

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

Algiers Mission Band

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY MISS I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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STATIONS AND WORKERS, AUTUMN, 1951.

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Miss V. WOOD.
Mlle. Y. FÉLIX.

BLIDA.

Rev. and Mrs. R. WAINE.

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Miss G. ARENHOLT.

RELIZANE.

Miss E. CLARK.
Miss A. E. POWELL.

BOUSAADA AND AIN-ARNAT.

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TOLGA.

Madame LULL.
Mlle. J. GUIBÉ.
Mr. E. BUCKENHAM.

TLEMCEN.

Mr. and Mrs. A. PORTEOUS.
Miss I. FLETCHER.

TOUGGOURT.

Miss NASH.

TAMANRASSET.

Rev. and Mrs. F. BAGGOTT (in England).

OUR COMMISSION.

"To evangelise as far and as fast as we can, the great unreached stretches that lie back of the coast line" (of Algeria).



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“Maintain the spiritual glow”

(Romans 12. 11.)

That is how Dr. Moffatt renders the Greek lying behind the words “fervent in spirit” (A.V.). The verb means to seethe, to boil over, to be in a ferment; a metaphor which persists to this day in the phrase “to boil with rage”, or “to seethe with excitement”. And this ferment was to take place in the “spirit”. Now in Pauline thought the spirit is that which leaps into life in the Christian through the regenerative power of the Holy Spirit. By the spirit the Christian communes with, and worships, God; and apprehends spiritual truths intuitively. And it is in the spirit that the Christian is to seethe with enthusiasm, boil over constantly with excitement. And Dr. Moffatt, has attempted to crystallise this daring thought in the words—“maintain the spiritual glow”.

But, of course, that is precisely the fundamental problem of the Christian life. Every Christian has to face it. And the factors which produce this acute problem are not difficult to find. For example, there is the fact that we are “in the body”. Mental strain, nervous exhaustion, physical tiredness, cause fits of depression—seasons of dryness of soul; and at such times it is well-nigh impossible to maintain the spiritual glow.

Again, there is the fact that we are living in a world such as this, with its economic problems, the constant threat

of total war, the perpetual clash of loyalties. And, moreover, it is difficult to maintain the spiritual glow because as Christians we are living in a hostile spiritual environment. The atmosphere is sin-infected. There is no “let up” from the tension created by antagonistic spiritual forces. Sin tries incessantly to corrode the Christian’s armour. This is why to maintain the spiritual glow is a problem of the first magnitude in the Christian life.

The question is: Have we an answer? Is this Pauline injunction “sounding brass”, or is it relevant to the facts of Christian living? Some of the biographical details which the Acts and Paul’s Letters supply compel us to conclude that the Apostle had solved this acute dilemma. For example, when he and Silas sat in the inner dungeon of the city jail at Philippi “they prayed, and sang praises unto God”; and this in spite of lacerated backs and aching limbs. In other words, they had discovered the secret of maintaining the spiritual glow. Towards the end of his pilgrimage Paul found himself in prison at Rome, daily awaiting certain death; yet it was in that melancholy situation that Paul wrote to the Philippian Christians the most lyrical letter ever penned. It is so instinct with fine enthusiasm and dauntless courage that it must have been written by a man who was walking on a volcano of praise and prayer. “Rejoice

in the Lord always—My God shall supply all your needs—I have learned . . . to be content”. Obviously Paul knew how to maintain the spiritual glow. His exhortation to the Roman believers was not irrelevant to the facts of Christian experience.

But how may we maintain the spiritual glow? There are two possible answers to that question, which may be illustrated by the two following incidents. John A. Hutton, late editor of the *British Weekly*, was intrigued by the tram system in an American city many years ago. He realised that the trams were being driven by electricity, but there was no overhead trolley. Where was the driving power coming from? Finally Dr. Hutton noticed that in the middle of the track and placed at regular intervals from each other were copper-covered blocks raised slightly above the general level of the track; and on the under carriage of the tram was a metal shoe which touched these blocks. At each contact the tram received an impulse which drove it from one point to another right along the track. Many Christians try to maintain the spiritual glow on this system. They try to run their spiritual lives on the blessing they receive at various points of contact such as conferences, conventions, Sunday services, hoping that the spiritual impulse will carry them on to the next point. But this principle of Christian living labours under a fatal weakness. Like the accumulator of a battery receiving-set it requires constantly to be recharged with power. We shall never maintain the spiritual glow by operating on the battery system. If we are going to be of any use for God we shall have to switch over to the all-electric system, where uninterrupted contact with the power-supply is maintained.

The second illustration is taken from the “Pilgrim’s Progress”. Among the many striking things that Christian saw in the Interpreter’s house none excited his wonder more than the sight of a brightly burning fire which a man was vainly trying to extinguish by incessantly pouring water on it. When Christian asked for an explanation he was taken round to the other side of the fire, where he found a man pouring oil on the

fire; and the uninterrupted supply of oil enabled the fire to defy all attempts to put it out.

Each of us ought to have a flame of love and devotion to Christ burning on the altar of his heart. That precious flame can be maintained only when daily, hourly supplies of the oil of the Holy Spirit are feeding it. That is the secret of maintaining the spiritual glow; and there is no other.

J. G. S. S. THOMSON.

Editorial

At our annual Rally at Headquarters (September 25-27) we missed some faces we should have liked to see with us, Mr. and Mrs. Baggott and Mr. and Mrs. Porteous, and also Miss G. Arenholt being detained in England, though only temporarily. The absence of Miss Farmer, too, was specially felt as (unlike the others named) we cannot hope to see her back soon. She felt this year that the time had come for her to retire, and has gone home to England, after many years of faithful work for the Lord in this land; it will be hard to fill her place.

We were happy in having with us for two meetings the Rev. Eric Bishop, a C.M.S. missionary for 30 years, and now Lecturer in Arabic at Glasgow University. His account of some of his experiences in work in the Near East, and of his recent visit to Palestine, shed much light on the state of Moslems and missionaries there.

On another page we give impressions of the Rally contributed by two of those present.

As we write the workers are dispersing to start the new season’s work, and our thoughts and prayers follow them. The list of stations and workers at the beginning of the magazine shows where each will be placed in the coming months. They will value your prayer help. V. WOOD.

Summer Activities

At the beginning of June, I left Tolga—to return there (D.V.) in October—the more intensive heat and the start of the Fast-month having put an end to the

season's work there. There remained there a number who had heard the Word often ; mainly simple illiterate young men, but also a few young fellows from better families—or so they think. We might find it hard to discern the difference, except that these consider it beneath their dignity to attempt any *manual* labour. They came to read and pray—even to sing hymns, which they love, and to inquire the way. Some were early visitors, arriving about six a.m. At least three of these were clearly troubled and dissatisfied. They know the way so well, and yet—and yet—the decisive step is not taken. Why should this be ? God is not limited because they are Moslems. He is ALL-POWERFUL—able to save to the uttermost. Sometimes we do not see the results for which we long, because we do not ask in faith, nothing doubting. Let me remind you, and myself, of this verse “ If ye shall ask anything in My Name, I will do it ”.

After a short stay in Algiers, my parents and I went to occupy the station of Ain-Arnat for a time, and to do some colportage work in the neighbourhood of Sétif. In the village of Ain-Arnat, it was a joy to be greeted by children eager for a resumption of classes. During our stay we were able to have them a few times, and their quiet attention gave real delight as we sought to point to them the Saviour, in a way they could understand. On our last Sunday night we held a lantern meeting, at which the pictures were chosen to show the power of Jesus, while we also sought to explain and apply the Gospel message by the stories of the Passover and the Good Samaritan. A few older ones had come to this meeting as well as the children of the village ; and after the meeting two men, strangers to the village, came to ask for a gallon of petrol. They had had a breakdown of their vehicle a few miles from the village, and came to the house in search of petrol ; but finding the meeting in progress they waited to see and to listen before making the request. So their mischance proved a God-given opportunity for them to hear the Gospel.

In Sétif, as elsewhere, the fear of man seems one of the greatest hindrances to a Moslem's approach to the Truth. Every-

where we find those who are seeking, longing for forgiveness and satisfaction, but, for fear of others, refraining from asking the way. Let me illustrate this.

Doing colportage in the town of Sétif one day, quite a crowd collected to examine our books and ask questions. One man lifted a gospel and looked through it with great interest ; but another standing by saw the book and murmured “ Injil ” (Gospel) “ Not good ”. The prospective buyer hastily, though with a shade of reluctance, returned the book—but remained to examine and inquire about other books. When at last all his friends had gone, with a quick movement he picked up the Gospel again, handed me the money and hurried away.

As a happy contrast to this timidity stands the boldness of the man who, in an open market bought some fifteen booklets (mostly passages of Scripture) ; and, when encountered on a subsequent visit to Sétif, bought several more, including a New Testament—regardless of bystanders who, by word and look, discouraged him from doing so.

There were those who, from an intellectual or “ religious ” point of view, desired to investigate the Christian religion for themselves. In Bordj-bou-Arréridj—an important market-centre, one of the places where one would long to see some Gospel witness established—a shop-keeper caught sight of us as we passed by, and called us in. Showing unusual delight when he discovered what we had to offer, he explained that he had long been wanting to read the Bible, and to procure one for himself in order to compare it with the Koran. It was a delight to be able to give satisfaction to this desire—with the prayer that those who thus receive the Book may find the Saviour therein.

On another occasion, in a thickly populated quarter of Sétif we were one day “ mobbed ” by a shouting throng of the rudest children I have ever met ; despite their being Moslem, the *girls* were by no means the least obstreperous ! Among the jostling crowd, however, one young man seemed seriously interested by the books, and having selected a goodly number, invited me to the shelter

of his shop across the street. I was grateful to be able there to deal with my youthful customers in a more orderly fashion—and then had some conversation with the occupants of the shop, a hair-dressing establishment. The hair-dresser showed himself particularly receptive—but I began to suspect that his attitude was not entirely one of sincere desire for the Truth, for I noticed that most of the books he had taken to look at had mysteriously disappeared unpaid for. Perhaps he considered them fair payment for his kindness in sheltering me in his shop? May he profit by the reading nevertheless.

During our stay at Ain-Arnat, we were able to visit eleven different market-centres or villages, and over seventeen hundred books, booklets, or tracts, were placed in many hands. While we were out to reach Moslems, contacts were also afforded with French and Jews—and everywhere we found darkness, fear and unhappiness. What a contrast to the joy and the peace which is shed abroad in our hearts by the knowledge of our living Lord. Oh that many in this land might find as we have found, that HE only is "our light and our salvation".

After leaving Ain-Arnat the next bit of work was helping to conduct a party of Algerian boys to a Scripture Union Camp for young people in France, and the month of August was spent there. It was a time of real blessing to many of the boys and girls gathered there; and it will surely bear fruit to the Glory of God in these young lives.

EDMUND T. R. BUCKENHAM.

Jesus Himself drew near . .

"But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him . . . and their eyes were opened and they knew Him."—

(Luke 24. 15, 16, 31).

So often have we sung

Turn your eyes upon Jesus,
Look full in His wonderful face;
And the things of earth will grow
strangely dim
In the light of His glory and grace.

But not until "the things of earth" press heavily upon us do we "turn our eyes" to see again Jesus in all "His glory and grace".

Thus it was this year. 'Things of earth were pressing and we came to our annual Field Rally with heavy hearts. Crisis upon crisis had piled up upon us and there was no human wisdom or understanding to solve our problems or meet our need.

Tuesday evening we met to prepare the way and to prepare our hearts; to share our "whys" and to see the problems in our midst.

On Wednesday morning at the meeting for prayer we saw the awful danger of neglecting God's warnings, as we looked at His Word "Ichabod—the glory has departed". We saw too that we could not "raise our Ebenezer" until, like the children of Israel of old, we came with one accord to MIZPEH; and there in true humility and with repentant hearts we "poured out" ourselves before God.

Our General Secretary spoke to us later that morning—the word to our hearts being "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward". Difficulties there were, yet we were to press on believing in God's fulfilling that which He has begun in some corners of our "Thirsty Land" during the year that is past.

After tea we gathered to read our BASIS, and to re-affirm our confidence in the spirit inspired principles of the Band.

It was during our prayer meeting on Thursday morning that we felt that our Saviour, Who had been with us all the while, opened our eyes and we knew Him. Our problems remained: but while we see not yet all things put under Him, WE SEE JESUS. We will endure as seeing Him Who is invisible.

This assurance of His presence with us was deepened as we met around His Table. Holy Communion was conducted for us by a welcome visitor, Rev. E. Bishop, and as we partook of the elements of bread and wine, we *knew* that His presence would go with us even to the furthest corners of our land.

RONALD AND MURIEL WAINÉ.

Tongue-tied

Have you ever been tongue-tied? I expect you think you have, but until you try to speak Arabic you will never fully appreciate this experience. I remember something which happened to me about a year ago. You will no doubt find it amusing—I did afterwards!

Ronald was away for the day and, alone in the house, I was busy with my "Martha" duties. A knock at the door and there was Saliha, barefooted, fair-haired, and eyes dancing with mischief. Her French was limited to two or three words; and, as my knowledge of Arabic was in a similar state, I hastily grabbed a dictionary and a box of remedies, *en route* to the door. With wide-open eyes she made a movement round her shoulder, and said "gonflé" (swollen). Ah, *bite* I thought. I tried it, and caused much amusement. *Boil?* This was greeted by an outburst of giggles. Then she circled her waist, chattering away to me in Arabic. A little confused in my diagnosis, I tried all manner of suggestions—from indigestion to shingles—without any success. I had been squatting on the doorstep surrounded by books for some 15 minutes (wondering just what my little son was doing, and how much behind schedule lunch would become), when I saw an elderly Arab enter the gate. I asked his help, and very willingly the girl repeated the story, after which the Arab turned to me and said—"She wants you to make her a dress—with puffed sleeves and a gathered waist!" I need hardly say that Saliha did not wait very long before scampering out of the gate, when she saw the look of horror on my face. I returned indoors and carefully replaced the dictionary and box of medicines.

So you can see that from early days our prayer has been that we would be enabled to learn quickly this language. We have fretted when we could not get lessons, and had headaches when we could—feeling that we would never make good missionaries until we could speak Arabic.

Just recently, we have come to realise another fact:—That no matter how well we speak the language, how fluently we read or translate, or with whatsoever ease we can explain the Way of Salvation

through Jesus Christ, *all* this is vain and useless if our lives don't ring true. I wonder if you realise all the little things which spoil our testimony out here? Little "rubs" and irritations take on enormous proportions, misunderstandings are more difficult to put right when 300-500 miles separate stations. The biggest problem and the first to be attacked is our time of quiet and prayer with God. A night up with a little one, a crowded day of classes or visiting, and the "morning watch" becomes a battle. The natives having little sense of time call at any hour after six a.m. for seemingly trivial things, but unless we keep this intimate communion with our Lord before the rush and bustle of the day, we lose the sense of victory which is gloriously possible as we "walk in the light as He is in the light"; if we do this then we have "fellowship one with another", and only *then* does "the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanse us from *all* sin". M. R. WAINE.

The "Reccab"

What is this "Reccab"? The (Arabic) word might simply mean a party of riders: but in Miliana and the surrounding district it has come to mean a pilgrimage to the tomb of a Moslem saint, their "patron saint", Si Mohammed Ben Yussef Ben Miliani. This famous man dates back to the 14th century, and was a Shereef—that is, a descendant of Mohammed, the Founder of the Moslem faith. He is buried in a shrine adjacent to the Mosque named after him; and this shrine is very sacred. It is said that if you visit it seven times (of course giving your gift to the money-box) you are on a sure road to Heaven.

The original Mosque, before the conquest of Algeria by the French in 1830, was in the centre of the town. Its tower still stands, with a palm tree on each side, and over-grown by ivy; it is now used as a clock tower.

As the time arrives for the Reccab, buses full of men and women from distant towns are seen coming into Miliana. The *grandees* come in their own cars or in taxis: the mountain folk ride mules or donkeys—or else trudge many kilometres on foot. The *Caids* and their

retinues come on their Arab steeds ; these prance about proudly before an admiring crowd of men and boys. The white-robed Arab women congregate under the trees to watch the firing, as six or more riders dash full gallop across the Champ de Manœuvre, firing off blank cartridges, and throwing their rifles in the air to catch them again as they ride—a really thrilling sight ; and the horses seem to love their part of the excitement.

Certain of the pilgrims on entering the town are met by the chiefs of the shrine with their many-coloured silken banners, and the native musicians, with pipe and tom-tom. These lead the pilgrim procession to the shrine. Among the crowds are negroes with their small tom-toms—these “dance”, or jog up and down, twisting and turning in front of some well-dressed Arab, till he feels obliged to throw them a coin.

The streets near the Shrine have stalls of Arab sweets, honey cakes, pink, white and green rock, and other native dainties. Some of the poor inhabitants or pilgrims, too, may have a chance to share in the distribution of Cous-cous provided by the authorities of the Shrine.

This pilgrimage-festival may go on for several days, during which thousands of francs are cast into the treasury of the Shrine ; and hundreds of Moslems, men and women, use this opportunity to visit their Miliana relatives, and to buy in the shops. Beautifully dressed Arab men may be seen going into the jeweller's shop, or bargaining with a Mozabite shopkeeper for finery to take home to their women.

The women pilgrims are taken to rooms which they can hire, in the court surrounding the shrine ; and from their upstairs terrace they can watch the crowd ; or (always well covered in their silk haiks) they may go and sit behind a curtain, where they can kiss the drapery which covers the saint's tomb.

We watch the cheerful, talkative crowd from our windows, and see them stopping to salute friends with many kisses—especially if the friend is one of the hundred or more descendants of Si Mohammed Ben Yussef—such a one must be kissed on shoulders and head. They pass my window, where French and

Arabic Bibles are spread open for them to read ; the texts displayed might teach them of the One who is the true Way to God, but how few, even of those who know how to read, stop to look at them. The customs and the teaching of Islam hold them, and they look for nothing better. On such a day as this, we feel afresh the power and the pride of Islam, the religion which holds in its grip so many peoples in every quarter of the world.

The day after the Reccab some of the boys and girls who have been enjoying the excitement of these days may come knocking on our door : some perhaps in a good mood, to hear and sing with us of the One Saviour. But others, led by the prince of this world, will come in only to dash out again, after spitting on the floor ; and, once outside, will turn to try to smash our windows by throwing stones at them.

That is not a pretty picture to end with—but we have the text :—“ Thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ ”. It rings out so triumphantly in Arabic, when we teach it to our women and children's classes. We need its encouragement : our hearts burn as we see the hold on the people of a religion which—while professing to honour Christ as a Prophet—denies His Divinity and His power to save. Before these thousands of ignorant or fanatical Moslems the little handful of workers seems so inadequate. The inspired question—“ Who is sufficient for these things ? ” suggests the only possible answer, and leads us again to prayer in the Name of our Victorious Saviour.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

Missionary Exhibition and Campaign

LONDON—September, 1951.

To the missionary on furlough in Great Britain the CENTRAL HALL Exhibition has proved the high light of this year of Festival.

The gracious message from Her Majesty the Queen, posted near the entrance, struck the keynote of reality. Faces everywhere beamed a welcome.

'The very atmosphere was steeped in prayer. It was that of the Christian family, where a spirit of loving unselfishness holds sway.

Then "what knitting severed friendships up" as the hymn puts it. Some had not met, nor even corresponded, since Bible College days. Others had only previously been linked by prayer and now met in the flesh. Former colleagues, whose service lies in widely separated fields, came together again and rejoiced to speak of mutual friends.

"The Fellowship of Faith" Stand, with its large map of the Moslem World, attracted many who had travelled in Moslem Lands, and who knew something of the peculiar problems of the work—an Army Scripture Reader from Egypt—a business man, lately returned from North Africa—a former member of the British Liberation forces, converted at Blida, during the last war—to mention only a few examples.

As the month of September wore on the interest of the public seemed unabated. An encouraging feature was the number of young people who were shewing a keen interest. There were children of school age as well, most of them feverishly collecting pamphlets, or badges to wear on their coats.

Each day culminated in a rousing evangelistic service in the Great Hall. Here souls were won, and lives dedicated to the Master's service. P. M. RUSSELL.

Two views of Pudsey Annual A.M.B. Rally

First, Miss Edna Jackson writes:—"Close upon three hundred people gathered at the Manor Hall, Pudsey, Yorkshire, on September 3, 1951, to greet Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baggott, home on furlough from Tamanrasset, and also to bid farewell to Miss A. E. Powell, who is leaving shortly to work with Miss Clark in the Mission Station of Relizane. Testimony was given to Miss Powell's steadfast witness, and loving service, in the Master's Name, in the district she is leaving. Then she herself told how God had called her to North Africa; and Miss E. Clark spoke about the work at Relizane.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baggott were given a loving welcome, and Mrs. Frank endeared herself to all hearts, as she testified to the Lord's call and His working in her life.

A great challenge was put before our eyes in the pictures (films and coloured slides) of the great stretches of desert lands without a missionary of the Lord Jesus; and the great need stirred our hearts as we heard the story of this pioneer work among the Tuaregs. We prayed that this wonderful evening might be the means of bringing about a more vital PRAYER WORK on behalf of the Mission".

Mr. Frank Baggott writes:—"The presence of the Lord was very real in the meeting. The Rev. A. G. Manby, M.A., was the chairman, and at the close he stressed three things that had impressed him during the meeting: firstly, the missionaries gave testimony to the graciousness of the Lord even in times of difficulty and hardship; secondly, the need and value of, and call to PRAYER; thirdly, the urgent need for missionaries, and the challenge for all to obey the call of Christ".

Mr. Baggott himself then stresses these points:—"During our 12,000 miles of deputation work in America, and since being here, we have realised on the one hand a lack of knowledge or a misinformation in regard to the field; and on the other hand, our responsibility to make known—to a much greater extent—the position, problems, and possibilities of the work in North Africa that God has commissioned A.M.B. to do. When we have clearly outlined through this magazine and our prayer and news letters, the present position and pressing problems of the work it is then for us all to realise, in a deeper measure than ever before, that the essential key to the missionary problem is PRAYER. It is not, primarily, work, or organisation, or education, or even evangelisation—but PRAYER. Whether we be missionaries, counsellors, mission-helpers, supporters by gifts,—we are all but labourers: our Saviour Jesus Christ is the Lord of the Harvest. He says to us all: "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to Harvest. . . . Pray ye

therefore the Lord of the Harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His Harvest ”.

The London Annual Meetings

This year's Annual Meetings were, as always, quite a “gathering of the clans”. Missionary friends from other societies working in North Africa; men who had known the A.M.B. during their war service; and those faithful folk who bear North Africa on their hearts year after year; all came to join in fellowship, and we were very glad to welcome them all.

We were very sorry that Mr. Oliver was unable to take the Chair at the afternoon meeting, owing to illness. He and his family have recently suffered a great loss in the homecall of their only son, and we know you will remember them in prayer in this time of sorrow.

In Mr. Oliver's absence, Mr. Pilcher gave a brief review of home affairs, taking his text from Judges 6. 13 and pleading for a “spiritual dissatisfaction” which would not rest content with less than the full blessing of God. During the past year, funds had been very short, and practical steps had been taken to reduce home expenditure by a very considerable amount. Our need, beyond any other, was prayer for a new reviving and a new vision in these times of crisis.

MRS. BAGGOTT, speaking on her first visit to England, spoke of “the danger of disobedience to the heavenly vision”.

1. *A Terrible Vision.* When Joseph's brothers sold him into Egypt, they saw ‘the anguish of his soul’ and Gen. 42. 21 shows that the vision constantly rose before them.

Have we had the terrible vision of the lost souls of men and women going to a Christ-less eternity?

2. *A Troubled Conscience.* Joseph's brethren had no pity at the time of their sin, but they had a troubled conscience afterward. ‘We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that . . . we would not hear’. Have we turned a deaf ear to the cry of the Moslem souls without Christ? Those who have disobeyed the call of God can have no real joy and peace.

3. *The Tragic Consequence.* ‘We would not hear; therefore is this distress

come upon us’. When a Christian disobeys the call of God to service, the Holy Spirit is grieved, the work of God is hindered, and often his own life is ruined.

No matter whether the Lord has given us a task to do at home or abroad, let us seek—rather than being ‘successful’—to be faithful in any task to which He may call us”.

MR. PORTEOUS home on his first furlough, spoke of his experiences during the past three years. First, the language difficulties during his early days at Blida; then of how, after six months with Miss Farmer and Miss Clark at Tlemcen, three raw recruits (Mr. and Mrs. Porteous and Miss Fletcher) were left alone in charge of the station. Mr. Porteous told of how the visit of a missionary friend, who was on fire for the Lord, had been first an offence and then a rebuke to them, and how after his departure, there had been humbling, confession and repentance on the Mission station. Then things began to happen, and by the end of the year five young men had definitely accepted the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

There came a further time of spiritual advance when the three missionaries sought a deeper fellowship with each other than they had known hitherto. Another time of humbling and confession was followed by a deeper fellowship—and another soul was brought to the Lord, this time a lady.

At the beginning of June, Rev. and Mrs. Waine came to Tlemcen to take over the work during the furlough of Mr. and Mrs. Porteous. This again was a time of fellowship in prevailing prayer and during this time four women accepted the Saviour. “The lesson we have learned” concluded Mr. Porteous, “is that God wants honesty in His children. If Christians will be honest with Him, He must bless. The cry for revival is as loud in the Algerian Mission Field as at home, and I am persuaded that the first step is honesty”.

The Chair was taken in the evening by Rev. P. G. Smith of Tollington Park Baptist Church, who spoke from Ex. 17. 15, “The Lord my Banner”. A banner, said Mr. Smith, was a symbol of the cause it stood for, and a rallying

point in the battle, a challenge to the enemy, and an indication of how the battle was going. If the standard-bearer faltered, the army was disheartened. It behoved us, therefore, to see that the standard was held high.

MR. BAGGOTT spoke from Ex. 14. 15 : "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward". Like the children of Israel, we are 'pressed above measure' and at such times the Lord says to us 'go forward' for 'man's extremity is God's opportunity'.

"We are beset today," said Mr. Baggott, "by two dangerous forces: (i) a failing missionary vision behind us, (ii) the great barrier of Islam in front of us. Even the physical barriers are formidable enough. The Sahara Desert is about 30 times the size of Great Britain, and the Hoggar plateau, about 4,500 feet high, is about as large as Britain. Tamahaq (the language of the Touareg) is hardly known by any outsider, while Arabic is used only as a trade language and not normally spoken. We have known what it is to be thirsty, to be hungry day after day, to be ill, to be lonely, but 'none of these things move us' and we go forward in the strength of Jesus. It is not a church or the mission which has commissioned us, but the risen Christ.

The key to the missionary problem is not primarily organisation, finance, new methods, or youth—which all have their place—but PRAYER".

An interlude followed, during which Mr. Pilcher showed colour film slides taken during his spring visit to North Africa.

MISS E. CLARK, our last speaker, read two verses. "By faith Abraham . . . went out, not knowing whither he went" (Heb. 11. 8). "That in all things He (Christ) might have the pre-eminence" (Col. 1. 18).

Miss Clark told of "mixed feelings" when she learned that it had been decided, last autumn, that she should go to Relizane—and that she should go alone! The Mission Station had been closed for twelve years, and she had no idea how to renew old contacts or how to make new ones.

But within three days of her arrival, while she and Mr. Nicoud prayed

together, after a tour of her "parish", there came a knock at the door. Outside stood two women who had come as girls to the classes twelve years ago. They were keen to come in and read straight away. No need to wonder how the station was to be re-opened and the people contacted! Here was evidence that God was already at work.

The beginnings had been by no means easy, but God had already blessed "the day of small things". More than 300 children had been contacted over the past months, new women had heard the gospel for the first time, and now rejoiced to hear the Word of God. There was much to be done, but the labourers were few. "I wonder," said Miss Clark, "if we are doing all we ought to do. Is God having the pre-eminence in our lives? Have we come to Him in all sincerity and asked 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?'"

Finally, MISS POWELL told how the Lord had laid the burden of Relizane on her heart and how, after a visit there in the spring, she had felt that God was calling her to work there with Miss Clark, and was going out this autumn as an associate worker of the Mission. The Chairman commended her to the Lord in prayer.

"Faith Without Works is Dead."

How you can help the work.

1.—*By prayer.* Prayer Partners received a Prayer Bulletin for September. If you would like to become a Prayer Partner, please write to me. It is hoped to send out at least one such Bulletin between the issues of the magazine.

2.—*By making the work known to others.* When you have finished with your copy of A THIRSTY LAND can you pass it to a friend? Better still, would your friend like to become a subscriber too? Or can you help to arrange a Missionary Meeting? If so, please write to me.

3.—*By gift.* The A.M.B. does not make public appeals for funds, but if you believe that God is calling you to fellowship in this way, gifts may be sent to me and will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged. If you would like a missionary box, I will gladly send one.

D. PILCHER.

