

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGIER  
EDITION

# Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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

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PASTOR R. SAILLENS, Nogent sur Marne, Seine.

## Location of Workers, 1933.

**AT DAR NAAMA. EL BIAR.**

1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.  
1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time  
1919 & 1922. [Tolga].  
Mons. & Mme. PIERRE NICOUDE.  
1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.  
1920. Miss A. KEMP.  
Miss MARY MAY.  
1927. Miss JOHNSTON.  
1932. Miss R. KNIGHT, M.H.

**ALGIERS**

1930. Miss IDA NASH.

**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.  
1907. Miss RIDLEY.

**COLEA.**

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

**TOLGA.**

1928. Senor S. LULL.  
1931. F. MACDONNELL WATSON

**TLEMEN.**

1916. Miss K. BUTLER.  
1927. Miss D. GRAHAM.  
1932. Miss HANSEN.

**DELLYS.**

1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.  
1922. Miss I. SHEACH.

**BOU-SAADA.**

1909. Miss A. McILROY.  
1919. Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ

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

M.H. = Mission Helper.



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## A Challenge to Faith.

"Your faith groweth exceedingly." Are not St. Paul's glad words true in a measure in these days? If we look back twenty years we see how the tide has risen. We can test it as we test it on the sea-shore; marks that a wave would reach formerly, now and then, are the ordinary level now. "Exceedingly" may be a strong term, but "your faith groweth": that is true at least.

What purpose is all this faith to serve? It is the coin of the realm of heaven and we are God's stewards. A great challenge has lain by the Church at large, for the most part unmet—the unconquered crescent of the one hundred and seventy-three millions of the Mohammedan world. There it lies: in Arabia, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, Syria, Afghanistan, Mesopotamia, North Africa, the greater part of the Sudan; and in India and China and other eastern lands, there are Moslems interspersed among the idolaters, and harder to be won than they. Among all these lands, has there been yet such a work of the Holy Ghost as to cause a perceptible break in the enemy's ranks?

The glimmering light in which the Arab walks is not that of the dawn; it is a twi-

light settling into night. Banded together the souls wander away, only the bands are not to be numbered in units, but in scores of millions. And the Church of Christ, as a whole, has idly watched them and said, "There is no help for it, we must let them go." It is as though there were a spell on them from which they cannot break away, and oh, there has been a spell upon us, that we "the knights in the army of God" have not taken up the challenge and vindicated His glory.

First there are those who judge the matter from a purely human standpoint. They say, "Experience has proved it to be useless to meddle with Moslems; their religion is suited to their ways, it is good enough for them. They worship one God, and they have a code of morality. Let them alone." We who know the glory of the light of Jesus do not need to argue this question of the excellence of their religion; we do not need to point to the icy coldness, the formalism, the corruption that lie underneath the fair-seeming exterior, the utter powerlessness of their creed to deliver them from sinning. They are "without Christ," that is enough. "And he that

hath not the Son of God hath not life." If you could see them today, the grave intelligent men, the women with their native brightness struggling through the fetters of generations of ignorance and bondage, the sweet brown-skinned, dark-eyed children, the boys and girls of every intermediate age, as loveable, as full of possibilities as our boys and girls at home ; you would not say that anything short of Christ was " good enough " for them !

But on the other side (and this is the side taken by many who profess to believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life), there are those who hold that Mohammedanism is not too hopeful to be meddled with, but too hopeless ! They say, " No good is ever done in these lands ; it is wasting your strength to spend yourselves upon them. They are wrapped up in self-righteousness, and paralysis, and corruption ; far better go to the heathen who will hear."

This is not the way an earthly soldier would look on a vantage ground of the enemy. It is not the way to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Take it at its very worst. They are dead lands and dead souls, blind and cold and stiff in death as no heathen are ; but we who love them see the possibilities of sacrifice, of endurance, of enthusiasm, of *life*, not yet effaced. Does not the son of God who died for them see these possibilities too ? Do you think He says of the Mohammedan, " There is no help for him in his God " ? Has He not a challenge too for your faith, the challenge that rolled away the stone from the grave where Lazarus lay ? " Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God ? *Then* they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid."

Let His voice sound down into our hearts till we roll away the stone of unbelief that is helping to shut down these poor souls into their prison-house. If He is doing

" no mighty work " among them, the cause may be as of old. For remember, it is not the handful who are out among them that can win the battle. If it is Satan's stronghold, what is it for a few score of us to go up against it, many of us weighted down with the pressure of spirit that comes on one in lands that are steeped in the power of Satan ? It is you at home in the bright, free, spiritual air, who could have power with God for victory.

Will you take up the responsibility of this thing ? You may not have been definitely unbelieving, but have you been as definitely believing as the case demands ? Has the dishonour to Christ's cause ever pressed upon you ? Have you done all that you can do to wipe out the stain of defeat ? It is not yet past retrieving : He " strengtheneth the spoiled against the strong so that the spoiled shall come against the fortress." We may yet add this triumph to the roll of our King's victories before He returns !

A story of the wars of the first Napoleon has often come back to me. He was trying, in a winter campaign, to cut off the march of the enemy across a frozen lake. The gunners were told to fire on the ice and break it, but the cannon balls glanced harmlessly along the surface. With one of the sudden flashes of genius he gave the word, " Fire upwards " ! and the balls crashed down full weight, shattering the whole sheet into fragments, and the day was won. You can " fire upwards " in this battle, even if you are shut out from fighting it face to face. If God calls you there in bodily presence, you will never be able to pray to any purpose, or work to any purpose either, *except* there ; but if He does not summon you you can as truly, as effectually, as prevailingly, do your share within the four walls of your room. " Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God ? "

To "see the glory of God"; that in its crystal clearness was the aim of Jesus. Not mere pity for the dead souls, but a passion for the glory of God, is what we need to hold us through to victory. May He inspire it in us by the power of His indwelling life; then will the very "faith of the Son of God" Himself rise up within us, and the works that He did we may do also. Oh, to measure God's resources as He did that day at Bethany; then we should give thanks beforehand at the answer received, "accounting God able."

One more story—a very homely one. "I am going to get you a winter jacket today," said my sister a while ago to her six-year-old daughter. The little fair face looked up with a demur on it. "I don't think you'd better mother dear." "Why, we were talking about it the other day, and you seemed to think it would be very nice." "Yes—but—mother, they cost a great deal. I don't think really you can afford it." My sister smiled. "Not afford a new jacket? I think I can manage it." The child flushed up. "Please, mother, I don't think you can, *really*. I've looked in your purse, and there was very little in it."

Do we not deal so with our Heavenly Father? We look anxiously at the tiny coins that we can see and handle, so to speak, and we know as much about the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe as my little niece knew about the bank account that lay behind the purse!

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" "Said I not unto thee that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" "*If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*"

I. LILIAS TROTTER.

(Revised).

(This article may be obtained in booklet form. See List of books on page 52.)

## Editorial.

Miss Carmichael says somewhere that "God trusts us to trust Him," and is not this one of the blessed secrets of the missionary life? The seed is sown and disappears from view, but we trust the guiding, life-giving Lord.

We know that conversation with a native was not accidental, that opportunity to give a Gospel was not a freak of circumstance, but was a direct gift from the Lord of Heaven and earth who never overlooks and never forgets, and so the workers in Moslem lands hold on in perfect trust that the harvest time will come, while they pray that all hindrances in themselves may be taken away.

We have lately had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Ronald Procter who has been in Moslem work in Persia and in India and he tells us that nowhere has he seen such a readiness, in general, to receive Christian books and to listen to what we have to say.

Our friends will find on the later pages of this number the reports of two advances that have been made this spring into the beyond. Miss Grautoff, on the occasion of her fifth visit to the M'zab country, has judged the time has come to obtain in that most exclusive of districts, some more definite foothold; she has therefore rented a small house in one of the principal towns where she hopes to spend some time every year as other work allows.

Another advance this winter has been two interesting itinerations by M. Lull and Mr. Watson, first to the oases in the nearer desert, and later to Oued Souf and the villages in the further interior, some of which, we believe, had never before been visited by Christian workers.

Through all the encouragement one sadness has come to us in that we learn with much regret that our friend and fellow-worker, Miss Smeeton, will not for

the present be able to return to Algeria. We cannot but hope that in God's good time her health will be sufficiently restored, and other difficulties cleared away, so that we shall be able again to welcome her to her much loved work among the Moslems.

### Seed at Relizane.

One of the great things about seed is that, given soil, light, air, and water, it grows by itself without any help on our part. We do not help the seed by watching it grow. And its growth is so imperceptible that we cannot notice its advance unless we leave it for some time and then come back and look at it. The same is often true of God's seed. He prepares the ground, provides the air and light and water of His Holy Word and Spirit, and gives the increase.

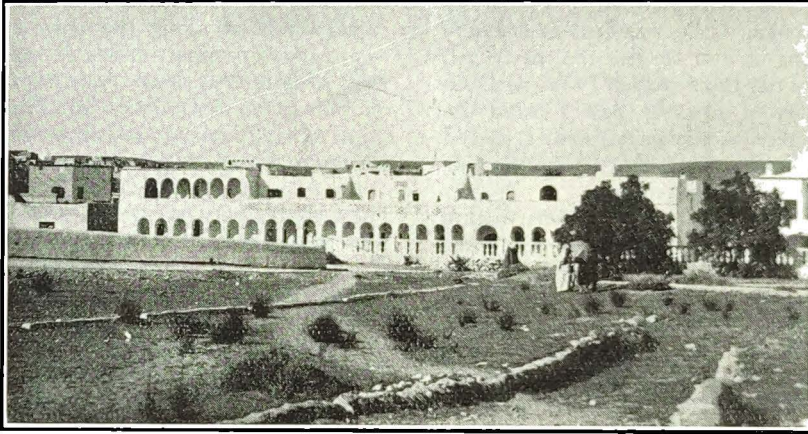
A very interesting example of this truth was given in April when a party of four of us set out to visit Relizane, a station which has been closed for more than a year. I am afraid we rather feared what we should find on our arrival there. We knew that some years ago several girls had given their hearts to the Lord Jesus and had shone brightly for Him, witnessing bravely in their difficult Moslem homes. But now a year had passed and their own missionary had been absent. Would the seed still be growing, or would it have withered away?

As soon as we arrived we were greeted by the bright, eager, loving faces of those for whom we had feared. On hearing of our coming they had opened up the mission house once more. Everything had been prepared and the whole place just shone with cleanliness. What a welcome those girls gave us as they told us the joy it was to have their beloved home opened to them once more, a place where they could meet and be happy together as they could not in their own homes.

At morning prayers we sat round in a large circle and read the Bible together in Arabic. Then came the singing of Arabic hymns, and *how* those girls sang! Then everyone was given a chance to share with the others the things that God had been opening to them from day to day in His Word during the past year. For a moment there was silence. Here was, perhaps, rather a drastic test of growth for those who had been so long without the help of a missionary. Quite quietly, a little girl looked up and told how God had been speaking to her out of the parable of the Foolish Virgins. Was *she* ready for the coming of Christ at any time? she asked herself. Again a short silence and another said that God had been speaking to her about Moses and the bitter waters of Marah. She told us that Christ was changing all her bitterness into sweetness and that He had shown her that if she was placed in the midst of bitter people, it was her job to make them sweet. Then one of the older girls spoke of the widow in Elisha's story, and how her pots were full to overflowing. Were our pots so filled with the love of Christ that His love is always overflowing through us into the lives of others? Another—one of the most troublesome in the old days—said that Miss Ridley had sown much seed in her heart, and it had lain so long without any sign of life. Now it was producing flowers and fruit. In these past months, during hard experiences, the seed had begun to sprout and God was revealing the fruit. She knew that some one must have been patient in watering—that prayer had not ceased for them.

And so, after prayer, and a rousing chorus, our little meeting ended. And our fears too, and in their place a great hope arose for an even fuller growth of that which had been born, "not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

R.H.P.



## Six Weeks in the M'zab.

Though we have visited this desert district five times, staying from ten days to two or more weeks, yet this is the first occasion we have rented rooms and catered for ourselves during a prolonged stay. Our flat belonged to the hotel proprietor. His mother, a devout Moslem woman, dressed in the long flowing robe of the south and wearing the high turban, lived downstairs and gave us her advice, or shall we say protection! While we were praying over these thousands of souls hidden away in the desert towns and encampments around us, she was climbing up on to our roof at stated hours, carrying her kettle for the stipulated ablutions before prayer; and then standing up facing east, the direction of Mecca, she would raise her hands above her head and cry out, "God is great" and go through the Moslem prayer. She was not a Mozabite dissenter, so she waited till the muezzin of the orthodox mosque in the town below gave his call to worship.

Living thus alongside, we became great friends and went with her to call on her relations; and the little children who ran

in constantly to see her became brave enough to come up to our flat where Miss Russell had pictures and a warm welcome ready for them. After a while we saw God's working, for even the devout old lady would come and ask to see pictures and have the Bible stories explained to her. When the time came for us to leave she appeared depressed, but we cheered each other with the thought of our return, God willing, next winter, to a little mission outpost of our own, where she could visit us and bring her friends.

Above is a photograph showing this tiny house. It is the one next door to that with the upstairs colonnade of arches. We have two windows and a door leading on to the balcony. Can you by this picture realise the blazing sun and the cloudless sky? At the back of the house is a little courtyard and in it, with a tarpaulin to shelter from the glare, we hope to receive women and children as they get courage to call on us.

Then there was my regular visit to the Mozabite teacher. We found her this year in bright colours and adorned with

jewellery and many gold coins, for she has married again. She was just as friendly and willing as ever to give me the M'zab words for the Bible stories I told her, and while I wrote down as best I could the queer sounds as she gave them, I longed for the dictionary of this M'zab tongue, but it seems to be out of print.

There are seven other towns within reach of Ghardaia, the central one; three within walking distance and the others a day's excursion. Six of these were built by the Mozabites and are kept almost exclusively for them and their servants (former slaves), but the seventh is one of the centres of the Chaamba tribe, a desert Bedouin people at one time constituting one of the dangers of the Sahara. It is off the main desert track and lies hidden between rocks and rocky sand-dunes. Even the mosque tower cannot be seen until one has descended the winding ravine of a kilometre or more, which leads to the entrance of the town.

Some days we clambered over the dry river bed and we found in among the palm gardens, negro freed slaves living there with their families of many shades of colour. These received us hospitably, and seated on the sand with them we had happy times. The babies had to be admired and they were very loveable, though not over clean; but somehow that did not look so bad in black! Among them were sick women and some with diseased eyes who were thankful for the remedies Miss Walton could give them.

Near by was a cemetery and we watched the wealthy men riding out to it, seated on their strong, well-cared-for donkeys and carrying on the saddle in front of them great dishes of cous-cous (the native dish of semolina and meat). On arriving at the cemetery the receptacle, wrapped in a coloured cloth, was placed on the ground, to be given to the poor.

Other days we climbed up the steep

paths to one or other of the M'zab towns and wandered along the narrow streets, watching for opportunities to speak with the children or men by the roadside, hoping for an introduction into some house, thus getting into touch with our Mozabite sisters. These towns have no cafés and only a few shops, which are found usually near the market place, the centre of meeting for the men and for the transaction of all business. In one town a market is held almost every day after four o'clock. The chief men, in clean robes, sit round on raised carpet-spread divans, while the salesmen run round calling their wares and offering to the highest bidder shoes, clothing, carpets, fruit, etc. Even tomato sauce was sold in this exciting way! We were politely offered chairs and sat, a conspicuous little group of three Europeans, at one end of the market, but a dear baby boy, the precious little son of a big official, came and stuck his little hands into ours and asked for a picture. Then he trotted off to his very stately-looking papa sitting in a Caid's office and came running back for another. We often find little lads are used by their seniors to get the literature from us, as the most dignified way of obtaining it. On this occasion a very gracious permission was sent to us through an older boy of about eleven, to visit the town under his guidance.

In another place an anxious father took us to his home to see his sick baby. A young mother sat on the ground with the little sufferer on her lap, a hopeless expression on her face. Remedies were many miles away, and the little one was very ill, but we did what we could. In a dark corner an old blind woman sat moaning, "They do not want me. I am ill and blind." It is among such as these we want to go: such loneliness and helplessness cry out for the good news of a present, living Saviour.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.



## Gozeur Neighbours.

Our back door opens into a blind alley and is far from the public road. When our neighbours call upon us the alley is no longer quiet, for from the surrounding houses women begin to flow like water from an over-turned vase, until they stand in a congested pool, waiting for the door to be opened.

The women come in batches of varying numbers and we may have as many as thirty in an afternoon. The numbers are sometimes doubled by the quantities of small children they bring with them, and a baby is often borrowed by a second batch and brought in twice! Whether sitting or standing, whether with babies or without, the women never cease to spin, for it is now the spinning season. The right hand incessantly twists the long white thread; from it hangs the gaily painted little bobbin, which like a top twirls faster and faster. The left hand holds the distaff round which the wool is twined, a beautiful soft white mass, such a contrast to the dark brown skins.

It has taken years of loving patience to win through the reserve of these women who at first came out of curiosity or to pass away the time, or for some simple remedy. So keen are they to be doctored that one is tempted to think that ills are sometimes invented, and so clamorous have they been at times that it reminded one of the scrum of a football match rather than a decorous gathering of the sick. It was alarming to see bodies falling to the ground as if mortally wounded, until it was seen that this was only a convenient posture for receiving drops in the eyes! The Saida moves gently in their midst, ministering to each in turn and their faith in her remedies is marvellous. I love to be there with them for it seems as if the curtain of sense is withdrawn and Christ Himself is in the

midst, opening the eyes of the blind, drawing hearts to Himself, longing to share their griefs, to bind up the wounds that sin has made, to strengthen and make whole.

The women, too, are gradually becoming aware of another Presence. I think it was the babies who first made them pause and wonder. One mother said, "Our babies are always so laughing and good in your courtyard, but peevish and crying at home." His love for their little ones is striking a note of wonder and answering love in the hearts of the mothers. I fear we do not always find the children so angelic, for they are at times a very disturbing element. Said little three-year-old Mabrouka one day, "Where is Jesus Christ?" The Saida hastened to reply that He was there in the room though hidden from our eyes. "But," said Mabrouka in surprised reproof, "I saw Him just now in the court." Did she see Him? There was no-one else there whom she could have seen.

One night Mabrouka awoke in a flutter. "I must go to the Saida's," she said. "Jesus Christ has come. He is at the Saida's house, you must take me at once." She was comforted with the promise of being brought as soon as it was day.

An unforgettable sight was that of wee Hannya standing before a picture of Christ, her grubby little arms outstretched to Him, her face brimming with joy and delight while she talked to Him for a long time in her most engaging manner. Alas that our ears are not attuned to her baby language, but He would understand, and after all, it was meant for His ears, not ours.

We called our neighbours "The Wild Women" at first, for that title seemed to describe them best, but it is gradually becoming a misnomer. At one time to

suggest a "story" was the signal for the exodus of many, while those who stayed behind listened with a superior air, or an open titter, or merely ignored it by talking to their neighbours. Then a few were caught with the interest of the story, and they began to feel that they had been deprived of something good if one was not forthcoming. Then more and more stayed to listen and now some come for the "story" only, with no excuse for needing medicine. Some can scarcely restrain their eagerness to hear till the doctoring is over. Now it is not "the thing" to go away before the story,—and "let it be a long one." Some who were the most indifferent are now the most eager and crowd closer that they may miss nothing.

One day the subject of prayer came up and with such real interest and intelligence they questioned us as to what prayer was to us and what we said. It was a delightful opportunity of bringing before them the reality of a personal God who is interested in all His creatures. They were so much struck with what they heard that the next day they wanted it all over again. Often they ask us to repeat some story they have already heard, and we have proof over and over again that they talk over the teaching among themselves when at home and repeat the stories to their friends, who in their turn come to listen, or ask us to go to them. A woman who had come for the first time turned to her neighbour and said, "All that they tell us is good. We have it in our book." "Yes," replied her friend, "but we have only the crumbs, and they have the whole loaf."

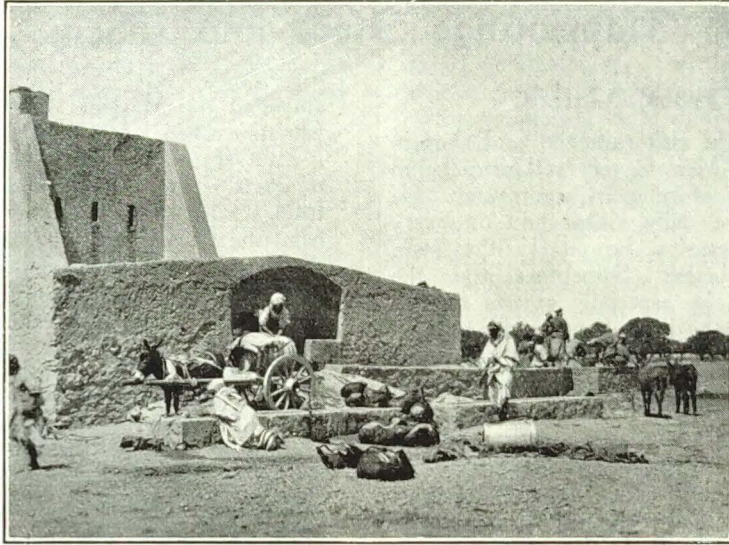
They love to be sung to, and now are wanting to sing themselves. One or two began to try to memorise the words and now quite a number sing with us. They disentangle themselves from the noisy group who are seeking medicine and beg to have the words repeated and repeated until they can say them correctly. The singing

has made them conscious of their own loud voices. "Our voices are so rough and ugly," they say, but they are comforted when we explain that if they spoke softly their voices might also be soft and sweet for singing. The tiny children are also learning to sing to the pride and delight of their mothers.

It is scarcely five months since I became acquainted with these "wild women," but what a difference I have noticed in them in the short time. It has been like watching a mass of clay under the hand of the potter. The clay, still rough and dry, is being kneaded in His hands, and who can tell what beautiful and precious vessels shall in time emerge from under the moulding fingers of that Master Potter?

Totally oblivious to all the noise and chatter around,—it was still medicine time—two women sat down, one on either side of me. There was some whispering across and then one said to the other, "You ask her." "We want to know," said the other, "what we must do and what we must say, that Jesus Christ may make our hearts clean. We are tired of being what we are, so full of lies and ugly things. We want to be like Jesus Christ, with hearts clean and pure." As simply as possible they were told that they only needed to ask Him to do it for them and He would. "Oh," she said with a sigh of relief, "I did not know it was as simple as that. Verily we will ask Him." It was no superficial desire of the moment, but evidently the result of serious deliberation together in their homes and there is no doubt in their minds that they have asked the Master Potter to mould them into His image, and that He will do so. It may be that the moulding will be a painful process, for the secret of lying still in His hands takes some of us long to learn, but He *will* perfect that which has been committed to Him.

E. K. M. RIDLEY.



## A WELL IN THE SOUTH

*(Inspired by the above picture, which is reproduced from our last issue).*

It is our thirst drives to the well  
 To be supplied ;  
 And none who seeks the cooling draught  
 Shall be denied :  
 How like the overflowing Grace  
 Of Him Who Died.

Since upon Calvary He took  
 Our load of sin,  
 Atoning, and providing Grace  
 To cleanse within ;  
 What more could our Redeemer do  
 Our trust to win ?

Therefore, as to the Southern well  
 Thirsty ones come,  
 We, in our guilt at Jesu's Cross  
 May now find room,  
 With those who thirst, till we, refreshed,  
 Life's march resume.

WILLIAM OLNEY.

## Happenings Here and There.

### From Algiers.

Among the visitors to the book shop in Algiers is a Moslem, very well instructed in all matters of religious controversy. He is almost a daily visitor and on every possible occasion he attacks the main Christian beliefs. Sometimes it is the Atonement he especially objects to; at other times the deity of our Lord is severely criticized. One morning recently he began to ridicule the truth of the incarnation in its relationship to the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ. On this particular morning the native evangelist was present and in answer to the Moslem's fiery objections, he quietly and distinctly repeated these words, "Jesus Christ is God." The Moslem arose hastily from his seat and went round the book shop like one demented. He gesticulated, he raved, he stormed, he cried out, "Blasphemy, blasphemy!" The native evangelist again repeated his statement, "Jesus Christ is God." Again a veritable torrent of abusive words. After our Moslem brother had calmed somewhat, the native Christian asked him if he knew the story of Moses and the burning bush as found in the Koran. The man immediately began in a machine-like manner rapidly to recite, ". . . and when he was come thereto, a voice cried to him from the right side of the valley, in the sacred bottom, from the tree saying, O Moses, verily I am God, the Lord of all creatures."

When he had finished the convert turned to him and said, "Who was in the bush?" "God," answered the Moslem. "Whose voice came from the bush?" "The voice of the Lord." "You admit then," said the native evangelist, "that God spoke to Moses from out of the midst of the bush, that no form was seen, but only a voice was heard?" "True,"

answered the Moslem. Then the native Christian asked, "Is it any harder for God, is it so very strange, that He should choose to speak from a human body as well as from a bush? Jesus, as we both admit, from the Gospel and from the Koran, is the Logos, the Word of God, the Utterance of God. When Jesus lived here on earth men saw not God and neither did Moses see Him in the bush. But as Moses heard the voice of God because He was in the bush, so men in Jesus Christ heard the voice of God Himself because He was incarnated in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is God, His incarnation, the Voice of God, calling to men from the human body as He called to Moses from the midst of the burning bush."

### From the Desert.

The children's sous fell with a cheery little thud as they were joyfully poked through the hole in the top of the cardboard box which received the Sunday collection. Blind Bedra stretched out her hand to feel for the box, and a tiny ring of metal joined the children's sous. Her sightless face was aglow with the very light of heaven and the hardness imprinted by past fanaticism melted into the softness of love.

"Take this," she said, "Jesus Christ told me to give it. It is real silver, and for Him."

What a poor little collection for so great a King! A few sous from the children and a tiny bit of bent metal from one old woman. A tiny bit of bent metal, but the last precious link she had with better days, days perhaps of rank and wealth. One by one she had parted with her jewels that those dear to her might be fed. All that

remained to her was this tiny bit of an earring, of no value to anyone save herself, but of infinite worth to her. Now that must go for the sake of the One she loved best of all.

She saw Him, she said, in a dream. He stood in the midst of a crowd and all were giving Him something. She looked at Him and her heart was heavy with grief. "I have nothing to give Thee," she said. "Lovest thou Me?" He tenderly asked. "Yes, Lord, I love Thee," was her reply. Then glancing at the ring of metal upon her finger, "Dost love thy ring?" He said. That, she told Him, was very dear to her heart. "Which lovest thou most," said He, "thy ring or Me?" "Why Thee," she replied, "I love Thee best." "Then," said He, "give Me thy ring."

Was it a cardboard box, or a casket of jewels for the King? The gladness and joy of children's love, and the free surrender of a last link with earthly treasures so dear to the soul of a woman, were surely dear to the heart of the Lord.

### From Dellys.

Yesterday we had such a good time in two villages above Menerville. They were quite new to us and we wondered what kind of a reception we should have. We first met a group of women on their way to do their washing in the river. When we asked if we might go with them we were welcomed gladly, but arriving there we found that Satan was at work to send us back. One old woman asked us to follow her, having sent home the young mother who had welcomed us. Leading us up a steep incline she politely pointed the way back to Menerville. However, being quite sure that God had led us there, we took another road and arrived near the entrance to one of the villages. There we talked to a number of women and children, but try

as we might, we could not find an entrance into the houses. After singing a hymn, we asked permission to sit in the shade of a prickly pear bush and tell them a story. We were allowed to do so and from there we had an invitation into one house and then another of the second village. Then we had another big open-air gathering, with a friendly old man in the audience.

After this we said we would go and have our lunch and we were invited to eat it under a fig-tree in one of the gardens. Meanwhile about thirty women and as many children gathered round to watch us. They were anxious to give us food, but we accepted only water. After lunch we had another long meeting on the spot.

As we were leaving, some women from the first village met us and seemed upset because we had not visited them. They led us into a field, and there under a tree we had one more gathering, this time with some arguers. So Satan was once more too clever and only helped instead of hindering by trying to send us back.

### Colportage.

The oasis lay before them,—an ordinary, sand-swept desert village, with its outlining fringe of graceful palm trees, and the usual little group of white-clad desert men lounging at the entrance. What kind of a reception would they receive? Had anyone in this far-away spot ever heard the Good News of salvation?

Lifting up his heart in prayer the missionary with his guide approached the men, but before he could reach them a proud, self-confident young Arab came forward to ask his business. On learning the nature of the books to be offered for sale, he said, "These are forbidden to us. Two years ago someone else came with the same kind of literature and the people burnt them all." And hastening away into

the village he warned everyone not to have anything to do with the infidel books.

It was impossible to sell anything after this, and for the time being the guide judiciously disappeared. Everywhere it was the same cry, "Haram,"—Forbidden. A crowd collected, excited and antagonistic, and there was nothing to do but to turn round and leave the place. "Shall we stone him?" said the lads amongst themselves as they jostled the missionary along the street, but he turning round, said, "Are you not ashamed? Are you not taught by your religion to be kind to strangers, and I am a stranger amongst you," and opening the New Testament he read to them from the matchless words of the Sermon on the Mount. A sudden hush fell on the noisy crowd. "But these are good words, holy words," they said. "We did not know. Forgive us and come back now into the village and sell. We will not hinder you any more."

"The wind bloweth where it listeth . . ." Who can tell but that as we pray, His wind may blow, the tide turn, and His Word be freed to go forth on its triumphant mission.

## Itineration News.

In the month of February our fellow-workers, M. Lull and Mr. Watson, who had spent some months at Tolga, started on their itineration in the more distant desert, stopping at Biskra on the way, where they had good sales and good conversations both with Jews and Arabs.

Our travellers reached some far-away points in the desert, visiting eleven oases, including El Oued, in the Oued el Souf district, and Kouinine; and some places which, as far as we know, had never been touched by Christian workers. Everywhere they met with true desert hospitality; only in three of the eleven oases were the sales very difficult. Elsewhere it was almost always a gospel that was asked for, "the story of the Lord Jesus" as the Arabs say.

At one important place, with its large Zaouia (college), it was a Jewish Rabbi who was their great adversary, forbidding the Arabs as well as the Jews to buy; but leaving him M. Lull found ready listeners and buyers in another quarter, so the Word of God was not bound.



COLPORTAGE IN A MARKET.

Our friends' second itineration took them to Touggourt and its neighbourhood. On all previous visits our workers have found good opportunities and this time two young Arabs came to M. Lull and seemed to be well acquainted with the Bible and their conversation was as that of Christians. Each one bought a specimen of all that he had to offer. Some time ago we heard rumours of secret enquirers at Touggourt and these may well have been of their representatives.

At a neighbouring village, when M. Lull reached the market-place, he found only two Arabs there, of whom one denounced his books as teaching idolatry. M. Lull turned to the other men and began to read to him some of the Gospel story and as he read he saw his opponent listening earnestly in spite of himself. Presently a crowd collected, among whom M. Lull was able to leave some fifty books, mostly Gospels. Another day in an oasis no one would buy until they saw what the marabout would do, and when he bought a Bible the men crowded round to buy also.

In another village, while Mr. Watson was waiting for the market to open, he was accosted by a taleb who wanted to know what he was doing. Mr. Watson suggested going into a neighbouring field where he would show him his books. However, the Arab took him to his house and they had a long conversation, in the course of which his interlocutor showed him a Gospel of St. John which he had bought on some previous occasion. He was quite courteous and calm in the discussion which followed and did not seem fanatical; but as with the majority of his fellow-believers, the sense of the awfulness of sin seemed wanting. In answer to the remark of the impossibility of entering heaven with our sins on us, he said, "Who is there in heaven or earth who can question God if He pleases to take me to heaven with my sins?"

F. H. F.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

## “En-Nouie.”

“Hast thou indeed nothing to do? Hast thou ground the coffee? Then thou shalt wash the kitchen floor, for verily it sadly needs a little water.”

En-nouie's face needs a little attention in the matter of washing too, and his hands might also be improved thereby, but one must not expect too much washing in one day, especially if all the water has to be brought from the fountain across the road. En-nouie has no great love for work; it is all hard for him. It was only yesterday that the Saida said to him, “Thou shalt now grind the coffee; that is an easy job to do.” “Oh, Saida,” he replied with reproach in his voice, “thou dost say that every job is easy, but how can grinding coffee be an easy one?” “Thou hast only to sit down comfortably on the floor and turn thine arm round and round and round, and the coffee is ground,” says the Saida; but how foolish of her not to realise that it is hard work to keep turning the arm round and round, whether one sits or whether one stands.

And how unnecessary it is to ask to have the kitchen floor washed. Perhaps it is only a joke though, and need not be taken seriously! But the Saida's voice seems to have a determined ring about it and what is that she is saying?—“Thou must wash the kitchen floor, but thou must not make a whole sea around the feet of Saida M.” “What! wash the floor and yet not be able to make a flood to swim in. That surely is a difficult bit of work and no joke.” A few inches of the precious water is doled into a papier-maché tub, the floor cloth is extracted from the sand in the court outside and, sand and all, soaked in the drop of water. The cloth, still more than half dry, is then rolled into a tight



A SOUTH COUNTRY LAD.

ball and applicā gingerly to the centre of the floor.

"You were told to *wash* the floor, not to dust it," says Saida M., "where is the water?" "I was told also not to make it wet for your feet," replies En-nouie wistfully, thinking of the ocean he would have liked to spread around. The difference between washing and drowning having been carefully explained, En-nouie begins again, the cloth wetted, but still rolled into a ball, gently dabbing the centre of the floor as if he were putting rouge on its cheeks. "Behold," says the Saida, "there are tables against the wall and baskets under them which need removing that thou mayest wash under them." "Truly, truly," he murmurs, and moving the baskets a few inches, he starts again with his damp ball. The result is so feeble that the Saida takes the cloth, dips it well into the water, wrings it out and gives a demonstration of how the cloth should be held and used. En-nouie looks on and visibly shrinks from such unnatural energy. "Oh, Saida, but my hands are cold." "Then the work will make them warm," replies the unsympathetic Saida. This time, with great precision that takes

at least three minutes, he spreads out the cloth, holding it at arm's length and gazing at it with a puzzled air. The thing is how *not* to get it into a ball. At last with a happy inspiration, the cloth is carefully and exactly folded till it is the shape and size of a small brick. Then with great satisfaction and very little effect, it is clabbed round about the door.

"Oh my son, oh, my son," says the distracted Saida, "thou must start at the back of the room and work towards the door that thy feet may not soil all that thou hast so carefully cleaned." "Verily, verily," he beamingly replies, and once more sets to work with the cloth screwed between his two hands like a ball, which he rolls about, but which does not get into any of the corners. "Oh, my little son," gasps out the Saida, "in truth thou knowest how to sing hymns and to say prayers but verily thou knowest nothing at all as to the manner of washing floors." This is an amusing saying and his smile is enlarged to a full-grown laugh. Once more he is given an ocular demonstration of how to wash a floor quickly, cleanly and efficiently. This is a performance after his own heart for lo and behold, half the kitchen is clean



and he has only had the work of looking on. "Now," says the Saida, "finish thou like that and remember that although God likes to hear us sing and pray he also likes to see us use our hands in a sensible manner. Verily thou canst sing hymns and I alas. have not a like ability, but I do know how to wash a room and I will try to teach thee." "Little by little, and may blessings be multiplied to you," replies En-nouie in an encouraging voice. The exhausted Saida places the cloth once more in his hands and feeling that human nature and patience can be strained to breaking point, leaves him to finish the job. "Hast thou washed behind the door?" she asks him later. "Ah, Saida, verily I have so done," he replies. "Say not verily, verily, for verily thou hast *not*," she returns, "for thou hast not removed the brushes and dust-pan from behind the door and washed under them." "Thou hast truly spoken, Saida for verily I had forgotten them." "Perhaps in time I will be able to teach thee to wash a room," says the Saida as she replaces the brooms, "for verily thou knowest not." "She tells me," says En-nouie with great mirth to the Saida in the book shop, "that I can sing hymns, but that I cannot wash floors!" And I think she is right!

E. K. M. RIDLEY.

## Home Notes.

Lack of space forbids anything like an account of my recent visit to the Field, and I have already tried to share a few fragmentary impressions of this time with our friends and prayer partners by means of a circular letter. But I would like to say here how much I longed to have with me all those who pray, to share with them the thrill of seeing some of the answers God has given, and to behold the wonder of His hidden workings.

Apart from the joy of meeting old friends again, there was also that of seeing people and places one had met in the pages of this Magazine, such as the deaf and dumb boy at Bou Saada, whose ears Mlle. Butticaz had treated and healed, so that he learnt to hear and to speak; he constituted himself our guide one afternoon and led us into many native homes. Then there was the new book depot at Colea, the cafés where the lantern meetings had been held; and the new schoolroom in the native quarter of Miliiana, with its cargo of attractive atoms of humanity who can actually behave with quiet dignity and sing choruses and listen to Bible stories, even though such discipline may be totally unknown heretofore!

And much more besides! Every Station in turn had its special inspiration and incentive to continue in prayer. And there was much to hear, of happenings in the daily round, or on itineration; sometimes of seeking souls and secret believers; and of the opportunities and openings everywhere. One is filled with praise to God, for the work is His, and it is going ahead. Yet on the other hand one must not miss the tremendous need of these Christ-less masses, the much that of necessity is left undone, and the direct challenge that this day of opportunity brings to us. May we at home be ready to answer this, and to bring to the fight every weapon that God has given us.

E. ARMITAGE.

## Annual Meeting.

Please note that our Annual Meeting will be held D.V. on the afternoon of Friday, September 29th. Full particulars will be available later, but please keep this date free.

### Literature.

- Books and Booklets by I. Lilius Trotter.*
- "Between the Desert and the Sea."  
With sixteen pages of Miss Trotter's beautiful illustrations in colour. 6s., postage 6d.
- "The Life of I. Lilius Trotter." Compiled from her Letters and Journals by Blanche A. F. Pigott. 6s., postage 6d.
- "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.
- "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." (A Book for Twilight souls, written for Moslems). 1s., postage 2d.
- "Children of the Sandhills," a descriptive painting book. Pictures by Miss Elsie Anna Wood. 1s., postage 2d.
- "Focussed." 3d., postage ½d.
- "Vibrations." 2d., postage ½d.
- "A Thirsty Land and God's Channels." 2d., postage ½d.
- "A Life on Fire." 1d.
- "A Ripened Life." 1d.
- "Trained to Rule." 1d.
- "Story Parables." (3 together). 3d.
- "North African Girls and Boys." 1d.
- "A Challenge to Faith." 1d.
- "Lilius Trotter of Algiers." A new booklet written by Miss Constance Padwick of C.M.S. 4d. Postage ½d.
- The "Outlook" Series. Written by Members of the Band. 1d., postage ½d. 8s. per 100, post free.
- "The Problem of Moslem Boys."
- "Zenib the Unwanted."—What it is to be an Arab Girl.
- "The Why and Wherefore of Industrial Work."

All the above can be obtained from the Secretary, 38, Outram Road, Croydon (which will continue as our office address until further notice. Phone: Croydon 1364).

### Praise and Prayer Requests.

#### Praise.

For God's good hand on the itinerations of the past months, for freedom from accident and for open doors.

For health and safe keeping through the last season of work.

That Miss Butler has been able to return to her work in Tlemcen and for the proofs of God's continued working there.

That it has been possible to rent a small house in Ghardaia (M'zab country) for future work, if God wills.

#### Prayer.

That in nothing we may come short in these days of opportunity, but may be ready for the greater things promised and being prayed for.

That the converts may know more of the "hunger and thirst after righteousness" and so more of the joy of the Lord.

For backsliders among the natives, that God would deal with each according to their need and bring them to the foot of the Cross; and that those who are steadfast may seek to bring others to the knowledge of their Lord.

For an Arab who seems to be a sincere enquirer. His wife is a Christian and they read the Gospel together.

For two souls in a desert town in whom God's Holy Spirit is evidently working.

For all missionary societies in financial difficulties, that whatever happens God's work may not be hindered.

For the manifestation of God's keeping power over all native Christians, during the weeks when the stations are closed.

That God would direct and bless the movement among the European young people of Algeria towards interest in missions, especially in missions to Moslems.

For the fulfilment of all God's purposes for those workers who are on furlough.

## Basis.

The A.M.B. is interdenominational and desires to have fellowship with all who form the One Body of Christ. The Band holds and teaches :—

- (1) Absolute Faith in the Deity of each Person of the Trinity.
- (2) Absolute confidence in the full inspiration of the Old and New Testaments.
- (3) Absolute belief in the Cross of Christ as the one means of access to God, and the redemptive power for the whole world.

COMMISSION.—The aim of the A.M.B. is the Evangelization of the Arabic speaking Moslems with special emphasis on the needs of the practically untouched regions of the interior.

## ENGLAND. Local Representatives :

ALL NATIONS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—Missionary Prayer Secretary A.N.B.C., Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood  
BARKING TYE.—Mr. P. J. Butler, Barking Hill, Needham Market.  
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, "Dar Naama," Baldwin Avenue.  
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. Wayne, 12, Straight Road, Lexden, Colchester.  
MANCHESTER (New Bank Street Mission).—Miss E. McDiarmid, 84, Birch Street, West Gorton.  
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, 27, Monastery 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, Deramore House.

## NEW ZEALAND.

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

Algiers Mission Band  
 Sketch Map of  
 Algeria and Tunisia

