

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

A BAKER-ULT
EDITION

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 Sultan, Blida, Algeria.

Executive Committee :—

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MISS BUTLER.
W. CECIL COLLINSON.
MISS FARMER.

MISS GRAUTOFF.
MISS McILROY.
MISS NASH.
JOHN L. OLIVER.

MISS PERKIN.
A. E. THEOBALD.
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PASTOR J. P. COOK, Nevers, France.

PASTOR R. SAILLENS, Nogent sur Marne, Seine.

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Editor of "A Thirsty Land" :—MISS M. H. ROCHE.

Location of Workers. Spring, 1937.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR (Algiers).	MILIANA.	TLEMCEN.
<i>Headquarters.</i>	1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.	1916. Miss K. BUTLER.
1906. Miss S. E. PERKIN.	1929. Miss P. M. RUSSELL.	TOLGA.
1907. Miss RIDLEY.		1928. Senor S. LULL.
1919 & 1922.	MOSTAGANEM.	TOZEUR.
M. and Mme. P. NICLOUD.	1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.	1920. Miss V. WOOD.
1922. Mr. and Mrs. THEOBALD.	RELIZANE.	OUT-POSTS.
ALGIERS (City).	1934 & 1927.	NEFTA (from Tozeur).
1930. Miss I. NASH.	Mr. and Mrs. H. STALLEY.	Miss V. WOOD (part time).
1922. Mrs. THEOBALD.	SETIF.	GHARDAIA (Beni M'zab).
1935. M. and Mme. MILLON.	1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.	1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.
BLIDA.	1922. Miss I. SHEACH.	1919. Mlle. BUTTICAZ.
1920. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. BUCKENHAM.	1935. Mr. and Mrs. THOMSON.	1929. Miss. P. M. RUSSELL.
BOU SAADA.	Miss MARY MAY (in U.S.A.).	Miss S. HANSEN (Now in Denmark on sick leave).
1909. Miss A. McILROY.	Evangelist Colporteur : Senor MUNIOZ (of the Nile Mission Press).	Headquarters at Relizane.
1919. Mlle. BUTTICAZ.		



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SPRING, 1937

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POST FREE

“Risen with Christ”

“Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptised into Jesus Christ were baptised into His death?

“Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.”

—Rom. 6. vs. 3 and 4.

Rom. 6. vs. 3 and 4 has been a blessing to me these last days—“Baptised into His death.” That means letting go your foothold on earth, a reckless letting go, with the water of death going over your head, accounting that God is able to raise you up. And the next phrase, “that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life,” how beyond our faintest imagining, the glory that shone into that tomb that Easter morning with such a radiance as to wake Christ from the dead! It is the glory of the sunrise that raises the world day by day, it is the glory of the sun again, as it rises higher, and pours down hotter rays, that raises the spring sap out of the death of winter; it is the revelation of Jesus Christ that brings resurrection life now.

I. L. TROTTER.



"NEWNESS OF LIFE."

Editorial.

Almond trees are in blossom on the Algerian hillsides, green grass is covering the brown earth, and Arab children are playing in the Spring sunshine.

Still fresher and more wonderful is the Message passed on by God's messengers in desert towns and mountain villages, city slums and hook depots; "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ."

Once more Miss Grautoff and Miss Russell have gone to deliver this message to the fanatical people of the far South. We give news of their journey and of their arrival at Ghardaia, which will interest all, and will surely call forth prayer for these next weeks of concentrated work there.

Algiers tells of the Good News made known to Moroccans at Headquarters, and from Algiers also comes a wonderful story of God's seal on a new beginning—The Door of Hope—with which the A.M.B. is closely linked in prayer and fellowship.

We are sorry not to include a young folks' page this time, but we hope in our Summer number to give first place to news about the girls and boys of Algeria.

* * *

Miss Annie Van Somer, who was called Home on January 9th, was a very old friend of Miss Trotter and of the A.M.B. Her life was one of prayer, of active faith and of great vision. It has been said of Miss Van Somer that "she was God's gift to our generation, one of those rare

souls whose whole life was steeped in prayer and whose prayer ever led her out in bold adventure for the Kingdom of God."

* * *

Another friend of the A.M.B. who has passed on is Mrs. Zwemer, and we would offer our deep sympathy to Dr. Zwemer. At our Annual Meeting in October 1932 Mrs. Zwemer told one of our Band that for some years she had prayed, every day, for the A.M.B.

* * *

"Whose faith follow."

M. H. R.



Broken Without Hand.

Second part of an address given by Mr. Theobald at the Rally (Dar Naama) in October.

The nature of our warfare is clearly defined in the Word of God. It is not with flesh and blood, neither is it to be undertaken with fleshly weapons. The natural cannot contend with the supernatural. To overcome supernatural enemies we need supernatural weapons. In a recent letter, a friend wrote to me as touching the situation of Islam to-day in this land. He said, "To overcome spiritual enemies we must be armed with spiritual weapons. We cannot overcome the opposing powers of darkness by our natural abilities, or in our own strength." "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." Islam will never be brought low by human cleverness or brilliant intellect. It is possessed by a supernatural power and only a supernatural power can overcome it. In her Bible Miss Trotter marked a passage in the book of Daniel. You will find it in Daniel 8. 23-25. "He shall be broken without hand." Beside this passage

she wrote these words. "Islam—El—humdulillah": "Islam—Praise be unto God." With this she gave a parallel passage, Dan. 2. 31-35, marginal rendering: "A stone not in hands smote the image." The thought is the same—broken by a supernatural power. The hand is the emblem of human skill and activity, but Islam can never be vanquished by "hands"—by carnal weapons. We may even hinder the final overthrow because of the cleverness of our hands. We may so trust to our own resources—our own skill—our own strength to break down the enemy's strongholds, that we give God no opportunity to "break without hand."

We cannot meet spiritual foes with fleshly weapons. "He shall be broken without hand"—without carnal means. An incident in O.T. history gives us an illustration of how strongholds are brought low without human skill—without human intervention. "Behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord" (1 Sam. 5. 1-5). Now let us compare this passage with one in the book of Daniel, where again we see God's breaking down without hand (Dan 3. 20-25). "I see four men loose." Their bonds were "broken without hand." If we look carefully at these two incidents we shall discover the secret of the "breaking without hand." We shall see one of our most potent weapons in this spiritual warfare. The Philistines brought the ark of the Lord into the house of Dagon and set it by Dagon. And on the morrow Dagon was fallen upon his face before the ark of the Lord. On the next day the idol lay upon the earth broken in pieces—"broken without hand." The ark was the symbol of Jehovah's presence and thus Dagon was "broken without hand" because of the presence of the Lord. The three Hebrew youths were cast bound into the fiery furnace, but when the king looked into the furnace he saw four men loose and the form of the fourth

was like the Son of God. Their bonds were loosed in the presence of the Lord. "Broken without hand." It is the manifest presence of the Lord which pulls down strongholds. In the spiritual warfare we must have spiritual weapons, and the most potent of all spiritual weapons is a holy, sanctified life—a life which at all times reveals the presence of the Lord. In spiritual warfare it is not "hands" that count—what we are counts for far more than what we do. Our very presence in a place, by revealing the Christ-life among the people, may do more for Christ's cause among Moslems, than all our activities. No Dagon will fall—no bonds will be loosed, apart from the indwelling presence of the Lord. Those around us are quick to notice our failings. A little impatience—a hasty word—a discontented look and our influence is weakened, and Dagon stands before us as defiant as ever. Our responsibility as witnesses—apart from any activity—is tremendous. We can, even by a small failure in our witness in Islam's darkness, retard the hour of Christ's victory. It is only before a life indwelt by Christ—a life habitually lived in the crystal clearness of His presence, that strongholds will be taken. The sin of one man—Achan, was sufficient to retard the fall of Ai. If souls are to be delivered from the bonds of Islam—if the enemy is to be "broken without hand" we must ever live in the presence of the Lord. The responsibility is great, yet, with it all there is also a strong sense of rest and comfort. We may, perhaps, through physical weakness, or through some deficiency in our own ability, feel unable to do a thing. Our strength then is to remember that our weapons are not carnal—they are not dependent for their success, either upon our strength or our personal abilities. "They are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." Our very presence in a place—if we live close to Him—may even now be God's breaking down of strongholds

"without hand." No Dagon—no barrier—no strong city—no mountain of difficulty can stand in His presence. "He touched the hills and they did smoke: the mountains flowed down in His presence."

I have only spoken of one of our spiritual weapons, "the spirit of holiness," because without this weapon all other weapons are in vain. "Without me ye can do nothing." But in closing let us note three other weapons—mighty through God for the pulling down of strongholds (Rev. 12. 7-11). "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto death." They overcame the Accuser by the blood of the Lamb. Satan was overcome—"broken without hand," because of the blood of the Lamb. When our Lord hung upon the Cross—crucified in utter weakness—that weakness became the power of God by which Satan and all his hosts were overcome. There, on the Cross, unable to move a limb—Christ stripped Satan of his power. He was "broken without hand." The blood of Christ ever triumphs over sin and Satan. It is not a carnal weapon, but a weapon mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. It was at Calvary that the hour of darkness swept upon Christ and all the forces of hell gathered around Him. It was on Calvary that Jesus met the full force of the enemy's power and overcame him. It is there, in union with Him, we must take our stand if we too would overcome. "They overcame him the Adversary—by the blood of the Lamb." The blood of Christ is our most potent weapon of offence and defence.

Let us anew take our stand at Calvary and claim Calvary's full victory over all that opposes us. May I be permitted to give a word of personal testimony? During the summer, a sudden unprecedented physical experience came upon me. Nothing

seemed to bring any relief. Then, when the attack was at its worst, a voice seemed to say within, "This is from the enemy—claim Calvary's victory." I then asked that the Holy Spirit would apply the victory won by our Lord on the Cross, over Satan and his power, and deliver me. Immediately I did so, every unpleasant symptom passed. O, there is power in the Blood! "There is wonder working power in the blood of the Lamb." To the "spirit of holiness" we must add "the spirit of absolute confidence" in the full victory won by our Lord at Calvary over all the powers of darkness.

The next weapon is the "spirit of fearlessness," the word of their testimony. It is our saying Amen to God's word. It is our witness before the Adversary that he is a defeated foe because God Himself has declared it. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." There is a wonderful power in quietly, yet confidently repeating God's word. "God hath said—God hath said." It was with this weapon that our Lord overcame in the wilderness. It was with this same weapon that He challenged the foe on the eve of His day of battle. "Now is the judgment of this world. Now shall the prince of this world be cast out." We co-operate with our Lord in His judgment upon Satan. We quietly, yet fearlessly assert that he is a conquered foe—that he can have no dominion over us. A quiet "It is written" is a most effectual weapon for putting the enemy to flight. When Satan comes and suggests that you are unable to do this or that—you are too weak—then is the moment for the "word of testimony." "Yes, I know I am weak—I know I am unable for this task—but God has said to me 'be strong,' and when He says 'be' it is." God speaks the word and we appropriate it, and it becomes fact as we act upon it. God says "be strong," therefore I am strong. "Let the weak say I am strong." Jesus said concerning

the fearlessness of faith, "He shall have whatsoever he saith." "Say—to this mountain be removed and it shall be removed." We may not know the hour of its removal—Jesus did not say when it would be removed. But He said if in the fearlessness of faith, and in absolute reliance upon His word, we challenge the mountain, it will go. It is overcome by the word of testimony—"Say." We overcome by the word of our testimony when we act upon God's word as a fact already accomplished. Broken by a word—"broken without hand."

The last weapon in this passage is "the spirit of sacrifice." They loved not their lives unto death." This is wielding the weapon of the pierced hand. "He shewed them His hands and His side . . . As the Father has sent Me so send I also you." We must be ready to be poured out for the sake of others. It is only thus that full victory will come. "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." We are one in spirit with our Lord in His triumph, and we must be one with Him in the Spirit of His sacrifice. If we would see Christ's full victory we must be baptised with his Spirit. If with Him we would "divide the spoil with the strong" we must be poured out. There is no other way of "seeing a spiritual seed" or a "vanquished foe." "He shall see His seed. . . . He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. . . . He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He hath poured out His soul unto death." "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

A. E. T.



"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son."

From the Office Mailbag.

Arrival and First Days in Ghardaia (Bent M'zab).

February, 1937.

At 7 a.m. we were on the road outside Laghouat, with our hand luggage, awaiting the mail car which should bring with it the rest of our bags and boxes left in their charge. By 7.30 we were speeding along the desert road out of sight of towns, trees or vegetation save the occasional shrubs or tufts of small desert plants that grow in the ouedi (dry river beds). There flocks of sheep and goats roam picking up a scanty meal, and the ewes and lambs usually decided to cross the track just as the car came along. We passed a few camels with their little ones, the latter scampered off, but their mothers gazed at us with a supercilious smile.

After covering nearly one hundred kilometres we sighted the bordj of Tilrempt, a wayside caravanserie where there is a well. Here the cars pulled up for refreshment, and we gave round leaflets and Gospels, in French and Arabic, to the lonely dwellers who must have plenty of time to meditate and read.

After this, the desert became more barren as we entered the Chebka, i.e. a district of hillocks cone-shaped or flat on the top, and often containing valuable minerals. We wound in and out among these, till the feathery tops of palm trees and the rich green of corn (it is February) proclaimed that we had reached the oasis of Berriane, the first of the seven Mozabite towns. In between the sand brick walls of these oasis gardens, we twisted and turned till we drew up before the Post Office outside the town and the mail bags were delivered. Boys recognised us here, and came round for Scripture-gift leaflets and tracts. Another twenty kilometres or

so and we passed the return mail bus from Ghardaia, whose occupants were seated on the ground, for the car had broken down and there was no alternative but to wait till an afternoon bus a few hours later might have room to take them up! It was not *our* car this time! So we greeted them and passed on our way, till the tall chimney like towers of the Melika and Ghardaia Mosques appeared, and our bus ran down the four kilometres of steep descent into the town, and the mail bags were handed over.

Then around the car we waited to collect our goods, but all save the handbags had been left behind at Laghouat! We had a few straight words, and then a patient wait till the mail arrived next day!

* * *

It was a blessing in disguise, for the house had been left empty for several months; an appalling amount of sand, dust and straw were everywhere—the plaster of the wall had fallen down, the water tank was missing, a door off its hinges, another with a broken key in its lock, and several things stolen!

So the rest of that day we were busy brushing out, clearing space, getting word to the builders and repairers. Then we retired to the little Hotel where we were the only guests, to hear all the news of the place!

Early next morning, builders and glaziers came, with Arab and Jew boys clamouring, "school," and wanting to be let in at once to buy the books. A new water tank was bought, but the shop owner was too busy to send it, so a negro lad had to be sought in the market to carry it. Many stopped *en route* for a handshake. There was the portly butcher, a Mozabite; and the negro dustman, with his laden

donkey, must shake hands, and because he is an Arabic student, came along later for books. Jewish shopkeepers hailed us "What books have you? Bring me Hebrew Psalms and Pentateuch." A negress slave came in to greet us, "but don't tell my mistress I have been." An Arab tent woman stopped us in the street, saying, "Welcome back"; little girls danced up gleefully to give us their hands in welcome. "Black Beetle" was there in her brother's arms, but she can walk now, and came forward to stuff her little black fist into ours, and take a lump of sugar; her brother Mohammed is engaged as our house boy. Why not Rezak of last year? He, poor lad, has had to leave the district after two months imprisonment, and has gone to seek his fortune, in the towns of the North. We must pray for him. So bits of news, good and bad, leak out, and we feel at home again; only the heavy weight of the tremendous need of this place, and the six towns round it, presses upon us. We realise afresh the short time we can be here before the hot weather begins, and our own incapacity for all that is in front of us. How thankfully we remember that many will be praying, and that so something vital for God's Kingdom will happen. It will not be *only* breaking up the rocky ground, or picking up the torn leaves of gospels that they throw on our doorsteps in anger or ridicule!

* * *

On the Saturday three days later, Jewish lads came. Their questions about the "stumbling block" of the Cross made us sad, but a joyous bit came next morning when little Arab girls ran in remembering hymns taught them last year, and Arab boys listened keenly to an Old Testament story, and reminded us of what they had learned, and men in the market took our leaflets. Yes, it is good to be here!

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

Making Friends.

Nefta.

February, 1937.

I wish I could send you a few of the Nefta children to adorn your office and entertain visitors. They are rather picturesque and very entertaining at times. One constant visitor the other day gave me her views on the Hadj (pilgrimage to Mecca). She said her family were thinking of going. I objected that it would cost a good deal, but she said her father (a guide to tourists) would save up, "now a franc, and now two." As there are very few tourists it will be some time before he gets enough that way! I believe I cast doubts as to whether it would not be a great waste of money and rather lost labour to go on this pilgrimage.

"But would it not be better than anything that I should go to the city of the prophet," replied Miss Seven-years-old with a wise air. Poor mite, much good it would do her! On the whole I thought she was better off sitting trying to learn to knit, with much chatting between the stitches, in my courtyard.

Many are the wonderful tales of ogres and sultans and the like that I hear from the boys! Now and again a few come in after supper, and sit round the lamp and tell me stories.

"Before I knew you I was afraid of you," one said, "but now—" his friendly smile said the rest!

The mother of one of them (a small boy reported on all sides to be a "Shaitan") thanked me fervently one night after the said Shaitan had spent an extra long time at the Outpost. I suppose she felt he was more or less out of mischief with me! So far his worst offence, as far as I am concerned, has been to wriggle under the door and make a forced entrance, after I had turned out the children, so as to attend to some grown up visitors. But the door

having been mended, that is no longer possible!

Yesterday I had two women and their three boys to spend the evening, most sociable; one boy *knitted*, one looked at pictures and one showed me his school books. One of the women helped me to wind some tangled skeins of wool, and in the end she asked me to read from the Bible, so it was not time wasted, I believe.

V. WOOD.

Setif. *January, 1937.*

Mrs. Thomson and myself are glad to report a happy homecoming to Setif, and at the time of writing are nearly settled down in our little home which the Lord has given us here. We thank you for all your prayers and kindness towards us during the past busy weeks, and are grateful to God for His wonderful love and never failing goodness to us.

We are keenly looking forward to joining Miss Farmer and Miss Sheach in the Lord's service here, and are depending upon you at home to pray for us.

There is wonderful scope in Setif for work amongst the men, and the great need of a book depot is being keenly felt. We believe that in the town there are a few little shops, one of which would be very suitable for a depot. Pray that the Lord will provide means for the securing of one of those for the purpose. The depot would be a place where the Word of God would be sold and read, and where seeking souls would be pointed to the Saviour.

JAS. G. THOMSON.

Later :

You will be glad to hear that a very suitable shop has been found for a book depot. The rent is one hundred and fifty francs per month. Mr. Buckenham gave us a grant from the General Fund of the Mission, which covers the first two months rent, i.e. February and March. After that, we are looking to the Lord to meet this

need: please pray with us about the matter. The Lord is setting His seal to the work in the depot, and many portions of Scripture and other literature have been sold. Also my husband has had the opportunity of reading with some men.

SADIE THOMSON.

Recent Census Figures.

We think it may interest our readers to know the census figures (natives only) of some of the towns where there is an A.M.B. Mission Station.

Algiers ..	81,729
Blida ..	30,113
Miliana ..	10,315
Mostaganem ..	20,405
Setif ..	26,013
Tlemcen ..	40,881

"Was Dead and is Alive Again."

Words from the lips of an Arab who had never heard the Gospel.

Aisha is the eldest of a family of nine, the youngest being twins of nine months. Her home is in the heart of the country, about a hundred miles out of Algiers. There on the hillside, in a native hut, Aisha is housekeeper, cook, housemaid and nursemaid, always on the go from morning till night, not having any time to weave or embroider or to do any of the things native girls love so much. With great patience she attends to the wants of her little brothers and sisters who are very fond of her. She is the light of her old father's eyes, and he gives his money into her keeping, and this seems to have caused her mother to become jealous of her eldest daughter, whom she scolded continually and often beat. A husband was sought for her, but Aisha had

set her heart on marrying a former play-fellow. Her parents, however, would not hear of this alliance, and as a native girl has nothing to say in the matter of her marriage they went forward with their plan for her future.

One day when her mother was specially nagging and fault-finding Aisha could bear things no longer, and next morning, before dawn, she gathered together a few of her prettiest clothes, and taking 550 francs out of the family purse she set off for Algiers, that wonderful city of which she had heard so much, and where she hoped to find work. But how was she to get there? She had never been farther than the fields surrounding her home, or at the most as far as the Marabout shrine a mile or so off, and then in company with her relatives. After crossing the fields which separated their gourbi from the road she crouched down behind a bush hoping for a motor to come along. At this juncture she was missed, and her father came out of the gourbi calling, "Aisha, Aisha," followed by her weeping mother. Aisha's heart melted within her, and she would have come out of her hiding place, but fear of her parents' anger kept her behind the bush, and she pressed closer to it as her little sister came tearing along the field, the tears streaming down her cheeks, calling her. At last all quieted down as they went farther off to look for her, and then a motor lorry came by. The chauffeur, a European, asked Aisha what she was doing on the road. She told him that it was none of his business and that the road belonged to everyone! He, however, insisted and she finally admitted that she was awaiting a motor to take her to Algiers. "Have you any money?" he asked; she told him she had and was prepared to pay her fare. "I am going to Algiers, get up and I will give you a lift," said he. There was also a young native man on this lorry who asked Aisha several questions during the journey. The girl

asked him to take her to an hotel in Algiers, saying she had money with which to pay her room. The man agreed so to do, but with very different intentions from hers.

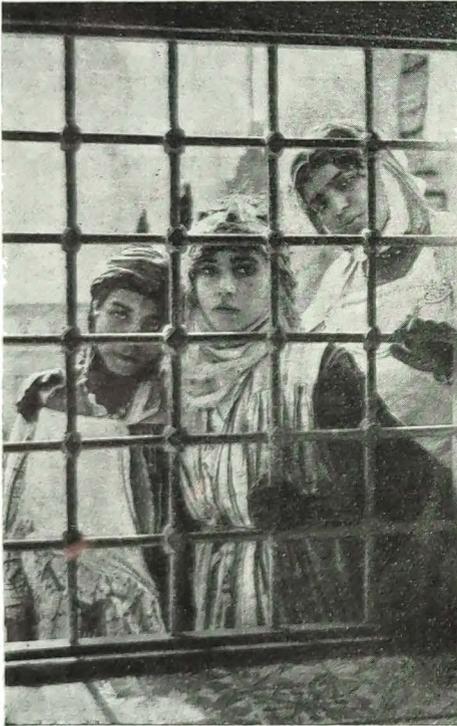
When they reached Algiers this man took Aisha to a very questionable hotel, and after mounting endless stairs he shut her up in a room, promising to return to her with food at 6 o'clock that evening.

Confident as a child, and tired out, she fell asleep, quite expecting in her ignorance that he would bring her food as promised and advise her as to how to set about finding work on the morrow. Meanwhile he went off to bargain in some evil house, for she is both young and pretty. You can imagine Aisha's terror when he returned, at 6 o'clock it is true, without food, and made known to her what he expected of her. He was just about to seize her by the throat when in answer to the poor child's cries, the door was burst open by the police and she was taken into custody.

We will leave Aisha in safe keeping for a moment and explain that Mademoiselle Ruperto, General Secretary for the Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa (Headquarters in London) has, in the course of her work, often come across girls and young women of all nationalities, in danger, or fallen ones who longed to be set free from their chains. In view of the tremendous number of these, encountered within the last few years, and not being able to follow them up owing to her work, she decided to seek out those whose hearts are compassionate and who would be willing to undertake rescue work, and with them to found an Association for the Protection of Women, thus ensuring for these women and girls the material and spiritual help of which they stand in such great need. This Association has just opened a tiny Refuge in Algiers, and an honorary Matron, an experienced missionary, has been found for it who has also become the General

Secretary. Some gifts received have enabled us to equip the Home with the strict necessities. Mlle. Ruperto, the President, has asked me to serve on the Committee and to deal with Arab women and girls when they come along, native women needing help being in a large majority.

Now to go back to Aisha. On the day of the inauguration of the Refuge, which we have named "The Door of Hope," the State Police Commissary, approached us in the street and asked if we could take in a native girl of fifteen years of age who had just been picked up by the police in a questionable



"THEY ARE WEeping IN THE PLAYTIME OF THE OTHERS."

hotel, and who was to appear before the Judge in a few days for vagrancy. He said he did not wish to leave her among the prostitutes, and yet if we could not take her, there was nowhere else for her to go but to their Dispensary. Naturally we gladly accepted this trust and were soon on our way to the Police Station with a note from the Commissary. There in the cell full of all sorts of evil women, who were smoking hard, we beheld Aisha for the first time. She emerged from a cloud of smoke in answer to the warder's call, a bonny country girl, clutching her haik closely round her and with her little bundle of clothes hanging on her arm. Her eyes were red with crying and she looked frightened and stupefied; her relief was great when she found herself alone in our company!

Great was our surprise, and Aisha's joy, when the Commissary informed us that he had decided not to take any further judicial steps, and requested us to keep her till her parents, whom he had advised, should claim her. We then set off immediately to find her parents, and after some difficulty discovered the farm on which her father works. The only person visible about the building was a native woman who pointed out to us Aisha's home in the distance. The father, she said, had gone off in search of his daughter, the mother was weeping at home: no news had as yet reached them as to Aisha's whereabouts. The woman ran across the fields calling to the mother to come, and on the way she met Aisha's cousin who was ploughing. He came excitedly towards us to ask certain questions so as to be sure that it was really *their* Aisha who was in our keeping! As soon as he was satisfied that there was no mistake, he tore up the hillside with beaming face, and waving arms, "Aisha was dead and is alive again: come! come!" he cried. Very shortly he came rushing back to us followed by the mother, this time weeping for joy. He had left the plough and the oxen to

their own devices, whilst the mother had abandoned her baby twins and the other children to come after the prodigal. She was dreadfully ill on the way, not being used to travelling, and having refused all food since her daughter's departure. When finally we reached Algiers, and she beheld for the first time in her life the handsome shops, rows of tall flats and crowded streets she became quite frightened. "What is it?" she asked in an awed voice. "This is Algiers," her nephew explained: "How could she come all this way, and alone?" continued the scared mother. "Do not weep," said the nephew, "Aisha was dead and is alive again." I then told them the story of the Prodigal Son, and they said Aisha would be received home in the same way as the Prodigal of old.

On hearing that her relations had come, Aisha fled in fear to the kitchen, but her cousin came to her and assured her that her mother was only longing to take her home and that she was freely forgiven. Shortly after this, mother and child were locked in each other's arms both weeping copiously.

That night Aisha was very mindful of her mother, and the next morning was radiant and very grateful for all that had been done for her, whilst the cousin gladly accepted a gospel. "God dwells in this house," he said.

The last we saw of Aisha was a bundle of white in the motor bus, with two large wistful eyes looking over the top of her veil. It was so tantalising to have actually been in that wonderful city of Algiers and now to be returning after having had only a bird's-eye view! After all Aisha is only a big baby, and God knew she meant no real harm, and so in His loving mercy He protected her.

This is the end of the story of Aisha as far as we know it, but we hope the real sequel will be in Heaven.

I. K. NASH.

Praise and Prayer Requests.

Praise.

For the manifest leading of the Holy Spirit in the work among the Students.

For the arrival of Miss Grautoff and Miss Russell in the M'zab, and for the friendly welcome given to them.

For the book depot newly opened at Setif.

For answered prayer at Tlemcen.

For answered prayer about our financial position. One large gift and many smaller ones came in, and all needs were fully met up to date.

For God's seal on the opening of the "Door of Hope" in Algiers.

Prayer.

For guidance and wisdom for all the workers during a time of great need and poverty in the country.

For the working of the Holy Spirit through the portions of God's Word and the literature distributed, and through the spoken message, in the M'zab.

For blessing on M. Lull's period of work among the men and boys at Bou Saada during the absence of the regular workers.

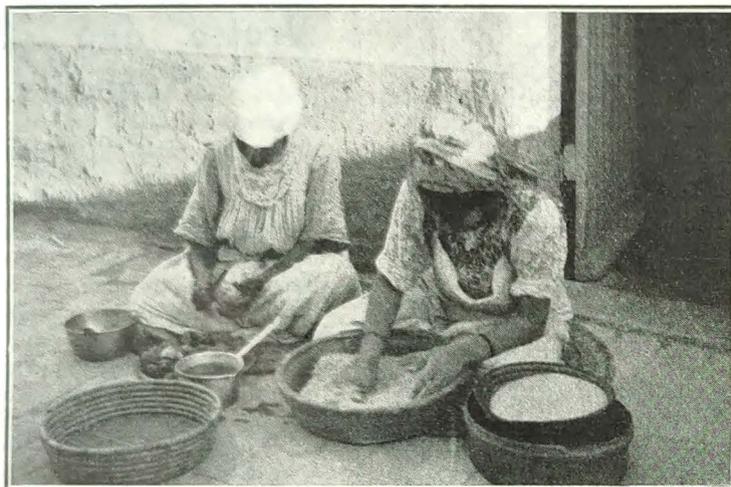
For itinerations to be undertaken during this Springtime, that God will guide to hungry souls.

For blessing on the Secretary's visit to Algeria.

For all needed love and wisdom for the one in charge of the "Door of Hope" and that many girls may be saved body and soul.

* * *

"Prayer gets things done";
Then drop Hope's anchor into the vast deep
Of God's unchanging willingness to bless."



BUSY COOKS !

Arab Cookery.

Arab women have to be good cooks. Woe betide a woman who serves her husband with a dish that is in any way not "as good as her mother makes it"!

There is never any scrambled, haphazard cooking in an Arab household.

Long before meal-time the woman—we will call her Mouni—collects her utensils and ingredients, prepares the charcoal fire, and washes her hands and the meat and vegetables.

Her own, or a neighbour's little girl sits near her to hand her salt, pepper, etc., and to fan the fire with a small palm mat to keep it glowing.

We will imagine that Mouni is to make a soup. She sets an earthenware pot on the fire, pours in some oil into which she shreds half an onion. When this is slightly browned, Mouni adds mutton cut in small pieces, broad beans, green peas, and a handful of large dry peas, previously soaked, and water.

A perforated earthenware steamer fits

into the top of the pot, and into this Mouni puts tomatoes. When they are tender she mashes them smooth and stirs them into the soup. The last ingredient is a small quantity of a kind of vermicelli made by herself.

But we must not forget the flavouring! Mint, fennel, Arab parsley, powdered red pepper and black pepper too, and salt.

I remember the first time I met this soup, my friend and I were visiting on the slopes of the mountains just above Blida and were overtaken by a snowstorm. We took refuge in a house where the women invited us to share their lunch. They were having this "Cherba" (soup), it was warm and comforting and savoury. We thought we had never tasted anything nicer.

Mouni is an excellent jam-maker. She uses many kinds of fruits, quinces, pears, bitter oranges, cherries, grapes, sometimes orange flowers. She puts the jam into glass goblets, and when she offers coffee to guests she brings out a glass of jam and gives a spoonful all round. Bitter orange, citron and quince jams are chunky and it is quite

a feat to eat an overloaded spoon of such preserves; it is wise to hold the coffee-cup under the spoon, to catch possible drippings.

You would like the little cakes Mouni makes for feasts. There is quite a variety. Pounded almonds, cinnamon, and orange flower water, figure in many of them, and some of them are drenched in honey after they are cooked.

Mouni also makes bread, flavoured with aromatic seeds, and it comes back from the baker's crusty and fragrant.

But enough of Mouni.

We will now pay a visit to Yamina who lives in a mud hut in a remote mountain village. She stores her meal and other dry provisions in large clay jars that she makes herself; and keeps her butter in a goatskin, and also her water and buttermilk.

Yamina's fireplace is a hole in the earth floor, and her fuel a handful of sticks. Sometimes the smoke is blinding. She is, if anything, even more hospitable than her town sister. She offers the best she has with an easy grace, and makes no apologies for her poverty. Greetings over, she busies herself kneading fine semolina gradually adding more and more water until it becomes a batter. She pours this into a shallow earthenware pan over the fire. The result is large pancakes. When they are baked she tears them in pieces, piles them on a wooden platter and liberally anoints them with butter from the goatskin. A good sprinkling of sugar completes the dainty. The butter, alas, is rancid and goaty, and the sugar makes it more unpalatable; but eat it we must! This is our first visit, and refusal would be discourteous and would close the doors of hearts against us, and perhaps the doors of the houses of the village. All that we are unable to eat is wrapped up and put in our basket to take home.

S. PERKIN.

“Buying up the Opportunities”

The saying of St. Paul “buying up the opportunities” expresses so clearly the urgency of mission work to-day. “The night cometh when no man can work.” In many places opportunities are becoming fewer and fewer. Christian activities are constantly being hampered or suppressed. Even in this land—open as it is—shadows fall across our pathway reminding us that “the night cometh.” A word here or a word there coming to our ears, reveals the possibility of closed doors, and limited opportunities in the days to come. We never know how soon the night may be upon us, hence the urge to “buy up the opportunities,” while it is yet day. Something of this feeling of urgency came to us at headquarters as we saw the Moroccan labourers daily working on the land adjoining Dar Naama. An unlooked-for “day of opportunity” had dawned for us at our very door. Here was a call to us to “buy up the opportunity” at all costs. The beginning of the “buying” was carried through by Monsieur P. Nicoud. He had already been in contact with them, so he approached men and asked them if they would come to a meeting at Dar Naama, to hear the Gospel message. They expressed their willingness to come. There are about thirty of these men working on the roads—men who have never before been in contact with Christian missionaries. Sunday morning arrived and over twenty of them took their seats in the prayer court. It was a sight to gladden the hearts of all—over twenty men, under one roof, who had never before heard the Gospel story. What an opportunity! What a responsibility! It was evident who were the leaders of the party—the two men rather better dressed than the others. These two came and occupied the front seats, immediately in

front of the speaker. Both of them were marabouts, both of them readers. The subject was "God's way of salvation," a message based upon the Scripture outline of the small "Living waters" booklet of that name. The first moments were anxious moments—how would they react towards the message? One saw on the faces of the two leaders a look of suppressed antagonism. Any moment it might blaze forth and break up the meeting. The feeling became tense when, in the course of the message, I used the preposition "with"—saying that no unclean person could abide "with" God in His eternal city. Immediately the elder of the two marabouts turned to his companion and said in a loud whisper, "God has no associate." The situation was now very delicate, anything might happen! But, at that difficult moment, there came the inner prompting of the Holy Spirit and the word "with" was replaced by "in the presence." This clearly satisfied them and a dangerous corner was turned. From that time onwards the way was clear and they listened with the greatest of respect and interest. They followed with attention every sentence and were warm in their appreciative responses. When God's name was mentioned they were always careful to add "There is no God but God." And, contrary to custom they did not add the name of Mohammed. They repeated, "There is no God but God" in very solemn and dignified tones. But when the devil's name was mentioned they were almost hilarious in their responses. There was nothing solemn in the way they said, "May he be stoned"! They seemed to enjoy the thought of the "devil's" downfall. It was such a comfort to us that we were so well understood. At first we were doubtful whether our language would be understood, for among themselves they speak a Berber dialect. But, to our joy, we found that, by choosing simple Arabic, free from local idioms, all was well. They

exclaimed repeatedly, "We have understood, we have understood." On leaving, they expressed a desire to come again, so we invited them for the following Sunday.

The next Sunday morning arrived—but what a morning! It rained in torrents. Was our "door of opportunity" to be closed so soon? Could we expect them to come on such a wild morning? But "opportunities" must be bought, and again Monsieur Nicoud began paying the price. The men were lodged some distance away from Dar Naama. Would they feel it worth while—especially after a night in Ramadhan—to turn out in such weather? The only way to know was for someone to go to their lodgings. Monsieur Nicoud, eager that they should hear again, was determined that nothing on our side should be withheld in the buying up of this unique opportunity. So he went down to their lodging to see if they desired to come. The scene that met him as he first entered the room, was not very hopeful. All but two of them were stretched out upon the floor, sleeping. The fasting of the day-time and the feasting at night did not tend to vigorous wakefulness. However, Monsieur Nicoud asked them—as they began to sit up and look sleepily about them—if they were coming to the meeting to-day. Or would they rather stay in their shelter on such a stormy morning as this? At once they said, "We are coming—rain or no rain—we are coming." Monsieur Nicoud returned joyfully with the news and brought the speaker over to Dar Naama. Soon after our arrival the men began to come in, sixteen of them, again preceded by the two marabouts. These two important personages, as on the previous Sunday, took their places in the front row, immediately before the table. But what a change this morning in their expression! Instead of the look of curbed antagonism of last week, there was upon their faces a look of real sympathetic anticipation, and they were most eager to

hear. This time the Word of the Lord to them was—"What is the Gospel?" And how intelligently they followed the thought that the Gospel was not a book, but a Person. "The sunshine of the good news"—God's glad message to lost and sinful man, of Salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. Monsieur Nicoud read the passages of Scripture as the subject was opened before them. "In Him we have redemption and through His blood forgiveness of sins." These words of the angel on the first Easter morn were read. "I know that you seek Jesus Who was crucified. He is not here but risen." But not a murmur of dissent was heard. We do not know how far the message has laid hold of them, but there was a solemn moment at the end of the address after they had listened to the story of the "King's message." They saw clearly and in a measure understood that no one but Jesus Christ had triumphed over sin and death, that no one but Christ could bring them into the Father's presence. Their salutations on leaving were most cordial and we believe that the Holy Spirit has begun a work in their hearts. Will you join with us in real believing prayer that their interest may be deepened into conviction. It may be there are some among them, whom God would have to take back with them, the glorious message of Salvation to their fellow-tribesmen in the far-off wilds of Morocco. Let us "buy up the opportunities" now, for the days are evil. Ep. 5. 16.

"Shall the price of opportunities be paid? They may be costly to buy—they cost still more to lose—for into the result of lost chances comes the unknown factor that we call eternity. Let us then buy them up with a royal giving, that the harvest He came to win may not die down un-reaped, because the crisis of ripeness lay unheeded." These words penned by Miss Trotter several years ago, still bring to us the same stirring appeal. This is the "day of oppor-

tunity" for this land—let us buy it up with a royal giving. At home and on the field—in intercession or in direct service, let us not fail our Lord. Let us buy up to-day, these great opportunities with a royal giving, that the harvest our Lord came to win in this land, may not die down un-reaped because the crisis of ripeness has been neglected. "The night cometh when no man can work." A. E. THEOBALD.

Journey's End.

As soon as the van with our furniture had left, we prepared to leave Dellys with Mons. Pierre in the car *en route* for Setif, intending to go straight through, that night. The road is very mountainous and was wet and muddy; to add to the difficulty there was a thick mist. We saw a big bus that had run into the river in the fog, and I felt we should be very foolish to attempt to go much farther on such a night. Instead, we decided to put up at a little hotel for the night, so we were able to have a hot supper of which we stood in great need.

We are obliged to have identification cards in this country, and to have them checked when we move from place to place. As we were making a change of residence we were very careful to make sure before we left Algiers that our cards were in order. To be perfectly certain, we called at the Police Station the first thing on reaching Setif. What was our surprise and disappointment when we learnt that we had infringed some new law! At first, the Commissaire would not be appeased, but said that he had no right to do anything but to send us back within twenty-four hours! We were tired and weary by that time, and the furniture was still on the road! It was a dismal prospect to think of sending it all back, beside the expense. Mons. Nicoud pleaded with them and at last the Commissaire spoke to the Adjutant

who was very sympathetic and promised to do his best to put the mistake right. In the meantime we were here on sufferance, but in a few days we had settled in.

The little girls are very regular in their attendance at the class, and very good. During the last week their numbers have increased. We have a good-sized garage which we use as a class-room, and as soon as possible we want to have it whitewashed, etc., to make it more comfortable. We wished to give the girls some little thing for Christmas, to keep them warm, as the weather here is bitterly cold, so we decided to give each girl a scarf and we put them in their knitting bags overnight. We let them in as usual the following morning but made them wait to begin work till all were present. They had time to take notice and remarked that their bags appeared to be swollen! Their joy and surprise was great when they found out the reason.

We have a women's meeting on Friday with an attendance of about twelve, they say it breaks the monotony of things, and at present it is something novel.

The visiting has been very good. In one house where we had a specially good time in the Spring, we returned before Christmas, and after talking for some time, an old lady said, "When you were here before you taught us to say: 'There is no God but God, and He forgives our sins.' I have forgotten the words exactly, teach me them again." I realised that she had mixed up their Moslem "witness" with the verse I had taught them, which interpreted, is as follows:

"Oh! Lord, I am a perishing sinner,
 Forgive all my sins, Oh God the
 Saviour,
 I repent, Oh God, and believe in Thee,
 Oh God purify me and make me
 obedient to Thee."

Please pray for these people that they may come to a knowledge of the truth.

A. M. FARMER.

Home Notes.

4 Waldens Road,
 Horsell,
 Woking.

Dear Friends,

During these last months we have renewed contact through letters with friends of the A.M.B. in many parts of the world.

Miss Hansen, who has not yet been allowed by the doctor to return to the Field, has aroused interest in the A.M.B. among friends in Denmark, and new names have been added to our magazine list.

Pastor Stalley has had meetings in the Eastern counties, and Miss Clark has been busy in and round Dundee. Miss Russell arranged two meetings at Sidcup with Mrs. Kaye as speaker, and I took a meeting at Bracknell, and also on several occasions in Woking. There will be Scottish meetings to report in our next number as Pastor Stalley hopes to do deputation work in Scotland during March.

We had a very happy and blessed time of prayer fellowship when friends of the A.M.B. met, on Friday, March 5th, at Flat 1, 34, Linden Gardens, W.2, by the kindness of Mrs. Elwin. We hope that a good number will come on *Monday, April 5th, at 3 p.m., when we shall meet (D.V.) for prayer in the same place.*

I am hoping to go out for a visit of a few weeks to Algeria in April. I shall be grateful for your fellowship in prayer that God's purpose in my going may be fulfilled.

Miss Currie has very kindly promised to carry on the work with my office helper while I am away. All money sent will be acknowledged, and I shall hope to send the monthly Prayer Letter in May, from Algeria.

I am,
 Yours very sincerely,
 MILLICENT H. ROCHE (*Hon. Sec.*).

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.

BEKHILL.—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.—Mrs. 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.
SIDCUP.—Miss P. E. C. Russell, 8, Old Forge Way.
TEDDINGTON.—Miss Ethel Little, 32, Field Lane.
THORNTON HEATH.—Mr. C. J. Ford, 13, Heath View Road.
WEST SUFFOLK.—Mrs. Ed. Johnston, Campfield, Gt. Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.
WOKING.—Miss M. H. Roche, 4, 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.
GLASGOW.—Miss Guthrie, 90, Barrington Drive, C.4.
NEWPORT (N. Fife).—Mr. D. R. W. Gavin, Benruaig.

IRELAND.

BESSBROOK.—Miss R. Bailie, Deramore House.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.—Miss D. Markham, 23, Lake Road, Takapuna, Auckland.

Literature.

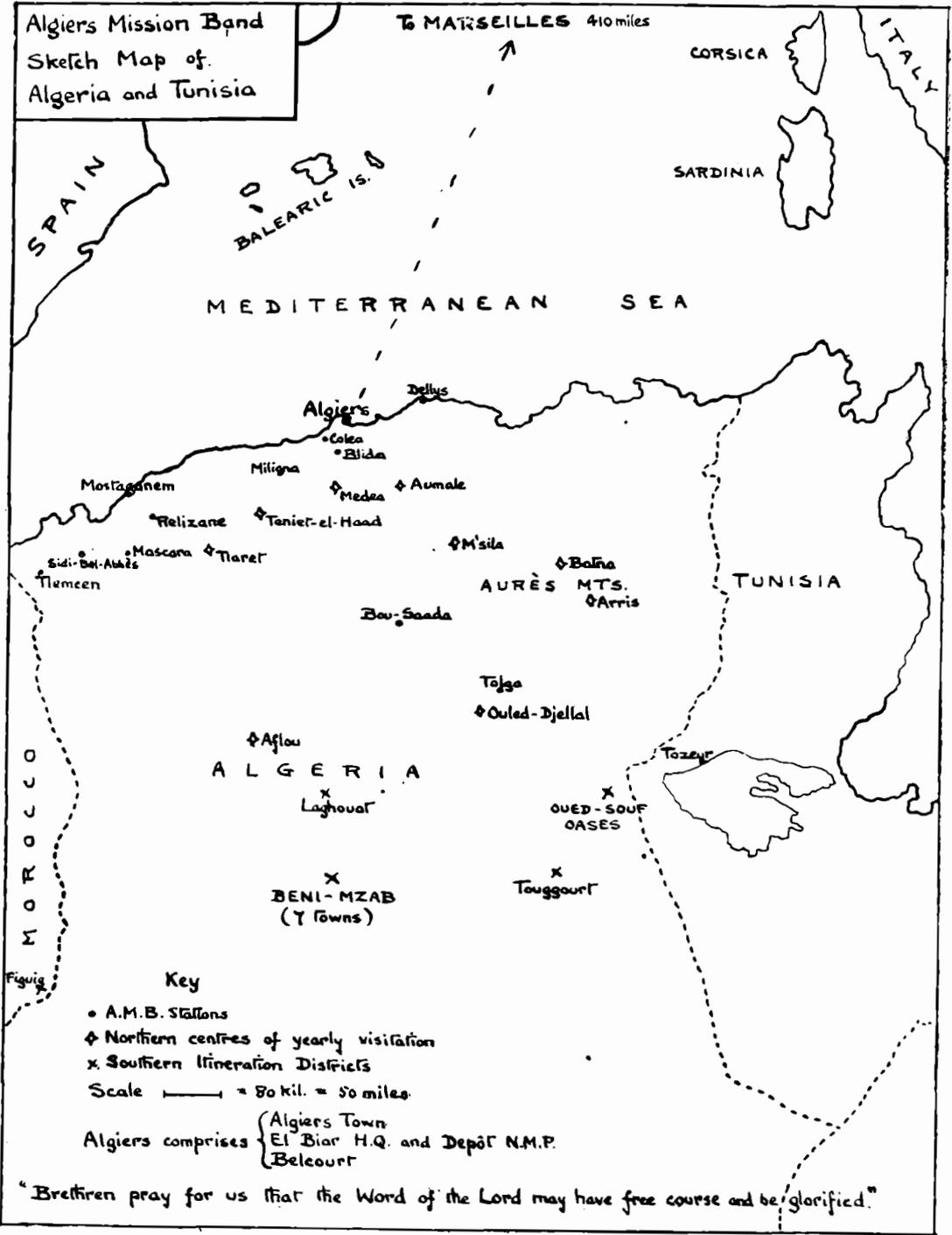
To be obtained from The Secretary, A.M.B.
4 Waldens Road, Horsell, Woking.

Books 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.
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"Children of the Sandhills," a descriptive painting book. Pictures by Miss Elsie Anna Wood. 6d., postage 1½d.
* * *
"Faith's Highway." A. E. Theobald. 1d., postage ½d.
"Islam and Its Need." A concise book, splendid for study circles. By Dr. W. Norman Leak, M.A. 6d., postage 1d.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia



↳ MARSEILLES 410 miles

CORSICA

ITALY

SARDINIA

MEDITERRANEAN SEA

Algiers

Dellys

• Colen

• Blida

• Miligna

♦ Medea

♦ Aumale

Mostaganem

• Relizane

♦ Tanier-el-Haad

• Mascara

♦ Tiarer

• Sidi-Bel-Abbes

• Tlemcen

♦ M'sila

♦ Batna

♦ Arris

AURÈS MTS.

TUNISIA

Bou-Saada

Tozeur

♦ Oued-Djellal

♦ Afrou

ALGERIA

x Laghouat

Tozeur

x OUED-SOUF OASES

x BENI-MZAB (Y Towns)

x Touggourt

Key

- A.M.B. Stations
- ♦ Northern centres of yearly visitation
- x Southern Itineration Districts
- Scale ——— = 80 Kil. = 50 miles
- Algiers comprises { Algiers Town
 El Biar H.Q. and Dépôt N.M.P.
 Belecourt

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