

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGIERS MISSION BAND  
EDITION

# 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 NICOU.D.  
1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.  
1920. Miss A. KEMP.  
Miss MARY MAY.  
1927. Miss JOHNSTON.  
1928. Senor S. LULL.  
(part time Tolga).  
1951. F. MACDONNELL WATSON.  
(part time Tolga).

### ALGIERS.

1930. Miss IDA NASH.  
Miss RIDLEY (part time).

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.

### 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).

### TLEMCE.N.

1937. 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.

Headquarters at Relizane.



No. 22.

AUTUMN, 1932.

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## North Africa's Claim for the Gospel.

(Summary of Dr. Zwemer's Address at our Annual Meeting. Not Revised by the Speaker.)

Dr. Zwemer opened his address by proclaiming his pleasure at finding the strong note of reality which had been sounded by Chairman and speakers throughout the Meeting.

"We grow very weary," he said, "of hearing young people singing 'I'll go where Thou would'st I go, dear Lord,' and yet they remain at home, while the call sounds on, and 'Love so amazing, so divine, demands my all.'" What we need is this note of reality in our reports, vocabulary and in our prayers, and I am glad to find it here with us today.

In considering the mission field of North Africa—that is Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia and Tripoli—I would claim for it that it is the NEAREST, NEEDIEST and NEWEST of all mission fields.

The NEAREST. In visiting North Africa I was astonished at those magnificent steamers which link these countries to Europe and make the journey from London possible in such a short space of time. China is "Far, far away, in heathen darkness, dwelling," and so are India, and other lands, but you cannot sing that about Algeria. It is at your very doors! You

can leave London today and the day after tomorrow you can find yourself in a quite different atmosphere, in the midst of Eastern crowds and scenes.

The NEEDIEST. If you take a map of India and mark the places where people can hear the Gospel—or take the Congo, or East, South, or West Africa, in the same way, you will find they are dotted with Mission Stations. But do this with North Africa and you will realize its unoccupied aspect, finding for example one missionary for the whole of Tripoli. You are reading in the newspapers that the Mohammedan woman is drawing aside her veil and is achieving her emancipation. This may be true of certain limited areas of the Moslem world, but it is certainly not true of N. Africa, and this movement has as yet scarcely touched Algeria.

I repeat that this Field is the nearest, the neediest, and—as far as modern operations are concerned—the newest of all Protestant Mission Fields. Now let us consider what claims it can press upon us for sending it the Gospel.

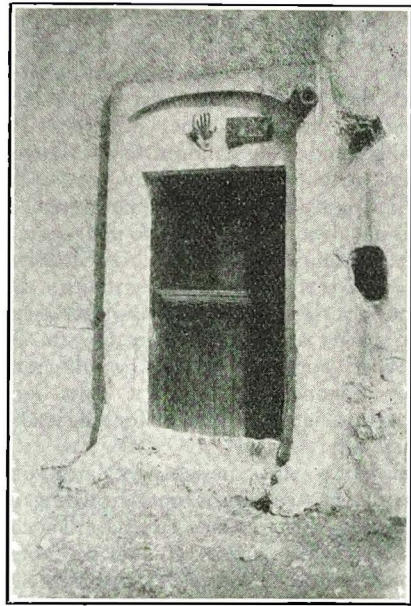
The first is the claim of history. If you read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the

## A Mozabite House.

This house was situated in a narrow picturesque street, its deep shadows contrasting with the mosque towering above it in the sunshine. The strong wooden door stood open and inside the small vestibule a negress sat grinding corn at a hand-mill. We were strangers seeking an opportunity to carry our gospel message into these usually fast-closed houses, so we stood longingly outside until a voice from behind a curtain bade us enter.

We passed from the vestibule under a low round arch and were in the central court of the house. This court appeared to be the living room, and was lighted by a small skylight covered with sacking, making a pleasant subdued light after the glare of the desert sun outside. The walls were adorned with plates, bowls and many-coloured brackets, mirrors and some Moslem mottoes, while suspended by cords from the ceiling hung the precious goat-skin receptacle for water. This water has to be bought, for it is brought from the oases many miles away; the price goes up as the season advances and the nearer wells run dry.

Around this central court were several cave-like rooms, some with doors or curtains, others just with a round arched entrance, all of them being dependent on the central skylight for light. In one of these niches a slave woman sat eating her morning meal which looked like small balls of macaroni floating in red sauce. She rose, and with Eastern hospitality brought me her meal to taste, but one spoonful was enough of that burning pepper! Her mistress, a Mozabite widow, came forward to greet us, her long woollen dress flowing to her feet and the typical black and red Mozabite shawl tied under her chin. She took my hand and guided me to a carpet



A MOZABITE DOOR.

(Note the hole at the side of the door through which the large wooden key is inserted. Also the "hand" above, intended to keep off evil spirits. Behind such doors the women are locked in).

which the negress had spread for us on the ground, and we sat down for a talk.

It was an amusing conversation, for I am only groping my way in this Berber dialect. Pictures helped us; I had with me "The Lost Sheep" and had noted a few words, such as "shepherd," "good," "lost," so we had an interesting though ungrammatical time and became friends, a friendship which grew as the visits continued. My pencil was busy adding to my vocabulary and my hostess entered so heartily into the game that before we left I had some useful

sentences, such as, "the Lord Jesus makes the heart white."

My Mozabite friend could speak Arabic, so she began to give me her view-point of the social scale. "First," she said, "we are Mozabites; there are among us Arab women," and she pointed to a sad-faced Arab woman who seemed only to understand the Mozab dialect, "then we have slaves," and she looked towards a kindly-faced woolly-haired half-caste, who seemed to sit about to do her pleasure. "There are also the outside Arabs," meaning the Bedouin people, "these bring us merchandise; and lastly, the Jews."

Later, we visited these Bedouin tent-dwellers and found they came from Ouargla and Metlili, two centres of the Chambas tribe. Not many years ago they were the brigands of the desert, but now they work helpfully under their French rulers. They received us with friendliness and it was good to hear one of the women explaining, in her own graphic way, the picture of "the Prodigal" to her male relatives. In another tent I was surprised to hear an old woman join me in singing a chorus. "Oh, sister," I said, "how do you know this?" "Why," she replied, "you tell us just what those two others told us two years ago." Thank God she had remembered the words of one short visit, but had had to wait two years for more teaching because there are so few to go on these treks down to the south.

My Mozabite friend had seriously undertaken our education so she decided that we must be introduced to a bride, but first she gave us the names of the ornaments and clothes the bride must wear, the rings on the first, third and fourth fingers, but not others, for as an old Mozabite woman explained, "When we get to heaven God will put rings on the second finger and thumb, till then it is forbidden."

We found the bride upstairs in her bridal room on the terrace. It would have

been incorrect for her to come down to greet us. The door and ceiling of this tiny chamber were very low and walls and floor were covered with beautiful thick carpets. (These Mozabite women are much noted for their weaving.) Sometimes the carpets are hired for the occasion, for we were told that if we would only come back next year and stay among them, they would drape our room with the carpets they loan for weddings. From the ceiling over the bride's bed hung numbers of china bowls, oranges, ostrich eggs ornamented with Touareg leather-work, and many coloured glass balls, such as we put on Christmas trees. When I asked the reason for this decoration, one said, "It is to divert the evil eye from the beautiful bride." She was a sweet-faced girl and had on her forehead the golden "cambucha," a triangular ornament from which they suspend the bridal veil which is fastened under the chin by a golden brooch, but otherwise hangs gracefully down the back to the feet. The veil in this case was a charming piece of many coloured silk embroidery on a black silk ground. Her dress was pink, the bridal colour, caught up on the shoulders by heavy silver ornaments, and on her ankles were enormous silver anklets.

I began to talk on the "Good Shepherd" helped out by my Arab guide, who had listened to my Mozab lessons, but our visit was cut short and we were hastily asked to leave. The husband had returned and was tethering his donkey in one of the downstairs rooms, for in most houses there is a room for the donkey. Later, we were taken to see a very little bride, who they said was only ten years old. She sat in state against a pillar, her blackened eyes looking so bright and her henna-stained hands lying listlessly on her lap. Henna is the dye they use on hands, feet, and hair, for such ceremonies. Our hearts went out to her in pity, for the mother-in-law looked such a hard woman and had a loud voice.

We contrasted her with the happy English children of that age, going to school and playing in the open with their class-mates : would some other little one be allowed to come across the roofs to visit this child ? Mozabite girls have no schools to go to, for their parents would not permit them to go out of sight of their door. I have seen groups of them playing at mud pies on the door step, looking like miniature women in their long dresses and with the same black and red shawls over their heads as their mothers. When we appear round the corner there is a cry, "Tougou-aouamant," that is "the people from across the water," and they run for protection behind the big front door, but manage to have a good peep at these strange Europeans.

The seed sowing under such conditions is slow, yet each visit we make to this district we see progress. Formerly, these women lived and died in the seclusion of their homes and no doctor was permitted to go near to relieve their sufferings. Now it is not uncommon for a sick Mozabite woman to be allowed the medical help of a French doctor at a "clinique"; and the boys are crowding into the French schools with the Jews and Arabs. Will you pray that we may be ready with workers and means to step in as the doors open in the southern towns ?

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

—◆◆◆◆—  
 "Stir into flame."

2 Tim. 1. 6. R.V. margin.

Stir me, oh ! stir me, Lord—I care not how,  
 But stir my heart in passion for the world ;  
 Stir me to give, to go, but most to pray,  
 Stir, till the Blood-red banner be unfurled  
 O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,  
 O'er deserts where no Cross is lifted high.

"Dr. Hartwig, a German explorer of the Polar world in which Hans Egede lived, relates an incident which once occurred in those bleak regions. A few English sailors had by accident set fire to the scanty grasses and shivering vegetation of a lonely spot. Years afterwards, some of these same men were back at this spot once more. But, in the meantime, the entire scenery had undergone a marvellous change. A splendid forest of young birch-trees, with their fresh green leaves and silver stems, covered all the place. It was the hot flame which had wrought the miracle. As it passed over the frozen soil, it quickened into life the seeds of an ancient prehistoric forest—seeds which had been sleeping for thousands of years underneath the ground. That is how the Spirit of God operates. At last His agency is effectual. At last His fire melts the coldness and hardness of men."

(From *Torch Bearers of the Faith*, by  
 ALEXANDER SMELLIE, M.A.).

—◆◆◆◆—  
 "What is Man?"

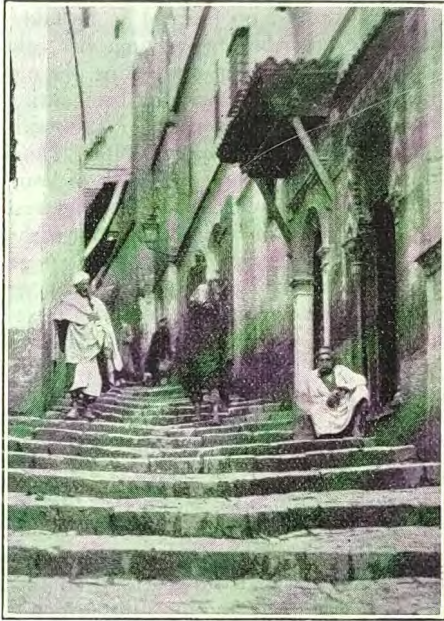
Psa. 8. 4 ; Job. 7. 17 ; Psa. 144. 3.

"What is man?"—Oh Love Divine,  
 To think a heart like Thine  
 Should "care" for one like mine.  
 Mindful of man art Thou .  
 In wondering joy we bow  
 Our hearts before Thee now,  
 Oh "satisfy" and "fill."

In man Thy will fulfil.  
 Beneath Thy guidance still,  
 Bring to Thy holy hill.  
 And all along the road  
 That leads to that abode,  
 May man give "joy" to Thee  
 By doing all Thy will.

E. L. BRIGGS.

## In the Street of the Devil.



A TYPICAL STREET IN ALGIERS.

One could almost say that the devil claims ownership of all the streets in the native quarter of Algiers, but there is one that actually bears his name, "The Street of the Devil." As in the journey of life the devil's road leads ever downwards, so to reach the Street of the Devil in Algiers town, one has to descend, down, down, the stone steps which to begin with are wide and shallow, but become narrower and steeper further on. On either side of the street men and boys are lounging on long strips of matting, talking and gambling, or sitting smoking and drinking in the shops and cafés, their dissolute faces and miserable appearance bearing witness to the thralldom of Satan in their lives. From the still narrower side streets come bands

of painted unveiled women, casting bold looks and coarse jests at the men as they pass. Near the bottom of this descent lies a side loop labelled "Street of the Devil." This loop ascends in steep steps, the tall houses on either side forming an arch overhead and making the way very dark. Mangy cats quarrel in the corners; one must pick one's way through fish offal, and often the steps are slimy with mud.

At the very apex of the loop we find the house we seek, and pushing open a heavy wooden door, find ourselves in a typical Arab house. We are already out of breath but there is more climbing to be done. Up, up the steep and winding stairs to the roof itself, past many discreetly-curtained doors on the lower stories. It is difficult to retain enough breath to reach the top, for one hardly dares to breathe as one mounts, because of the noisome odours which infest the place. Oh the joy at last of seeing the blue sky and sea, and feeling the fresh air which reaches us over the tops of the houses. So can the breath of Heaven penetrate even the abode of Satan and there are souls here to be saved. The way is dark and toilsome but the souls are there and we must reach them.

The one we have come to visit this time is Old H. She has a room on the roof and her open window faces the sea. The room is a muddle of cooking utensils, vegetables in preparation for food, bits of sacking, old straw mats, and there are old clothes everywhere, for she is married to an old clothes' pedlar. We are always welcomed with warmth, for we are old friends, and did she not cook for us in the days of long ago? After the stiff climb it is a relief to rest upon the old mattress by the wall, asking inwardly for the right word to give her. She has heard the Gospel so often, but always it seems, with the door of her

heart closed, and a steady persistence in her faith in Mohammed and in her own righteousness.

She stiffly waddles over to the big bed and brings out from underneath it a dish of dough. "Can you guess what I am making for you?" she asks, her dear old face beaming with love. "Something you had for your tea in the old days. Things round and flat and small!" "Scones," I say triumphantly. "Yes, scones! Now you read while I finish them. My hands will be busy, but my ears are free to listen." I read a portion, but my eyes will wander to those scones. The dough is divided and placed upon an old, old board and patted out flat with her hands. Then a glass is found, and not being over clean is wiped with a rag which has been lying among the cooking pots. I try to shut that rag out of my mind. Then the rim of the glass cuts out little slabs of dough which are placed in a shallow earthenware vessel over a tiny charcoal fire, which she tends at intervals with her fingers. "Go on reading," she says, "I am listening." But my eyes are fascinated, for surely as I watch her hands are becoming paler and each batch of cakes darker and darker! Black spots like currants begin to appear in the dough and at last politeness will hold me dumb no longer. "Forgive me," I say, "but is that not dirt in the cakes?" "Oh, dear," she says, "my eyes are in truth bad, but it is not really dirt, merely charcoal from my hands and of no consequence," and she picks out the largest currants and throws them aside! Then I begin to talk to her and after a while, as the last batch of scones is put on the fire, I suggest that we pray. After my prayer, Old H. with her fingers still turning the cakes and her eyes anxiously keeping guard, prays, "Oh God, Thou seest that I cannot close my eyes as I am busy with the cakes, but O Lord, I want the Light of Heaven in my heart. Amen."

After this I had to taste the scones. The

browning of the fire had quite disguised any deficiencies and their flavour left nothing to be desired. Old H. in loving triumph wrapped up the rest to be taken home for distribution among her old friends. During these operations, the old "rag and bone" husband had been sitting by the door scrubbing one of his second-hand garments with soap and water. He is old, deaf and ignorant and dark of soul, and had never shown the slightest interest in his wife's visitor or in the Message she brought. Old H. never lets her visitors go without bestowing upon them some of her beloved flowers which are grown in boxes on the roof. This time the old man followed her out and himself cut off an extra piece of scented geranium to add to my buttonhole. Was it that some ray of light from Heaven had come to him, prompting his gift?

It was a quaint little prayer that Old H. prayed, but surely God heard, and we believe that the light of Heaven is slowly coming into that dark old heart, for another later visit was made one morning, which is an inconvenient time when there is much to do and visitors are not desired, but she said, "I love you to come. You have the Words of God." On this occasion she allowed nothing to distract her attention. Everything was left while she sat drinking in the message of Christ, the Light of the World, and one felt that the Light had indeed begun to shine, for this time her prayer was that God would work in her heart, and her self-righteousness seemed to melt away as she sought His forgiveness for the many evil words she had said in haste and of temper.

We are praying that the Light of Heaven may indeed drive out all the "works of darkness" from that soul and others like her who are not even aware of their darkness. This is written that those who read may join us and the prayer power be increased.

E. K. M. RIDLEY.



## A Bible Study.

(Taken from Miss Trotter's Notes.)

"As the living Father hath sent me and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me even he shall live by me." John 6. 57.

"*I in them*" — "*Thou in me.*"

The self-life delivered over to death:

### I. IN ITS SELF-PLEASING.

"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." John 4. 34.

"I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." 6. 38.

"I am not come of myself." 7. 28.

"I do always those things that please Him." 8. 29.

"Neither came I of myself but He sent me." 8. 42.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me." 9. 4.

### II. IN ITS SELF-EXALTATION.

1. *Self reliance in action.* "The Son can do nothing of Himself but what He seeth the Father do." John 5. 19.

"I can of mine own self do nothing." 5. 30.

"The Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." 14. 10.

2. *Self reliance in judgment.* "As I hear I judge, and my judgment is just." 5. 30.

"I judge no man." 8. 15.

3. *Self reliance in speech* (i.e., Thought, word, and deed).

"He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory." 7. 18.

"I speak to the world those things which I have heard of Him." 8. 26.

"I speak that which I have seen with my Father." 8. 38.

"I have not spoken of myself, but the Father which sent me, He gave me a commandment what I should say and what I should speak." 12. 49.

"The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself." 14. 10.

"The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." 14. 24.

"All things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." 15. 15.

"I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest me." 17. 8.

"I have given them Thy word." 17. 14.

### 4. *Self glorification.*

"I seek not mine own glory." 8. 50.

"If I honour myself, my honour is nothing." 8. 54.

"*I live by the Father.*"

"I live by the faith of the Son of God." Gal. 2. 20.



Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire!  
Come and my quickened heart inspire,  
Cleansed in Thy precious blood:

Now to my soul Thyself reveal,  
Thy mighty working let me feel,  
Since I am born of God.

Let nothing now my heart divide,  
Since with Thee I am crucified,  
And live to God in Thee.

Dead to the world and all its toys,  
Its idle pomp and fading joys,  
Jesus, my glory be.

Now with a quenchless thirst inspire,  
A longing, infinite desire,  
And fill my craving heart.

Less than Thyself, oh do not give!  
In might Thyself within me live;  
Come, all Thou hast and art.

My will be swallowed up in Thee,  
Light in Thy light still may I see  
In Thine unclouded face:

Called the full strength of trust to prove,  
Let all my quickened heart be love,  
My spotless life be praise.

Rev. C. WESLEY.



THE HOLY STONE AND THE JUNIPER TREE.

(The thumb-hole can be seen clearly in the stone to the left of the figure.).

## The Stones by the Wayside.

By the side of a southern road, a track far from Algiers city, there is a large stone. Close to this stone and enclosed in a circle of smaller stones is a small stunted juniper tree upon which hang a few dirty rags. The sightseers as they pass by see in it nothing extraordinary, nothing wonderful, nothing sacred. To them it is but a huge boulder dislodged from the mountain, a stone by the wayside and that is all. But to the ragged Arab goatherd, or to the wandering Bedouin it is more than a common stone, more than a fragment of rock torn from the mountain side; to them it is the emblem of lasting peace and eternal security. It speaks to them of that for which the human heart yearns, of that which the cold religion of orthodox Islam cannot give. To them this stone by the

common highway is the symbol of assurance, peace and security for all eternity. For in the upper part of this stone is a hole just large enough to receive a man's thumb. In the days of long ago a holy man passed this way. Here he rested, here he prayed, and so for ever this place is sacred and blessed. To prove his sanctity he performed a miracle and to this day the stone remains as a testimony to his wonderful power. Without any tool and without any great physical effort he made in this huge mass of rock a hole with his thumb, and said, "Whosoever puts his thumb into this hole, remembering my name, shall never know the torments of everlasting fire." So runs the legend, and today that stone is a place of pilgrimage for those who would be certain of Divine favour.

Some years ago the writer was standing near this stone when two Bedouin Arabs approached it. They paused for a moment and then each in his turn introduced his thumb into the hole in the rock. Reverently the rite was performed which spoke of their superstitious belief in this stone by the wayside as a refuge from assailing doubts, a shelter from their fears. There, in the shadow of the rock, they sought what the holy man of old had promised,—the assurance of future bliss for which every human heart craves.

In the Summer of 1927 we visited a well-known Moslem Zaouia [brotherhood] in the mountains of Eastern Algeria. On the mountain side near to the college precincts is a very mysterious and holy stone. This stone, precariously balanced on the edge of the hillside, is supposed at certain seasons of the year to float in the air. To the natives it is indeed a sacred and hallowed spot. No one may approach it except with bare feet. Daily they visit this stone, daily they watch for the "coming one," for

is not this the "Stone of Expectation?" They believe that the time is drawing near when, from the west, a holy man will appear. He will pray on this rock and suddenly while he is praying the stone will disappear and the end of the world will be at hand, but whosoever sees the rock vanishing into the air, shall not taste death. Every year hundreds visit this place with the one desire to see the fulfilment of the prophecy, all longing to participate in the deathless translation. By the emblem of this stone on the hillside, by their eagerness to see its departure, these twilight souls express the continuous longing of their hearts for deliverance from all their doubts and fears.

There is yet another stone, by far the most revered in any Moslem country, a stone worn smooth by the touches and kisses of millions,—the holy stone of the Kaaba at Mecca. Millions of Moslems daily turn their faces towards the sacred city. In the heart of this great city of Islam there is the Kaaba, the Holy House.



The "Stone of Expectation" is the projection on the right of the figures, separated from them by a gully.

In the heart of the Kaaba there is the Black Stone, the most hallowed object in the world to the Moslem pilgrim. According to tradition this stone, once white as snow, became black through the touch of sinful men. Every pilgrim is eager to kiss the sacred spot, for on the Day of Resurrection it will have two eyes by which it will see and know all those who have touched and kissed it. On that day it will have a tongue and speak and it will intercede before God in favour of all who have touched the hallowed place. Once again, by the emblem of a stone, are revealed the deep heart longings of the human soul for Divine favour and peace.

How great is the difference between the stones by the wayside, the Black Stone of Mecca, and the Everlasting Rock, Christ Jesus our Lord! Their stones cannot bring real comfort, cannot save, cannot uplift. Dead and silent, they are fit emblems of the barrenness, lifelessness and powerlessness of Islam. If only in their yearning for pardon these souls would turn to the Smitten Rock of Calvary! "One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side and straightway there came out blood and water." "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." If only in their weakness and fear they would turn to our Rock of refuge, the Man Christ Jesus. "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Jesus said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Let us pray together that many souls dwelling in the weary, barren land of Islam may be led to the shadow of this Great Rock, Christ Jesus our Lord. Let us plead that their prayer may soon be:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

A. E. THEOBALD.

## FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

### Desert Visiting.

Our last story was about a hot ride, and now I want to tell you of some visits we paid to the people whom we came so far to find.

I think I never shall forget a dear old Arab woman living in a perfectly dark hut in one of the oases. She had listened earnestly on a previous occasion as we told her the Good News, so we decided, as we were near, to pay her another visit. Oh, it *was* hot ploughing across those sand dunes, and when we reached her door she insisted on our entering her little dark house. My friend passed in to where it was like mid-night without moon or stars, but I sat near the entrance where there was a kind of twilight. Our hostess hunted about in the dark for some mislaid treasure to offer us, and it was in vain that we assured her that we had come to give and not to take. Presently a satisfied grunt told us she had found what she wanted, and in the dim light I saw two large brown hands, each holding a cake of mud, approaching me, and in a second—squash! the mud was transferred to the top of my head! And most refreshing and cool it was, so that my first feeling of surprise was changed into gratitude as I realised that our old friend was doing for us the best she knew.

Having so far satisfied her hospitable feelings, with another grunt such as only a desert woman can give, she squatted in front of us, ready to hear all we had to say.

The people in these parts wear wonderful dresses of many colours, but that which struck me most was the variety of ornaments they have on their heads. I have seen a woman with a circlet on her hair from which hung:—a fine piece of red coral, a

live lizard twisting and struggling in his confinement, some gold coins, a chicken bone, and several pieces of the silver-and-red tinfoil that cover the stoppers of bottles ! All these being strung on a piece of tawdry ribbon and bound round her head.

Among the memories of the different visits we paid to these dear and interesting people I remember an incident that occurred when we came to an oasis where—from the great excitement caused by our appearance—we gathered that we were perhaps among the first Europeans who had stopped there. We had scarce arrived when we were surrounded by a shrieking, screeching mob of women howling and clutching at us, vociferating questions without waiting for an answer. A little apart I saw an intelligent-looking woman who stood silently as if dazed among her noisy sisters. I said to her :

“Oh lady, are you ill or sad—what is the matter ?” Without a word she caught my hand and led me away through mazes of mud-brick houses, in and out, until I quite lost my bearings. At last she brought me to a broken-down shed in which was an old white broken-down horse, and she stood and looked at me with an expression of such intense appeal for understanding and sympathy as I shall never forget. If ever I prayed in earnest I prayed at that moment for vision, and then I said to her :

“My sister, I understand : God has taken someone you love, and you are taking care of this his horse for his sake.” As I spoke a look of entire rest and satisfaction came into her face and—still without a word—she took my hand and led me back to my friend. I am sure that whether it was son or husband that she had lost, in her first grief all her neighbours would come, as is customary, and shriek and tear their faces with their nails until the blood came. For three days they would be with her retailing the good deeds of the

lost one, and on the fortieth day they would come again and accompany her to his tomb ; but in the meantime they would forget, and she needed some one new to sympathise with her. Arabs may look very fierce and wild, but they have hearts singularly ready to respond to any touch of understanding and sympathy.

Friends following in our track years after have found the Arabs—men and women—remembering what Miss Trotter had said to them because they felt she loved them. How we long that they should know and receive the Love that passeth knowledge.

F. H. FREEMAN.

## Sowing the Seed.

“*The seed is the Word of God. . . .*”  
“*The field is the World.*”

It was a beautiful Spring morning at the end of April when the “novice” found herself seated beside the senior missionary in a hired car, about to embark upon her first experience of a day of broadcast seed-sowing. There were two others with them, besides the chauffeur ; one was an aged Arab sheikh and the other his small grandson, a boy of about ten years of age. They were obviously wearing their best clothes (or somebody else’s borrowed for the occasion) and the boy seemed as much interested in the marvels of the way as the novice herself.

As the car sped down the mountain side, twisting and turning at every hair-pin bend of the road, the fresh green of the fruit trees, the scarlet patches of the flaming poppies—looking like a Turkey carpet with pile a foot deep—the vivid blue of an African sky, made sin and sorrow seem unreal. It was the same when the wide open plain was reached ; for miles on either hand stretched natural flower beds, glowing

with colours faultlessly blended by the very hand of God Himself.

The first stop was made at a small town in the plain, where it was hoped to obtain the birth certificate of the boy in the car, that he might be able to go to school. As he had never been registered this was no easy matter, and the old grandfather had made several previous attempts, but without success, as—being somewhat deaf and very garrulous—he did not receive from native officials the deference due to age. He was no fool, however, and he knew that if the missionary could be persuaded to accompany him things would be very different. It was a quaint little party, therefore, that alighted at the local town hall and trooped into the stuffy office which was indicated. The old man was ready to pour out his tale to the first person, official, or otherwise, who came in his way, and received many rebuffs. The missionary in the meantime had stated the case in the right quarter and the grandfather was called forward and questioned. After repeated enquiries and much raising of the voice the fact was at last elicited that the boy's name was Mohammed—not in itself distinctive, as nine-tenths of the boys in Algeria appear to answer to this appellation!

A welcome interval occurred when the old sheikh had to go to the next room for a stamp. The missionary seized the opportunity for getting into conversation with the two native officials who remained seated at their desks. Christian literature was brought out and handed to each for inspection. The story of the Prodigal Son, a bilingual tract with illustrations, was carefully examined by one of the men, while the other glanced through a French book, entitled "Le Vrai Islam." This latter then produced a book of his own, evidently against Christianity, and offered it to the missionary, who noted down title and author. When the old man returned the

party were informed that they must now visit the magistrate of a larger town that they had passed through on the way.

As it was nearly noon, when all offices close down for two hours, it seemed useless to proceed at once, and it was decided to motor on to a place called "The Barrage" and see what opportunities it afforded for seed-sowing. This place sprang into being about three years ago and consists of a large group of temporary buildings inhabited by a mixed population of Arabs and Europeans, who are employed in a great engineering enterprise—that of damming a river and conserving the water in a vast lake, to be let out by degrees to fertilize the plain below.

On the way to the Barrage the party passed a native market in progress. Here Grandfather asked to be put down; he had evidently seen some cronies and longed for a chat. His grandson was otherwise minded, however, and when the Barrage was reached he took great delight in assuming the role of guide to the two missionaries. Workmen were coming up from the valley in single file as the visitors began the descent, and as each passed the senior missionary handed him a French Gospel, sent for the purpose by the Scripture Gift Mission.

The settlement was swarming with children, and when it was discovered that free literature was being distributed they followed the missionary as though she had been some modern Pied Piper. By this time the workers were feeling in need of refreshment, so they found their way to some waste ground behind the houses and produced their lunch. Almost at once they were surrounded by an eager and interested crowd of onlookers. The novice was hungry and ate notwithstanding, but her senior was loth to lose an opportunity and began preaching to a group of Arabs on her left. Then children clamoured for more literature and a European asked for a

Gospel which he professed never to have seen before. Time came to leave, and the two did so with the prayer in their hearts that the Word of God might take root in this virgin soil.

The party were tired and thirsty when they reached the neighbouring town and sought out the magistrate as directed, but one of God's surprises was awaiting them. "Mademoiselle the English Lady!" exclaimed a pleasant voice as they reached the office, and there in the doorway stood a tall well-dressed young Arab who ushered them graciously into the room and promptly ordered native tea to be brought. This was the magistrate's clerk, and he had once been a class boy, who, week by week, had listened to the Gospel message from the lips of the senior missionary. He soon had the business in hand and accepted an Arabic book in return for his kindness.

Thus drew to a close a day which brought to mind certain words in the Gospel of St. Mark: "For there were many coming and going and they had no leisure so much as to eat...."

P. M. RUSSELL.

### Literature.

#### NEW PUBLICATION.

Miss Trotter's article "Trained to Rule," which appeared in the Spring issue of our Magazine, brought a real spiritual revelation to many of our friends, and we have been asked to re-print it in booklet form. This has now been prepared, in similar style to "Focussed," and we shall be glad to send out copies on receipt of orders. Price 1d., postage ½d.

*Other Books and Booklets by I. Lilius Trotter.*

"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 her own beautiful illustrations in colour. 6s., postage 6d.

(Please remember this charming gift book when considering Christmas presents).

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

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

"Children of the Sandhills," a descriptive painting book. Pictures by Miss Elsie Anna Wood. 1s., postage 2d.

"Focussed." 3d., postage ½d.

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

"A Thirsty Land and God's Channels." 2d., postage ½d.

"A Life on Fire." 1d.

"A Ripened Life." 1d.

*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.

*Books and Booklets bearing on the Work in North Africa.*

"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.

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

"A Province of Barbary."

"The Problem of Moslem Boys."

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

"The Why and Wherefore of Industrial Work." 1d., postage ½d.

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

## Requests for Praise and Prayer.

### Praise.

We offer praise and thanksgiving to our God for all His faithfulness and tender mercies to us during the past year of work. For the souls whom He has reached and quickened, and for the hopes that He has given us.

For the prayer backing at home which we feel has been specially concentrated

these past months, and which has meant so much to us and to the work.

For the deputation meetings made possible by the efforts of friends in different places. Pray for the outcome of these, that their fruit may continue.

For safe voyaging and all God's care over us during these summer months: and for the rest and refreshment they have brought.

### Prayer.

For the girl and her mother mentioned in the Editorial.

Prayer is again earnestly asked that God will restrain the promulgation of false doctrine in Algeria. Souls are being seriously hindered.

That the sense among the Arabs of an approaching crisis may lead them to turn to Christ, not only as they say "to put things in order," but that He may become their personal Saviour.

For all souls hindered by the fear of man.

For the Rally Days at Headquarters before the missionaries resume their work. That this may be a time of revelation and

fresh anointing, that each may go forth *filled* with the Spirit.

We would ask for much prayer over the Autumn beginnings this year, that definite guidance may be given and followed in organising the work and locating the workers; and that God will show where to re-open the old stations and where it is possible to push on to new ground.

For complete restoration to health and strength, if this be God's will, for the members of the Band who are still suffering from the effects of illness; that they may be strengthened for work as the opportunities open in the autumn.

The teaching that has been coming here in the quietness about prayer is how all the sense of helplessness and failure over it is only meant to make way for the prayer-life of Christ in us, and a fellowship with Him in it which will "make all things new." No longer a weary wrestling to get access and an answer, but a catching of His thought, and simply asking alongside in His Name; His the upper tone, ours the undertone to fill in the harmony.

Praying *down* rather than praying *up*, that is the summing up. . . . The velocity

and power of anything that comes down gains in a ratio of high proportion with the height from which it drops: even from an aeroplane a pencil falling will take on the force of a bullet. What might not our prayer power be if it came down from the Throne of the Priest, linked with His.

"Prayer is the true lasting will of the soul united and fastened into the will of our Lord by the sweet inward work of the Holy Ghost"—so was it defined by mother Julian of Norwich 400 years ago.

I. L. T. (*Extract from Journal*).



## 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.—Mrs. Elliston, 82, York Road.  
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.  
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.

### 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

