

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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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 NICLOUD.
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 (part time).

COLEA.

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

TOLGA.

1928. Senor S. LULL.

TLEMCEN.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER.
1932. Miss HANSEN
(part time Miliana).

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



No. 26.

AUTUMN, 1933.

1/6 PER ANNUM
POST FREE

The Church and the Nations.

“ Is this the time, O Church of Christ, to
 sound
Retreat? To arm with weapons cheap
 and blunt
The men and women who have borne
 the brunt
Of truth's fierce strife, and nobly held
 their ground?

Is this the time to halt, when all around
Horizons lift, new destinies confront,
Stern duties wait our nations, never
 wont
To play the laggard, when God's will
 was found?

No! rather strengthen stakes and
 lengthen cords!
Enlarge thy plans and gifts, O thou elect,
And to thy kingdom come for such a
 time!

The earth with all its fulness is the
 Lord's.
Great things attempt for Him, great
 things expect,
Whose love imperial is, whose power
 sublime.”

The Right Rev. HARRINGTON C. LEES.

(From "St. Paul and His Converts," published by
Robert Scott. By kind permission.)

Across the Sahara with the Bible.

For many years I was possessed with an ardent desire and purpose to carry the Gospel in speech and Holy Scriptures across the vast Sahara. In 1926 I reached the northern Air mountains from Kano and Lake Chad, but was turned back by the Governor General owing to war in Italian Libya, and at the end of five years I returned to Scotland with my purpose unfulfilled.

I came back later and crossed the southern Sahara from west to east, witnessed for Christ and circulated some forty thousand copies of the Word of God. On this my last journey, which ended at the door of Dar Naama, El Biar, Algiers, the headquarters of the Algiers Mission Band, I had the privilege of doing what I had so often sought to do, and blazed a trail which I hope others may follow. I had circled the Sahara with the Bible and visited its most distant oases.

I began my Saharan circle by visiting Morocco, Algiers, Tunisia, Italian Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, called Libya, and then I visited all the oases of Egypt and found everywhere, as in Libya, open doors and opportunities. Following the valley of the Nile and cutting across eastern Libya and the Nubian desert, I reached Khartum, and went on through the southern Sahara, via the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and French Wadai to Bornou and Kano in Northern Nigeria.

It was from Kano I set out on May 12th this year and crossed the Sahara via Zinder, Tessaoua, Agades, Tamanrasset, in the Hoggar, In-Salah, El Golea, Ghardaia, Laghouat, Djelfa and on to the Mediter-



TUAREG LADIES AT HOME.

anean at Algiers. My trip took me exactly two months and I had the joy of circulating Scriptures in Arabic, Tamachek and French everywhere, and witnessing for Christ to all. I got the usual courteous and hospitable welcome from French officers in all these distant places, and in Tamanrasset I was invited to have a service for the Europeans. While there I baptized a young Arab who had been a Christian for many years.

For nine days, between Agades and Tamanrasset, I had a terrible time and we had a fierce fight for life. I shall never forget this battle of the sands. I had to abandon three of my largest cases in the Tanexrouft, and the Commandant at Tamanrasset promised to send for these, and have them brought in by Tuaregs. My lorry caught fire five times and we had to fight the flames with sand. The dynamo ceased to function, the battery ran out on reaching Tamanrasset, and I

never expected, nor did my two native helpers and Tuareg guide, to escape alive.

During this trans-Saharan journey from Kano to Algiers, I had the joy and privilege of circulating thousands of Scriptures and I had a special welcome among the Tuaregs and an open ear in all their centres. The fifteenth chapter of St. Luke was a favourite in Tifinggh, and I was able to complete the translation of an entire Gospel in Tamachek, to be printed by the National Bible Society of Scotland. I met Akhamouk, the Amenoukal of the Hoggar, and successor to the great Mousa Ag Amastane, and he gladly welcomed the Word of God in both Arabic and Tamachek. I visited the tents of Dassine, a princess of the Hoggar and a renowned beauty and poetess, with her ladies and nobles. I also did good circulation of Scriptures at Tit, the battleground of the final resistance of the Tuaregs, where their nobles were mown down, and learned the lesson that all resistance must ultimately end in submission to the flag that has brought peace and prosperity to the nomad tribes of the Sahara.

Between the Hoggar and In-Salah I had interesting times and after seven hundred and fifty kilometres, I reached In-Salah, where no missionaries have ever gone. I found it to be one of the hottest corners of the desert, lying surrounded by fifty kilometres of soft sand through which we had to fight our way. The Captain, who had been Commandant at El Oued, told me of two missionary ladies he had met there and spoke highly of their good work in the oasis. I knew of course who the ladies were, and spoke of the splendid work of pioneering in the desert being done by the workers of the Algiers Mission Band.

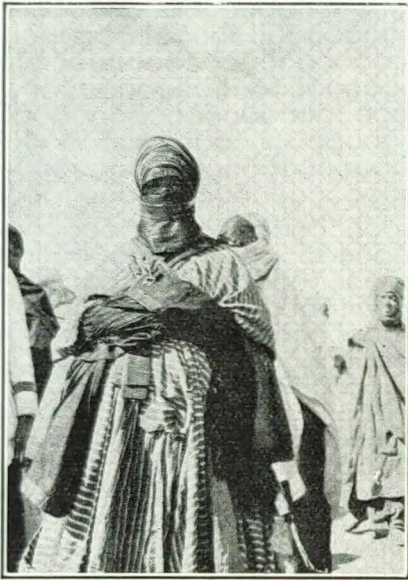
Four hundred and twenty kilometres more across dunes and sand, and over the Tademait plateau, brought me on to El Golea where I was glad to find that

A.M.B. ladies had done good visitation work, also that the A.M.B. motor had made a visit there. I was shown Bibles and books left by messengers of the A.M.B. and was told stories of their memorable visit, the first made by Christian missionaries, and the hope expressed that these welcome visits would be repeated. I was followed round and begged for Gospels and Scriptures, and found there, as elsewhere, a desire to possess the Word of God.

I had some rough experiences, my tyres and tubes got badly burst, and I had to leave the men and motor behind and push on to send back relief. That was expensive, but the only way out, and I eventually reached the oasis Ghardaia of the Beni M'zab, where I was able to do some work and buy spares to take us on.

From Ghardaia I came on some two hundred and thirty kilometres to Laghouat, over a rough road, and spent a little time there. I was interested to know that Miss Grautoff, of the A.M.B., had hired a house in Ghardaia for October and was expected back there to visit the interesting Mozabite peoples who live in seven towns in and around the oases. I thus began to feel that I was nearing Algiers and missionary friends. From Laghouat I came on to Djelfa, the railhead; had to do many repairs and spent some time in that interesting little town. There I met a French lady who had known some of the missionaries, and spoke sympathetically of their good work. I got the battery charged, the dynamo fixed up—it had not been working—and left Djelfa behind with happy memories.

From Djelfa I came on to Boghari, where I had a nasty theft at night as we slept by the roadside, and then on to Blida over the high mountains. About mid-day the following day we reached Algiers and drew up at the door of Dar Naama. It was a joy to be safe at last



THE KING OF THE TUAREGS, THE VEILED MEN OF
THE DESERT.

beyond sand and dunes, and though my two tyres were all burst up, the tarred roads enabled us to reach our destination, by going softly.

As I look back over the five thousand kilometres covered from Kano to Algiers, I am thankful to God for His mercy and help; thankful also for the great privilege I have had of carrying the Word of God to the Tuaregs and other nomad folk and pray that God's blessing may rest on the testimony borne.

Since I started from Marrakesh over two years ago, I have done, with cars and camels, over 15,000 kilometres, and as agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland have been privileged to circulate many thousands of copies of the Word of God in many different languages.

DUGALD CAMPBELL.

Editorial.

Does the time pass as quickly at home, I wonder, as it does with us on the field? By the time that you are reading these lines our friends who have gone to England will be back in the harvest field.

As we gather at the beginning of October we shall be a smaller company than usual. Miss Rona Smeeton finds that family matters are God's message to her to remain yet awhile at home in New Zealand. Daily her thoughts and prayers are with us, so we do not feel her very far away.

Miss Dorothy Graham, who has put in six years of good and loyal work helping to open up that hard and fanatical town of Tlemcen, is leaving us on the occasion of her marriage with Mr. Watson. Friends will remember that he joined us in the Autumn of 1931. They are hoping to return to North Africa as independent workers. We are sorry to lose them, but verily in this land there is room for everybody.

Indeed we are rejoicing to find that our witness is not confined to North Africa. On another page you will see that our tracts in Algerian Arabic have found a welcome among the Arab convicts in French Guiana, and we hope shortly to send out a fresh supply together with copies of the Gospels.

Our summer has been marked by an interesting visit from Mr. Dugald Campbell, of the National Bible Society of Scotland, who for long has been distributing God's Word in perils oft and in countries where every day had its tale of danger and hardships, but where the prayers of his friends have surrounded him and brought him help time after time.

The old Moroccan sheikh, of whom mention was made in former numbers of this magazine, has passed on, in great peace and with the open Bible in his

probably love one another and long to meet.

As we come to understand something of the ins and outs of their customs and to realise that spontaneous giving is not a usual thing among these friends of ours, we appreciate all the more the gifts we sometimes receive from them. Often those who give so generously are poor, and yet they delight to have something to offer. "Come," say the village women, "only come in the summer time and we will fill your basket with fruit" (grapes, or cherries, or figs). And women in mountain gourbis, baking their bread of coarse brown meal in home-built earthen ovens, will break off half a large flat loaf and insist on our taking it home with us; and delicious bread it is. Arab women are clever makers of cakes of all kinds, cakes of pounded almonds, cakes made like tubes and filled with delicious honey, some shaped like a crescent moon, and many others. These in their loving-kindness they often want to share with us; and if one cannot eat them there, then they must be carried home, sweet and sticky though they be, among the books and tracts in one's wallet. A steaming dish of couscous has more than once been brought to the door on our return to the mission station after a journey, while a large and ornamental loaf of bread has several times arrived at the last moment to speed us on our way.

Eggs are a special source of revenue to Arab women, who have to find the money to clothe themselves and their daughters, and almost every household owns a hen, even though the poor creature may have to be tied by the leg in a small courtyard. A woman will at times sit through a meeting, and then just as she is leaving smilingly bring out two or three eggs from some hiding place and insist on presenting them. Once a dozen eggs were brought from far as a love gift from one of our old

Sunday school girls, who had been given as a bride to one of her father's tribe. She came back on a visit to her home and when she arrived the twelve eggs had become eight; and "No wonder," she said, looking at them regretfully, "we came on the back of a mule, by a motor bus, and then by a train, oh, from far, far away." When this girl returned to her home she took with her books and tracts, easier to carry than eggs, to the men of her family who were readers.

The offerings of the children are very dear, as such gifts always are. Sticky and cherished sweets, already somewhat sucked, and clasped in little hot hands, have been offered to us; or an orange, so green that it made one shiver, or even a cherished penny from the depths of a small pocket. Flowers too, are brought, sometimes a bunch of short-stalked wild flowers tied firmly round with a piece of rag, or maybe a bunch of lovely roses or violets. These children make charming garlands of jessamine flowers or orange blossom, which they sell for a few sous, for they are much loved by the Arabs. These garlands they bring sometimes as an offering on festive occasions, the necks of our guests being decorated as a special honour.

One day in a village, one of us was singing to a group of women and girls who had never heard the Good News before, and to whom listening to the hymns was a new and joyful experience. After a while a tired throat called a halt, which dismayed them, and an eager girl ran and fetched a couple of eggs and dropped them into the singer's lap as an inducement to go on, and some sous were hastily proffered as a final bribe! On other occasions also money has been offered to us and the refusal of it causes great surprise. Such happenings give an opportunity of explaining that salvation is a free gift to us sinners, through the death

of our Lord Jesus Christ. To those whose religion is one of works, such a thought is strange and new.

Among other gifts offered to us through the years there come to mind the handkerchiefs with wide, coarse lace, made with pain and labour by beginners in the art of lace-making, and offered with joy. A gift that touched us very much was brought by a girl who is among the weak things of this world. She drudges for an Arab woman and gets many blows and very small wages with which she pays the rent of the room in which she and her widowed mother live. Out of her scanty money she bought beautiful oranges as a Christmas gift, and her beaming face showed her evident delight at being able to offer them.

It is very difficult to accept the gifts when one knows how poor the givers sometimes are, but it is often quite impossible to refuse them without causing a real hurt. These Arab friends of ours have given to us, the disciples of Christ, of their best, knowing that we are His. Surely God will bless them for it, and we pray that the blessing that comes to each one of them may be a heart opened by the Lord, to receive His gift of Eternal Life through Jesus Christ.

M. H. ROCHE.



When Mary of Bethany broke the box of precious ointment and poured it on His head, it was an act that no one else saw any occasion for. They said it was a waste. But Jesus commended her for her extravagant act of devotion. . . Our Lord is carried beyond Himself with joy when He sees any of us doing what Mary did, not being set for this or that economy, but being abandoned to Him. God spilt the life of His Son that the world might be saved ; am I prepared to spill out my life for Him ?

OSWALD CHAMBERS.

“By Interpretation ‘Sent.’”

When St. John, recording the narrative of the man born blind, who received his sight through the anointing of Jesus and obedience to His command, comes to the place in the story where Jesus said, “Go, wash in the pool of Siloam,” he stops to insert the meaning of the word as if suddenly possessed himself of its blessed import.

Just previously, in the same narrative, the evangelist had written that striking word of Christ’s own testimony, “I must work the works of Him that *sent* me, while it is day,” and this is but one of the nearly forty times in this gospel that John mentions Christ’s reference to this all-absorbing fact, the fact of His having been “sent.” Also many times Christ lays stress on the *will* of His Father and on the *commandment* that He had received of Him. May we not say that this was the very soul of His own soul, that of which He was never unconscious or forgetful? “I came forth from God . . . I came not of Myself, but He sent me.” “I have not spoken of myself but the Father which sent me, He gave me a commandment what I should say and in what words to speak.” “My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me.”

Now not only is this true, in Him and in us, but it is also often His wont when He has begun a good work in a soul, then to send such an one to others of His sent ones, that through them His work should be furthered and perfected. So Saul of Tarsus to Ananias, with the words, “Arise, and go into the city and it shall be told thee what thou must do ;” and so Cornelius, “Now send to Joppa for one surnamed Peter,” the [while Peter received the word, “Behold, three men seek thee.”



THE STREET OF THE BOOK DEPOT, COLEA.
(The Depot is under the palm on the left.)

It is of the latter kind of sendings that it is our privilege now to tell. We believe that the true interpretation for many who have come into the book depot at Colea is that already there had been a convicting touch of the Holy Spirit, Who continues on earth Christ's shepherd work of seeking the lost. The beginnings of such work are hidden from our view. "The Spirit breatheth where He listeth . . . so is everyone that is born of the Spirit," albeit may we not believe that He uses many of the scattered portions of His Word throughout the land, for this His first work?

More definitely we have the joy of speaking of others to whom certainly we were never sent, but who were certainly sent to us. We refer to the work God had for us among a company of young men here from the Ivory Coast for their term of military service. After seeing in those who first came, a growth in grace and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, it has been ours to deal with two, who, drawn by the example of their comrades, have come "seeking Jesus." The com-

mand of Christ to "make disciples" has thus become to us a very real thing.

Not always so clearly definable is that with which much of our time is filled. It is good on starting out on an afternoon's visiting, to have the assurance "To whomsoever I shall send thee, thou shalt go," but frequently the story of the morning has been "nothing but a series of interruptions." Would-be vendors of eggs, or honey, or other commodities have taken up much time; or callers for eye-wash and other simple remedies; or someone with a gashed foot to be cleaned and bound. Then, unless a very definite word from the Lord has been "got in," it requires faith to believe the interruption is, "by interpretation, *'sent.'*"

So also there are seemingly barren days at the depot. One such day recently had only this to show: a father, solicitous for the welfare of his children, was in buying what he thought would uplift as well as please them. He was evidently quite easy about his own state, but was anxious that his children should not fall short of the very best that might be going, for their

future. This reminded us of the pathetic confession of a somewhat older man during one of the series of lantern meetings in our cafés, "It is difficult for a man at my age to change his religion!"

Does not the citing of these simple cases stir us anew to passionate praying for all such souls who have had, it may be, the first movement of the Spirit upon their hearts, but who, when realising what the cost would be to open still further to His gracious influence, have shut the door. Yet how patient and how tender is the Seeker of their souls. And we share, too, in that love which is "never despairing."

Pray, dear friends, that all who may

be pricked in their conscience may not fail in obedience when prompted by that wooing Spirit to seek us or other of His sent ones, that their salvation may be complete. Is not this promise for them also? "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end. And ye shall call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart. And I will be found of you, saith the Lord."

H. W. and A. BUCKENHAM.

Stories told us about the Kaaba or Sacred Stone.

This year the pilgrims to Mecca chartered a steamer for themselves and went in all comfort on the annual pilgrimage to visit the sacred stone and the shrine of Mohammed.

In a desert town where we were staying, four autobuses full of Moslems left for the sacred journey. Multitudes of the "faithful" went to say farewell, and the ovations on their return were still more wonderful. About six weeks later, in our own little mountain town, two representatives returned from the pilgrimage. Crowds of Moslems, men and women, waited at the city gate to greet them, for they said, "It is almost as if we ourselves had been on pilgrimage, to meet and be the first to salute them." For several days beforehand, the Negro musicians, with castanets and drums, paraded the streets leading a black bull, draped with a cloth of scarlet and gold embroidery, and collected money from the faithful. This was spent in a great feast of welcome. The bull and many sheep and goats were slain and there was a night of feasting and rejoicing.

The two Haji (a title Moslems take when they have been on the hadj or pilgrimage to Mecca) are now allowed to wear gold and white turbans, and are considered by many as exempt from sin. One woman said, "It will not matter now what he does, he is assured of a safe entrance into Heaven, for he has been on the pilgrimage."

Another woman, who had herself been to Mecca with her husband and three little boys, began telling us of the rites and of the sacred stone. She said, "The men run round it bareheaded, but not we women, we remain covered. The Black Stone (some say of volcanic origin) is not really black, but of a dark greenish colour; they do not kiss it, for if any sinner kissed it his face would be black—black with the reflection of his sins," she explained. "Also the stone is not easily touched, for if anyone unworthy approached to touch it, why it would rise up in the wall of the Kaaba above his reach. I myself," she continued, "have seen this phenomenon."

Poor old Hadja, it is quite forty years since she took that weary journey on

the deck of an English steamer, and she may have added much to her reminiscence of the supernatural power of the stone. One of her boys was buried at sea, another died of smallpox in the sacred town, and the third, with his right to a title and golden turban, has spent many years in prison. "Why should people want to run round the stone?" I asked. "It is a stone from God; it fell from Heaven," was her answer.

Year by year this little stone, a few inches in diameter, placed in its setting about a yard and half from the ground, draws thousands of worshippers, partly because their prophet Mohammed went seven times round it and touched it with his stick and aided the Koreish guardian of the Kaaba to place it in position, and partly because it was a venerated stone belonging to their forefathers before the time of Mohammed, so venerated that in destroying the hundreds of idols that stood round (more than three hundred and sixty we are told) he dared not offend them by casting out this most revered stone of their ancestors.

We have a far more beautiful parable to offer them of Christ the Living Stone, set at naught by the builders, yet Who "is become the Head-stone of the corner." Let us pray ever more earnestly that many of these Ishmaelitish descendants of Abraham may grasp God's purpose in giving the Chief Corner Stone, and may believe on Him. "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." Rom. 9. 32.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.



Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Jewel."

The inside of the little native hut was cool and dark after the hot glare of the sun outside, and the woman who had just come in sank down wearily on to one of the low cushions by the wall, groaning as she did so.

"She has poisoned me, I am sure she has," she moaned, "but I'll be even with her yet. I'll pay her back one day. Wait till I get the water from the sacred spring. I will send some as a present and she will never know what I have put into it!"

The little girl standing by the door of the hut gazed helplessly at her aunt and shuddered. She was only a small child and had never known a mother's love, had never been taught to turn from evil and do good, had never learned that God hates sin and that One had come Who "died to make us good," yet something told her that this awful thing her aunt was planning to do was not right.

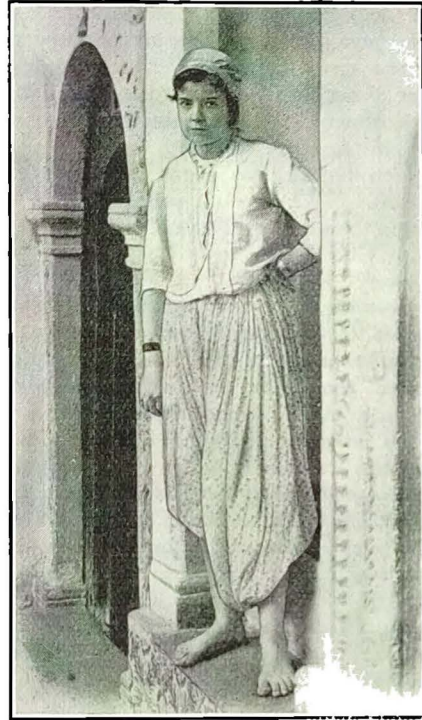
One day there came to the aunt the opportunity for revenge for which she had been seeking. There had been a pilgrimage, such as Arab women love, to the sacred spring, and the much disliked neighbour had not been there, so that it would be a perfectly natural thing to send her, on returning to the house, some of the precious water which had been carried home, and little Jewel should carry it to her. What could the child do? She dared not disobey her aunt, but the little feet walked slowly and the bright little face was clouded as she went off down the hill towards the neighbour's house. "If only I dared spill it," and she glanced around, but her aunt was watching from the door and could see her still. A little further on she looked again. No, she could not see her now, for trees and big hedges of prickly pear blotted out the small compound

from view. "I will not do this thing," she said to herself, suddenly becoming brave. "I'll drop the little pot of water on a big stone and say that some children made me fall, and that poisoned water will never reach our neighbour."

And so a crying child returned to the house with fragments of a broken water pot in her hand, and with a feeling of relief in her heart that no angry scoldings could destroy. The lie involved meant nothing to her, for is it not by lying that life in an Arab community is made possible? She felt that she had done right and her heart was happy again. And so it was through all the years of girlhood that followed, when terrible temptations daily surrounded her and she might so easily have gone the way of those who tempted her to do wrong. "Always," she said, "I felt as if a hand was holding me back and I could not go their way." Surely that hand was the pierced Hand of the Good Shepherd who was already seeking His lost lamb, and later she and her aunt moved into a town where she was able to attend classes at a mission house.

After some years, in order to get away from the life of temptation and evil that was all about her, Jewel left her aunt and found honest work as a little maid in a French family, where she learnt the ways of a European house, helped with the children, and was taught to cook. It was during this time that God again met her in what to her was a wonderful way.

One day there were visitors at the house and some were going off for a drive in the car, so her mistress said to Jewel, "You go along with them and enjoy yourself." So she dressed and went downstairs to the waiting car. But the son of the family saw her coming, and said in an unkind tone, "Must even the maid come with us? I am sure there is no room for *her*!" The girl's sensitive heart was deeply hurt and as she turned



AN ARAB GIRL AT HOME.

(Outside she would be veiled from head to foot.)

away the tears would come. "Then," she said, "a wonderful thing happened. Words I had learnt at the mission station when I was quite a small girl, and which I had not thought of for years, came flashing back into my mind and they were these. 'Jesus said, Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' And I thought, 'Well, *He* would not have turned me away,' and my heart felt comforted." So He was seeking her still, but as yet she had not found Him.

Soon after this, in a wonderful way, God brought her into touch with another mis-

sionary in the town where she was working, who invited her to her home and taught her week by week of the Lord Jesus and of His claims upon her. And the girl, who had felt the touch of His hand through the years, yet hardly knowing whose Hand it was, now opened her heart to Him, and leaving the things of Islam and the old life, came into His fold. She has still much to learn, but bit by bit she is being taught of Him, as she works now in a missionary household.

One day as we were talking together Jewel said to us, "You know I have tried every kind of joy, but I have found none like the joy of Christ! And to think that He was seeking for me and caring for me when I didn't know anything about Him and wasn't seeking to please Him at all!" Do we, who know so much about Him, sometimes forget to wonder at that marvellous, patient and long-suffering love?

Sometimes Jewel looks wistfully ahead and says, "One day when I am older and have learnt more, I want to go back to my own people and tell them of my Saviour." May He indeed lead her on and grant her heart's desire.

J. C. JOHNSTON.



OUR LITERATURE IN THE CONVICT SETTLEMENT OF CAYENNE
—FRENCH GUIANA.

Extract from a letter to Monsieur Lull.

June, 1933.

"Your package of Arabic literature reached me in excellent condition and I set out distributing it without delay. It came

as a glad surprise to these Arab convicts. What Marabout had taken the trouble to send them any reading matter? I do not suppose one of their own had thought of it.

'Where did you get that?' one white-haired Arab asked me yesterday. 'It comes from Algeria,' I replied. (The man was Algerian.) Next to our meeting hall there is a small shop kept by an Algerian. He owns a book of prayers, dating from the thirteenth century, unless I am mistaken, which he values more than money. One day he had placed in this book bank-notes amounting to more than one thousand francs, and while he was a few yards away from his shop a thief took the money, leaving the book. In spite of the loss this meant to a poor released captive, he said, 'I was glad they took the money rather than the book.' The leaflets I gave this man are a real joy to him and he reads them to others, for there are more illiterate men here than those who know how to read.

After having distributed the tracts, I saw, in another café, two men, one of whom was reading and the other listening attentively. Heartfelt thanks for your splendid choice of leaflets, many of which are got up in such a way as to be very attractive to the Arabs. If you should have the opportunity to send me some Gospels in the Algerian dialect, they would be gratefully received.

And what a joy for me and the little meeting that you pray for us. If the Arabs wake up over there with you, the effect will probably be felt by us. And who knows if the Lord will not send us one day one of His servants who knows how to speak their language.

Thank you for the news of your itinération, which surpasses all expectations. 'Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable.'"

Our Annual Meeting at Eccleston Hall.

"How I wish I were young, and free to go out!" was the audible comment of more than one after the A.M.B. Annual Meeting on September 29th. And if God spoke thus to those whose obvious duty it is to "abide by the stuff", surely there were some to whom His command came to "Go". The call to consecrated service for North Africa, and the need for those who will "proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound" was first stressed by the Chairman, Mr. Cecil Collinson, and was amply demonstrated by each of the speakers.

Miss McIlroy told how in the month of June alone a thousand people had come into touch with them at their Station at Bou Saada, most of these being patients needing simple medical help. Every such contact gives an opportunity of witnessing to the love of God in Jesus Christ, and we heard different instances when one and another had responded to that message, resulting in victory over sin and evil habits. She told also something of the growing work amongst the desert children who attend the classes, and went on to speak of adventures in itinerations, and how they had come across secret disciples of Christ in the heart of the desert.

Miss Grautoff spoke of her visit to the seven towns of the Beni M'zab, and of the house she has been able to rent there, with the hope of an early return. She told how even in this hard district, where the fanatical suspicion of the men forms as great a barrier as the heavy doors behind which the women are locked away, God has given them openings and some firm friends, who at parting said "Why must you leave us? We love you—come back soon and tell us more." Miss Grautoff also mentioned the gaps on the Field—

the one worker left at Tlemcen, and the need at Tozeur, where for the thousands of people of that town there is only one woman missionary, keeping the depot open six days a week for the men and boys who come to read and talk. There, as elsewhere, men are urgently needed to develop this work.

The Chairman echoed this need, and reminded us that as a result of prayer God had sent out a body of men to Egypt. Why should not the same thing be done for North Africa, in this day of its opportunity?

The closing address was given by Mr. Dugald Campbell, of the National Bible Society of Scotland, who told a most thrilling story of his travels among some of the hitherto unvisited tribes of the Sahara, during his circular tour of 15,000 miles; and we realised that even in his most interesting account of this journey, which appears in this magazine, "the half was not told." Mr. Campbell spoke especially of the pioneer work that the A.M.B. is doing, and voiced the need for more support at home that this important work might be carried out more effectively. He pleaded for the large towns, such as Tamanrasset and In-Salah, without any witness for Christ, and for the Tuaregs and other interesting desert tribes, with their fine physique and character, who really *want* to know God, who are ready with outstretched hands to receive the books, who welcome the messengers of Christ. Some have said to him, "But if all this be true, why are you the very first to come and tell us? Why have we never heard before?" And what of the many who have never heard, in this vast neglected area as large as the whole of India?

"*Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?*"

Home Notes.

During the last weeks the missionaries on furlough have been engaged in deputa- tion work wherever the opportunity has occurred. Miss Grautoff has spoken in several places near London, including Surbiton, and has also visited Brighton and Eastbourne, where our kind represen- tatives, Miss Bullen and Miss Firmin, arranged excellent meetings on our behalf.

Miss McIlroy has been busy in both Ireland and Scotland. She has enjoyed speaking at the Faith Mission Convention at Larne and their Conference at Portadown, and has had meetings at Moyroe, Drummond, Derrylee, Killymaddy-Knox, Ballymena, Laghey, Stewartstown, Ravanet, and Omagh. And in Scotland at Dundee and West Kilbride.

Miss Johnston has had several oppor- tunities of meeting old and new friends in Suffolk—a district where there has long been a keen, live interest in the A.M.B., which has meant for us much enrichment. Also during a visit to Scotland Miss Johnston was enabled to make new con- tacts in and near Kelty and renew old contacts in Dunfermline and Edinburgh, the two latter in connection with our kind friends of the Faith Mission.

Others, while on holiday, have taken advantage of openings where these have been given, and we would take this oppor- tunity of thanking all who, by arranging meetings, have made it possible to make the need and the work more widely known.

We are glad to hear that in New Zealand interest in Moslem missionary enterprise has greatly increased during the past two or three years. In Auckland a branch of the Moslem Prayer Fellowship has been started, linking together those of the various missions interested in Moslem evangelization. Working in conjunction with the Fellowship is the newly formed

Committee of the Nile Mission Press (their main Council having been situated in Dunedin for some time). A group of young people meets regularly for the pur- pose of studying Moslem questions. The subjects have included such themes as "The life and teaching of Mohammed," "The present-day challenge of the world of Islam." Several young people have recently left New Zealand definitely for Moslem fields, and others are in training.

At many drawing-room and other meetings, representative speakers have given accounts of the work in Egypt and in North Africa. They include Mr. H. Mercer of the E.G.M., Mr. James Kinnear of the N.M.P., and Miss Rona Smeeton of our own mission. Owing to pressure of circumstances Miss Smeeton expects to remain in New Zealand for the present and hopes during her time at home to continue making the work known and deepening the prayer fellowship.



Literature.

To be obtained from The Secretary,
8, Sydenham Road, Croydon.
Phone : Croydon 1364.

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.

- "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.
 "Trained to Rule." 1d.
 "Story Parables." 3d. (Three together.)
 "A Challenge to Faith." 1d.
 "Lilias Trotter of Algiers." A new booklet written by Miss Constance Padwick, of C.M.S. 4d., Postage ½d.

Books and Booklets for those who wish to study the Moslem question 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 true native life in Algeria. By M. Ferdinand Duchêne. 7s. Postage 6d.
 "Islam and Its Need." A concise book for study circles. By Dr. W. Norman Leak, M.A. 6d., postage 1d.

English Translations of Books written for Moslems.

- "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." (A Book for Twilight souls). By I. Lilias Trotter. 1s., postage 2d.
 (Also obtainable in French.)
 "The Lily of the Desert." By A. E. Theobald. 3d., postage 1d.
 "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.
 "North African Girls and Boys." 1d.
 "The Why and Wherefore of Industrial Work."

Praise and Prayer Requests.

Praise.

For the rest and refreshment of body and spirit that the past weeks have brought.

For the continued sympathy and interest in the work shown at the different meetings that have been held this summer. Pray for the working-out of any purpose [God may yet have through these.

That the A.M.B. publications are still reaching out to other lands.

For the happy Home-going of the old Moroccan Sheikh. (Years ago an Arab said to us "Your people die in great peace; we would like to die like that.")

Prayer.

That the lessons God has been teaching during times of rest may be worked out practically to His glory.

For the outpouring of the Holy Spirit during the days of the Rally in Algiers at the beginning of October, and that God will reveal Himself during this time of waiting upon Him.

Also for the Committee Meetings at this time, that all plans (including location of workers, new beginnings and itinerations, etc.), may be made under God's direct guidance.

For all that is involved in re-opening the Stations. For strength and joy in possible discouragements or disappointments that may await any. For the recommencing of the children's classes after the break of the summer.

Please uphold "Jewel" of the Young People's story. God has led her on very wonderfully this last year; pray that if He is calling her to open confession in baptism she will be ready for all that this might mean.

For a real missionary spirit among the converts, that they may themselves think out plans for bringing in others.

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, The Bungalow, Barking Road, Needham Market.
BEKHILL.—Mrs. Brownrigg, Gorse Cottage, Terminus Road.
BOURNEMOUTH (Winton).—Pastor W. G. Stalley, "Kurichee," Norton Road.
BIRKENHEAD (Emmanuel).—Mrs. J. D. Drysdale, Emmanuel Training Home, 1, Palm Grove.
BRIGHTON.—Miss E. Bullen, 14, Clifton Terrace.
BROCKLEY, S.E.4. (Girls of the Realm Club).—37, Elswick Road, Lewisham, S.E.13.
BURY ST. 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."
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.
Miss R., Smeeton 57b, Remuera Road, Auckland.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia

