

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

# Algiers Mission Band

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS: DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

President: MISS S. E. PERKIN.

General Secretary and Treasurer: MR. H. W. BUCKENHAM,  
Dar el Ain, Route de Chrea, Blida, Algeria.

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

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

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

## OVERSEAS REFEREES.

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

DR. PHILIP E. HOWARD, JR., The Sunday School Times, Heid Building,  
325, North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia 5, Pa., U.S.A.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## LOCATION OF WORKERS. SUMMER, 1948.

DAR NAAMA, El Biar.

Headquarters.

1906. MISS S. E. PERKIN.

1920. MISS V. WOOD.

1919 & 1922.

M. & MME. P. NICLOUD.

1946. MR. F. BAGGOTT.

BLIDA.

1920. MR. & MRS.

H. W. BUCKENHAM.

1946. MISS J. MUNRO (furlough).

1947. MR. E. BUCKENHAM.

BOU SAADA.

1919. Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ.

1946. Mlle. CHOLLET (furlough).

TOUGGOURT.

1930. MISS I. K. NASH.

MILIANA.

1907. MISS M. D. GRAUTOFF.

1929. MISS P. M. RUSSELL.

1947. MISS E. CHANTLER

(Short service).

TLEMCEN.

1914. MISS A. M. FARMER.

1947. MISS E. CLARK.

TOLGA.

1928 & 1937.

M. & MME. S. LULL.

1947. Mlle. A. J. ROBERT.

“Brethren pray for us”

# A THIRSTY LAND

The Quarterly Magazine of the  
Algiers Mission Band

No. 85

SUMMER

1948

“Take heed to the ministry that thou hast received of the Lord that thou fulfil it.”

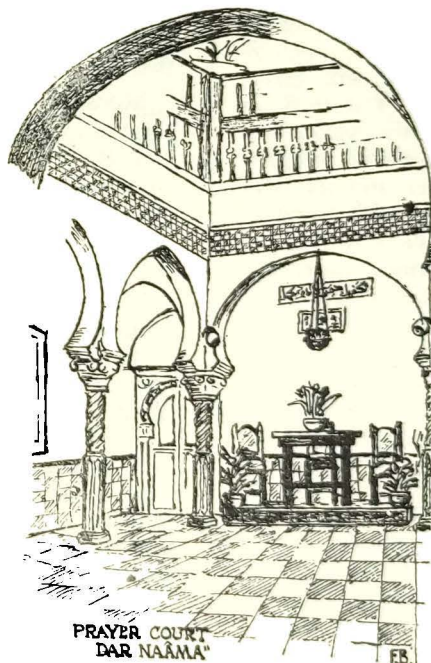
Col. : iv, 17.

God needs the *whole* Church to manifest His whole character and accomplish His appointed ministry, and so the individual development must differ widely in everything but the common vital principle.

I. LILIAS TROTTER.

## Dar Naama—March 10th, 1948

The Meeting announced for 4 o'clock, to which friends of the A.M.B. in the vicinity of Algiers had been invited, opened with the singing of "Crown Him with many crowns." To see Dar Naama's central Court once again filled with representatives of almost all the Missions working in the land, the British and Foreign Bible Society and pastors of the French Reformed Church, was an inspiring sight. The opening prayer by



PRAYER COURT  
DAR NAAMA

Pastor Chatoney gave new realisation that "the unity of the Spirit" had been "kept." In this coming together to give thanks that the Algiers Mission Band had arrived at its sixtieth anniversary, all were rejoicing and intent upon manifesting earnest desire for a worthy continuance of its work and witness in the land, and through its literature, reaching far beyond.

The chairman mentioned the names of the members of the Band

who were in spirit keeping the day with us at their respective stations, and referred to greetings received earlier in the day, specially mentioning that which had come by telegram from Mlle. Gayral, whose service dates back to 1906, much of which was spent in co-operation with Miss Freeman. The following message from Miss Alma Krebs, of Denmark, a former member of the Band, who for many years laboured at Tozeur, was read :

“ This comes with all my best wishes for the Band and the work on the occasion of the Jubilee. It is a token of the vitality of the Algiers Mission Band, that in spite of the times and condition of the world, new workers are coming out. I am glad to hear that one of them has heard the call of the South land. What about Tozeur, Nefta, and the Djerid ? ”

Also the following from Mr. Arthur, North Africa Mission, President of the “ Conseil Missionnaire ” :

“ To the Workers of the Algiers Mission Band, At Home (which is North Africa), and Abroad, greetings affectionate and fraternal as you look back over the years and remember the wonderful pioneer work of Miss Trotter and all who stood by her, as she wrestled against the reputedly invincible forces of Islam and did not retire vanquished! And now the workers of yesterday and to-day are gathered to rejoice over the Victory which surely is not far ahead. Our thoughts join you as you thus meet, and sing, as I trust you will : ‘ How good is the God we adore, Our faithful unchangeable Friend ; . . . We’ll praise Him for all that is past, And trust Him for all that’s to come.’ Personally and for fellow-combatants of the North Africa Mission. In Him, For Him, and expectantly,

S. ARTHUR.”

With the reading of the Scriptures, “ When thou hearest the sound of a going . . . then thou shalt bestir thyself ”—“ He that now goeth on his way weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him ”—“ Go ye . . . to every creature . . . ” remembrance was stirred as to the path of obedience followed over the years under review. Miss Perkin was then asked to speak, and reminded us that it is not only for Miss Trotter, Miss Haworth and Miss Freeman we should give thanks, but also for what they bequeathed, Miss Haworth’s gifts being outstanding. “ Dar Naama,” one of her bequests, is still serving in its manifold ways, having been preserved from material damage during the war ; and the publication of much of the New Testament in colloquial Arabic has been made possible through another gift. Miss Trotter’s love for getting as closely as possible into the life and thought of those Christ would reach through us, was also graphically described by Miss Perkin as she told of her personal sharing in mountain visits.

Monsieur Nicoud followed and recounted incidents connected with his earliest days in the Mission from 1919 onwards.

Mr. Young expressed his pleasure that the Algiers Mission Band had not changed its name for something more pretentious. There could be nothing better to describe a company of Christ’s servants bound together in unity of purpose, than the simple word “ Band.” In recalling contacts with Miss Trotter from the year 1910, he emphasised her deep devotion, her wise counsels, and her Christ-like example. His reference to her wall-map of Algeria and Tunisia, the place-names of which meant so much to her, stirred within many of us the memory of her insatiable longing for the souls of men.

Following this, the solo "May I be faithful," was sung by Mrs. Buckenham.

Miss Mary Anderson then gave reminiscences of contacts with Miss Trotter, and impressions received, the telling of which gripped our hearts. She also spoke of various occasions at Dar Naama, through which many a spot had been made thereafter sacred.

Monsieur Emile Brès, another veteran missionary of the Field, closed in prayer, fervently commending the work of the whole land, its workers, and especially converts, scattered and hidden, to God's quickening power.

. . .

The morning meeting was marked by a solemn sense of our responsibility. God came very near in reminding us of His *faithfulness* despite our oft-times *unfaithfulness*. His faithfulness had been ever the rock under the feet of His saints. We have to think in terms of faithfulness to a Higher than ourselves, His faithfulness is to that which has gone forth from His own mouth. "If we are faithless, He abideth faithful. He cannot deny Himself." We did well therefore to sing, "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven, To His Feet thy tribute bring." The covenant word, "*Faithful is He that calleth you, Who also will do it*" leaves us no excuse for tolerating *unfaithfulness*. Ministers of Christ and stewards of the *mysteries of God are required to be found faithful*. "Be thou faithful . . ." is an empowering word. May we be "faithful and wise servants" to give *Our Lord* pleasure, and at the time appointed to "*Enter into His Joy*."

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring."

H. W. BUCKENHAM.

## Back to the M'Zab

Early on the 16th March, Miss Phyllis Russell and I, with Mr. Pierre Nicoud, started in the valiant little Mission car for the M'Zab, after eight years' absence.

For the first few hours we journeyed through regions of flowering fruit trees and vines just bursting into leaf, then up the wonderful Chiffa Gorge, with blue water trickling in the river bed beneath and steep cliffs covered with verdure above. The road continued to wind along through the mountains to the high plateaux, then over the bare plains of halfa grass to the bleak town of Djelfa, our destination for the first night.

Mlle. Buttica, from Bousaada, joined us here, and as there remained about two hours of daylight, we started round the town with our colportage bags. The open door of a large court, surrounded with Arab dwellings, attracted our attention, and soon all three of us were busy with different groups of women and children. Such surprise visits can only mean hasty messages given with the help of pictures, but the gist of them is always "Seek God through our Lord Jesus Christ who has come to seek you."

Next day a longer distance had to be covered. The scenery became more and more destitute of trees, although in places wild flowers carpeted the ground for miles, brilliant yellow interwoven with gorgeous purple beneath the bluest of blue skies. Later the scene changed to rolling sand dunes, level expanses of white salt "chott" with mirages dancing before us. Then on to the town of Laghouat, built on mighty rocks with palm gardens on one side, and on the other a great stretch of silvery sand.

We were out of the car with our tracts, while Mr. Nicoud consulted the officials as to the state of the



desert trail that lay ahead of us. Their report was very depressing. They said it was risky to go on, and that he would ruin the car! After praying about it, we decided to take the risk.

A wayside caravansary supplied us with lunch and rest, and then we were off over the desert again. No more greenness to be seen, just bare rock in fantastic shapes, and the endless undulating road. Sand and rock, however, reflected glorious soft pinks, greys and yellows in the late afternoon sun. As we rounded a rocky spur we came upon the Oasis of Berriane, the first of the five towns of the M'Zab, with its palm trees and rich little plots of corn.

We dared not stop. Berriane must be left for our return journey. There were still fifty-four kilometres to go, and then the steep defile leading to Ghardaia and the four other M'Zab towns, each perched on its own hill with palm gardens in the sandy riverbed beneath. No water can be seen, for the river has sunk far below the surface of the ground, but the great roots of the palm trees find it. In Ghardaia notable changes were to be seen. We found electricity in the wealthier houses, and more Artesian wells were being dug.

Our first thoughts were for the people we had left eight years ago. Much had happened since then. Aisha, our faithful teacher of the dialect, and her mother too, had died. The little Jewish bride, "Star," and her husband, with many others, were in Jerusalem. Many of our old class boys were now men with businesses of their own. Mama, Aisha's black slave, was still living, and we were taken to her home in the Houmari (freed slave quarter). Her emotion on seeing us was too great for words. She just stood in that dark M'Zabi house and wept. Then when Mohammed, our former house boy,

brought a bench from his little shop, Mama crouched on the ground at my feet and began dusting my shoes with the long purple shawl that was draped round her. "Year by year," she said, "I have gone up to strangers and looked into their faces, hoping it might be you!" That day she was too excited to talk of the things of God, but a few days later I was able to go back for a quiet talk alone with her. "Now tell me what you remember from eight years ago!" Up went her black hands to her eyes, and she repeated in the M'Zab dialect "Praise be to God who gave me eyes, ears . . ." and so on through the children's hymn.

Mohammed, now married, came in with his little sister, known formerly as "Black Beetle." She is now a girl of ten or eleven years old. I was able to have a quiet talk with these two, for the usual crowd of children who swarm around us had been scolded away. Such moments are few and precious. The merry crowd of children in the street would have again and again a chorus that some had remembered. Now we are far away, but for weeks they will talk of the pictures and the wordless book with which we illustrated our message. Our prayers must follow them. In one house there was a sweet young woman who helped me very much with the dialect. Her name is Baia (Beautiful). We felt a real touch of friendship with her, and she may be the one to take Aisha's place as teacher in future years.

The possibility of finding rooms for another year was a problem, for we were staying at a place which was altogether unsuitable for the work we wished to do. A glimmer of light on this point came on our return journey. At the Caravansary of Tilrempt a young Arab came from his table to greet me. Eight years ago he was just a lad, now Transport Commis-

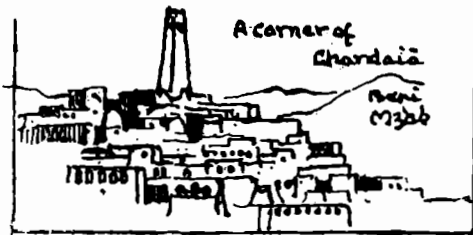
sionaire for Tamanghasset. In conversation with him he said "Write to me three months before you need rooms, and I will find you some!" His uncle used to manage such affairs for us, but he is now married and in Belgium.

Another visit of interest was to our Setif woman, one who had left her town in the north to marry a M'Zabi. She is lately widowed, but her son, a grocer from the north, welcomed us and listened as we talked to his mother and sisters. I said to him "Won't you now take your mother to see her sisters in her native town where you have your shop? She must long to visit them after so many years." "No, I do not wish it. When I am there I go to see them. People are different in the north. Their influence is not good." The boy of eight years ago is now in command of the family, but he is not quite such a Pharisee as some, for he inherits a gentler character from his sweet mother.

So, as we thank God for re-opening the door to the M'Zab before us, we would ask your prayers that it may be kept open still.

M. D. G.

"How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him who they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent? *Romans x, 14, 15.*



## The Home Secretary Abroad

Eight weeks of happy fellowship with workers and direct contact with the work once again, after nearly four years of absence! Two months of travel proved physically tiring but spiritually stimulating. It would be impossible to relate all that was of interest, but let me say right here that the outstanding impression made on my mind is one of encouragement. Without in any way setting aside any of the problems and difficulties that confront us to-day, there are very clear indications that the Spirit of God is working and the Cause advancing.

We look back just three years and realise that then we had only eleven missionaries in action, and some of our present seven stations open for part of the year only. The war had undeniably left the mark of a serious blow on every department of missionary work.

And Now!

**HEADQUARTERS.** A few hours after landing I found myself at work with the Literature Committee. Seven different publications were on the agenda. Some were in the printer's hands, others in different stages of preparation. I found myself accepting further tasks to be fulfilled in the Homeland on my return, in order to speed forward this branch of aggressive evangelism in French and Arabic.

Following this came the General Field Committee, the meeting at which problems have to be faced and decisions made concerning every department of the work. There were headaches for all of us, but the dominant note was one of praise and rejoicing as we noted the good hand of our God upon us in control.

The inter-mission prayer meeting on that first Sunday was a great joy. Among the small number gathered at

Dar Naama were our latest recruits, along with some now in the eventide of their missionary service. I felt very young still beside the latter, remembering my first entry into that room nearly fourteen years ago, and they were veterans then! They asked of me a message of encouragement from the Homeland, anxious to know what God was doing within the Church in Great Britain. That which would bring the greatest cheer would be the news of spiritual revival in the old country.

**BOU SAADA** was the first station to be visited after Headquarters. Unfortunately time was limited to a few hours of fellowship with the two valiant Swiss ladies holding the fort there, maintaining a consistent witness to women and girls who come for medical attention and teaching. On the return journey, however, we had the privilege of accompanying these workers to two large villages which they had been unable to visit for a long time. It was most striking to me to see Mlle. Buttiaz go straight into action when she had hardly left the car. We were surrounded by children as soon as we stopped. By the time I had emerged from the opposite side with my bag of books ready for some book-selling, she had that crowd of children listening to a Bible story, with the aid of a coloured picture held in her hand. Time was indeed precious, for none of us could say when we would be that way again. A few minutes later some of the children were taking her and Mlle. Chollet, her companion, into homes to see the womenfolk, while we men did our best to get the printed Word into as many hands as possible. We men, by the way, included Edmund Buckenham and Frank Baggott who, along with Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham, were making up the deputation team. Scripture sales were good, and we had the oppor-

tunity of preaching Christ to men in the open air. There is no room here to tell of the numerous personal touches, with questions and answers that brought back with joy former days of service among these people. It seemed to me somehow that there was a readier listening on the part of the humble folk. Bou Saada's prayer for the future is for a married missionary couple to work alongside.

**TOLGA**—the place of one's own initiation into Arabic studies and the conflict with Islam. To meet once again Monsieur Lull with his wife and family around him, to speak with the men, women and children as they came at different hours of day and night for medical attention and to hear the Gospel story, to pray and talk of the plans, hopes and aspirations for the future, was indeed an inspiration. To stand on the patch of sun-baked desert near to the newly-dug well and to dedicate it in prayer to the Glory of God, in faith that it was yet to blossom as a rose, and then to go on to the site of the proposed new Mission station to pray that the plans submitted might be speedily passed, were soul-thrilling experiences. Shall I ever forget the scene in a neighbouring village to which we were conducted by Mr. Lull to hold a Gospel meeting in the street, at the invitation of the men of the place? Only one souvenir could be more vivid, and that was of my first visit to this village years ago when we were practically chased out of it by a fanatical crowd after only a few minutes spent within its walls. I thought then my missionary career was to be a short one! Now, before we parted, Mr. Lull was not only thanked for bringing his friends to speak to them, but told that he must not take them to other villages, but bring them to live in this one!

The Fields are white unto harvest, but the labourers . . . ?



Our colleagues have now received the plans for the new station, duly approved. Praise God! These plans provide accommodation for re-inforcements, for a dispensary and for a Church. They are stepping forward in faith. There is a Red-sea experience before them perhaps, but a Land of Promise lies beyond. Will you go with them in faith and prayer?

**TOUGGOURT.** Far down to the south lives Miss Nash. When God took her there three years ago it was with health broken, and in the hope that desert air would bring her relief. Thank God it has. With returning strength came opportunities of witness amongst natives and Europeans. It was my joy, with Frank Baggott, to make a brief visit, and to appreciate at first-hand something of the ministry God has entrusted to our sister in her corner of that wide desert territory. In a little hall on the market square Miss Nash has her classes for native girls, and there, also, French Protestants and others can meet for worship. It was our pleasure to conduct such a service the Sunday we were there. Adjacent to the Hall is the dispensary, now well-equipped, where mostly women and children come for sympathetic and expert treatment at the hands of the French lady who nursed our sister back to health, while Miss Nash herself acts as interpreter and ministers to the spiritual needs of the patients. This little place has been the means of opening many hearts and homes which would otherwise have been closed to the Gospel.

In asking your prayers for Miss Nash we would also wish you to pray for our friends Mr. and Mrs. Watson, who recently returned to Touggourt after an absence of about eight years. May God guide them as they seek to take up once again their part in that wide open field of opportunity.

Our visit to Touggourt brought us another unexpected answer to prayer.

**THE MOBILE UNIT** which we have been seeking in the Homeland, was found there in the heart of the desert! A two-berth caravan-dispensary, prepared for the French side of the R.S.P.C.A., was offered to us, unused since its re-conditioning in England two years ago. It is just what we are needing, with a few alterations to be made. You will hear more of this later on. God moves in mysterious ways, but He guides unerringly.

Leaving the desert I said "Good-bye" for a short time to our colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham and Edmund, who had so kindly taken me in their car on this part of the tour. It had been no holiday for them, for all along the dusty route there was work to be done.

Westward, then, after one day's rest and preparation, and this time in another car under the guidance of Mr. Pierre Nicoud, and again with the help and company of Frank Baggott.

**MILIANA** was touched and re-visited later in order to see the Boys' class, and to demonstrate the use of the Flannelgraph brought out from England. This new method of visual-aid to instruction just took on everywhere in all our stations. By the way, there is a job for young and old at home who can handle the scissors in providing cut-out illustrations.

**RELIZANE.** It was sad to pass through this town where once a gracious work of the Spirit had been seen, and to find the doors of the Mission House still closed, and the property temporarily let.

**MOSTAGENEM**, too, and **MASCARA**, await to be re-occupied for the Master. It was good to meet in the former place dear Mlle. Gayral, now

in her eighties and frail in health, retired, but still living in, and praying for, the town in which she had laboured for so long.

**TLEMCEN**—our farthest west. Sadness or gladness, it would be difficult to say which was uppermost as I returned as a mere visitor to our former station. How thankful I felt, however, that the door of that station is being kept open by Miss Farmer and Miss Clark, in anything but easy circumstances. On Sunday, the day after our arrival, what greetings there were from many an old friend among the women and children. They all wanted to know why I hadn't brought Mrs. Stalley and Elizabeth back with me! The men I would have loved to have seen could not be found in those few short days. It was a real joy, however, to see the depth of the work done amongst the womenfolk, and to see two of the younger ones helping our workers in the meetings by their reading of Scripture and hymns, helping their own people to memorise them. To meet Y. again and to realise that suffering and persecution, and the long months of being shut off from fellowship with her sisters in Christ, had left her still loyal and true to her Lord. The light of that love was visible in her face as we talked of Him.

**BLIDA.** The oldest of our stations then called for a few days with meetings for boys, girls and women, of which one recalled happy memories of days gone by. Also the gathering of Christian friends (both natives and French) on the Sabbath afternoon, a meeting that has been for so long a particular feature of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham. To many of the native friends who greeted us there, the Home Secretary is just "the husband of Mlle. Jasmina," and many were the messages I was given to take home.

The Mission House here has been the birthplace of many a soul during war years, and some of the prayers for reinforcements for the Field found their beginnings here. Our colleagues now look forward to the day when they are to welcome one, at any rate, whom God is sending back to the land of his new birth as a fellow-worker. Mr. Buckenham has a heavy burden to carry in the double duties of General Field Secretary and Treasurer, in addition to the usual activities of station ministry. Let us uphold him and his wife the more in prayer, and pray that the helpers they are awaiting may be sent forth to them in the anointing and power of the Spirit.

These happy days of fellowship at Blida, when much was discussed of future hopes and aspirations, were a prelude to others even more blessed.

**TIZI-OUZOU.** Whit-Monday saw us journeying to this capital town of Kabylia, invited to a Christian Native and Missionary Conference on the hospitable station of the "Mission Rolland." When all guests had gathered, over one hundred and sixty would be found seated at table partaking of a true Algerian repast, Kabyle, Arab, French, Swiss, American, Norwegian and British, all happily intermingling as one great family.

There had to be those who worked hard to prepare the meals, and to wait on others, but in all these tasks European and North African worked side by side in perfect harmony, showing the unity of the Spirit, in the ministry of unselfish service. The successive gatherings for worship and Bible study were also a feast in which the same sharing of ministry was in evidence. It is not possible here to give any report of the messages delivered by Missionaries, and by those whom we call "native Christians" for want of a better distinction.

The theme, however, that was predominant in every mind and message was none other than "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day and forever." All felt that He was very really present. This was especially so as on the second day He called through the lips of one of His Servants, to any who had left their first love to lay their all again upon the altar, and to others who were still counting the cost, to "take up the Cross and follow Him." In the hush that followed, a number (it doesn't matter how many) responded to that call of His.

He seemed to draw even nearer as on the third day we gathered around His Table of Remembrance. First of all it was to dedicate with thanksgiving two little children whose Christian parents united both sides of the Mediterranean in their marriage bonds, then to receive the symbols of His Precious Body and Blood at the hands of His Brethren of North Africa.

It seemed that all were conscious of the very breath of His Spirit as that evening, after supper, any who wished to speak of their Lord were asked to do so. One and another rose to speak in Arabic, in Kabyle and in French. Then two young Arab women who had met for the first time at that conference made their confession with shining faces, speaking of the joy that was in their hearts. So real was their testimony, and so profoundly moving, that tears came to many eyes as they listened. A taste of Pentecost? Yes, and a foretaste of what is yet to be.

### **Pedlar's Prattle**

The Mozabite, in his home town, is quite impervious to the prattle of the pedlar . . . that is, when it is a question of Christian Literature. In the first place, he cannot read, though he may sometimes forget himself so

far as to snatch up one of the professed books and take a hurried peep at its contents. If it is suggested that he might like to buy a book for his children, he has no children.

This statement is considerably more surprising than the first, since his home doubtless contains wives of varying shades of colour beginning with pure white and ending with negro. The fact that he has no money, however, is the final and insurmountable obstacle, and we are obliged to leave him with many expressions of pity for his hard lot, knowing only too well that he is probably a multi-millionaire.

The Arab is certainly easier to deal with, though he is, at the moment, suspicious of literature, because of the use made of it by Communist and other political parties. As one shopkeeper remarked: "If what you bring us is in support of France, well and good. If not, we want none of it." There is the fear, too, of his religious leaders, and when once the official sentence has been pronounced: "These books are blasphemous," prospective buyers hand back our wares and melt away into the crowd. On one occasion, such as this, however, a man came forward and chose out a colloquial Arabic Gospel of John. He was very deliberate about the purchase, and careful to make sure that certain papers he was carrying fitted well into the centre of the book. Evidently his intention was to use it as a wallet . . . May it yet find its way into the hands of some good reader. Coincidence sometimes aids the colporteur, such as when a man discovered that his own name was the same as the hero of a story he was being asked to buy. Curiosity won the day, on that occasion, which was a happy result, as the story contained a very searching Gospel message.

What of the Jew? Scripturally, he should have been mentioned in the

first place. Although he invariably wants something for nothing, he makes an excellent customer when it comes to his own Old Testament Scriptures. The questions he asks are often heart-searching and profound, and give many an opening for testimony from the Christian. "When will Messiah come?" "Where, and for whom?" are a few samples. The same enquirer is apt to turn up again in the other shops and continue his cross-examination. One man said: "Are you a Protestant?" "Yes, Monsieur, I happen to be that, but the really important thing is 'Am I a Christian.' I prefer to be a Protestant because I accept the revelation of

God's Holy Word as it stands, and do not wish to add to it."

On one occasion, greatly to our surprise, a Jew produced a copy of the whole Bible (in French) from the rear of his shop. He wanted to know how he could prevent the beetles from nibbling its cover. The answer to that one was simple. "Read it, Monsieur," we said, "read the book, daily."

We covet your prayers for the Gospels and New Testaments in French, Arabic and Hebrew, that have been sold during recent Spring Itinerations. God's Word can speak to hearts and reach ears that are far out of reach of the human voice of His messengers.

---

# ANNUAL LONDON MEETINGS

DIAMOND JUBILEE YEAR

---

THURSDAY, 23rd SEPTEMBER, 1948

CAXTON HALL - TUDOR ROOM

---

3.0 p.m.

## SERVICE OF PRAISE AND DEDICATION

Speaker expected from the Field

Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ of Bou Saada

God-Speed to Five Missionary  
Recruits

MR. AND MRS. A. PORTEUS  
for Algeria.

MR. AND MRS. R. WAINE  
for France to complete Training.

MISS I. FLETCHER  
for France to complete Training.

6.30 p.m.

## FILM

"By Mountain and Desert"

"Our Mission Field"

*Further Particulars later.*

Communications to The Secretary,

"CAMPFIELD," GREAT BARTON,

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.