

# 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.

Corresponding Secretary and Hostess at Dar Naama: MISS V. WOOD.

Secretary in Great Britain: THE REV. HAROLD W. STALLEY.

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

Organising Secretary: MR. DOUGLAS PILCHER, 53, Colebrook Road, Tunbridge Wells.

## OVERSEAS REFEREES.

DR. SAMUEL M. ZWEMER, 33, Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y., U.S.A.

DR. PHILIP E. HOWARD, JR., The Sunday School Times, Heid Building,

325, North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia 5, Pa., U.S.A.

MISS RUTH PAXSON, Ambassador Apts., Hendersonville, North Carolina, U.S.A.

M. LE PASTEUR CHATONEY, 82, Boulevard St. Saëns, Algiers.

M. LE PASTEUR ROLLAND, Tizi-Ouzou, Algeria.

MLLE. L. SAILLENS, L'Institut Biblique, 39, Grand-Rue, Nogent-Sur-Marne, Seine, France.

DR. R. PACHE, L'Institut Emmaus, Vennes-Sur-Lausanne, Switzerland.

MR. H. E. ALEXANDER, Le Roc, Coligny, Switzerland (Ecole Biblique de Genève).

MISS RONA SMEETON, 811, New North Road, Mt. Albert, S.W.2., Auckland, New Zealand.

## LOCATION OF WORKERS. SPRING, 1949.

DAR NAAMA, El Biar.

Headquarters.

1920. MR. & MRS.

H. W. BUCKENHAM.

MISS V. WOOD.

1919-22.

M. & MME. P. NICLOUD.

1948. MLLE. Y. FELIX (M.H.).

1949. MISS D. LANGLEY (M.H.).

BLIDA.

1920. MRS. H. W. BUCKENHAM  
(part time).

1946-48.

MR. & MRS. A. PORTEOUS.

BOU SAADA.

1919. MLLE. A. BUTTICAZ.

1946. MLLE. CHOLLET.

MILIANA.

1907. MISS M. D. GRAUTOFF.

1929. MISS P. M. RUSSELL.

1947. MISS E. CHANTLER (M.H.).

TAMANRASSET.

1946. MR. F. BAGGOTT.

TLEMCEN.

1914. MISS A. M. FARMER.

1947. MISS E. CLARK.

TOLGA.

1928 & 1937.

M. & MME. S. LULL.

1948. MLLE. J. GUIBE.

TOUGGOURT.

1930. MISS I. K. NASH.

“Brethren pray for us”

(M.H. Mission Helper).



## "The Maketh Small the Drops of Water"

(Job, 35.27)

I have never seen how literally true that is till I began studying the dew these mornings. Let a drop fall from your finger and you will see its natural size: but that would be too heavy for the frail little blades to bear—it would slip off them from its weight—so He weighs out to each the tiny measure that it can bear without even being bowed down, yet enough to "drink into" in abundance. On one wee filament of moss I counted, through a magnifying glass, forty-six little globes of water in what just looked like moisture to the naked eye—on one side only, without turning it.

And each dewdrop, if you look into it, is a little world of glory—if you can only bend low enough with a lens, you have a revelation! No two are alike. One will catch and mirror in a crystal sphere the blue ocean of the sky and the white sails of the clouds—its next door neighbour will somehow seize nothing but the light and shine like a living diamond—the next, a little lower in place, will be a tiny shrine of intricate greenery. I found one that had caught the reflection of a bit of bracken and had woven out

of it a fairy fern-case. Another reflected the purple green of the crags—and so on in variety infinite as the God who created it. No two the same on the whole mountain side, or in the whole world for that matter! "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal"—"distributions" (marg.) of the Holy Ghost according to His own will.

Another thing—the grass has to stand very still as it holds its precious "weight of glory"—and so has the soul on whom the dew of the Spirit comes—literally as easily as this dew, His dew is brushed off—some of us know it to our cost—an impulse of impatience—a sense of hurry or worry allowed to touch us—a mere movement of the self-life against His checking, and He is gone, and our soul stands stripped and bare. Noiseless must be His Holy Habitation within us, still with the stillness of the Holiest Place of Old, with all the camp sounds shut out by the four-fold curtain, and the very footfall of the priests hushed by the desert sand.

I. LILIAS TROTTER.

## Tenting in the M'Zab

It was Saturday morning and the sky was overcast—a very unusual occurrence in these parts. It did not mean rain. Just the day, we felt, to take a long tramp in the direction of Beni Isguen, where there is no shade, if the sun should shine. Our objective was a group of Bedouin tents, which lay to the right of the main road. We sat down on a large boulder by the wayside to rest, before commencing operations. Two stout Mozabites on donkeys, coming from their sacred town of Beni Isguen, shouted a friendly greeting as they passed. A simple act, but one which fills our hearts with hope for the future. It was surprising that they had noticed us, in our drab coats, sitting with our backs to the road.

In the distance, near a large black tent, a woman was picking up stones and throwing them away, evidently making sure that no scorpions were lurking near her home. We made towards her, asking for our own safety if there were any dogs loose about the place. Her answer was reassuring. Other Bedouin women, in their brightly coloured, flowing dresses, came out to greet us. The wind was getting up and there was sand in the air, so it was a relief to be invited within the safe shelter of the tent, where a thick carpet was hastily spread out for us to recline upon. The women explained that they hailed from Ouargla and when in their home-town they inhabit houses. They had mint tea and sugar (a rare luxury among the tent dwellers) and insisted upon lighting a fire and treating us to most of their tea, a real sacrifice, with true Bedouin hospitality. One or two of the lumps of sugar were retrieved from the sandy floor of the tent. The story of Zaccheus arrested their attention and after the pictures had been explained, they even listened as the story was read from the Gospel. A youth from the next tent

came to ask for medicine and spoke of pre-war days when he attended our classes. We gave him a Scripture Gift leaflet about the Good Shepherd, since he professed to read Arabic. From the remarks and comments made by the women we could see that they had not grasped the unique character of our message, so the Wordless Book was brought out, and we spoke of sin and our Saviour's sacrifice. A gaily trimmed garment, made by a loving friend in England, was presented to the baby girl, Milouda, and it aroused much admiration.

The next tent visited contained a pretty young woman and a girl. The woman was an expectant mother, who had already lost two little ones, and she listened eagerly to the helpful advice given to her by Mademoiselle Butticaz. Her name was Yamina, and we promised to pray that God would bless her home.

The morning was wearing away but there was time for one more visit. This time the tent was a poor affair and the women in it looked undernourished. The younger of the two was holding a sickly baby girl, who appeared to be much younger than she really was. There was no father to provide for her. After telling them the Good News, it was a relief to be able to give them some of the clothing we had brought with us.

These Bedouin people are amazingly alert and ready to listen to the Gospel. Those who remember our pre-war visits make us especially welcome. Some, who once attended our classes, now have as many as three children. The boys and girls who gather round ask all manner of eager questions and listen while stories are read to them from the Gospels. Their brothers and sisters in the Northern towns do not seem to possess the same powers of concentration.

P. M. RUSSELL.

## An Afternoon Visit

One hot afternoon, at the request of an Arab mother, I sought for the home of her married daughter. As a girl she had worked for us, and had proved honest, quiet and intelligent. She had been to the French school for a few years, and could read both fluently and understandingly, and while with us she had received much Scripture teaching. During our prolonged absence in England she had been married, but only for a few months. After that she had returned to her family and taken a daily place in a French household, bringing back her wages to her parents. Later, the father, in need of money and considering it more correct for his daughter to have a home of her own, arranged a second marriage for her. The father is a delicate man, who has never done much to support his family, but has lived in his wife's inherited hut on the mountainside, sending her out to work and to bear the burden of their little home.

I found my young friend just returned from the baths. With her was another pleasant looking girl, and, of course, an older woman as chaperone, for young brides may never leave their homes without an escort. They unlocked the door of a small room leading off the vestibule. The bed took up most of the room, but they found me a seat and the two girls curled up on the floor, then there was just room to close the door. Light came from a tiny window high up near the ceiling, where no one could look in or see out. At nights, they told me, the cockroaches swarmed across the floor and nibbled any clothing left within their reach, while unmentionable insects dropped from the rotten planks of the ceiling. What a home for a young bride!

The girls, when their chaperone had left them, began to talk. One said,

"You see, we are sold by our relatives. I have no parents, my brother sold me. Our husbands are two brothers, they have wives and families in another town; for their own pleasure and convenience they each desired a wife and rooms here, but without much expense." Turning to my young friend, she said, "X . . . has this room and I another. When our husbands are away we sleep here together for protection and companionship, but when one of them comes then one of us must go off to the other room. They never come at the same time, in fact they leave us alone often for days." "How were you married?" I asked. "By a Moslem teacher (Taleb), not before the Judge," they said. These Taleb marriages have the sanction of the Koran, but are not recognised by French law. They are much less costly, but give no protection to the woman. The husband has only to say three times "I divorce you," if anything angers him, and the wife has to return to her people. Should there be a child then it takes the mother's name, unless the husband consents to support the wife until the child is weaned, when he has full possession of the son, and the young woman may be given in marriage to another and may never see her boy again. X . . . then took up the tale, "We dare not ask our husbands for things when they come lest we displease them. Yes, they give us gifts for food, they pay our rent, but"—and then she burst out, "I am afraid, for I may have a child, and if my husband will not ratify our marriage legally then I may be divorced with a babe to work for."

What a pitiable plight! No status, no respect, scorned by other women in better circumstances living under the same roof (for these dark old Arab houses may contain ten one-room dwellings, and in this one there is not even a rooftop where they can go for fresh air). Shut in with only

an outing if the husband gives them money to go to the baths, no wonder the mothers of such girls are troubled, yet it is not etiquette for a mother to visit her daughter much during the first months after the wedding. It is the father's prerogative to arrange the marriage for his daughter. The men meet at a café, and it is a business transaction. If the father has died, then an elder brother or an uncle takes charge of the women of the family.

In England one is frequently advised to leave the Eastern people to their religion and customs. "Why," they say, "waste time teaching those who have a religion so suitable to their eastern mentality?" Can we leave these loveable young girls to a religion where Christ's law of love is unknown, where there is not respect for womanhood, and above all, no knowledge of redemption from sin or the power of victory over evil, nothing joyous or life-giving. They are capable of love and self-denial, as are mothers all the world over, and in their darkness we dare not keep from them our Light-giving Gospel.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

### Focal Point for Prayer

I am so glad to know you are remembering "Nathanael." God is working wonderfully in his heart. A few weeks ago I asked him what he now thought of Christ, and he replied without the slightest hesitation "He is God, and it is because the Moslems do not understand this that they are hostile to the Gospel." He has now gone a step further, for when I asked him if he believed that Christ had died for him, he said he did. After we had prayed, in which prayer he joined most earnestly, he said with bowed head, "I hope He will receive me." I reassured him that Christ turned no one away who was sincere. This morning he came back to me and

confessed his besetting sin. He is a "keef" smoker. He told me how he had been convinced of the sin of this some months ago and had tried to give it up. Now he smokes much less. After prayer I told him to go straight home and before all his family to smash up his pipe and to declare that Christ helping him he would never smoke again. What I like about this man is his frankness, he might so easily have hidden the smoking from me. He is going down hill physically, and said, "I do so desire to give up this smoking, for I do not want to die in sin." I know you will continue to pray for him—first and foremost that he may through Christ's power give up this sin, and secondly that he may get well enough to work. Meanwhile his son, far gone in consumption, is carrying on as best as he can, but he is not "débrouillard," and they are finding it difficult to make ends meet.

**GHARDAIA.** Our time here is nearly over. We have been house-hunting, with an eye to the future. There is plenty of room in the Jewish quarter, as they are all off to the Holy Land, but our work would be badly hampered if we settled down in their midst. This evening we were offered a disused wine shop, reputed to be haunted, which is opposite this hotel. It was in a filthy state of disrepair.

We are able to have a daily class of tent Arabs and others. The latest figures for literature sales reach over 1,200 francs.

### THE TREASURY.

|                         |       |    |   |
|-------------------------|-------|----|---|
| General Fund Receipts   |       |    |   |
| to March 31st, 1949     | £1495 | 12 | 4 |
| Reserves drawn          | £1546 | 11 | 9 |
|                         | £3042 | 4  | 1 |
| Allowances and Expenses | £2943 | 3  | 2 |

## Look on the Fields!

**TLEMCEN.** Great news has come from this station. Many of you have prayed faithfully for André (Andrew) the young Arab man who was baptized there a few years ago and was subsequently drawn away through subversive influence. One evening in January he came back to the Mission Station, bringing with him two other young men who were keenly interested when we were there. They came in and had a happy time of fellowship and prayer.

In a more recent letter Miss Farmer says: "André and his friends came again last Sunday evening . . . after we had sung and prayed, André asked for a Bible and read from Romans 8. "Who shall separate us from the love God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?" He explained that he had been reading the Life of Livingstone and this chapter seemed to have figured in it and had made a great impression on him. He invited us to his house and said that there is quite a group of his friends who want to come to us. This, together with our strong feeling that the Book Room should be reopened . . . makes us feel how much better it would be if there was a man missionary here." Let us join with Miss Farmer in prayer that when reinforcements arrive on the Field, Tlemcen may be so provided. And as we thank God for this wonderful answer to our prayers "after many days," let us surround this young man with a strong wall of prayer. Only the Almighty power of God can keep him steadfastly going on with Him.

Later:

"We have not seen André again lately. I think he is very afraid to be seen here in the daylight. However we paid a happy visit to his wife with the portable flannelgraph, and A. helped by reading and explaining the Parable of the Prodigal."

There has also been news of some of the young women taking part in the classes. Miss Farmer writes: "We had a most interesting class of women and children this afternoon with flannelgraph subject. Miss Clark read and A. gave the talk. She was splendid and the audience keenly interested. Next Sunday we expect Ch. to give the talk and there are one or two others who have promised to take part."

At both Tlemcen and Tolga the arrival of generous gifts of clothing from America came as a tremendous help. At Tlemcen the parcels arrived just in time to give every-one a gift at the Christmas fête—a joyful surprise for both women and children, especially as in both regions the winter has brought very severe cold.

**TOLGA.** A short report from M. and Mme. Lull gives a graphic picture of abounding opportunities and open doors. "There was blessing and good attendance at the Christmas festivities. 103 boys, 70 girls and 50 men came to the different meetings arranged for them. In the case of the men, we avoided the crowd of recent years (150 last year) by inviting only those who frequent the house and are the most interested. This gathering was a real gospel meeting, remarkable for the silence and quiet attention. We also had 16 Europeans. We have not been able to receive sick folk, but Mme. Lull has been able to give a series of injections for malaria, in the people's homes."

Another cause for thanksgiving is the arrival at Tolga of Mlle. Jeanne Guibé. She received a great welcome and has been able already to open a small girl's school which has about thirty pupils. Please remember her in this new venture for God and in her Arabic studies too.

Later :

"Our hearts are full of thankfulness to God for some loving and generous gifts which will enable the precious work of the dispensary to begin again with all its golden opportunities. God who knows the hearts of all the givers will surely reward with an abundance of joy."

**TOUGGOURT.** Praise God for Pasteur and Madame Moussiegt's visit here which I believe has, in answer to much prayer, been richly blessed. We had a beautiful service in our hall beginning with a baptism, followed by a confirmation and finally Holy Communion. The baby of nine months was most angelic, giving not a whimper, and the young Alsatian girl deeply in earnest. Please pray for her specially, as her home surroundings are not very helpful. She is very keen on helping me with the native children, and one day gave the message at the little meeting for European children. It was a joy to us all to have Mr. and Mrs. Watson with us this year.

I had a wonderful time in a distant village a few weeks back, visiting my first class girl, now married. Her husband was not at all hostile, though he did not manifest any particular interest in the teaching. As for the little bride herself, she asked for hymn after hymn, and when I thought we had had about as much as the husband would stand, begged for more, so I went on reciting the parables she asked for and giving messages. Finally she took me into her room, where, to my great surprise, I saw a large picture of Christ on the wall (the Nativity). Her father was struck by it when working for us, and picking it up from among other things we were unpacking, took it home to his daughter, who keeps it as one of her most cherished possessions.

**TAMANRASSET.** Latest news regarding this venture came in a letter written on March 25th. "The car (provided by the Mobile Unit Fund) is away on its trial run to Tizi-Ouzou today. It will be packed tomorrow D.V., dedicated on Sunday the 27th (Pastor Chatoney coming up to assist, and after the service to conduct communion in view Frank's departure) and off on Monday."

There has been much prayer and waiting upon God for guidance during the past weeks while the building of the Unit has been carried out. Our friends at Headquarters speak of many indications that God has at last given the signal for the departure. So we commend Frank Baggott and Pierre Nicoud (who is accompanying him for the time being) to the guidance and protection of God as they set out on the 1,300 mile journey from Algiers.

**BLIDA.** Will friends please note that letters to Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buckenham should now be addressed to headquarters, "Dar Naama," El Biar, Algiers. This is now their permanent address.

Mrs. Buckenham still has charge of the weekly meetings for women and children at Blida while Mr. and Mrs. Alex Porteous are engaged in language study.

**BOU SAADA.** This last week was eventful here. First of all, a wall from one of the old rooms fell into the garden. Next the grand-daughter of our "guardian" was stung in lifting a toub (clod of earth). The scorpion was a very big one. The only doctor in the town was not at home, so we had to run all over the countryside to find him, then he had no serum at home, so they had to carry the child to and fro until two hours had passed. Marabouts from all over the town came to read the Koran



to exorcise the poison demon until I had to put them all out of the premises. We gave the child some drops of "solucamphre" and eventually after the doctor's injections she became more quiet, but she suffered agony for twelve hours. About 3 a.m. she decided to ask the Lord to give her some sleep, and lay down and slept for four hours. The poor little mother was so upset that she went on fainting several times. I had to nurse her too. Well, last night we were all praising God for His deliverance. This morning some men called on me, begging me to follow them to help with a similar case. This time a young mother had been stung. She has three children, but of themselves they had taken her to the hospital; where I followed them, and found she had been well attended to and was resting in bed after her injections.

About ten days ago we went to Roumana, a small village I had not visited since 1944. It was very hard. Our muleteers were the only reasonable beings there! We went into five houses, but were chased away from the first most rudely. Then we were stopped by the "garde champêtre" (village policeman), a very important personage who told us we had no right to be there! He hoped we had brought money with us as some weeks previous a caravan of Americans had given a "thousand

francs" to each inhabitant. So I said, "You must be all rich now!" "Oh no! We gamble with it and it is all gone!" The women were most miserable, no food, no wood, scarcely a blanket to keep them warm at night. Most of the houses had no doors as they have burnt them, the winter being very cold! It was very hard to speak or make them understand anything at all, but our muleteers came back with us and stayed for evening prayers. They were very happy to hear our house boys singing joyously hymns of praise in Arabic. They listened attentively, and came back three days after bringing us some eggs, to ask for a Gospel. A young boy reads to them at night. Today one came back bringing milk and telling us the people are beginning to listen. They have chased out the famous "garde champêtre" and are beginning to work at their poor little gardens, also to fetch wood for their households.

We were very glad to receive gifts of clothing from America. They came just at Christmas time, so we could give our own people something to keep them warm during this severe winter, and as we received a second parcel, we are keeping the lighter dresses for our class girls at the end of the working year. Some of these things will go to the M'Zab too.

A. BUTTICAZ.

## In Memoriam

### Walter G. Stalley

We were deeply moved by the staggering news of his earthly course having ended. Although we knew of his having to go more slowly, we could no other than anticipate years yet of enriching ministry appointed him—even if sometimes intermittent! In the interval before evening prayers, immediately after receiving the news,

God drew near as if to give needed and happy assurance that he had really finished, and well finished, all that had been given him to do, so that instead of mourning, all that we had known of of him and his fidelity stood before us as a glorious incentive, to us individually and collectively, against any waste of time. Our hymns had to be, "Work for the DAY is coming", "All for JESUS", and the verse

"Short is the time for service true".  
We do indeed praise God upon every remembrance of him!

This morning I awoke with the triumphant words:

"On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length;  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who has led them safe through all."  
and I knew they came welded with the illustration of his life and fidelity.

Our deep sympathy and loving remembrance surrounds the widow and family. God will continue to support them.

H. W. BUCKENHAM.

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By the passing of Pastor W. G. Stalley the Christian Church is the poorer and the Algiers Mission Band has lost a faithful and heart-whole supporter. No doubt his personal contact with the work in North Africa contributed a great deal to the envisaging of the urgency of the need and the pitifully small number of those who were willing to enter into the "fellowship of Christ's sufferings" on behalf of the Moslems in that vast field.

The writer recollects how many years ago Mr. Stalley testified to his deliverance from the "commercial" spirit in missionary work, that of being more concerned with results than with faithful obedience; and in his Church at Bournemouth he had the joy of enlisting a large number of co-workers who believed that through the power of intercession God would perfect His own plan.

It has been a joy and privilege to be identified with our friend in a long sequence of Missionary Conferences in connection with his Church, and the outcome of one such Conference was the calling out of his own son who heard the call to North Africa and responded; and today we give thanks for his faithful service as Home Secretary of the Mission.

At the Fellowship of Faith for Moslems Conference at "Slavanka" last year an address delivered by Mr. Stalley from which the following is extracted expresses his conviction that the mighty weapon of prayer is all-important as we engage in the spiritual warfare to which we are called:—

"We are called as a Fellowship to be an instrument in God's hand in these momentous days, detaching ourselves from the earthly aspects of the situation, deeply though such aspects may affect us and our work individually, to take our place deliberately in Heavenly places and from that point of vantage to pray against the powers of evil which are energising the present combatants. This means intensive prayer. May we be ready to be used by God in this way, realising that the Lord of Hosts is with us."

W. C. C.

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M. MAOUDJ — Kabyle Christian Leader.

Our hearts will all be deeply affected by God's taking to Himself our beloved brother M. Maoudj. Our first reaction is "he could ill be spared." Witnesses to Christ of his calibre are so few in the land; and maintaining as he did a truly humble walk, God had raised him to a point of leadership unique in its character and wide in its scope. He will be greatly missed. Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to Madame Maoudj, her daughter and four sons. It had been M. Maoudj's joy three days before his passing to embrace his youngest little granddaughter. His concern that his three married children should dedicate their offspring to the Lord he so loved and served must have left a lasting impression upon them. Some of us were privileged to visit him the day just referred to. With those of his family to whom

it was possible to gather round his bed, we joined in worship and exercised the ministry given to us. If we could find words to describe the blessedness of that hour, they could well be, "And the heavens were opened unto him." He himself tried to start the hymn he suggested we should sing.

The widest circle to miss him will be that represented by the Tizi-Ouzou Conferences, but many a consultative assembly will also sorely miss him. The obituary notice in local journals further remind us of those whom he has so well served in the exercise of his profession as "Adjunct technique" in the Public Health Service, in which he had gained the "Médaille de bronze des Epidémies"; and in the Council of the French Reformed Church at Blida, of which he was a presbyter. His consistent life and walk will remain an inspiration. Various branches of Church and Mission activities were represented at his funeral today—a vast concourse of Europeans and natives attended, many at the three parts of the ceremony, house, Church and graveside. Let us pray that those amongst his friends—and he had many—who may have been partly awakened to their need of the world's Saviour, may by his passing be brought to seek for themselves his treasured possession, "Eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

H. W. B.

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### Spring Anniversary Meetings

The Anniversary Meetings on March 9th at Caxton Hall although small, were rich in the sense of God's Presence and full of interest. Mr. Collinson took the Chair in the afternoon and the speakers were Mrs. Sonia Howe and Mr. Douglas Pilcher. The Rev. E. J. Long of the North

Africa Mission took part in prayer and a warm welcome was extended to the Rev. Roe, who was on the point of leaving to take up his duties in connection with the British and Foreign Bible Society's Depot in Algiers. It was also a pleasure to welcome at these gatherings Miss J. Lopdell who had just arrived in London from New Zealand and Dr. Gloria Wynser of the Near East Christian Council, who was passing through London on her way to Algiers.

The Home Secretary gave an encouraging report of progress on the Field. Friends at home have been praying for twenty new workers; eleven have now been given, but there are still many gaps to be filled as evidenced by the number of stations marked "closed" on the map displayed in the hall. He spoke of the new mission house now almost completed at Tolga and of the small girls' school which has been recently started there with the help of our latest French recruit, Mlle. Guibé. Another advance now being planned is to the Touareg tribes of the Northern Sahara to which Mr. Frank Baggott has been given a special call. The work at other stations also came under review and gave cause in many instances for special thanksgiving, among these being the re-opening of work at Ghardaia this spring for a short period.

In her address Mrs. Howe gave some remarkable instances of how Moslem men and women and others had been brought to Christ through the quiet testimony of obscure lives and sometimes without any apparent "human intervention."

Mr. Douglas Pilcher prefaced a very helpful message by giving one or two interesting reminiscences of his wartime visits to Tolga and told how challenged he had been when, after being introduced to a group of Moslems at the Mission House one evening, one of them had asked M. Lull

concerning his visitor, "Is he the real thing?"—a Christian who lives up to his creed! Another Arab man had wanted the missionary to repeat the story of the Prodigal Son in *English* for Mr. Pilcher's benefit! It was all so new to him that he thought nobody else would know about it.

The Rev. T. Warren of the North Africa Mission was chairman at the evening session and spoke of the distinctive part played by each of the various missionary societies working in North Africa. He said that the Algiers Mission Band had taken the lead in two fields, first in its vision of the unreached stretches of the desert and secondly in its work for Christian literature. Mr. Warren spoke of the overwhelming demand today for literature which also necessitates writers and translators to produce it, and for book-shops and mobile units to distribute it.

Mrs. Stalley spoke of the present tendency of people to want something for nothing, contrasting it with David's attitude expressed in 2 Sam. 24. 24. "Neither will I offer . . . unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." Hannah gave her child, David gave his wealth, Mary gave her alabaster box of ointment, Paul gave himself. She told something of the cost of service today to our fellow-workers, and spoke of the special effort then being made to reach the unreached M'Zab people of the Sahara. The seven towns of the M'Zab Confederation are still firmly closed to the Gospel. This interesting

and lovable Berber people belong to the Ibadi sect of Islam. The Arabs consider them heretics, but they themselves claim to be the only true followers of Mohammed. Their moral standard is high. They believe that the Koran is the word of God and live a simple, self-satisfied life, feeling as yet no need of a "Saviour." Mrs. Stalley reminded us of Miss Trotter's exhortation that we should pray for open doors, open hearts and open heavens—even there.

Colonel Norman Anderson, O.B.E., M.A., in the closing address gave a masterly survey of the Challenge of Islam and the Counter-Challenge of Christ to His own people. This address we hope to publish in full in a future issue of the magazine.

Two outstanding subjects for earnest and united prayer stand out from the day's gatherings. The first is for the completion of the translation into colloquial Arabic of the whole of the New Testament. This work was begun by Dr. Percy Smith of the American Methodist Mission, continued by Mr. A. E. Theobald (A.M.B.) until the time of his death in 1937. The work has now been handed on to Dr. Elmer Douglas of Constantine with an advisory committee to help him.

The second request concerns the great need of a Central Bible Depot for natives in the city of Algiers—a place where native Christians could be employed and to which they could bring others.