the Nile Mission Press and many faithful prayer helpers, makes it an approaching possibility.

Our spiritual needs are as great as ever, for with the open door there are many adversaries. On the practical side, our necessities for the near future seem to point to an increase of staff, particularly strong young men, prepared for hardship and difficulty; also sufficient supplies to undertake in the winter or early spring, long and lonely journeys to the unreached places of the extreme south.

God says, "I will make a way in the desert," but Christian friend, will you help Him to make it?

A.T.U.

This article is appearing simultaneously in the July Number of "Blessed be Egypt."



## Home Notes.

We are indebted to the heads of the Training Colony and All Nations Bible College for the opportunity afforded Mr. Theobald of putting before the students the new plan of reaching the South Lands by way of Figuig and the Moroccan Frontier, which is described by Mr. Upson in the preceding article. Mr. Theobald has a most interesting story to tell of his and Mr. Upson's visit to this area which revealed hitherto undreamed of possibilities of reaching the Western Sahara: he will be in this country on furlough until the end of September and the Deputation Secretary will be pleased to arrange meetings for him wherever possible. Miss Russell, who has been working at Relizane, is also at home this summer and is available for meetings, especially among girls and young people's groups.

Mrs. Brading, our Home Secretary, is arranging for an Autumn Rally of those interested in the work of the mission, to commemorate the 40th year, now completed, of our work in the land. These meetings will be held at Eccleston Hall, Victoria, S.W.1., on Thursday, September 20th, when it is hoped that Dr. Charles Inwood and Dr. Northcote Deck amongst others will take part, and several of the missionaries returning to Algeria will be present. Further particulars of the meetings will be announced later, but meanwhile please keep the date clear if possible.



**A.M.B. Literature Notes.**

## 1. The summer output on the Field.

(i) A French translation of "Christ the Liberator of Sinners." (McIntyre).

(ii) "Prisonnier dans les Tenebres," also in French. The story of a lad imprisoned by a fall of earth in the mines, and his rescue at the cost of his brother's life. (M.D.G.)

(iii) "The Bird Book." French and Colloquial Editions. Pictures of birds and flowers from an old Japanese book, with very simple lessons for the small children of the native homes. (I.L.T.)

## 2. Mission Literature for English Boys and Girls.

We feel an increasing need in this direction, with the openings given for appeal to the young both in general and special Deputation work. To meet this we are bringing out the Summer Supplement for boys and girls which you will find enclosed, and reprinting in English—by the help of the N.M.P.—our former series of parable tracts for Moslems (illustrated) for use in C.S.S.M. circles, children's meetings, etc. These, as well as the Supplement, will be kept on sale by the Deputation Secretary.

**A List of Books on the Moslem Question.**

Any of the Books in this list will be gladly lent to those desirous of obtaining more information on the Moslem question and can be had on application to W. Cecil Collinson, 62, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich.

- "Mohammed and Islam." Sir Wm. Muir.  
 "Translation of the Koran." J. M. Rodwell.  
 "The Rebuke of Islam." Canon Gairdner.  
 "Islam and its Need." Dr. Norman Leak.  
 "Raymond Lull" (First Missionary to Moslems). Dr. Zwemer.  
 "The Law of Apostasy in Islam." Dr. Zwemer.  
 "Islam, a Challenge to Faith." Dr. Zwemer.  
 "Childhood in the Moslem World." Dr. Zwemer.  
 "Call to Prayer." Dr. Zwemer.  
 "The Moslem Doctrine of God." Dr. Zwemer.  
 "The Disintegration of Islam." Dr. Zwemer.  
 "Topsy Turvy Land" (for young people). Dr. Zwemer.  
 "The Story of Islam" (for young people). T. R. W. Lunt.  
 "Algeria To-day." Lt.-Col. Gordon Casserly.  
 "The Land of Veiled Women." J. Foster Fraser.  
 "Our Moslem Sisters." Annie Van Sommer.  
 "Successors of Mahomet" (2 volumes). Washington Irving.  
 "Daylight in the Harem." Annie Van Sommer.  
 "The Moslem World in Revolution." W. Wilson Cash.  
 "In Desert and Town." M. M. Wood.  
 "The Gospel in North Africa." J. Rutherford and E. H. Glenny.  
 "The Moslem World of To-day." Dr. J. R. Mott.  
 "The Mystics of Islam." R. A. Nicholson.  
 "Christianity and Islam." G. R. Becker.  
 "Young Islam on the Trek." Basil Mathews.

"The Land of the Vanished Church."  
J. J. Cooksey.

"Thamilla." Ferdinand Duchêne, tr. by  
Isabelle May and Emily M. Newton

## Requests for Praise and Prayer.

### Praise.

For God's lovingkindness through these forty years, and for the "Go forward" that crowns them.

For the sight of the fresh possibilities for advance to the south of Figuig with Christ's message.

That the long-sought opening for receiving men candidates for preparation on the Field has now been found in the new Hostel.

That the last tour (May) in the Aures mountains has been the fullest of any in its access and its hopes.

That in Mascara, hitherto hard soil, the first signs of harvesting have appeared, and that fresh souls in Relizane and Tlemçen have come manifestly under God's Hand; and that prayer battles have been won in these and other Stations, for those who are His already.

That Colea has secured its long-desired Book Depot, giving also an opening for work among young men in the evenings.

That hopes are fulfilled in the acceptance of the second candidate for the Hostel.

For the full meeting of this quarter's financial needs, though furloughs increased its ordinary expenses.

For the souls brought in, and the followers of Christ quickened, among the Europeans of the land through Mons. Cosandey's series of meetings during the Spring. Pray that they may be given a longing to reach and win the lost around them.

### Prayer.

For Mr. Smeeton in all the needs of his broken health. Praise God for taking him safely to his daughter's care.

For all deputation work by members of the Band on furlough, that it may bring definite calls from the Lord of the Harvest.

For guidance for Miss Wood in the question of a Summer Station in Tunisia during the months when the heat makes Tozeur impossible.

For the literature that is being prepared for circulation among English boys and girls, that it may stir hearts to their depths for Christ's cause.

For the power of God on the Scriptures and Christian literature scattered throughout this land in last season's work, and now being read in silence with no human voice to help the explanation.

For the dimly lighted souls in the different Stations while those Stations are closed in the summer, that they may follow their light and be ready for more; and that the Cross of Christ may stand between them and the powers of darkness.

For the men in the Sufi brotherhoods who are seeking God, and for the hidden disciples who wait a leader.

That the widespread expectation among the Moslems of our Lord's return may bring His call to "prepare."

That in the meetings in Eccleston Hall on September 20th, God's challenge for these lands may be heard and taken up.

"We must not conceive of prayer as an overcoming of God's reluctance, but as a laying hold of His highest willingness." *Archbishop French.*

## Location of Workers, 1927-28.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.	RELIZANE.	COLEA.
1888. Miss I. L. TROTTER.	1907. Miss RIDLEY.	1920. Mr. & Mrs. H. W.
1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).	1926. Miss RUSSELL.	TOLGA. [BUCKENHAM.
1919 & 1922. Mons. & Mme. PIERRE NICOUÉ.	MILIANA.	1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).
1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.	1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.	TLEMEN.
1920. Miss A. KEMP.	1926. Miss D. RICHARDSON.	1916. Miss K. BUTLER.
1926. Miss BRADING, S.S.	MASCARA.	1927. Miss D. GRAHAM.
1927. Miss JOHNSTON and Miss ARMITAGE, S.S.	1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.	DELLYS.
1928. EDWIN WIGG (at language Mission Helper.	1912. Miss F. HAMMON,	1914. Miss. A. M. FARMER.
BELCOURT, ALGIERS. [study]	TOZEUR.	1922. Miss I. SHEACH.
1909. Miss M. WATLING.	1920. Miss V. WOOD.	BOU-SAADA.
BLIDA.	MOSTAGANEM.	1909. Miss A. McILROY.
1909. Miss F. K. CURRIE.	1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.	1919. Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ.
1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE.		SIDI BEL ABBES.
		1912. SENOR & SENORA SOLER (evangelist).

### ENGLAND.

### Local Representatives:

ALL NATIONS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—Mr. Francis Ewing, 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.  
 CARLISLE (Willow Holme).—Mr. T. Child, 11, Ferguson Road, Longsowerby, Carlisle.  
 CRAWLEY.—Miss M. J. Cheal, The Nurseries.  
 DARLINGTON (Pierremont Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.  
 EASTBOURNE.—Miss C. Firmin, "Dale View," Willingdon, Eastbourne.  
 ELMSWELL.—Mr. N. Mulley, "Rosebank," Elmswell, Suffolk.  
 ELSENHAM.—Mr. C. H. Kohn, Mission House, Elsenham, Essex.  
 FORNHAM.—Mr. P. F. Quant, Fornham All Saints, nr. 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, Britannia Row, Essex Road, N.1.  
 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.  
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 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.  
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 PURLEY (Baptist Ch. C. E.).—Mr. J. C. Dinnage, "Ventnor," Whytecliffe Road.  
 SAFFRON WALDEN.—Miss E. Midgley, "Larchmount."  
 SIDCUP (Girl Guides).—Miss V. Martin, Roslyn.  
 ST. IVES (Hunts).—Miss F. Stuttle, Thorpe House, Station Road.  
 WELLINGBOROUGH.—Miss W. Purser, 23, Hill Street.  
 WINTON (Bournemouth).—Pastor W. G. Stalley, "Kurichee," Norton Road.  
 WOODBRIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.  
 WOOLWICH TABERNACLE.—Mr. S. H. Powell, 19, St. Margaret's Terrace, Plumstead Common, S.E.18.  
 WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, White Lodge, Mill Road.

### SCOTLAND.

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 FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.

### IRELAND.

BESSBROOK.—Miss R. Bailie, Woodside Cottage.	BALLINODE.—Mr. John Dunwoody, Ballinode.
Co. Monaghan.	WATTSBRIDGE.—Mr. J. Ritchie, Wattsbridge.
CLONES.—Mr. A. B. Henry, Clones,	GLASLOUGH.—Miss Crone, Glaslough.
STONEBRIDGE.—Mr. B. Kennedy, Stonebridge, Clones.	MIDDLETON.—Mr. Robert Wilson, Shelvins, Glaslough.
SILVERSTREAM.—Mr. George Quinn, Hand and Pen, Silverstream.	CASTLESHANE.—Mr. W. Eagle, Braddox, Castleshane,

Algiers Mission Band  
 Sketch Map of  
 Algeria and Tunisia

