

# A Thirsty Land

IN MEMORIAM NUMBER



## Algiers Mission Band

# Algiers Mission Band

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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## Home Notes

### AN OPEN LETTER.

DEAR FRIEND,

By the time you receive this magazine, I shall (D.V.) be in Algeria, staying till just after Whitsun and visiting as many mission stations as possible. Will you pray specially for blessing on this visit, that personal contacts may result in clearer understanding of the needs on the Field and in help and encouragement to our fellow-workers there.

This letter comes to thank you very heartily for your interest and fellowship in the work of the gospel. It means more to our Lord than any of us will ever know on earth. For those who have "abounded in the grace of giving" we thank God, knowing that He is no man's debtor and will richly bless in return.

And, by the way, if at any time you want to give a gift to the work, please don't feel that it must be put off till my return. Mrs. Pilcher will be "holding the fort" in my absence and will gladly receive and acknowledge any gifts for the work, though her correspondence will, understandably, be severely restricted.

Yours in the fellowship of prayer,

DOUGLAS PILCHER.

### THE A.M.B. EASTER HOUSE PARTY.

The C.A.W.G. Hostel at Harrogate was again the venue for the Easter House party of the Yorkshire friends of the A.M.B.

Unavoidable circumstances kept away many interested friends, but those privileged to gather were greatly blessed under the joint ministry of the Rev. H. W. Stalley and Mr. D. Pilcher. Films and missionary talks challenged us again to the vital need of the North African Field, whilst the morning studies of the WORD, by Mr. Pilcher, were BREAD indeed.

It was a joy to receive letters from Miss E. Clark and Miss A. E. Powell, the latter the convener of the House-party, now on a visit to North Africa.

Finally—and most important—we were greatly indebted to Mr. D. Pyatt, who made the piano really talk. The memory of this blessed Easter time will linger long with us to the melody of the Chorus we made our own during the week-end—"Great is Thy faithfulness, O Lord, to me."

We pray that results may be far beyond our own blessings to THE GLORY OF OUR LORD and to the strengthening of the workers in the front line in North Africa.

E. JACKSON.

# A THIRSTY LAND

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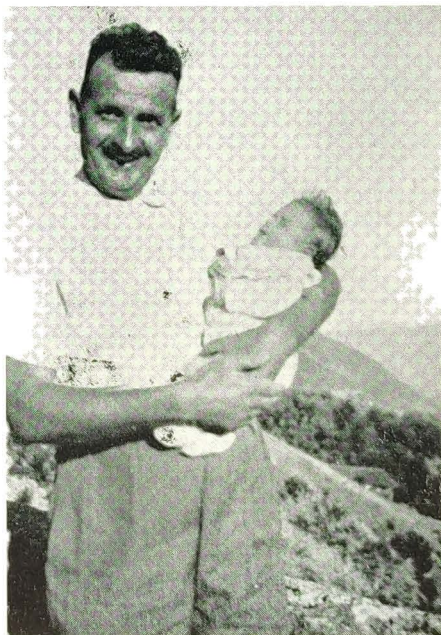
SPRING.

1951

## At Home with the Lord

On January 19, 1951, SALVADOR LULL, missionary in the Algiers Mission Band since 1928, went to be "at home with the LORD." For him—great gain and joy unspeakable: for those left behind—great loss and sorrow. Yet, as has been said, "the sorrow is lit up with hope, and at its very heart there is a thrilling joy. For though our friend is gone from our side, we know that he is only gone to a closer union with his Lord, and when-

ever we lift up our hearts to the Lord, we join with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven, and there find our friend again. In that faith in that union with the Master, and through the Master with all His followers, we turn back to serve God by serving men, until the time comes for us, too, to go home . . . to the nearer presence and the fuller service of the Lord."





## “ Friend, come up higher ”

[Under this heading the Pastor Rolland, a close friend of Mr. Lull for many years, who was with him during the last days at Biskra, gives us some of his thoughts on the life and work of which he had an intimate knowledge. It is translated from French.]

At TOLGA—an oasis in the south of the department of Constantine where he worked for many years—Mr. Lull had undertaken the creation of a new mission station, of which the realisation was already far advanced, since his own house, the girls' school, the palm garden, and the vegetable garden were finished—and formed a well thought out and harmonious whole, which many of us saw first with a heart-pang the day of his burial. The labour proceeded rapidly, and our brother set his hand to it with resolution. How this great worker arrived at finding a place for the ministry of the Word, the journeys of evangelisation, the manifold unexpected happenings of a mission station, the private devotional life, and the physical effort of exhausting manual labour—that is the secret of the Lord. The Wednesday of the week before his death, he was still toiling all the day: that night violent pains attacked him; and soon after he was moved to Biskra, where the White Sisters in the hospital tended him admirably to the last. A surgical operation was tried on the 17th, without success, and in the early hours of the 19th Mr. Lull entered into rest.

Those who had the privilege of being with him in the last hours will never forget the expression of faith and serenity with which he saw clearly and accepted the undoing of earthly ties. In spite of the wrench of leaving his wife and children, in spite of the abandonment of a ministry to which he was attached by a profound sense of vocation—of a work progressing in full activity: in spite of all this, he was perfectly ready to be taken. He looked forward to his departure calmly, viewing already on his hospital bed the glorious realities of the “be-

yond” :—“ How beautiful it is ” he said in ecstasy in the middle of the afternoon of the last Thursday.

His funeral took place on Saturday at Tolga. There were there, in the spacious court of the new station (besides the Pastor of Constantine and more than a dozen missionaries come together from the north) all the Europeans of the neighbourhood and a crowd of Arabs—attentive, respectful, serious. After the addresses of Pastor Moussiegt (“ président du Consistoire Réformé”), Mr. H. W. Buckenham (General Secretary of the Algiers Mission Band), and Mr. Arthur (“ Président du Conseil des Missions ”), two Arabs, one a lawyer, the other Sheikh of a neighbouring Zaouia, each gave a fine word in the name of the Moslem population.

Mr. Lull had asked that an appeal should be addressed to the unconverted; the missionary, Mr. Marsh, speaking in Arabic, obeyed this last desire, and Si M. followed him with a striking testimony.

Then we committed his body to earth, between two palm-trees in his new garden, at the place which he had chosen. In the bare simplicity of this burial as the sun set over the desert, the greatness and the mercy of God, Lord over all, gripped our hearts.

The “ good companion ” on colportage journeys, the affectionate colleague, so capable and consecrated, the zealous servant of the Word, the scholar in Arabic, the missionary pioneer . . . all this is gone. Our Lord has made him “ come up higher ” and he rejoices now in the happiness promised to the redeemed, to those who have “ washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.”

This our brother leaves us the beautiful example of a converted soul, who obeys fully the will of Jesus Christ, leaves all to follow Him, and gives his life to His service without looking back. He leaves us also the gracious memory of a fervent Christian, faithful, exact, austere, but whose whole existence is perfumed by an exceptional dispensation of the love of God.

[We give below a translation of the greater part of the tribute of the two Arabs who spoke at the interment of Mr. Lull.]

### Elegy by a Moslem Sheikh

We do not know the exact date of his coming. But we have known him for twenty years. During this long period, nearly a quarter of a century, spirits and men have changed. Our brother Pastor Lull has always remained Pastor Lull—that is, the clement, benevolent man who comes to the help of the abandoned, who is kind to the children with a kindness more than fatherly. He had not changed in his nature or character. Our people have only heard from him during this period what remains engraved in their hearts—kind words, care for the sick, good counsels.

Our hearts esteem even more highly our brother Mr. Lull since he expressed his wish to rest among us. We are honoured: it is a real satisfaction. Lull remains with us, dead and living. If he had wished even to be buried in our houses, it would have been a great honour for us.

Mr. Lull had won the hearts of all around, especially the population of Tolga. He has not won them by his riches or his power, but thanks to his good heart, his fine qualities, his gentle and kindly character.

### Tribute of an Arab Lawyer

I have the sad privilege of making the last farewell of the population of Tolga to one who was their friend and benefactor day by day. I cannot resist, though his modesty would have held me back, recalling the characteristic traits which we shall always remember.

I belong to the generation which, as long as it can remember anything, has always seen him at Tolga—his very presence there being an act of courage, self-denial, and faith. . . . Patiently, while yet alone in the midst of a population reputed unapproachable, he set

himself to attack all that is at the root of misery and suffering.

He attacked ignorance, by private teaching, of which we see the fruit daily, our boys (and, above all, our girls), thanks to him, can see their spirit open on a better world.

He attacked misery—he was the haven of the unfortunate, who never called on him in vain; often he did not wait for the call, he sought out, he discovered the misery to aid, and did it discreetly with a touching simplicity.

He attacked suffering—his dispensary, and the gracious treatment he gave there have saved more than one; and he added to it so much kindness and generosity that all went away relieved and full of hope.

The calm and serenity with which he consoled the most unhappy have more than once been effectual, and there beamed from his personality such grace as, in itself, is comforting.

Patiently he set himself to the task which God gave him in the midst of His creatures. Beyond distinctions of race, of frontiers, of dogma even, he gave himself to the mission of doing good, wherever needful, in whatever way possible. He *himself* did not count for him; and his sacrifice for others did not seem such to him, for he suffered with the sufferings of others. Each of his acts, his whole life, had only one motive—to serve humanity.

I do not pretend to retrace his *life* or his *work*: they are like the great canvas which one can only admire at a certain distance. Only time will allow us to realise the intensity of the one, and the immensity of the other.

You have, my dear Lull, worked wonderfully for the drawing together of souls. Your life of sacrifice and altruism is an example to us all.

You are, for us, the new apostle of Jesus; and by you, thanks to you, we have understood that we need never despair of man, the creature of God. We have understood that there is no suffering on earth which is not assuaged by taking refuge in God.

## Memories of Fellowship in Work

By Monsieur PIERRE NICOURD.

It was while I was at Oran (helping in the Missionary Exhibition) that the news was telephoned that Mr. Lull was very ill—then that he had passed away. For me (as for all of us, members of the A.M.B.) it is a great loss, a void—we ask ourselves, “Can it be true that our brother is really gone?” I look back over the early years of his service for the Lord (even before his time of study at Mr. Saillens’ Bible Institute) when—whether at Dar Naama or at Miliana—he was already so consecrated, bearing difficulties with the same calmness and faith by which he was always animated. How can I forget our journeys on colportage work—north and south—our brother was always indefatigable. Together we made our first experiences in the “sea of sand” in the Oued Souf region. He was always so faithful, whether in expounding the Scriptures, or in moments of difficulty caused by bad tracks and heavy sand; or when, for eight days, we were “en panne” at Ferkane, 30 km. from Tozeur. Our wives, left behind at Tolga, wondered what had become of us. The journey, full of ups and downs, was good for colportage. One night, having abandoned our motor, we camped with some Chambas in a native tent, with only one blanket, in the middle of the desert. Round the fire in the evening men and boys gathered—we knew not whence—nomads who had heard of the two “roumis” whose car had broken down, and who were going back to Biskra on foot or on camel. In the silence of the night voices were heard, as we read the Gospel to these tent-dwellers. They were happy to have met with us. One of them asked many questions, citing Arabic proverbs, some of which Mr. Lull had learnt during his stay in Tunis for language study.

How many other memories remain with me—journeys in the Dept. of Oran, specially to Tlemcen, where Miss Butler

begged us to visit the native shops. We had need of tact and persuasiveness among these people, so proud, so haughty, prosperous and well-dressed, with all the self-sufficiency of Islam. To-day, 15 or 20 years after, some hearts are changing—and you may understand our joy and hopefulness in seeing young Moslems rise there to bear witness to the living victorious Christ. While our hearts beat in unison with Mme. Lull and her children in their sorrow, how much also we thank the Lord for our brother, who gave his life to the service of the Lord on the Mission Field. We do not mourn without hope, quite the contrary. We would rather unite with you in prayer that from Tolga also may rise a cloud of witnesses around the grave of the friend and teacher taken from them. Tolga, the modest little station opened by Miss Trotter—I look back at our arrival there when Rassouta had only two or three houses—Tolga to-day, the station created and enlarged by our brother, is now a living witness to our Saviour; the work of the palm garden and the girls’ school being the last visible additions to the work laid down by Mr. Lull at the Lord’s call. While our sympathy goes out to his dear ones left behind, we bring them to the feet of our Lord in intercession, knowing that He will do all things for the shining forth of His Glory.

### A Good Man

[The Rev. James G. S. Thomson, M.A., B.D., B.A.(Oxon.), Lecturer at New College, Edinburgh, bears witness to the help and brotherly love Mr. Lull gave to the younger missionaries.]

*“He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of Faith.” Acts 11. 24.*

These words sprang spontaneously to mind when the news of Monsieur Lull’s home-call reached us. I was first introduced to Salvador Lull in April, 1935; but even after the passing of sixteen years the impression which this Christian gentleman made on my mind have never required qualification or restatement.

## Last Impressions

[The Rev. J. M. Roe, M.A., Field Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society for North Africa, contributes his impressions of one "faithful unto death."]

His loyalty to Christ, his humility, his transparent sincerity, his devotion to duty, his fidelity in friendship, his sheer humanity, his serenity of faith in God, in the Bible, in prayer, in the Gospel, his often unrecognised ability as a linguist, his resolve to conquer the Moslem heart by the love of Christ or be defeated (he had no other plan)—these marks of true greatness were present to a remarkable degree in this gay and gallant soldier of Jesus Christ.

I am proud to know that Salvador Lull called me his friend. During six memorable months in Tolga, followed by a brief period in the district of Setif, we lived and worked together, and it was then that he admitted me to the privacy of his mind and heart. In the hurly-burly of mission life, in the traffic between two congenial personalities, in our united morning and evening devotions, in the long frank discussions on winter evenings in the old Tolga house, or conversing as we walked in the gathering dusk, or in the haunting beauty of a moonlight night in the Sahara, Salvador Lull gradually disclosed himself, and I began to discover that I was the companion of a great man.

One thing tormented the soul of this gifted and chivalrous man—the apparent failure of the Christian Gospel and the Christian witness to win men for Christ in his beloved Tolga. But his faith, so serene, so resilient, remained undaunted, and in the face of seeming defeat he determined to plan and build for the future. Salvador Lull is not by any means the first of Christ's "corn of wheat." Indeed our Lord Himself was the first grain to "fall into the ground and die"; but this man who so emulated his Lord has now become, in his turn, a grain of Christ's wheat. From his dying will come "much fruit" in the very Tolga where he sowed so generously.

I am proud to salute this gallant, light-hearted soldier of Christ, who fought so courageously and who, having now laid aside weapons and armour, has received his crown.

I am sending you a simple testimony in remembrance of your late colleague, Mr. Lull, in the hope that these few impressions may contribute to the building up of a worthy picture of so memorable a missionary. I feel I have a particular place in the closing days of his ministry among us, since I was probably the last missionary to see him before he was struck down by his sudden illness. I had visited him only once previously, just over a year earlier, and curiously enough was accompanied by my father on both occasions. Both of us were deeply impressed by the character both of the man and his work, and my father often spoke of Tolga and its mission in his lectures and addresses in England.

From these two brief visits I retain two main impressions, which stand out for me among the medley of lesser ones. The first is that Mr. Lull, like his Lord and Master, was content to use his hands to God's glory. Each time we met his hands were a source of embarrassment to him—quite unnecessarily—owing to the manual work in which he was involved. He loved tools and materials, one would say, and took pride in such work for the Kingdom as the evident skill of his hands enabled him to accomplish. When last I saw him, only a few days before his passing, he was lifting heavy stones from the clay and constructing part of his house with evident pride.

In contrast with this love of and pride in physical toil and accomplishment goes an impression which seems a paradox. It was that, despite this zest for God's physical gifts, Mr. Lull's real desire was for spiritual results and the winning of souls. Despite his necessary preoccupation with the construction of his station, I fancy his mind was perpetually peopling even those portions yet unfinished with the presence of needy people. His first

invitation to us as visitors was not to see the buildings or the plans, but to see the children in school, to hear them sing and recite, and to see the "fruit of the Spirit" which was in evidence there. Similarly his talk was much less of stone and timber than of the people in their various groups which he hoped would one day be welcomed within the walls of the various buildings, each according to their need. His greatest enthusiasm was for the promise of spiritual awakening in his classes—especially the men's classes—his regrets were the tie of administrative and constructional matters, when he longed to go into the villages to preach or to sell the Scriptures (for he was an enthusiastic colporteur, who had travelled far to take God's Word into the oases of that region). I remember his characteristic regret at having to surround his Tolga station with such a high defensive wall; he would have preferred that its doors should stand permanently open.

His other gifts were manifold. One recalls his gentleness, his sense of humour, his shyness—especially over speaking English; the touch of mysticism in his thought, recalling his great namesake who lived in the same land. One cannot believe that one so actively and diversely gifted has been called to rest; surely God has fuller and richer fields of service for him, nearer the Throne.

J. M. ROE.

## A Man to Fill the Gap

[The Rev. Ronald Waine writes of the stirring call to service in the life and death of Mr. Lull.]

*"And I sought for a man . . . that should . . . stand in the gap, but I found none." Ezek. 22. 30.*

"Mais je sais qu'en Lui j'ai la vie"—rang out with assurance through the stillness of the desert air. Many a silent tear could be seen stealing down the bronzed faces of the men who had been his friends. These desert dwellers had come from far and near to pay their last respects to one who had been for them a friend. "We counted it an honour to

be his friend," one of them said afterwards, "because he was a friend of God." The triumphant certainty of these Christians! It must have seemed strange to these men of the oasis to see so many gathered, from all over Algeria, to sing praises to God for the triumphant entry into the very presence of God of their dearly beloved brother in the Lord and fellow-worker.

The silent procession moved slowly through the little desert town. Cars, lorries, vehicles of every description, even bicycles were pressed into service to take the crowds from the Mission compound to the last resting-place, under the palm trees so recently planted. Some not fortunate enough to find a place on any of the cars hurried along on foot over the hard desert sand, and there joined the gathered multitude as the body was laid to rest. The setting sun added its beauty to the scene, and the memory of those moments will live for ever for us who were privileged to share in the triumph of this January day.

Sorrow mingled with triumph is hard to recapture. As well try to put into words the deepest feelings of one's innermost being in such heart moving experiences. Yet one impression stands out so clearly that it cannot be denied. Even after weeks have past that word of the Lord—"I sought for a man . . . but I found none"—haunts us. *None* to stand in the gap. *None* that can adequately fill the breach made in already depleted forces. Can it be that there is none? Surely God has His man for such a time as this. He never makes mistakes. As He has taken to Himself one of His servants, He must have another to thrust forth into the vacant place in the Harvest. And yet . . . how thin the line of workers, and how many gaps. Can it be that none hear the word of the Lord echoing through the centuries—"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us"? There is only one answer worthy of the Christian in face of such a challenge and of Christ's own word—"Go ye into all the world. . . ." Let it be: "Here am I, send me."



## Tolga Station as it is Now

"God takes away His workers, but carries on His work" has been said. Can it be true? For a partial answer, look at Tolga now. Mme. Lull and her children are still there; and with great courage and devotion she is still carrying on her full share of the work. Mlle. Guibé still keeps the girls' school going;—and more than one visitor has noted the effect of Christian influence on the wild little desert children. Mrs. Buckenham on a visit there, has been giving valuable help with classes and visiting the women. And Edmund Buckenham (prevented from taking up his proposed work at Ain Arnat by the great needs of Tolga) is giving himself whole-heartedly to carrying out, as far as may be possible, the work among men and boys planned by Mr. Lull for this season. In a deeper sense, too, we believe that the work is being carried on. This work (God's work) which His faithful servant has now laid down, was not just a piling up of dead stones into a building which in time may crumble to a heap of ruins; it was the sowing of a *living seed* in the hearts of men. We may not see where it has taken root, we cannot tell how it is growing, but we can look to the Lord Who "gives the increase"; and pray with faith for the day when sower and reaper shall rejoice together in the Harvest of the Lord.

### WORK THROUGH ETERNITY.

"*Great-Heart is dead, they say!*

What is death to such a one as Great-Heart?

One sigh, perchance, for work unfinished here;

Then a swift passing to a mightier sphere,

New joys, perfected powers, the vision clear,

And all the amplitude of heaven to work

The work he held so dear.

A soul so fiery sweet can never die,  
But lives and loves and works through  
all eternity." (John Oxenham.)

## Missionary Exhibition in Algeria

On January 11 I went to Oran to join the group of eight Missionaries from different Mission fields, who were assembled there to help at the Missionary Exhibition, under the "Société des Missions Évangéliques de Paris." The Exhibition was opened at Oran, and afterwards moved to other towns in the department of Oran. I was asked to assist as representing the missions working in Algeria. It was a happy and blessed month, the spirit of brotherly love reigning among us. A great feature of the Exhibition was the display, not only of maps of the different mission fields and of many interesting curios—such as the primitive tools of the negroes, their fetishes, their wooden idols, strange fish, hunting weapons, skins of serpents and crocodiles—but also films illustrating the different countries and races and their customs. Every evening there was a public meeting, with explanatory address, showing the need for missionary work, or, to put it otherwise, the great need of mankind for the salvation which is by Jesus Christ. Each meeting was concluded by the showing of a film of the field spoken of. There were also meetings more especially for Christians in the churches and parishes visited, which permitted many profitable talks and interviews—about missionary life, spiritual needs, the training of catechists, encouragement of those in need, making known what has been done. In the mission field of Madagascar there are now a million Protestants (I say Protestants, because there are also Roman Catholic missions with converts); and the town of Tananarive counts sixty Protestant churches, as well as schools and missionary training homes. Besides Madagascar, the mission fields represented at the exhibition were Gabon, Togo, Zambeze, Lessouta, and Tahiti. It is the first time Algeria has seen so great a public manifestation. It is the first time also that the French and Algerian Reformed Church has become

responsible for a missionary station and the missionaries who occupy it;—*Ménaa in the Aurès* founded by Mr. Charles Cook under the N.A.M. After her husband's death Mme. Cook still remained on the station, and now she has been joined by Mr. and Mme. Bois, supported by the French Church under the Paris Missionary Society.

What shall I say of the A.M.B.? Our literature was on show and also for sale; and it was not only an opportunity to sell our booklets, etc., specially prepared for Moslems, but also a time for conversation, for personal interviews, for visions of the witnesses of Jesus Christ at work in this vast Algeria. Our little map, showing the churches and mission stations was a revelation to many of what exists in the work of different missionary societies. Let us beseech the Lord to bless the work of the Exhibition in making known *His work*, and by His Holy Spirit may hearts be touched to desire to take part in it.

P. NICOURD.

### Laubach Literacy Visit

The Scriptures say: "Though the Vision tarry, wait for it." January, 1951, saw the fulfilment of what has been to some of us a long-cherished dream. Dr. Laubach, the world-famous "Apostle of Literacy" landed in Algiers on January 9th (accompanied by Mr. Philip Grey, the artist), to give his attention to the four languages of French, Spanish, Arabic (Algerian Colloquial) and Kabyle. The scene of his activities was the "Palmeraie" (American Methodist Mission premises). For the first three days, he kept us all hard at work on a French primer, greatly to our surprise, since we had come together for the sake of the Arabic language. At the end of the week, he confessed that he had done this in order to develop our mental muscles, and also to complete a task already begun in another French speaking area. On January 11th a public reception was held at the English Library, where (after the traditional cup of tea) Dr. Laubach spoke by interpretation to a representa-

tive gathering of French officials, University professors, and others.

Each working day began with a time of worship. The thought uppermost in all our minds was that contained in those words of our Lord: "Without Me, ye can do nothing." We were fortunate in having the skill of Mr. Sears, as artist, in addition to Mr. Grey. These two men worked away untiringly, often only to find that their best efforts had to be discarded; and they had to start again. On January 16th, the American Methodist Mission offered to pay Miss Fletcher's return fare from Tlemcen, in order that she might participate in the Conference. We joyfully got into touch with her by telephone, and she arrived the following evening. Meals were served at the "Palmeraie," and one night, after supper, Mr. Robert Laubach shewed us coloured films of Korea and New Guinea, where very successful literacy campaigns have been held. The sight of ex-cannibals, complete with war-paint, fearsome spears, and grass skirts, all turning literate, caused us to hope afresh for our Arabs, on whom tests were to begin the following day.

Next morning, three charts were displayed upon the wall. These illustrated the fifteen letters of the Arabic alphabet selected to make up the first lesson. In the front row sat an illiterate Arab woman of between 45 and 50 years of age, the first pupil. The experiment was a complete success, and the victim went away with shining eyes, eager to return in the afternoon and try her hand at writing on the blackboard. Next, a young man with a vague knowledge of the alphabet was invited to read out to us some of the story exercises. This he did with increasing speed and satisfaction, as the frequent repetitions established his confidence. The experiments continued for two more days, and the remaining thirteen letters of the alphabet were also taught by means of picture charts. The learners were thrilled at their own progress and some even showed signs of the hysterical joy, which we had been warned to expect.

Throughout the day of January 23, Dr. Laubach lectured to us on such themes as "How to run a Literacy Campaign"; "How to Teach Adults," etc. The all-important question of Literature Production, to meet the needs of the new reading public, was also discussed.

Encouraged by Mrs. Laubach, several of us devoted the next few days to making tracings of the large charts which illustrated the alphabet. The artists among us were then able to produce their own wall sheets and begin teaching the illiterate, without waiting for the primers to come from the duplicators.

We all acknowledge Dr. Laubach to be a stream-lined expert, with the gift of being able to sift things down to rock bottom. It has been said that there is no royal road to learning; but we feel that he has removed many of the rocks and boulders, and bridged over the worst pitfalls; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that the primer he has just helped us to compile is the fruit of thirty years experience in the teaching of adult illiterates to read.

P. M. RUSSELL.

### **"Wilt Thou not Revive Us"**

News is reaching us of revival fires breaking out in various countries, such as America, Hungary, Korea, and even in our own beloved homeland on the Isle of Lewis in the Hebrides.

But what of our Thirsty Land of North Africa, long enveloped by Islam, with glimmering lights of truth endeavouring to penetrate the merciless darkness?

It is now becoming increasingly obvious that the Spirit of God has begun a deep work in this land, commencing in the hearts of the missionaries themselves. What a healthy sign it is when missionaries become anxious and disturbed about their own spiritual barrenness! Some have thereby been led to question whether it is only the hardness of Islam, or also the hardness of our own hearts, that accounts for the lack of "signs following the preaching of the Word."

We three at Tlemcen have felt the impact of the Spirit's searching and con-

victing power in our own lives. Last Easter God sent to this station a passing missionary—a man ablaze for God and souls. We felt shrivelled up spiritually. After the first reaction of resentment had passed, we found ourselves the following Sunday evening on our knees, broken before God, confessing our coldness and hardness of heart. That same week we saw a young Moslem, whose name is M—, come to Jesus under deep conviction of his need of Salvation.

Last October, we three shared with others in a searching and humbling time at our annual Field Rally. The Holy Ghost sought to break down hardness and weld softened hearts into heavenly unity. The day following our return to Tlemcen, M's brother, prepared by the Spirit, found salvation in Jesus. Three weeks later the remaining and youngest brother of this family also saw Christ nailed to the Cross for his sins, and believed.

We found as the weeks passed that the Holy Ghost did not leave us to a smug complacency, but continually stirred us up to maintain heart fellowship with the Lord and with each other. As we refused to take our own part, but rather sided with the Spirit of Truth against ourselves, God continued to bless.

A Moslem lad in deep heart distress met his old school friend M. one evening, and unburdened his heart. M. brought him along to the Mission immediately, where we read the Word of God together. Shortly after this at the conclusion of a Sunday evening service, this young man knelt in prayer—a repentant sinner—and found salvation in Jesus.

These young men redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb, were not ashamed to tell other young Moslems of their Saviour. One of them got to grips with his cousin and with the aid of M. dealt with him concerning eternal issues. He was brought to the mission, and after an afternoon studying the Way of Salvation in the Word of God, the Lord opened his heart, and he too entered into the joy of sins forgiven and found his PEACE with God.

These events have turned our thoughts specially toward our friends who *pray*, and the following quotation which we have recently read seems applicable: "Life everywhere replaces death, in earth and sea and sky; and that the rose may breathe its breath, some living thing must die. And all through life I see a cross, where sons of God yield up their breath. There is no gain except by loss: there is no life except by death." The penetrating lines of Mary Warburton Booth perfectly sum up all this:—

"Wherever you ripe fields behold,  
Waving to God their sheaves of gold,  
Be sure some corn of wheat has died,  
Some soul has there been crucified,  
Someone has wrestled, wept and prayed,  
And fought hell's legions undis-  
mayed."

Was that somebody you?

A. & J. PORTEOUS.

I. W. FLETCHER.

[Later news of these young converts, and a further urgent call to prayer come in the following lines written by Monsieur Nicoud, after his recent visit to Tlemcen.]

It was a great joy to meet these young Arabs who have accepted the Saviour: one of them was baptised last month; two more are asking for baptism. After 33 years of missionary life this is the first time I have met young Moslems so open, and beaming with the joy of being saved. Let us not forget that it is now that their difficulties begin. May the Lord guard them in their testimony and their faith. And may our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Porteous and Miss Fletcher be upheld in this great joy and responsibility. These young brothers in the faith have realised fully Rom. 10. 9—"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." And now may the Lord be their strength, and the Holy Spirit uphold them, that they may realise in their daily life the following verse—"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

## An Open Door at Relizane

Many and varied have been my experiences since coming here, but what has impressed me most is the way the people knock at the door. It has been said that character can be divined by the manner in which one knocks. If this is so, I wonder what would be the definition of the character shown by the knock of a native of Relizane? It is no ordinary knock, but a loud banging—suggestive of an earthquake rather than a knocking.

One day the place was shaken by just such a bang. I went to the door, expecting to find at least half-a-dozen children. Instead I found one rather dirty, untidy woman, whose face just beamed! What a meeting that was! What rejoicing! I read with her; then she asked me if we could sing together the hymn "Wonderful words of Life." She could only *grunt*, but her joy knew no bounds, and I know the Lord heard her praise. She went away praising God that the door of His house was open again. Through her I was reminded of the words in Rev. 3. "I have set before thee an open door." The door is open again at Relizane. May we not fail to keep it open, that all who come may hear the wonderful words of Life.

E. CLARK.

[To this we add a note from Monsieur Nicoud, who writes: "On my return journey (from Tlemcen) I stopped at Relizane to pick up Mme. Nicoud, who had come to spend two days with Miss Clark. It was a great joy to see this station open after being closed for want of a worker so many years, and to see and hear how many little girls come to the classes—and also many women. Pray with us that the Lord will uphold our sister in her activities, and that there also souls may come to receive the salvation which is by Jesus Christ."]

## Who's that Knocking at My Door

Now I wonder who it is this time? Five minutes ago there had been a loud and insistent chorus of "Madame Ronald, Madame Ronald"—six little girls with

six innocent little faces wanted to be admitted to the girls' class (limited in numbers to suit linguistic ability).

"Naughty?" they said with a very pained air, "Oh no—not Us—we will be very good!" Bang! Bang! Soapy hands brush the towel in passing and the door is opened to an Arab woman. From underneath her haik she carefully manœuvres a dish of eggs. Would I like them, they are quite fresh? Then follows a long catechism as to the health of my husband, my baby, and myself. I am expected to reply, and ask the same list of questions of my caller, we both say "Praise be to God" and after the purchase of the eggs say "good-bye,"—not quite so long!

Back to the washing—time's getting on—must do the potatoes quickly now. Knock, knock! Not so loud, but quite determined. Down tools; to the door. This time a woman whom I have not seen before with a baby in her arms. The questions recommence and eventually the woman tells me that the little one is sick. Just six weeks old, and such a bad burn spreading from neck to chest. I hastily find her a chair, and armed with my First-Aid tray (always handy) and an Arabic dictionary, I sit down on the step to find something that will soothe. Baby comfortably settled, she hurries away with a promise that she will try to get to the women's meeting when baby is well. Between then and lunch children call for rosemary from the garden, which they use as a remedy, an elderly man with native mats and baskets, and some one searching for rabbit food. All these, and many more, find their way to our home in the course of a day. I soon realise that time-tables don't work out here, and the one great lesson to be learnt is to be ready at any time to serve and witness—to let the love of our Saviour be radiated through these humble tasks, touching lives around us. This readiness seems to be the key-note to the present situation in the mission field of North Africa. Not long ago God gave to us very clear promises of an out-pouring of His Spirit on this land. Already we see

signs of the beginning of revival blessing. Our own lives have been, and are being, searched by the Holy Spirit, so that we shall be ready—"meet for the Master's use."  
M. R. WAINE.



### New Year at Touggourt

One morning early in the New Year, a crowd of little people were gathered in front of our door. They were mostly from poor homes in a village near-by. Although our classes were well represented, these were not all class children, neither were all the pupils there, because the occasion was the distribution of clothes sent by kind friends in America and England for the poor of Touggourt; and many who attend the classes come from well-to-do homes, and therefore were not invited to this fête.

At last the door was opened, and a joyous crowd flooded into the class-room, while some shy ones dressed in rags, and looking—oh, so unhappy, hung round the door. They had not received a ticket of entrance the day before, not having heard in time. They could hardly believe their ears when I said, "Come in, welcome, don't worry about the ticket." At last all were seated, and I was confronted with eager, upturned faces. Eager for the garments which were to be given them?—Yes, doubtless they were, but the first concern of the class children was to show me that they had not forgotten



the parables and texts they had learnt by heart, although we had not met for several months. When all their knowledge was finally exhausted I told them a story leading up to the Christian message, a respectful hush lasting the whole time, and responsive listening. After this we sang hymn after hymn till I had no voice left. Then we all went into the court, as seen in this photograph, and the choosing was no small affair! When all present had received a dress or coat a chorus of thanks burst forth, intended for all those kind unknown friends who had sent them such useful gifts. A very happy band of children left us, hugging their presents to them, and some trying to put them on there and then.

I had hoped for a better photograph, but desert children are most difficult to take, as they are afraid of the camera. One day when we tried to take the class children some immediately fled, others got under the forms or hid behind their neighbour's back, whilst the rest, who were too late to escape, covered their faces with their haiks. In the present photo, although I do not think they knew the camera was there, the big girls are some of them covering their faces, and all are smothering the little ones with their haiks, just because the little sisters keep so close to the big ones. There were 38 in all that morning. The rest of the things are being distributed as we meet with different cases of need.

I. K. NASH.

## Teaching Adults to Read

This has meant in our case teaching grandmothers to read, and we have yet to await proof of the results.

A grandmother out here is not necessarily of great age, but she has a position to hold. She has to be present at the different happenings in the family circle. She is of age to visit other families in times of births, marriages, deaths, or illness; so she has many social duties. For such, to start from the very beginning is a new idea. She has to be encouraged, and treated with tact and understanding.

Dr. Laubach must have made a psychological study of illiterates the world over, for his advice and hints are invaluable. It was amusing to find the reactions just what he had foretold. "Never laugh at a mistake—always praise—teach them individually, remember how sensitive an adult is." We found our pupils shy of the first attempt, but after one lesson eager and elated. As we praised them such statements as these came from them:—"You know I have a good head"—or "You should have taught me sooner." One is a woman with an impediment in her speech, and it was great to see the joy in her face as she said—"Even I the dumb one (the stammerer) see! I can read." It was joy almost amounting to hysteria. Another has been already showing her husband, and this is what we desire—that they enthuse others in their homes.

One pupil is our baptised man, C. After only five lessons he had mastered the whole alphabet, and was able to read short sentences of repeated words, and even worry out new sentences. This thrilled him, and lifted him out of despair; for he had lost his work in the hospital, and had nothing to do. "Now," he said, "I shall learn to read Arabic, and be able to teach others of Christ in their own tongue." When a sentence is labouriously spelt out I hear him saying to himself "bon" or "très bon," and I believe he will be the first of our group eligible for a reader's certificate.

Another male pupil is an invalid soldier from the last war, who has used up the money paid him when he was invalided out of the army after three and a half years under the flag. He came in despair, weeping, and disgusted with his surroundings, laughed at by his contemporaries—for he can only beg. After hearing the tale of woe I turned to read some words of our Lord, and we ended with "whatsoever ye shall ask in My name." Then I brought out one of the reading charts—the illustration of the first five letters. It was a brain effort; he became a different man, and riveted his attention on the pictures with their

letters, going over and over and making me listen. Afterwards he whipped out a pencil, and I wrote out those letters, and he began himself to make a copy—his face shining. We both admired the attempt ; I clapped my hands, and he clapped his, and went off beaming with joy to come back, I trust, another day.

Pray for him ; we call him Hassen (good) and long that the joy of the Lord may become his strength.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

## A European Midwife in Touggourt

This devoted young midwife sets out with a very poor native man, in response to his appeal for assistance for his wife. He leads her to his home outside the town, which consists of five pieces of wood, four placed in the shape of a square, with the longest in the centre to hold up the roof. This latter is made of a few palm-tree branches, old sacks and rags, also pieces of tin. All this reaches to the ground, and is held in place by its weight.

The midwife hastens to enter this hovel, and soon baby arrives. The midwife then looks round anxiously and asks the neighbour who was present at the birth for something with which to cover this frail piece of humanity. Mother replies "All is ready, and," to the astonishment of the midwife, the neighbour begins to scratch in the sandy floor of the tent. At last she stops, and taking the infant, she pulls its hands and feet out straight and then lays it in the hole that she has made, covering it up to the neck with sand. The mother does not take it out to feed it, but just bends over so that it can get at her breast. When the child needs cleansing, it is taken out of its hole and rubbed with sand. Another hole is then made, and baby soon finds itself back in a cradle of clean sand, and this will be its existence until it attains the age of three months.

The midwife, who has a very tender heart, thought how uncomfortable sand must be against that fragile skin, and

returned to the tent with some little garments, but the next time she visited it she found baby back in its hole and quite content, and she is now getting used to this primitive method which is always employed by these tent mothers. If baby comes during the winter months mother is anxious to protect it from the cold, so she steals wood here and there, wherever she can, in order to make a fire, and baby seems to thrive even on smoke, for this fire is made in a hole in the ground of the tent. I. K. NASH.

## "Prayer and Supplication with Thanksgiving"

Let us praise God "for all the saints who from their labours rest," and for the inspiring memory of their lives—especially remembering Mr. SALVADOR LULL.

Let us pray for those who mourn, especially committing to the care of the God of all comfort Madame Lull and her four children.

While we thank God for the present help supplied for the station of Tolga let us pray that the Lord will provide for the future ; and that, there and elsewhere, where there is much to be done and few to do it, He will send forth His labourers, called and made ready by Him.

We thank God for the hope of visits on the Field from Mr. Pilcher, and also Mrs. Waine and Miss Powell (the former being the mother of one of our Band, and the latter already a prayer partner and helper of the A.M.B.). We pray that these visits may result in closer fellowship, fresh interest and more prayer help for the work from those in the homeland.

Needs to be remembered in prayer (besides the Literature and Colportage Funds without which publishing and distribution of literature is hampered) are the temporal and material wants of the missionaries—that it may please God that such funds may come in that they may receive their allowances without delays or curtailment. Missionaries do not go on strike, but their great faith and patience must sometimes be much tried.

