

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

Algiers Mission Band

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY MISS I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS : DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.
General Secretary and Treasurer : MR. H. W. BUCKENHAM.
Corresponding Secretary and Hostess : MISS V. WOOD.

Great Britain : Chairman of Home Council : MR. JOHN L. OLIVER.
Secretary-Treasurer : MR. DOUGLAS PILCHER, 37, Stephens Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

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 Buildings,
325, North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia 5, Pa., U.S.A.
M. LE PASTEUR CHATONEY, 82, Boulevard St Saens, Algiers.
M. LE PASTEUR ROLLAND, Tizi-Ouzou, Algeria.
MLLE. L. SAILLENS, L'Institut Biblique, 39, Grand-Rue, Nogent-sur-Ma'ne, Seine, France.
DR. R. PACHE, L'Institut Emmaus, Vennes-sur-Lausanne, Switzerland.
MR. H. E. ALEXANDER, Le Roc, Cologny, Switzerland (Ecole Biblique de Genève).
MISS RONA SMEETON, 811, New North Road, Mt. Albert, S.W.2, Auckland, New Zealand.

POSITION OF WORKERS AT THE BEGINNING OF 1952.

DAR NAAMA.	BOU-SAADA.
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. BUCKENHAM.	Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ.
Mr. and Mme. P. NICLOUD.	Mlle. G. CHOLLET.
Miss V. WOOD.	TOLGA.
Mlle. Y. FÉLIX.	Madame LULL.
BLIDA.	Mlle. J. GUIBÉ.
Rev. and Mrs. R. WAINE.	Mr. E. BUCKENHAM.
MILIANA.	TLEMCEN.
Miss GRAUTOFF.	Mr. and Mrs. A. PORTEOUS.
Miss P. RUSSELL.	Miss I. FLETCHER.
Miss G. ARENHOLT (in England).	TOUGGOURT.
RELIZANE.	Miss I. NASH.
Miss E. CLARK.	TAMANRASSET.
Miss A. E. POWELL.	Rev. and Mrs. F. BAGGOTT (in England).

You are cordially invited to the

A.M.B. Easter House Party, 1952.

At St. Mary's House, 16, St. Mary's Walk, HARROGATE, YORKSHIRE.

MISSIONARIES EXPECTED :

Rev. and Mrs. R. WAINE (Blida).
(Also Mr. D. PILCHER, Home Secretary.)

From April 11th-15th : TERMS—10/- per
day, plus 2/6 booking fee, per person.

APPLY TO MISS E. JACKSON, 101, Valley Road, PUDSEY, Yorkshire.



No. 98.

WINTER.

1951-2.

Patience and Time.

There is a Chinese proverb which says :—" With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." Yes ; but in that " time and patience " we must include Divine power and wisdom, helping human skill and labour to work this seeming miracle. Then we have a symbolic picture of much missionary work. It must have been about twenty years ago that I learnt from Miss Butler how much her thoughts and prayers were concerned with one of the Tlemcen girls whom she loved and strove to win for Christ. To-day, you may read on another page how this very girl—" Abassia "—is *gloriously* saved—no other word seems strong enough. The miracle is done ; but what " time and patience " of God and man went to the doing of it. There is a fruit common in Algeria, which ripens about the time the apricots are ready. But—whereas with the apricots blossom, leaves, green fruit, and ripe golden fruit seem to follow one another incredibly quickly—the loquat (in French " nèfle ") blossoms in the autumn ; and, slowly developing through the winter, comes to perfection months later. The history of this fruit might be called a symbolic representation of the history of many a saved soul : and what an exhortation and encouragement to *hopeful*, patient perseverance it gives to God's servants. The husbandman has " *long* patience " ; and it is sometimes only " after many

days " that the full fruit of what God's love and patience have worked appears, and His servants can thank Him for letting them have a little share in His miracle of the birth to new life of a human soul.

A Christmas Meditation.

Another Christmas has come and gone. What has it meant to us on the Field, and to those who are workers together with us in prayer and personal effort in the Homeland ? What has it meant to those whom we are trying to win for Christ in this most difficult field ?

May Christmas have meant to all God's children wherever we may be a deeper comprehension of Divine Love : may we go forth into the new year, not just overflowing like a glass set under a tap, whose overflow ceases when the tap is turned off—but possessing as perhaps never before, a *through-flowing* of that ever fresh spring of Christ-Love passing through us, and blessing others in spite of themselves—in spite of their sin—in spite of their lack of intelligence—in spite of their fanaticism. Yes, and in some cases even in spite of their antagonism and hatred of the Message we bring. Nothing but this Love, ever fresh from the Source and flowing through us, can reach these souls. May we experience this, especially when we are face to face with the ugly, the unlovely. May we see, not what they are, but what they may become through and in Christ.

What has Christmas meant to the people of this land ?

Most certainly it has meant joy to the children, as, gathered in front of a brilliantly lighted tree, in a hall gaily illuminated and festooned with ivy and other greenery, they sang with the missionaries the carols they had learnt, and heard, some for the first time, the ever beautiful story of the birth of Christ, sometimes illustrated by a lantern. Here in Touggourt, a south land, there was no tree, for, in my opinion, the tamarind and palm-tree branches are a very poor substitute for the fir and pine trees of the north. Neither was there any greenery obtainable, nevertheless the room looked gay with the lovely floral cards of large dimensions sent by a kind friend in England, which I hung up on the walls. Each card bore a text in French. When all was over and the children were called up one by one to choose a card to take home, their faces beamed as the precious flowers passed into their hands. They love pictures, and especially flowers, perhaps because they are so scarce here. With expectant curiosity they took the little parcels of goodies handed to them, and when finally necklaces were produced their joy knew no bounds, and the word "necklaces" was heard in awed whispers all over the room, each one passing the joyful news on to her neighbour. There is, I think, no doubt that Christmas meant *joy* to the children.

Now what did Christmas mean to the parents ? Most assuredly they too experienced happiness,—could I for one moment doubt it, as I handed a cup of hot coffee and a brioche to the negro who works for us. At first there was a warm thank you for the coffee, but as his hand closed round the brioche, and he realised that it was not just a piece of bread, his one eye (he lost the other in an accident) shone, and the thanks and blessings he poured down on us were hearty and lengthy. Of course he was told why that afternoon in particular he had received a brioche.

And how about that intellectual Moslem, a prominent personality in these

parts, who called on Christmas Eve with pretty greetings and good wishes, and who began to talk to us about Christ—note that he was the one to begin that conversation. He listened most earnestly to everything. When later a plate of good things was placed before him he just beamed with pleasure like any child, and after partaking with us, shyly asked if he might put some in his pocket for his children. But, I believe he came first and foremost to hear the Message, and to have some part in our Christmas joy ; for he is very open to the Gospel and most eager for Christian literature.

Now about the women in the different stations, who came to spend an hour or two in the Christmas atmosphere, and who, amidst the carol-singing, and within hearing of the tidings of great joy, forgot for a little while the troubles in their homes ; and expanded in, and were warmed and cheered by the rays of Divine Love that reached them. How a poor woman is comforted when a loaf, or a parcel of couscous, or a little coffee and sugar is placed in her eager hands. How a mother is made happy by the gift of some little garment or toy for her child.

How about the sick in hospital ? What does it mean to them to be visited by Christian friends—those who are free to let their light shine (for there are those who are forced to keep silence). Those who have passed through the valley of physical suffering, and who have been near to the gates of death, know what such visits were to them ; how much more must they mean to those who know nothing or little of that blessed assurance, when someone comes to tell them of the birth of the Saviour, of a loving presence with them in the dark valley, of the One who is only waiting for their out-stretched hand, to lead them into the paths of everlasting joy.

Yes, men, women and children, if only for a short time each year, are made happy by that marvellous Love of God, of which we, unworthy as we are, are the privileged channels. Have we *fully* realised this ?

Good as all this is, if it ended with the singing of the last carol, the dismantling of the tree, the taking down of the greenery, we should none of us be satisfied; but we believe that in the midst of transitory joy seed is sown and watered unto Eternity. I. K. NASH.

(Many thanks go out to those who have helped to bring happiness to the people of Touggourt this Christmas.)

I.K.N.

Loss of the A.M.B. Mission Car.

Dear friends of the Algiers Mission Band, I want to tell you about the mission car—which we have just lost, by an accident that no one could have foreseen. For more than ten years this car has been most useful to the service of God in the Mission. During the war, also, when missionary travelling was impossible, the car helped in the work of the Y.M.C.A. among the troops. At that time, there must have been hundreds of British soldiers who had been taken back to their camp, after assisting and giving their testimony at an evening meeting at the Y.M.C.A. Club in Algiers.

From APRIL 1941, to NOVEMBER 15, 1951, the car has done more than 125,000 miles in colportage journeys in the three departments of Algeria, as well as itineration trips with Miss Grautoff, Miss Russell and Mlle. Buttica, in the south.

In our work we have fellowship with the French Reformed Church; and it was when I had been chosen to represent the A.M.B. at the Synod of the French Church, that the accident happened. I was driving Pastor Maury (President of the Reformed Church of France) and Madame Maury, with Pastor Chatoney (President of the Reformed Church in the Region of Algeria), to Tizi-Ouzou, for a missionary gathering preparatory to the meetings of the Synod in Constantine. We had nearly reached Menerville, when suddenly there was a tremendous jolt. I was able to stop the car only after running more than 30 yards on three wheels. Descending first I saw *fire* on the road, and that one of

the back wheels was gone. The remains of its broken axle, scraping on the ground, had caused sparks, which set fire to the petrol which had escaped; in falling, the wheel had struck and wrenched off the covering to the mouth of the petrol tank. Petrol streamed out on the track. In a few seconds the car was in flames. Miraculously, we were all saved unhurt, and we thank God for His goodness to us.

Dear friends, what a shock it was to have lost this instrument for our work, which will be missed daily. How hard it is to understand the will of our Heavenly Father. Let us unite in prayer (with grateful thanks for all that He has done for us in the past), and ask the Lord to provide for our needs—reminding ourselves of the words of Jesus (Matt. 19. 26) —“with men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.”

PIERRE NICOD.

Editorial.

In the last quarter of 1951, we felt that greater interest in the Gospel message was reported from different stations. This was shown in some cases by eager reception of the Word, in others by violent opposition to it. We remember, however, that the apostle Paul was in violent opposition until the day when he saw Jesus. May others, who share his mistaken zeal, share his vision too.

Future prospects seem sad for Bousaada. We expect to be obliged to leave the house we occupy there (it is being sold by the owners) at the end of March, which will mean closing the station. But there are souls who love the Lord there, and, by His grace, their witness will continue,—helped, we must hope, by visits from the missionaries, from time to time.

We rejoiced much to hear of God's gift of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baggott on December 27. We can hope and pray nothing better for little “Stephen John” than that he may grow up to resemble Stephen the man “full of faith and of the Holy Ghost,” and John the disciple “whom Jesus loved,” and who taught others to love. V. WOOD.

Visiting in and around El Biar.

Many houses have been visited, but we will tell you about one, to which we went just before Christmas. As we got near the house the door of a wooden hut beside it opened, and three women stood silently looking at us. We knew by their long gay robes, the plaited hair coiled round their heads and the furtive look in their eyes, that they were from the south. We greeted them, and asked them where they came from ; they said "Biskra." I told them I knew Biskra, and my son was in Tolga : one woman said she was from Tolga, but just then the women from the house nearby came to the door, and asked what we were searching for. We told them "we are come to tell you about Sidna Aissa (our Lord Jesus Christ)." One woman said "They are English ; they tell about Sidna Aissa." She told us, "When I lived in Dellys two women" (no doubt Miss Farmer and Miss Sheach) "used to visit me. My baby was very ill, and they came every day and nursed him. But for them he would have died—they were good and kind and read and sang about Sidna Aissa." While she was speaking a European woman came from the interior of the house, looking straight at me, her face rather agitated. As I began speaking to the women about the Lord, this woman pushed forward, and, to my surprise, she said *in English*—"It is true what they say? Are you English?" I said I was, but my companion (Mlle. Félix) was Swiss. She said, "I too am English ; I live here with these women. I came to Algiers in 1924, and have not been out of the country since." Not wishing to lose the opportunity of talking to the women about Jesus, I told her Mlle. Félix, who cannot speak Arabic, would talk to her in French for a while, and she took Mlle. Félix to her room. A young Arab woman asked me into *her* room, a chair was brought for me to sit on, and the other women squatted on mats on the floor. The woman who had invited me said, "I too am from Dellys, the other Dellys

woman is my mother-in-law. I went to those ladies' classes for children. They taught us to sew and knit and sing, and told us stories about Jesus." Standing up, and taking my walking-stick, she began (to the amusement of all) poking in the corners of her room and looking earnestly on the floor. Then suddenly she began repeating the parable of the lost piece of silver. So as she sat down again I was able to tell the women why Jesus had come to seek and save the lost. We also sang some of the hymns she had learned as a child, and then left, promising to return soon. In the court I found my companion and the English woman the latter looking much happier ; we took leave of her and the other women, praising God—and in my heart I asked God to bless Miss Farmer and Miss Sheach, who had laboured so faithfully in Dellys.

When we got outside the house the door of the hut suddenly opened again, and five women stood there. Three of them were from Tolga and asked why my son was there—had he a palm-garden? I told them he was there telling the same message we had come to tell them. One woman said her husband used to go to lantern services, but now "Habib" (Arabic for *friend* and the name given by them to Mr. Lull) was dead and they did not know what his wife (the "Tabiba" or *doctor*) was doing. They were glad to hear she was still there carrying on the good work. A word was spoken about the Friend above all earthly friends—He also had died, but in order that we might have everlasting life through His name. Just then a young man, carrying something wrapped in a newspaper appeared. He gave the parcel to a woman, and she took out of it two fat oily cakes and handed them to us ; they were quite hot, and no doubt he had run to get them all fresh from the maker, on purpose for us. Taking a bite of the cake in front of them and wishing them God's blessing, we left them still eating our oily cakes.

Now why do we tell you all this? Because God needs you to pray as much as He needs us who are on the spot to witness. We are here to tell them of

Jesus the Son of God. They do not believe that He is the Son of God, but we believe ; and we know that He alone is able to break Islam's power, and set those sin-bound souls free. Pray with us and for us. We believe God is going to do a new thing. It has already begun. Time is short ; soon our Lord may come. Help us as we pray, and speak to these sin-bound souls.

ANNIE BUCKENHAM.

A Moslem Widow's Testimony.

(The following is a translation of a testimony written by a Moslem widow, December 22, 1951.)

My Moslem parents made no objection when I was taken by my brother at the age of twelve to the Mission in Tlemcen. I enjoyed the games we played in the garden and the hymns we sang in the classes which were taken by Miss Butler.

In 1935 at the age of twenty, my parents arranged for my marriage to an officer in the French army (an Arab also). We were happy together and spent two years in France, before returning to Algeria. During the North African Campaign, my husband was killed in action, and I was left a widow with two young boys.

I continued to visit the Mission and was helped by other missionaries who came. These were Mr. and Mrs. Stalley and Miss Wood, Miss Farmer, Miss Clark and Mlle. Robert, Mr. and Mrs. Porteous and Miss Fletcher.

By now I was gripped by the Gospel, and was fully persuaded that the Bible was the Word of God. Aided by the missionaries I made the great decision of my life on December 18, 1950, when I came to Christ for salvation and He purified me from all my sins by His precious blood, and changed my heart completely.

Immediately, persecution broke out against me. My uncle who lived with us quarrelled with my mother because of me and my decision, and left the house, threatening to arrange a marriage for me to a Moslem. During the month of September this year I visited my hus-

band's relatives, but on learning I was saved they caused me terrible suffering. For two whole days they harangued me, and almost drove me to do things against Jesus, and for a moment it seemed that the Devil would prevail. The spirit of the Lord told me "No, remain in THIS WAY, which is for life and eternity." They mocked me when I prayed ; I wept ; they were six, and I was alone. When I left for home I determined more than ever to follow Jesus and go wherever He would lead me.

Another relative became antagonistic toward me, when I explained the way of salvation, and he endeavoured to force me to renounce Christ. I realised it to be the Devil at work, and along with the missionaries I prayed and God answered. My cousin came to visit my home again, but now wanted to read God's Word. Finally he confessed that I was in the TRUE WAY and asked if he could come to the Mission. I trust that soon he will be saved by the blood of Christ.

Christmas (1951) was approaching and with the missionaries I prayed that God would save souls in the Thursday class. On the eve of that class day when the family was asleep, I asked the Lord to save two or four souls the following day. I went to sleep just before midnight, and as I slept I dreamt. My home was transformed by a celestial light and down into the open court I saw descending from heaven an immense tray held at each corner. On this I saw every conceivable kind of fruit, luscious and ripe. "Surely," I said, "this is a Christmas gift from the missionaries," but a voice immediately said "No, it is not from the missionaries, but from God, and He has given you this because of your changed heart."

The following day an unusual awe rested upon those gathered for the class and the very presence of God could be felt. I spoke, but the words and power were not mine but God's. "Two ways—two doors—and God's time for decision—Now." The scene which followed overwhelmed us with amazement and joy. Hearts were melted before God as they came face to face with their Saviour.

Women and children, one after another, prayed aloud for cleansing in the blood of Christ Jesus, and praise replaced prayer as joy flooded hearts.

Then I knew the interpretation of my dream—the fruit was SOULS.

ABASSIA, Madame Mahdi.

“Little Desert.”

Will you come with me to “Little Desert”? Such is the name, by interpretation, of the village which we plan to visit—with the single purpose of making known the Gospel of God’s redeeming grace.

The village is not very far distant—six or seven miles—and the track may be in a bad condition, so we shall cycle there. In any case, bicycles use less petrol than motor cars. Fifteen minutes ride takes us to the southern tip of the Oasis, and the open desert stretches before us, rising gently. The telegraph poles which border our road at first are a rather incongruous sight; but we leave them presently, as we branch off to the left along a rough cart-track. Away to the right is a row of tall reeds—making a small lake—small indeed but so deep that attempts to drain it have proved, it is said, ineffectual.

The track now suddenly drops away, winding steeply down a little gully in the yellow, sandy soil; and round a bend our objective springs to sight—a dark mass of palm-trees. The houses lie buried somewhere in their midst.

A small “chott”—a kind of salty bog—has to be traversed; but it will not be a “slough of despond.” Here we are at the first building. It is a coffee-house, and stands alone—brown mud bricks like all the other buildings here—a door—no windows. Two men are sitting on the ground outside—to those first we shall offer some portions of God’s Word, after the “health and welfare” enquiries which native courtesy demands. Only one of them can read, but in a few seconds there has sprung from nowhere a clamouring crowd of youths—all MUST have a tract! Though requests that they prove themselves not quite illiterate by reading the titles of the books I hold, meet with little success. Such effer-

vescence is not unusual—and as I enter the “café” to offer literature to the men squatting on mats round their games of dominoes, I reflect that there seems to be very little hope of the prayed for *entrance*.

Followed, or surrounded, by the rowdy crowd, let us cross the muddy “square” (which has nothing square about it) to a group sitting by the opening of a tunnel, which must be the entrance to the actual village compound. The noise subsides a little, as brief explanations are given as to the portent of the books. There is little interest shown, however, and we pass on through the tunnel to a small space, which is evidently the centre of the tiny village. Most of the houses, we hear later, are scattered through the palm-grove. Three dark, miniature shops constitute the business centre in which we now find ourselves. Tracts are left in the first two, and as the third is entered our visit seems to have come to a rapid end.

But a question is suddenly fired by one of our followers: “Do you believe what these tracts say?” “Yes, indeed.” “See here—the sacrifice of Abraham—do you believe in that?” “Certainly.” “Well, what is the meaning of it?”

Praise the Lord. Could there be a more desirable question to answer? But the shop-keeper is not very satisfied with the crowds at his door, shutting out all the light which might otherwise filter through. “Come, here is a stool; I will put it outside my door, you can sit on it, and explain to those who wish to understand.” A moment later, our followers, men and boys, are standing round in a circle, quiet and attentive—and lest I should have throat-trouble (not altogether unlikely with Arabic sounds)—a glass of mint-tea is handed me.

“What message did ‘Sidna Aissa’ (our Lord Jesus) really bring?” How can the great reason of His coming to earth be exposed in a way which these darkened minds will understand? John’s Gospel is opened, and the uplifted serpent quoted by our Lord Himself to a seeker appears to strike home. Then a little old man pushes his way to the front, and pours out in rapid succession a few

of the Moslem's most inevitable objections, centred around the coming, *after* Christ, of "the greatest and last of all prophets." The objector, after his rapid tirade, makes as rapid a retreat, however, considering no doubt that he has fulfilled his duty against the heresies he has had to hear.

"What is this large book?"—"A hymn-book, I sing from it." "Sing to us." Two hymns telling forth plainly the glad tidings conclude our open-air meeting. Some of the listeners having dispersed, we return to the larger square, and may now start on our homeward journey—rejoicing that the Message of the King *has* found its entrance. But wait—here comes the local bus, ploughing through the mud. The driver and passengers have caught sight of the books, and call out for some. Certainly—and may they not only serve to hasten the end of their bumpy journey, but also start someone on the glorious pilgrimage of the saved and ransomed.

E. T. R. BUCKENHAM.

COMMIT THY WAY UNTO THE LORD, TRUST ALSO IN HIM AND HE SHALL BRING IT TO PASS.

(A true incident a few weeks ago: we hope readers will not say "how careless"—but "How good the Lord is.")

H. is an invalid man often in real need, and one who lives by begging. He called to ask for sugar for his mother: "The Old One is ill—give me sugar for her," he said: and with this he pushed his way into the yard (he is not noted for good manners).

I was busy, dressing to go out for some shopping. With my purse in my hand I went to salute him, and to tell him I could not stop: then I hurried indoors, did up a few lumps of sugar in paper, and sent him off.

Contrary to custom he hurried away, while I went back to fetch my gloves and purse. No, it was not there. We hunted in my room and in the court where I had talked to him; but the purse with 500 francs was missing. So prayer seemed the only solution, for H. lives some kilometres away in the mountains.

"Lord, give him no peace (for his soul's sake) till he brings it back."

My inner self said "the temptation is too great; if I dropped the purse while talking, he will say that it is from God." The next day there was very heavy rain, so I was surprised to hear a great pounding at the door, and to see H. at my window. I said "What of my money?" His answer was, "It is for that I have come; I could not sleep." I told the Old One. We found the purse in the packet of sugar. [Was it?] So I have brought it back with the 500 francs in it."

We thanked God, and the man received his recompense.

H. is an interesting fellow. His health was ruined as a soldier in the last war; may the Gospel message enter his heart with his saving power.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

Sunday School in Relizane.

It is almost one o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The missionaries have just had their lunch, and are making final preparations for the class.

The classroom, a large converted stable, has pictures on the walls of "The Good Shepherd," "The Prodigal Son," "The Lad with the Loaves and Fishes," and "Jesus healing Peter's Wife's Mother." There is a blackboard, on one side of which is written the hymn—"Jesus bids us shine," in French; on the other side is a large piece of flannel, on which are placed pictures of the lesson story; to-day it is Jesus feeding the multitudes. There is a small harmonium, which is used to lead the singing of the hymns and choruses. There are straw mats on the floor for the children to sit upon.

The class begins, and first of all a new hymn is repeated line by line after the missionary, and then sung all together. The children have not much sense of time or tune, but that does not matter. They are learning the words which is more important. Then a familiar hymn is sung, which goes a little better, after which the story is read to them from the Word of God, and explained, illustrated by the pictures on the board. There are

a few interruptions, late comers, restless children, big boys wanting to get in and throwing stones over the wall,—and then, in the middle of the reading, without any warning, there is a fight between two of the girls, and in a moment, one is tearing the other's hair. The offender is put out, and quietness reigns once more, and the reading is continued. After a few questions have been asked, to see if the children have really understood, they are asked if anyone remembers the story which was told last time, and one girl, the naughtiest in the class, stands up and repeats, in her own words, the whole of the story of the Good Samaritan. After this the pictures are taken off, and the board turned round. Some of the bigger girls, who go to the French school, repeat the words of the hymn which is written on the board: "Je suis la Lumière, a dit le Seigneur." They love this one and sing at the top of their voices. Oh, how one longs that the Light of the World may enter their young hearts, darkened by sin. Now we have come to the end of our class, and, with a reminder of the day and time of the next class, the word of dismissal is given. This seems to be the signal for jumping, running around, and rolling on the floor, and it is some little time before the last one is outside the door, and the missionaries are back in their "wee corner," praising God for another opportunity of presenting the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to His little lambs, most of whom have never heard of His love for them before.

A. E. POWELL.

Home Notes.

FINANCE.

The Annual Statements of Accounts are published on the inside back cover of the magazine. The rate of exchange is, very roughly, 980 francs to the £. Friends who follow these accounts closely (and we hope you all do so) will note some interesting comparisons with last year's figures. The last of the Mission's invested reserves were sold early in the financial year, and the first step to meet this situation was rigid economy. You

will note that Headquarters Expenses have been reduced by about £100, and Home Office Expenses by £530. As a result of these economies, together with a generous legacy, it was possible to send out £330 more to the Field, but in spite of this, missionaries' allowances are very seriously in arrears. We are, therefore, cast upon our Heavenly Father, more directly than ever before, for the supply of our needs. During the month just finished, we have been able, for the first time since last March, to send an amount to the Field, reasonably adequate for the month's expenses. Will you join us in thanksgiving for God's provision this month, in prayer for guidance towards every possible economy, for efficiency in administering the funds entrusted to us, and for a new and rich manifestation of God's care in the supply of our needs.

PRAYER LETTER.

We have recently been able to recommence the issue of a Prayer Letter between issues of the magazine. Will you consider seriously whether you could help the work by becoming a Prayer Partner? Please do not undertake this lightly, but we do hope that many more friends will take the burden of the work on their hearts in prayer fellowship. If you have not been receiving the Prayer Letter and would like to do so, please write to me.

A.M.B. EASTER HOUSE-PARTY.

Our friends in Yorkshire are again organising a House-Party at Easter, details of which will be found inside the front cover. If you can come (and we do hope you can) Miss Jackson will be delighted to hear from you. If not, will you join in prayer for a time of blessing?

REV. AND MRS. R. WAINE.

In their last News-Letter Mr. and Mrs. Waine write:—"We shall be coming home about the middle of April and will be free for Deputation Meetings from then on."

Mr. Waine and I are already in touch with each other on this subject and if you can arrange meetings for him in your district, I should be so glad to hear from you.

D. PILCHER.

Algiers Mission Band.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS for the Year ended 30th June, 1951.

RECEIPTS.		FRANCS	PAYMENTS.		FRANCS
GENERAL FUND :			GENERAL FUND :		
By £2,160 19s. 4d. from Home Office	...	2,120,867	To Deficit, July 1, 1950	...	77,114
„ Gifts from U.S.A., \$1,927.50	...	668,570	„ Missionaries' Allowances	...	2,609,181
„ Donations on Field	...	288,747	„ Rents, Taxes and Repairs	...	305,340
		3,078,184	„ Travelling	...	125,008
			„ Postage and Stationery	...	7,723
APPROPRIATED FUNDS :			„ Headquarters Service and Expenses	...	280,698
By Balances, July 1, 1950	...	273,782	„ Various Mission Expenses	...	76,471
„ £1,276 4s. 2d. from Home Office	...	1,248,079			3,481,535
„ Other Donations	...	106,778	APPROPRIATED FUNDS :		
„ Sales of Scriptures and Literature	...	51,810	To Literature Production	...	16,738
		1,680,449	„ Colportage and Itinerations	...	24,030
			„ Stations and Personal	...	1,134,399
			„ Native Help	...	15,209
					1,190,376
			BALANCES— June 30, 1951 :—		
			<i>Appropriated :</i>		
			Literature Production	...	44,073
			Colportage and Itinerations	...	2,194
			Stations and Personal	...	271,755
			Mobile Unit	...	172,051
					490,073
			Deficit on GENERAL FUND	...	403,351
					86,722
		FRANCS 4,758,633			FRANCS 4,758,633

General Secretary and Treasurer :
H. W. BUCKENHAM.

Examined and found correct,
HENRY R. TURNER.
ALGIERS. September 12, 1951.

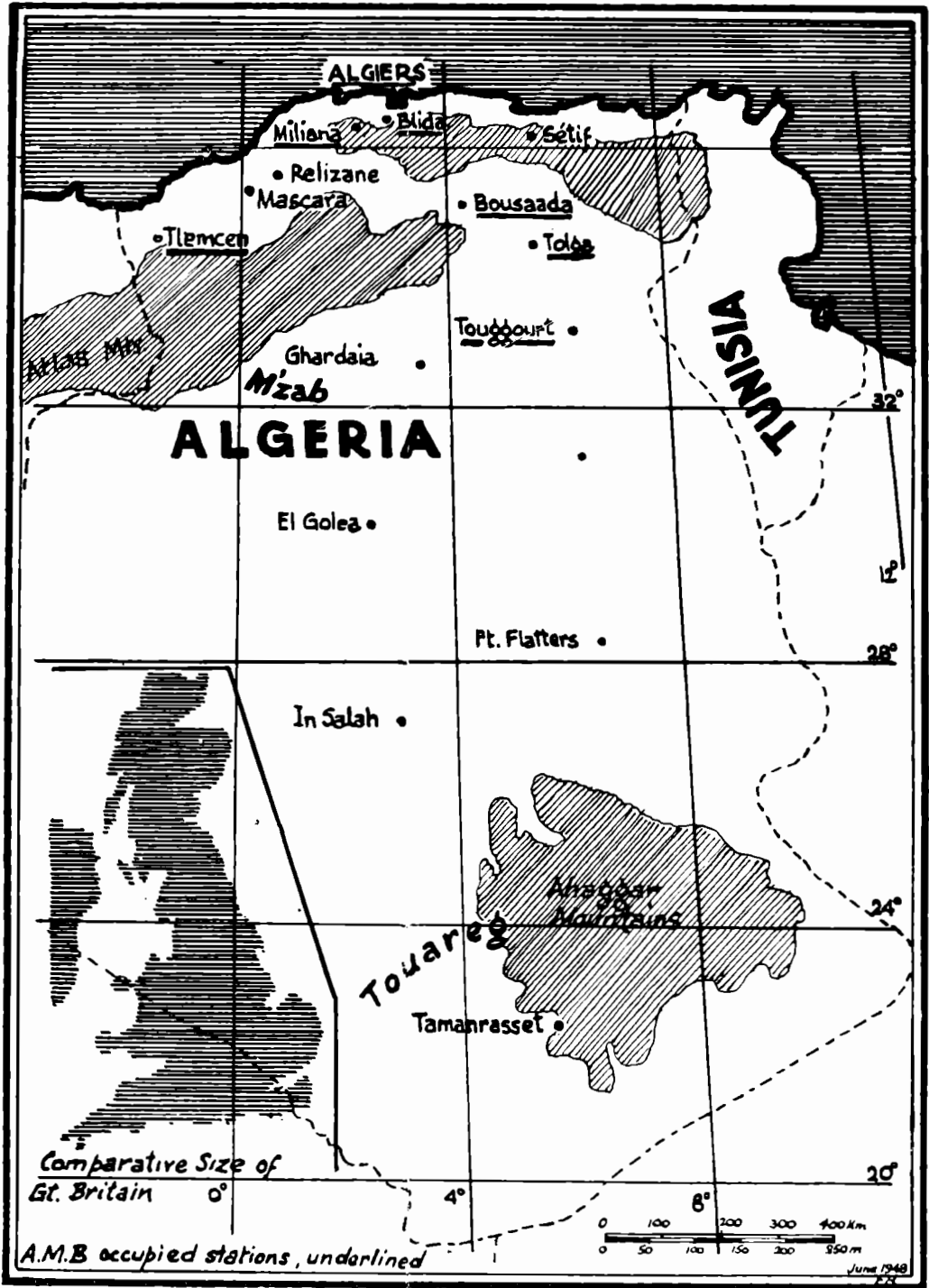
HOME OFFICE CASH ACCOUNT—Year ended 30th June, 1951.

RECEIPTS.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	PAYMENTS.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Subscriptions and Donations	...	1364	3 7	By Remittances to Field and Missionaries at Home	...	2410	1 4
„ Legacy (The late Miss Perkin—Balance)	...	1700	0 0	„ Retired Missionary	...	140	0 0
„ Dividends and Interest	...	15	16 10			2550	1 4
„ Income Tax Repaid	...	42	2 0	„ Expenses of Home Office, viz.:			
		3122	2 5	Allowances and Office Rent	...	589	15 7
„ Home Literature Fund	...	42	9 5	Stationery and Postages	...	54	6 2
„ Other Designated Funds	...	1027	1 8	Hire of Halls	...	19	6 0
		4191	13 6	Contribution to Edinburgh House	...	15	17 0
				General Expenses	...	15	2 1
„ Sale of all Investments	...	1553	13 9			694	6 10
„ Loan—Anonymous	...	200	0 0	„ Deputation Expenses	...	54	15 9
				„ Magazine Account	...	137	11 0
				„ Home Literature Fund	...	32	4 2
				„ Other Designated Funds	...	1237	1 6
						4706	0 7
				„ Cash Balance Overdrawn at July 1, 1950	...	800	15 2
						5506	15 9
				„ Cash Balances at June 30, 1951.			
				Home Literature Fund	...	131	5 2
				Other Designated Funds	...	46	9 9
				General Fund	...	260	16 7
						438	11 6
		£5945	7 3			£5945	7 3

It was found to be impossible to send funds to Algiers to pay Missionaries' Allowances beyond the end of February, 1951. I have examined the foregoing accounts with the books and vouchers, and have found them to be correct.

C. NEVILLE RUSSELL,
Incorporated Accountant.

11, POULTRY, E.C.2.
October 19, 1951.



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