

REPORT NUMBER.

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGERS
EDITION

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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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. 7

WINTER, 1928-29

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POST FREE.

A Ripened Life.

"In that day shall there be upon the bridles (mar.) of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD, and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of Hosts, and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them and seethe therein: and in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts" (Zech. 14. 20, 21).

Above and beyond the literal prophetic interpretation, do not these verses give us a divine picture of the Christian life in its maturity—a ripened life?

Let us take it point by point, and let us pause over each with hearts subdued and listening, that the Holy Ghost may convict us if it is not *our* life.

"In that day there shall be upon the bridles of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD." The horse seems to stand throughout the Old Testament for natural power. In each of us there is one strongest point, it may be brain power, or some faculty, as music for instance, or the power of planning, the power of influence, the power of loving. And, whatever it may be, that strong point is sure to be a point of temptation, just as their horses were a temptation to Israel.

Trace the history. In spite of God's warning (Deut. 17. 16), they "multiplied" them (1 Kings 4. 26; 10. 28) and "trusted in them" (Isa. 31. 1), and by this multiplying, power was put into the hands of their enemies (1 Kings 10. 29) which was afterwards turned round upon themselves for their own ruin (Jer. 6. 23; 8. 16). Can we not, some of us, read our own story between the lines? Have we not given play to these faculties, "multiplied" them so to speak, for the sake of the exultant sense of growing power, not for God? Have we not trusted in our horses? In the well worked-out "subject" for instance, rather than in the Spirit's might? Have we not been brought into soul captivity by means of self-indulgence in these faculties, God-created though they are? and therefore most of us, as we go on, find that God's hand comes down on the strongest parts of us, as it came upon the horses of Israel (Zech. 12. 4; Hos. 1. 7). By outward providence or by inward dealing, He brings it to the place of death, to the place where we lose our hold on it and our trust in it and say with Ephraim, "We will not ride upon horses" (Hos. 14. 3). And in that place of death God may leave it for months and years till the old glow of life has really died out of it, and

the old magical charm has vanished, and it has become no effort to do without it because life's current has gone into the current of God's will.

Then comes the day as in Israel's case before us, when He can give us back our horses, with "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," written on them, bridled with holiness; not with self-restraint, but with Christ-restraint. Where are our horses? Are we riding them in their old natural force, or are they lying stiffened and useless in the place of death, or have they been given back to us with their holy bridles? Let our souls answer and say.

"And the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar." These pots were probably the pots for oil and meal. They had done good service in the Lord's house, but they were to be promoted now, promoted to the place of sacrifice.

Has our service gone through this promotion? Is there not much of it that is very good and useful in its way but containing no element of sacrifice? Others looking on say, perhaps, "What a self-sacrificing life!" but our hearts tell us that as to the outline, sacrifice has vanished, for the energies of our being have flowed into God's work and we love it for its own sake; and that the spirit of surrender has not yet penetrated into its details. But what boundless opportunities for this "ripening" lie in those details. When our plans are thwarted, when the time that we had mapped out is frittered away by interruptions, when a cherished bit of work has to be relinquished to another; these things, and such as these, are God's opportunities for promotion, the promotion of our service into sacrifice; they are the chances for bringing out our pots to stand like the bowls before the altar, holding up to Him the poured-out life-blood. Do our hearts rise to them with an Amen?

"Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in

Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them and see the therein."

Does not this mean that in a ripened life all the common things of life rise in the scale in like proportion, in their own degree likewise promoted to sacrifice, standing ready that this, God's noblest end, may be fulfilled in them at any moment?

"If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice."

Here is the secret of sanctifying the common things; "Take them," as they stand there ready to your hand, not going out of the way to look for costlier or more obviously sacred vessels, but using silently just the common earthen pots of everyday life and sealing them for God's service by filling them with the spirit of sacrifice. "Yea, every pot," there is the measure of the possibilities that God has set before us, and we use perhaps one or two in a day!

"And there shall be no more the Canaanite (trafficker) in the house of the Lord." Does not this mean that all the spirit of bargaining is to be banished from our lives as they ripen into their fruition? There are many of God's children whose attitude towards Him is much the same as Jacob's. "If the Lord will be with me . . . then shall the Lord be my God." Take in contrast Habakkuk's cry, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom . . . yet will I rejoice in the Lord." Here is a heart from which the trafficking spirit has been banished, for it has found God.

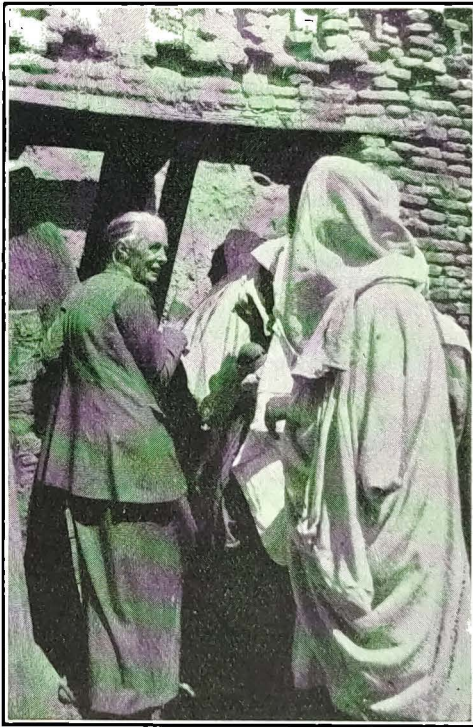
I was talking some months ago to a friend whose path had led in a very definite manner into the way of the Cross. Speaking of the course she was following she said, "I do this thing for God, not for success in the work, or for happiness in my soul or for anything else, I am here for

God." How those words "for God" rang in my heart for weeks after!

Life is grandly simple when we get there. When the spirit of calculating results and consequences, even spiritual results and consequences, has been left among the things that are behind, when obedience is the one thing that matters, when God Himself, and no mere "experience" is our exceeding great reward. Are we there?

"If I have served Thee Lord for hire,
Hire which Thy beauty showed,
Oh let me serve Thee now for nought
And only as my God."—*Faber.*

I.L.T.



Miss Trotter at Tozeur.

Editorial.

"And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus" (St. Mark 10. 50).

In the month of October the Master called Home two of His dear servants to whom the Algiers Mission Band owe much indeed. One, Dr. Inwood, member of the Advisory Council, whose help and interest in the work in North Africa date very far back to the early days when, on an invitation from Miss Trotter, he held a mission for workers in Algeria, a mission whose memories still abide in the hearts of those privileged to take part in it. And what can we say of that real heroic spirit of sacrifice which in its last expression drew him from his sick bed to the platform at Eccleston Hall where, with heaven-taught words, he bowed the hearts of his audience as one man.

And Mr. Smeeton, whose many years of service on this Mission Field were filled to over-flowing with work for God and man, work indeed steeped in prayer and faith and love. A Christian Arab said to Miss Trotter, with almost awe in his voice, "We see the light in Mr. Smeeton's room early and late and we say, 'Mr. Smeeton is praying.'" His was truly a life of prayer down here and now it is a life of praise in the fulness of joy for evermore.

The Algiers Mission Band wish to express very warmly their thanks to all those whose understanding and prayerful sympathy has been round them during these sorrowful weeks, and they would like to say how truly they have felt sustained and guided day by day.

The illustration at the top of the next page shows Miss Trotter with a women's class at Rue de Croissant. The Arabic text on the blackboard is, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."



Miss J. L. Trotter.

A life wholly, absolutely and without regret offered to God, such was the life of one who has just been called home from Dar Naama, "The House of Grace," at El Biar, the house so widely open, where many a servant of God met with a cordial and hospitable reception, where in an atmosphere of prayer and adoration was accomplished a work faithful to the Lord Jesus for the salvation of souls.

Miss Lilius Trotter, who was the soul of this Christian household and of the works which centred there, consecrated herself early to her Saviour in one of those deep conversions which decide a whole life. Endued with the finest faculties of intelligence, with an artistic gift, which Ruskin, the great English art critic, judged could, with study, have made her a celebrated painter, and a fair fortune, our friend could have had a brilliant and enviable career. But, still a child, she had met her Saviour and heard His call. Talent, fortune, youth and health, she gave all.

Forty years ago, accompanied by two friends, she arrived in our Algeria and gave herself to the difficult task of evangelising

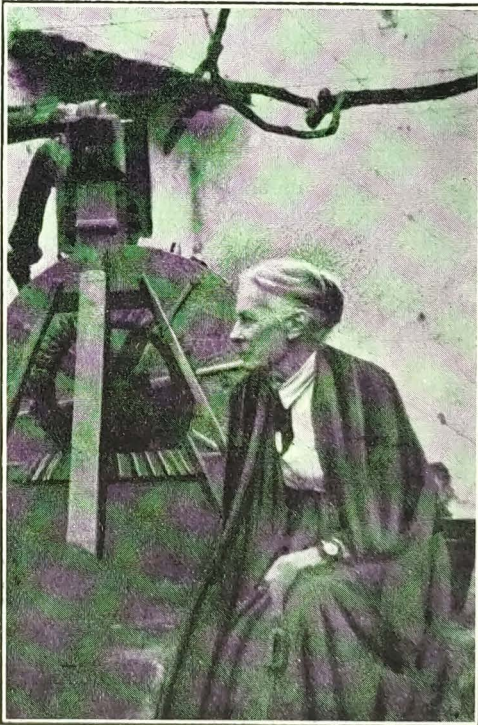
the Moslem Arabs. Missionary to her inmost soul, she consecrated to this work all her faculties of heart and mind. Familiar with the Arab language, she entered into contact with the intellectual centres among the natives and made long journeys into the desert. Her house in the Arab quarter of Algiers was always a refuge for the Arab woman, with whose sad lot she sympathised and to whom in the power of her love she made known the Saviour.

Her high intellectual culture enabled her to study the inner religious sentiments of the Moslem mystics, and for them she wrote a book which is prized by the readers among them.

The four last years of her life were spent in sickness and sometimes suffering but never in inaction. From her room, which she never quitted, she still directed the work which she had founded, and by a wide correspondence, by daily contact with her fellow-workers, and by that un-failing prayer which kept her in communion with her Master, she continued to work for Him, and indeed she considered her trial as a new form of His mission of peace and love.

What was this communicative strength, this feeling of peace and security which reached the very heart of those who had the privilege of sitting for a few moments beside this sick and dying friend? It was ever the missionary message of grace, of humility, of obedience and of faith. Those who heard her, if it was only once, speak with her simple eloquence, will never forget it, and they will thank their Heavenly Father who allowed them to contemplate this thing, magnificent among all others, a life offered with all its riches to Jesus the Saviour, from the moment when the soul awoke at His call, until that in which, with glimpses of the light of eternity, she fell asleep in His arms.

(Translation of an article in the French Protestant paper of North Africa, "Le Courier de Dimanche.")



Home Notes.

The report of the deputation work of this quarter is curtailed for two reasons: the first, that as this is the busy season, many of the meetings take place while the magazine is in the press; and the second, that this Report Number is already very full of matter for praise and prayer from the Field, and so we cut down the Home news as far as possible. We would only mention briefly as a subject for praise, the tour on the South Coast during the end of October and early November. This began at Eastbourne, where the Deputation Secretary found the ground well prepared by Miss Firmin, our local Representative, and the little group there promises to be a very "live" one. We were glad to renew our links at Brighton, Lewes, Bexhill and Winton, and new openings in the Bournemouth district gave us the opportunity of making the need more widely known.

Pressure on our space unfortunately prevents us from printing a contribution appreciative of Miss Trotter, from Miss Briggs, of Hastings: and also we have had to abridge the list of books for sale, but a full list of these may be obtained, on application, from the Secretary, 38 Outram Road, Croydon, or 62 Tuddenham Road, Ipswich. We would just mention the following books, by Miss Trotter:—

"The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." Memorial edition with portrait. 1s. Postage 2d.

A New edition of 10 "Parable Stories," illustrated. 1d. Postage ½d. 8s. per 100, post free.

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

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

The last two bound together in one volume, 5s. Postage 6d.

Reports for 1927-8.

BELCOURT.

Of many good gifts this year, two stand out especially. The result of the gifted patient help over teaching French and Arabic hymns is that the Gospel is indelibly written in the cement of childish memories, which is a rich heritage to the district. The quickening of the seed so safely hidden can be your gift to us if you will only ask for it. Though these helpers are scattered by illness and imperative calls elsewhere, thank God their works do follow them.

On one occasion, an old girl, who apparently had assimilated nothing in class, came down the hill from her new home in a new district. Her apparent antagonism laid aside, she was soon eagerly pointing out a picture of Christ to a strange companion. Later that week she and her brother brought in six new-comers. Perched on the highest seats they could find, one on either side of the baby organ, they eagerly asked for old favourites and sang the Gospel to the row of new little neighbours. Of Christ as Saviour they have not yet felt the need, but surely "He walks with them and He talks with them" already.

The second gift was, as you know, a group of wild neglected girls from another prayed-over district. But, just as we were finding out the dangers of their lives, a feud broke out between them and girls of other districts and they "silently stole away," but they know there is a Saviour who loves them and that the workers love them too. I get a big welcome from them when I meet them in the roads, but they will not face the others yet. Pray for them, and pray them back to us in God's own time, and with them the wee boys who crowd the road above their homes. The

devil will occupy the ground if it is not gained for Christ.

Would that I could make you see the last wistful look back at our gate, as she finally settles her veil in correct folds, of many an anxious, frightened woman, and would that you could hear her words, "You will pray won't you to God and the Lord Jesus for —. We are all praying to Him for it." Learning to trust Him at wits' end corner. And of old was it not His method?—the tender touch on aching body or heart, that made them later yield to His yet tenderer dealing with unreached spiritual ills. They still "oppressed by various ills draw near," thank God, and who knows how often in private they draw near for cleansing too?

This summer an artist showed me the roughest of rough outlines for new pictures of Christ. But her hasty strokes tug yet at my heart strings, for they expressed the eager desire to help of those hands of His, destined to be indelibly scarred. It is in those same, tender, hard-working, pierced hands we humbly leave this year's attempt to hold up His standard. There too, we put once more, all the not-yet-found sheep of His on this steep hill-side, down to the blackest and most wilful of them all.

M.M.W.

BLIDA.

A shining thread running through the year's weaving was that of the work among the children, girls and boys. Wet or fine they came and many were most regular in their attendance, and thus had consecutive Bible teaching, and even tiny ones were able to repeat verses of Scripture and to sing hymns and choruses.

Women came on Fridays to their own meeting, a few regularly, but mainly varying from week to week, for unless they

are working, or elderly, Moslem women cannot often leave their homes. It was good to welcome some who came as girls years ago, and in individual cases there was real eager listening and response, which made us glad.

Many visitors came throughout the year, some with ails or ills for help or advice.

Visiting gave great opportunities for talks with shut-in women and girls, and many were the requests for a visit from one house or another; mothers of new children, homes where there was sickness or death, Christian women needing help and teaching, and very many others longing for the cheer of someone who would care enough to go to them. Women from hitherto unreached places sometimes heard the message in the homes where they were guests, and opportunities were taken of giving books or tracts where there was a husband or son who could read.

Algiers co-operating, we were able to visit plain and mountain villages, and went once to the town of Medéa. In many of the mud-walled village gourbis were women whose "Come again, come soon," was said with evident desire to hear more. It was very cheering to meet with the loving welcome and to be helped in passing on the Message by girls, now married in the villages, whom we had known in Blida.

Last Eastertide a little girl who comes to Sunday and Thursday school and listens well, knocked at our door and said, "My grandmother says to you, 'Please come, she must see you.'" The grannie was always very friendly but had been rather fanatical, not easy to speak to about Christ. We went to find out what she wanted, and after the correct greetings she said, "I want to ask you if it is really true that the Lord Jesus was crucified. Did they really nail Him to a cross? From the time that Fatima Zohra came home and told me about

it, I have not been able to get it out of my mind." Eagerly and amazed she listened to the story of that wonderful love and we rejoiced to see the working of God's hand.

King David gathered materials for the glorious temple of the future days, and we believe that so the Master Builder is preparing for His heavenly building, here and elsewhere. Please pray that we may be His wise and faithful under-workers and that He may have victory over the powers of darkness who would fain hinder the building.

M.H.R.

COLEA.

It has been said that two things have power to excite our love; the one, God's love to us as shown on Calvary, the other, the sight of any human need.

Much of the latter has been given us throughout the year, and we have found, as Miss Trotter often said, that "the eye affecteth the heart."

I

"He saw the multitudes . . . as sheep not having a shepherd" (Matt. 9. 36).

Nothing has been more heart-moving than a sight of the frequent crowds that gather in this place of many shrines. Of them all, the most appealing spectacle is met with in the precincts of its chief marabout. See, near by, a huge depression, at the bottom of which, in massed groups, the crowd waits. When the service of praise to God and Mohammed is finished, with the recitation of the virtues of the departed saint in whose honour they have gathered, the large wooden trays of cous-cous are brought in on the heads of the servants.

It must be that in the heart of many who thus come for the "meat that perisheth," there is also an unsatisfied hunger for "that which endureth," only to be found, as they think, in the faith of Islam.

The word pierces our soul, "give ye them to eat," and a priceless privilege it has been to distribute that which tells of "the Bread of God which cometh down out of heaven . . . which if a man eat thereof he shall live for ever."

There are other crowds in which it is not so easy thus to present the Gospel. One such stands out vividly. It is night; the occasion is the marriage of the son of a notable family. We have gathered within the spacious courtyard. Above the trailing vines overhead, to which are attached electric bulbs, the stars are seen shining brightly. We are led to the place for visitors, a raised platform along one side. In the corner nearest us are the native musicians who provide entertainment, including, alas, the chanting of more or less lewd songs. In as many of the side rooms as are available, sheiks and distinguished guests are seated; all around is one animated mass of colour overflowing into the street outside. What can we do but receive the welcome to the Christian missionary, drink coffee, stay awhile and retire with aching hearts.

II.

"*They welcomed Him, for they were all waiting for Him*" (Luke 8. 40, R.V.).

In few words we must tell of the welcome to houses and homes. This is not new, except that it is increasingly cordial. For prayer purposes we will mention those who, being comfortably placed, do not feel the need of anything beyond that which Islam supplies, or which their own prestige brings them. Yet the womenkind, because of their shut-away life, are glad of the recurring visit of the missionary, even if it must be at the cost of hearing the "Ingil." "The Word of God is not bound."

This applies not only to the town but to many a distant "douar" and lonely farmstead, the "welcome" and the "waiting" often all the more marked

because of messages we are entrusted to bring from far-away relatives. All this, we must gratefully acknowledge, made possible through God's New Year gift to us of a Ford car.

III.

"*And He welcomed them, and spake to them of the Kingdom of God, and healed them that had need of healing*" (Luke 9. 11, R.V.).

We can only mention the comers to the Mission House and the newly opened Bible Depot. To the former the hope of some material good is generally the cause that brings them, but in the latter case, for the most part, there is true desire for the Word of God. Always, we know He welcomes and upbraids not, and as gently as possible applies the necessary exhortation, "Labour not for the meat that perisheth."

Will you see with us these comers and pray for them? Here is the man who thinks he needs a tabloid to keep him in robust health; again here is the really destitute and sore-stricken woman with her baby, seeking relief for its diseased eyes; and again the beggar, the child, the bright boys and girls for whom we have so much hope, who come to the classes. It is His will that not any should perish.

Shall we not look for that "new creation in Christ Jesus," their purchased right, as ours, through His precious shed blood?

H.W.B.

DELLYS.

We feel, in looking back on the past year, that we have very much for which to praise God. The change in the attitude of the Arabs is marked, their suspicion giving way to welcome. People come quite a distance to ask us to visit them or give medicine.

This town, as far as the ignorance of the people is concerned, resembles many of the towns of Kabylia. We have a resident doctor, but often many, out of prejudice,

prefer to let their sick ones die rather than ask his advice. When we come across such cases and know that in all probability a simple remedy will relieve the sufferer, we feel obliged to help them.

Periodically we visit the mountain villages. The villagers keep dreadful dogs and several times we have found ourselves surrounded by them, but the people have come to our rescue and we have had some very good times with them.

There is a town called Rebeval, about eighteen kilometres distant from here. We have been able to visit there about once a fortnight. We are very sure of a welcome, and the people show real interest in God's Word. It is always difficult to get away at the end of the afternoon.

In the spring, about three days before Ramadhan, Mr. Theobald obtained permission from the proprietor to have an evening meeting for men in his café. This was the first ever held in Dellys and we were not sure that the men would attend, but the interior of the café was crowded, some sat on the window sills and others stood outside. At the close, the men were very sorry that Mr. Theobald could not remain to teach them.

Last year we found a room in the Arab town that we felt would be suitable for classes. We opened it on New Year's day and held our first boys' class. Crowds gathered outside, but only fifteen lads had courage to enter; even they were very nervous until they became interested in the lesson and texts and in the end they left unwillingly.

We have also started a girls' class and have had some very happy times, especially with the younger ones. They delight in the Scripture lesson, after which we have games with the little ones, while the others learn to sew. This is a very bright hour in the day for them.

A.M.F.

MILIANA.

Our winter session in Miliana opened on October 12th, with the usual infants', industrial, and boys' classes. Little blind Abdelcader was the joy of the infants' class; his heart seemed open to the Saviour and his pleasure in the hymn singing was pretty to see. His mother died in hospital during the summer. She had been a secret believer and had testified before the women in our gatherings, but her death left Abdelcader an orphan, unwanted by his paralytic grandfather and the overburdened wife, so they were glad when he was admitted into the blind school. It was only for a few weeks though, and then came the news of his death, when mother and son, we believe, were again united with the Lord.

During the autumn we instituted morning prayers three times a week for the inner circle of women, that they might get consecutive teaching and Bible knowledge. Ten or more women have been present most mornings and God is working amongst these, though we long to see a complete cutting free from old superstitions and practices and a more open witness before the outsider. One day one of these regular attenders, an old woman nearly blind, said, "I believe in the Lord Jesus, but I cannot become outwardly a Christian," which means that though convinced of the truth she prefers to die a nominal Moslem.

In the spring, when "the Zealous One," as the lad's name signifies, was married to the baptised orphan who had come to live amongst us, the time seemed ripe for starting a Sunday service for men and women. It began in a very small way; three is the highest number of men we have had, but on the women's side of the curtain we have had up to ten, with two or three children who form our choir. Among these are at times the two Christians from "House Beautiful," who bring with them the two little sons of the "Tall One" around whom so many of your prayers

were centred during his life-time. This service is a comfort to us, for those who come know that there is no attraction, either of work, or remedies, or coffee, but just to join in worship with us and to hear His word.

My book tells me that six weeks of our working year were spent in itinerations—down south to the desert towns of Mzab, and in the mountains and towns on the Cheliff plateau. Twenty places were visited, two for the first time, and Gospels and tracts sold or given. Except on one occasion, we were everywhere welcomed, so we trust the doors will remain open for future visits. More could be done if time and strength allowed, but these illiterate people need an unhurried teaching, line upon line, if they are to learn of Christ's redemptive work for them.

Often we are met with the reproach, "You do not care to come and see me," and we know it is true that these people have been left long without the weekly visit and reading that they would have if our days were not so full.

• M.D.G.

RELIZANE.

Relizane's report is one of praise and thanksgiving for all the mercies and goodness of God during the year. Special needs as well as daily needs were continually and wonderfully supplied.

Once again He worked a miracle for our six house-children whose parents allowed them to spend six weeks of the summer at Sidi Ferruch, where they grew fat in body and strong and true in soul. There was a big fight over one whose family on her mother's side is against us, but once more God fulfilled His word, "I will contend with him who contendeth with thee and will save thy children," and at the eleventh hour she was allowed to come away with us.

During the year several women and girls took their first step into the Kingdom

of Christ. El Hadja went through a time of great trial and testing and persecution among her family. At one time she felt that things were too hard for her and she says she denied her Lord. Before we left in the summer, she came and confessed her denial and her unwillingness for discipline, but said that He had taught her many things and had forgiven her and asked for our prayers that she might be kept faithful during the summer when she would have no human help.

One new bit of extension has been with the Spanish boy, Salvador Munioz. Mr. Theobald took him over as colporteur for the surrounding villages last autumn. In spite of his almost total blindness he has done so well that Mr. Theobald has also allowed him a book bureau which is next door to his home. Here he often has classes for boys and private talks with individuals. During the month of fasting we were able to have lantern meetings for men in this bureau.

At the end of June, on our return from the sea, the little group of Christian women and girls were running over with joy and keen to break the Bread of Life in their homes while we were away. As one of them said, "We have ourselves been fed and we have all eaten according to our capacity, now it is our turn to go and feed with the Bread of Heaven those in our homes." The sequel has been a lovely one, but the story of this must wait over till next year.

E.K.M.R.

"WHO KNOCKS?"

Answering the door is an important part of life at Tozeur, and a short account of those who knock might give some idea of the work. The "knockers" might be divided into three classes—children, women and men. Children first; a few years ago they were afraid to enter the house, now they come at all times and for many

reasons; a tiny boy hammering on the door, too small to explain his presence when it opened, except by a confiding smile and the words, "I've come." Rather bigger boys and girls arrive often for a little play. Two small lads were everyday visitors and, though only four and five, were quick at learning simple verses. After a talk one day on Christ's love to them came the avowal from the elder, "And I, I love Him"; "And I," said four-year-old, "I love Him *much*." Others, big lads, come to bring perhaps small brothers or sisters to ask for medicine, giving the opportunity for a little very elementary Gospel teaching.

The class mornings are characterised by frantic knocking from an early hour, accompanied by sounds imitating the whistling of a train, the hour of admittance being the "time of the train." (As only one train arrives in the day, its coming is a convenient signal.) When the door is open, the little girls (any number from four to forty and any age from two to twelve) crowd in, eager, and chattering like a flock of sparrows. Sewing handkerchiefs for themselves is a great delight, but they also enjoy singing if not afraid of heresy, and hymns and Bible story lessons are, we hope, helping them to understand something of the love of Jesus.

In the boys' classes the numbers are about the same as in the girls', but the average age is rather higher. The evening classes, when they have games, and pictures to paint after the lesson, are popular. The more regular attendants have memorised many texts, and the attention to the lesson is sometimes so good that one prays with hope that the touch of God's Spirit may quicken their real interest to living faith..

Women come in increasing numbers, the younger ones with some excuse of wanting medicine or drops in their eyes, and these friendly visits give a valuable opportunity. Some souls seem to love

greatly to hear about Christ the Saviour: may it lead to their knowing Him in truth.

The men visitors and many of the boys are often glad to take away some tract, story or Bible portion to read. Perhaps because there are fewer students in the town, they come in smaller numbers than formerly, some only for hope of gain by pretended conversion, others to pass away a little time. Even so, if they are willing to read the Gospel, their interest, we hope, may awaken. There was more gladness in welcoming about half-a-dozen men, brought several times by a lad who has professed his faith in Christ for some years. He had been trying to explain a Scripture passage, but the others would not accept his interpretation, so he pressed them to come to the "Saida" for further help. They seemed really to desire to know. Still more deeply interested was a middle-aged man from another town, who came often alone. He said, "I know I am a great sinner," and listened with longing in his eyes to the story of salvation. Another day he said God had put a great love in his heart to the Lord Jesus since he began to read. But after about a fortnight his visits suddenly ceased. He may have left the town or got other work, but wherever he is, may the Good Shepherd follow that lost sheep "till He find."

Many afternoons we visit in the towns or villages near, or in the tents. The reception given us varies considerably, from wistful attention in one house to the eager friendliness of women and antagonism of men in another, the women listening eagerly while the men stand sullenly in the background, now and then one muttering curses on our religion and forefathers.

There are many friendly women in the town. Some listen so well that they must surely be learning. One girl not long married said, "I have kept *all* you say in my heart." If not all, she evidently remembers much and wants to know more.

There are other houses we should not be allowed to enter and others unreached still. And living in the town and passing us in the street are those who used to knock at our door but do so no more; some who went far towards giving themselves to Christ, professing belief in Him, and then drew back. For them we pray that they may hear the patient Christ still knocking at the door of their hearts and may yet open to Him.

V.W.

BOU SAADA.

"*Shewing the good tidings*" (Luke 8. 1).

Classes. We have now a bright, airy class-room, an old stable transformed, and here nine classes a week are held. The boys do crayon work, and, with the Arab taste for colour, it interests them greatly. The girls are occupied part of the time in learning native embroidery by which, later, if necessary, they can earn their own livelihood. Then comes for both, at their respective times, the Scripture teaching and memorising of Gospel portions and hymns. Please pray for a boy who at Mr. Theobald's lantern meeting confessed that Jesus is a Saviour from sin.

During the month of the Fast we held lantern meetings for girls as well, and at that time we began tract distribution in the shops and market and are now often asked for more books. One young Taleb is especially interested. We first saw him at his far-away village and, whenever we come across him, he is eager for Christian literature.

Medical Work. This gives many opportunities for telling the Good News. One dear mountain woman and her delightful little daughter Raim, both suffering from cancer of the throat, listened eagerly and their visits extended over months. We have never seen a child love her mother as little Raim did. When the mother died, the brother took Raim off a two days'

journey on camel back. Her uncle tells us that she too has died. We do trust that mother and child are re-united in Christ's presence. Many medical cases are treated also in visiting.

Visiting. The women are kept spinning wool and weaving the blankets or burnouses that the men wear. As there is usually a plurality of wives, two, three, or even four, the home becomes like a small factory. Two women sit side by side on the floor behind the loom and their faces are veiled from us by the warp, but they often stop their work to listen, or listen while still weaving. A crowd gathers in the house and we often know we are speaking to awakened souls. There is a blind woman, for instance, who has long ago ceased to be concerned about the witness to the false prophet and is only anxious to learn of Christ.

Individuals. The young girl who confessed Christ was married, so we lost her help in the classes. She is frightened, but true at heart to her Lord. The waif girl proved a useful house-helper and then developed into a monitress. She took her stand as a Christian and, in spite of Moslem pressure, came triumphantly through the trials of the Fast and Feasts. A young lad, an enquirer, went to Algiers and is now a hospital assistant. A Christian friend visits him and sends us good news of his continuance in well-doing.

Itineration. Our spring tour was done mostly on mule back and to hitherto untouched and almost inaccessible mountain villages. For years we had prayed that a way might be made by which we could reach them, and our sixth Aures tour was, we feel, our very best. M'sila too, a town fifty miles from Bou Saada (much prayed over by Miss Trotter) had two encouraging visits. We found many open doors and some open hearts.

A. McI.

TLEMCEN.

"Terrible things" and "Glorious things"
(Ex. 34. 10). (St. Luke 13. 17).

Those who read this will probably know how God brought us here three years ago and did "glorious things" in clearing away difficulties. Soon after our return last autumn, the daughter of a neighbour was very seriously ill. They feared a dangerous operation might be necessary, but in answer to prayer God healed her. This was His second definite answer for that family, and we praise Him that now they are learning the efficacy of prayer in Christ's Name. At Christmas time they again begged us to pray that an unexpected calamity might be averted. They were in terrible trouble. God did another "glorious thing" and answered prayer.

An Arab boy who was here for the usual Saturday class had a bad accident. Jumping backwards off a crossbar of the swing in the Mission gymnasium, he fell, catching his leg on an iron spike. The wound was far too serious for us to attend to alone. An anti-tetanus serum was injected by the doctor. We prayed earnestly for God's healing and there was a glorious answer. After three weeks all was well. We believe that happening was allowed so that the boy should have regular teaching of the Healer of souls and bodies. May this lead to his salvation as well as that of his mother. They are cave-dwellers and live in the hills above the town.

We thank God for His many blessings this last year. At Christmas time among the girls; and at Ramadhan the house-boy was kept true to Christ and ate openly, his Moslem parents giving him liberty in this. This witness to Christ, however, roused the Moslem spirit in many of the older children to such an extent that we were obliged to stop some of the classes. The evil one has worked extraordinarily to keep the boys and girls away. Thank God, certain of them have returned.

Again He did "glorious things" for the two Christian girls in answer to prayer, setting them free as by a miracle from being taken away to be married. (Words cannot express the agony of mind Arab girls go through because of these forced loveless marriages.)

Our latest joy is that God has enabled us to begin building a little Arab church in the basement of the Mission House. It occupies a space for which we knew He must have some special plan. The baptistery is practically ready. At one end of it there is a well from which the house was named "Dar el Unsar," or "House of the Source." If at present we have no resident missionary to undertake the services, this does not deter us, rather is it an incentive. In God's own time He will bring the worker.

Of late a few of the educated boys have been coming to read. One said to me, "Our spirits are narrow, very narrow, reading, reading in the Mosque. If we did not come here we have nowhere else to go to widen them." Thank God He brings them, and oh, pray that soon someone may be here who can be a brother to them and who will lead them to the One Saviour. Then they too will rejoice over all the "glorious things" being done by Him.

The state of the secret believers, afraid to acknowledge their faith in Christ, weighs very much on our hearts, and we would ask our friends at home to join us during these coming months in very special prayer that God will lead them on in His wisdom and love as He sees best. It may be that these souls are waiting to be strengthened by our prayers. Pray also that those who have to do with them may have courage and faith to deal with the difficulties which any such movement is sure to provoke, especially in the more distant parts of the country.



An Arab Market.

Subdued to Himself.

One Friday morning, accompanied by Salvador (now a colporteur of the Nile Mission Press) I left Relizane for the South. Our message from the Lord was Philipians 3. 21, "Able to subdue all things unto Himself." How this word was literally fulfilled, the following pages from my diary will tell.

Our first call was Montgolfier—but, as the place was small and there were very few natives to be seen, we passed on to Tiaret. We arrived in a violent sandstorm and in my present physical condition nothing could have been worse; the air was laden with sand and the streets were deserted. It was useless to attempt to distribute literature under such conditions. We went to our room and together we laid the situation before the Lord, and afresh claimed the sure promise of our Redeemer that He would subdue all things to Himself.

During the night the wind suddenly changed and, instead of a burning south wind, we had a piercing cold north wind and steady rain. In spite of these adverse

circumstances I was greatly encouraged by the reception of our parcels of books, and "Subdued to Himself" crowned all.

Two young men were greatly interested in the range of literature offered and one of them asked if I had "Romeo and Juliet" in Arabic. Receiving an answer in the negative, he said, "I note that all your books are on religious subjects; we have nothing to do with religion now, neither our own nor any other." After some deliberation he decided that, though my books were religious and decidedly Christian, he might find something interesting, so he bought "Riches that fail not," "Ghazzali and his search for Truth," and Miss Trotter's latest book for the mystics, "The Way of the Seven-fold Secret."

Next day we commenced work in a neighbouring town. On our arrival a young lad came forward and offered to show us our resting place for the night. He was truly "one with a pitcher," for most faithfully he attached himself to us during our stay there. When we entered

the Hotel (if one could call it such) we experienced considerable difficulty in finding the owner and at last, after much palaver, a boy came forward and took us to our room. It was a dilapidated place, the beds creaked, the walls were discoloured with damp, the ceilings were cracked and falling. Altogether it was a forlorn looking resting-place! In the evening the proprietress appeared. What a surprise! Dishevelled and dirty, stockingless and with very high boots, she might have just stepped out of one of Victor Hugo's novels of the French Revolution. But for all this, things turned out much brighter than we expected; everything was clean and that was what mattered. Our seven days' sojourn there was another confirmation of our text.

We visited nearly all the principal readers of the town. Our first stop was at a Koranic school, with its usual hubbub. The Taleb was much interested in my pack and so were the boys, who nearly over-turned me in their rush to buy "stories" to read. In the street too, we were bombarded with demands for literature and our sales that morning included four Arabic Bibles.

In the evening after dark I heard a gentle tap on the window of my room, and on going to the door I found two Jews closely muffled in their burnouses who asked for a look at our books. (Many of the Southern Jews read Arabic.) On entering they at once desired a New Testament, expressly asking for the New Testament as they had the "Tourat" (The Pentateuch.) Their coming so secretly, so closely wrapped, and asking for the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, reminded me of Nicodemus. They were typical Jews, sharp aquiline features, piercing black eyes, intensely black and curly beards. I fenced round to try to get in a word, but they were extremely cautious in their responses, nothing seemed to

convince them, yet with great warmth they admitted that "the hope" continually present with them, was the near coming of the Messiah. Though they bought and greatly desired Christian literature, they would not admit that the true Messiah had already descended. One could not say more, but only pray that the Holy Spirit will brood over their lives as they read "the life of Christ" and that the light may break through the dark depths of their souls, and, in that light, they will see Him, the true Messiah and only Hope of Israel.

The next day we toiled long and caught nothing. Our objective was a town in the wilds named Zenina, and being informed it was not far, perhaps about thirty kilometres, I launched forth. Alas for my inadequate knowledge of Arab measurements, it proved to be over sixty kilometres and the way so rough that I had to return.

I do not like to be beaten, so I tried the road the next day. What a journey! After leaving the town a native track began and it required constant and close attention to keep the car going. Here and there a piece of level sward made easier travelling but, generally speaking, we had just to crawl over huge flat rocks, play at obstacle races between large tufts of esparto grass, or creep out of deep stoney water-courses. At various places the track was washed away, and, constantly, huge chasms yawned across one's path. Never for a moment could I withdraw my attention from the wheel. It was a trying and very fatiguing experience, but nevertheless it came under the category of "all things" (how the Lord loves the word "all") and they were "subdued to Himself," for no sooner had we entered the village than we were completely surrounded, hemmed in and bombarded by men and boys clamouring for something to read. In less than ten minutes "Joseph and his

brethren" was sold out and within an hour we had disposed of nearly one hundred Gospels, three Bibles, seven New Testaments and forty N.M.P. books. The place was absolutely native, with not a single European. We could only stay one hour as the road was so dangerous and I dared not venture it in the dark. One hour only, but who can measure the result with Him Who assures us that "His Word shall not return void."

My next circle of operations, after Relizane, was at Sidi Bel Abbes, the place visited last year, only with this difference; then, it was impossible to work the small villages around, but this year, having the car, much more ground was covered.

One incident in a large village called Oued Imbert again showed the power of His word to "subdue all things to Himself." When I arrived, the place swarmed with Arabs as it was market day. At first it was difficult to sell anything. The Europeans bought freely from Senor Soler, our Spanish evangelist, but on the Arab side it was totally different. For some reason the natives were distinctly hostile, not fanatical in the usual way of rejecting and abusing the Scriptures and Christian literature in general, but they were rude, unmannerly and uncouth. It was evident before many minutes that I was an unwelcome visitor and they

revealed their dislike so openly that it required much grace to imitate the patience of the Master with such an ungrateful crowd.

Someone said that there is always a gracious "after" hidden in the hand of God, and this incident has its "gracious after." During the morning with considerable difficulty I persuaded an Arab to buy an N.M.P. tract, "Throne Verse," for two sous, and on my return from the market this man was standing by the car and he said to me, "I have only sixty centimes and I should like the "History of Joseph," but I cannot raise one franc. Will you let me have it for sixty centimes?" I hesitated for a moment and then something within whispered to me, "Let him have it." It went against the business grain to lower the price and I still hesitated to create a precedent, but the voice was so insistent that at last I consented. He disappeared and after about ten minutes returned with a man who desired to see what I had. He bought "Livingstone." Then he brought another man who also made purchases until in quite a short time I had sold from twenty to thirty books, all through the recommendation of this poor Taleb. It was a very sweet "after" from the hand of the Lord that morning, and another victory over seeming defeat, another "all" subdued unto Himself. A.E.T.

Requests for Praise and Prayer.

Praise.

For God's blessing on our Rally Day.
 For good openings at all the Stations;
 increased numbers coming to the classes
 and a welcome on all sides in the visiting.
 For the visit of Monsieur Faure and
 other French missionaries, and blessing
 attending their work.
 For the blessing following Miss Trotter's
 book, "The Way of the Seven-fold Secret."
 For blessing in deputation work.

Prayer.

For guidance with regard to writing the
 Life of Miss Trotter.
 For the deepening of spiritual life in
 all the converts.
 That God will continue to work in the
 souls touched during the recent missions
 among the Europeans.
 For needed strength for those engaged
 in the home side of the work in the increas-
 ing demands made upon them.

Location of Workers, 1927-28.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.

1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).
 1919 & 1922. Mons. & Mme.
 PIERRE NICOUÉ.
 1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.
 1920. Miss A. KEMP.
 1927. Miss JOHNSTON
 1927. Miss C. CROSS, M.H.
 1928. EDWIN WIGG (at language
 [study]).
 1928. H. T. BARROW
 (Do.)
 1928. Miss G. BLACKHAM, M.H.

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.
 MASCARA.
 1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.
 1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.
 TOZEUR.
 1920. Miss V. WOOD.
 MOSTAGANEM.
 1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

COLEA.

1920. Mr. & Mrs. H. W.
 TOLGA. [BUCKENHAM.
 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.
 SIDI BEL ABBES.
 1912. SENOR & SENORA SOLER
 (evangelist).

BELCOURT, ALGIERS.

1909. Miss M. WATLING.

S.S. = Short Service. M.H. = Mission Helper.

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.
 BEXHILL.—Mrs. Brownng, Gorse Cottage, Terminus Road.
 BOURNEMOUTH (Longham and East Howe).—Mr. H. J. Wigg, Longham, Wimborne.
 BOURNEMOUTH (Winton).—Pastor W. G. Stalley, "Kurichee," Norton Road.
 BIRKENHEAD (Emmanuel).—Mrs. J. D. Drysdale, Emmanuel Training Home, 1, Palm Grove.
 BRIGHTON.—Miss E. Bullen, 14, Clifton Terrace.
 BROCKLEY, S.E.4 (Girls of the Realm Club).—Miss L. E. Brittle, 31, Wickham Road.
 BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—Mr. P. F. Quant, 49, Abbeygate Street.
 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.
 ELSENHAM.—Mr. C. H. Kohn, Mission House, Elsenham, Essex.
 ILFORD.—Mr. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.
 ILFORD (Grantham Road Mission).—Mr. H. J. Payne, 106, Landseer Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.
 IPSWICH (C.A.W.G.).—Miss Challin, C.A.W.G., Bolton Lane.
 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.
 MANCHESTER (New Bank Street Mission).—Miss E. McDiarmid, 84, Birch Street, West Gorton.
 NEW CROSS.—Miss D. M. Appleby, 3, Arbuthnot Road, New Cross, S.E.
 NINE ELMS (St. James' Mission).—Mr. C. H. How, 204, Stewart's Road, Clapham, S.W.8.
 NORWICH.—Miss E. M. Hinde, 6, Town Close Road.
 PURLEY (Baptist Ch. C. E.).—Mr. J. C. Dinnage, "Ventnor," Whytecliffe Road.
 SAFFRON WALDEN.—Miss E. Midgley, "Larchmount."
 SCARBOROUGH (C.A.W.G.)—Miss Yelland.
 SIDCUP.—Col. Russell, "Rosslyn."
 SOUTHPORT (Y.W.C.A.)—Miss Pennington, Lord Street.
 ST. IVES (Hunts).—Miss F. Stuttle, Thorpe House, Station Road.
 STRATFORD (Conference Hall).—Mrs. L. H. Nott, The Cottage, Water Lane, Stratford, E.
 THORNTON HEATH.—Mr. C. J. Ford, 13, Heath View Road.
 WELLINGBOROUGH.—Miss W. Purser, 23, Hill Street.
 WEST SUFFOLK.—Mrs. Ed. Johuston, Campfield, Gt. Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.
 WOODBRIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.
 WORTHING.—Miss Gotelec, White Lodge, Mill Road.

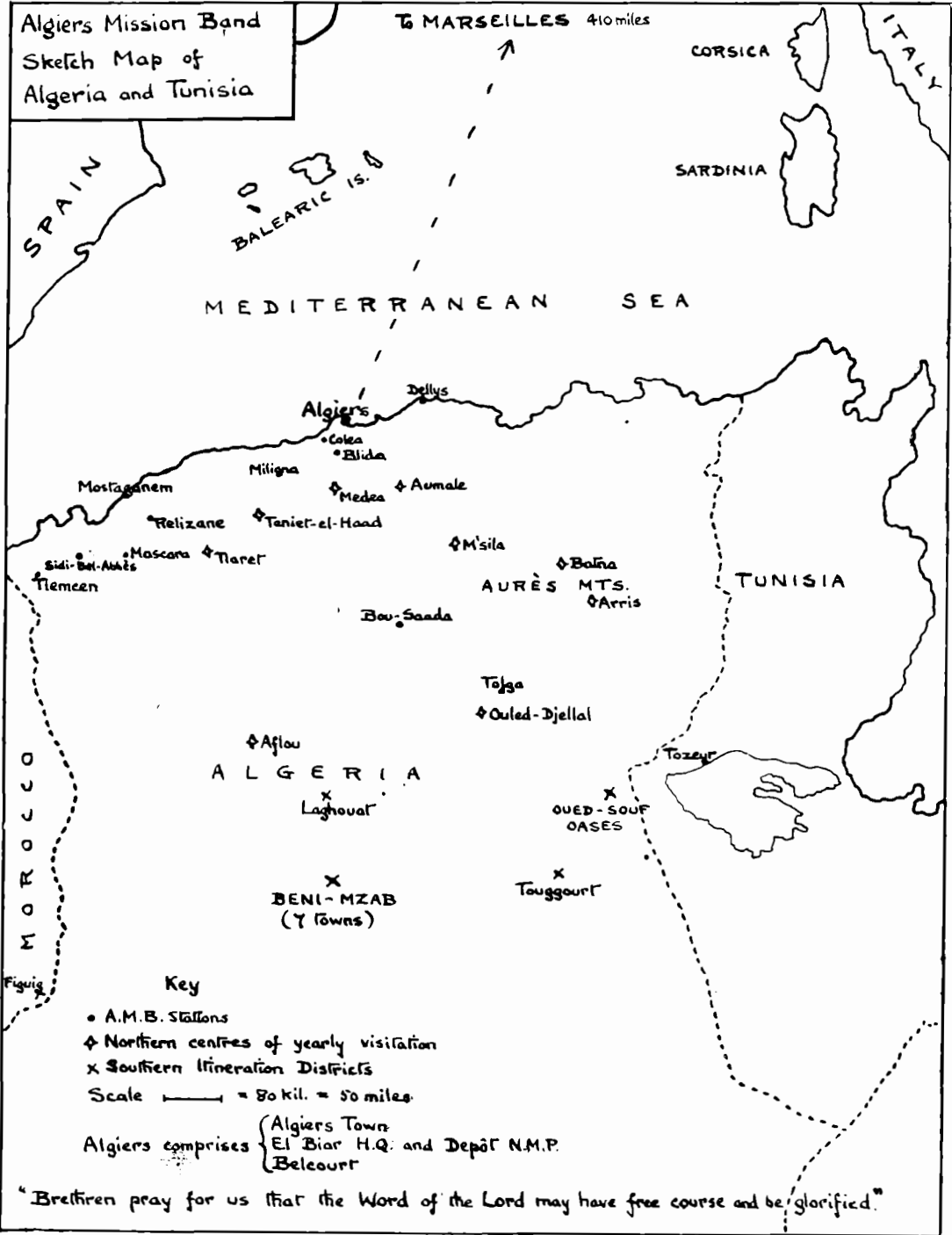
SCOTLAND.

DYSART.—Mrs. Muir, "Ansford," Dysart, Fifeshire.
 FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.

IRELAND.

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

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia



↳ MARSEILLES 410 miles

CORSICA

ITALY

SARDINIA

MEDITERRANEAN SEA

SPAIN

BALEARIC IS.

TUNISIA

Algiers

Dellys

• Colza
 • Blida

Mostaganem

Miliana

♦ Medea

♦ Aumale

Relizane

♦ Taniet-el-Haad

♦ M'sila

♦ Batna

AURÈS MTS.
 ♦ Arris

• Sidi-Bel-Abbes
 Tlemcen

• Mascara

♦ Tlaret

Bou-Saada

Tojsa

♦ Ouled-Djellal

♦ Aflou

ALGERIA

x Laghouat

x BENI-MZAB
 (Y towns)

x OUED-SOUF
 OASES

x Touggourt

Tozeur

Key

- A.M.B. Stations
- ♦ Northern centres of yearly visitation
- x Southern Itineration Districts

Scale ——— = 80 kil. = 50 miles.

Algiers comprises { Algiers Town
 El Biar H.Q. and Dépôt N.M.P.
 Belecourt

"Brethren pray for us that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."