

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

No. 117

MARCH, 1957

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

Founded in 1888 by Miss I. Liliat Trotter

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The Quarterly Magazine of the Algiers Mission Band.

Annual Subscription, including postage :

Two shillings and sixpence (Great Britain).

50 cents (U.S.A.).

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A NEW YEAR MEDITATION

TIME rolls on, and each year makes its special contribution to history. As we looked forward at the beginning of 1957, we felt that this year would be no exception, and may even have gone so far as to predict that it would make one of the biggest impressions on history that has ever been recorded.

So much for the world outlook, but what interests us Christians most is the Kingdom of God within this world. What are the prospects for the furtherance of His Kingdom in 1957? There is turmoil on every hand, and the citizens of the Heavenly Kingdom are finding the work in His vineyard more and more difficult; in our small corner sometimes the difficulties are so great, and the Tempter's insinuations so loud, that they almost drown that still small voice:—"Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." Wonderful thought! Our loving Heavenly Father is waiting to give us souls, even as the father in the parable of the Prodigal Son had all the best things ready to bestow on him when he returned home. And seeing it is His pleasure to give us souls we can be sure that we are not alone in our efforts to win them, and that He Who cares for them far more than we ever can is with us all the time, and through us, unworthy as we are, reaches the hearts of those to whom He has sent us, and no difficulty however great can

prevent Him—excepting lack of faith on our part.

I think I hear somebody say: but what about those stations some missionaries have been forced to leave with no certainty of being able to return—how about those souls they have left, some babes in Christ, others perhaps just beginning to be drawn into the Kingdom, and oh how many still untouched? "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" It is He Who allowed this to happen because He wanted those missionaries elsewhere, and those left behind are still in His care. St. Paul assures us that "He which hath begun a good work (in them) will finish it" (Phil. 1: 6 A.V. Margin). Let us remember He is ever the miracle-working Christ, and it is not His will that any should perish.

And how about others who are still at their posts but whose work has become paralysed through present circumstances? They can no longer freely visit in the homes and the people are afraid to come to them. Surely the Saviour is saying to them, His children, "Come ye apart with Me"; and with Him they enter into that wonderful communion of intercession, and through Him they wield as perhaps never before that most powerful of all weapons—PRAYER. In the precious Name of Jesus rocks crumble and mountains disappear. At once? No, not always, we often have

MORE ABOUT MOSTAGANEM

It was a great joy to return to Mostaganem at the beginning of November, and visit again the people we met there in the summer. We could only spare four days from our work at Relizane, but thanks to the kindness of the French Pastor's wife, who would not let us do a thing in the house, we were able to visit from morning to evening each day. The Pastor also helped us in every way he could by taking us the long distances in his car, and by introducing us to a number of natives. In this way, besides visiting those contacted in the summer, we were able to get into three more courts, where several families lived.

Most of the Arab population live in a large native village called *تجدت*, on the outskirts of the town. We were taken by car one day to the top of a hill overlooking this village, and as we looked down on the hundreds of native houses how we longed that a more permanent work could be started there. We are praying that, if this is God's will, suitable premises may be found.

It is not easy, especially in these days, to gain an entrance into houses where one is not known, but we praise God for a very good reception in two different courts in *Tijditt*, and an invitation to return. We believe this is the beginning of greater things. In both these courts we had an opportunity to sing hymns in Arabic, and to read the Word of God, with several neighbours listening, as well as the woman we went to see.

A native woman, who came seeking work in the summer, told us that she lived at *Tijditt*, and we said we would like to visit her. But we had no idea of the street or number, as she was unable to explain; so we wondered how we should be able to find her amongst all those hundreds of houses. We asked a woman in one of these courts if she knew her, and to our surprise and joy she answered—"Yes, she lives there," and pointed to a little room at the opposite side of the court. We went across, and found that she had just returned from work (she does housework for Europeans). She was pleased to see us, and we hope to visit her again.



The Misses Clark and Powell
of Relizane.

We gained an entrance into another court in a different district, where we found the women most fearful and suspicious of us. It was quite an unusual thing for Europeans to go in there, and they wondered what our business was. They were all outside in the court, and two of them were doing their washing. We explained why we were there, but there was no response, and we thought we should have to come away. Then we brought out our Bible pictures and they became interested, and all gathered round. Even the two who were doing their washing left their work to come and have a peep. This gave us the opportunity to give them God's message. After further conversation we found that two of them came from Relizane.

We visited another house in the old part of the town, where a woman lived to whom we had been introduced. There were several women in the court when we entered, who all stared at us; and then all (except the one we had gone to see) ran in and shut their doors, they were so afraid. We climbed the

to wait a long time for an answer to some of our prayers—our faith is often so weak that it needs testing ; we have to learn the lessons of patience and perseverance in intercession.

Here in Touggourt I have been privileged so far to carry on with but few hindrances compared with some other stations, but difficulties are increasing and I think of those beautiful lines of Betty Stam's of the C.I.M. :—

“ I'm standing, Lord :
Since Thou has spoken, Lord, I see
Thou has beset, these rocks are Thee,
And since Thy love encloses me,
I stand and sing.”

And might one not add to the words “ encloses me ” and say ‘ me and those whom I would win for Thee.’

We are but His privileged instruments :—

“ Channels only, Blessed Master,
But with all Thy wondrous Power
Flowing through us Thou canst use us
Every day and every hour.”

Yes, He can use every Spirit-filled child of His in the front of the battle or behind the lines, so whether He has brought us out to the Field or has kept us in the Homeland, we are all one in Him, waging one mighty War for souls.

I. K. NASH.

KEEPING THE CHRISTMAS FEAST AT TOLGA

“ *The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men.*”—(Daniel 4: 32).

“ *Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*”—(Hebrews 13: 8).

There is God's promise for us, a promise of victory and joy, whatever the circumstances may be in which we find ourselves. Yet, while preparing our Christmas festivities for a large number of people, we were tempted to expect that our hopes would not be realised. What was our surprise and joy, therefore, to find the Hall was full, and we had to fetch more chairs and tables for our guests. Among those invited 19 Senegalese soldiers were included—soldiers of the Lord. This made the preaching, the Bible readings, and the singing of our little girls all the more lovely and full of expression. These black soldiers prayed and praised God in their own language. At the end, they finished by singing with one accord very heartily the French hymn—“ *Jusqu'a la mort nous Te serons fideles* ” (even unto death we will be faithful unto Thee).

The next day we had women and little children from the village, and afterwards more than 100 boys, who followed the account of the Coming of Jesus with real interest. Let us pray that the Word heard, distributed and read—here at the Mission house or in

the village—may be a word of salvation to many.

“ I am the Way, the Truth and the Life ; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me ”—this is one of the verses which the little girls have been earnestly repeating every morning for weeks, at the school. What a privilege for them ! And what a joy for us to see the knowledge of the Love of God, and of the everlasting life given by Christ, penetrating their hearts. Praise be to God, and may His blessing be on all those who, in one way or another, support and help us.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF FAITH FOR THE MUSLIMS ANNUAL PRAYER CONFERENCE will be held (D.V.) from Friday, May 24th to Thursday, May 30th, at Herne Bay Court, Herne Bay, Kent. Cost according to accommodation, from £4 5s. 0d. to £4 17s. 6d. Opening week-end, special interest to students and prospective missionary candidates, Friday to Monday £2 5s. 0d. Full details from Rev. A. S. Kerry, 15 Spring Gardens, Ventnor, I.W.

stairs to the room of the woman we knew, and found her and her husband, who is old and blind, and also a daughter-in-law. At first it was difficult, but after a little talk we got an opportunity to read the Word of God, and the daughter-in-law just drank in the message, and asked several questions.

We are hoping to go to Mostaganem again soon (at the end of January) for a few days.

At RELIZANE, because of existing trouble, the work is not too easy at present, but we thank God for the opportunities He gives us. We are not able to have classes normally, but women and children have been coming in small numbers at different times,

and such groups have been marked with attentive listening. We are not free to visit as before, but we go when and where we can. In our visits we have met women who have heard the Gospel message as children, at the Mission house, and we have also been able to give it to some who had never heard it. We are so grateful to God that we are able to continue working on our stations. Will you please pray for us that we may be so kept in continual vital touch with our Lord, that the fear and suspicion, which are paralyzing everyone and everything, may not affect us, and that we may do the work He has for us to do at this time.

E. CLARK AND A. E. POWELL.

TO-DAY IN MILIANA

“BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW FOR THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT A DAY MAY BRING FORTH.” (Proverbs 27 : 1). These words seem specially applicable to a missionary's work out here to-day : our present “to-day” is so changed from our past “yesterday”, and “tomorrow”—What will it be ? How little we know. Yet “the LORD of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it ?” As I write, the town seems desolate, no children playing in the streets—but military cars and ambulances passing to and fro, and often helicopters cruising overhead. Sometimes they are guarding the district, and at other times they are bringing the wounded or the dead to their landing-place on the mountain above us.

Yet we missionaries have special work just now—to be, as it were, a bridge between the hated Europeans and the Arab youth, and by wise counsel to silence the exaggerated stories going about among the frightened women. They come to us and (because of a kind gift received through the French Protestant pastors) we are able to help the needy with welcome gifts of milk and

cheese. It is quite a business teaching them how to mix the powdered milk, or to introduce cheese to certain who have never tasted it before ; now, old and needy they try it cautiously for the first time and find it *very good*—it has always been beyond their slender means. So, down to our cellar, these cold winter days, they come ; and find it cheerful and warm, with the bright electric light, and the charcoal fire-pot on the earthen floor in the middle. The mothers with their babies, or the grandmothers with their aches and pains, they sit and listen as Miss Collins sings to them and as we read the story of the love of God, manifested in our Lord Jesus. It is quite a cosy party, drinking coffee together, and drawing very near to each other in love and fellowship.

Otherwise life would be dreary, for we may not go visiting outside the town, lest enemies hiding in the mountains and their caves bring retribution on those who, in other times, would have welcomed us. The Arabic word “Nasara” really means Christians, and is commonly used to distinguish Arabs from Europeans ; but we are often

Engèlizi (English), or, as formerly, the "Lord Jesus" people.

Last Sunday a little waif came with his friend to class. He and his friend were the only two Arab boys who dared to come. As he told of what his Arab teacher taught them, he said—"we Muslims go to heaven, but the Nasara—I don't know, but I guess to the other place." "Does your teacher not teach you it is wrong to steal?" "O yes,"

he answered cheerfully, "we must not steal from Muslims, only from Nasara."

Men also call—some from long distances, when they think they will not be seen coming—to get help for a sick wife or child; and some come to hear about Jesus Christ (Sidna Aissa, as they say). Then our hearts are full of thankfulness to God, for His Word will not return unto Him void.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

ABASSIA (continued)

"Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul . . ." (Luke 2 : 35). "The very best when it enters the world must suffer, must pay the price, just because it is the very best—because it is love. Love must give itself, must bless and love, and therefore it must suffer, therefore it triumphs. It gives and lo! it receives a thousandfold." (Bishop Montgomery).

Mary the mother of Jesus enjoyed a unique closeness to Him during most of His life; how strange to human reasoning was her reward—"A sword shall pierce through thy own soul." Abassia, ever longing for a closer walk with her Saviour, ever hungering for more of the deep mystery of His fellowship, would unhesitatingly say from her heart like that mother of old—"Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy will." Yet little did she expect the sword to pierce so deeply her own soul. Only those who witnessed the closing months of her life, shared her strong cryings, heard her earnest breathings to God, could sense the sharp piercing of that precious soul.

During the last few years of her life, her heart, weakened by rheumatic fever in early youth, became seriously affected. Her ardent spirit, like a caged bird, longed to soar and be "upon the mountains" as one "that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth salvation." Yet steadily she became increasingly imprisoned by her physical weakness. The

body rapidly deteriorating was earth bound, but her soul rapidly developing was heaven bound.

Her illness was never made an excuse for flinching from her duty. Abassia had taken poor and homeless, young or old, into her home for Christ's sake, and never turned any away empty-handed; but how could she clothe and feed them? From personal experience she knew that her God is a "Father of the fatherless" and that He said "Let thy widows trust in Me." She sewed well and could make clothes, but she needed a sewing machine. To this end she sought the Lord, confident that "they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Not long after, she asked us to meet her on her return from Oran. Looking down from the carriage window on her arrival her eyes filled with tears as she tried to explain what the Lord had done for her. Then she laughed heartily as, helped by others, she lowered a sewing machine on to the platform—God's answer to her seeking.

Before she came to be completely bedridden, if an opportunity occurred to witness for Jesus, and the Lord gave her strength, she would never hesitate for a second to be up and doing. Nevertheless 200 miles seemed a long way when Abassia received a warm invitation to visit friends in a remote country village. Yet she felt she ought to face it. On arrival she found all the

family in great distress. One of her relatives was a divorced woman, with one little girl—legally in the mother's charge. By stealth the father had come and stolen away the child; and the mother was in despair. Without hesitation, Abassia assured the family that, in answer to prayer, Jesus would bring the little girl back. Those darkened Muslims stared in dumb ignorance, but listened attentively as Abassia explained the simplicity of becoming a child of God and trusting Him as a Father whose "ears are open unto their cry." They bowed reverently as she offered her supplication for the missing child.

The brother of this same family, a young man, lay in an Algiers hospital, helplessly crippled with illness, and they expected news of his death at any moment. Abassia was able to comfort them with the comfort with which she herself had been comforted times without number. Once again heads bowed in wonder, once again she prayed—this time for the young man's life.

Later, before she returned home Abassia saw that family lifted from the depths of despair to new hope and happiness. The young man had turned up unexpectedly, discharged from hospital and in no need of further treatment. The little girl was once more playing under the grateful eyes of her mother. Although they were never again to see Abassia, they could never forget her demonstration of the power and effectiveness of faith in Jesus. Abassia is gone, but there, deep in the country, is a home where hearts are open to receive any who will tell them more of Abassia's Saviour.

How Abassia loved the countryside; flowers, trees, birds, she felt all permeated with the Creator's Presence, and she revelled in nature's serenity and peace. One of our most beautiful memories of her was in a lovely garden on the summer hills above the town. Tall trees fanning gently in the breeze tempered the heat. A cool river, flowing softly nearby, perfected the picture.

Under an arbour of leaves we sat in a circle, a goodly number. What fun there had been, gathering together the cooking utensils from various homes, making the delicious Arab meal in the open air, eating together as one family. Now the afternoon was drawing on, and we drew nearer together to sing our favourite hymns about the Saviour. A pause, and Abassia spoke softly, her strength was limited, but all hung upon her words. ASSURANCE was her theme. "We may *know* that we have passed from death unto life—for the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we *are* the children of God." One young bride was specially captivated, for she had recently sought her peace with God, and *this* was her imperative need—ASSURANCE. In the prayers that followed, that girl moved out on a faith that would not be denied. As the fiery sun set behind the golden tinted hills on that memorable afternoon, she knew of a certainty that the "Sun of righteousness" had risen in her heart "with healing in His wings." To-day that girl remains as one of the sweetest fruits of Abassia's ministry.

The whole current of her life flowed from one fixed purpose, to "spend and be spent for them who have not yet my Saviour known, in publishing the sinner's Friend; and lead them to Thy open side, the sheep for whom the Shepherd died." Yea, but the sword was piercing deep into her own soul. Days of suffering, and complete exhaustion followed every effort to unsparingly serve the Master. Rest was needful, but to Abassia only a necessary interim, that she might again find strength to renew her vigilance over the lost and straying.

Opportunities for leaving her room were becoming less frequent, but her outstanding joy of the week was when she could muster the necessary strength to accompany us to a farm in the country on a Sunday afternoon. A Gospel service was held for French and Arabs and a small company would

gather. However, it was after the service was over, that the real work for God was accomplished. Abassia would speak in a winsome, conversational way, of the vital and personal question of salvation, to the Arabs present. They never seemed anything else but spell-bound, hungry for all she could tell them ; and all the human and Muslim barriers normally raised were forgotten in the wonder of the story of the Sinner's Friend. A strikingly fine Arab girl of 19, whose brightness was as attractive as her name—Mimosa—was greatly laid upon Abassia's heart for prayer. On her final visit to the farm, Abassia had the unspeakable joy of leading Mimosa to the Saviour. As they embraced that afternoon as "sisters in Christ," it was to be their last earthly sight of each other ; for Abassia never again recovered sufficient strength to make that journey.

In the concluding months of her life, the impression made by her Christian witness and character upon the Arab women became more clearly evident. More or less confined to her bed, her room became a sanctuary for women from far and near who heard of her illness. Although they had come to sympathise, it was more often Abassia who sat quietly listening to their cares and sorrows. She was never impatient for her opportunity to speak of the "Burden Lifter", never would she tactlessly thrust in Gospel "jabs or texts" —her manner of helping the helpless was with a certain assurance that "he that believeth shall not make haste." At God's chosen moment and given opportunity, Abassia would speak the simple but clear word given her by God, and it was inevitable that it should enter receptive, appreciative hearts. "Oh how much we need to be in prayer before meeting others", she would say. "If I try to speak without that preparation, they are on top of me, but after prayer, God lifts me above them and they are silent before all that I speak."

Our Sunday services were finally transferred from the mission station to Abassia's bedside. She would invite those who came to see her during the week to join us. How it thrilled her to have her home open for the preaching of the Gospel to all who would come — that thus she and all she had might serve Christ. One Sunday afternoon we found her particularly radiant : "I have invited the young bride of a policeman to the service", she said. The bride arrived — not the modest, bashful young girl we expected. She strutted in, cock-sure and haughty — she had come from the big city and she knew . . . Her dress, her jewellery, her make-up, her behaviour — all betrayed the glaring truth, "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." She smirked as we sang, mocked as we preached, laughed as we prayed. We went home bitterly disappointed, feeling the priceless Gospel had been flouted and scorned. But the next day, Abassia could hardly contain the glad tidings of the previous evening's end. After all others had left, the young bride had remained, alone with Abassia. She became quiet and subdued. Suddenly, without warning, she broke down and wept bitterly, sobbing "It was when I heard the word of God preached I trembled, and the mention of the word SIN did something to me." The mask had been rent aside, revealing a torn heart, knowing too frequently an intense loneliness. Her whole tragic story of grief and deception unfolded, and each succeeding Sunday saw her heart gradually open, under the warming rays of a Saviour's love. She came to look on Abassia as her mother, and no one of her race was more heart-broken than she when Abassia finally left us. She was among the first to reunite at the mission to consecrate her life to the Saviour, as her beloved Abassia had so unhesitatingly done, — determined that henceforth Abassia's God would be her God.

It was late summer and Abassia's life was steadily ebbing, yet no cloud of sadness or depression was allowed to linger in her presence. To the end, she carried the sparkle of the adventure of life with Christ—life seemed never dull or monotonous to her, the unexpected, the unusual, seemed always to come her way. If her life was limited in length, it seemed fathomless and boundless in experience and usefulness for God. Calling to see her was always an uplift, but one visit, especially, presented an unforgettable picture. Approaching the door of her home, the familiar words "Our Father which art in Heaven" (sung to an Arabic tune) were wafted on the air. On entering the courtyard quietly and unnoticed, what a picture of that PEACE "which passeth all understanding" was evident. Abassia was resting in a low chair, enjoying the fresh evening air, after feverish and restless nights. Her attention was taken up with her companions—an Arab boy of 16, and a girl of 17. They were happily occupied in preparing the evening meal; but both were completely lost in the words of the Lord's prayer, which they were singing so softly and sweetly. It felt like stepping into sacred ground, where one had to tread gently lest the heavenly scene be marred. Those two young people loved Abassia, and would have done anything for her — for it was she who had brought them to know the onetime distant God as "Our Father which art in Heaven." Yet they had not been easily won to put their confidence in Jesus only.

The girl was a characteristic fruit of Abassia's ministry. She had first come to Abassia as an extremely poor and needy child, and Abassia had promptly received her into her home and sought in every way to help her. All went well, until the girl was brought to face her personal responsibility before a personal God. She was a fanatical Muslim; and though she would fast for days on end and eagerly fulfill the demands of a formal religion, — yield to and obey a living Christ she would not. She left Abassia's home in a raging temper. As always, Abassia knew where to take such problems, but it was not without tears and heartache that she pled for that girl's salvation.



Abassia taking the Christmas Service.

Later, at a Christmas service, one of the largest gatherings addressed by Abassia at the mission house, this young girl turned up. In no sparing words, Abassia portrayed in vivid language the evil of our hearts, the pardoning love of God, and the Saviour ready to receive, there and then, the penitent. The Spirit of God was manifestly at work. Abassia paused at the end of her appeal —there was a hushed silence—then, suddenly, in the midst of the packed hall, the girl stood up, pale and trembling, and from her lips poured forth a confession of her sins and sinfulness. Abassia invited her to the front, and step by step led her to a trusting faith in Jesus her Saviour. The girl returned to her seat, beaming with the joy of pardon. The whole congregation seemed electrified. Then, from the back of the hall, where she had been standing, a young Arab woman of fine bearing, whom we did not know, came forward. Standing beside Abassia she addressed the up-turned sea of attentive faces— "this is the first time I have been to the mission, the first time I have heard of

a Saviour from sin, I too want to be saved." Straightway, with Abassia's help, she sought and found Him Whom her heart so needed. Following this, the Spirit seemed to move over the whole class, and one after another began fervently to seek the Lord. When finally we closed the door on the last one it was late—but not too late for those in trouble over their lost state, for they returned again to seek help in prayer. A further meeting was arranged for the following day, to help those deeply concerned about their salvation.

Souls, born of the Spirit in such an atmosphere, have that unmistakable "something" which is so obviously and sadly lacking in some who believe the *letter*, but have never "tasted of the heavenly gift, and been made partakers of the Holy Ghost." From that day, the young girl first to confess, stood out from the others by her clear testimony and fearless witness.

The boy, who with her was joining in the singing of "Our Father" on that summer evening, was another taken into Abassia's home that he might have a chance in life—not in this life only, but also in the life to come. Living in an out-of-the-way village, he had no possibility of attending a technical school to help him prepare for life, until Abassia received him at the age of 14 into her home, where he remained until after her death. From a shy backward boy who used to crouch in a corner, too scared to speak or meet any-

one, he began to take his place in the family and became greatly liked by all, not the least by Abassia, who coveted his early salvation. He knew little of the Muslim faith and soon began to absorb the ways of Abassia, and to worship her God her way, which was so different from what he saw in Islam. He loved to sit at Abassia's feet and be taught by her; he found increasing expression in prayer, and began to be a joy to Abassia, who looked upon him as a son to be brought up in the nurture admonition of the Lord.

During the latter months and weeks of her life, when Abassia was helpless with weakness and exhaustion, these two young lives were ever at her beck and call. Nothing she could ask was too much trouble for them, even in the night watches they were ready to help. Can you wonder, therefore, that, on that summer evening, catching sight of the unannounced visitor, Abassia said nothing, but smiled and nodded—and what a wealth of gratitude was in that look. The fruit the Master had given her was growing slowly before her eyes, her life aim was being realised in human lives which were being changed by the transforming power of Christ, and until the end, her heart and whole being throbbed with that indefatigable passion:

"LET US BLAZE HIS NAME
ABROAD,
FOR OF GODS HE IS THE
GOD."

A. PORTEOUS.

AIN-ARNAT AND BOUSAADA

Dear friends—you, perhaps, were among our helpers by prayer when we worked at Bousaada, and you know that since we had to leave we have more than once re-visited the place to see again as many as possible of those to whom we had preached the Word—will you not now renew your intercession, and pray on, all the more because now the door is closed against our visits? We have on our hearts 20 or more, who used to come to sing and pray with us; and so many boys and girls who received the good seed of the Word in our classroom. Pray that this Seed may bear fruit, as we know the Lord keeps His own, and is able to bring to fruition the Seed sown in their hearts, that they may be faithful witnesses to the Master.

G. CHOLLET.

STATIONS AND WORKERS

ALGIERS (DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR)

1920 Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buckenham
 1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine
 1920 Miss V. Wood
 1956 Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Longley
 1948 Mlle. Y. Félix
 1956 Miss D. Smetana.

BLIDA

1929 Miss P. M. Russell
 1948 Mlle. J. Guibé

MILIANA

1907 Miss M. D. Grautoff
 1956 Miss E. Collins.

RELIZANE

1947 Miss E. Clark
 1951 Miss A. E. Powell

TLEMCEN

1948 Mr. and Mrs. A. Porteous

TOLGA

1937 Madame Lull
 1956 Mlle M. Trautmann

TOUGGOURT

1930 Miss I. K. Nash

AIN-ARNAT

1919 Mlle. A. Butticzaz
 1946 Mlle. G. Chollet

CONDENSED ABSTRACT OF COMBINED CASH ACCOUNTS OF THE ALGIERS MISSION BAND—YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 1956.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.	
MISSIONARIES' ALLOWANCES				MISSIONARIES' ALLOWANCES	
Balance at 30 June, 1955	1,786			PAYMENTS IN ALGERIA:	
Donations U.K.	59			Allowances to Missionaries ...	2,001
" U.S.A.	51			Allowances to Missionaries'	
" Algeria	12			Children	374
	122				2,375
Part proceeds sale of Invest-				PAYMENTS IN U.K.:	
ments	3,000			Allowances to Retired Mis-	
	3,122	4,908		sionaries	161
				Allowances to Missionaries	
				in U.K.	168
					329
					2,704
GENERAL FUND				GENERAL FUND	
Balances 30 June, 1955—Algiers	816			PAYMENTS IN ALGERIA:	
London	120	936		Rents, Taxes, Repairs	606
				Travelling, Furlough, Passages	230
Donations and Subscriptions				Postage, Stationery, Telephone	49
—U.K.	819			Headquarters Service and	
U.S.A.	15			Expenses	998
Algeria	100			Stations, General Expenditure	476
Income Tax recovered coven-					2,359
anted subscriptions	44			Loan to Société Dar Naama	225
Bank Interest —U.K.	256			PAYMENTS IN U.K.:	
Algeria	13			Expenses of Home Office in-	
	269			cluding allowance to Sec-	
Interest on Investments ...	899			retary, rent, Accommodation,	
Part Repayment to Société				etc.	641
Dar Naama of loan	75	2,221		Purchase of Typewriter ...	44
					685
Part proceeds sale of Invest-					3,269
ments	2,014	5,171		DESIGNATED FUNDS	
				Literature Production	300
				Station and Personal	889
DESIGNATED FUNDS				Mission Transport	50
Balances 30 June, 1955—Algiers	1,052			Colportage and Itineration ...	320
London	64	1,116		Native Help	15
					1,574
Donation received U.K. ...	919			Home Literature Production	156
Sale of Magazine & Literature					1,730
U.K.	121			Balance at June 30, 1956—U.K.	1,031
Sale of Literature in Algeria	34			" "	3,737
Missionary Birthday Band ...	15				4,768
Donations received—Algeria	187	1,276			12,471
					2,392
					£12,471

NOTE.—This is not a certified copy of the audited accounts but a condensed abstract to the nearest £ of the joint accounts kept in London and Algiers. Should any friends of the Mission desire to see a certified copy of the full accounts, this can be seen on demand. In addition to the actual cash accounts which are summarised above, the sum of \$55,000 was received by way of a legacy left to the Band by a very old friend. This sum has been set aside temporarily as we seek God's will concerning the use of this money. We would ask you all to pray with us that His will be plainly made known. The possibility of creating a fund for retired workers' allowances is being considered, and part of this legacy will be set apart for this purpose.