

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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1930. Miss IDA NASH.

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A THIRSTY LAND

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Vibrations.

Second Part.

There is one keynote that, once struck, can move heaven and earth; its mighty vibrations ring up to the throne of God and thunder upon the gates of hell: "That in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow." When once the prayer-beats have struck that note of the Name of Jesus, it is only a matter of going on.

We see the power of "the King's name" in the story of Esther. It is when Haman has been delivered to the gallows, and only the voice of Esther is heard, that the king's ring is given to Mordecai with the words: "Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you, in the King's name, and seal it with the King's seal." (Est. 8. 8). And having the authority of that Name their prayer is the prayer of faith that *knows* it has the petition, and it was "written according to all that Mordecai commanded."

We cannot have the Spirit's commanding in prayer until we have before been living under His law in secret, as Esther in chapter 2. 9. "The minding of the Spirit is life and peace"—what far-reaching life and peace for other souls as well as our own, none can tell.

Esther had had access to the King, before on behalf of her people. She had surrendered her life and will, if only she might be an intercessor. But now power was given into her hand against the power of the enemy. She was no longer as the friend asking at midnight for the bread of life, she was armed with the authority that was "above" the might that opposed her; she had hold, no longer of the King's sceptre, but of the King's seal.

Oh, this is what we need! Only dim glimmerings come as yet of what it means to wield the power of the Name of Jesus against the world-rulers who lie *behind* the needs of those around us.

The story of Esther is the story of the widow and her adversary shadowed forth in advance, and also gives us another aspect of the parallel parable of the friend coming at midnight for the three loaves. Three, the number of divine perfection—loaves, the symbol of life, heavenly life to be had for the asking for the needy souls around us: "He shall ask and He shall give him life for them that sin not unto death." And Esther asks life, life for her people

in their midnight, when there was no resource but in God; and this life was gained by the avenging of the adversary who had stood up against her. In helplessness, in loneliness, against all odds, she had taken up the burden, and she fought the matter out and through to victory.

In our ignorance and our impotence are we not just like Esther and the widow—as unequal a match as they for the cunning and the cruelty of the adversary, shut up as they were to seek the power of a Stronger than he to come down on him? Oh, the helplessness of us! Not only helpless in providing for the needs of those who come up to us in their journey through life, but helpless in the battle against the principalities and powers in heavenly places. The one leads on to the other. More and more we see that at the back of the whole question of blessing coming on the souls for whom we are caring, lies this unseen triumph to be gained over the hosts of our adversary the devil. In work for God, especially perhaps in work abroad, we see the tide of victory nearing till it is almost upon us, and then it is swept back again till it seems as distant as ever. One of the principalities of the powers of evil has been sent out by their great chief to defend the weakening place in his battle array, and we have been ignorant of his devices and we have not prayed *through*. We have not realised that the last moment before victory is *the* critical moment of the whole—the one of all others certain to be pounced on by the devil for a counter-blow.

With these overwhelming powers against us, the overwhelming needs around us, our own entire helplessness, only one little life on earth, ebbing so quickly—it is essential that if there is a secret of power to be had we *must* learn it.

How did victory come to Esther? It was not that the power given into the

hands of the adversary was withdrawn; it was his for the time by an unchangeable decree, even as it is now. But down against that power was brought the might of the King's authority, brought to bear on the side of the oppressed, so that "in the day that the enemies of the Jews hoped to have power over them . . . it was turned to the contrary, that the Jews had rule over them that hated them." It is so still. God does not as yet withdraw the mysterious powers given to the prince of this world, but He can and will send out on our side a "power above all the power of the enemy," and that comes to the same thing, as we see in Esther's story. In her heart, in the heart of the widow, was the same thought: An answer is to be had, and I must have it; and so on they went in the absolute simplicity of this one idea till the answer came, the "vibrations" took effect at last, the last barrier was broken through, and victory was won.

It is a solemn thing to stand on the threshold of a century that will almost without a doubt, so far as we can discern the signs of the time, set Him on the chariot of His willing people. Can we not begin to see the working of the Spirit in the cry that is going up from the hearts of so many of us to learn the secret of a life of prayer? Is He not preparing us to join in the last cry of the Bride "Come, Lord Jesus"—the cry that will not only "vibrate" but will rend the heavens and destroy the power of "the last enemy"?

I. L. TROTTER.

(From a rough MS. the first extract from which we published in our last number.)



Not only strike while the iron is hot but make it hot by striking.

Oliver Cromwell.

Editorial.

In issuing this number of the *Thirsty Land* it is with thankfulness that we publish the further extracts of Miss Trotter's manuscript on "Vibrations." The articles that follow seem a commentary on the closing words of the first paragraph: "When once the prayer-beats have struck that note of the Name of Jesus, it is only a matter of *going on*," whether at Blida, Algiers, Mostaganem, Bou Saada, or elsewhere.

We in the land continue to be conscious of God's working, in ways that surprise and fill with adoration and praise.

In March, as was intimated in the Praise and Prayer Requests of the Spring number, on consecutive Sundays Dar Naama witnessed the baptism of two natives, one a young Kabyle girl, associated with another Mission, who had been under Christian instruction for some time; the other, an Arab youth who might be defined, in a sense, as no man's convert. He was brought into contact with one of our missionaries who was struck by his knowledge of Christian truth as learned by a study of the Scriptures. In process of time, after due watching and teaching, one was glad to give him the opportunity he desired to confess Christ publicly in baptism.

We wish space allowed a fuller account of Mr. Theobald's and Monsieur Nicoud's itineration south, as far as El Golea. Some glimpse of its opportunities for seed sowing and reaping will be found in Mr. Theobald's article, but we wish all might hear, as has been our privilege at Headquarters, of the visible answers to the prayers of long ago, which God vouchsafed to His two servants on this journey—such a stimulus to keep striking the note of the Name of Jesus.



A Thirsty Land !

The above picture is one taken by Mr. Theobald during this tournée. It shows a "sign-post" warning that no water would be obtainable for the next 228 km. Another such post passed indicated among other routes the one right through to Gao on the Niger, 2,800 km. distant.

At Dar Naama the past three months have not been without the usual mingling of sunshine and cloud. It was a pleasure to have in our midst for a time Mr. and Mrs. Collinson, whose visit brought cheer and helpfulness, and who, with other friends of the Mission, Mr. and Miss Gotelee, were able to visit some of the Stations.

The Easter season was made glad by the return to health of our beloved General Secretary, after several weeks of critical illness. It is hoped she will be fully equal to her duties as Editor before the publication of the Autumn number of our Magazine.

We cannot close these brief notes without a reference to the marriage of Miss Grace Russell to Mr. Sydney Kaye, which took place in May. What this means of loss to the A.M.B. on the Field cannot be put into words, and in saying this one does not have in mind only the missionaries, who will miss a much-valued co-worker, but also the natives to whom she has endeared herself. Yet notwithstanding our loss we pray with all our hearts that the new life into which God has called her may be crowned with His rich blessing. We realise we are not losing her entirely—her loving interest will continue to be with us on the Field, and we hope that at the Home end she may be more and more closely united with us.



God's Small Messengers.

6—The Sand Lily.

To-day's find was beautiful, to the inward vision as well as the outward. It was a cluster of exquisite white lilies, white and fragile and fragrant, growing out of the hot salt sand that drifts into dunes round the stunted juniper and lentisk bushes that fringe the shore.

They spoke such a message of the reserve forces gathered below the surface, that could well over into a tide of life, scorning all the difficulties of environment in sultry days and arid soil. "The same Lord over all" can store the roots in His spiritual creation, even though they have but the smothering sand-drifts of Islam around them.

I.L.T.

* * *

"Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?" (Jer. 32. 27.)

"God loves with a great love the man whose heart is bursting with a passion for the impossible."—W. BOOTH.

News from Here and There.

OUR ALGIERS ROOM.

The first days after coming into possession of our new room in the Algiers native town Mrs. Theobald and I spent in making and putting up muslin curtains at the windows, covering the old forms from Rue de Croissant (which looked as if several generations had used them!) with brightly coloured material, and preparing the needle-work for the children, handkerchiefs for the little ones, and blouses for the older girls. Then we had to think of the women for whom we hoped to have weekly meetings. A nice straw mat was procured to cover the whole of the centre of the room, and things such as cups, etc., were bought in readiness for the coffee parties.

When all was ready we invited Miss M. to join us there one afternoon for a time of prayer, so that we might bring the room, ourselves and those who would be coming there, to the Master's feet for His blessing.

On Thursday afternoons we receive little girls. They come at 1.30 and spend half-an-hour at play with any toys or games we may be able to provide for them. This half-hour makes a good opportunity for teaching many useful lessons, such as unselfishness and patience. For very often the same toy or game is in favour with several of the children at the same time. Some must wait their turn, some must give in to others. To get a native child graciously to give up to another something she very much wants herself is a great victory; Arab children are mostly very impatient little people. Then all toys are cleared up and put away in the cupboard, and the children take their places on the forms in readiness for the roll call which is followed by the learning of hymns and texts. They are very quick to learn, and one only has to repeat the verse of a hymn some two or three times and they know it. After this there is the Scripture lesson

followed by an hour's needlework. Finally there is the reading lesson for those who wish to learn to read in Arabic, and they nearly all remain for it.

On Sunday mornings we receive the children at 9 o'clock, and instead of the needlework they are colouring some attractive booklets on Scripture subjects, which are to become their property when finished.

The children are delighted with this room, and take a great pride in keeping it clean, and this voluntarily. They would like to come every day, but we must not encourage them away from the French government schools. Thursdays and Sundays are holidays, so we clash with no one.

We have just come into touch with a young woman with a large family and a sick husband who lives near the hall. She even came to the girls' class on Thursday and repeated the hymns and texts with them in a very keen and hungry way. She returned to us on Friday afternoon and brought another woman from her house.

I. K. NASH.

VISITING IN ALGIERS.

In a large house two women call down, "Come up and read to us." These are bright-eyed young women sitting at the door of a well-furnished room. Just inside a ghastly-looking young woman sits upon a mattress covered with red woven blankets.

"Oh, how I love those words!" exclaims one of the women, "I wish you could come and speak to us every day!" But the sick woman's face darkens when a special word is addressed to her. "It is all nonsense!" she cries. "It is not our religion!" and turning indignantly to the other women, "Why don't you speak out and say so?"

Downstairs a wee girl, Fatma, takes entire possession of the visitors; the women smilingly listen in the back-

ground. She demands one hymn after another. "Tell me some more," she repeats after each. She leans breathlessly over the Wordless Book, her quaint remarks showing how well she understands. "Is that all? Tell me some more."

She listens enthralled to the story of the Lost Sheep, and still asks for more.

The story of the Lost Coin is interrupted by the entrance of an old friend. As soon as there is a pause in the conversation Fatma breaks in: "Did the woman find the coin?"

In another house an old friend is pleased to show her room—a windowless cubby-hole where the darkness rises up to clutch you as you stoop to go in. However, you can always light a candle, and the room is dry. "Beauty" points out her worldly goods—a mattress, a coverlet, a palm mat and cooking utensils. "Beauty" is nearly blind—her parents were unduly sanguine when they named their miserable little baby—and has at present no visible means of support, except that her rent is paid for her. Sometimes she gets a meal by helping a neighbour, and if she has a bit of bread she is satisfied. Neighbours come peering in, curious to see the English visitors. One is a young wife from Bône, a guest. The Gospel Story is quite new to her, and she says how good it is.

There is always a hearty welcome from all the members of our next family, from the fanatical old grandmother to the pretty girls in their teens, who read Arabic and French and are always busy with dainty embroidery.

To-day the grandmother is tired, as she is fasting four days in addition to the regular Monday and Thursday fast, often observed by the older women. The girls and younger women are always ready to stop their gay chatter to listen to the Gospel Story. To-day the grandmother listens and approves until she hears of the death of Christ; at this she asserts:

"He did *not* die!"

"His disciples who saw Him die bore witness in the Gospel."

"No! No! He did *not* die. One in His likeness was killed instead of Him."

The girls try to hush the old woman. One of them asks for an Arabic Gospel. The next time she is visited, a few days later, she says she has read as far as the last chapter.

S.P.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"About two weeks ago I had a peculiarly interesting time at T—. It was in the house of a young Arab woman whom I had known as a little girl when I first came to live at Mostaganem. At one time she had seemed very open to the Gospel; then she married, and with her husband went to live at T—. Her religious zeal turned towards Islam, and she became a fanatical Moslem. Well, two weeks ago I was visiting a neighbour of hers in whom I was interested. She knew I was there, and said to her husband: 'Mademoiselle is over there.' At once he came to greet me and invited me to their room.

"I went; and on entering I saw another man there who turned out to be a teacher in the native school. They asked me to read and sing to them, after which we had a good talk. In the course of our conversation S—'s husband said, 'Yes, it is true. It is He, Sidna Aissa (Lord Jesus) who is the Saviour. Why not say so since it is the truth? As for me, I accept him, and placing his hands on his heart, 'I am going to say so to my whole family. He who will stand with me will be welcome, and he who will not, let him remain as he is.'

"It was a most solemn moment.

"Before leaving I had further conversation with him, and as he is very desirous to learn to read I invited him to come to my house for a lesson from time to time as he has opportunity."

FROM TOZEUR.

A Story as told by a Blind Arab Woman.

"I went to the house of Si el Folane. He was very ill. His wife and the other women were crying—they were sure he was going to die. I came away at once to ask the Sida (missionary) to come and see him.

"He was crouched up by the fire, coughing. The Sida told a boy to come back with her for some remedies. I sat beside the sick one all the evening, and tried to cheer him and his wife and relations. They were very depressed.

"I told them about the Lord Jesus, and said, 'When I am ill or in trouble the Sida and I always pray to the Lord Jesus and tell Him all about it, and He always hears me.'

"When I went away I said to the women, 'Don't be afraid, trust in the Lord Jesus, and I am sure Si el Folane will be better in the morning.'

"At night I lay thinking and thinking about Si el Folane, and I kept saying: 'Oh Lord Jesus, don't let me be ashamed!' Then I fell asleep, and in a dream I saw the Lord Jesus. He had a star on his forehead. He spoke words of peace to me. The next morning I went alone to the house, and Si el Folane said the Lord Jesus had made him better, and the women were happy and smiling. And they all asked me to tell the Sida to come again and bring the book of the Lord Jesus."

TOLD AT THE KITCHEN DOOR.

"I had a dream last night, Sida. It was sweet, sweet. I saw three forms. One, shorter than the others, said to me, 'You don't know who I am? I am Paul.'

"The second said, 'I am Peter.'

"The third said, 'Rise up! Your sins are all forgiven you!' And I feel so happy Sida! I feel as though the world belongs to me."



Road leading to Mission House—Blida.

Going Out and Coming In at Blida.

It is no small privilege to be given a warm welcome in Arab homes, to hear the joyful shouts of children as they see us coming to their doors, and to be allowed to share in the joys and sorrows of these people who count us among their friends, sometimes as the only friends whom they can really trust. They are eager to show us hospitality, from the little hostess living in one room with her children, who in a whispered aside to her small daughter sends out hastily to buy a few sous' worth of coffee or sugar, to the mistress of a well-ordered household, who brings out her choicest jam or cakes for our refreshment. These friends of ours are eager to give us of their best, and how one longs to give to them, too, the very best!

Going day by day into these Moslem households, open to us in such numbers that we are overwhelmed with the opportunities offered, is a great responsibility as

well as a great joy. We have need of a daily inflowing of the love that is of God if our "going out and our coming in" is to be of any real count for Christ's Kingdom. There may be those at home who would remember us in prayer as we visit day by day in the homes of the people of this land.

With this thought in mind I have taken from my book the names of those seen in one ordinary afternoon's visiting at Blida, and have tried to fill in some details. This may give a fair idea of the kind of circumstances to be met with in the homes visited in any station, though no one afternoon is ever like another, and details vary in different places.

A pair of bright eyes looked into mine and a very eager little girl whispered to me after Sunday School a few weeks ago, "I have a new little sister, and my mother says will you come and see her?" I had never

been into this child's home, and I knew that one of my next day's visits was decided for me ! It was very wet that night, and on Monday afternoon the rough steep path leading down from the mission house to the Arab town was deep in mud of the clay-like variety. Arriving at the new baby's house, and seeing the beautiful carpets and cushions in the room I was invited to enter I became aware of the terribly muddy state of my shoes, so hastily took them off and left them outside the door in polite native fashion !

The new baby, with her little darkened eyelashes and eyebrows, was giving her first party, and the room soon filled with women and their tiny children. Most were quite young girls and looked charming in their party clothes, the graceful fringed handkerchiefs draping their heads, and their jewellery making a brave show.

It is sometimes difficult to make the most of such an occasion in Christ's Name, but as we all sat round on cushions a lovely young mother near me was delighted to have her two beautiful babies admired, and some one spoke of the children who love so much to come to the mission house. Quickly and laughingly I was promised that all the toddlers there should come when they were old enough, and a splendid opening was thus given to speak of Jesus to these young mothers who had, I believe, never before heard His Message. The baby's sister was delighted to sing with me about the love of Jesus for the children, and the words that He said to them, and this and a few words of explanation were listened to quietly by the whole roomful of women. Then, after bestowing a tiny garment upon the baby, I offered to her mother and grandmother many good wishes for the long life, health and happiness of this new-comer into their family, and at the same time my deep apologies for hurrying away. Hastily I got into my shoes

and departed, without waiting for the feast that followed.

The next visit was in a two-storied house built round a central courtyard, with many families living in its different rooms. I was looking for an "old" class girl who, though very young, had been divorced and had known much trouble. Her younger sister came out from their room and greeted me, and told me as she invited me to sit down that her sister had been remarried during the summer and was much happier : "At least, so far she is happy," said the little sister ! A sad-looking young neighbour came into the room whom I did not know, and hurriedly they both asked if I would write a letter for her. "Write," she said, "'the tears fall from my eyes as rain coming down, day and night.'" Hers was a very usual story in this land, that of a woman coerced by her male relations into doing what she did not wish to do. She was longing to go back to a husband and children, and feared being parted from the little ones for ever. Unable to write, and without friends who could help her, she begged me to write for her. This was accomplished with some difficulty as there was fear of some of the neighbours who came in and out, and who might gossip. With fervent gratitude this poor woman would fain have pressed a half-franc into my hand ! It was a chance to tell one who had never heard, of Him who said, "Come unto Me, all ye who . . . are heavy laden." After promising embroidery patterns to two lively girls, and greeting other friends, there was another house to be visited higher up in the same street.

All in this house are friends, but my object this time was a family who have sent their girls to classes one after the other. And now, alas ! the well-beloved baby girl of five has had to stop coming for the present, much to her clamorous grief,

because the sister who used to bring her is now too old to come any more! As we entered the house the greetings were very quiet and subdued, and on going into the room of our friends I found them with the white veil of mourning on their heads, and they told how the husband of a young neighbour had died very suddenly a few days before, evidently after a fit of anger and sorrow at the loss of some money. They were very sad and unnerved by the shock, and there is no true comfort in Islam. The best it can say in a moment of grief is "Comfort thy heart, we all must die." But the girls there knew something of the story of the love and power of the Lord Jesus, and the response in such a home is so different from that in one where He is quite unknown. After a talk with them, and then a few words of sympathy with the young widow and the friends who were sitting with her exhorting her to take courage, my afternoon was nearly done.

But there were three girls who had come regularly to classes for years, and lately they had not been coming. Their mother died during the summer, and the elderly stepmother, though pleasant, seemed fanatical, and a small girl had urged "she won't let us go to you, do come and ask her." So I knocked at the door across the street and found the woman and two girls hanging out the washing in the courtyard. Drips fell on us as we exchanged greetings and talked, and I left with the words "they shall surely come" sounding pleasantly in my ears!

With gratitude for the opportunities given to tell of Him "Whom to know is life eternal," and longing that these friends of ours might soon come to know Him in truth, I turned homeward once more, up the hill-side as the afternoon began to fade.

M. H. ROCHE.

Touching Him.

"Touching Thee new life is glowing
By Thy Spirit's burning flame;
Cleansing, purging, spirit-filling
Glory to Thy Holy Name."

We were on the shut-in roof of an Arab house. The centre of the little group of women and girls was a blind woman of fifty, so very fanatical that we questioned if we should cease coming to the house for a bit. With her it was always "Say the witness to Mohammed," or some like thing. But the other women—especially Fatna, a girl of about twenty with a real sense of fun, as well as desire to learn the words we sang, always said, "Do come back soon."

Two years later a missionary from another station and I sat with three of these women (the others were married and away in other houses) and there was now no suggestion of Mohammed. My friend remarked to me afterwards, "That blind woman listened keenly; is she a Christian?" We knew not, but it seemed as though she had "touched" Him. Before the end of the last Ramadhan she died suddenly, without any opportunity (and we trust without any desire) to say the "Witness." We miss her much.

Last autumn there was a patient anxiously awaiting our return. It was the fun-loving, eager Fatna, stricken with typhoid, and for two months we cared for her. She had been twice married. The last husband was her cousin who lived in a far-away town. When sickness came she insisted on returning to her old home, and with her came also her aunt, mother-in-law and sister-in-law, the latter another soul eager for light, but afraid to be seen listening. It was indeed made hard for us to have one personal word with Fatna, as some one was always on guard. So we betook ourselves to prayer. Then a

wonderful thing happened. The mistress of the house became suddenly ill and every one thronged around her, leaving Fatna quite alone in an adjoining room! She did appreciate this, and day by day listened eagerly as we spoke and sang of Jesus. One day we sang her favourite :

“ There is a City bright,
Closed are its gates to sin.
Nought that defileth
Nought that defileth,
Shall ever enter in.”

The second verse in Arabic runs :

“ Oh my Redeemer, Saviour !
Oh, God’s Sacrifice for sins !
Cleanse my heart,
Cleanse my heart,

Open to me the door of Heaven.”

With real sorrow Fatna remarked, “ That door is shut against me. It is dark.” She did not get through to God then. The next day she said very happily, “ The door is open now !” and repeated the second verse. Two weeks later we said to her that possibly she would be crossing the river soon, and asked her what she expected would happen to her at that time. At once she replied “ The Lord Jesus will be pleased to look after me, and provide for me.” Was not she, too, “ touching ” Him ?

Relatives are supposed to show anxiety for the dying, so a Sorceress was hired, and lived in the house during Fatna’s last fortnight on earth, and this was a real trial.

During this time the sister-in-law changed very much and sometimes came and sat listening with real desire to understand. Now she and her mother have returned to their country, but we still pray for them.

One evening, an hour after we left Fatna, as her sister-in-law told us afterwards, “ She left us, and she still speaking.” So there was no opportunity to harass her

over the “ Witness ” as we have seen it done in other cases.

How we rejoice when Arab souls come right out for Christ, and willingly suffer persecution for His Name ! (And only God knows how we grieve over the fewness of such.) But let us also thank Him for the multitudes who press through their hindrances and *just touch Him*.

“ Saviour, I by faith am touching
Thee, the Source of every good.
Virtue now by faith am claiming
Through the cleansing of Thy
Blood.”

M. A. McILROY.



Worthy is the Lamb.

“ Morn noon and night,
Through days o’ercast and bright,
My purpose still is one ;
I have one end in view,
Only “ One Thing ” I do,
Until my object’s won.

Behind my back I fling,
Like an unvalued thing,
My former self and ways :
And stretching forward far,
I reach the things which are
Beyond Time’s lagging days.

I have this prize in view,
Whose worth no words can show.
This prize I seek alone ;
All things are dung and dross,
All things I count but loss.
For Jesus fully known.

Oh, may I follow still,
Faith’s pilgrimage fulfil,
With steps both sure and fleet ;
The longed-for goal I see!
Jesus waits there for me,
Haste, haste, my weary feet.”

G. McDONALD.

“On the Breastplate . . . Chains of Gold.”

“Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breast-plate . . . upon his heart . . . for a memorial before the Lord continually.”

The ephod and the breast-plate—the names engraved therein—were, to the High Priest, a perpetual reminder of the needs of the people, a constant token of the ministry of intercession. These names in the breastplate were kept in their proper position—before the Lord continually—by chains of gold. On a recent tourné south each renewed touch with the past brought into vision once again the chain of love and prayer that in former days had sought to bind Moslem souls to the Lord of Glory.

In Miss Trotter's journal of 1923 one reads: “It touches one's heart, this place, beyond words. The memory of the fortnight that we spent here in 1900, and the three or four weeks in 1902, seems strangely fresh all round. Everywhere in the streets there are hands stretched out in welcome—gaunt hands of old men who were in their prime then, strong brown hands of the middle-aged men who were but lads when we saw them last. . . . To-day brought a fresh joy in getting to another village. The first Arabic sentence gathered the men, and soon the news ran round “She knows about the Brotherhood and the People of the Road.” In this part of the desert the Brotherhoods hold sway, and there must be jewels for Christ's finding amongst these souls. Through the mazes of their fanciful mysticism there is an instant response when one speaks of seeking Him Who is Light and Life and Love. . . . Of all the millions of Islam they are far and away the truest seekers after God, albeit in a weird and dangerous path.” This love for the mystics held Miss Trotter to the end; almost her last thought was for these

seekers after God in the desert paths of Islam. In the writing of the “Way of the Sevenfold Secret” she forged the last earthly link in her yearning to bind these seeking souls to Christ. The thought of this book came to her in its urgency as truly as the “Thus saith the Lord” of the early prophets of Israel. “Even so” she writes, “it comes somehow with a sense of pressure and of ‘message’ that I never remember having had since the days, half a life-time ago, of the first Parable book, at any rate, nothing to this extent. So I hope it may show Jesus to some of these dear souls in their misty, intricate groping after Life and Light and Love. That would be worth anything, if it might be.” In 1925 she adds: “The Sufi book's last chapter got finished in the rough yesterday, and with the completion was given a feeling as if it were all linked together, and as if the sowing in weakness of every kind is needed if it is to be raised in power, and yet the consciousness of being through with this bit of ‘the works that the Father hath given me to finish’ brings the sense of the first sparkle of the lights on the coast-line.” In 1928 the longings of the heart come once more before the Lord of Glory. We read, “Again and again the cry for the Brotherhood house wells up, with a sense that it finds an echo in heaven, or rather it may be that the cry down here is the echo of things that are beginning to be wrought over there in the unseen.”

1900 — 1902 — 1923 — 1924 — 1925 — 1928. This year, 1931, another link is added, the chain of prayer is lengthened, as once again we renew our touch with the mystics of the desert. In their eagerness for literature we see the same longings after the unseen as in the early days of itinerations in the south. Again it is the desert, this time a crowded market in the

blazing March sun. Men and boys press around the table on which are Christian books. At first there is some timidity—fear of what a neighbour may say hinders them from purchasing; but gradually the young men begin to take courage and one of them comes to the table. He takes up a book and begins to read. . . . "How much?" He leaves with his purchase. He comes back again, once more buys a book. Five times that young man came to the table; each time he bought another book.

Now and again we meet with Moslem souls that really yearn for Light and Life and Love. In the same market an Arab asks in a low voice, "Have you any books that help one to get near to God—books that speak of the inward way?" He took with him "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret," the "Problem of Self," and "Ghazzali and His Book," each of them speaking on the inner life and pointing to the only source of satisfaction—Christ Jesus our Lord.



A Zaouia, or Koranic College.

We go still further south; we are now hundreds of miles from Algiers, our headquarters. Once again the thought of the chain comes before us—the link with the past calls us to search out the spiritual homes of these Moslem Mystics, the Zaouias, the Brotherhoods. One of Miss

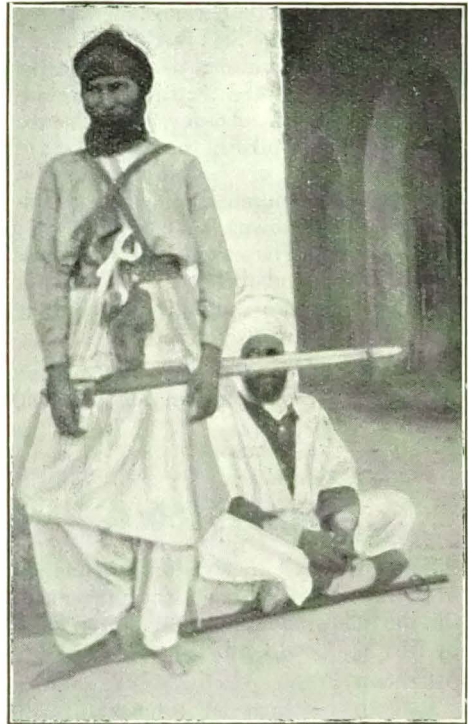
Trotter's great desires was to place Christian literature in the libraries of these Moslem brotherhoods. We remembered this as in the library of the most important Zaouia of the south were placed the New Testament, "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret" and an illuminated St. John's Gospel. Will they keep them there—in the library? I have before me as I write a paper given me by Miss Trotter before she passed into the Master's presence. On it are written names of Mystics with whom she had spoken on the things of God. The first name is that of a schoolmaster of a Zaouia, and she writes, "He showed us the Bible in the Brotherhood library, and all my letters filed there." These souls once linked on in prayer never forgot her love for them. We had camped in one of the small desert villages. It was evening and the sheikh of the village had come to see our books. He is responsible for the Arab education in this place. In the course of a long and interesting conversation I found out that he had known Miss Trotter. He first met her when as a young man he was studying in the Zaouia of Tolga. I showed him a copy of the Sevenfold Secret in French which has the photograph of Miss Trotter before the title page. When he saw this his face lighted up with real joy. "It is really her face, how well I remember it." He took with him the book in Arabic, and though he could not read readily in French he desired one in French also, for the sake of the photograph. It would be very like our God, Who is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him, if He bestowed on these Moslem Mystics of to-day the heritage of all the long line of spiritual ancestry of seekers, by making them, in these last days, the channel of His life to the wilderness of the Moslem world.

Miss Trotter had also upon her heart the needs of the boys, and on this journey one realised them anew. The boys were

almost always the first to buy our literature, and were often the forerunners for greater things. The vision of their need has been shared by others of our Band. Last year one of our workers went to a distant southern town, the furthest point reached by the A.M.B. in the penetration of the desert. I will give you her words: "As we climbed the narrow broken streets to the observation post at the top, a merry little negro lad accompanied us, making sweet notes on his reed pipe; and with him an elder lad, a self-appointed guide; but I was glad he came for I had things to tell him, so when we reached the topmost ledge looking right on to the Sahara, the lads sat at our feet and heard the Bible words for the first time." The first time—the first link in the chain. This year in April we men workers were prospecting in the Sahara and the camp had been pitched. The first visitor was a boy. After we had become friendly he told me of the visit of a lady to this place who spoke to him of Abraham and Isaac, of the sacrifice for sin, of the Lamb of God. "She had books like yours; will you let me sell some of these books for you?" This is a small place, only a few shops, and still fewer readers. How were we to get the Word into their hands? . . . *the boy!* At first we hesitated, and then we handed him a number of books, pricing each one. After about two hours he returned. He had sold fifteen books. "Sir, it was not easy; they said I was an infidel, I had no right to sell such blasphemous literature. But I *did* want to help you."

One other link was taken up on this last tournée—the burden for the unreached. One thought of Miss Trotter's deep heart-yearning over the untouched places of the land. She writes, "Our Mission is to the outlying and untouched places." Again and again one sees that, like the priest of old, the names are upon her heart,

for a memorial before the Lord continually. "Oh, the great stretch of land between Miliana and Relizane, the villages. . . . Oh, if we could make you see them and love them as we do, those far-away villages in the dunes. Prayers would gather round them for the fertilizing of the seed-sowing of these last winters." This taking up of the burden for the unreached came through our meeting with a Touareg from Tamanrasset. He typified to us the unreached, for Tamanrasset lies away in the very heart of the Sahara. The chain here goes back over a number of years. In 1895 we read in the Journal: "Our faith focussed involuntarily on one point—the Touaregs.



The Touareg before the camera.

There must be some touch to be had with them ; the sense of grasp upon God could mean nothing else ; but whether there were any there we could not learn. We waited and believed. . . . I hear there is a Touareg somewhere about the town, a merchant from Insalah. Oh, how lovely the words sounded to us ! So we set off for the market, to hunt for him." Miss Trotter had a conversation with him and gave him a New Testament in Arabic. Later the Touareg returned and gave Miss Trotter a wooden spoon and a tube with a leather fringe, as a token of his gratitude. The first link in the chain—1895. "We waited and believed." 1931, the next link in the chain was made as we, in that far-off Southern town, were brought face to face with one of these veiled men of the south. When is the next link to be made ? Five years ago, because of distance and the absence of roads, the Touaregs were inaccessible to us. To-day, through the courage and enterprise of the roadmakers of the Sahara, they are within reach. Not only they, but numbers of hitherto untouched desert towns. When shall they be reached ? The word in 1895 was "We waited and believed." Shall our word be "We are waiting and believing, expecting to go forward" ?

(Incidents from an itineration in the desert taken by Mr. Theobald and Mons. Nicoud.)

Home Notes.

Since the last report on Deputation work there has been much encouragement, and the following meetings have been taken by Mr. W. Cecil Collinson :—

Afternoon Prayer Meetings and Evening Lantern Meetings in connection with Prayer Circles : Barton, Bury St. Edmunds, Bexhill, Lexden, Woodbridge.

Faith Mission Conferences : Claydon, Barton, Colchester.

Lantern Meetings : Dovercourt, Acton, Woking, Hastings, Eastbourne, Brighton, Felixstowe, and the World's Evangelical Alliance.

At several Prayer Meetings in connection with other Societies opportunity has been given to tell of the work, and Mrs. Collinson has from time to time spoken at women's meetings.

As we go to press, the Deputation Secretary is travelling in Scotland, meetings having been arranged at Darlington, the National Bible Society of Scotland, and the Bible Training Institute in Glasgow ; in Edinburgh, at the Faith Mission Conference, and at the Y.W.C.A. (by invitation) ; also at Wallyford and at Dunfermline.

Miss Rona Smeeton has told of the work at Brighton, Edenbridge, Croydon, Lewisham, Ipswich, Woodbridge, and at an O.I.C.C.U. "Squash" at Oxford. Further meetings are arranged at Fittleworth, Thornton Heath, Islington Medical Mission, and Mount Hermon Bible College.

At a recent meeting of the Fellowship of Faith for Moslems Miss Grace Russell spoke of the needs of Algeria, and much prayer was offered for the work, and Mrs. F. C. Brading also had an opportunity to speak at the Secretaries' Christian Fellowship held at the Y.M.C.A. in Aldersgate Street.

The following workers expect to be in England during the summer :—Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Theobald, Miss Perkin, Miss Ridley, Miss Farmer, Miss Sheach, Miss P. Russell, Miss Johnston, Miss Smeeton, and Mr. Barrow. The Hon. Secretary, 38, Outram Road, Croydon, would be glad to hear of openings for them to tell of the work.

Note.—We hope to hold our Annual Meeting at Eccleston Hall on Tuesday, September 29th, 1931.

Literature Notes.

Two folders, each with four pictures drawn by Miss E. A. Wood (Cairo) have lately been published by the A.M.B., and are much appreciated. One is the parable of the Lost Coin and has Bible wording in French. The other is the parable of the Lost Sheep and has Bible wording in French and colloquial Arabic.

A leaflet (price one penny) entitled "The Why and Wherefore of Industrial Work" has also been published for English readers. This gives some account of the industrial work carried on in the A.M.B. and its *raison d'être*, and a most attractive and industrious Algerian maiden adorns its cover.

M. H. ROCHE,
(Secretary, Lit. Committee).

—◆◆◆—
For those on Furlough.

The Melody of Life.

There is no music in a "rest" but there is the making of music in it. In our whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the time. Be it ours to learn the time and not be dismayed at the rests. They are not to be omitted. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With our eyes on Him we shall strike the next note full and clear.

—◆◆◆—
John Ruskin.

Recent Books and Booklets.

Bearing on the Work in North Africa.

"The Life of I. Lilius Trotter." Compiled from her Letters and Journals by Blanche A. F. Pigott.

"Between the Desert and the Sea." By I. Lilius Trotter. With sixteen pages of illustrations in colour. 6s., postage 6d.

"Children of the Sandhills," a descriptive painting book. 1s., postage 2d.

"The Land of the Vanished Church." A survey of North Africa. By J. J. Cooksey. 2s., postage 3d.

"Thamilla." A story of the mountains of Algeria. By M. Ferdinand Duchêne. 7s., postage 6d.

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

The "Outlook" Series. Written by Members of the Band. 1d., postage ½d. 8s. per 100, post free.

"Now, are they Black?"

"A Province of Barbary."

"The Problem of Moslem Boys."

"Zenib the Unwanted."—What it is to be an Arab Girl.

"A Thirsty Land and God's Channels." By I. Lilius Trotter. Reprinted from the Magazine. 2d., postage ½d. 2s. per doz. post free.

English Translations of Books Written for Moslems.

"The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." (A Book for Twilight souls). By I. Lilius Trotter. 1s., postage 2d.

"The Lily of the Desert." By A. E. Theobald. 3d., postage 1d.

Other Books and Booklets by I. Lilius Trotter.

"Parables of the Cross." Illustrated. 3s. 6d., postage 6d.

"Parables of the Christ Life." Illustrated. 3s. 6d., postage 6d. Bound in one volume. 5s. postage 6d.

"Focussed." 3d., postage ½d.

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

Requests for Praise and Prayer.

Praise.

“ Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.”

For Miss Freeman's restoration to health and God's manifest working on behalf of others who have been tried in their bodies.

For God's supply of temporal needs month by month. Pray that we may all know how to take hold of Him for the “ lean ” months.

For the working of the Spirit during the itineration in the villages between Algiers and Bou Saada, and for God's enabling and protection of the workers.

For the new opportunities and possibilities seen on the last desert tourn e. For the roads which the French have built within recent years, opening up the Sahara as never before. For the friendliness met with in every case from officials ; that the car proved itself in every way adequate for desert work both over the dunes and the rough roads ; and above all for the openness of heart in listening to the Gospel message and in buying Christian literature.

Prayer.

“ Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven by prayer.”

That the coming furloughs and vacations may bring needed strength and refreshment to all the workers. For the complete healing of those who have been ill, if this is God's best will for each.

That God will mightily use those whom He will call to do deputation work during the summer, and that one result of this may be a thrusting forth of labourers into this field.

For wisdom and the definite leading of the Spirit for the Executive Committee and Home Council in the sometimes difficult problems that come before them.

That the wonderful opportunities of open access into the desert may be bought up, and the roads of commerce become a highway for our God.

That the Bibles in the Zaouias, and all the literature distributed in the desert, may not only be read but illumined by

the Spirit. And that all who are in earnest in their search for God—remembering specially those in these Sufi brotherhoods—may find the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

For the convert mentioned in the Editorial, that he might avail himself of every opportunity to come to the mission house for fellowship and further instruction, and that he may truly witness to the hope that is in him.

Remember in special prayer all the converts, the seekers, and the many who come to the missionaries for help and counsel ; that, as the stations close down in turn for a few weeks and the human help is withdrawn, they may come to know God's sufficiency in a new way. Pray that through the brooding of the Holy Spirit there may be growth in grace and that the seed sown may not be snatched away, nor the tender shoots wither.

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.

ENGLAND.

Local Representatives:

ALL NATIONS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—Missionary Prayer Secretary A.N.B.C., Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.
BARKING TYE.—Mr. P. J. Butler, Barking Hill, Needham Market.
BEKHILL.—Mrs. Brownrigg, Gorse Cottage, Terminus Road.
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).—37, Elswick Road, Lewisham, S.E.13.
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.
FELIXSTOWE.—Miss E. Threadkell, "Raebury," Constable Road.
FITTLEWORTH.—Mrs. Rice, "Fortree."
HASTINGS.—Miss Kate Booth, C.A.W.G., 26, Holmesdale Gardens.
ILFORD.—Mr. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.
IPSWICH.—Miss Challin, C.A.W.G., Bolton Lane.
Mr. W. C. Collinson, 62, Tuddenham Rd.
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 C. WAYRE, 12, Straight Road, Lexden, Colchester.
MANCHESTER (New Bank Street Mission).—Miss E. McDiarmid, 84, Birch Street, West Gorton.
NEW CROSS.—Miss F. Allchin, 126, Rangefield Road, Downham Estate, Kent.
OLD HILL (Staffs).—Miss R. Lamb, 34, Church Street.
OXFORD.—Mrs. Elwin, 1, Warnborough Road.
PURLEY (Baptist Ch. C. E.).—Mr. J. C. Dinnage, "Ventnor," Whytecliffe Road.
REIGATE.—Miss A. M. Hodgkin, "Wraycroft."
SAFFRON WALDEN.—Miss E. Midgley, "Larchmount."
SCARBOROUGH (C.A.W.G.).—Miss Yelland.
SIDCUP.—Mrs. Russell, "Rosslyn."
SOUTHPORT (Y.W.C.A.).—Miss Pennington, Lord Street.
THORNTON HEATH.—Mr. C. J. Ford, 13, Heath View Road.
WELLINGBOROUGH.—Miss W. Purser, 23, Hill Street.
WEST SUFFOLK.—Mrs. Ed. Johnston, Campfield, Gt. Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.
WOODBRIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.
WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, White Lodge, Mill Road.

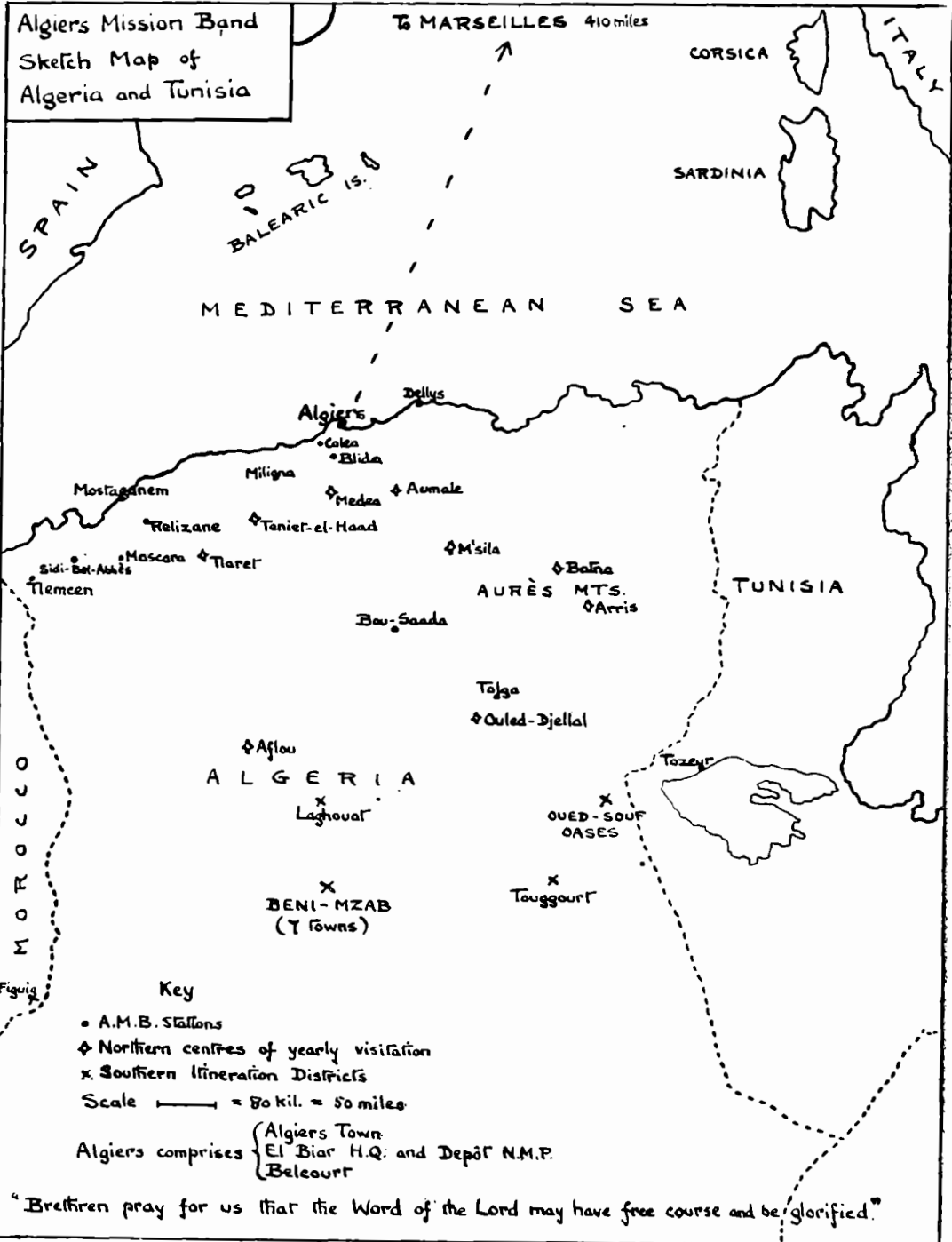
SCOTLAND.

DUNDEE.—Miss Stewart, 8, Woodlands Terrace.
DUNFERMLINE.—Miss J. M. Swanson, 97, High Street.
DYSART.—Mrs. Muir, "Ansford," Dysart, Fifeshire.
FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—Miss I. R. Govan, 18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. D. J. Findlay, The Tabernacle, 54, Maryhill Road.

IRELAND.

BALLYMENA.—Miss Harper, c/o Mr. W. Millar, "Hebron," Ballymoney Road.
BESSBROOK.—Miss R. Bailie, Woodside Cottage.
CO. MONAGHAN.—Mr. P. McMinn, The Diamond, Monaghan.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia



- Key
- A.M.B. Stations
 - ◊ Northern centres of yearly visitation
 - x Southern Liberation Districts
- Scale ——— = 80 kil. = 50 miles.
- Algiers comprises { Algiers Town
 El Biar H.Q. and Depot N.M.P.
 Belcourt

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