

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

A. B. ...
EDITEUR

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS :—DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

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General Treasurer :—Miss F. K. CURRIE, Oulad Sultane, Blida, Algeria.

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PASTOR J. P. COOK, Menerville, Algeria.

PASTOR R. SAILLENS, Nogent sur Marne, Seine.

Location of Workers, 1932.

AT DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.

1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.
1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).
1919 & 1922. Mons. & Mme.
PIERRE NICOD.
1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.
1920. Miss A. KEMP.
Miss MARY MAY.
1927. Miss JOHNSTON.
1927. Miss C. CROSS, M.H.
1928. H. T. BARROW.
1928. Senor S. LULL.
1951. F. MACDONNELL WATSON.

ALGIERS.

1930. Miss IDA NASH.

Evangelist Colporteur : Senor MUNIOZ (supported by Nile Mission Press).

MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

BLIDA.

1909. Miss F. K. CURRIE.
1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE.

RELIZANE.

1907. Miss RIDLEY (part time).

MILIANA.

1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.
1929. Miss P. M. RUSSELL.

MASCARA.

1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.

TOZEUR.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.
1929. Miss R. SMEETON.
(on sick leave).

COLEA.

1920. Mr. & Mrs. H.W. BUCKENHAM

TOLGA.

1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).

TLEMCEN.

1907. Miss RIDLEY (part time).
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.

M.H.—Mission Helper.



No. 20.

SPRING, 1932.

1/6 PER ANNUM
POST FREE.

Ascension.

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies ;
 Assume Thy right ;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light.

Victor o'er death and hell
Cherubic legions swell
 Thy radiant train.
Praises all heaven inspire ;
Each angel sweeps his lyre
And waves his wings of fire,
 Thou Lamb once slain.

Enter, incarnate God !
No feet but Thine have trod
 The serpent down.
Blow the full trumpets, blow !
Wider your portals throw !
Saviour, triumphant go,
 And take Thy crown.

Lion of Judah, hail !
And let Thy Name prevail
 From age to age.
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine Own the spheres,
For Thou hast won with tears
 Thy heritage.

Mathew Bridges.

Trained to Rule.

A glimmer of the coming dawn has been lighting up some passages with such an inspiring to my soul that I want to pass it on, though to many it may be a familiar thought. When it came to me I wondered why I had not seen it before.

In the parables of the talents and pounds we see a two-fold purpose—to give the servants something to do for their Lord, and to train them for their future work when the Kingdom should have come. The first aspect is familiar enough; the second has been to me in a very vivid sense a new revealing of that wonderful Day. The King knew when He went away that when the kingdom was His He would need "rulers," and all unknowing of what was coming of it, His servants got their training, and thus they were ready for rulership when He came back.

"They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." This was to me, vague and intangible, but it has become very real, for it will all be indeed real, that reign. Here, down on this very earth of ours, with its mountains and deserts and woods and clouds and flowers just as they are today, and the same races of men with all their nations and tongues to be won to one King. Think of it! The glory of seeing Him have His glory at last; the unspeakable joy of bringing sheaf after sheaf to lay at His feet where now the seed only yields a few straggling blades. "The joy of thy Lord—" "Thou hast to Him increased the joy." "They joy before Thee according to the joy of harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil." Think of seeing His joy in the travail of His soul—the gladness of making God glad. Think of it till the wonderful joy of it dawns.

Think of the lands, where we have toiled on—some of us—with so little fruit to be

seen, springing up with the sudden golden glory of harvest. The seed cast on the waters in journeyings oft, found after many days; desert lands, that we had left with a heart-break for the dear souls who might only have that one hearing, blossoming as the rose. Think of places beyond that our hearts have yearned over, but where the door has never opened. Would it not be like the Lord Whom we are learning to know, to let us go just there when His Kingdom comes, with resurrection bodies that will not flag or fail in any climate, with the Lord's power triumphing gloriously instead of the weary fight, with a thousand years in which to do the work instead of these poor ten or twenty or thirty that we feel so sadly short, when we look around and see that all we can do barely touches the fringe of what is left undone.

Think of the fellowship of the work—the lonely scattered workers now with little of the communion of saints here below. Think of working alongside Rutherford and Tersteegen and Fletcher and all the lovely saints of all ages and nations, to say nothing of the goodly fellowship of the apostles and the noble army of martyrs. And think of all authority being on the side of Jesus. Some of us are working here against the tide—then He will be recognised over all the earth, King of kings and Lord of lords.

Now take your eyes off this wonderful vista, down again to the browns and greys of "this present world." Has not a light come on some of its mysteries? What if He sends out some of His servants to heathen lands just to die in a year or two? Do we not judge the matter as if it were really bounded by the low narrow horizon of this life? They have done their bit of training and are ready for their work,

that is all. And those whose whole heart is in the foreign field, but who through health or circumstances cannot go—never mind, you will be there some day, and the training is going on now. The answer will be exceeding abundantly above all you asked or thought, just as wonderful as when in answer to Moses' longing prayer, his feet stood with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. He went over indeed to the goodly mountain whose top he saw from Pisgah. God's answers lose nothing by being kept into eternity, and you who feel powers beginning to fail and sadness creeping over you at seeing the end of the blessedness of a life spent for Jesus, oh! let us lift up our eyes, we are coming to the end of our training, and we are going to see that they that sow in tears shall reap in joy. It may be that in the fellowship of tears with Him you are having a training to make you able to bear the joy of that day. But oh! to be faithful in the time that is! Infinite is gain carried over into eternity and infinite is eternal loss. "Thy pound hath gained ten pounds." What is the multiple of fructifying power for the gifts and probation that God has given us? Not human toil and effort, not even the spirit of faithfulness, but the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life.

Oh to enter on the life eternal, with every fibre in character and brain and capacity "alive unto God" through Him. Only so can His pound gain ten pounds. But many of us are having a mixed life of the flesh and the Spirit—much that is gold, silver, and precious stones, and much that is wood, hay, stubble; and before His Kingdom is set up on earth the fire must try every man's work of what sort it is. God grant us to judge ourselves now that we be not judged of the Lord hereafter.

I. L. TROTTER.

Editorial.

The winter quarter brought us our share of anxieties and trials. The backsliding of two Arab Christians gave us deep pain, though we are assured that there where the under-shepherds failed, the Chief Shepherd will seek until He finds.

Then we had our share of financial questions, and a good deal of serious sickness, now in God's goodness passing away. We had very definite proof of His tender mercy in that, when matters were rather dark, He gave us great encouragement in the conversion of a young Arab who seems to have received the truth as far as he understood it, after one conversation with a missionary some months ago. Then, he was a very smart young man, serving in a café; later serious illness laid hold of him, but as the outward man perished, the very light of heaven came upon him, and he passed away with the Saviour's Name on his lips, and such a look of joy and glory still shone on his face that an Arab coming in to see the poor body exclaimed, "But this is not death, it is life!"

Another source of thankfulness was that in some of the Stations there were Arabs who had the courage for Christ's sake to break the Ramadhan fast. Friends and co-workers with Miss Trotter will remember how she girded herself for the fray, and how she stood by the Christians as that month of trial came on.

For various reasons it has seemed best to defer the regular page for younger people until the next number, but in order not to fail in our promise we publish the story of an Arab girl, which we think will interest our younger readers.

During the winter months, Mr. and Mrs. Wigg of the North Africa Mission have given us yeoman help at the desert station of Tolga, which without them would have had but little evangelising this season, for

Miss Perkin's stay there was necessarily curtailed.

The Wednesday afternoon prayer meeting for revival continues to gather members of all the missionary societies in Algiers, with a very distinct sense of God's presence among us.

F.H.F.

Visiting at Rassouta.

Rassouta, you must understand, is so to speak the villa suburb of Tolga. It is laid out in the desert on modern lines, with wide rectangular streets. Here is our landlord's house. He has a large date garden in the oasis, and is the manager of a shop in Tolga, so is presumably wealthy, yet his wife, though well-fed, lacks necessities such as needles and cotton. When I call, pretty little Didga runs to lead me past the dog, straining at his short chain, ferocious with misery; her mother and aunts are sitting at the end of the compound sorting dates. They are dressed in ample orange draperies.

"Welcome, welcome! Sit down here. Why is it so long since you came?" The younger of the women slips away into the kitchen to make me coffee over a wood fire in a hole in the floor, and a dish of dates is placed before me. Our landlord's wife, the elder of the sisters, a pretty, prematurely old woman, has a fine family of children. The second, sad and heavy-eyed, suffers from chronic headache, and is in disgrace with her husband because all her children die at birth, or do not survive long. He himself told me before her that he must therefore divorce her. The other sister has defective eyesight and has never been married. She sees the suffering that marriage entails on her sisters and thinks herself fortunate, although the drudge of the family.

These women are devout Moslems. They listen politely and with a certain interest to the Gospel story, and now and then, sitting round their palm-frond fire, speak about what they believe and about their fears and difficulties. They like to hear of women, their contemporaries in the neighbouring houses. "As children we played together and washed clothes in the oasis stream. Then at about the age of thirteen we were shut in and then married. Since then we have not seen them though we live so near. But Mother" (a great personage, midwife, and purveyor of gossip) "brings us news of them."

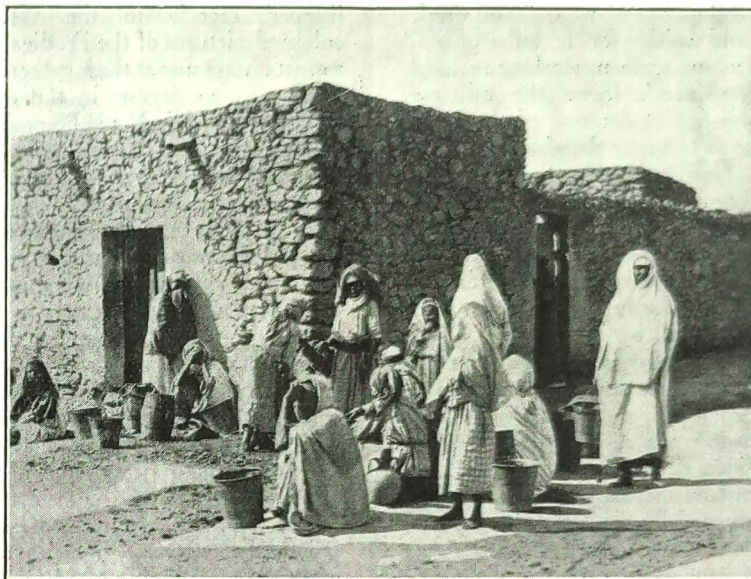
A group of dark-skinned, dusty people, sitting in a large dusty yard, camel-flesh strung on a cord above them, uncouth purplish lumps covered thick with flies. "Amar's employer had a sick camel. He killed it, and gave Amar a large piece in charity."

Simple ignorant people these from Touggourt, overwhelmingly grateful for the little attentions when ill. A small girl runs off to see if the hen has laid an egg for the Englizia! The group settles down to hear that the God whom they ignorantly worship, loves them and has prepared a place for them in Heaven.

"Pure" lives in a large barn-like house with her mother. She has been divorced and her four children taken from her. Her husband lives near, and in the meantime the children are allowed freely to visit her, but she is inconsolable; they are no longer hers.

She listens entranced to the whole Gospel story from the Incarnation to the Ascension, asking intelligent questions, for today there are no neighbours to interrupt, and we have the rare opportunity of a quiet talk.

S. PERKIN.



A WAYSIDE GROUP.

A Quest for Souls.

The story of an itineration in October, 1931.

“ Jesus calls !
Over highway, hill and hollow—
Everywhere He bids us follow :
Yea, follow Him.”

Our quest took us, on four of our journeys by motor-bus and on three by train, to three walled and three unwalled towns, thus completing a “round tour” from our desert outpost. The Lord was so evidently with us that again and again we remarked to each other, “Some friends *must* be praying.” E. M. Bounds says, “He does the most for God who is the highest skilled in prayer.”

We had never before seen Arab women shed tears when listening to the story of the Cross, but in three instances this actually took place. We were returning

one morning to a town after visiting one of the newly built Arab villages outside the walls. Taking a little-used path across a corn-field, because a number of boys had been rude and we did not wish to encounter them again at the town gate, there in the open country we met three nicely dressed women. Before long they began to exclaim with wonder at our news,—the forgiveness of sin,—and one woman was so overcome that tears coursed down her cheeks. Pray that Christ may reveal Himself to her and her friends.

The other two instances were of women in M'sila, a town for which we know prayer is continually going up to God, new people again, with hearts tired with the dead forms of a lifeless religion. *They,*

as Miss Trotter wrote, were "not dead, only dry," and waiting for the water of life. One was a young woman, working so hard at another woman's loom, the mistress herself going fast at her end of the warp and woof so as to hurry the girl to keep up with her! However, she stopped weaving and made common cause with her servant in listening, and both were in tears. The servant had lately been divorced and her two little children taken from her and it made it very hard for her to know that they were being brought up by a woman living just a couple of streets off. No wonder God's condescending love in Jesus Christ touched her heart.

It is seven years ago now since Miss Frances Brittle, now with the Lord, accompanied us on an itineration, and in one town was very touched by the sight of a minute child-wife, and prayed much for her. Although we have been twice to the town since then, we could not trace her, as of course we dare not make much enquiry in Arab houses. This year A.B. found a clue among people who turned out to be the girl's relations, and they kindly sent a child with us to take us to her. What joy overspread her countenance, still so lovely, though marked by suffering, when she saw us, and how she and her mother-in-law and sister-in-law listened to our message. She was, of course, doing all the cooking while they sat around. Only eighteen years of age and still the same shy girl as of old, only now fully grown. The sufferings she had endured in an Algiers Hospital, to which mercifully they had taken her those years ago, had mellowed her much. Who will pray for her now?

Our quest for souls took us round the little shopkeeping tents in a market. There were perhaps forty tents erected in straight lines like streets, and many a merchant sitting inside among his goods, paid for a Gospel or booklet and quickly hid it away. Tracts were well received and little groups

listened eagerly to the Gospel. The coloured pictures of the Prodigal Son made a great impression at these gatherings. The Lord gave us favour in the eyes of the people and to His Name be praise!

Our quest led us up many a queer stairway to see Arab families, housed in one room. Perhaps nowhere were souls more glad to welcome us and to hear God's Word. We were thankful however, to see new mud villages springing up here and there and naturally there was much less sickness in these than in the close rooms. It was good too to have village open-air gatherings, sitting with the women and children in the lovely atmosphere, often with beautiful views of mountain and plain. All was so natural and informal. In one of the houses we had conversation with a "holy woman" who confessed to us quietly that we were right in saying that without the shedding of blood there is no remission. We had also a long talk with one of her clients, a woman who had come a long distance to consult this "marabouta." Our old friend, a "marabouta" in another town, was in great grief over the illness of her son. Happily the French doctor came while we were in and gave a more cheering report. We were therefore allowed to see the young man, long the subject of our prayers, as he had once for several months quite given up strong drink. He confessed to us now that he was certain if he recovered and was again among his comrades he could not resist drinking. He was very pleased to have a Gospel and tracts in French. We magnified to him the power of the Lord to overcome the evil one. We would be thankful if friends would pray for this young married man.

A boy of fourteen, once a promising student, was another whom we visited several times in a very wretched house. His father is in Government employ. The boy was in abject misery, suffering from advanced bone disease in his leg, and

incessantly smoked cigarettes, as he thought these dulled the pain. It was not easy to get near his soul, and yet we felt we must take time with him and persist in prayer. He would probably be crossing the river of death soon and we did long that he should experience Christ's saving power. Both he and his almost distracted young mother became much quieter, and the boy was grateful for a Gospel and tracts and some crayons to colour pictures.

We did not see any souls believe on the Lord Jesus unto salvation, but we sought for such and can trust that His Word will yet become the "savour of life to some."

"The Lord . . . is not willing that any should perish." (2 Pet. 3. 9).

M. ALICE McILROY.

Can God enlighten them by means of such tiny rays as these that they get with a stray visit and a few books? The answer came to me in one of God's pictures the other day.

It was early morning, and I was watching, half consciously, a wee circle of light which travelled slowly down the wall. It was a mere chink in the shutter that had let in one shaft of sunshine, but that one shaft through the one cranny had orb'd itself into the perfect image of the sun himself.

And it brought a flood of hope that, no matter what poor little chinks we may be: more than that—perhaps, as in nature, *because* of our smallness (for the smaller the chink the more perfect the sun-image) God can use us to carry a light-beam that shall be the very revelation of Jesus Himself—"to make known the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." The uncreated Light will not prove less mighty than the created. Praise be to His Name.

I. L. TROTTER.

A Ramadhan Victory

So another Ramadhan has come! In the mission house there is a scent of battle in the air and in the little inland town everything is topsy-turvy. Day is turned into night and night into day. It is mid-morning and a hot sun beats down on the white walls of the houses and penetrates into the open cafes where the men lie curled up in their burnouses making up for lost sleep. The streets are almost deserted except for the usual sprinkling of children playing or running errands for their mothers. Inside the houses the women are busy preparing elaborate meals for the night's feasting. They are tired and languid, but the work must be done, and the children, unaccustomed to late hours and the accompanying excitements of Ramadhan nights, are quarrelsome and difficult. "Oh this Fast," says a young mother in a deprecating tone, "what benefit do we get from it?" "You speak truly," a chorus of neighbours respond, "You speak truly—there is no benefit in it." But should one innocently suggest, "Then why not break it?" one feels immediately a stiffening in the atmosphere. "Break it? How can we?" And there is no answer to this question. The Fast of Ramadhan, the custom of centuries, rises up before us like a solid, insurmountable, concrete wall, and there is no door in the wall. Even in these modern days, days of emancipation from many of the old customs of the race, this one seems but to tighten its grip. To break it means disgrace of the keenest sort, and earns for one the ignominious epithet of blasphemous, or turn-coat.

It was not surprising, therefore, that on the evening of the first day of the Fast, a very angry mother appeared at the mission house door, to know why her daughter, our dear Faith, had not come home to keep the Fast with them. "I will give you

until Sunday to decide," she stormed, "and if you do not come then, your father will beat you." After the mother had gone we met together and put the matter into God's hands, asking that the parents might not be allowed to put any stumbling-block in their child's way, for Faith had said, "I told my mother I did not wish to fast because I am a Christian."

Sunday came and Faith had to go home on her usual weekly visit to her parents in another part of the town, but she went out bravely saying, "I am not afraid," and we felt that God was with her, for she is not naturally of a very courageous nature. Time passed slowly that afternoon, sunset came, the gun boomed out (showing that the day's fast was at an end and feasting could begin), darkness began to fall and still Faith did not return. What had happened to her? We held on to God's promises and knew she was in His care, but—had her father beaten her? Had she been compelled to stay against her will? At last we could bear the suspense no longer and the senior missionary said she would go to the house and see what had happened, but before going out a promise was given and it was this, "Ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight, for the Lord doth go before you." Surely the God of the promise had the matter in His hands. "Let us just pray again," said the senior missionary. We had scarcely knelt when there was a loud knocking at the door,—and there was Faith! It was to us like a repetition of the story of Peter's deliverance in Acts 12, for the other girls had been praying too in another room, and when they heard the knock they said, "That is not Faith's knock. It must be her father coming to say that she is not to be allowed to come back."

What a joyous moment it was, and Faith's face was radiant as she told us how God had "undertaken" that afternoon.

"When I got home," she said, my father asked me, "Have you come to keep the Fast?" but I replied, "No, I do not wish to fast." "Aren't you ashamed to talk like that?" he said, but I answered, "No, I cannot walk in two paths and I have chosen the path of Christ." And instead of the promised beating, the father said, "Well, you must walk in your own path." "And my mother," said Faith, "Never have I seen her as she was this afternoon; she simply sat still and did not say a word until I was coming away, when she gently said, 'My daughter, you must follow your own heart.'" Truly He had "gone before us," and His Name is Wonderful.

And now the last day of the Fast has come. Evening draws on and the streets are filled with groups of men anxiously studying the sky for the first sign of the new moon which will indicate to them that the allotted time for fasting is over. At nine o'clock the cannon booms out and we know that the Fast is ended.

There was not much sleep for anyone in the Arab quarter of the town that night and long before daylight the air was filled with sounds of excitement and mirth, and in the droning of the music and the thumping of the tom-toms one seemed to feel the strange nearness of unseen powers of evil. At dawn they brought the cannon down to a spot quite near the mission house and so terrific were the reports that they shook the building and broke some of our windows. It was a horrible hour and it seemed that the enemy tried to get into our midst at that time. It was as if some evil power drew near and the children were unconsciously affected by it, at least the little ones. But the elder girls came to us and said, "Let us pray together. We don't want to be in all this feasting, but we can be joyful in God here so that others may see that Christians are happy too."

Then they added, "We will pray for the little ones. They do not understand as we do; and we will pray also very specially for our parents to-day." And again we proved how wonderfully prayer does change things, for soon the "atmosphere" had quite altered, and we heard the little ones singing as they played, "Joy, joy, joy, with joy my heart is ringing," and joybells are very infectious things!

It is no small sacrifice that these children make in thus forgoing participation in the after-Ramadhan feast, for although they have their pretty clothes at our Christian "feasts," yet then they are practically alone in their joy, while now all the world is festive. As I look out of my window the streets are simply a pageant of colour! The little boys are strutting about in spotless white shirts, the bigger boys are in new red fez caps and smart suits with very baggy trousers, the men are tossing over their shoulders their magnificent new bur-nouses, while the women and girls are beyond description in their silks of every colour and shade; and the more colours there are collected into one costume, the gayer the effect. A small boy has just stopped and pulled out a new purse and is counting his pennies affectionately, a group of men have just swung by chanting rhythmically, everywhere petards are banging, people are meeting and kissing one another, going off in groups to visit one another and incidentally to show off their fine clothes; the little girls have new silver bracelets and anklets, and feet and hands are all henna-dyed. And there are so many good things to eat! Do you wonder that the children felt the lure of it all? Oh thank God for the grace and love He gave which made them willing for this bit of sacrifice for His sake.

J. C. JOHNSTON.



For Young People.



YOUTH TRIUMPHANT!

"Freedom."

When an Arab girl is named "Little Angel" or a boy "Light of Religion," or "The Shy One," you can see that such a name may be a bit of a handicap. Freedom's name, however, seemed to fit her from the time she was a baby, a jolly little unafraid creature, always clinging to someone's back, her mother's or her old grandmother's, or her young aunt's, and if the latter she was galloped about in fine style! As soon as she could walk this small Arab girl developed a habit of running away, which worried her mother and other people too, very much, and nearly led to a disaster.

Freedom delighted to be with her father when he sat sleepily near the town gate, waiting for someone to buy the bundles of long grass that he had cut from the field near their house. One day as he dozed in the sunshine, Freedom's quick ears caught the sound of drums and flutes in the distance, and soon she saw a procession of men with brightly coloured banners coming through the gate. Boys were running behind and no one bothered that a tiny bare-footed girl, snatching at her liberty while her father slept, started to follow the procession. Down the long dusty road that wound between the hills Freedom trotted, thrilled with the music and with the crowds of people that were flocking to the Zeeara. This is a festival that is held yearly in honour of the town's patron saint. Long ago, so the Arabs say, this great sheikh gave the gift of water to the town—springs and streams which bubble and flow to this day. In gratitude they make a pilgrimage at a certain season to his tomb, and pilgrims come from near and far.

Freedom was not daunted by the crowds for there were so many exciting things to watch, boys selling lovely sweets, others whistling and shouting, and small girls, who smiled at her in a friendly fashion, flitting about like bright butterflies.

When they arrived at the tomb everyone began thoroughly to enjoy themselves. Sitting down on the grass the family parties unpacked their baskets and bundles of good things. Mothers lighted their cooking pots and began calling to the children to go and fetch water, to fan the fire, grind the coffee, pound the red pepper and to do lots of other jobs. Freedom was terribly hungry, but somebody gave her a bunch of grapes, and then a smiling woman who thought she looked forlorn, called her to sit with the children and gave her some dinner. She was such a nice chubby little girl; they all loved her, and

the kind woman who was puzzled at seeing her all alone, tried to find out who she was, but Freedom had no idea! So they gave it up and bought sweets for her instead. Some were made of pink and white sugar and they were especially nice, for they were made like bracelets, and could be worn and sucked in turn.

After lots of talk, moving about, greetings exchanged between friends and neighbours, music and more eating, it began to get dark and Freedom went happily to sleep tucked up in a shawl by the kind woman who must have wished that she was *her* baby. But at Freedom's home her mother was crying and her father was very upset hunting everywhere and asking everybody if they had seen a small fat girl whose name was Freedom. At the Mission House they were asking the Good Shepherd to watch over the little lost lamb and please to bring her safely home again.

Children are often stolen at these Zeearas and it was indeed the Good Shepherd who took care of little Freedom that day and who sent her father along the road in the valley next morning. He found her coming in fine style on someone's back, not at all frightened but very delighted to see her own father and to go back home again safely perched on his shoulder.

The next time that Freedom lived up to her name it was not her own doing at all. Girls with Moslem fathers and mothers are hardly allowed out of their homes when they begin to grow tall, and if their brothers find them playing a game in the streets they often give them a hard beating. As for going away to stay with friends it would not do at all. So when the holiday-missionary (the one just off for a holiday) said "May I please take Freedom away to stay at the seaside with me?" she knew she was asking rather a big thing. "Beat her well" growled Freedom's father,

"don't you let her play and beat her with a large stick." It sounded awful but the holiday missionary laughed. She knew it was only a way of saying "I trust my little daughter to you absolutely," and Freedom wasn't the tiniest bit worried about the big stick!

The joyful day arrived and off they went with many bundles, small brother yelling at the top of his voice because he was not going too. The holiday missionary and Freedom lived all by themselves in a tiny house quite near to the seashore and that twelve-year-old Arab girl enjoyed everything to the utmost. She loved bathing and was not a bit frightened even when it was quite rough, but when a big wave washed over her face and gave her a salt mouthful she understood why they did not fetch their drinking water from the sea as she had expected. To catch a fish in a bottle was Freedom's chief ambition and she would sit on a rock so still and quiet, watching and waiting—but she never caught the fish for supper. Gathering fir cones from the forest for the fire, playing ball, doing jobs to help about the house, hunting for shells on the shore, the time passed oh so quickly, and the big stick was never once thought of!

The warm moonlight evenings when everything was still were just the time for Bible stories before going to bed, and for asking for our Heavenly Father's blessing. Freedom never had these quiet evening times at home. Children in Moslem lands miss many beautiful things. They talked together about Freedom's name, and what it really means, and they read of God's gift of perfect freedom at the hand of the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to gain it for us all, even Arab girls shut away in Moslem houses. When Freedom went home again she took with her lots of shells, and a big bottle of sea water for her friends to taste, and lovely memories and thoughts hidden away in her heart.

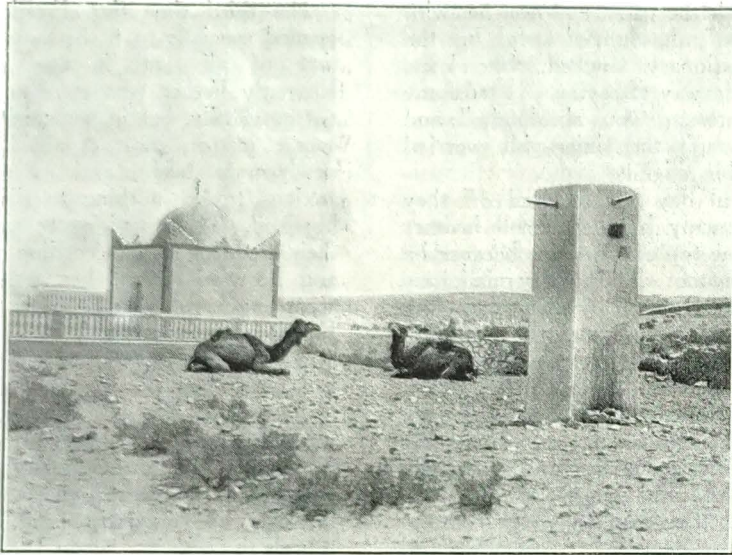
The third time that Freedom's name seemed specially to fit her was the nicest time of all, and it was surely our Heavenly Father who gave her freedom, not outwardly, but in her spirit, which of course matters most of all. She was a newly-made bride, and as such, most anxious to do nothing to displease her husband, for he had never seen her till their wedding day (according to custom) and he would treat her well or badly according to whether he liked her or not. Freedom's missionary friend was making a call on them in their new home, for she had never met the husband and wanted to know what kind of a life her girl friend was likely to have. Judge of her joy and surprise when the young Arab, who was evidently very pleased and satisfied with his new wife otherwise, said, "Freedom refuses to 'witness' when I tell her to do so every evening."

It was God who had given courage and freedom of spirit to this young Arab girl, for if one is a Moslem, whether in China, India, or North Africa, the great test of one's creed is to recite the "witness" to the one God and His prophet Mohammed. To refuse to repeat these words has meant death for some and bitter persecution for others in many parts of the earth. Will you pray for Freedom and other girls like her, shut away in Moslem homes, that the Lord Jesus may make them free indeed? Ask, too, that younger girls still allowed to go out, and their brothers, may through classes in the mission stations, or through reading books given to them, or talking with missionaries or someone who loves Christ, themselves learn to know Him as Saviour and Friend.

M. H. ROCHE.



"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."



THE PLACE OF SACRIFICE.

Heart Yearnings in Moslem Lands.

St. Augustine's oft quoted words anent the human heart, "restless until at home in the bosom of the Eternal," are strikingly true concerning the heart of a Moslem. Underneath the cold and lifeless formalities of orthodox Islam, there is often an intense, yet unsatisfied longing for union with God. Mystics set out on their pilgrim way striving to attain to the divine light and knowledge of God. Step by step the exiled one journeys towards home; from simple service and adoration he passes through divine attraction into seclusion, from thence to inexpressible knowledge and ecstasy, and finally, if God wills, into union with the Divine. Always striving and never attaining—one ceaseless, fruitless quest for rest in the Eternal. A fruitless and unrealised pursuit, for, in the words of our Lord there is only one way, "I am the Way,

the Truth and the Life, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Not only among the religious brotherhoods of Islam, but among the common people, the deep longings of the human heart are ever seeking expression. The blood of sacrifice, the mystic name of God, the holy stones on the hillside, the not less holy trees by the wayside—all these bear constant witness to the unutterable yearnings of Moslem souls.

THE BLOOD.

One of the most patent examples of this is the use in everyday customs of the blood of sacrifice. In every walk of life, among town dwellers or wandering Bedouins, among rich or poor, there is the frequent resort for some measure of inward peace, to the symbol of the shed blood. In Tunisia at various seasons of the year,

hens, goats or sheep are sacrificed, hands are dipped in the blood and then imprinted upon the doorsteps. Over the lintel of the door, and on each side, one sees the prints of the blood-marked hand. The hand, Fatima's hand, has always been considered by the Arabs as a sure protection from misfortune and the evil eye, but united to the blood, it becomes the one infallible protection from *all* evil. When a young bride enters her future home, the blood-marks upon the house assure her that no calamity will befall her, no evil touch her dwelling.

**" THROUGH FEAR OF DEATH ALL
THEIR LIFETIME SUBJECT TO
BONDAGE."**

Not only in towns but in country districts the voice of the blood is heard. The agricultural labourer cannot always afford to shed the blood of birds or beasts, yet if his land is to be productive and freed from any lurking evil spirit, if his labours are to be blessed, some emblem of the blood must be seen. So, in his poverty, he takes a pomegranate and breaks it over the handles of his plough, the rich red juice, a token of the blood, voices his longing for blessing, protection, and prosperity. Further south, in the oasis towns of the Sahara, the same heart-yearnings are evident. Before a builder begins to build his small house of sun-dried bricks, the site must be sprinkled with blood, and often the first stone laid has upon it the marks of shed blood. They say if the house is to stand the tests of time, if the inhabitants are to live there free from all fear and calamity, the blood of sacrifice must flow.

Not only here in Algeria, but in all Moslem lands similar customs prevail. This year in conversation with an engineer who has had much experience in the East Indies, I learned that even there before any new machinery can be set in motion, and before any of his Moslem labourers will touch it, to ensure freedom from accident

or calamity a bird or beast must be sacrificed and the blood sprinkled on the machinery. From Egypt too, we receive the same word of testimony. A few years ago a missionary wrote in "The Moslem World" alluding to this faith of the Moslem in the shed blood. She says, "A friend of mine was describing to me the other day an amulet which her sister had worn. A large eel was cut in two parts and when it was killed it was held over two shirts to be spattered with the blood. One was worn by the mother, and then used to stuff a pillow for the child's head. This was considered to be an effective amulet against the powers of evil." The powers of darkness vanquished by the blood! A similar instance was cited by one of our own workers in a recent issue of *A Thirsty Land*. She tells of a woman who had been very ill, the malady being attributed to the influence of malicious spirits. A charm, and the sacrifice of a black cock were prescribed for the woman's healing. The cock was killed, the blood kept for a short time and then taken to the patient. The woman recovered owing to the fact, said the Taleb, of the Djinns being conquered through the drinking of the blood, "for," to quote his words, "it is through the blood shed that evil spirits are conquered." It is only through the shedding of blood that these Moslem souls, with their constant fear of the unseen, can find any degree of satisfaction or peace.

" DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP."

Again in the deepest needs of the soul the use of the blood is a manifestation of the yearning Moslem hearts, the deep of man's sin calling upon the deep of God's mercy. In Algeria and Tunisia the blood of sacrifice is the symbol of forgiveness, both with God and man. When the bearers carry out a corpse they halt upon the threshold for the ceremony of forgiveness. A hen is then sacrificed and the blood allowed to flow over the threshold,

the body being held over the shed blood. When God sees the blood, they declare, then the soul is accepted before the Most High and sins are forgiven.

In their relationships with their fellow-men we find the symbol of the shed blood. On the night of the Mouloud, at the celebrations in commemoration of the birth of Mohammed, many animals are sacrificed. After the sacrifice, after the blood has been shed, then is the moment to seek forgiveness from one another. Old quarrels are forgotten, those who have aforesaid been enemies become friends. On every hand and in every land where Moslems dwell, the blood of sacrifice is an emblem of the deeper longings of the human soul. One is reminded in the lines of a well-known hymn of the utter powerlessness of this shed blood to meet the soul's deepest needs,

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience
peace,"

and one could as truly say of the sacrifices in Moslem lands,

"Not all the blood of beasts
In Moslem countries slain
Could give the guilty conscience
peace,
Or wash away the stain."

No, not all the blood shed by Moslem souls can ever atone for sin or bring deep peace within.

"THE BLOOD THAT SPEAKETH
BETTER THINGS."

There is only one sacrifice for sin, the Lamb of God that beareth away the sin of the world. The blood that speaketh better things, the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is this message of the shed Blood, the Blood of His Cross, that triumphs over all fear and over all the powers of darkness, the blood that brings forgiveness of sin and deep peace within, that we ever

seek to take to these yearning groping souls in Islam's darkness. We would echo the words of Bishop W. F. McDowell when he said, "I would not cross the street to give India a new theology, I would not cross the street to give China a new code of ethics, but I would go round the world again and again to tell India, China, Africa, and all the islands of the world, 'There is a fountain filled with Blood!'" We, too, in lands where Islam's sway darkly broods o'er hearth and home, would proclaim only the one evangel, the great liberating message of the Cross, telling that for Moslem souls there is "the Blood that speaketh better things," even forgiveness of sins, and in all their fears and tribulations, the Lord's own peace. Oh, that they might know of the shed blood of God's own Son, Jesus Christ our Lord!

A. E. THEOBALD.



Home Notes.

Annual Meeting. Dr. S. M. Zwemer

We would draw the attention of all our friends to the arrangements made for our next Annual Meeting. We are holding this earlier than usual this year, as Dr. Zwemer, who is to be in England for a short time during the early summer, has promised to be present with us. We are therefore holding our Meeting on Wednesday, JUNE 1st, at Eccleston Hall, Victoria, and we trust that all our friends will set this date aside and join us at that time.

We are altering our usual programme somewhat, and instead of two meetings are having a social hour and tea at 4 p.m., followed by one meeting only at 5.30, at which Dr. Zwemer will speak to us. We are sure that all who have the problem of the Moslem world at heart will avail

themselves of this opportunity of hearing one who is so great an authority on this subject.

Literature.

During the past months we have been hearing from different parts of the world how much our readers have appreciated and been helped by "Vibrations," the article by Miss Trotter, which appeared in the 16th and 17th issues of this Magazine. (One friend has even translated it into Swedish for publication in a Mission paper of that country.) We have received many requests for a reprint of this article, and have decided to publish the two parts together as a small booklet, of which particulars will be found in the list of books which follows. We are so glad that all will thus be able to procure what appears to be a very special message for this present time, though it was written years ago and left untouched in rough manuscript, until recently discovered at the bottom of a drawer and published.

We would also like to draw attention again to the volume "Between the Desert and the Sea," which, written by Miss Trotter and full of her beautiful paintings, appeals to young and old, and makes a charming prize or gift book for all occasions. (Please order from our Croydon office).



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.

"Vibrations." With picture cover. Some fresh thoughts on prayer. 2d., postage ½d.

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

Requests for Praise and Prayer.

Praise.

For the wonderful spirit of believing prayer for Moslem lands awakened during recent years.

For three encouraging meetings for men in Arab cafés during Ramadhan. There was an average attendance of about seventy men, with quiet listening and real interest.

For God's gracious upholding in time of sickness.

That owing to the co-operation of the North Africa Mission we have been able to keep Tolga open during the winter, and that fresh doors have been opened.

That the old marabout (mentioned in the Report Number) has definitely declared his faith in the Saviour.

For a young Arab man, much prayed for, who believed to the saving of his soul before he died.

For those who have had courage to witness to their faith in Christ by breaking the Fast.

For real blessing and encouragement during two recent desert itinerations, one to the Beni M'zab, the other to the Touggourt district.

Prayer.

Continued prayer is asked for those who have backslidden and for wisdom and love in dealing with them.

For all missionaries suffering through the present financial difficulties, that their trust in God's tender mercies may be unshaken.

For the complete restoration to health of those who have been ill, if it is God's will.

For a group of Christian Senegalese soldiers now stationed at Colea, that their coming to the mission house may be the means of blessing and strength to them.

For the souls left without human help in the stations that have had to be closed temporarily.

That we may carry out all God's purposes for our Annual Meeting on June 1st, and that it may be a time of blessing and renewed vision.

It was through the prayer of one unknown woman in England that God gave Pastor Hsi to China. It may be He is waiting to give their first apostles to the Moslem lands—to Egypt, North Africa, Turkey, Arabia, Persia, and the remoter hinterlands of Islam beyond. It may be He is waiting till He finds the prayer channels whereby to give them. Shall He have still to wait?

I.L.T.

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.

Local Representatives:

ENGLAND.

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.
BEXHILL.—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. EDMUNDS.—Mr. P. F. Quant, 49, Abbeygate Street.
CARLISLE (Willow Holme).—Mr. T. Child, 11, Ferguson Road, Longsowerby.
CRAWLEY.—Miss M. J. Cheal, The Nurseries.
DARLINGTON (Pierremont Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.
EASTBOURNE.—Miss C. Firmin, 256, Victoria Drive.
FELIXSTOWE.—Miss E. Threadkell, "Raebury," Constable Road.
FITTLEWORTH.—Mrs. Rice, "Fortrie."
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 G. Wayre, 12, Straight Road, Lexden, Colchester.
MANCHESTER (New Bank Street Mission).—Miss E. McDiarmid, 84, Birch Street, West Gorton.
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."
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.
WOODBIDGE.—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.

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.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.—Miss D. Markham, 123 Lake Rd., Takapuna, Auckland, N.Z.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia

