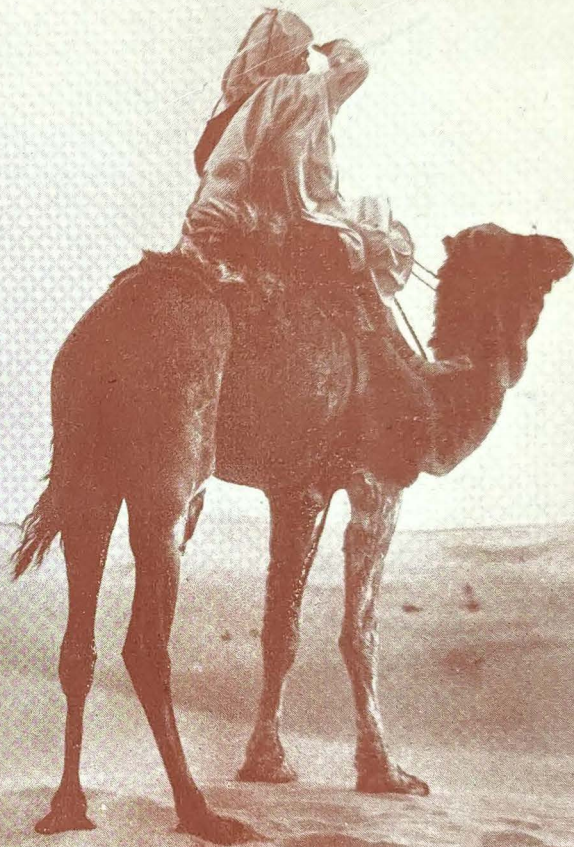


# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

# Algiers Mission Band

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

*President* : **MISS S. E. PERKIN.**

**Field Headquarters** : DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

*General Secretary and Treasurer* : MR. H. W. BUCKENHAM.

*Corresponding Secretary and Hostess* : MISS V. WOOD.

**Home Office** : "CAMPFIELD," GT. BARTON, BURY ST. EDMUNDS, SUFFOLK.

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*Treasurer* : MR. DOUGLAS PILCHER, 37, Stephens Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent  
(to whom all gifts in U.K. should now be sent).

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DR. PHILIP E. HOWARD, JR., The Sunday School Times, Heid Building,  
325, North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia 5, Pa., 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,  
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MR. H. E. ALEXANDER, Le Roc, Cologny, Switzerland (Ecole Biblique de Geneve).

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

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## Special Notice.

### ANNUAL RE-UNION,

FRIDAY, 22nd SEPTEMBER,

IN THE

TUDOR ROOM, CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER.

3.0 p.m. *Speakers* MISS M. FARMER (Tlemcen).

THE REV. H. W. STALLEY.

*Chairman* CAPT. HARRY CHERRY (India).

6.30 p.m. *Speakers* MISS EDITH CLARK (Tlemcen).

MISS GRETA ARENHOLT (Candidate).

*Chairman* THE REV. PHILLIP G. SMITH, B.D. (Tollington Park).



No. 93

SUMMER

1950

### “This one thing I do . . .”

*“Gently loosens He thy hold, Of the treasured former things—  
Loves and joys that were of old, Shapes to which the Spirit clings,  
And alone, alone He stands, Stretching forth beseeching hands”.* (Ter Steegen.)

The crisis must come to us as to the plant, when the old creation begins to go down into the grave, and the new begins to triumph at its cost.

In the plant life the two are absolutely and for ever separate—there is no possibility of confounding the perishable existence of leaf and stalk with the new-born seed-vessel and its hidden riches. In the heavenly light the distinction stands out as ineffaceably. “That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.” But our eyes are too dim at first to distinguish them in detail: with most of us it is only when the cleansing Blood has dealt with the question of known sin, and the Spirit’s incoming has cleared our vision, that the two lives, natural and spiritual, begin to stand out before us, no longer shading into each other, but in vivid contrast. The word of God in the hand of the Holy Ghost pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and we see bit by bit as we can bear it, how we have made provision for the flesh, given occasion to the flesh, had confidence in the flesh, warred after the flesh, judged after the flesh, purposed after the flesh, known each other after the flesh. The carnal nature with its workings stands out as *the*

hindrance in the way of the Divine, and the time comes when we see that no more growth is possible to the Christ in us unless a deliverance comes here.

We are helpless in the matter. There is no system of self-repression or self-mortification that will do anything but drive the evil below the surface, there to do a still more subtle work, winding down out of reach. The roots will only strike deeper and the sap flow stronger for the few leaves trimmed off here and there. If self sets to work to slay self, it will only end in rising hydra-headed from the contest. How is the deliverance to come?

The annuals give us the secret. Look at the vetch seed-vessels. Why is it that the leaves which used to stand firm and fresh have begun to shrivel and turn yellow? It is because they have acquiesced wholly now in the death sentence of their new birth, and they are letting the new life live at the expense of the old. Death is being wrought out by life.

And the same triumphant power of the new life is set free as we come to accept to its utmost limits the sentence of Calvary, that “our old man was crucified with Him,” in its sum-total, seen and unseen, root and branch. Christ is our Life now—

our *only* Life—and we begin to find that He is dealing with the old creation, we hardly know how. We only know that as we bring the judgment, the motive, the aim that were ours, not His, into contact with Him, they shrivel and wither like the dying leaves. The impulses and the shrinkings of the flesh perish in His Presence alike. The new life wrecks the old. “*If ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live*”—that is what the withering leaves say. We are “*saved by His life.*”

I. LILIAS TROTTER.

### In Memoriam.

LADY MAY PROCTOR.—Another link with the past of A.M.B. has been severed in the passing of Lady Proctor on July 3rd. Her connection with the Mission goes back to childhood days. The first time that she saw Miss Liliat Trotter was on the day the latter came to her home to see her aunt, Miss Helen Freeman. It was that interview that made Miss Freeman a life-long co-worker of the founder of A.M.B. Lady Proctor in later years became a missionary enthusiast herself, and while the C.M.S. was always her first love the A.M.B. held a very warm place in her heart. A close fellowship with its workers grew up as a result of several visits to Algeria. We thank God upon every remembrance of her gracious personality. Our sympathy goes out to those who mourn her loss.

MR. WAINE, SENIOR.—Another parting came in May when the father of Mr. Ronald Waine was called to higher service after a period of great suffering. We are glad to know that Ronald was able to fly home in time to speak with his loved one for the last time on earth. It was Ascension Day when the “*Homeward Call*” came, and it is good to know that those who mourn his loss, and who have our deepest sympathy, have the blessed assurance that he is now “*with Christ, which is far better.*”

### First Impressions.

Have you ever been to an Arab wedding? This was my first experience, and I hastened along the rough lane, clutching my little “*book of words*”—specially prepared sentences therein, and some tracts. “*Turn left, then right, then left again opposite a blue door.*” These had been my instructions. I was confronted with a long stone windowless wall and low wooden doorway. A young girl opened the door and beckoned me inside. At first I was quite taken aback. The central court was completely filled with chattering, laughing women and children arranged, some on chairs and some on the floor, beneath the shadow of a vine. All were dressed in clothes of the brightest colours, blue, red and yellow, in silk, satin or velvet. Young women wore their hair loose, veils abandoned, faces heavily made up, hands and feet orange with fresh henna. From a room leading off from the court came the bride, young and very lovely, dressed in pink, her hair adorned with roses. Her face bore a look of sad resignation which passed for just a moment when someone called to her that I had arrived. At her feet sat hired women who played Arab music and a young girl in white who danced. So everyone talked, laughed, ate and drank, whilst the bride sat perfectly still. I was told that celebrations were likely to go on for three days at the end of which her husband would arrive, having enjoyed his celebrations elsewhere with the menfolk. This young bride had been promised at birth to this man. Usually a bride never sees her husband-to-be before the wedding and he is often much older than she. Her future? A loveless home perhaps, cut off to a large extent from the outside world. Her work? To serve her husband, provide many children, and in some cases to work to keep the family by making baskets or carpets.

Pray that His Light may shine into the darkness of these homes and that the knowledge of His Love may bring hope to many such Moslem brides.

I wish I could take you all with me along the rough lanes, lined with low stone windowless walls. Doorways of wood, often painted blue, with a crescent, or a blue hand and sometimes even a number above! The "alleys" wind and twist and can be most confusing—specially if you're not really sure where you are going. On knocking at the door, I am asked into a central court shaded by a vine, in which women sit about preparing meals or just talking. Cats, chickens and goats share the court and from time to time help themselves to anything that is left lying around! The children are left to play though even the youngest will be pressed into service to fetch water whenever it is needed. Facing into the court are three or four rooms, each the "home" of a family. The entrance to each room is screened by a curtain, and the room is often windowless. At one end is a big chest of drawers and at the other a very high, and often highly decorated bed which is used for special occasions only! Underneath the bed are kept all the family belongings that overflow from the drawers. The baby is often kept here too; tightly bound and suspended in a basket from the springs! A piece of rope is attached to the basket and baby can be rocked all day by pulling this piece of rope which disappears mysteriously under the bedspread. The stone floor is sometimes covered with rush mats or skins and richer families possess cushions and perhaps even a chair. In some of the poorer families there is no bed or chest of drawers, so the belongings are stacked up in a corner of the room. In winter the room will be warmed by an open charcoal fire which serves for cooking as well. These are the homes of the town dwelling Arabs and I'm looking forward to visits to the gourbis built usually from bamboo canes held together with mud and reinforced with old petrol tins.

Greetings over, I am usually offered coffee, black and very sweet, bread and jam, may be even cakes. The bread is round and flat and somewhat heavy and

the jam whole sugared fruits. The cakes may be of various ingredients but often semolina baked hard and dipped in honey or syrup. The utensils vary—cups are rummaged out from odd corners beneath piles of odds and ends, likewise spoons or knives, or *the* knife, as was the case in a recent visit. It happened to be missing so we all joined in the search and it was finally found underneath the mat, duly wiped with dirty cloth! Refreshments over, we often show pictures and tell Bible stories. Women and children from all the rooms will gather on the floor to listen attentively. A few hymns or choruses are sung, literature is left for anyone in the family who can read, and with much gratefulness we are seen to the door and waved down the alley.

M. WAINE.

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### Making Contacts in Tamanrasset.

"He can."—"Can he?"—"I don't think so!"—"I'm sure!"—"Go and ask him!"—"No, you!"—"Come on." "La-bas, Monsieur. . . ." I was walking along the airfield, and I heard this conversation behind me. Two or three boys were discussing my possibilities—whether I could read Arabic. As I walked on, two came running up, passed me and wrote their names in the sand. I continued walking, reading their names as I passed. "There you are, I told you!" A few moments afterwards six or seven lads ran up and surrounded me. "Sir, can you read this?" said one of them as he stopped and wrote in the sand. Yes, my answer was correct. "And this?" said another. He was only half-way through when I guessed the rest, and so, before he could finish it, I had said it.

They stood dumbfounded and amazed. Then I wrote in Arabic, then in Tifinar, but *that* was beyond them. "Bil 'afia!" I said, and continued on my way.

The following day three fine lively lads were at my door. "Well, what do you want?" I asked. "We have come to read," they said. So we sat on my floor together and read from the Gospel. After two days, two more came.

A little while after, as I was walking along by the wadi, three boys came behind me, whispering to each other and breathless to catch up to me. When they were alongside of me they greeted me and said they were coming to my house to read. I do not encourage them overmuch, so they are all the more eager to come; and I welcome them! Will you join with me in prayer for them?

We had met just outside the village, so I invited them to my house. We talked and drank coffee together. I was very drawn to "Moses," he had such a friendly twinkle in his eyes as he looked over his dark blue veil. Both "Aaron" and he were about my own age. I had not met them before, and they told me that they lived a little distance away.

"And who is Sidna Aisa?" they asked as I showed them a picture of Jesus healing the sick and lunatic at sunset. "Sidna Aisa, the Lord Jesus, the Messiah, the Son of God," I said. . . . No, they had never heard of Him. So I told them of the Christ of the Gospel, the Word of God. They are loveable fellows, these Touaregs! Away in the encampments amongst the desert hills, scores of miles distant, they are waiting to hear the Good News. Meanwhile some of those here are getting to know. "They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow down before Him." Psalm 72. 9.

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## Another Chapter.

In March, I went 1,500 miles south to Niamey, situated on "the lordly Niger" river. After a year in the arid waterless desert, I shall never forget the thrill of seeing the river, as we approached it—a

beautiful, winding silver ribbon. I made the trip by air, which took just over three hours; by camel, it would have taken as many months! The reason for my going there was to meet the General Director of the Mission under which my fiancée was serving and I wanted to see what possibility there was of an early wedding, so that I could bring a wife to this needy work here.

The wedding there, had of necessity to be performed under French Law and so many necessary papers had to be procured. One of these only came a day-and-a-half before the wedding day! It is wonderful how the Lord undertook for us and guided us at every step.

After the wedding we spent an eight-day honeymoon in Gaya. On our return to Niamey, we were making last-minute preparations for coming here. The plane in which we had booked places (in faith, during April)—was postponed from the 4th to the 7th June owing to bad weather. A few moments before we boarded the plane we were told that there was only one place! However, I was allowed to stand in the Control Room for the journey and we were pleased to arrive here, after a rough journey.

My garden was in a very bad state, with no vegetables growing of all that I had planted. There is a grave lack of water at present. The house, of course, was full of accumulated dust, so we were soon busy, sweeping, dusting, cleaning. Then there was unpacking to be done, and the making of tables and cupboards from the packing cases. Gradually the house is getting into order, and we are making it our first little home.

Many Harratine, Arab and Twareg have been to welcome me back, and to "greet my wife." It is a joy to take up where I left off, together with a helper at my side. Pray for us as we earnestly seek to bring Christ to these soul-hungry people. We are so very happy in His service.

F. BAGGOTT.

## Echoes from the M'Zab Country.

In the last number of the magazine reference was made to the annual visit made by our workers to the M'zab, that needy and neglected people of the central Sahara. These Mozabites who belong to the Ibadi Kharadji sect of Islam, a body quite distinct from the orthodox Moslems, have maintained their individual life both politically and as a religious group for many centuries. The men come north to Algeria as traders and shop-keepers, but their women-folk are never allowed to leave their own country, where they live a very secluded and shut-in life. Miss Grautoff and her fellow-workers began yearly visits to the M'zab in 1929, although Roman Catholic White Fathers have been working there for much longer, doing chiefly institutional and industrial work. As far as is known no Mozabite has ever yet been converted to the Christian religion. What a challenge to the Christian Church! The yearly visits of our workers mean that at least some rays of the true Light are enabled to penetrate the "gross darkness" which covers this people, and while some of the women are contacted in their homes, there is always a much wider sowing of the Living Seed through colportage in the seven towns of the M'zab Confederation.

Miss Grautoff gives us a few glimpses of visits made this spring to the homes of some in that region who now recognise the missionaries as their friends.

"Our first call this year was on Mama, the freed slave. She had seen us coming in a dream on the previous night and was overjoyed to welcome us in. She spread a rug for us on the floor of her cave-like room, and in a hollow scooped out in the floor she soon had a wood fire going and was making us tea. Relatives gathered round, one girl, a friend of former visits, sat on the floor with her baby girl. This little one was delighted with a little

dress given to her. She pulled it on over her old one, and with her mother's kerchief tied over her head in correct M'zabi fashion, she toddled off into the street to show herself to her little friends—a miniature woman in her long dress! Our former house-boy was there, now a man, owning a tinker's shop, and with the help of my note-book and pictures I was able to converse with him in the M'zabi dialect. The words were simple, but to those sitting around listening, it was perhaps the first time that they had ever heard anything of God's way of salvation. "All the sons of Adam are sinners in God's sight. None can save himself. God has sent us a Saviour in the Lord Jesus Christ who died to save sinners. . . ."

Into another friendly Mozabite household—the mother, now a widow, is an Arab woman from the North, which is unusual. Her son is a prosperous shop-keeper in a northern town, but according to custom he leaves his wife in the south. A rug was spread for us to sit on and the new bride was told to make us coffee. Last year it had been another bride, but she had not fitted in to the home, so the son had divorced her and taken another to fill her place. Because the mother speaks both Arabic and the Mozabite dialect, she could help us greatly in translating. Later she took us to another house where a number of women were gathered on the roofed-in terrace. One of them was keen to tell us her garbled version of the birth of Christ, but later our opportunity came. In another house we found two women. One was seated on the floor wrapped in a white haik and would not speak, while the other was taking down from the walls all the coloured plates which usually decorate a M'zabi home and was putting them away in a dark room. "We have just heard of the death of a neighbour, a young man living up in the North," she said. To a Mozabite it is a terrible thing to die away from his country. In such a house of mourning how difficult it seemed to know how to

bring comfort to those who know nothing of the Risen Lord.

We have other friends in the M'zab country who live in tents made of goats' hair cloth with the desert sand for a floor. Dogs, goats, hens and flies share the tents with them! It takes quite a bit of experience to be able to get gracefully into the low doorways and to curl oneself up in the smallest possible space upon the floor. Last year one of our tent-dwelling friends, Turkia, was a desolate divorced woman with three small children. This time she was newly-married in another tent, but her three little ones remain in her mother's home. Over twenty women and children gathered around us here as we sang and talked together."

Do these "living words" still echo in the hearts of those shut-in women of the M'zab land, and is the darkness perhaps just a little less dense because of these rays of Heavenly Light which have fallen upon their hearts? Twenty years of intermittent Christian witness and how little seems to have been accomplished! Who will take this people upon their hearts in definite believing prayer, who will step into the ranks to take them the message of salvation?

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## Sowing and Reaping at Tlemcen.

"Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?  
The Lord said unto him, "Go thy  
way—bear My Name." Acts 9, 6, 15.

How helpless the missionaries, and hopeless the task, of seeing Moslems truly regenerated by the Spirit of Christ, if it were not that it is *GOD* that giveth the increase, after the sowing and watering of the seed. Here are some glimpses of the sowing today.

After walking and cycling twenty miles over a mountain road, an Arab

village is reached. It is noon, the sun is beating down and that strange torpid hush permeates the village. The main street, broad and dusty, is bordered mainly by native cafes. Their tables are strewn out on the broad earth pavements. Here and there are groups of Arab men huddled over a table, deep in conversation or leisurely sitting back sipping coffee or mint tea. At the end of the street is an Army barracks with Arab soldiers lounging lazily at the gate on sentry duty.

Then the inner question—"Where to begin"? Two well-dressed Arabs in a back street are contacted, one is evidently an Arab "holy-man" and the Scripture is handed back with a superior air of indifference, and I'm left alone. Back to the main street again, and three men are contacted outside a cafe. Immediately another well-dressed Arab appears and asks what it's all about. The announcement that "It's the Gospel" does not arouse much enthusiasm, but at the words "without money" a broad smile appears and I'm accepted as a friend. More men slip out from the cafe and receive portions of John's Gospel in Arabic, and then an invitation to come inside and drink coffee is heartily given, but time is short. On to another cafe with similar results. Finally, on leaving the village, a crowd of Arabs, mostly children, intermingled with Jews and French, come running after me for booklets. The quiet entry into their village has turned to a very noisy departure, and the whole sleepy village seems well agog with the excitement of "something new."

As always there are highlights in the Lord's work. A roadman lying with his head underneath his barrow, asleep, when awakened and contacted, declared he was a Christian from head to toe, and was so enthusiastic to find a missionary for the Lord Jesus, that he gave the equivalent of 4s. "for the Lord", saying that though he had seven children he gladly made the sacrifice for Him!

In another village an invitation was given to come to an Arab house for dinner.



Shoes had to be left at the door and a cushion was supplied on which to sit cross-legged. Fortunately one was spared the ordeal of eating from the common bowl without utensils, a separate plate being supplied. After lunch, the local school teacher who was present, opened up the discussion about Jesus Christ and for about half an hour, though in poor French, the way of salvation through Christ's atonement on Calvary was given and explained.

Mrs. Porteous and Miss Fletcher had been invited to this same house two weeks previously and spent the day there. It was the occasion of a fete for the seventh day of a newly born baby. The Gospel was given twice, once to about fifty of the Arab women guests.

About ten years ago a colporteur visited Tlemcen and gave a young Moslem lad a Gospel of St. John. He read it and was strangely drawn to the truth revealed therein. Nine years later he worked in an office beside a Christian Scientist and this young Moslem lad felt that here was the answer to that which his heart had long sought, and so he embraced its teachings. Thinking that Christian Science was the universal faith of Christendom, he came to the Mission house for English lessons in exchange for Arabic and French lessons. He was surprised to find that his Christian Science was not endorsed, though neither was it criticised. Each week the Bible formed the text-book for the language study. One night before leaving, he asked point blank for an opinion of Christian Science. The answer was given in the form of a personal testimony to Christ as the Saviour and Deliverer from past and present sin. It was evident that conviction of need was gripping his heart. In a few days in God's timing Mr. Isaacs of the Emmanuel Mission in Morocco was forced to make a detour round by Tlemcen on his way to the desert. On the evening of his return he was able to lead this seeking soul to Calvary and there find, what, as he testified, he had sought all his life—The Saviour. The following night we had our first service of praise and

worship in the church with this young Christian and the Emmanuel missionaries—what a blessed evening!

As a result of his salvation, this young Arab taught and encouraged his old school friend also to seek Christ and salvation from sin. This friend, also a young Moslem Arab of twenty years, became interested and commenced coming to the Sunday evening services in the church. Again the Lord timed a visit here of Mr. Stalley, who preached "Christ and Him crucified" at the evening service and the last hindrances were cleared for this young lad to ask Christ to pardon his sins and become his Saviour.

ALEX PORTEOUS.

### "Tizi-Ouzou 1950."

This name, which sounds strange to English ears, has come to mean much to all those whose interests in Algeria lie in the Kingdom of Christ. An important administrative and market-centre in the district known as "Kabylia" ("The Tribes"), it has been far more important in the records of heaven as the place where some small part of what our Lord and Saviour desires to see in this land, can "humanly" be witnessed.

It is a city set on a hill, with well-cultivated plains extending East and West, and higher hills to the North and South where olive-trees and fig-trees and cereals give scanty sustenance to the many small villages that quaintly huddle on the crests of the hills. Far more so in the spiritual realm, it is a "city set on a hill" whose light is shining, one believes, with increasing brightness; and it is a place of vision where one catches a fresh glimpse of all the land that yet awaits possession, while rejoicing in the few precious inches of soil which after so many years of travail have been wrested from the Enemy's grasp.

Of the two hundred or more persons who could be counted at the meal-tables set up in the large carpet-factory hall, many were young people who had come from Kabylia itself, or from further East, or from Algiers. All had heard the call

of the Saviour, but not all had responded ; and transplanted for the most part during recent years, into a " Western " and a " wider " way of life, His call had perhaps been drowned by the many, and louder calls of the world around them. How one longed and feared, but trusted also, for these. Would the Conference be for them nothing more than what might be their desire, a " good time," and opportunity for recreation, or would it provide for them opportunities for vital encounters with the Christ of God ? One can rejoice to say that for one or two at least it meant, by open confession shown if not spoken, acceptance of God's Unspeakable Gift.

Others were there about whom joyful " giving of thanks " could fully be made, that they were truly " found in Christ." For several this was the one opportunity provided in the year, for meeting friends who were also brothers and sisters in Christ. What joy was written on their faces as they were seen walking along roads and alleys, engaged in converse which would certainly centre largely round the things that matter most.

The subjects for the three days of the Conference—" Jesus Christ and the Prophets," " Jesus Christ and the Church," " Jesus Christ and I "—had undoubtedly been the choice of the Holy Spirit. A certain spirit of heaviness may have been felt at the commencement, but as on the third day, " the great day of the Feast," eternal issues were brought very close to each individual, there was evidence of the Holy Spirit's working in many a heart.

Mention has been made of joy in heaven over sinners repenting ; there was also great joy given by one, a young native who has long been in contact with the Gospel, publicly confessing Christ in baptism. How vibrant with fresh meaning became the words of the familiar French hymn which was started as he rose from the waters—" To Thee the glory, O Risen One." These words are expressive of the whole object of the Conference. Must it be only a handful who, in the whole land of Algeria, will

ascribe glory to our Risen Lord ? There are surely others—there WILL be others whose voices will soon join in singing " their praises to the Lord on high."

## The whole world over . . . boys will be boys.

### THE IMPOSTER.

One by one the silent, veiled figures made their way slowly up the rocky path, through a narrow gate which had just been unlocked. Across the bare patch of barren garden, a rest in the porch where strange almost inaudible whispers were exchanged and then on into the large and sparsely furnished hall which was their meeting place. Silently, one by one, they took their seats on the soft cushions that were lying around on the floor. Fierce enquiring glances shot from one to the other, and although not a word passed between them, it was evident that all was not well. Who was that strange little creature huddled in the corner near the low table where the simple refreshments were already prepared ? Completely enveloped in a large white sheet, exactly like all the others, with only one eye showing, it might have been one of them, yet somehow it wasn't ! The intruder MUST go. At a sign from the eldest two or three moved slowly, barefooted, across the stone floor and in a flash the intruder was outside wondering how it had all happened.

Quietness reigned within, but gradually as they realised that they were no longer troubled with strangers, the hum of conversation rose until they all seemed to be talking to each other at once. The grasp on the veils was relaxed and two eyes became visible, when suddenly, almost as quickly as it had begun, the gossip ceased. The intruder was back. Once again, but this time not silently the veiled ones sprang up and the persistent stranger was again outside.

Why didn't the missionary hurry up ? Then they could get on with the meeting. The doors could be fastened. All who did not belong could then be kept out and

they would be able to be at ease, sure that they were not being spied on.

Some late-comers sidled nervously in and took their seats amongst the others who were already getting restless. At last! The voice of the missionary could be heard. Now they could begin. But no, there was the intruder again! How could the strange little huddled creature be so persistent? Whatever could be the motive for these continued efforts to gate-crash their meeting?

Just as the meeting was beginning, perhaps in a moment of over-confidence, the stranger dropped the veil for half a minute. That was enough! With a tremendous outburst they all cried "He must go!" The missionary took in the whole situation in a flash, and with a large bamboo cane, her only weapon, the Imposter was chased out of the room across the garden and into the lane. Veil abandoned, shirt flapping in the breeze which caught his hat and lifted it off his head of tousled black hair. No time to stop, the enemy was nearly on him. If only he could get the other side of the hedge he was safe. He could come back for the hat later. Perhaps another day he would be more successful in getting into the Women's Meeting. There they always had a slice of bread and jam. The missionaries only gave the *boys* one sweet each. He knew, he was one of the boys!

R. J. WAINE.

### Notes and News.

**WEDDING BELLS.**—We are sure that all our friends will join with us in sending heartiest congratulations to Mr. Frank Baggott on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Idabelle Lingenfelter of America. More news of this event is given elsewhere in this issue. We wish both Mr. and Mrs. Baggott every joy and God's richest blessing on their life and service together in Tamanrasset.

**HOME SECRETARY'S VISIT TO N. AFRICA.**—There is little room to write of this in the present number. We would, however, give thanks to God for the wonderful way in which He provided

for the journey, protected and guided in every detail of a very closely-knit programme of visits to Mission Stations between Tripoli and Tangier. Beside the joy of meeting missionaries at their posts there was the very blessed fellowship with fellow-travellers. These included the Rev. Harold W. Fife, all the way, Mr. Wilbur Stalley of Bournemouth, and Dr. and Mrs. Francis Steele of Philadelphia on different sections of the route. The whole was accomplished in a little Ford Prefect car, including the coming and going across Europe.

There will probably be an opportunity to speak further about this at our Annual Re-union at CAXTON HALL ON FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 22, fuller details of which are given elsewhere.

At these meetings our London friends will be able to make the acquaintance of our latest recruit for the Field, Miss Greta Arenholt, of Copenhagen. Please make a point of being there.

**FINANCIAL NEEDS.**—Like many other Missionary Societies, the A.M.B. is experiencing a great testing of faith. We ask the earnest prayers of all our friends that we may be found faithful in facing the challenge of these days, and that once again we may prove that the God of Elijah is "still the same today."

E.G.M. — N.A.M. — A.M.B.

Friends will be interested to know that the arrangements for our Annual London Re-Union have been made to fit in with the Annual Valedictory Services of the North Africa Mission and the Egypt General Mission. They have been planned to take place on three consecutive days—September 21, 22 and 23, and in the same neighbourhood, Westminster, at either Caxton Hall or Livingstone Hall. It is hoped that friends of all three from a distance, will be able to take advantage of this arrangement and stay in London for the whole period. Details of these gatherings are being published together and will be circulated in London and the Home Counties.

