

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGIER M.  
ED. 1936

# Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS :—DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

*General Secretary* : Miss S. E. PERKIN.

*General Treasurer* :—Mr. H. W. BUCKENHAM, Oulad Sultane, Blida, Algeria.

## *Executive Committee* :—

H. W. BUCKENHAM.  
Miss BUTLER.  
W. CECIL COLLINSON.  
Miss FARMER.

Miss GRAUTOFF.  
Miss McILROY.  
Miss NASH.  
JOHN L. OLIVER.

Miss PERKIN.  
A. E. THEOBALD.  
A. T. UPSON.  
Miss WOOD.

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JOHN L. OLIVER.  
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1908 ✓ *Acting Hon. Secretary and Treasurer for England* :—  
Miss M. H. Roche, 8, Sydenham Road, Croydon.

*Hon. Medical Adviser* : DR. GRACE CHAMBERS.

*Hon. Auditor* : C. NEVILLE RUSSELL.

## *Referees, America* :

✓ DR. W. C. PEARCE, W.S.S.A., 626, "W. M. Garland" Building,  
Los Angeles, California.  
✓ CHARLES G. TRUMBULL, 104, Rex Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

## *Algerian Mission Band, America* :—

✓ *President*—Mrs. M. F. BRYNER, 126, Flora Avenue (Peoria, Ill.)  
✓ Mrs. J. A. WALKER, Sec., 2300, Dexter Street, Denver, Col.  
✓ Mrs. F. GOODRICH, Treas., 302 College Ct., Albion, Mic.

## *Referees, France* :

PASTOR J. P. COOK, Nevers, France.

PASTOR R. SAILLENS, Nogent sur Marne, Seine

*Referee, Algeria* : PASTOR CUCHE, Mostaganem, Algeria.

*Editor of "A Thirsty Land"* :—Miss M. H. ROCHE. ← 1908

## Location of Workers, Spring, 1936.

### DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.

1906. Miss S. E. PERKIN.  
1919 & 1922.

Mons. & Mme. P. NICOUJ.  
1922. Mr. & Mrs. THEOBALD.  
1927. Miss J. JOHNSTON.  
1935. Mons. & Mme. Millon  
(language study).

### ALGIERS.

1930. Miss I. NASH.  
1922. Mrs. THEOBALD.

### MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

### GHARDAIA (BENI M'ZAB).

Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF (part time).  
Miss P. M. RUSSELL " "  
Mlle. BUTTICAZ " "

Miss MARY MAY (in U.S.A.).

Evangelist Colporteur : SENOR MUNIOZ (of the Nile Mission Press). Headquarters at Relizane.

### BLIDA.

DAR EL AINE.  
1920. Mr. & Mrs. H. W.  
BUCKENHAM.  
1934. Mr. H. STALLEY (part  
time.)

DAR ER RIH.  
→ 1907. Miss RIDLEY.  
1932. Miss S. HANSEN.

### MILIANA.

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

### TOZEUR.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.

### SETIF.

Miss A. M. FARMER (part time).  
Miss I. SHEACH " "  
Miss S. WRIGHT " "

### TOLGA.

1928. SENOR S. LULL (part time)  
1935. Mr. J. THOMSON (part time).

### TLEMCEJEN.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER.

### DELLYS.

1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.  
1922. Miss I. SHEACH.  
1935. Miss S. WRIGHT  
(language study).

### BOUSAADA.

1909. Miss A. McILROY.  
1919. Mlle. BUTTICAZ.  
1932. Miss S. HANSEN (part  
time).



No. 36.

SPRING, 1936.

1/6 PER ANNUM  
POST FREE

## Editorial.

March is the birthday month of the A.M.B., a spring-time month with the promise of new life all around! It was on the ninth of March forty-eight years ago that Miss Trotter landed in Algiers. It seems fitting that during this month the new outpost in the large town of Setif has been occupied by the Band in the name of Christ.

New recruits have lately gone to the Field and candidates are coming forward. Younger workers are seeing the vision of Christ's longing over the unreached multitudes, doors are standing open, and ways are as yet clear for advance in Christ's name.

But if there is to be advance on the Field, we at Home must surely go forward too! We cannot work ourselves up to love and to do and to pray; may Christ's love fill us afresh and burn in our hearts with a living, spreading, unquenchable, flame!

The Field Committee expects to meet on April 21st. Shall we at Home make that day one of very definite prayer for the

A.M.B.? Let us ask for guidance for the Committee in all plans, and specially in those for the Home organisation now that Miss Armitage has resigned. Shall we also, in view of the open doors and possibilities of advance, ask that there may be no hindrance through lack of supplies?

We are giving under "Home Notes," suggestions about ways of helping, which may be a guide to some.

We publish, as we promised, accounts in this number of itinerations made recently to Relizane and to M'sila, both full of interest.

Miss Grautoff and her two fellow workers are, as we go to Press, in the far southern town of Ghardaia (M'zab), and we shall hope to give some account of their experiences in the Summer number of the magazine.

The many friends of Miss Jessie Johnston and Mr. Harold Stalley are rejoicing with them on their engagement, and we pray that they may have God's richest blessing.

M. H. R. O. C.

## Spring-Time in Algeria.

*"For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord."*

*"No thought of Thine can be hindered."*

There is an old proverb which says, "He who lives longest sees most." And it comes true very often before our eyes.

As we look round in this northern bit of Africa, we see the untouched multitudes, we hear their cry, we take count of the unreached towns, the villages in their thousands, and our hearts fail us. Then we look back over a quarter of a century now spent in the land, and we say wonderingly, "What hath God wrought?" Open doors where they were iron-barred, and invitation where there was refusal, welcome in the place of being cast out, and the Seed sown everywhere. So we look up to where they see the right side of the fabric and understand, and we encourage ourselves in the Lord our God. Thus looking up, we dare look forward, knowing that the fields "are white already to harvest," and that the King stands at the Gate.

*"Silently, secretly, while all men sleep,  
Worketh He certainly, deeper than deep,  
Certainly worketh He; springeth now  
fast*

*Seed that was buried, deep down in the  
past."*

B. G. L. H.

These words were written by Miss Haworth, one of the founders of the Mission, away back in 1913, and how true they are



to-day. Now there have been over *forty* years of witness in the land, and still there remains yet "very much land to be possessed." The founders of the work have gone, but to those of us who follow in their steps, God has given the same vision, and the same hope.

To some the vision has been given in a very special way quite recently, in looking out over "the untouched multitudes, the unreached towns, the villages in their thousands," and with this new apprehending of the need, fresh hopes have been quickened in our hearts. Why not a new "Crusade," with the object of reaching every town and village in the country with the Gospel? Nothing will ever be accomplished by sitting down and sighing, "Oh, the task is too great. We have neither the means, the men, nor the money to undertake such a thing!" "Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God!" said William Carey, that Great-heart of pioneer missionary work.

So we called a meeting and began to talk it over. It seemed clear that three things should be done. First to pray about it, seeking God's clear guidance as to how to set to work in a more definite way to reach the still unreached places; then to prepare a plan of campaign, studying well all the difficulties as well as the possibilities, and the strategic points to be aimed at. Many thoughts came crowding in, showing how the vision had been caught by others, and ways and means were suggested.

"I know a big quarter of Algiers city which has never yet been touched," said one of the missionaries present "If someone will volunteer to go with me, I will try to go there this week!" Needless to say this practical challenge was immediately taken up.

"What about the nomad people?" said another who has lived for many years in the desert. "Can something not be done to touch them as they move northward with their flocks in the summer time?"

"Would it not be good to have some special tract with a clear and simple explanation of the Gospel which could be used anywhere?" "And what would be most useful would be one of these new portable lanterns which are so easily carried about," said another visualising evenings in out-of-the-way cafés with the men folk "We could use such a lantern in the homes of the women too sometimes."

Sitting in that quiet room, we could see it all before us—a dream, and we prayed that it might not stop at that. The third thing to be done is, of course, *to begin!* And for this God will show His time. So with those who have gone before, and to whom He first gave the vision of the need, we would encourage ourselves in the Lord our God, and look to you, our friends in the homelands, to help us to make it come true.

(Secretary of The Council of Outlook.)

## Praise and Prayer Requests.

### Praise.

For the opening of work in Setif, and for the interest and help of the French Pastor there.

For those reached during the last months with the Gospel in and around Ghardaia, M'sila, Relizane, and Tolga, whether by word of mouth or by literature.

For prayer answered for the family of the paralysed child in Algiers whose father was a Class boy long ago.

That a greatly needed movement has been started for the protection of girls and women in Algiers.

That God has given a most suitable place for a Book Depot at Blida.

### Prayer.

That God's presence may be manifested in the beginnings at Setif and that the workers may be led to seeking souls.

That "Dawn" (of Tlemcen) may be "Kept by the power of God" in her new life in France with its loneliness and temptations.

That the mother and her two little daughters (in the family mentioned above) who have come to Christ, may be led on by the Holy Spirit; and that the father who is seeking, may be led to the Saviour.

That the Lord may make His face to shine upon the newly married couple (page 10) and use them for His glory.

That Miss Wood may be conscious day by day of "the Lord working with her" in her far-off desert outpost.

That on the Field and at Home, we may "reach forward unto those things which are before."

That God's blessing may be realized in the Book Depot mentioned above, in all its beginnings.



## The Pathway of Faith.

*Second part of an Address given at the Rally (Dar Naama) in October. (Continued from Winter Number of "A Thirsty Land.")*

The beginning of a life of triumphant faith is in the recognition of the voice of God. Its continuance depends upon the constant vision of the invisible. As there can be no strong faith without continuous hearing, so there can be no enduring faith without continuous seeing. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the certitude of things not seen." All who have trodden the pathway of faith have been men and women of vision. They have had a strong sense for the unseen. Faith, this sense for the unseen, is the gift of God. "The Lord has given us," says the Apostle, "another sense that we may know Him who is true." This sense for things unseen is the secret of all endurance. "Moses endured as seeing Him who is invisible." It was the vision of the invisible God that carried him through those long years of drudgery and waiting in Midian. In our fellowship with God in His patience for the Moslem world, we must never lose our grip of the "certitude of things not seen." Miss Trotter also had this strong sense for the invisible. Where others saw only the seen, the unfruitful labour, the disappointing slowness, she saw the pulsing life of the Eternal God. "A bee comforted me this morning," she wrote, "concerning the desultoriness that troubles me in our work. We seem only to touch souls and leave them. The bee was hovering among some blackberry sprays, just touching the flowers here and there in a tentative way. Yet all unconsciously life, life, life was left behind at every touch." She was looking then at her work, not in the light of the seen, desultory and disappointing, but in the

light of the unseen, pregnant with future harvests.

Only such a vision as this will carry us undaunted through all the peculiar difficulties of work in a Moslem land. If our faith is to endure unshaken to the end, we must be "seers" unto death. It will be a calamity if for any of us our sense of the unseen becomes dim with the passing years. "There was no open vision in those days. Eli's eyes began to wax dim that he could not see." For Eli, the end was near, an ignominious end, of misery and defeat. In a spiritual sense when our spiritual sight begins to wax dim, the end is not far off. "Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?" This is a real danger, a danger which grows in intensity with the passing days. Our constant touch with the difficulties of the seen, tends to blot out our vision of the unseen. This is especially so as we become more and more familiar with the problems of our daily circumstances. In our early experiences on a Moslem field the voice of God is still fresh in our ears and we feel that nothing is too hard for Him. In the first flush of our prayer life for Moslem souls, we believe that nothing is impossible with God. But as the days go by, the disappointing slowness of progress presses heavily upon us. The voice that first called us to the field, the voice that first called us into a "fellowship of faith" for Moslem souls, becomes fainter, and doubts begin to cloud our vision. Then, unless there is a frequent looking away to the unseen, our faith will flag and our courage fail. Vocation brings us into the battlefield, but only a constant vision of the unseen will keep us there. "Consider Him lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." For unswerving, enduring faith an undimmed vision is essential.

If we would retain our faith and courage in these troublous times, we must pause sometimes and look away to the unseen.

The secret of Daniel's enduring faith in days of political and national unrest, was the window looking out upon Jerusalem, the unseen. Daniel was in an impossible, a hopeless situation, according to the seen. It was a great crisis in his life and from the point of view of the visible there was no escape. The law of the Medes and Persians was unalterable. "But . . . Daniel's windows were open towards Jerusalem." There can be no certain triumph for the enemy, however inevitable the results of the seen may appear to be, if the windows of the soul are open towards the invisible. When Daniel opened his windows towards Jerusalem, God opened His windows towards Babylon, and deliverance came. In like manner in the days before us, we may often be called upon to face the impossible. The only thing to do then is to open a window heavenwards, and when we, in unwavering trust open a window heavenwards, God will, in loving response, open a window earthwards. "Prove me now, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven and empty out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." A faith mission, is a band of men and women who, undeterred by the seen, ever look away to the unseen. They take a true measure of things as they are, and then behold them in the light of what they will become. Their windows are constantly open towards the eternal shore. They are never dismayed, never defeated, never finally cast down, because they are "seers" unto death.

"Oh may no earth-born cloud arise, to hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes."

The *consummation* of our faith comes through venture. "By faith Abraham went forth not knowing whither he went." In venturing out into the unknown, our faith is enriched and crowned. But we must ever remember that vision and venture must blend. Any venture apart from the

sanctifying vision of our Risen Lord is but the energy of the flesh. The urge to venture is but the outcome of secret pride. One launches out because one is sure of one's own ability. Sometimes it is the result of some hidden jealousy, one must venture because someone else has ventured. Peter made a great venture of faith when he braved the storm and walked the waves. While venture and vision blended he walked the waves in triumph, but as soon as he began to lose sight of His Master's face, his courage failed and he began to sink. Venture without vision is doomed to failure. Whatever venture of faith we may make in the days before us, we must be very sure that every step is made in the light of His countenance. If our faith is to be perfected, we must never lose sight of Jesus. We must ever gaze upon Him who is the Prince Leader and Perfecter of our faith.

A faith mission never ventures because some other mission has ventured. A faith mission is a band of men and women who are venturers unto death, but in all their ventures they must never lose sight of Jesus. "We have set the Lord always before us." There is a beautiful picture of faith's great venture and what it means in Deuteronomy 32. 11-12. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest . . . so the Lord alone did lead them." In the first days of an eagle's life it is constantly listening and looking up to its mother's care. But the eaglets cannot always remain in the nest. One day the mother bird comes and the nest is stirred up and abandoned. She takes the young eagles upon her great wings and launches them into nothingness. So it is with us in the early stages of our faith. There is the support of the nest, the daily looking up for what our God has to bestow upon us. But a day comes when God swings us out into the abyss. He calls us to go out not knowing whither. There is nothing now, no past experience to rest

upon, nor foothold in the present, no light upon the future. There is nothing—but God. The old nest is broken up, human props are withdrawn and we are utterly cast upon God. We have now drawn near to the highest reach on faith's upward way—"the Lord alone." "So the Lord alone did lead them . . . no other god." Dare we in the days to come stand alone with the Lord? This is the victory that overcomes all, even our faith.

The *reward* of faith's unquestioning venture is rich beyond estimation. Lord Kelvin, the great scientist, said that there came a point in all his great discoveries when he had to take a leap in the dark. The soul that dares a leap in the dark with God, will make fresh discoveries of the wonder of His wisdom and power. The young eagle, launched out into the abyss, sinking down with trembling heart, felt underneath for the first time, the sure strength of its mother's wings. It was a great discovery, and in like manner we, launching out into the unknown with God, shall in a new way learn something of the unfailing strength of the Everlasting Arms. The words "Underneath are the everlasting arms," instead of being only a beautiful figure of speech, will become to us a deep reality, a daily experience.

When Abraham came to Canaan the Canaanite was still in the land. It must have been a disappointment to him. He had left everything to shun idolatry, and when he arrived in Canaan he found himself surrounded by it. He had ventured and disappointment had followed his venture. "The Canaanite was then in the land . . . the Lord appeared unto Abraham." In the hour of his disappointment, God appeared. Abraham made the great discovery that God is never far from His own in the hour of disappointment. In a new way he realised that God never breaks His covenanted word. A faith mission is a band of men and women who are continu-

ally making fresh discoveries of God. Life for them becomes richer with every venture. They rejoice in every fresh emergency, knowing it will bring to them some new revelation of God's wisdom and power. This is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith. If we do not shrink when God calls us to launch out into nothingness with Him, there await us in the days ahead, new treasures of His love, new revelations of His power. In the words of the poet, Robert Browning, for those who dare to take the plunge, Heaven's pearl awaits them.

"Two points in the adventure of the diver, one, when a beggar he prepares to plunge. One, when a prince, he rises with his pearl."

In faith's venture we plunge, beggars; we rise, princes! "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, in the year of drought he shall not fear."  
A. E. THEOBALD.

## Itinerating Round Relizane.

The eighteen days passed all too quickly, as accompanied by the Nile Mission Press colporteur, Monsieur Salvador Munios, and by Mr. Stalley, who was visiting this region for the first time, I was able to revisit six markets in the neighbourhood of Relizane. During these visits we sold 474 books and booklets, besides distributing a great many tracts, and we had opportunities for conversations with the sale of almost every book. Often we were able to give a definite message to the buyer, and at other times to read a few verses from the Gospel, but we can truly say that each time men heard God's Word. The work was encouraging, and with your permission I will take you over the way we went.



On the Monday morning we started for Tiaret, a town partly European and partly native, high up in the mountains, a centre for colonists and with an important Arab market. The authorities were very good to us and gave us permission to open up the car and to sell our literature in the centre of the town. It is a town that has already, at one time, been occupied by missionaries and we found among the buyers, men who had been in contact with them in past years and who knew our books.

In the evening we went on to Montgolfier where we were warmly welcomed by a Christian family. It was a great joy and encouragement to us to meet these brothers and sisters in Christ, who are also seeking to do what they can for the natives with whom they come in contact. After supper, about twelve people from neighbouring families came in, and we had an impromptu missionary meeting, which gave an opportunity of telling something of the work of the mission and of its founders.

Early next morning we went out on to a hill dominating the town to have a time of prayer before beginning the day's work, and from the horizon in all directions we could see white robed figures wending their way slowly along to the market. We pictured them going back over the same roads in a few hours time, carrying perhaps a Gospel or some portion of God's Word with them to their distant village homes, hidden away in the folds of the mountains. There, far from all human help, God's Spirit can cause the Seed to germinate and to bring forth fruit.

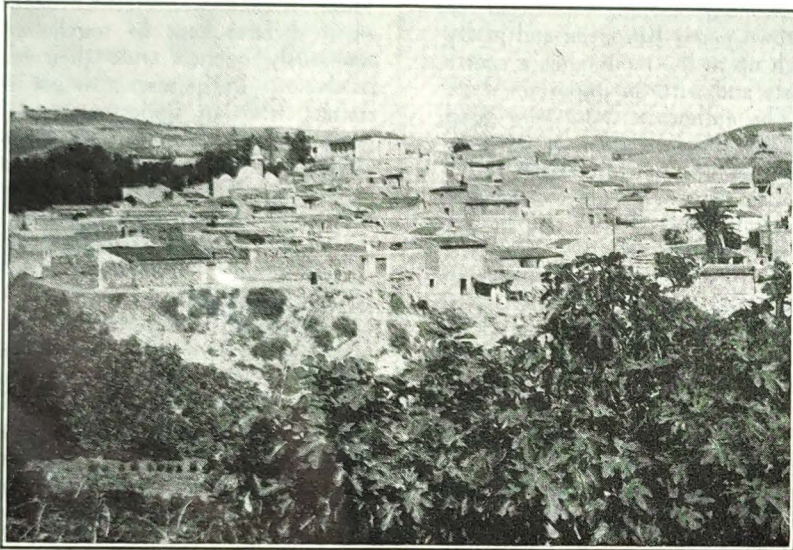
We planned to visit the Inkerman market on Wednesday and to go on to Mazouna on Thursday, so as not to cover the same ground twice, for we realised the necessity of spending most carefully the precious sum that had been given us for this itineration. We were greatly helped in this by the kindness of Christian friends at Inkerman, who offered us hospitality for the night.

These friends were former scouts with whom I have kept in touch, and they generously opened wide their doors to receive us. In the market we got into close contact with an important marabout to whom M. Munios clearly explained the way of salvation through Christ, confirming his message by passages chosen from the Bible. Sales here were not very large as this market is more frequently visited.

On Thursday we went on to Mazouna, a place I visited last year with Mr. Buckenham. Mazouna is a fortress of Islam, but God's Word is powerful, and we had good conversations and were able to leave behind us more literature than we had dared to hope. Last year some of the talebs from the Zaouia, which is a very important one, came to talk to us, and this year the son of the sheikh came with several other talebs. I offered him an Arabic Bible to be placed in the Zaouia, and he accepted it. Will you pray that this Bible may be read by the students and may become to some of them a means of salvation? We returned rejoicing that we had been able to do something, although it seemed but little, for the Lord in that place, for we know that He can multiply it.

On Saturday we visited Mostaganem, quite a different town. Here we had to open up the car right in the centre of the European quarter, with all its traffic, and there the Arabs came to us. The conversations were sometimes a little difficult and needed tact, but many of the men were struck with the replies we were able to give from the "written Word." What a power this can be! One thing that surprises them is the assurance that we have of our salvation here and now. In this town we saw also a Moslem colporteur selling the Koran, but he did not seem to have many buyers.

The following week we visited two other markets, St. Denis du Sig, and Perrégaux. The first of these was rather difficult.



MAZOUNA, A STRONGHOLD OF ISLAM.

The men seemed fanatical and many of them asked if our books did not begin with the formula, "In the Name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate." I replied, "What is the use of the repetition of these words if all the time there is sin in the heart?" Several of them replied, "You are right." I asked one man if he had peace of heart, and he replied, "No, but perhaps after death!" How true it is, there is no peace, no hope in Islam. There is ritual, but nothing which touches the heart, and no assurance of salvation. The reading of the Parable of the Lost Sheep seemed to touch some, and when I asked who was represented by the sheep which had gone astray, they replied, "All of us."

Sometimes men will wait about for hours before making up their minds to buy anything, and at the last minute will come back and take away the precious Word. At Perrégaux we met with the same difficulties,

but in the same spirit of faith we went on. At one time there were about fifteen men standing round and a fanatical young taleb was doing his best to oppose us. I asked if he would allow me to read a few verses from the Gospel and when he consented, read the story of the interview that Nicodemus had with Christ on the subject of the new birth. The men all stopped talking and listened in respectful silence. Then one by one they walked away. A few minutes later one of them returned and asked that he might buy the book out of which I had been reading.

This is only an outline of the work of those brief days. The great desire of our hearts is to be able to continue such work in spite of the present difficulties. Shall we all unite in prayer that God will send in the necessary supplies for the accomplishment of the work with which He has entrusted us in this needy Moslem field.

PIERRE NICOU D (*translated*).

## The Pilgrimage to Mecca in 1936.

The Sinaia, a fine boat of 17,500 tons, the most comfortable that has ever been chartered for the pilgrimage of the Moslems to the sacred places of Islam, came into port to-day. She has had many improvements since last year. There is a vast prayer hall on the first class deck, and this is connected with the other prayer rooms by powerful loud-speakers, conveying the words of prayer to every corner of the ship. The loud-speakers will also be used to transmit sermons and lectures during the long days at sea.

We are far from the pre-war conditions when the Faithful, packed like sheep in old tubs, incommoded with bags of provisions, prepared their miserable meals at the risk of setting the boat on fire. To-day, all classes have their meals served in spacious dining rooms, and prepared by a competent native staff. The cabins are most comfortable and the women have been specially arranged for. There are numerous shower baths, also a well equipped infirmary with twenty beds, staffed by three doctors and a nurse. The journey from Algiers to Mecca and back is expected to take from forty to forty-five days.

In preparation for the voyage, four hundred young sheep were slaughtered according to Moslem rites, under the supervision of the Mufti of Algiers (the supreme authority on Moslem ritual). The carcasses were put into cold storage on the boat, along with poultry, rabbits, fruit, and vegetables. Two hundred more carcasses are to be taken on at Bone.

(Translated from the Algerian Press).



As a great magnet to draw the Moslem world together with an annual and ever-widening *esprit de corps*, the Mecca pilgrimage is without a rival.—ZWEMER.

*Extracts from two Letters from M. Lull.*

Tolga,

February 16th, 1936.

... For the last fortnight the work among the men and lads has quietened down and very few have come for talks. We realise that this is because of a certain spirit of opposition which has arisen. The boys have come regularly to their classes until this morning, but they are somewhat difficult. However, on Tuesday evening we had a good lantern meeting with the men. There were 35 present.

On Thursday, we visited Ourellal and the surrounding villages, five in all. We went as far as Ourellal by train, and as we passed through the stations we saw the pilgrims leaving for Mecca. Amongst them were some women and children. Crowds of relations and friends accompanied them to the station, all saying as they kissed them and bade them good-bye, "This is a blessed day!"

At Ourellal we visited the Cadi who had asked us for a Bible last year. He was not in his office, but we saw his secretary, who welcomed us and gave us coffee. He told us that he had known Miss Trotter at Tolga, and that his children had been to the classes.

We walked back to Rassouta (Tolga), visiting all the villages *en route*.

Now we have visited all the villages around Tolga, and think it would be a good time to go farther afield, as in former years, if there is money to do it. If it is possible we would like to visit Biskra, and its surroundings, Sidi Okba, Oulmeche, Chemta, El Kantara and Zeribet. . .

*Later : February 23rd.*

We have had much encouragement this week again in the men's work. There have been twenty-two who have come for quiet talks, and of these four for the first time.

## “Whom God Hath Joined.”

Everybody loves a wedding! And when it is a native Christian wedding in a Moslem land, there is surely double joy and a deep thankfulness to God that another home is being established which will be a place of witness for Him, a beacon of light in the darkness around. Such a wedding was celebrated at Dar Naama on December 21st, 1935, after many delays and difficulties over the procuring of the papers necessary for the legal ceremony.

The bridegroom Si M., was one to whom God spoke many years ago in his desert home, through a dream. He heard the call of Christ and resolved to follow Him, but it meant the loss of all things, for on hearing of his decision, his father immediately disinherited him and turned him out without a penny. Missionaries befriended him in his time of need, and later on he found work as a colporteur with the British and Foreign Bible Society. Since then he has travelled all over the country selling the Scriptures and witnessing boldly to the Lord who saved him, in spite of much real hardship and persecution. A little over a year ago he was brought into touch with F., an Arab girl who had been a faithful helper at the North Africa Mission Station of Cherchell for many years, and contrary to Moslem custom he was allowed to see her before becoming engaged. They were both Christians so why should they adhere to all the old ways? The result justified their daring, there was mutual liking—and the decision was made. They decided also to have a French, rather than an Arab, wedding as far as the legal ceremony was concerned, followed by a religious service at one of the mission houses.

Another unique thing about this wedding was that it was held in the month of

Ramthan. It is contrary to all Moslem law to marry in the Fast month. They had planned their wedding for an earlier date, but there were so many delays that when the papers were finally ready it was the middle of the sacred month. Again they decided to brave the criticism and perhaps the anger of their compatriots, and to give this additional testimony to their Christian faith.

At last the day was fixed, and on the eve of the wedding Miss Turner, one of the senior missionaries from Cherchell, brought F. up to Dar Naama. After supper that evening we spent a happy hour with the engaged couple as they opened the many presents which had been accumulating for them here, and which gave testimony to the affectionate regard in which they are both held by missionaries and other friends.

The proceedings of the following day began with the legal ceremony at the local Town Hall. The bride was dressed in a pink silk frock, with a pretty head kerchief to match, but out of doors of course, these beauties were veiled by the all enveloping white Arab “haik.” At the last moment the bridegroom failed to appear and there was an anxious half-hour of waiting, wondering what could have happened to him! However it was only a matter of his not knowing the correct time, and as soon as he appeared the ceremony was quickly performed, the Mayor impressing upon the newly-married couple the solemnity of the situation, and the binding quality of the vows they had just taken. No easy divorce under French law, and no plurality of wives—this latter with a severe look at the poor bridegroom!

Back again at Dar Naama the bride changed into another of her beautiful Arab dresses, but not the *very* best. This, which was white and was worn with an elaborate head kerchief of white and silver with a long graceful fringe, was reserved for the religious service in the afternoon. She

had various dresses to choose from, having according to the custom for native brides a fresh one for each of the seven days succeeding her marriage.

The bridal party of about fifteen sat down to a cous-cous lunch, at which everyone seemed very happy. One could not help contrasting this free, smiling girl, with the usual Moslem bride who has to sit stiff and silent, without a smile on her face, and not partaking of any of the good things that are going. Curious crowds of women come in to look at her, and she probably as yet knows little or nothing of the man she is about to marry. *Here* one realised that the love of Christ had come in, old things had been swept away, and, for these two happy young people as they faced life together, all things had become new.

About forty people gathered for the service at 2.30 at which Monsieur Cuendet, a veteran missionary of the North Africa Mission, presided. Mr. Theobald gave an address in Arabic. He took as his text, "Jesus Himself drew near and went with them," and as he spoke gave many helpful and practical illustrations of what life should be, with the Lord alongside, in the new home. The whole service was exceedingly simple and beautiful and we felt the very presence of God in our midst.

After the service was over, coffee and cakes were served, and friends had an opportunity of chatting with the bride and bridegroom and of wishing them well, after which they were driven in the mission car to the little home near by, which Si M. had been preparing with such loving forethought for his bride.

Now they are happily installed. No need to ask, "Are you happy F.?" Her face lights up whenever she speaks of "him." "Better even than I thought it could be!" is her verdict of married life so far.

Pray for them. The life of a colporteur involves sacrifice. He has to go away on long itinerations, sometimes for weeks

at a time and this means that his wife is left alone. This is a very hard thing for an Arab woman, but she realises that it is for Christ's sake and is willing for it.

Pray for them, that they may ever keep before them the highest ideals of Christian life together, and that their home may become a place of blessing to many in the days to come.

J. C. JOHNSTON.

## Reaching the Unreached.

On the last day of the old year the missionaries, gathered for a few days at Dar Naama, sat in Council; they were discussing ways and means of evangelising unreached corners of the land, when the worker from Algiers referred to the rows of temporary huts set up by the Government upon one of the open spaces in the heart of the European quarter of the city. No one, she stated, had yet been to look after the souls of the natives inhabiting them, though the Salvation Army was seeking to reach the Europeans.

One of the "Outposters" present offering to accompany her, the two set forth one gloriously sunny afternoon, early in the New Year.

Up one street and down the next walked the two explorers, seeking eagerly for signs of Arab occupation, such as an old sack hung across an open door or a rough barricade made out of scrap iron. At last they chanced upon an old Arab woman who was just letting herself into her modest abode after a heavy morning of charring elsewhere. She greeted the strangers kindly and allowed them to enter her room, but when she discovered that they claimed some connection with people she had known years ago in the native quarter of Algiers, she grew visibly uneasy and did not invite them to sit down.

More progress was made in the next street with another old lady who also remembered the missionaries of Rue du Croissant days. She was able to repeat, line by line, the Arabic equivalent of :

" There is a city bright,"

The thought of some pressing engagement, however, brought the interview to a close.

The next house which opened its door to the strangers contained an emaciated-looking man and his wife, who was evidently suffering from bad eyes. They were sipping coffee together, and beside them sat the old lady who had so hurriedly left the missionaries a few minutes previously. She looked properly caught this time, and soon got up and walked quietly away.

Over a cup of coffee the visitors made their errand known, and the man became wildly fanatical upon hearing Christ referred to as "The Word of God." Yet, wonderful to relate, he remained silent while John 1. 1-18 was read to him. Strangely enough, his wife did not share his rage, and seemed genuinely glad of this fresh opportunity to hear the Gospel Message, and exhorted him to listen to those who knew what they were talking about. Though unable to read Arabic himself, he accepted a Scripture Gift booklet in that language, and finally, even invited the Messengers of God to return another day.

After a passing word with some women who were busy roasting coffee on their doorstep, the missionaries went on their way. Presently they noticed some neatly dressed Arab children just setting forth for a walk with their father, while the pretty little mother lingered in the obscurity of the house, holding a baby in her arms.

When the subject of sin and the need of cleansing was mentioned, this self-satisfied Moslem gentleman remarked, " You may not be able to wash away your sins, but we can make our own hearts clean."—" How

can that be ? " queried his visitors.—" By faith," came the reply.

The missionaries proceeded to explain that all God's gifts are by faith. Then from the Arab came the question, " If you are ' Believers ' ( i.e., Moslems ! ) why do you dress as French people ? "

When father and family had departed the little mother had an opportunity of hearing the story of the " Prodigal Son."

At least three of the people encountered during the afternoon had been in contact with missionaries in their youth and many such are discovered from time to time in the city of Algiers. The majority of these old friends are delighted to be within sound of the Gospel once more, and one realises that a certain amount of the ice has already melted in their hearts, and that the Seed is beginning to spring up after many years.

May this brief account of some of the obstacles call forth prayer for the ignorant, the fanatical and the self-satisfied devotees of Islam.

P. RUSSELL.

## Setif.

### A NEW ADVANCE.

A letter came from our kind friend, the wife of the Pastor at Setif, saying, " I have found a small house and two flats ; one or the other I think will suit you. Come at once, or they will be let." So Miss Farmer and I went without delay.

At Setif station we were met by the Pastor and his wife with their car and they took us at once to the house. It is the end one of a group of three little newly built dwellings just outside the town, close to one of the Arab quarters called the " Negro Village." A narrow edge of garden, a wash-house and a garage on the ground level, between them a flight of steps leading up to the house itself. On each side of the entrance is a large room with a



fireplace. Beyond is another room, and a roomy kitchen with a large cupboard, the usual French cooking arrangements, and a door leading out into a square of uncultivated garden, with a few young fruit trees, and an open space beyond.

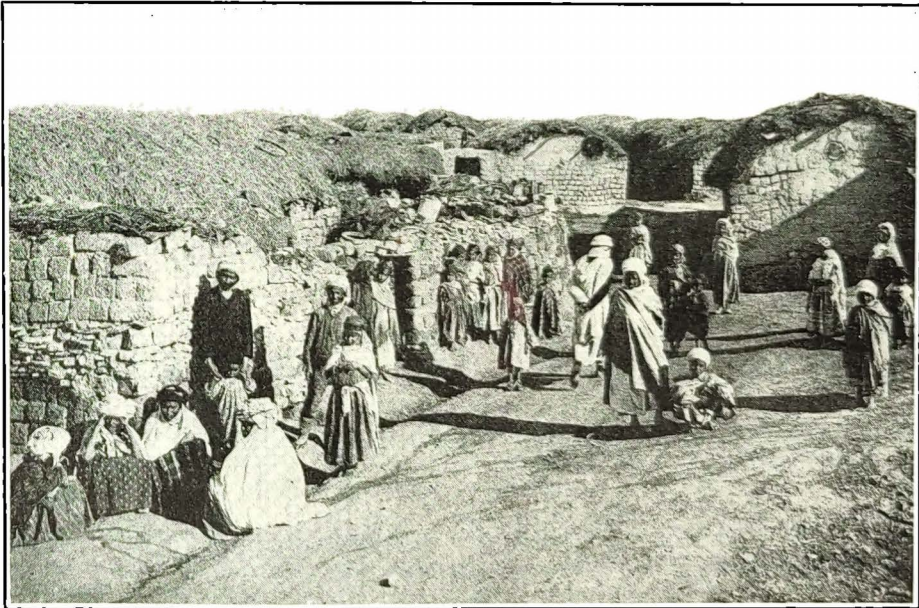
The neighbours who have the letting of the house are pleasant people and have no objection whatever to girls' classes being held in the wash-house or garage. They are friends of the good Pastor and for his sake are willing to let the house at a greatly reduced rent. It is one which answers to every requirement in regard to accommodation, and as regards position too, being close to the Arab population. It is remarkable that Miss Sheach noticed this house some months ago when passing by, and said that it would be most suitable for a mission station, but thought no more about it, as at that time it was impossible to take steps to secure it, and apart from the intro-

duction of the Pastor, the rent would have been prohibitive.

The house is ours from the first of March. Now comes the question of furnishing it. Just the bare necessities are needed and it will be more economical to buy them in Setif than to transport odd bits from Algiers. The Pastor's wife took us to sale rooms where furniture can be had at a cheap rate. I hear rumours of busy hands at Dellys, making new sheets out of old, and towels, teacloths and dusters out of old linen!

It is planned that this station should be occupied alternately by men and women workers. Monsieur Lull and Monsieur Nicoud know the district and are persuaded that there are great possibilities, especially in the summer when the nomads come up in big caravans from the south for the harvest.

S. E. PERKIN.



A STREET IN THE "NEGRO VILLAGE," SETIF.

*Words by I. Lilius Trotter.*

Here I come O great High Priest,  
I the lowest and the least ;  
On mine ear, foot, hand and head  
Be the Blood of sprinkling shed  
    Just now—just now,  
Be the Blood of sprinkling shed.

Here I come O great High Priest,  
I the lowest and the least ;  
On mine ear, foot, hand and head  
Be Thy sweet anointing shed  
    Just now—just now,  
Be Thy sweet anointing shed.

*Music by Katharine A. M. Kelly.*

Price 1/6 per doz., post free  
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sand lilies on its outer page.

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London, E.C.2.

## Behind the Doors in M' Sila.

How many times must we knock before anyone replies? . . . . It is a beautiful day, the sun is shining in a cloudless sky, the great palm branches sway to and fro in the breeze, pomegranates are reddening at the tips of slender green sprays, birds are whistling, and children are singing as they stoop to pick up the golden dates which have fallen to the ground beneath the palms.

As for us, we wait patiently, praying meanwhile that the doors may open to us in the dirty narrow streets of this town, with its sun-dried brick houses. In one of its cul-de-sacs we knock at the door of a house where we have been so well received in previous years. Alas, to-day, we are not so fortunate, for there seems to be a great dispute going on in the court within, and everyone is shouting at the same time. "We will come back another time," we say to the children who are looking on.

On the other side of the road are five or six little girls playing with their dolls. They make these themselves out of bits of split reed, with a cross piece for the arms, and two little bits of rag for a dress. Beyond them is another door which we long to enter. "Go in," they say to us, "but everybody is very busy to-day. They are preparing for a wedding." Indeed one can hear the sound of women's voices raised in excitement. We enter and find the master of the house at the sewing machine, busy making a dress, for here it is the men who do the sewing. We are received in a room that is littered with dishes of cous-cous just waiting to be cooked. My fellow-worker speaks to the man at the machine, while I sit down beside a loud-voiced young woman and try to get into conversation. I find that she is the mis-

tress of the house, and no wonder that her voice is loud with so many people under her who need directing, and so many orders to be given. The noise is deafening and we feel that it is best to leave, but not before we have given our word of testimony to the "One who has first loved us."

Farther on in the town we hear this dialogue going on behind our backs. "You see those two ladies with bags in their hands," says a small boy named Amar to his cousin, "they are missionaries, and they carry with them books and tracts that speak about the Lord Jesus. Our fathers say they are infidels, but let's follow them all the same, and see if they will give us anything."

"You go and ask them."

"No, you go!"

"What do you want children? Something in French or in Arabic?" In a flash there is a whole group round us, each one wanting a tract. Presently Amar and his cousin go off in the direction of their home and we follow them. "Wait a minute," shouts Amar from behind the door, "the dog is loose." We can hear it barking furiously, and we keep our distance from this old door, all mended up with bits of tin. Now we hear the voice of a young man speaking with great indignation. What is happening? Shall we soon be able to get in? The dog has stopped barking, and Amar's voice fades into the distance. Presently the door opens and in the narrow entry we see a woman lying with her head pillowed on a stone doorstep, and her dress trailing in a puddle of dirty water. She is covered with a green shawl, which marks her as a person of distinction, and as we pass she makes no sign. "She is a marabouta (holy woman)," her daughters-in-law tell us, and we hear her grumbling. "Can't I do as I like in my own house? I wish to lie here, and why should I change my position for the sake of two strangers?" Poor woman, she thinks that

in ill-treating her body she will one day gain heaven! In one of the rooms we find another "holy woman," seated on her bed. She tells us that nearly a month ago she fell from a cart and broke her arm. It was badly set and she suffers much, but with fatalistic resignation she says, "This thing is from God, and I must accept it." We speak to her of the God of Love, whose desire is to see His children happy and forgiven. She listens respectfully and we know that the Word of God will not be without effect.

We wait for a long time outside another door, but at last go gently in fearing there may be a dog inside. An old woman is sweeping her courtyard, but she stops and leans against a pillar while we read a tract. A young lad who is standing by agrees with all that is read.

At the end of a long cul-de-sac we knock at the door of a house where usually we find many friendly faces. To-day the door seems to be bolted, nobody comes out and nobody goes in. The children who usually follow us noisily from place to place have melted away, and presently our ears distinguish from behind the closed door the mournful funeral chant. "Never more will she give us bread. . . . Alas! . . . God is God and Mohammed is His prophet. . . ." We hear the sound of sobbing, and then the dirge begins again. We draw back before the cortege comes out with its sad burden. A soul has slipped away, without a ray of hope, perhaps. What a solemn thought!

It was not thus with another of our friends in this town, who having received the Good News, assured us with a radiant face, "I too have Heaven in my heart." Her daughter-in-law tells us that she passed away the day after our visit in great peace.

A. BUTTICAZ (*translated*).

## Home Notes.

Suggestions for those who would be "Fellow workers unto the Kingdom of God" with the A.M.B. in North Africa.

### HOW YOU MAY HELP.

By becoming a Prayer Partner. Intercession on behalf of the work and the workers is greatly needed and deeply valued.

The monthly Prayer Letter giving the special requests and news from the Field will gladly be sent on application to the Secretary at Home.

By forming or joining an A.M.B. Prayer Group in your district, or by bringing A.M.B. needs before Prayer Groups already formed.

By taking the magazine, *A Thirsty Land*, so that by following the reports given of the work, its needs and opportunities, your prayers may be definite and intelligent.

By arranging meetings in drawing room, hall, or church, thus giving an opportunity of spreading a knowledge of the work.

By undertaking to be a Local Representative for your district.

By purchasing A.M.B. publications, which include Miss Trotter's unique and helpful writings.

By supporting the work in a material sense in any way that God may direct, such as by taking an A.M.B. missionary box. Sums left to the Band by will, would help the work of the future.

By facing God's call "Who will go for us?" in view of the need of the Moslems for Christ.

It is a joy to publish Miss Trotter's chorus with the beautiful musical setting composed for it by Miss Katharine Kelly. It is in leaflet form and is very attractive with lovely sand lilies on its outer page.

## Basis.

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

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

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

## Local Representatives :

### ENGLAND.

BEXHILL.—Mrs. Brownrigg, Gorse Cottage, Terminus Avenue.  
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.  
CARLISLE (Fisher Street Mission).—Mr. T. Child, 11, Ferguson Road, Longsowerby.  
DARLINGTON (Pierremont Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.  
EASTBOURNE.—Miss C. Firmin, "Dar Naama," Baldwin Avenue.  
FELIXSTOWE.—Miss E. Threadkell, "Raebury," Constable Road.  
HEATHFIELD (Welcome Mission).—Miss E. Phillips, 2, East View, Alexandra Road.  
ILFORD.—Mr. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.  
IPSWICH.—Miss Challin, C.A.W.G., Bolton Lane.  
LEWES.—Miss Lee, "Cobury," 20 Prince Edward Road.  
LEXDEN.—Mrs. Willsmore, 26, Halstead Road, Lexden, Colchester.  
TEDDINGTON.—Miss Ethel Little, 32, Field Lane.  
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WOKING.—Miss F. K. Currie, Walden Cottage, Waldens Road, Horsell.  
WOODBIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.  
WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, White Lodge, Mill Road.

### SCOTLAND.

DUNDEE.—Miss Stewart, 8, Woodlands Terrace.  
FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—Miss I. R. Govan, 18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh  
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NEWPORT (N. Fife).—Mr. D. R. W. Gavin, Benruaig.

### IRELAND.

BESSBROOK.—Miss R. Bailie, Deramore House.

### NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.—Miss D. Markham, 23 Lake Rd., Takapuna, Auckland.  
Miss R. Smeeton, Deep Creek, Torbay, Waitemata, Auckland.

## Literature.

To be obtained from The Secretary, A.M.B.,  
8, Sydenham Road, Croydon.

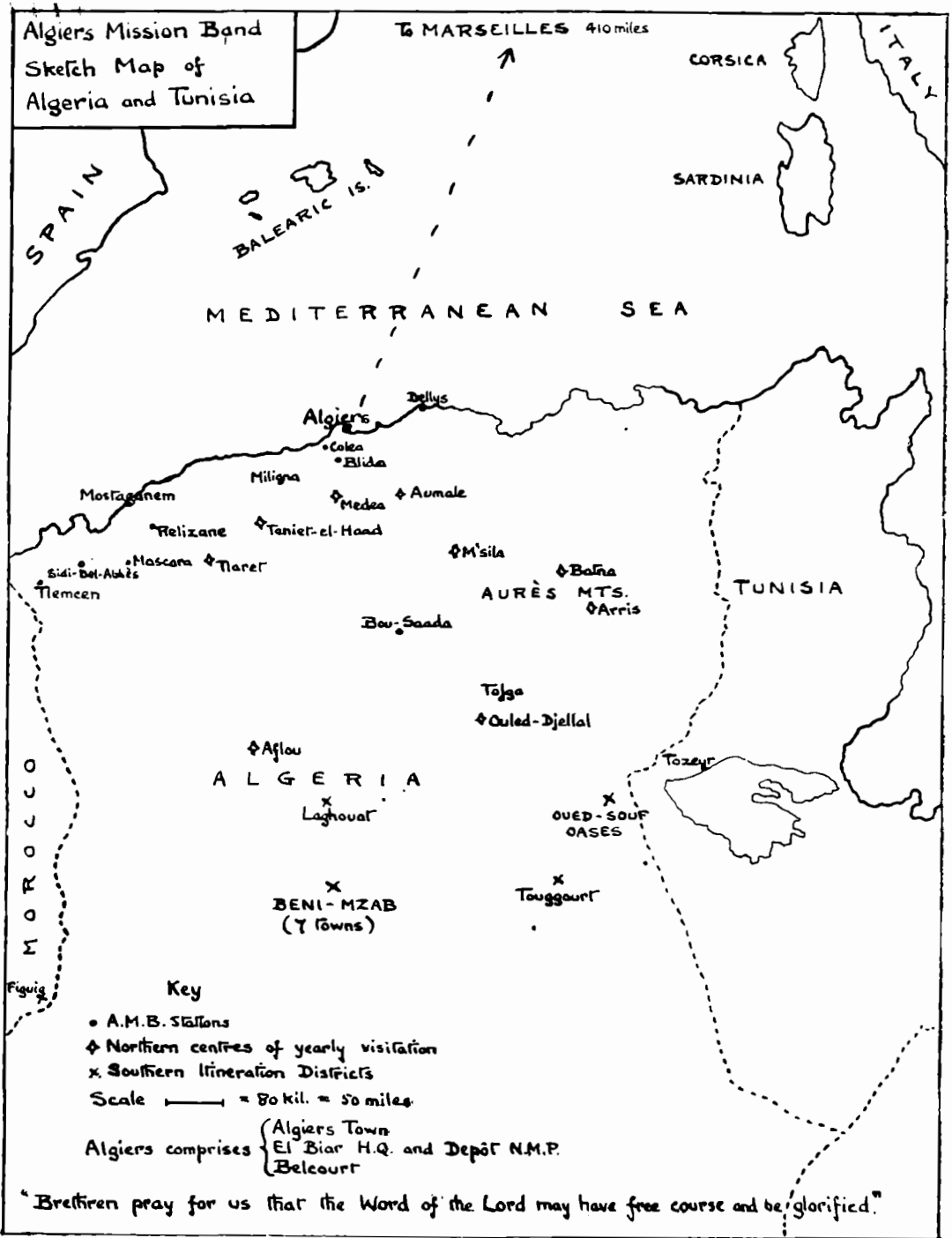
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## Please Note.

Members of the Band will be home on furlough during the Summer. Please write *soon* to the Secretary if you would like to arrange for a Meeting, when the most recent news from the Field can be given by an eyewitness.

Algiers Mission Band  
 Sketch Map of  
 Algeria and Tunisia



Key

- A.M.B. Stations
- ◊ Northern centres of yearly visitation
- × Southern Itineration Districts

Scale ——— = 80 kil. = 50 miles.

Algiers comprises { Algiers Town  
 El Biar H.Q. and Dépôt N.M.P.  
 Belcourt

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