

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS :—DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

President :—Miss S. E. PERKIN.

General Secretary and Treasurer :—Mr. H. W. BUCKENHAM,
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Corresponding Secretary and Hostess at Dar Naama :—Miss V. WOOD.

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Home Office :—Campfield, Great Barton, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

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

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

The occasional 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 passing on this magazine to another Christian friend.

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

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Algiers Mission Band

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EDITOR:
MILLCENT H. ROCHE

“ The Glorious Gospel . . . Committed to my Trust ”

1 Timothy 1. 11.

“ *The glorious gospel . . . committed to my trust!* ” Ponder well these wonderful words, until they thrill and inspire you. He has put YOU *in trust* with the Gospel for these heathen (Moslem) souls. He has *chosen* you, has *trusted* you. He is depending upon you. Are you being true, or are you disappointing Him? Oh, the consequences involved—to them, to you, to HIM! *God help you to do your very best!*

THE LATE DR. ROBERT H. GLOVER,

China Inland Mission.

Editorial

Missionaries in Algeria have experienced throughout long years, the help and sympathy of many French Protestant pastors and members of their churches. During the terribly difficult war period their friendship and intervention were helpful beyond all telling.

It was a great joy to the Editor to receive lately a “special” number of *L’Algerie Protestante*, organ of the Protestant Churches of Algeria. It is devoted almost entirely to an account of various missions in that land, including the A.M.B. Their history, problems, and future horizons are dealt with, also work among the young people (including hostels and camps). There is a testimony by an Arab pastor, an article by a Kabyle Christian of long standing, and others by pastors and missionaries. There is an extract from *A Life on Fire*, by Miss Trotter, and her photograph is included among many excellent illustrations.

We rejoice to read that a number of those

in Protestant Churches of Algeria, are realising the call to witness for Christ to the Moslems around them, and that many young people are hearing God’s call to missionary work, and are receiving encouragement from their elders who are ready to help them. Real friendships are being formed between missionaries, both French and foreign, and the pastors and people of the Churches. Conferences have been held, at which native and European Christians have met for prayer and study.

We read—“Children of Arab and Kabyle Christians are attending our Sunday Schools, and more and more we realise the existence of *The Church of Christ in Algeria*, uniting believers of many races.”

After many days, there is surely “A sound of abundance of rain.” Let us join our prayers with those of our brothers and sisters of the French Protestant Churches of Algeria, asking that God’s Spirit may work mightily, and that the thirsty lands of North Africa may not miss the showers of blessing so long prayed for. M.H.R.

Notes by the General Secretary

"There shall be a fulfilment."—"Thy hope shall not be cut off."

Our Spring notes ended with reference to the expected arrival early in April of Mlle. Robert, and of Mr. Baggott early in October. It is fitting these should open with the announcement of Mlle. Robert's arrival on April 15th, and of her testimony to God's seal upon her spirit during five days spent thereafter at Dar Naama, filling her with thankfulness that God had led her to us.

With regard to our expectation of Mr. Baggott's arrival in due time, the following extracts from his recent letters fill us with joy:—

"My heart is full of praise to the Lord for His wonderful guidance in my life—and I feel so happy that He has brought me into the fellowship of the A.M.B. I remember reading, when a schoolboy, Miss Trotter's *Parables of the CHRIST Life*, and it was a great blessing to me."

"I look forward to the future days with glad expectancy and shall be so happy to be with you at the Rally."

* * *

"The LORD shall bless thy going out and thy coming in."

¶ The last full week in April saw two considerable journeys undertaken, one to Tlemcen by the Mission car, from Headquarters, the other from Blida to Bou Saada by Blida's car. The first taking Miss Farmer, Miss Clark and Mlle. Robert to be Tlemcen's new staff, the latter a party of three to spend a few days with Mlles. Butticaz and Chollet, at Bou Saada.

Both journeys comprised a "going out" and a "coming in"—a new going out for Mlle. Robert, and a new coming in to familiar ground for Miss Clark after an absence of years. For Miss Farmer, taking this new charge, a "going" into the unknown in some measure, but an assured "coming in" in the fulness of the blessing of Christ."

One part of the blessing attending the coming in to Tlemcen was much-appreciated help rendered by some faithful friends of the Mission resident there, in the matter of heavy luggage which had been forwarded by train; while Mlle. Butticaz rejoiced that Blida's incoming meant the bringing along of much-needed stuff for which she had been longingly waiting. Also the presence of the car meant the possibility of visiting three villages of her wide parish, one of which lies fifty kilometres out; and the distribution of literature in two of them.

The return journey in each case also comprised something of blessing. M. Nicoud returned from Tlemcen by Mostaganem in order to visit Mlle. Gayral, who in her retirement after forty years service in the Band—forty of the fifty-nine years of the Mission's existence—appreciates added contacts with the personnel of the Mission. At Aumale Miss Munro had the pleasure of calling upon another former citizen of Bathgate, now married and living there.

In connection with another journey soon to be taken, a third car comes into focus—that belonging to Mr. Lull, in which he proposes to bring along to Dar Naama themselves and luggage, ready for departure on May 25th to France for their overdue furlough. This long journey from Tolga will be broken by a night at Bou Saada.

Cars and the means for running them are indeed gifts of God.

* * *

"The eyes of the LORD thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."

Each station in its turn calls for special committal to the Lord who "careth", when the best human care available during absences for furloughs and for shorter periods is very precarious. Blida had special cause for thanksgiving in this respect five months ago, Miliana four months since, and Tlemcen similarly a month ago, while the above visit to Bou Saada calls for thanksgiving that recent negotiations and subsequent repairs and installations have

been brought through the labyrinth of differing mentalities of Jew, Arab, and European successfully.

Now it is Tolga for committal, and in an accentuated sense, compared with former occasions, through Mr. Lull's new venture. In thinking of his plantation, shall we stand with him upon the word, "Neither shall any man desire thy land when thou goest

"For their furlough, and any others that may be taken—as well as shorter periods of rest and change when the heat really comes—let us pray for the unbroken continuance of God's purposes in and through all; and, along with physical and spiritual recuperation, the seizing of every opportunity to feed and increase the fellowship of others whom God would have share with us "the travail that makes His kingdom come."

* * *

We are thankful for increased penetration into the work and the conditions in which it is carried on, on the part of those who are able to visit the land. We felt that Miss Mabel Wood's visit to Blida, just before she returned to England at the end of March, meant to her and will mean through her, an increased understanding coming to others.

* * *

A happy occasion of Band interest was embraced by those of us near enough to attend the celebration at Dar Naama on April 29th of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of M. and Mme. Nicoud. Friends from other missions and Christian circles gathered to surround them with loving greetings and wishes for many added years of useful living and service. Their two sons in Switzerland were also remembered.

* * *

Before the issue of next *Thirsty Land*, something of God's purpose with regard to our first post-war Rally expected to take place in October, will have been granted us. If any of our friends would like to send a message to be shared at that time, such contributions would help to make our union a more vivid reality. God will undoubtedly charge many of us with prayer for such

preparation beforehand as is suitable, and that all who participate will come with their whole being opened towards HIM, so that what of time remains to us may be marked by greater manifestations of His Power than we have as yet been able to know.

With regard to this Mr. Stalley writes: "I am praying that God will make the way perfectly clear for me to come, if it is really His will."

H. W. BUCKENHAM.

First Impressions

BOU SAADA.

From my childhood I had heard about missions, but I was chiefly interested in work among negroes. Later on, when I heard of missions to Moslems, the results seemed so disheartening that though I felt real sympathy for these missionaries I thought that I would not like to be in their place. Great was my surprise when I received a call to Algeria. It was the third time that God had pointed my way, but I did not wish to go. Once again I discovered that blessing follows on obedience.

I can say that the four months passed at Bou Saada have been the happiest of my life. I had so often heard that after many years of hard work among Moslems the missionaries had not seen any fruit, and the arrival at Bou Saada was a revelation to me. It was so beautiful to see the welcome that was given to Mlle. Butticaz, and I was touched at the warm reception that the Arabs gave to me. I realise that they are very lovable. What a joy it is to see, that in the absence of the missionaries, the Spirit of God was at work in hearts, and that thirsty souls are coming to listen to the Message of Salvation.

I have been so glad to get to know the members of the A.M.B. and to experience the fellowship in prayer that unites them all.

If I add nothing more you will think that I find Bou Saada to be really what its name indicates, "The place of happiness." Alas, every day we feel our own helplessness in the face of all the misery which surrounds

us. During the first month that I was here, a certain sense of insecurity weighed upon me at the sight of all the poverty. A friend said to me before I left Switzerland that I should be thrilled by Bou Saada. But I assure you that this was not the case. For us, Europeans, who have all our lives been accustomed to verdure, the sand and bare rocks seem sad, and certainly the palm trees are less beautiful to me than the fir trees of my country! But I have not come here for the landscape, and I thank God every day that He has sent me here. I am in haste to learn the language so that I may be useful in His service. (Translated.)

G. CHOLLET.

TLEMCCEN.

Among all the blessings that God bestows upon His children, there is one specially precious, which fills me with wonder. It is the brotherly understanding which springs up, spontaneously, between people who are strangers to one another and who may be of a different race, education, or country. I have only been four weeks in Africa, but I already have many sisters. I found them at Dar Naama as soon as I arrived, and they welcomed me into the family of the A.M.B.

With two of them I have come to Tlemcen, and here we have found yet other sisters. I have found some in the Protestant Church, but I have also found some among the native women for whom we are here. Is it not astonishing and wonderful? I do not understand their language and I cannot speak to them. I can only smile at them, and play the harmonium a bit for them. And yet there is a sort of understanding between many of them and myself—a bond which means that we are not strangers to one another. Why should we be strangers—we have the same Saviour!

Last Sunday more women came than we expected. We were all crowded into the little room that we had prepared for them. They were happy to be there, happy to sing the hymns and to listen to God's Word. They were attentive and reverent. The Lord Jesus was in our midst.

During the previous days we had not had time to go and invite them, they came of their own accord because they saw the house open. Many of them said to Miss Farmer, "We are so happy that the door is open once again, we came so many times to look and it was always shut."

Are you not, like myself, struck by these words? Souls had a thirst for God, a thirst for Eternal Life, and they had no one to show them the way. Though at Tlemcen the door is open now for those who want to know how to enter the Kingdom, there are other doors still closed. It has not been possible to re-open certain stations. Will you pray that workers and funds may be sent? (Translated.)

ANDREE JEANNE ROBERT.

Changes and Chances

This town is more than ever like the new Jerusalem, when it comes to the numbers of boys and girls playing in the streets. There are, however, subtle changes and many new tendencies emerging, now that we have been back here for a few months. Most of these developments are extremely helpful in the work of evangelisation.

The French schools have done splendid combat with the giant of illiteracy and many more Arab children read and enjoy French books than was formerly the case. Quite a hush comes over the little group on Sunday mornings, when books are given round, before the Bible classes begin. There was a time when no one seemed to have patience to read steadily through one book; now the problem is how to tear the book away from them, before they have finished it. A French classic, recently purchased in Algiers, has proved so popular that it has been impossible to keep it in our library. We shall have to resort to chains, in future, as in the days of the chained Bible!

It is encouraging to note the steady sale of Christian literature to these young readers. Even the small boy who begs for a crust of bread will produce five francs (2½d.) for the life story of Moses. The girls, of course (!) are the better students, and to them, a booklet of French hymns is quite

irresistible. The Arabs are making a determined effort to teach their own people to read Arabic (always in conjunction with the French authorities). Quite small girls are learning to read and write classical Arabic, and do it with a fine air. They are glad to accept Scripture Gift leaflets in that language.

Another very marked change of attitude could best be described as "hospital mindedness." Whereas, formerly, so many preferred to die rather than go to hospital, now a growing percentage prefer hospital treatment to a lingering death at home. This decision on their part calls for great courage in the face of opposition from pessimistic relatives. We are always glad to visit our Arab friends while they are in hospital and one has only to glance round the crowded wards to see how popular the place is becoming. Better health and longer lives are some of the benefits gained.

As has been noted in other parts of the Near East, here, too, women and girls have greater freedom to come and go, since the war. Owing, possibly, to the present high cost of living, quite a number of young girls go out to work. A set of these come to us every Tuesday afternoon in order to learn to read and write in Arabic. Our aim is that they might reach the stage of reading the New Testament Scriptures for themselves. Their keenness is very marked. One of these girls had a nasty experience recently. She and a friend were returning from work in the afternoon, when they became aware that a young man was following them. She told him what she thought of his behaviour, in no measured terms, apparently, with the result that he dealt her a blow which sent her reeling. Unfortunately for the young man, it happened immediately outside our front door. Still more unfortunately, we were just coming out at the time and saw the girl collapse, with blood streaming from her nose. . . . To cut a long story short, we were able to look after the girl and the police promised to look after the young man.

Emancipation brings many new dangers in its train and we would value your prayers for these Moslem girls as they cross the threshold into womanhood.

P. M. RUSSELL.

Psalm 65. 9-13

This psalm describes the present state of Bou Saada, as some engineers have lately discovered, near the town, a splendid spring of drinking water. On Palm Sunday Mlle. Chollet and I went to see it. A tunnel of over a hundred and sixty feet long took us into the heart of the hill, following a narrow path beside the deep channel. The noise of the cascade was deafening, although we scarcely saw the spring in the darkness. We did not stop, it was so cold there, but how we marvelled at this wonderful discovery! Coming out of the orifice, the water enters pipes, underground, which will direct its flow to the town. All along the three miles workmen are placing pipes, digging the rock, building a tremendous reservoir, so that all the inhabitants may have sufficient. From now on, gardens will flourish, and corn grow taller than a man; everywhere there should be abundance and fertility. Already drinking fountains are repaired and children and workers shout for joy.

How we long to see the Moslems rejoicing to find the heavenly spring and the water of life, in Jesus! but alas, they ignore the source of all good, and they have no one to lead them there. Where are the men and women who will guide them to Christ?

During the days while our friends from Blida were visiting us, we took the opportunity of motoring to far away villages. Very soon, however, all the gospels and tracts were sold, so climbing on to the step of the car I spoke to the crowd of men waiting for the "Word." When tired I wanted to stop, but a voice near me kept saying, "Continue, more, more, more, please." Our hearts were moved by their spiritual thirst. Again in a second village I heard the voice again, "Go on, go on." Five years had passed since we travelled that way before, what will be the results? Please pray that God's Spirit may work in their hearts. We are always so thankful for intercession on the home side, and God answers wonderfully.

Next day E. Buckenham took us to the village of el-Hamel. Some tracts were received gratefully, and we had a talk with

a woman who was in search of healing. What joy was ours to tell her of the great Healer, while a nice group of students gathered round to listen to the Good News. Further on, sitting on the step of the Coranic School, was the teacher of about fifty boys and young men who were repeating their lessons all together. I offered him a tract which I thought would interest him; however, he not only refused it but began cursing my mother. We went off quietly, remembering what the Lord said in the Sermon on the Mount—"Bless them that curse you." Pray for this man that some of the gospels or tracts left in el-Hamel may come into his hands, so that he may learn about the only One Who can save him.

A. BUTTICAZ.

News from Tlemcen

Very early in the morning of April 21st, Miss Clark, Mlle. Robert and myself left our headquarters at Dar Naama for Tlemcen. M. Nicoud brought us here by the Mission car. The journey took us about a day and a half, we were obliged to put up at an hotel for the night en route. We paid a short visit to Miss Grautoff at Miliana. She was not expecting us, and we found her and her fellow missionaries very busy. It was good to see the station in full working order again and it is well manned by the help of Miss Russell and Miss Chantler. I am sure the people are rejoiced to have Miss Grautoff and Miss Russell back among them. Soon after leaving Miliana the weather became very hot and the country looked parched through lack of rain. Trees were few and far between, and in the summer the heat must be unbearable for lack of shade.

As we neared Tlemcen the air became cooler and the country green and mountainous. In an ordinary spring Tlemcen would be a beautiful spot, but, like most other places in Algeria, it has suffered very much this year through lack of rain. We had very hot dry weather the first ten days, now we are having cool, rainy weather.

This station had been closed for months,

but a French woman, a friend of Miss Wood, very kindly had the house washed through for us.

The next few days we found plenty to do to get things into order. Gradually the women heard that the house was open and came to visit us. They were very anxious for us to begin a Sunday afternoon meeting. The first Sunday we had five women and a few children and they expressed their joy at finding that the house was once again open to them. They said that each time they passed the door they had knocked, but the only reply was complete silence; now they knew they would be welcome again. Some had known Miss Butler as children, some Mr. and Mrs. Stalley, others Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Morgan, Miss Wood. I felt that some of these women really loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and had missed their spiritual teachers. I was very encouraged to find that two could read Arabic and were willing to take an active part in the meeting. Last Sunday I came across another who asked for a Gospel to read in her house. From their answers to Biblical questions put to them, it is evident how well the women have been taught in past years. The mothers are now anxious for their children to be taught. We have one woman who comes to us as often as she can, she is helping Mlle. Robert in her reading and is anxious to help in the classes. One woman came to take us to her village and made us very welcome at her house. Others have asked us to visit them, in their homes near the station. We need your prayers as the work develops, that God may guide us in all that we seek to do for Him.

A. M. FARMER.

* * *

Words fail me to say all I would like to, concerning my return to Tlemcen after so long. It is a very different Tlemcen in many ways, but more needy than ever for the Gospel of Christ.

I have been greatly struck by the numbers of women and girls who have already come to the house, asking to be taught, and it has been a great joy to me to meet again those I once knew. Surely great opportunities await us. May God help us by His

grace and power to avail ourselves of them, and may He be pleased to use us to the utmost, for His service in this place.

EDITH CLARK.

“After Many Days”

We were going to visit a town on the plateau below us. It was a very hot day, and the only suitable bus took us down at twelve noon. The question was where could we shelter till the shops opened at 3 p.m. Then we remembered that our landlord from the desert had a depot for dates in that town, so we were guided to his house. Instead of a native dressed Jew, in long robes and turban, as we expected, a stout man in French dress came forward to greet us, with his pretty young wife, and several big lads, his nephews. He asked us to rest with them and to drink coffee, a generous offer, for coffee is only rationed in small quantities month by month.

One of the lads was an electrician, another a shoemaker, and the third a saddler. While Miss Russell was busy talking to the desert woman who could read French well, I was having conversations with these four men, on the Scriptures and on Palestine.

The next day back in our own town there was a tap at the door, and two of these same lads came bringing another one with them. They had come to sing Christian hymns, and their choice was,

“No child is too young,
For the narrow way.”

We asked them why they chose that, and they answered, “Because we were little fellows in your desert classes up to 1940, and you and the other one taught us that. So these big strong fellows sat round the organ singing heartily this children’s hymn. One of them knows “soldier’s English,” and wants to buy a bilingual (Hebrew-English) New Testament costing 200 francs.

After about fifteen minutes, time was up and they had to go in different directions to their work.

When we remember the stones thrown at our poor door, and other wild doings, it is cheering to know that some message had lodged in the hearts of these boys of years gone by. We remembered the time when they were due at the Rabbi’s class, and we, not knowing this, let them in to our meeting. There was a rap at our door and an irate teacher there to ask for them. While I apologised, saying that I had not known that there was another class at that hour, the boys escaped by the back door. I chuckled, and could not let the boys down or have them beaten before me!

Pray for these lads now that they have come to live more than 200 miles nearer to us—and are young men. The last touch with them had been seven or eight years ago when they were little boys of nine or ten.

MABEL D. GRAUTOFF.

A Flash from Touggourt

A SUNDAY EVENING WALK.

Not along by the sea, but over an endless sea of the finest sand, which was so soon to be bathed in the soft roseate after-glow of the setting sun.

It was rather a novel experience having a race with the sun, for it was more a race than a walk, and I should not have attempted it but for the fact that for many weeks past I had been trying to find a family who had visited me and who had given me a most hearty invitation to go and see them. On that particular Sunday a man working in Touggourt said he knew the family as he lived in the same village, and would take me to their house that evening when he returned to his home. I seized this offer, and was duly ready at the appointed hour. I thought the village in question was close by, but Touggourt had become but a spot on the horizon, and still we went on and on, and the sun also was continuing its course down and down. Then with a somewhat uncomfortable feeling I remembered that one of the men who worked for us last winter, and who came from that direction, always left off work at 3.30 p.m. so as not to be on that

desert sea at dusk. But trusting the Lord to protect me, I decided not to turn back, for surely it was He who sent this guide across my path, and although it would be too late to visit other families, I could always return at leisure once I knew the way. So I just stopped a moment to note any landmarks there might be to help me when I should have to return alone. On the right we passed two villages and a palmeraie, on the left there was nothing to be seen but a shrine in the distance.

At last we came to the village in which lived the family so ardently sought after, and began mounting one of its principal streets. It was crowded with men and children, the former squatting in front of their respective doors, or chatting with neighbours, the latter, of all ages, playing in groups. The men looked at me, some suspiciously whilst others were curious, but I was not conscious of any hostility, and most of the children greeted me in French in a very friendly way, only very few running from me in fear holding up a small hand, which gesture is supposed to ward off the evil spirit of the Roumia (European).

Then the street became steeper and narrower, and somewhat breathless, for we had come along at a great pace, I asked my guide if there was much farther to go, he assured me there was not, and after turning up another street, and yet another, he pointed to the door round another corner, and then hastily disappeared, for had the people not been pleased to see me he would most probably have got into trouble for having shown me the house. He need not have feared, however.

As soon as I appeared in the street, a little boy who was coming towards me from the house to which my steps were directed, on seeing me shouted out joyfully, "She is coming to our house," and rushed off home with the news. "Come in, come in," the women called out as I reached the door, and all except one poor blind woman rose to greet me. Then out into the court ran a little girl of about eleven years, and gazing into my face, as though afraid she might be mistaken, she said, "Is it really she?" and then seizing my hand and covering it with kisses, "Yes it is, it is." Why all this joy,

it was not only because they cared for me personally, found me "sympathique" as the French say, but my presence reminded them of the happy hours spent under our roof listening to the old, old Story of God's Love and Redemption, to them so new and wonderful, and which had such a hold on them that they paid little if any notice to the lantern pictures which illustrated it, in order to fix the whole of their attention on the words.

Yes, here at last was the family I had sought for so long, and who were just as keen. In spite of the distance I hope to be able to visit them again before the really hot weather sets in, and have also other interesting openings in that village, and which there was not time to follow up that evening.

The lord and master of the family was absent, and this was disappointing, for he had been as keen as the women to hear the Word when they all came to see me in Touggourt, but this man, like so many other natives, is very afraid of his co-religionists.

With my heart full of joy and praise I left these dear swarthy sisters, promising to return soon if possible, and for a much longer visit.

In the glow of the sun which had almost set, his white burnous looking red in its fiery rays, a man was praying under a palm-tree, making this a very pretty picture. "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you," said St. Paul. Other men in their soft coloured burnouses hurried past me towards the village I had just left, where their supper was no doubt awaiting them, but hunger was probably not the only motive of their haste. And the story of the man who fell among thieves on the road to Jericho came to my mind, for this story is often repeated here in these days, though, I am afraid, without the Good Samaritan. As I passed the other villages in the approaching darkness of the night, there was not a soul to be seen in their streets. At last Touggourt was reached, and now I await a suitable day to return, possibly next time very early in the morning so as to avoid the heat.

I. K. NASH.

Home Notes

Dear Friends,

With the coming of mid-summer the pace of the work on the Field has of necessity to slow down somewhat. In the intense heat bodily and spiritual refreshment are greatly needed after the strenuous months of unremitting work. This means also that owing to our restricted numbers and scattered forces one or two stations must close their doors for a short period. It seems sad to be obliged to do this, but it is not without its compensations. The situation is a definite call to prayer—that the Holy Spirit may make use of the silence and absence of the human messenger in order to speak directly to hearts in whom the Seed of the Word has been planted. Touggourt, Tolga and Bou Saada are three stations which will feel the absence of the missionaries most. Please remember Miss Nash, also M. and Mme. Lull and their family, on furlough.

In a report just to hand from M. Lull I have underlined the following words: "The encouragement . . . lies not so much in what has been done, as in the possibilities that we can see, if only the evangelisation by colportage could be *intensified*." We may also say that of all other branches of the work . . . "the possibilities if only evangelisation could be *intensified*!" Asked for his impressions of the position just now, M. Lull writes . . . "The tour has allowed us to ascertain once more that the attitude of the natives towards the missionaries is not so bad as has been supposed and that they are accessible to the Gospel."

The word "intensify" has been repeated lately in communications from our new General Secretary on the Field. It should be the watchword for the day. Whence must this "intensification" come? It is difficult to see how those on the Field can give much more of time, labour and prayer than they are doing. Perhaps some of you may feel that the same applies to you in the homeland. There are many young Christians to-day, however, who cannot say as many older ones can, "I am afraid I have so many prayer interests I cannot take on any more!" Those of you who can, what about looking around for some "junior

partners" for this business of prayer? Intensification of prayer power is needed first and foremost.

That prayer has been increasing is certain. Look at the "target" set out in our last number. Since then there has been a further step forward. A letter with an offer from a Prayer Partner came recently which now brings the possibility of a "Mobile Unit" (Caravan Mission Station and Bookshop) more immediately into the picture. The gifts received and promised now represent half of the estimated £1,000 cost of such a unit. This project is most evidently in the line of God's Will, so please intensify prayer that it may soon be an accomplished fact.

This year's London annual meetings will be held (D.V.) on *Tuesday, September 23rd, at 3 p.m. and 6.30 p.m., in the Tudor Room, Caxton Hall, Westminster*. We hope that we shall have the fellowship of Miss Nash, and possibly of M. Salvador Lull of Tolga, to bring us first-hand contact with the front line activity. Mr. Frank Baggott will also be with us prior to his departure for North Africa.

In October, Dar Naama will once again be the scene of a Missionary Rally as in pre-war days. We are looking forward to a time of blessing, as fellow-workers meet together once more in a way that has not been possible for a long time, which should send them back to their scattered stations with renewed spiritual and bodily vigour. This brings before us a need that is becoming more and more acute—that of help—domestic and secretarial, for headquarters, where a tremendous burden is being shouldered by Miss Wood. Those who know what Dar Naama stands for, and its place in the wider missionary sphere in North Africa, will understand this. Keep before you the needed twenty new workers within the period stated, i.e., by the end of 1948. Are there not some who read these lines who may be led to offer their practical abilities to fill this need speedily?

Yours, ever pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

HAROLD W. STALLEY
(Secretary)

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An apology is due to all friends who were led to expect the new issue of “ Parables of the Cross ” before Christmas, and placed their orders accordingly. It was not until the beginning of December that we were advised that the promise of early publication could not be fulfilled owing to conditions then prevailing in the trade. The unprecedented circumstances of the last months have further delayed the issue. We sincerely trust, however, that the book will not be withheld much longer.

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ANNUAL MEETINGS

These will be held (D.V.) on

Tuesday, September 23rd

AFTERNOON MEETING 3 p.m.

EVENING MEETING 6.30 p.m.

in the

Tudor Room, Caxton Hall, Westminster