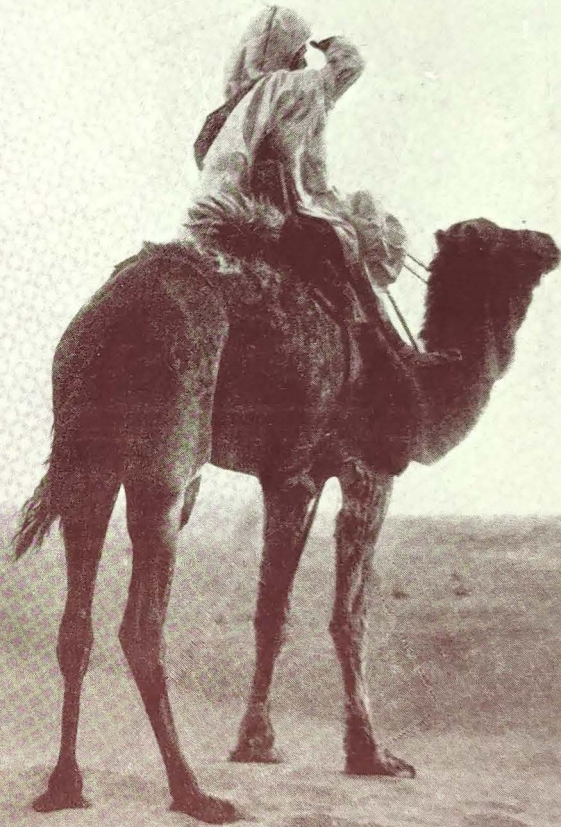


PECIMEN

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGERS  
MUSIC

# Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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

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M. le PASTEUR ROLLAND, Tizi-Ouzou.

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

## Location of Workers.

## Summer, 1939.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR (Algiers).

*Headquarters.*

1906. Miss S. E. PERKIN.

1907. Miss RIDLEY.

1919 & 1922.

M. and Mme. P. NICLOUD.

1937. Miss K. LAYTE

ALGIERS (City).

1930. Miss I. NASH.

1935. M. and Mme. MILLON.

BLIDA.

1920. Mr. and Mrs. H. W.

BUCKENHAM.

1938. M. & Mme. POQUET.

BOU SAADA.

1909. Miss A. McILROY.

1919. Mlle. BUTTICAZ.

MILIANA.

1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.

1929. Miss P. M. RUSSELL.

MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

SETIF.

1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.

1922. Miss I. SHEACH.

1935. Mr. and Mrs. THOMSON.

TELMCEN.

1934 & 1927. Mr. and Mrs. H.  
STALLEY.

TOLGA.

1928 & 1937.

M. and Mme. S. LULL.

NEFTA.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.

OUT-POSTS.

RELIZANE.

TOZEUR (from Nefta).

Miss V. WOOD (part time).

GHARDAIA (Beni M'zab). Spring.

1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF  
(part time).

1929. Miss. P. M. RUSSELL „

1919. Mlle. BUTTICAZ „



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No. 49.

SUMMER, 1939.

1/6 PER ANNUM  
POST FREE

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## "Our Lord Jesus Christ."

**"Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion,  
and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also  
in that which is to come."**

Far above all is our Saviour enthroned ;  
Crown'd is the Lamb Who for sinners  
atoned,  
Living for ever to list to our call,  
God hath exalted Him far above all.

High are the cities that dare our assault,  
Strong are the barriers that call us to halt,  
March we on, fearless, and down they must  
fall,  
Vanquished by faith in Him far above all.

**Far above all ! far above all !  
Jesus the Crucified far above all !  
Low at His footstool adoring we fall.  
God hath exalted Him far above all !**

When the fierce tempest, uplifting its waves,  
Seeks to engulf us, we cry and He saves ;  
Looking to Jesus, upheld by His hand,  
Tread we the billows as safe as on land.

His is the kingdom from pole unto pole,  
Far above all while the ages shall roll,  
With Him the victors, who follow'd His call,  
Share in His royalty far above all.

## Editorial.

Summer days are here again. The green promise of spring has already whitened to harvest in the south lands of Algeria.

Swiftly the months and years go by, and a new generation is growing up; the Arab children whom we loved yesterday are the young men and women of to-day. Their need of Christ is very great for they are facing new problems as well as old. Islam, even with a progressive outlook, cannot plant the seeds of eternal life. Yet, thank God, the "good seed" is growing in many hearts, and there is promise of a golden harvest, even though multitudes have never yet heard the Gospel.

Now is the day of sowing, of tending the growing shoots, of working, waiting, and believing.

In this magazine glimpses are given of many parts of the Field and of various sides of the work. We are told of itinerations in the Sahara, of life in the Beni M'zab, and we realise a foretaste of Heaven's harvest-home, as we read of a Conference in Kabylia. News given by a Commandant of the Salvation Army is full of hope and promise.

The pathetic reminiscence of her childhood given by a native girl, and the story from Tozeur of God's answer to the prayer of a young wife in the desert will certainly call forth our love and prayer for the women of these Moslem lands.

A letter from America recently, brought the news that Miss Emily Newton has passed into Christ's presence. Miss Newton was closely linked in friendship with the A.M.B., and had visited Algeria more than once with her great friend Miss Isabelle May. Together they translated *Thamilla*, that poignant story of one of the Moslem women of North Africa whose sad and down-trodden lives stirred Miss Newton's loving and sensitive spirit.

We send our sincere sympathy to the family of our friend. M. H. R.

## The Upward Look.

(A Bible Study on Isaiah 41. 10.)

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

This verse speaks to us of the Divine presence, the Divine enabling, the Divine upholding. It is a verse rich in spiritual suggestion—especially when we seek to break up the meanings of the separate words. In almost every word there is hidden treasure.

I.

*There is God's injunction to us:*

*"be not dismayed."*

It means more than, to lose heart, to be afraid. The marginal rendering is, "Do not look around thee." The French version is also most suggestive. "Ne promène pas des regards inquiets." The Arabic takes up the same thought: "Do not look about thee this way or that"; "look up." Our strength never comes from the outlook, but from the uplook.

The first natural impulse of the soul, when things go wrong, is to look about for means to right the wrong. Or when things are difficult we try to see how we, personally, can improve things, to seek human expedients, rather than Divine help. God says, "Do not look about thee, for I am thy God," thy sufficiency, thy strength. It was God's word to the exiles. God seemed long in answering their cry; deliverance was long in coming. There seemed no way out of their despair. Then God called them to look up. See also Isaiah 40. 26.

\* \* \*

It is the only way of escape when things are so difficult that our feet seem entangled

in a net. God says do not trouble about the net, "look up!" The Psalmist proved that the means of disentanglement were not to be found in his human effort, but in the uplook. See Psalm 25. 15.

The net is a parable of our everyday temptations to anxiety and to worry. It may be a trifling disarrangement of plans, a delay, a failure, and suddenly peace has gone and our feet are in the net! Would it not be better to stoop down and disentangle our feet? God says, "No, look not about thee, but upward."

\* \* \*

Have we seen a difficult task before us? Our strength for it comes from the uplook.

See Isaiah 6, and think of work among the Moslems, verse 9 onwards gives us some idea of the greatness of the task. Whence comes the strength to endure? verses 1-6 give us the secret.

\* \* \*

In matters of finance, it is always better to look up, than to look about. Many in work for God have proved this to the uttermost.

\* \* \*

To-day the world condition is a call to us to "look up" rather than look around upon human expedients. The world is in an appalling state, and to "look around" would bring despair.

## II.

In this verse are three promises. There is His word, "*I will strengthen thee.*" Again under the surface of this word "strengthen" there is a richer, fuller truth than at first appears.

The word means "strength of mind," determination, daring, i.e. "I will make you firm in purpose, daring in action."

*It was God's Word to Joshua.* God knew that Joshua would be called upon to face unprecedented dangers; giants, walled cities, armoured warriors, and God says:

"I will so enable you that you will be able to meet dauntlessly all the foes."

*It is God's promise to us in prayer.* See Isaiah 35. 3. "Confirm" and "strengthen" are the same words, and God says He will give us such a strength of mind, such a persistency, such a holy daring in prayer, that we shall be triumphant before His throne of grace.

\* \* \*

*Who is it who will make us intrepid and fearless? "I"—"God."* He is giving us Himself for all the emergencies of life, His presence. "I am *with thee.*" His enabling His fixity of purpose, His undauntedness. A share in His own triumph. "I will *strengthen thee.*"

## III.

The last word "*uphold*" is most significant. This is the only time it occurs in the whole Bible. It means "to take a firm grasp of, and hold fast." He will not let us go. Souls committed into His hand, will not be snatched from His grasp. Note *how He holds us*; with His "right hand."

What does this signify? See Exodus 3. 20, and chapter 14. 26-27. The right hand is the place of *power* and victory, and God says that He Himself will hold us in there in the place of power and victory, with the right hand of "His righteousness."

What a promise! "Therefore will not we fear."

A. E. THEOBALD.

(Found among Mr. T.'s papers.)

## Jottings from Setif.

Surrounding Setif are four Arab villages, all quite different as to formation, and in the character of the people. We endeavour to visit each in turn.

There is one, however, which we are often apt to miss, as it is situated in an open space where we may be burnt with the

hot sun or frozen with cold wind from the mountains. When we do arrive we have difficulty in finding entrance to the houses, and often have to stand in the street to deliver our Gospel message. One particular afternoon was no exception to the rule. We always take it in turns to speak, thus one is free to listen to the women's remarks which may be favourable or otherwise.

As one of us was repeating in Arabic the chorus, "We are climbing up the golden stairs to Glory," an old lady said to her neighbour: "It would be impossible to climb stairs to Heaven, and it is ridiculous to talk like that." We were quite encouraged to hear her friend say: "Yes! you are right, but we can enter Heaven if our hearts are cleansed from sin by the blood of Christ." We had not realised that any of them had understood our message so well. This woman must have accepted the truth on a previous visit as we had only begun with the chorus mentioned.

I think some would be very interested in the women's meetings we have on Friday afternoons. There are generally about twenty women and a dozen or more children. We always read a chapter from one of the Gospels and then explain it. The women listen with deep interest and if they are not sure of the words they ask us to read it again. They say: "If we do not understand we shall not be able to believe the teaching." We give them a cup of coffee and a piece of bread after the meeting, but they continue the discussion among themselves and ask questions on the subject. One woman was heard to remark: "I have never before heard such wonderful words."

These women do need your prayers, their hearts are so dark and their lives are so joyless. We believe these afternoon meetings are as a gleam of sunshine to them and they always seem unwilling to leave.

I. SHEACH.

## "If Only a Little Daughter."

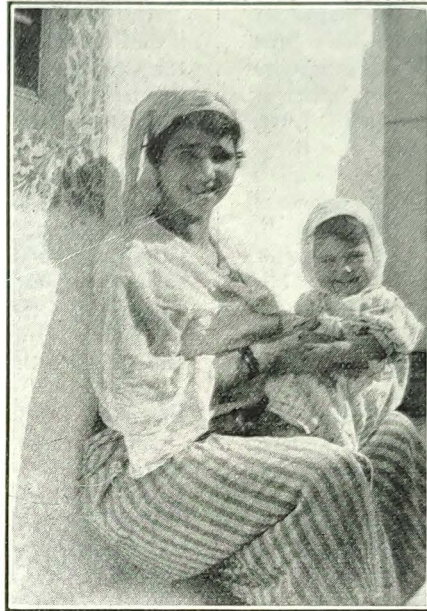
B., the mother of the little daughter, grew up in Tozeur, a quiet, respectable, and very honest girl. There is a story told of her finding a packet of several hundred francs, amongst the bedding of an old couple for whom she did odd jobs and errands, and of their surprise and pleasure when she brought it to them absolutely intact.

She was still quite a young girl when her mother and brother arranged a marriage with a young man, who proved to be a drunkard and a far from good husband. After three or four years of fear and misery she fled from him to her mother; and he, after one or two attempts to persuade her to return, divorced her and took another wife. For a time B.'s mother made no objection to her remaining at home, probably finding her useful.

About this time B. became very friendly with a blind woman who used to go often to the Mission house, and who told her much about the happy times she had there, and what she learnt about the Lord Jesus and His love. B. said she would like to go with her, and she also became a regular visitor, very shy and quiet, but listening intently. Then people began to talk to her mother: "Why do you let your daughter go to the Christians?"; and the mother tried to persuade her to give up her visits, and break off her friendship with the blind woman. B. said she could not and would not do this, and her mother, roused to anger, turned her out of the house. She took refuge with an aunt for a time, and went on struggling to keep herself, spending much time with her blind friend, and finally went to live with her almost entirely. Then the elder brother came back to the town, from which he had been absent for some time. Finding his sister unmarried and keeping company with the Christians, he



“ Whoso  
shall  
receive  
one such  
little  
child



in  
My  
name  
receiveth  
Me ”

—St. Matt. 18. 5.

“ ONLY A LITTLE DAUGHTER.”  
(Though *not* the one at Tozeur.)

sought her out, and tried to force her into marriage with a friend of his, to whom he owed money. This would have meant going away from Tozeur, and losing all chance of hearing more about Christ, and she refused. Her brother followed her in the street one day, very angry and half drunk, and knocked her down. There were witnesses who brought the matter before the Cathi. He said he would protect B. from her brother, but that she ought to be married. He offered to find her a good husband, if her blind friend (whom he regarded as her guardian) did not do so. But the husband of the Cathi's choice would not have been likely to leave her free to visit her Christian friends, and as the blind woman had an unmarried son for whom she wanted a wife, B. decided in the end that she had better take him. He proved a kind husband on the whole, and his mother

was very happy to have so good a daughter-in-law. Time went on, but their marriage was not blessed by the gift of a child. B. was patiently resigned and said if it was not God's will she would do without, but secretly she grieved much. Then one day she heard her missionary friend talking with another woman—who had come to ask for a charm or medicine which would enable her to bear a child, for she feared her husband would divorce her because she had none. The missionary, of course, said she did not believe in charms and knew of no such medicine, but counselled her to pray about it, telling her of another woman whose prayers had been graciously answered. “Why should not I pray too?” thought B. and from that time began her constant prayers in the name of Jesus for a child—“if only a little daughter.” Not many months passed before she knew that

her prayers were heard, and she longed for child was coming. It proved to be a little daughter, and surely no child was ever more welcome, or more treasured by father as well as mother and grandmother. Little "Tunis" is a poor, wee scrap of a baby, with no great charms in other people's eyes, but to her parents she is wonderful. "And she is the Lord Jesus' baby," says B. "She belongs to Him." And the grandmother thinks it must be because she is His that she was clever enough to get born on a Sunday. "She is such a good baby too, she hardly hinders me at all," says her mother. When B. is busy, Tunis lies contentedly playing with her own tiny hands, and only cries when *very* hungry. So they can put her down and leave her alone, for they say to her: "Lie still and don't fear, the Lord Jesus is beside you." The only trouble the baby has given has been anxiety about her health. She started life as a very feeble little mortal, and even now when she is several months old, and is able to respond to her mother's loving tones with smiles and cooing sounds, she looks very frail, and one wonders if she can possibly live to grow up. But whatever happens it is good to know she was given to the Lord Jesus from her birth; and we can trust the Good Shepherd to keep this little lamb of His in life or death.

V. WOOD.

## Easter, 1939.

The Third Native Conference was held at Tizi-Ouzou during Easter week, from April 8th to 11th, 1939.

The need had been felt for the Christians on the various stations and the Missionaries from different Societies to co-operate in telling of blessing received.

The keynote of the Conference seemed to be the French chorus which corresponds to the English chorus, "Count your blessings."

M. Maoudj, a Christian of long standing, is the President of the movement, and during the Conference the native Christians took the lead. Nearly all the addresses were translated from French into Kabyle and Arabic.

After sowing comes reaping; this is the natural order, provided the seed be good and the ground well prepared. For many years the "good seed" has been faithfully sown by earnest servants of God in North Africa, and now the "harvest" is beginning to appear. During the Conference someone remarked that many labourers who had "passed over" would have rejoiced to see this day!

Among those present were some native Christian men who have been in active service for Christ for over thirty years.

The first meeting was held on Easter Sunday morning. We partook of the Lord's Supper, and Christ's presence was very manifest in our midst.

On the Monday evening a baptismal Service was held when three Kabyle women confessed their faith in Christ. One of these was Odette Maoudj, the Conference President's daughter.

I think, that to me, the most impressive times were the quiet talks given as we sat on, round the table, when supper was over. One evening a Christian Kabyle told of his gradual conversion. He seemed to have made a bargain with the Lord as Jacob did of old! He told us that he had begun to drink and smoke, but through the patience of his Christian wife he was convicted and began to feel his need of deliverance from the power of the Devil. So he promised that if God would take this craving from him, then he would follow Christ. He remarked that it might be fairly easy to lose the craving for alcohol but to lose the craving for tobacco was impossible! But he said: "The God of the impossible heard my prayer and delivered me." Now he and his wife are bringing up their children,



"In the fear of the Lord." It interested me to hear that his wife was one of Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy's orphans from the Home at Dra el Mizan. He also mentioned that he had been very much helped through his contact with the missionaries at Blida when he was living there.

Another evening one of the newly baptised Kabyle women gave her testimony in a very bright simple way. While she was speaking some of the older native Christians were sitting in a group, and it was quite an inspiration to watch their faces. They were beaming with joy as the woman testified to the saving power of Christ.

Repeatedly one heard these Christians remark that it was such a help to their own faith to hear of others who had been won to Christ, it made them feel less isolated.

One afternoon a Kabyle told a remarkable story of his conversion through reading the Gospels that had been given him by one of the missionaries. At his conversion his wife was divorced from him, and his daughter's husband left her. His shop was robbed, and when he started a farm his animals were poisoned. Even his own life was threatened. The wonderful thing was that his greatest enemy was converted through reading a Gospel which he had given him!

To me the climax of the Conference was reached the last evening after one or two testimonies had been given. A native Pastor appealed to his own people saying that those present had had abundant opportunities of hearing the Gospel—he might say they were God's favoured ones. He said so many in North Africa, on the other hand, had never even heard the Gospel and he asked those present what they were going to do about it? He asked how long would any of them be content *not* to take a stand on the Lord's side.

A young Kabyle girl rose and asked permission to speak. She told us that from that evening she was determined to follow

Christ. As the company dispersed I saw Mme. Maoudj embrace this young Christian and they were both so full of joy.

There were very few testimonies that did not mention persecution in earlier days.

One morning M. Maoudj appealed to missionaries and asked that someone would give a testimony, showing that they also had suffered for Christ. I think more than one wondered what missionary had suffered as some of these had done! However, one young man told of how he had been turned out of his home and had wandered practically starving for six weeks. Many of the natives present had been greatly helped by the faithful witness of the Family Rolland, whose loving hospitality we were enjoying.

A. M. FARMER.

## Reminiscence.

One day my aunt and I were allowed the very rare treat of going to the Turkish baths. She prepared soft soap, towels, and perfume for herself and little me. I was bent on taking the dog and prepared a small bundle of things needful for his bath, but, in spite of my pleading I was not allowed to take him. We left him in the house whining pitifully until our return.

He was well treated, he had meat every day, and a large court to run in, but he was not happy, he longed to go out and eat grass and associate with other dogs.

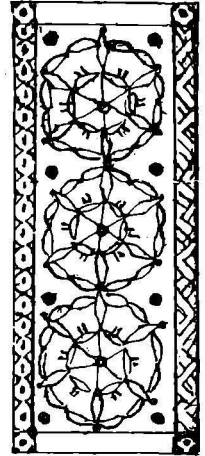
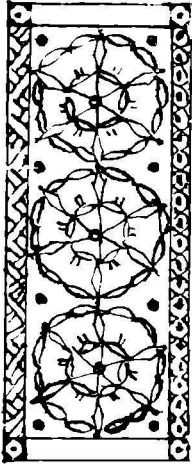
And life was cruel for my aunt and me, too. We lived, with the dog, in a comfortable house with a spacious court, were well fed and well dressed, but we had only our own company and could see nothing beyond the high walls, except the sky above us.

My aunt spent hours with her eyes at the keyhole, on the chance that she might catch the glimpse of another human being.

She went into evil ways later, but was she altogether to blame?

FIFINE.

## Colportage in the South.



THE NEW CAR IN A DESERT TOWN.

In spite of the difficulties of the present time, God made it possible for us to do a colportage tournée from the 18th of February to the 10th of March, in the south of the department of Constantine.

We visited forty-four oasis villages, travelled 3,035 kilometres (about 2,023 miles), sold 785 items of Gospel literature, of which 552 were portions of God's Word, also Gospels, New Testaments, and 5 Arabic Bibles. We also distributed 310 tracts. These figures are important in a time like this.

I made this tournée in company with two other A.M.B. missionaries, M. Lull from Tolga, and Mr. Thomson from Setif. The first part of the journey was in the direction of Touggourt and Ouargla, the oasis region.

Our work at Ouargla was very encouraging. As well as natives we also met some officers and soldiers of the Foreign Legion.

In the little oases round Ouargla we found very poor people; many of them had no money at all. There are a good number of tribes, the members of which were origin-

ally slaves, and who are now the labourers in the palm gardens.

In some places we were struck with the indifference of the men towards religion; in other villages Islam with its fanaticism and ignorance bitterly opposed the truth of our Christian books.

One of my colleagues was called a "halouf" (pig) which is a very great insult among the Arabs!

We also met many men who knew about the Word of God, and one who had a Bible. Some of them said to us: "You ought to give us your books, for you are God's messengers!"

The second part of our tournée led us on to the ancient track to Tozeur (Tunisia). We followed it and went to some of the villages that we had visited last year.

Wherever people were to be found we halted; at the edge of a well beside the road, and also near men who were conducting the caravans. We had some good times with them, both in reading the Scriptures and in conversation.

We then left the desert to go over a mountain range, and when we arrived at the

town of Khenchla, we visited villages built on the tops of huge cliffs and, on the other hand, the tribes who had their dwellings in caves. The tribes are Chaouia, tribes of Berber origin, speaking a language which is different from that of the Arabs but able to read Arabic. Life in these mountain villages seems much tougher than it is in the desert. However, they received us well and we left some Gospels with them. At Khenchla my two comrades were taken to the police station, but after some explanation they were allowed to continue their work.

On our way we saw the ruins of the great Roman town, Timgad, where more than nine thousand Christian tombs have lately been discovered. European friends, if you but knew what we feel when we think of past centuries and when we see among these Christian ruins the life of Islam! Who would like to help us to rebuild again these ruins of Christianity? Timgad still possesses a baptistry in a good state of preservation and one can in thought imagine the importance of the ancient Christian community. Dear brothers and sisters, we count on your prayers and your help, for the continuance of work on this African soil, in hearts hardened by Islam.

We regained the Tolga road and ended our tournée in the outlying part of Biskra, at the foot of the Aures mountains. Our journey was blessed and we praise the Lord for what He allowed us to do. Our thanks go to the friends who helped us with our new Colportage Car. It has already given proof of its capacity for endurance, for we went through rivers, climbed mountains, and traversed sandy desert tracks as well as hard roads!

Time is passing and we must work while it is yet day. Let us be united in prayer that the Scriptures, sown widely, may be read, and that the Holy Spirit may illuminate those who read.

P. NICOURD.

(Translated.)

### "The . . . Desert Shall Rejoice and Blossom as the Rose."

Bousaada is in some measure a tourist town in a desert land. The religion of the false Prophet has also made desert the hearts and lives of the bulk of the population. It is a growing town too, and we workers there well know it, as we come into contact with many new people day by day. The Station is situated at one of the two main entrances to the town where the native buses, from many small towns, put down and take up their passengers. Then the new hospital is quite near, so that many of the out-patients call. The other day twenty women came, most of them for the first time. The doctor is friendly and as he is often called to far-off villages, he once at least, told all the women to come to us (which they usually do at any rate!) The Lord greatly uses Mademoiselle Butticz's medical work in blessing for souls as well as for bodies.

From Village East came a poor mother carrying her baby. It had fallen on the fire and was horribly burnt. The little six-year-old sister had dragged it off but got her own right hand badly burnt. The Lord used their visits for blessing, we think, and we were specially glad that their village had been brought nearer us in this way. The people there are very bigoted Moslems. We visit it from time to time and believe there are hearts there longing for the deliverance and peace of soul the Lord Jesus could give.

Two lines of a hymn keep in mind—a prayer:

*"Oh Lord enlarge our scanty thought,  
To see the wonders Thou has wrought."*

Wonders He has wrought and can work in souls, as well in the attitude of the people, but as for the wilderness "blossoming as a rose" we want your prayers that

this may become actual fact. "They limited the Holy One of Israel. May we rather trust Him more and more." "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," and in these latter days especially, we long for a quick work of God in hearts.

He has promised revival. May some new, as well as old readers begin to pray for it in this two-fold desert land. The spring roses are in blossom now, and there are many little buds of promise in hearts too ... Hallelujah!

M. ALICE McILROY.

### "Reaching Forth."

Within easy reach of Setif, there are many little hamlets which, a few months ago, had never been visited by any missionary. The Lord gave us a real concern for the unreached people in these neighbouring villages, and later led us to take up the work of spreading amongst them the knowledge of the Gospel. He has set His seal to these evangelistic efforts and has enabled us to establish many interesting contacts with the men and boys.

Many of the villages are very isolated, and are hidden away in out of the way places far from the main road. But there are well worn paths that lead to them, and these we follow, sometimes on foot, other times on bicycles. Occasions arise when we have to dismount owing to the roughness of the way, or even have to carry the cycle over a stream!

Individuals by the wayside, or a tiny group of men seen from the distance sitting near some farm buildings with one or two lads coming as near as discretion will allow, or groups of men and boys who have gathered out of curiosity on our approaching their infrequently visited hamlet, have formed our "audiences." It can be well imagined how many and varied are the

types met with on our journeyings! Here is an old sheikh sitting by the wayside eating his morning meal. After greetings have been exchanged he presses us to share his dry bread and dates with him. We comply, and he begins to talk. He has many grievances about the land, the only thing left to him is the public highway, etc. Presently we produce a book which he has never seen before. He listens while we read to him, and for the first time in his long life he hears the words and sweet story of Jesus. He solemnly pronounces it to be very good but is silent when the application is given. After receiving directions as to the whereabouts of the next village we take our leave of this old sheikh, wondering if "the harvest is past and the summer ended" for him. If so, who is to blame?

Come with us as we approach a little group of men sitting in the early morning sunshine. We greet them in the usual beautiful Arabic phraseology and they, in turn, praise God that they find us in security and blessing. These men have the appearance of readers and so we begin by showing them some books we have for sale. The oldest man in the group is given these to pronounce upon them his approval or censure, and he announces that they are good. With this to encourage them the others look more closely into the books, and at last, after much hesitation, one makes his selection. But the others must have something of the Word of Life too, and so we read to them.

Suddenly one man asks the question: "Do you pray?" He is happy to hear that we pray every day and read God's Word. We return the question, and the man answers in the affirmative. To our remark, that there are many Moslems who do not pray, he answers that they are not Moslems, only Arabs! We take our leave praying that the Evil One may be kept from coming immediately to take away the good seed.

JAMES G. S. S. THOMSON.

## Guerrara, 1939

Morning dawned calm and bright. The fort of Ghardaïa looked like a golden castle in the light of the rising sun. After waiting about for an hour, while the bus ran off to the sacred city of Beni Isquen to pick up other passengers, we were finally on our way to Guerrara, at 7 a.m.—Guerrara is one of the seven cities of the M'zab.

A new chauffeur was being initiated and his speed did not suit the very bad state of the road. At one stage we thought we should all arrive with broken backs. A group of men and boys were waiting for the arrival of the bus and the latter fought over our luggage and finally came along with us in a body to the Government bordj, which acts as hotel. They were very friendly, and rubbed our clothing over with affectionate hands, while we waited for the key to be brought. We decided to take our picnic lunch into the oasis, nearby. The boys came too, all eyes and curiosity. It seemed advisable to hold a boys' class first, then give them literature and ask them to leave us in peace, for a short time. They listened quietly to the message and seemed pleased with their bi-lingual stories, but leave us—they could not! Our food was a vital matter to them and when it came to a cup of black coffee, they were positive it was vinegar. Some apple peel, flung carelessly over the shoulder, set them all scurrying after it, like chickens. Several men, working in the oasis, came up and asked for something to read. Presently, the man from the hotel came to tell us that our rooms were ready, so we went in to rest for half an hour.

As in former years, many of the women welcomed us into their homes and some (relatives of the Caïd) even sent for us to come to them. In one house, the younger women fled upstairs, crying out that we were men; they soon returned to listen to what we had to say, however. Negresses,

especially, enjoyed our singing; one was holding a small son, with eyes as black as his cheeks, and only the whites of them giving relief to the picture. It is encouraging to see how the women brighten up when their own dialect is used in teaching them. We called on our friend, Esther, a Jewess from Ghardaïa, now married to a wealthy merchant, who has built a grand house over the top of his shop. They received us in an upper room and finally took us out on the roof-top to admire a magnificent view of the oasis.

On Wednesday evenings men gather in the upper and lower market places, so we mingled with them, giving tracts. The boys were all eager to prove that they were good readers. . . . Unfortunately, a smartly-dressed youth snatched a tract, intended for a schoolboy, and tore it across, deliberately, walking away with the pieces. This set the fashion and one or two boys tore up their booklets, scattering the fragments at our feet.

Dusk came, all too soon. In the last house we visited there were several children, and we sang them the first verse of the Arabic version of:

“ May Thy hand, oh Heavenly Father,  
Bless me as I fall asleep!  
And Thy tender care be o'er me,  
Loving Shepherd, watch to keep.”

Quite a hush came over the gathering. The thought of God delivering His servants from fear seemed to come as a benediction upon the little group of listeners.

P. M. RUSSELL.

### Uzi Ouzou Conference.

“ More youth participated this year than in either of the previous years and took a larger part in the proceedings.

A resolve ‘To institute, or to continue, family worship in every home represented,’ marked the close of the second day.”



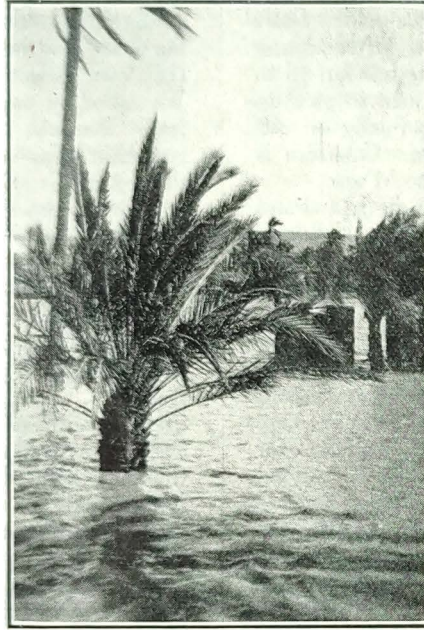
## The Coming of the River.

“ Everything

shall

live

whither



the

river

cometh ”

—Ezek. 47. 9.

“ THE PALMS SHOWED THEIR HEADS ABOVE A  
SEA OF WATER.”

Here in the Sahara of South Algeria the sheep and goats have been dying for want of food, wandering over the bare rocks, seeking in vain for the tiny plants to nibble. Many flocks have been driven north beyond Laghouat for pasture. Now in God's mercy the rains have come. A gale blew all last night and in the morning when we wanted to go into the town for our customary visits our way was blocked by water.

An Arab offered to guide us to higher ground which we reached by stepping stones. Then he led us round muddy back streets, over rubbish heaps, behind the Jewish quarter till we came to the oasis gardens at the back of the town. An excited joyous crowd were watching the waters rise; the many big wells in the

usually sandy river bed were already half under water, and as we stood there with the cheering crowd—men and lads firing off ancient guns, ramming down the explosives with the ram rods—women on the housetops “you-youing” (i.e. giving the shrill cry of rejoicing), the waves of water swirled round covering the wells completely. Some houses made of sandstone had fallen, for they crumble easily in the rain. Ours is watertight so far, and we, like others, are joyfully catching the rain water from the roof.

Where the water comes there is life. It means a good date harvest, and corn, beans and salad; and the wells will be filled for the next dry months, while the desert flowers will pop out from under the rocks



and stones, and the starving flocks will be fed. We made use of the opportunity to teach our lads to-day the hymn :

“ Who is He who listens to the cry of the children,  
When in need of food or dress.  
Who is He that remembers the need of the animal,  
Is it not God, the God of Love ? ”

It was not lost time standing watching, for many of the excited, happy people (grateful for the rain which falls like this only once in two or three years), came asking us for tracts and Scripture leaflets in Arabic, French and Hebrew, for they felt we were in sympathy, and rejoicing with them.

Firing went on for some hours and when we went out again an extraordinary sight met our eyes, for the waters had passed the barrage and a huge lake seemed to have surrounded part of the town, while the tamarisk trees and the palms showed their heads above a sea of water. We went along to the next town and there was a rushing torrent forming a waterfall under the narrow bridge.

The main road is for the time blocked. Three forlorn looking motor buses stand on the further side of this water, in sight of their garage, but it is too deep to pass and we are for the time cut off from the north. The mail car will not be able to get through for it is still raining and the waters are still rising.

The poor nomads in their dripping tent homes must be having a very cold, trying time, but no one murmurs, it is God's goodness—“ God is having pity on us and has sent the river.” Yes, this river has flowed from the oasis gardens and the hills behind them, seven or more kilometres away, past our big town of Ghardaia and past Melika and Bou Noura, right to El Ateuf, ten or more kilometres further on.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

## Praise and Prayer Requests.

### Praise.

For the manifestation of Christ's presence during the native Conference held at Easter in Kabylia.

For the “ prosperous journeys by the will of God,” made with the new Car this Spring.

For all mentioned in this magazine, who gladly received the Word of God.

That two new candidates have been accepted for service in the Autumn (D.V.).

That our Father so lovingly supplied all our need, at a difficult moment, in answer to prayer.

### Prayer.

For literature given or sold during these last few months. That during the Summer leisure many may read and be enlightened by God's Spirit.

For some of the converts who will be left alone during the missionaries' absence. That God will strengthen, teach, and lead them.

That “ buds of promise ” mentioned in this number—in Bou Saada, the Beni M'zab, Tozeur, Setif and other places, may come to fulfilment through the working of the Holy Spirit.

For God's care over the workers of the A.M.B. this Summer, whether on the Field, or coming home.

For openings for deputation work ; and for all meetings to be held, specially for our Annual Meeting, that God may be glorified and that much prayer and interest may be aroused.

For continued blessing on S. of Relizane, and on the baby daughter whom God has given her.

## “The Word of God.”

Some months ago, through our paper *Forward*, I got to know a native man in our quarter of the town—who has a shop for the selling of choice vegetables. He came to the meetings and was very much interested; he bought a New Testament and various tracts.

One tract, *The King's Robe* (I.L.T.), specially impressed him. One day when I was passing his shop he called me and said: “You know this is a wonderful story, I have read it often and now I believe in Jesus.

Praise God for this first step, and that this man has had courage to speak out to those around him, and has brought many of his family to our meetings. One of them (a cousin) came forward publicly to the penitent form and declared that he had received assurance of the forgiveness of his sins.

One Sunday evening I gave a Gospel of St. John, in Arabic, to a man who came to the Pasteur Institute for inoculation against hydrophobia. The following week he came to our Hall to ask me for some more stories about Jesus. I gave him two or three A.M.B. leaflets, and he was very pleased.

The following Sunday the man came back again and wanted more literature but I had none to give him. I promised, however, to let him have some more tracts during the week, and went up to Dar Naama to get them. A Nurse took the booklets to this patient, and she told me that he was overjoyed to receive them. He called all his comrades in the dormitory and said, “Come and hear some more stories about Jesus.”

Soon after, this man's treatment was finished, and he went away back to his little village in the interior.

May God make the good seed to grow!

COMMANDANT G. FLANDRE

(*Salvation Army*).

## The Shahada or Creed.

The first in importance of the five pillars of the Moslem faith is certainly the creed of witness, short indeed as a creed, but mighty in binding together the Moslems scattered over so many lands. It runs as follows: “There is no god but God; Mohammed is the prophet of God.” This must be repeated at least once in a life-time. When death is near, if the patient has not strength to utter the words, those present repeat the formula for him, raising in theirs the poor weak hand and pointing the first finger upward.

Those who are believers repeat the creed frequently in life lest death should come upon them suddenly before they could repeat the needful words.

Gibbon says of this creed that “it is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction,” a belief in the oneness of the Divine Being and in Mohammed as His messenger.

The God to whom this witness is borne is one, mighty and compassionate, irresistible in power, a potter turning the powerless clay of humanity, and his prophet is like him in that all change or progress or development is as impossible in the social system he founded as in the religion he professed. And yet Moslems are missionaries at heart, spreading their lifeless creed wherever they go! They cannot now do so at the point of the sword as in the old days, but the conviction is as deep in many of their hearts that without the repetition of their creed there is no hope in the other world. One old Arab was greatly bent on the conversion of Miss Trotter and said to her: “When you die and stand before Allah and He asks you why you did not say the Witness when that old man in Algeria explained it to you, what will you say?” Finding this appeal ineffectual, he took her by the shoulders and shook her in his anxiety for her soul's

good. Miss Trotter was not at all perturbed, but rather admired his missionary zeal, though thinking it somewhat misplaced.

In the Moslem mind the power of the Creed is almost unlimited, so that many believe that, even if a Moslem dies without repeating it or acquiescing in it, after death he is given one more chance; and if he then says, "There is no god but God; Mohammed is His prophet," he enters into the abode of bliss. F. H. F.

(Miss Freeman wrote an illuminating series of articles on the five pillars of Islam. We have reprinted the first—others will follow.)

## The Dance for the Dead in the Desert

The Sirocco was blowing hotly off the desert, bringing sand and grit everywhere, burning airlessness filled the court below, from the roof, sand-coloured houses were silhouetted against a sky of lead.

Suddenly a weird chant filled the air, its beats marked by heavy thuds. Curiosity overcame good manners and walking over the white-washed roofs I peered down into the neighbour's court from whence the sounds came, thinking only to witness a new game.

But below me, framed in the fawn-coloured walls was a dull blue group of some twenty women and girls. Up and down the wild things jerked uncouthly in time to their song, tearing or pretending to tear their faces and bared breasts with their nails.

The outer circle was fairly calm, even smiling sometimes and the horrible clawing gesture was only a pretence, a compliment, a marking time.

But in the centre was a thing more beast than human. It called itself woman, but

wild eyes and mad smile above a half-naked body belied the name. On and on she jumped, higher and higher as she led the chart turning meanwhile to every point of the compass and as she turned and her eye fell on some woman or girl in the outer circle quiet for the nonce, they recommenced the savage drill.

Close to her were evidently the two chief mourners. Ah, it was horrible to watch! They were really tearing their flesh. What at first sight one had taken for extra deep toned rouge on face and breast was really blood trickling down in innumerable tiny streams.

For hours they continued, dropping down exhausted for a few minutes only to leap up more frenzied than ever. It was the wailing for the dead. The dark blue garments waved on the hot wind, bare limbs tossed, and long plaits of coarse ill-kempt hair flew up and down at each bound as first one and then another took up the wail:

"O my little brother,  
O my little son,  
O my little uncle,  
Come all of you.  
O my little heart, etc."

Till sick and sad we turned away.

Such are the barren consolations Islam offers to stricken hearts. Two days later the same group, tired out, stood in their court at dusk, for the last of three days mourning. The sun had set—the sad sky, the dark walls, the bent heads of the veiled figures, the tired wailing as of heart-sick children all formed a picture of desolate hopelessness that wrung one's heart.

God who seeth all that goes on behind the high walls where live imprisoned these, our sisters, how Thy heart of love must ache and yearn over them all!

Let Thy Kingdom come in the deserts of North Africa.

M. W.

## Home Notes.

Douera,  
Glenwood Road,  
West Moors,  
Dorset.

Dear Friends,

I sent round notices of our change of address, but want to emphasise it now, so as to save delay and difficulty. Please write in future to West Moors (as above), and not to Woking.

Below you will see a notice of our Annual Meeting. It will be a great pleasure to us to meet as many of our A.M.B. friends there as possible. Please book the date now. It is sure to be a very interesting meeting with news straight from the front. We shall hope then to wish our two new candidates God-speed, and to ask God's blessing on them.

Several of our missionaries are (D.V.) coming home on furlough this year, among others Miss Wood, Miss P. Russell and Mr. and Mrs. Stalley. All will have a thrilling story to tell and it will be cheering to hear from those of you who want to arrange a meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Stalley are hoping to be

at Keswick; they will be delighted, I know, if A.M.B. friends will introduce themselves to them there.

God has been very mindful of us and at a time of financial difficulty, supplied all our needs. We thank Him, Who heard the prayers sent up to Him, and we are grateful to those through whose loving-kindness gifts were sent.

Several meetings have been taken this Spring on behalf of the A.M.B., by Mrs. Kaye, Miss Ridley, Pastor Stalley and the Secretary.

I have not often space to mention "Literature," in this letter. It is, however, a great pleasure to draw your attention to two books lately published, both of which are deeply interesting and will be helpful to all who pray for work among Moslems. One is, *I know their sorrows. Womanhood under Islam's sway* (E.G.M., price 6d.), and the other *A life worth living. Nellie Botham of North China* (Marshall, Morgan & Scott, price 1s.).

Yours very sincerely,

MILLICENT H. ROCHE.

N.B.—The next Prayer Letter will be sent in September.

# Our Annual Meeting

will (D.V.) be held on

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th**

**at CAXTON HALL (Court Room)**

BUFFET TEA 4—4.45 p.m.

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MEETING 5 p.m.

Chairman: LADY PROCTER

**ALL THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE FIELD**

## 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 Evangelisation of the Arabic and French-speaking Moslems of Algeria and Tunisia with special emphasis on the needs of the practically untouched regions of the interior.

### ENGLAND.

#### Local Representatives :

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 & HOVE.—Mrs. Sudds, St. Monica, Berricdale Avenue, Hove.  
DARLINGTON (Pierremon Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.  
EASTBOURNE.—Miss C. Firmin, "Dar Naama," Baldwin Avenue.  
EPSOM.—Mrs. Maurice Roche, 1, Alexandra Road.  
FELIXSTOWE.—Miss E. Threadkell, "Raebury," Constable Road.  
ILFORD.—Mrs. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.  
IPSWICH.—Miss Godfrey, 37, Nelson Road.  
LEWES.—Miss Lee, "Cobury," 20 Prince Edward Road.  
LEXDEN.—Mrs. Willsmore, 26, Halstead Road, Lexden, Colchester.  
PENGE.—Miss E. B. Russell, 54, Thicket Road, Anerley.  
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 E. Young, Shaftesbury House, Maybury.  
WOODBIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.  
WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, "Heston," St. Botolph's Road.

### SCOTLAND.

DUNDEE.—Miss Stewart, 8 Woodlands Terrace.  
FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.  
GLASGOW.—Miss Guthrie, 21, Danes Drive, W.4.  
NEWPORT (N. Fife).—Mr. D. R. McGavin, Benruaig.

### IRELAND.

BELFAST.—Mr. J. H. Bennett, 60, Hillsborough Drive.  
BESSBROOK.—Miss R. Baillie, Deramore House.

### NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.—Mrs. Reevely, 49, Ridings Road, Remuera.

### U.S.A.

NEW YORK CITY.—Hephzibah House Book Room, 51, West 75th Street.

### CANADA.

OTTAWA.—Miss Anderson, 92, Stanley Ave.

## 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.

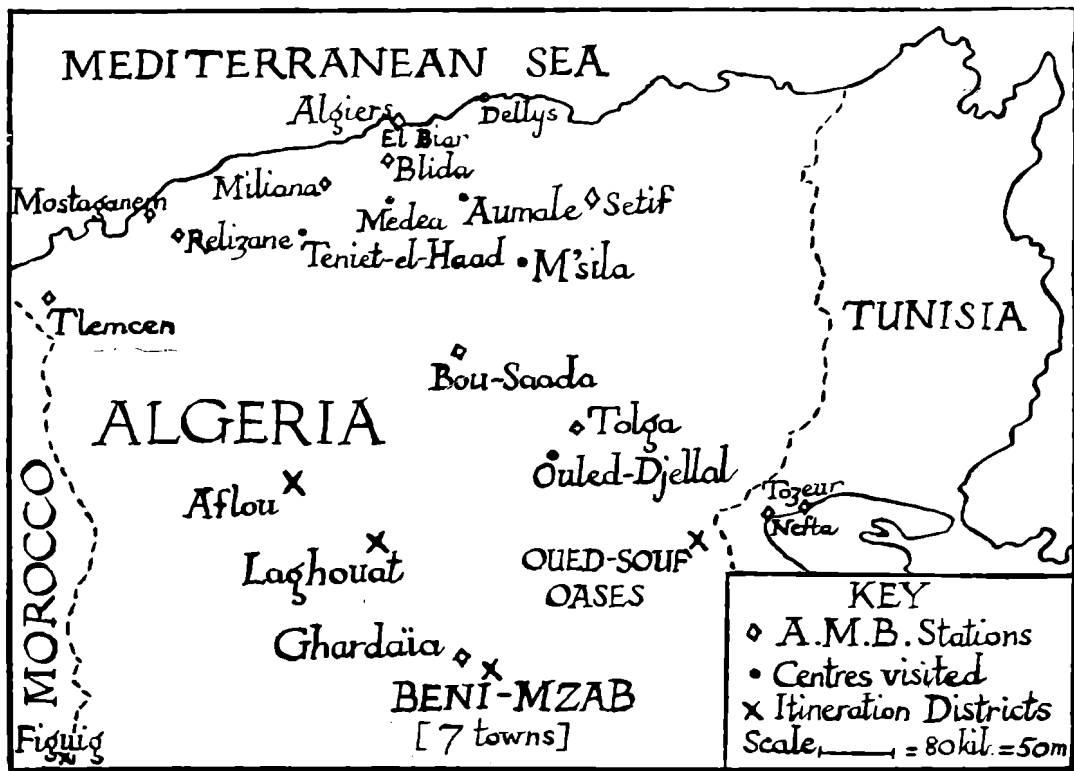
By arranging meetings in drawing room, hall, or church, thus giving an opportunity of spreading a knowledge of the work.

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.



### Literature.

To be obtained from The Secretary, A.M.B.  
Douera, Glenwood Road, West Moors, Dorset.

*Books by I. Lilius Trotter.*

"Between the Desert and the Sea." With sixteen pages of Miss Trotter's beautiful illustrations in colour. 3s. 6d., postage 6d.

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