

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

Algiers Mission Band

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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Miss V. WOOD.

Miss FARMER.

Miss G. ARENHOLT.

Mlle. Y. FELIX.

BLIDA.

Rev. R. and Mrs. WAINE.

BOUSAADA.

(Ain-Arnat Part-time).

Mlle. BUTTICAZ.

Mlle. G. CHOLLET.

TOUGGOURT.

Miss I. NASH.

MILIANA.

Miss GRAUTOFF.

Miss P. RUSSELL.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. PORTEOUS.

Miss I. FLETCHER.

TOLGA.

Mme. LULL.

Mlle. GUIBÉ.

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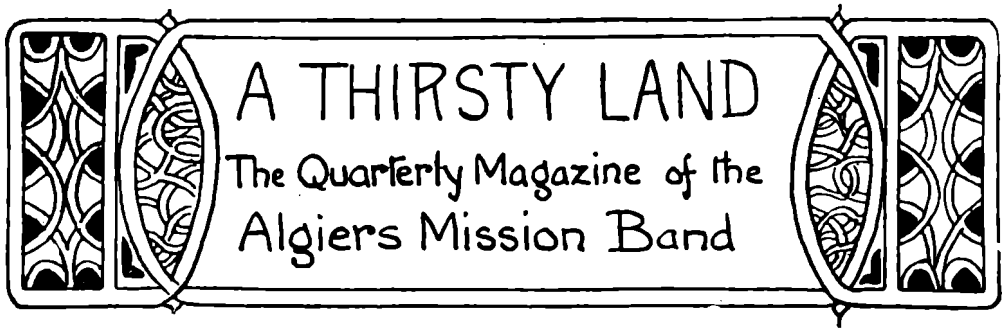
TAMANRASSET.

Mr. and Mrs. F. BAGGOTT.

Annual Meetings

Please make a special note of the Annual Autumn Meetings on September 20th, at Caxton Hall, Westminster, London, S.W.1, at 3 and 6.30 p.m. Speakers expected are Mr. and Mrs. Baggott and Mr. A. Porteous, and

possibly other missionaries also. PLEASE MAKE THESE MEETINGS KNOWN. COME IF YOU CAN, BUT IF YOU CANNOT COME, JOIN WITH US IN PRAYER FOR BLESSING AND POWER IN THIS TIME OF REAL NEED.



No. 96

SUMMER.

1951.

“Not far from every one of us.”

(Acts. 17. 16-28.)

Going in and out among the Moslems, and trying to make known to them the Good News of “God in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself”—now and then a missionary will meet one of those souls who (as Saint Paul put it) “feel after Him.” Yes—even among the least enlightened Moslems—because He is “not far from everyone of us,” there are those who seem to have some innate “sense of God.” The expression “feeling after Him,” with the impression it gives of feeble groping in the dark, seems to describe their state: yet it is not the God of Islam, as their teachers and traditions would present Him to them, nor any man-made image of Him, that can satisfy them—only God Himself, the Living God, the *NEED* of every human soul. St. Augustine’s words are true and wise—“Thou madest us for Thyself and our hearts are not at rest until they repose in Thee.”

So among His creatures who know Him not, whether Moslem or Hindu or even without religion, there are some who “feel after” Him. But do they find Him? Among the Moslem Mystics, who searched so earnestly, there are those whose words of adoration and love to the God they sought are strangely beautiful and true; as if gleams of the Eternal

Light pierced their darkness; yet we feel that they never really attained to the final rest and full satisfaction in Him to which St. Augustine’s words point,—they remained seekers still.

But one of the Lord’s messengers has put these words into his Master’s mouth—“Thou couldst not have sought Me, if I had not first sought thee,” and there is a true thought in them. The “sense of God” does not come without His “sense of man”; we ourselves are often not conscious enough that our desires after Him have their origin in His desire after us—even our faith is His gift. He, who has “made all nations of men . . . that they should seek the Lord,” is Himself the source of all feeling after Him—however faltering and groping—and He uses His messengers to be His sign-posts to point others to Himself. Did the apostle Paul realise that there were some of these groping souls among the Athenians, with their altar “To the unknown God”? And did he understand that the Lord was seeking them in sending him to “declare” to them Him Whom they ignorantly worshipped? At any rate, the seeking Lord and the seeking souls found each other there, for “certain men clave to him, and believed.”

Paul's ministry was used for this finding: to this end "his spirit was stirred in him." May our spirits also be stirred, that by our lives or actions, by our words of witness or our believing prayers, we may help the Lord to find His lost ones, groping in the darkness—and help *them* to come to find the satisfaction of every need in Him.

"HE SATISFIETH."

... Now in the haven of untroubled rest
I land at last,
The hunger, and the thirst, and weary quest
For ever past.
There, Lord, to lose, in bliss of Thine embrace
The recreant will ;
There, in the radiance of Thy blessed Face,
Be hushed and still ;
There, speechless at Thy piercéd Feet
See none and nought beside,
And know but this—that Thou art sweet,
That I am satisfied.

(G. TER STEEGEN.)

Deputation work in U.S.A.

The twinkling lights of Algiers were reflected in the still waters of the harbour, as the cargo boat "Granville" slipped out into the Mediterranean on November 21st, 1950. We had said "good-bye" to several of the missionaries who had come from Dar Naama to see us off—and now we were making our way to the U.S.A.

It was an interesting trip, as the boat was calling at several Southern European ports—Naples, Genoa, Barcelona, and Lisbon. From Lisbon we had a ten-day voyage, during which time the Atlantic was very rough and the weather was cold.

On the morning of December 21st we entered the harbour of New York—with its background of sky-scrapers, and the famous Statue of Liberty at the entrance to the port. In the afternoon we dis-

embarked, passed through customs and made our way to the centre of the city. We journeyed through the night by bus to Altoona (Pennsylvania), arriving there at 8 a.m. the following day. Snow was on the ground and it was quite cold.

We had a very pleasant Christmas with relatives and friends, and then spent January and February resting, visiting and taking meetings in and around Altoona. In our home church, the Pastor, members and friends gave us a wonderful "Welcome-Home" service. At this time we had the opportunity of telling what the LORD had been doing out on the Field.

Having prayed for a car for deputation work, in faith we obtained a driving licence, and some days later the Lord answered prayer in providing a suitable automobile. Because of His provision we have been able to present the missionary challenge to many more people, and in places where few or no missionaries have been. Since the first of March we have travelled 7,500 miles, holding meetings in ten different States.

During the first month, we were the missionary speakers for the Annual Rally of a Christian Radio Broadcast in Maryland. Almost every day it was our privilege to sing, play and speak over the air; and in various churches we had evening meetings. During these meetings, we rejoiced to see a young man come to the Saviour for salvation, and many Christians dedicated their lives to Christ for His service.

We then went south to the State of Tennessee, speaking in the different churches. The work of the Holy Spirit was evident in bringing the missionary vision to many hearts. After one of the meetings, a young man was eager to know more about the work of God in North Africa. Since then we have received a letter from him, saying how God had spoken to him as he prayed the night after the meeting until 3 a.m. He is a young man in High School, and is beginning to prepare himself by learning French.

During our three weeks in Florida, besides holding meetings we were also able to have a time of needed rest. It was a blessing to know that new prayer-warriors there were added to the already increasing number.

In the other States, the opportunity was given us to speak to the students of two Bible Schools. After the challenge of North Africa had been presented to them, there was a real response amongst the young men who were seeking the will of God for their lives.

It was a great joy to go to Des Moines, in Iowa, to take part in the Missionary Conference at First Federated Church, where the Lord's people have been interested in the A.M.B. for many years, and have supported by gifts. Several other churches joined in this five-day Conference, and we thank God for the working of the Holy Spirit in burdening hearts with the need of the millions of lost souls in the world.

Owing to a breakdown with the car while there—the repairs for which the Church graciously paid—we remained another two days, and so had the opportunity to present more fully the work of the Lord through A.M.B. to the faithful members of the Church. The time spent in Des Moines was a great joy and blessing to us—and we know that the link between the Mission and First Federated will be stronger than ever. We shall not forget the interested Bible Class Groups and Women's Groups, who regularly pray for missionaries, including those of A.M.B. It was my privilege to pray the Dedication Prayer for the large illuminated world-map situated in a prominent position in the church. Red lights indicate where missionaries in whom the members are interested, and whom they support, are serving the Lord; and one of them shines from Algiers—a call to prayer.

From Iowa we went to the State of Ohio for a few meetings—then returned to Pennsylvania for two days. Now we are back in Maryland, and go to Delaware and the New England States.

Truly the LORD has guided and provided; and our hearts are full of praise to Him, as we have seen the Spirit of God bringing to His children the burden of the souls in Islam's stronghold.

We look forward to going over to England on August 4th, and it will be a joy to meet with loved ones and friends there. FRANK AND IDABELLE BAGGOTT.

Eight weeks in North Africa

“The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He will send forth labourers into His Harvest.” These words of our Lord have been strongly impressed upon my mind, as God has allowed me to “look on the fields” in North Africa.

I arrived in Algeria at 7 p.m. on March 7th and spent the first night at Blida, where it was a joy to renew fellowship with Mr. and Mrs. Waine, whom I last saw on Victoria Station when they left England in September, 1949. The next morning I was taken through the Arab part of the town to the station, where I was to get the train for Relizane; and it was a great thrill to see, for the first time, the men, women, and children of whom I had heard so much, and for whom I had prayed. As I saw the marks of sin, and the look of sadness on their faces, I realised afresh how much they need the Saviour.

The main purpose of my visit was to help Miss Clark at Relizane, and it was a great joy to meet her at the station and to go with her to her “wee corner,” as she calls it. When we approached the house we were surrounded by a crowd of children, who gathered around the doorway, eager to see the new “Mademoiselle,” and asking all sorts of questions about her.

The following afternoon three women arrived, with three children, anxious to make my acquaintance, and they gave me a real welcome. Though it was not

“class day” we had a class for them. They sang, and Miss Clark read the Word to them, and afterwards we prayed together. It was grand to hear them pray, even though I could not understand their words. It was a great privilege to be allowed to help in the classes by playing the harmonium, and I was much impressed by the earnestness with which the women and children listened to the Word as it was read and explained to them.

We paid several visits to native houses, and it was a new experience to me to sit with them on the floor (usually they provided a cushion), and drink mint tea or black coffee, after which the neighbours came in, sat down, and listened whilst Miss Clark sang with them, and read the Word.

Easter was spent at Tlemcen, in happy fellowship with the missionaries there, and with those who have recently accepted Christ as their Saviour; and it was good to join with them in the classes and visiting.

My last week was spent at Dar Naama, with one very full day at Blida, visiting in the morning, and in the women's class in the afternoon. I cannot express in words just what I felt during that week. It was the climax of a very happy visit, when the presence of the Lord was very real, and His love manifest through each of His dear servants in the house.

It was a great experience to visit the native houses in the Casbah, and especially the one in Rue du Croissant, where Lilius Trotter first started her work. In this house there was an opportunity of singing and reading the Word, and one Arab girl, who could speak French fluently, was very interested in the message and asked questions about it.

As I look back upon these weeks in N. Africa, I realise, more than ever, how much there is to be done, and how few are the labourers. My prayer is that many will hear the Lord saying “Whom shall I send, and who will go for us,” and will reply, “Here am I, send me.”

A. E. POWELL.

“The Disciples were called Christians”

“The vine from every limb bleeds wine;
Is it the poorer for that spirit shed?”

* * *

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine
poured forth,
For love's strength standeth in love's
sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to
give.”

To be called Christians in our homeland may mean little more in these days than a nominal acceptance of the hereditary traditions of our ancestors, and in any case could not entail any serious penalties or persecution. It is far otherwise in Moslem lands. A Moslem would not be likely to let himself be called a Christian by fellow Moslems unless he really meant to be one: and even if he became a believer at heart, would dread the consequences of letting it be known. For a Moslem to name the Name of Christ as his Saviour and Lord, produces an effect very much akin to that recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, when the Gospel first hit the mass of formal religion, in all its fiery life-giving power. Scorn, hatred, persecution are the immediate results produced in the Christ-rejecting Moslems as they are stirred up by Satan to oppose a Christianity which throbs with Life.

Here are a few of the experiences of some now beginning to be “called Christians” in Tlemcen:—

“A.”—A young widow, who has been in contact with the Mission since the age of ten, suddenly found the thrill of assurance of salvation at the end of last year. “Something happened inside me which made me different, which I can't explain,” summed up her expression of her being born again from above. She immediately commenced to witness, even going to a neighbouring town for a week, to read the Bible and explain the simplicity of God's salvation, to her relatives. She

brought back with her one of her nieces, who is very near the kingdom, because of "A's" testimony. "A's" contact with the Mission has lasted 20 years, no opposition being manifested—but Now? Immediately following her return, a nephew attacked her with his denunciations of her as a Christian, telling her to leave her home and go and live with the Christians if she was not a Moslem. God mightily undertook for "A," and she reacted in the spirit of Christ, and has since subdued the opposition of this nephew by the sheer weight of Christ-likeness. Her experiences in witnessing, her answers to prayer, her abundant joy in *abundant life* in spite of the opposition has been one of our greatest joys and encouragements these past months. Uphold and strengthen her by your prayers, as she may face Satan's fiercer attacks ahead.

Among the young men at Tlemcen, there are notably three who have dared to call themselves Christian—"M," "Mh" and "N". News of the recent baptism of "Mh" spread like wildfire through the town, and we are now feeling the effects. "Mh's" elder brother "M" (also baptised) had been officially engaged to a Moslem girl by his parents. His future father-in-law, on hearing of the baptism, sent four of Tlemcen's Moslem chiefs to speak to "M". Among other things they reproached him for going to the Protestant Church—though this was a case of mistaken identity as "Mh" was the regular attendant. They have succeeded in giving "M" a good fright, resulting in his staying away for a bit. "Mh" also has been forbidden to continue his attendance at the church, and this is being watched by the Moslems. He came to prayer with us recently after having been away working at a neighbouring village for a few days. His Bible, which is a large one, was rather conspicuous when he read it before his fellow-workers, and he found sharp antagonism when he explained what he was reading.

"N" has been obliged to find work in

a café and has not been able to come to visit us. We were thrilled the other day when he walked in—quite at home—and recounted his story. He had been offered work in another town in a shop. He slept in the shop the first night, and the Arab proprietor, on opening his shop the next morning, found "N" having his quiet time and praying. On being asked why he did not pray like a Moslem, he replied that he was not a Moslem, but a Christian. The proprietor said that he could not employ a Christian; but if "N" would renounce his faith in Christ, he could come and live in the proprietor's house. Having declared his allegiance to Christ, "N" left the shop without any money, to walk the sixty miles back to Tlemcen, if necessary. Offering a prayer in the Name of Jesus, he went to the railway station, and found there a Tlemcen friend who brought him home. Since starting work in the café, the proprietor has threatened to strike him if he mentions the Gospel.

"Y," another woman believer, is one of God's own hidden sufferers. Her wretched husband has been spending the money he earns on another woman, while "Y" has gone literally days without food. Now he wants to marry the woman, and bring her to live in the one room already occupied by "Y" and her sick little girl. "Y" is forbidden to visit the Mission or her home, and only in answer to prayer was she recently able to do so after months of absence. She wants God's Will, she wants Him to show her the way through, she believes in Christ with all her heart, and she wants our prayers—can we, can you, call ourselves Christians, and remain prayerless and tearless, as we think of this sweet gentle soul crushed by the power of Satan?

Jesus wept—they said "Behold how He loved him."

Jesus said—"If thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God."

Jesus said—"Loose him (her), and let him (her) go free." (John 2. 35-44.)

A. & J. PORTEOUS & I. FLETCHER.

An interesting sidelight to our Moslem work came when a British seaman was brought from the nearest port to a Tlemcen hospital with a fractured vertebra. He being unable to speak French, I was invited to visit him. It became evident that God had brought him not only to have his body saved but also his soul. Some weeks later he put his faith in the Bible promises, and found his peace with God through the Blood of the Cross. In all, he has been three months in Tlemcen, a time of new birth and spiritual growth. Praise God for his salvation: but pray also for his upholding amid all the temptations of a seaman's life. He has been able to go home now, and hopes to be fit for his work again after a month or two of rest and treatment in England.

A.P.

PRAYER.

We doubt the word that tells us: Ask,
And ye shall have your prayer;
We turn our thoughts as to a task,
With will constrained and rare.

And yet we have; these scanty prayers
Yield gold without alloy;
O God! but he that trusts and dares
Must have a boundless joy.

(GEORGE MACDONALD).

Dellys Revisited

Fourteen years ago Miss Sheach and I left Dellys, where we had been stationed for some years, to begin work in Sétif. It has never been possible to return there, even for a few days, owing to war conditions and other causes. So it was with great pleasure that Miss Grethe Arenholt and I prepared to spend a few days in Dellys this month (May, 1951).

Dellys is a small town on the coast of Algeria: and most of the Arabs there earn their living by fishing. We found the place had changed very little since we left it. When we were living there we held classes for boys and girls in the

town, and had another class for girls only, in the district outside the town called "the Gardens." We were able to visit many homes regularly, and became well-known in the town. It was, no doubt, on account of this that (even after 14 years) we were recognised by the men, as soon as we alighted from the bus; and by the women in the homes the next day. As we went from house to house and street to street, the words of 2 Cor. 2. 16 were strongly brought to my mind:—"To the one we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life"—and I discovered later that they had also been in Miss Arenholt's thoughts.

In some of the houses there were exclamations of surprise and pleasure, as the women saw us enter: for these women—now mothers of families—had been little girls in our classes years ago. Many remembered something, at least, of what they had been taught; and they now joined in the singing of the hymns, or telling of Bible stories. They listened eagerly as we talked to them of Jesus: and one woman, becoming very impatient with her small son, who would keep on crying, exclaimed with disgust—"It is always the same; if we wish to listen to anything good, a baby is sure to cry!"

As we walked about the streets, we heard the men telling one another that they had been in our classes as boys, and that we had taught them about Jesus Christ. At first they were very shy, but at last a few gathered round us, to shake hands, and to thank us for coming to see them again.

On Saturday morning a woman accosted me by name in the street. As she was heavily veiled, I did not recognise her until she told me her name. She gave us a warm invitation to visit her family in the gardens on Sunday afternoon. We gladly went, and met others there who knew us, and spent a very happy afternoon with them. One of them had lived in the same compound with us, and had attended our morning prayers. She asked us to sing to them. Two of her

sons (one a lad of twelve, the other fourteen years of age) proposed that she should ask us to sing the hymns that she had taught them. We sang one or two, and found that she had remembered both words and tunes perfectly, and also the Bible stories we had taught in the class. We were indeed glad that she not only remembered, but also was teaching, what she had learnt.

Another woman had attended our morning prayers, and we had felt that she was a believer at heart, though when pressed to accept the Saviour she had refused, saying she feared her relatives, and could not. She has suffered a great deal since that time. Her husband was murdered; her daughter died, in a very strange manner, a week after her wedding day; and her son (of whom she was very fond) has left her, and never writes to her, or comes near her. This time we called to see her, and were able to read and talk to her, but I could see that she was terrified lest her relatives should hear anything of our talk.

Before we left Dellys we visited a family who knew us, and were our neighbours years ago, in Algiers, at "rue du Croissant" where part of the family are still living. We were not sure what sort of a reception we should have. The mistress of the house, who had known us previously, was lying on her bed, paralysed. Her face brightened with joy when she saw us. We read with her, and taking out the "Wordless Book," began to explain it to her. Her grandson was also lying ill in the room, and was much interested. Grethe was able to have a quiet talk with him in French. Before we left, we called again to say goodbye to the old lady, and were received by the Mufti. [A Mufti is a sort of religious legal authority among the Moslems.] He told his family that he had known members of the A.M.B. as far back as Miss Trotter's time, and that we had been life-long friends!

We felt that we could not leave the town without trying to get in touch again with a French woman, married to an

Arab, whom we knew when we were living in Dellys. At that time she was very unhappy; and she was not allowed to go out of her house. We used to try to cheer her. Her little daughter attended our class, and learnt to knit. The child died while we were still living there; and the mother says she has kept her little girl's knitting all these years, in memory of her and of us. We found it very difficult to hold any conversation with her, on account of her Arab relatives. She managed to ask me a few questions in French on the way of Salvation. We left the Story of the Lost Sheep and a tract with her.

We left Dellys with the same text in our minds—a savour of "death unto death" to some, and to others of "life unto life." God grant that our visit may have brought to many the "sweet savour of Christ," as a savour of "life unto life"

A. M. FARMER.

Teniet-el-Ibaad

(After fifteen years.)

Long ago, before the war of 1914, Teniet was one of the towns we visited regularly, and was looked on as our outpost. In fact, one year when we were able to stay for a few weeks, we had a classroom and boys' classes.

In those early days the journey was made by stage-coach—the well-known French Diligence—drawn by four horses. Several changes of horses took place on the way; and it was an eight to ten hours' journey through miles of corn-land, in the burning sunshine of early summer. Our last visit was in 1936, when we passed through Teniet on our way to the towns beyond, on the Sersou Plateau. Then, a regular autobus service had been running for some years, and the journey could be made in a few hours.

Once more this year, fifteen years later, we have been through these towns; but in more comfort this time, as Mr. Nicoud drove us in the Mission car He

and Mr. Wayne had planned to visit as many market towns as possible in the few days we could spare before Easter. As well as colportage interest, Miss Russell and I desired to renew links with Arab friends from Miliana, who had gone to live in Teniet.

I found many changes in the little town. A small hospital had been built, as well as many neat little Arab houses. But behind the main street were the same rocky, unkept roads, and shaky old houses. The market was as crowded as ever, with sheep, and bullocks and donkeys for sale. I was surprised to find how many of the men knew me ; one of them brought his little girl of ten years old to me, saying :—" This is my daughter ; I was a little lad when you had classes here."

We called at a grocer's shop, to ask permission of the Arab proprietor to visit his wife, whom I had known long ago. A child was sent to guide us to his house. It was in 1920 that " Z," then a young widow of barely sixteen, brought her baby girl of nearly nine months to my house, during a time of famine in our district. Now this " Z " is the mother of three bonny children. She was delighted to show us her home, and the carpets she had woven : and her mother-in-law received us with Arab hospitality. Wonderful native cakes had been prepared for us ; and, best of all, we could speak freely of the Gospel message which " Z " had heard as a child in Miliana.

Another woman, " F," had to be sought for, as the address we had been given was not clear. We were led first to the house of another woman of the same name. But this, we felt, was God's leading ; for that woman also had been in Miliana, in hospital ; and she welcomed us gladly. In that house, too, there was a younger woman who greeted me with " It is my mother." Years ago, as a child, she had spent many weeks in Miliana hospital, and I had often visited her. The neighbours standing round said :—" Yes, whenever she is angry she says, I will run away to my mother in Miliana."

After a happy time in that house, we were conducted to the right " F ". Her friends in Miliana had asked us to visit her, but it was not till we saw her that we found out that we had known one another years ago, in Miliana. She is now a widow with seven children. She welcomed us with open arms, and soon began to beg us to tell her about the " Book of Colours "—she meant the Wordless Book. In early days, when pictures were not understood, or were feared as being " forbidden," we often gave the Gospel message with the help of this little booklet. Her daughters, girls of 15 and 16, could read French well ; so we could leave French tracts and Scriptures for them. In their style of dress they looked much like French girls, as they sat on the carpet knitting. We were begged to stay to supper with them ; but, as we were to make an early start next day, we could only leave them with the hope of another future visit, and a hearty invitation to them to visit us in Miliana.

So old friends were met again, and new links made, making more names on our hearts for prayer ; and I trust that some of you who read this article will join us in prayer for the people of this little town of Teniet.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

On Colportage—Spring 1951

A country of robbers and brigands ! This was the impression of the region we were to visit which we got somehow from the talk of those who had been there, before we started. But, if we set out looking for brigands and robbers, we were disappointed—not unpleasantly ; and in every other respect our spring tour was a great blessing to us—and, we trust, to many who received the Word of God at our hands.

Teniet-el-Haad was the starting point of this year's spring itineration. As its name implies, this town has a Sunday market. This limited our selling to Saturday night ; yet God honoured our witness to His day, and we were able to report good sales. Sunday—Market Day

—crowds gathered in the town from villages for miles around, and as we mingled with them, we were able to give to many portions of God's Word, with the prayer that they who came to market seeking only material gain might find, through the reading of His word, "godliness with contentment, which is great gain."

We had opportunity to visit both the men's and women's wards of the little hospital. Many opportunities for personal talks presented themselves; tracts and Scripture portions were left, again with prayer that those who need healing of the body might find also that "His touch has still its ancient power."

Monday saw us playing "Good Samaritans" to travellers in distress. The consequent change in our plans, however, led us to a little lonely Arab farmstead; and there, while our car underwent repairs—the rough track had caused a broken spring—we were entertained to a copious meal of "cous-cous" and "petit-lait". While our lady workers spoke with the women folk, who had never heard our Saviour's name before, some of the men expressed their wonder why we had come that way. One of them, remarking on our joint predicament, was heard to say, "Le bon Dieu n'a pas très bien fait aujourd'hui". This gave an opportunity to tell "how good is the God we adore," and to assure them that His will is always best, and that He wills that none should perish: so that was the reason why we had been led that way—to tell them of His love, and to leave them portions of His Word.

Tuesday (with record sales for this trip) was busy at Vialar, among the great market crowds, and many who bought seemed really interested in the content of our message. Our last evening was enlivened by the manageress of the restaurant in which we dined, who sold many of our books to her clients. She had formerly been in close touch with the Salvation Army, and was very sympathetic; may the Lord bless this simple testimony to Him.

Wednesday—and still warm and busy at Bourbaki market; and, as stocks were dwindling, we decided to reserve them for Thursday morning and Burdeau market, and contented ourselves with free distribution in villages on the way.

There was no room in the inn at Burdeau—so back to Victor-Hugo to the only two rooms available for our last night away from home.

Many seemed too busy to bother on Thursday; yet some seized the opportunity, and bought gospels and booklets. Sales would probably have been larger had not a Taleb decided against us.

In one very sombre café a shaft of light pierced the gloom as a crowd gathered round to hear part of John's Gospel read—even the gramophone was stopped as the words of Scripture were swallowed up by the darkness. May be, even there in that dark place, the Word found an entrance into some heart.

At mid-day we picnicked by the roadside, and set off for home; taking the southern road across the Plateau, and joining the main road to the south some miles south of Boghari.

Yes—a day shorter than planned, but as we journeyed homeward we had a quiet assurance that His Will is best; knowing too that His promise is sure "He that goeth forth . . . bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." (Ps. 126. 6.) RONALD J. WAINE.

Subject for Prayer

The testing of faith in money matters still continues, and those who bear the responsibility for the work are deeply burdened about it. Will you join us in earnest prayer for a real deliverance from this shortage which is seriously hampering the work, and imposing real hardships on the missionaries? Will you treat Wednesday, August 15th, as a special day of prayer, joining with us on that day to bring this matter unitedly before the Lord?

Praise and Prayer

Praise.—For the Tizi-Ouzou Conference, which took place again this year at Whitsuntide. Attendance was rather less than last time, but the Lord's presence was manifested in blessing to many.

Praise.—For a further gift of money from France, which has enabled Mme. Lull to keep on for another year the Hall at Tolga, which has proved so invaluable for men's meetings and for classes.

Prayer.—For the unoccupied stations, and the little flocks left without their missionary shepherds. (See "Movements of Missionaries" below.)

Prayer.—For all Deputation work, for the groups of Christians touched thereby, and for the work of the Home Representative. Those missionaries who are on furlough (see below) would be very glad to speak about the work. Can YOU help to arrange a meeting?

Movements of Missionaries

Mme. Lull, Mlle. Guibé, and Mr. E. Buckenham have left Tolga for the summer. Mr. E. Buckenham is now at Dar Naama. Mlle. Guibé is on furlough in Britain, address c/o Walden Cottage, Waldens Road, Horsell, Woking.

Rev. and Mrs. Waine have gone to Tlemcen during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Porteous, who are on furlough in Britain. Blida is therefore temporarily without a missionary. Mr. and Mrs. Porteous's address is 64, Queen Street, Dumfries, Scotland. They will be staying on into October.

Mlles. Butticaz and Chollet have left their double work at Bou Saada and Ain Arnat, and are on furlough in Switzerland. Address c/o Mr. Robert Chollet, La-Croix, Oron, Vaud, Suisse.

Miss P. M. Russell has left Miliana for furlough in Britain (address Walden Cottage, Waldens Road, Horsell, Woking), and Miss Grautoff is also in England (address c/o Mr. Pilcher).

Mr. and Mrs. F. Baggott arrive in England early in August (address c/o Mr. J. Baggott, 21, Uppermoor, Pudsey, Yorks.). They will probably remain through October.

Home Notes

After years of very valuable service in the A.M.B. on the Field and at Home, Rev. and Mrs. Stalley are leaving us to undertake a new task. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stalley spent a number of years on the Field, passing through the difficult times of the war years, and since their return to England in 1943, they have worked hard and unsparingly to build up the Home side of the work.

Mr. Stalley has now accepted a call to fill the gap left by the home-call of the Rev. T. Warren, Field Secretary to the North Africa Mission.

Our earnest good wishes follow Mr. Stalley in his new sphere of service. We know you will all be praying for God's richest blessing in the new and heavy responsibility he will bear.

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You will be deeply grieved to hear of the home-call of Mrs. Stalley's mother and we ask your special prayers for Mr. and Mrs. Stalley in this time of sorrow.

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Now a word of very warm thanks to all of you who have been praying for me during my visit to Algeria. In this brief paragraph details are impossible, but I spent six weeks in Algeria and visited every A.M.B. Station except Touggourt and Tamanrasset, having the joy of fellowship with the missionaries who were "scattered abroad everywhere preaching the Word." It was a special joy to be at the Conference at Tizi-Ouzou and to meet fellow-workers from a number of other missions, and native believers who had gathered for fellowship and the ministry of the Word. I was indeed conscious of prayer support throughout the journey.

I have brought back some colour film strip which is now being made up into slides giving glimpses of the places I visited, and I would be happy to come to a meeting in your district to tell praying friends about the work.

DOUGLAS PILCHER.