

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

No. 113

MARCH, 1956

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY MISS I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS : DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

General Secretary : MR. H. W. BUCKENHAM.

Treasurer : REV. R. J. WAINE.

Corresponding Secretary and Hostess : MISS V. WOOD.

REFEREES :

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, 31, Rue Clauzel, Algiers.

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

MR. LEUTENEGGER, Hennaya, Tlemcen (Oran), 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.

FR. H. E. ALEXANDER, Le Roc, Cologny, Switzerland (Ecole Biblique de Genève).

MISS RONA SMEETON, Auckland, New Zealand.

Honorary Corresponding Secretary in U.S.A. : MRS. MYRTLE B. HARE,
609 California Blvd, Toledo 12, Ohio, U.S.A.

GREAT BRITAIN :

Home Advisory Council :

MR. HORACE F. BERRY (*Chairman*)

MR. L. R. S. CLARKE

MRS. H. G. KAYE

REV. H. R. SMART

MISS O. M. BOTHAM

MR. JOHN L. OLIVER

MRS. M. E. WAINE

Secretary-Treasurer : MR. PETER G. LONGLEY, B.D.

Office : 76 Marylebone High Street, London, W. 1.
Telephone : WELbeck 0279.

DISTRICT REPRESENTATIVES ³

London

Mr. H. F. Berry, 12 Briston Grove, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Essex

Mr. R. W. Withers, Valentine Lodge, 146 Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex.

Bedfordshire

Mrs. R. Green, Red Cow Farm, Bidwell, Dunstable, Beds.

Yorkshire (Leeds and Bradford districts)

Mr. W. S. Ramsden, 61 Randolph Street, Bramley, Leeds, 13, Yorks.

Wales and Monmouthshire

Mr. L. J. Darch, 11 Sheppard Street, Pwllgwaun, Pontypridd, Glam.

Scotland (Dundee district)

Mr. A. Miller, 25 Perth Road, Dundee, Angus.

Scotland (Glasgow district)

Mrs. R. Wilson, Loudonbank, 5 Belleisle Avenue, Uddingston, Glasgow.

A THIRSTY LAND

The Quarterly Magazine of the Algiers Mission Band.

Annual Subscription, including postage :

2 shillings (Great Britain).

50 cents (U.S.A.).

No. 113

MARCH, 1956

“ IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD ? ”

On the cover of this magazine we have the picture of a man on his camel in the midst of the desert looking with shaded eyes at the horizon. We do not know whether he is looking at the sunrise or the sunset—or perhaps neither; he may be looking for the track which is to lead him to some specific spot. This is typical of many Moslem souls whose hearts have been touched by the message of Salvation, and who long to know all the Truth, and yet, fearing the result if they look too closely at the Sun of Righteousness, they shade the eyes of their souls as this man is shading his eyes from the rays of the sun. Alas, how often is this the case; and how tempted one is to be discouraged as one sees one after another of these souls start off on the track which leads to salvation only to come to a halt, shading their eyes, fearing to advance.

We do not know whether the man in the picture reached his destination; but we do know that when the Lord has begun a work in some one He does not abandon that soul but carries on, even when we perhaps are not privileged to see the workings, for souls are even dearer to Him than to us, and it is not His will that any should perish. And so, in spite of apparent failure, we believe in a final victory, trusting in the promise—“ My word shall not return unto Me void.” That is HIS promise, yea, even to us whom He has called to work among the rocks of Islam.

But, knowing how feeble our faith often is, He sometimes seals His promise by lifting the veil a little and allowing us to see some of His wonderful workings in a soul with whom we, or some other missionary, had lost contact.

As I write these words there comes to my mind an Arab man, who in his youth received a Gospel from a colporteur. Years later he met one of our missionaries, and, welcoming this Christian contact with joy, and the Lord's blessing over-shadowing both, he was led into the full light and died later trusting in His Saviour.

One of my many personal experiences is the memory of a young girl of sixteen, who gave her heart to the Lord, and who, through marriage, was separated from us. How can she follow on to know the Lord, we thought, with no missionary at hand to help? What a joy it was, and how ashamed we were of these doubts, when several years afterwards a missionary visited this young woman and told us, to our great joy, that not only had she kept her faith, but that she was evangelising her neighbours. After that, every time the missionary called, this young Arab woman gathered the neighbours round them on the gallery, and herself testified in those meetings.

Some time ago I was visiting some Arab friends whom I had not met for years. They used to attend my classes,

and are now married women with children. Their joy was great, and one of them—anxious to show me that she had not forgotten the teaching—told me all about the parable of the Lost Sheep, and its meaning. Her cousin, who had children of school age, then said: "Where do you hold classes now? We want to send our children to you, that you may teach them as you taught us." Here too, then, is evidence that the Lord has continued to work in those eager hearts; will He not perfect that which He has begun, even although they may not have further contact with His servants?

And what about the classes here? Several of the big girls are like the man in the picture—shading their eyes; but they are looking and, I might add, longing. And even though marriage or present events may take them out of our reach, they will never be out of His reach; and He can, and will, continue and perfect the work begun in their souls. *But*—we must not forget our part:—"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer *believing* ye shall receive."

I. K. NASH.

EDITORIAL

The early months of this year show the land in which we live still in a very troubled state. Yet we are thankful that, in spite of all the trouble, our mission stations are all occupied. It is true that the work is, in some respects, restricted; but, protected and guided by God's good hand, our workers can still bring the message of peace and love to needy souls. How great the need is we realise more day by day, as we learn of the distress and sorrow, the fears and perplexities, the ill-feeling and hatred, the strife and division all around. What can help to bring peace and comfort to sick hearts, or guide sinful souls into the way of peace, but the knowledge of the Love of Jesus? The following verses (by an unknown author) seem to me

to give a picture of how the knowledge comes to many a simple, ignorant soul:—

"For me 'twas not the truth you taught,
To you so clear; to me so dim;
But when you came to me, you brought
A sense of Him.

And from your eyes He beckons me,

And from your heart His love is shed,
Till I lose sight of you, and see

The Christ instead."

In many mission stations I feel sure that the "sense of Him" brought to them by His faithful servants is the means of drawing many to take the first step towards the Light. Somehow these lines made me think of our mission station in the desert, where the big entrance door had a little hole in it, through which the would-be visitor could see the missionary coming to open to her. One day as I came to the door, in answer to impatient knocking, I saw the eager eye of a woman friend gazing through it. She told me afterwards what it meant to her, saying something like this—"When I see you coming, the love in your heart welcomes me—and smiles to me through your eyes." (How I hoped that she would always see a welcoming look when she came to my door). In her many visits to us, I believe she learned to love the Lord; and when I heard lately of her death it was with a blessed thought that we should meet again in the "happy land" of which she loved to sing, to which His love was leading her.

V. WOOD.

WEDDING BELLS

It is not often that through the medium of these pages we are able to report such happy events, and therefore it is an added pleasure to be able to announce the marriage of our good Secretary, Mr. Peter Longley, B.D., to Miss Eva Smith, B.D., on the 9th December last, at Swanage Baptist Church, where the bride's father is the honoured Pastor; the Wedding Service being conducted by the Rev. Ernest J. Long of the North Africa Mission. Our prayer is that God will abundantly bless this union and make the way very clear for these two dear friends to serve Him in taking the Gospel to the needy and troubled land of North Africa. H.F.B.

“ THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART ”

Not for the past 25 years, so the *Echo d'Alger* informs us, has there been such a manifestation of affection and respect for any one man as was shown to Monsieur Jacques Soustelle, the departing Governor General of Algeria. A crowd of approximately 100,000 gathered to “see him off,” or rather, by all press accounts, to prevent his going. When all gentle persuasion had failed, the retiring Governor had to climb aboard a tank which then tried to nose its way towards the quay. This proved impossible, as a group of very determined young ladies immediately threw themselves full length on the ground in its path. At last the Spahis, famous Algerian cavalry regiment, with drawn swords succeeded in making a way through this seething mass of humanity, by now as excited and sentimental as only a French crowd could be—shouting with increasing fervour “Ne partez pas,” and singing “auld lang syne.” When it became obvious that their respected and much loved Governor was really going, the friendly shouts became hostile, and were directed against the newly appointed Resident Minister, who, it is announced, is soon coming to take up his appointment.

Meanwhile, in Paris, a delegation of the representatives of the “Deuxième Collège” (the lower house of the Algerian Assembly) which is, for the most part (though not entirely), composed of Muslim elected representatives, were meeting General Catroux and assuring him of their loyal welcome and support. It now only remains to be seen what does actually happen when, if ever, General Catroux arrives to take up his position as Resident Minister.*

“The tumult and the shouting dies,” wrote Kipling; and so it has, for the Governor is gone. But it is not the calm of peace that has come—rather the quietness of death. Some sections of opinion have proclaimed a day of

mourning, to mark the arrival of the newly appointed Minister. This waiting and uncertainty is perfectly typical of the whole state of this land just now.

Some of our readers have written, “What is happening?” and, truth to tell, it is hard to say. So often we don't know what actually is happening. So much never finds its way into the newspapers, which, in any case, only seem to report what suits their particular creed.

One thing, though, is certain. This we can state without fear of contradiction. Governor, or Minister, neither can solve the problem of Algeria unless, and until, it is recognised that there can be no effective government without acknowledging the right to govern of Him of Whom it is written “The Government shall be upon His shoulders.” The only reason for our being here is that we believe this to be true, with all our hearts. Jesus alone can bring peace to this troubled land. How urgent then is the need to proclaim the Gospel while the door remains open. Difficulties are multiplying. Former friends are sometimes a little suspicious. There is discernible all around a hostility that makes both sowing and reaping difficult. Yet the doors are still open, and the Church of Christ has perhaps its last opportunity in Algeria. For hundreds of years, since the Vandal swept the Church of God from these lands of North Africa, and the invading hordes of Islam planted the Religion of the Prophet in its stead, this land has been known to all the world as the “Land of the Vanished Church.” Unless we act now, and in fervent prayer cry to the Lord of the Harvest to “thrust forth labourers into His Harvest,” it may soon become the “Land of Abandoned Hope.”

R. J. WAINE.

* Since this article was written we have learned that General Catroux did not arrive in Algeria. He resigned on 6th February, before taking up his post. On 10th February, M. Lacoste was appointed in his place.

WHO LIKES HONEY ?

We do. And the thought of several jars full was too much for us. Our friend Mohammed decided he would deal with the hive at Dar Naama. "Half an hour and *ça y est*," he said, as we prepared him for the attack. I must confess, before it becomes obvious to all, that neither he nor we had had any previous experience with bees. The hive had been left for a year, so we had great expectations.

The children jumped around as we sorted out gloves, an old mosquito net, a plastic mackintosh with hood, and some under-water goggles. We fixed the trouser-legs and wrists with string, and the final effect was strangely reminiscent of Sherpa Tensing.

Across the garden and up the steps he went, very, very slowly. A few minutes later David rushed back to the kitchen: "Quick—basins for the honey." I hastily tipped dishes and washing out of suitable receptacles; and all was quiet for a slightly longer period.

The basins unreturned, I decided to peep out of the window to watch progress—"Allez, Allez," shouted Mohammed, as, rushing round the flower beds, arms waving in all directions, he beat off three or four dozen furious bees. Up and down the garden paths he went, and finally ended up head first under the tap in the back yard. Slightly subdued, he came in the back way for first aid.

After lunch, we rang up a friend who knew something about bees, but he was unable to come. His son, however, an eleven year old, offered his help. Mohammed gallantly proffered some clothing to which Barry demurred—"No, you first."—"No, you":—"You're afraid."—"No; never."

This time it was decided to put on an entire mosquito net, tied round the middle, but over a hat. "You must never let the net touch," said Barry. Now: hats? Yes, I had one, a broad brimmed straw complete with pink

rose. It certainly kept the net off Mohammed's face, but changed his appearance somewhat. Barry found a sun helmet and off they went.

Time after time they clambered up on to the ledge by the hive, and a few seconds after flew down badly stung, and by the end of the afternoon had only removed one frame.

The sun was rapidly disappearing. Once their obvious fear drove me into the garden; but alas, as I passed up some oily rags for "smoking" I found myself likewise attacked. I was not protected and had my hair as well as ears full of buzzing.

Darkness fell and the top of the hive had to be replaced; so Ronald took over from two weary, wounded and dispirited honey seekers. He received several bad stings through his gloves, which produced toxic symptoms and necessitated a day in bed.

Thinking it over afterwards I realised how unwise we had been; and yet, how reminiscent of our spiritual lives! We had read no book of instructions: we asked a few people and guessed the rest. We had no knowledge or experience of dealing with bees. We had no expert to help or advise. Despite all this we went ahead, and failed miserably. We thought we could manage on some one else's experience and it didn't work.

Don't you feel that so often in our own lives we try and make do? We use make-shift equipment such as self-confidence, pride, and "I can manage," instead of the armour of Ephesians 6. We seldom read the Book, and yet we expect to have knowledge. We rarely consult the Expert, and yet we tackle the job. If you stop to think quietly, as we, stung and subdued, were forced to do, you will agree. Let us consult our Counsellor: find in His Word the instructions and equipment necessary to live lives worthy of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

M. WAINE.

CURFEW

It was Sunday evening ; supper was over, the children asleep, and as we talked our hearts were heavy. Our expectations had run high for the afternoon meeting in the home of an Arab Christian, for the young Arab wife of a native policeman had been invited to hear the Gospel preached for the first time. Yes, she had been present, fashionably dressed, jewel bedecked, and playing well the rôle of a modern carefree bride. But she had smirked as we sang, mocked as we preached, laughed as we prayed. So evening found our hearts heavy :—then we knelt, and in prayer gradually faith flooded into our hearts as our eyes were directed to “the things which are not seen,” and our lips uttered His praise. Returning to the house of the Arab Christian the following day, we had this assurance abundantly confirmed to our own souls — “The just shall live by faith.” Having been left in the care of our Christian friend that Sunday evening, the young wife who had seemed so untouched suddenly confessed, with tears in her eyes, “It was when they preached the Word of God I began to tremble, and the mention of the word *sin* did something to me.” The mask had been torn aside, revealing a rent heart, knowing too frequently the companionship of loneliness. Her whole tragic story of grief and deception unfolded, and on subsequent visits she gradually began to open to the message of redeeming love in Jesus, and then **SUDDENLY** . . .

The Sunday afternoon service in the Arab Christian's home, in the Arab quarter of the town, was a new venture of faith. New souls came and were gripped by the good news of a Saviour Who died to save the Arabs as well as every other nation. Then unexpected illness smote this brave indomitable Christian, and meetings in her home were necessarily suspended. Already suffering from an acute rheumatic heart condition, we now saw her gradu-

ally sinking, delirious and in severe pain. How saddened we were as we felt her slipping away from us into eternity. In our extremity, God whispered to our troubled hearts from His precious unfailing Word, “But God had mercy on *her* ; and not on *her* only, but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow” (Phil. 2 : 27). A young Arab student, a girl of 19 and a most faithful friend, after a walk of a mile and half, joined us at 6 a.m. each morning in prayer for our mutual friend, so critically ill. Thus we began on successive mornings to lift up our hearts in intercession, then **SUDDENLY** . . .

One morning a Spanish lady, looking for the mission, knocked on our window. She had come from a village some 25 miles away on an errand, and, loving her Lord as she did, she wanted to meet and have fellowship with us. How eager she was to help us to take the Gospel to her friends among the Arabs. We went with her to the village, and arranged to commence meetings on a certain Thursday. Praying, we awaited expectantly the day. Receiving a definite check from the Lord, we sought His sure guidance whether to proceed or not. The morning arrived for our departure, and our Spanish friend unexpectedly appeared at the mission, then **SUDDENLY** . . .

Yes, “**SUDDENLY**” was the only word. The Arab nationalists had maintained a “front” at the other extremity of Algeria for many months. Recently, terrorist bands had formed an appreciable force in the surrounding Tlemcen mountains. Their attacks were nocturnal, and effective only in the lonely country areas. Suddenly Tlemcen leapt into the headlines. An Arab doctor, accused of collaboration with the rebels, had died at the hands of the French police, when trying to escape arrest and imprisonment. Overnight a great part of the Arab population, stirred to a frenzy, rose *en masse*. The

Thursday we had awaited found the town in the grip of violent rioting, and a growing tide of hate and murder seemed threatening every moment to engulf the French population in anarchy and bloodshed.

Speedily we planned to send the Spanish lady and her little girl home by bus, at midday. Passing through the streets tense with the unknown, we eventually reached the deserted bus station. The pavement was covered with broken glass, and, on inquiring, we were told by an Arab woman that the bus had been attacked; then, casting a menacing look at us, she added, "And may God have mercy on you." With this threat still ringing in our ears, we began to make our way homeward when, without warning, a young French girl came screaming across the square, appealing for help. Another outbreak of violence: police in steel helmets with guns began moving into action. Huge American lorries roared past us down the main boulevard, with soldiers lying flat on top with guns cocked. Jeeps raced after them, loaded with French troops armed with machine guns. The town resembled more a battle field than the proud stylish Tlemcen we knew so well. How pitifully ill-equipped we felt, a basket in one hand, a little girl by the other, hurrying down streets deserted of all but military forces.

Martial law demanded a curfew from 4 p.m. till 6 in the morning. All work ceased at 3.30 p.m. to allow every one to be indoors by 4. Shops remained shut, and the unexpectedness of the uprising left small household stocks rapidly dwindling. Bread was difficult to find. The bread shop opened at 4 o'clock one afternoon to serve those forming a "queue" in the street. Hurrying home with two small loaves, one of which was for a neighbour, it was startling to suddenly find two lorry loads of special police descend on our street, and with long batons begin chasing, beating and threatening all who were not indoors. Thus the true

meaning of a "curfew" under martial law was forcibly applied.

The Spanish Christian and her little girl were taken to the station prior to the curfew at 4 p.m. and after a long wait reached home by train. With her departure this door of opportunity closed.

In the course of a brief visit, we found the gay young bride of the policeman, stripped of her baubles and gaudy garniture, a frightened and hungry soul, sobered and prepared to receive the hitherto ridiculed Gospel.

The 6 a.m. prayer meetings with our Arab friend ended as abruptly as the uprising was sudden. We were cut off from the sick Christian. This and much more that aren't be written, seemed to sweep us into an internal stripping of, and dying to, all that we had cherished and coveted for the glory of our beloved Jesus. Bewildered, God's plan and purpose for us obscure, every door of opportunity closed, our sole recourse was to God's unflinching word: "We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in *God*." (2 Cor. 1: 9). Thus amidst all that would indicate the contrary, the rock of our confidence must remain—**GOD HIMSELF**.

Further "Death worketh in us but life in you" (2 Cor. 4: 12), assured us that God's over-all purpose for the Arabs is **LIFE ETERNAL IN JESUS**.

Assuredly the darkness thickens before the dawn. Politically we are bound to silence, spiritually we are bound to announce the only **ONE** Who can liberate the soul of Algeria. In the place of the waves of anarchy and carnage that threaten to engulf North Africa, persevere in prayer with us, that even yet the floods of an outpoured Holy Spirit may saturate and redeem this land.

A. PORTEOUS.

* *

Postscript. Order has now been re-established in Tlemcen and the curfew removed, but the undercurrent of gathering insurrection remains. A.P.

THE UNFINISHED STORY OF TWO Zs

Very many Arab women have names beginning with what we call the last letter of the alphabet—such as Zehoar, Zubeida, Zina, Zuleikha, Zenib—but the letter Z comes more in the middle of the Arabic alphabet. Here are some jottings from the story of the lives of two of these women—"two Zs"—an unfinished story, for they are both still living: and it may be that your prayer fellowship will help to bring the story to a happy end.

Both of these "Zs" are dear friends—the beginning of our friendship dating back to the time when Miss Trotter first brought me to Miliana. If you were to talk alone with either of them, you would find she could tell you the whole Gospel story, for they have been under the influence of Christian teaching for many years.

Z. No. 1 is a widow, now looking after her very old and nearly blind sister, and also managing the estate on the plain for her brother, and earning small sums by her dress-making.

While yet a pretty, unmarried girl, she visited Dar Naama, in order to befriend her brother—then a student in Algiers. She had learned to love the Lord Jesus; and with picture scraps given her she compiled a life story of Jesus, to show to the visitors who came to her to get her to make their dresses. Miss Nash was my fellow-worker at that time, and Z. was one of her regular pupils for Arabic reading; her younger sister was another. Their family was well-to-do and happy. In those early days we spent many hours reading, and singing hymns, or in social friendship with them.

For some years one of the elder sisters was very fanatical, and fearful of our message. Later she became a great invalid; and when she died, Z. could tell me with all sincerity that the hymn her sick sister loved and desired to have sung to her was the one of which the chorus runs—"All my trust with faith is in the Saviour; His blood

flowed, redemption for all, His blood was shed for me." So Z.'s faithful witness had led her to peace and salvation.

The younger sister was married and went to live in Blida, and one of the brothers had gone as school master to another town, and so the family was dispersed.

Then came one sad day that changed the atmosphere of that home, and for a long while closed the door to us.

A brother had sent an evil woman—reputed to be a sorceress—to the house as guest. We called, and found Z. in great fear of what evil her sorcery might do. "Why," I said, "Our Lord is all-powerful." "Oh," Z. cried out, "you don't know, you don't understand what she can do." We were then invited into the dark inner room where the visitor was sitting. They said: "She is ill and suffering." So I politely sat down beside her, saying the Arabic greeting—"No evil to thee, I trust thou wilt soon be better." But immediately she began to shake and tremble, and Z. hurried us out of the room. In the other room we prayed together, but Z. seemed scared. A few days later, when Miss Nash called, the door was shut on us. I wrote to the brother, and he replied politely (was it sincere?) that he would see that no such guest was sent again. But a dull, hopeless cloud seemed to have settled down on Z., and we were not invited back to the house. I heard, also, that her precious book had been destroyed by a younger brother.

Later she was married, and for years she was beyond our reach. She had no children, but when her brother's French wife died, she took over the charge of his little ones, living for many years in another town.

We leap over those years of separation, and come to the present. Z., now a widow, caring for the blind, aged half-sister, welcomes us when I can find her in. I called lately when a

visitor and her child were staying with her, and used the opportunity to give the Gospel message and witness to the Saviour. "Oh," burst in Z. "that is not all. He can be in the secret of our hearts."

As I write Z. has been visiting her brother in Algiers, and came to the Headquarters, Dar Naama. It was only a hasty visit—for the taxi and her relative waited outside. But what memories it must have brought to her of her previous visit, about 40 years ago. She received a cordial invitation to come again, and to attend one of the Sunday afternoon Arabic services, at which an Arab convert is often the preacher. She seemed to desire to do this; may it be to her a fresh touch of the Living Spirit, quickening her faith and love.

We pray for a triumphal finish to her "unfinished story"—as also to that of our other friend, "Z. No. 2."

Z. No. 2, has a family of grown-up sons and daughters, and her elderly husband is still living. Her dwelling is a native house on a bit of land which is her property. But each year more ground is washed into the ravine below in stormy weather; and each year she wearily sets to work to get the collapsed hut built up, and cleared of the

mud that flows through it, carrying away sometimes some of her few possessions.

She is such a hard-working woman, spending her strength to support her lazy husband and the lads she has spoiled; but she loves this Mission house and cares for it so faithfully when left here as guardian in the summer. Her love for me is great; daily she will call in after other work to see what she can do for me.

Yet, all these many years she has kept her sons from hearing the teaching of the Message she knows so well, and in her head believes. Is it because her cousin is a Christian—and so for the sake of Moslem respectability she must hold herself in hand, and close her heart's door? Are not her husband and neighbours watching?

So the great heart-hunger and want of peace shows in her sad life, and she struggles on oppressed with over-work, bad health, and want of heart rest.

I feel as they did of old, when the Jews went to our Lord and, speaking of the upright trustworthy Centurion, said—"He is worthy that Thou shouldst do this." It grieves me to see her, so sick of heart and yet to me so full of love.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

GOD'S LEADING IN RELIZANE

"He led them forth by the right way." (Psalm 107: 7).

Work for the Lord in North Africa is so different from work at home that, unless one is in close touch with Him, and finds His right way to do His work, there could be unfortunate mistakes. Some months ago, we had had great difficulty in the children's classes. We felt sure that God had His way to reach those little ones and, after much prayer, we decided to try having classes in the homes of some of our children. In one home, the mother was quite agreeable. She has four daughters, and there are crowds of children living in the hovels round about her, so we made

our way to this house with high hopes. The mother was washing, and there were wet clothes hanging everywhere. The daughter of one of the neighbours was to be married in a few days. It is the custom in this area, that the neighbours take it in turn to supply tea and coffee (already prepared) for the guests and neighbours who have to come to sit with the bride-to-be, in the intervening days before her marriage. So one of the daughters had gone to the bride's home with a pot of mint tea. On her return, she prepared some more tea for us. The mother left off wash-

ing, and busied herself preparing the bread, which would later be taken to the public bakehouse. While all this was going on, several rabbits and hens were hopping and strutting around, and at times seemed very interested in our books and pictures. We made a few attempts to sing, but did not succeed very well, because they were all chattering at once. So we waited patiently until they got tired, then we read and explained the story of the five thousand, illustrating it with pictures. The story was very appropriate, as the mother was making the bread, and there was a dish of sardines, all ready prepared for the evening meal. All listened attentively to the message, and one of the children (9 years) was very pleased later to repeat some of the Scripture verses she had learned at class—one of them being “I am the Bread of Life, he that cometh to Me

shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.” This child is quite intelligent, and is learning Arabic at school. Her father knows and reads a little French and, with her help, he is able to read and understand the French literature that we leave for him. We are praying and believing for the salvation of this family. The class for that day did not seem a great success with its many interruptions, but one of the neighbours who was there invited us to her court, where we had an audience of five women and four children, who were impressed by the message and invited us to return. Also, we have been asked to have a children’s class in another court, therefore this would seem, for the present, to be God’s “right way” of reaching the children.

EDITH CLARK AND A. E. POWELL.

WITHOUT GOD WITHOUT HOPE

One of the young wives went to wake her up, for she had been asleep in her tiny dark room since the day before, for, you see, she was fasting in hope of earning her way to Heaven. Yamina, for that is what we will call her, looked about 75 years old. As a younger woman, busy with her family, she had visited the Mission station from time to time, perhaps to attend a meeting, to receive medical help, or to have a letter written. Doubtless she had heard the Gospel message when she paid such visits. She had also been visited in her little home outside the town, when the opportunity had been seized to tell her of the only One Who could save her from her sin, and keep her life pleasing to God. But, like multitudes of other Moslem women, Satan had blinded her eyes (2 Cor. 4 : 4), and she had never made any response to the Saviour’s offer of pardon and love.

To-day, as an old woman, Yamina’s circumstances have changed somewhat; forsaken by her daughters, her husband

dead, with cataracts on both eyes, she sits huddled up in her little room, and is partly cared for by some of the younger women, and no doubt frequently visited by the numerous children whom she loves, who live in the same court.

She seemed pleased to “see” us, feeling our hands and clothes—for we were but blurred forms to her. Whilst we were telling her once more of the Saviour’s love, she fumbled amongst her dirty heap of clothes, and produced a long string of Moslem prayer beads, and started to finger them one by one. Each bead, of which there are 99, is supposed to represent one of the 99 wonderful names of God—but, sad to say, she knows nothing of such names as are often on our lips: Father, Saviour, Friend, and Shepherd. Has the Devil been successful? Now, humanly speaking, her poor, warped, superstitious mind cannot make the effort to listen and understand the Story of Redeeming Love.

The younger women were so pleased

to see us, and brought us hot, black coffee, with lots of sugar in it, and home-made flaky cakes, all served on a low round Arab table. They seldom have visitors to their compound, and so took great delight in showing us their children. One mother sat on the floor by our side nursing her baby, and listened to all we had to tell; whilst several of the others who were busy preparing their husbands' evening meal on charcoal fires, came to the door to listen when we sang of how the Saviour came to save us from the power of Satan (sung to the tune of "He did not come to judge the world"). As we left, several of the young wives gladly took some booklets in French, for they had been to French schools and were able to read.

What will these younger folk be like

in 30 years time? Will Satan have succeeded in blinding their eyes too? They have absolutely no sense of personal sin, and consequently no realisation of their need of the Saviour. Tucked away in the vast rural areas of Algeria, there are many such women, as yet unreached by the Gospel message, and very few can read in either Arabic or French, so they cannot be reached by the printed page.

Is it not possible that God is waiting for you to become an intercessor for Moslem women? They have been held captive for too long (2 Tim. 2: 26). Will you not ask God what part He is wanting you to play in the releasing of these captives? (Eph. 6: 10). O that they too, like ourselves, might come to know and to love Him!

GLADYS DOWLING.

OUR MISSIONARIES

Mrs. Buckenham arrived safely in London on 24th January on her return from America. On 8th February both Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham left by air for Algiers, and are now serving the Lord again at Dar Naama.

* * *

We regretfully announce that Mr.

and Mrs. John Dowling are resigning from membership of the Algiers Mission Band at Easter, as they believe God is calling them to another sphere of service for Him.

We thank them for their fellowship in the Gospel while they have been with us, and pray God's richest blessing on their future path.

STATIONS AND MISSIONARIES

ALGIERS (Headquarters—Dar Naama, El Biar)

1920 Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buckenham

1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine

1920 Miss V. Wood

1948 Mlle. Y. Félix

AIN-ARNAT

1919 Mlle. A. Buttica

1946 Mlle. G. Chollet

BLIDA

1929 Miss P. M. Russell

1948 Mlle. J. Guibé

MILIANA

1907 Miss M. D. Grautoff

RELIZANE

1947 Miss E. Clark

1951 Miss A. E. Powell

TLEMCEN

1948 Mr. and Mrs. A. Porteous

TOLGA

1937 Madame Lull

TOUGGOURT

1930 Miss I. K. Nash