

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

Algiers Mission Band

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS : DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

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

Corresponding Secretary and Hostess : MISS V. WOOD.

Representative in Gt. Britain (pro tem.) : MR. DOUGLAS PILCHER, 37, Stephens Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

OVERSEAS REFEREES :

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

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

M. LE PASTEUR, Chatoney 82, Boulevard St Saens, Algiers.

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

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

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

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

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

LOCATION OF WORKERS.

HEADQUARTERS.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR,

ALGIERS.

1920 Mr. and Mrs. BUCKENHAM.
1920 Miss V. WOOD.
1914 Miss A. M. FARMER.
1919—22 M. and Mme. P. NICLOUD.
1947 Mr. E. BUCKENHAM (part time).
1948 Mlle. Y. FELIX.
1950 Miss G. ARENHOLT.

AIN-ARNAT.

1919 Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ (part time).
1946 Mlle. G. CHOLLET (part time).
1947 Mr. E. BUCKENHAM (part time).

BLIDA.

1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. WAINE.

BOU SAADA.

1919 Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ (part time).
1946 Mlle. G. CHOLLET (part time).

1934 + 27 Rev. and Mrs. H. W. STALLEY. (On leave of absence for a year from November 1st, 1950).

AUTUMN and WINTER, 1950.

MILIANA.

1907 Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.
1929 Miss P. M. RUSSELL.
1947 Miss E. CHANTLER.

RELIZANE.

1947 Miss E. CLARK.

TAMANRASSET.

1946—50 Mr. and Mrs. F. BAGGOTT
(on Furlough).

TLEMCEN.

1946—48 Mr. and Mrs. A. PORTEOUS.
1949 Miss I. FLETCHER.

TOLGA.

1928—37 M. and Mme. S. LULL.
1948 Mlle. J. GUIBE.

TOUGGOURT.

1930 Miss I. K. NASH.



A Message from the beginning of the Century for the New Year

I. LILIAS TROTTER

ALGIERS. *January, 1900.*

The New Year and the New Century begin with the gauntlet thrown down. It is the new moon this afternoon, and that means that the Ramadhan cannon will go off tonight.

The two verses that God has given me this year are Luke xvii. 6, and Matt. xxi. 21. "Thou shalt say to this sycamine tree"—the rooted-in habits of centuries—"be thou plucked up by the roots and be thou planted in the sea, and it shall obey you." "Ye shall say unto this mountain"—the mountain of fear and difficulty that blocks the way for these poor weak souls—"be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea, and it shall be done." It is that activity of faith that we need to learn. "Whosoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." It is Moses' rod again, the stretched out hand of faith on earth acting in unison with the stretched out hand of God's power in Heaven.

* * * *

Two lessons have come to me these last days out of Exodus xxvii. 1-8, the description of the altar of burnt-offerings, the lesson of the 'horns,' and the lesson of the network, figuring the first and last step of consecration. The horns were the place where the sacrifice was bound

before the stroke came that brought death. (Ps. cxviii. 29).

Consecration lies in the will which binds by a definite act, once for all, to the place of sacrifice, everything on which God has "showed us light" as being a thing that He asks of us. There were four horns, that is we may come to the place of consecration from different sides, the side of our affections, of our inclinations, of the gifts God has given us, and so on. But by whatever path He leads us to the altar, there is a horn right in front, and we have to go straight up to it and bind the thing there and take our hands off, not knowing and not wanting to choose how God may deal with it.

That was all the offerer was responsible for. The priest's work was to deal the blow which was the pledge that God accepted it, and the fire sent it up "a sweet savour." When all was completed there remained, on the earthly side, *ashes*. Bit by bit, as the sacrifice was consumed, the ashes fell through the brazen net-work and were cleared away in the "pans to receive the ashes." (See Ps. xx. 3.)

The New Testament version is this, "for whom I have suffered the loss of all things"; "counted loss for Christ." Ashes are worthless things. When we have got to the point of counting that

which we have offered to God a *worthless thing* compared to the winning of Christ, then it has turned to ashes and passes through the net-work into "the things that are behind," and the work of consecration in that thing is done. It is not "I feel it but loss," by "I *count* it but loss," and soon God seals in the light what faith and will, the crossbars of the net-work, have reckoned in the dark.

*"All things I count but loss,
All things are dung and dross
For Jesus, fully known."*

Editorial

AUTUMN AND WINTER

Delays which we could not avoid prevented the timely production of an autumn number of A THIRTSY LAND: we are therefore combining Autumn and Winter in this one single issue. We hope to publish the ensuing numbers up to date.

REMINDER TO BRITISH CORRESPONDENTS.

Postage rates from Great Britain to Algeria are now as follows:—Letters—4d. for 1 oz.; Air Mail—6d. for $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; Post Cards—2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; Air Mail—3d.

Printed papers—1d. for 2 ozs., plus $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for each additional 2 ozs.

As we have at present no acting Secretary in Great Britain, all correspondence from thence should be addressed to the General Secretary at Headquarters (Dar Naama, El Biar, ALGIERS). But gifts to the Mission from friends in Great Britain may be sent to Mr. Douglas Pilcher, 37, Stephens Road, Tunbridge Wells.

LINKS WITH AMERICA.

We have long had cause for thankful remembrance of those in U.S.A. and Canada who have been our helpers by prayer and giving. We now anticipate gladly a strengthening of the bonds of fellowship between us and these true friends, through the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baggott (mentioned later in this number). We believe also that this

visit will be used of God as a means of creating new friendships, and fresh interest in this little-known but needy mission field. Friends desiring personal contact with Mr. and Mrs. Baggott should write to them c/o Mrs. M. Reigh, 1412 Twelfth Avenue, Altoona, Pa., U.S.A., their headquarters during their stay in America.

Workers Together with God

At the A.M.B. Annual Meetings in London on September 22nd, 1950, real fellowship of heart and service was manifestly set forth by the presence of missionaries of different societies.

We were greatly indebted to Captain Harry Cherry of the Ceylon and India General Mission, and to the Rev. Phillip G. Smith, of Tollington Park Baptist Church, for presiding over the afternoon and evening meetings and for so ably bringing the closing message in each case.

It was much regretted that Miss Farmer was unavoidably hindered from being present at the afternoon meeting at which she had been booked to speak. The Home Secretary, however, was able to give some recent news and impressions gathered on his journey through the Field during May and June of this year. His message centred round the words of Jesus in Matt. xvi. 17-18. "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven . . . Upon this rock I will build My Church." From his personal contacts with Muslim and Jewish souls, there were blessed illustrations of the truth that although flesh and blood may bear witness to the Diety of Christ, His Atoning Death and His Resurrection—truths unpalatable to Islam—it is always the Spirit of God who reveals it to the heart. It is such revelation from above that commands faith and obedience. And so He builds His Church.

It was a refreshing experience in the evening to hear the testimony of Miss Greta Arenholt from Copenhagen, our most recently accepted candidate. She

told how she came into a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus while still a school girl. First through seeing the life of a Christian fellow-patient in hospital, and then through the secret reading of a Bible in her own room. The text that directed her to the Mission Field was God's word to Abram in Genesis xii.—“Get thee out of thy country, . . . unto a land that I shall shew thee.” Intervening years passed with their testings and further guidance until her feet at last were set toward North Africa. God then spoke again reassuringly by the same message, but this time as it came from the lips of Stephen in Acts vii. ; “Get thee out of thy country . . . and into the land which I shall shew thee.” May she prove indeed that when the Good Shepherd putteth forth His own, He goeth before them.

Miss Edith Clark, basing her talk on five phrases from Ezekiel xxxiv. 16 and 24, gave a picture of some of her experiences during the last three years.

First ; “I will seek that which was lost.” After an absence of eleven years from Tlemcen, she had set out to find some of the children she had known and taught. Most of the girls were now married and mothers of families, and there was difficulty in tracing their whereabouts. She found one in a distant village surrounded by several children of her own. For years she had been unable to hear more of the Saviour of whom she learnt as a child. What a welcome the missionary had ! She was almost strangled in the exuberant embrace ! After the rapturous greetings and exchange of news came the hungry listening to the “Good News,” and then the singing. What singing ! Miss Clark, because of long absence from the Field, was not sure of the words of the choruses, but did her best. The young mother was horror-struck. “No, no, no, that isn't right ! Why, you have forgotten the words ! How could you !”

“Well, you sing them to me,” said the missionary. There followed a valiant attempt at a tune ! “No, no, no, that's not right ! Why, you have forgotten the

music !” Look here, I'll sing you the tune, while you put in the words !” was the laughing compromise. So, they got on famously.

Second : “I will bring again that which was driven away.” Under this heading, Miss Clark spoke of the young man André, a baptised convert. Drawn away by the strenuous efforts of local Communist leaders, he had fallen into grievous sin. The Holy Spirit had followed him, however, and found him in deep heart-misery. Step by step he was brought back to acknowledge his sin and his desire to be at peace again. There remains one step which he is too fearful to take, that of confession to the employer he has wronged very deeply. He has been driven far away, but faith and love rest on that promise, “I will bring again.”

Thirdly : “I will bind up that which was broken.” Upon this note we were told the story of Y . . . , a young Christian mother who had been forced into marriage with a Muslim of evil character and obliged to live in surroundings of squalor and unashamed vice. Of delicate health at the best of times, she is now broken in body, but not in spirit. The missionaries' testimony to her is that whenever she is able to visit them she does them good, even leading them in devotions. One of her utterances in prayer, as she pleaded for the conversion of her husband, stands out revealingly : “Lord forgive me,” she prayed, “for the many times I have wished I were dead !”

Fourth : “I will strengthen that which is sick.” There are many of her women friends sick in mind and body. Part of the missionary's ministry is the visitation of such in their homes, taking to them the knowledge of God's Love in Christ. Miss Clark gave an instance of another bright Christian girl, now unhappily married to a man who is a slave to drink. Whenever her missionary visitor comes, she can always be certain of a request for one particular hymn, which expresses something of the hidden longing of this suffering heart. It is the Arabic equivalent of “Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee.”

Fifth: "I will be their God"—the crowning promise of all! He who seeks, brings back, binds up, and strengthens, will be their God, will own them manifestly for His Own. "With God all things are possible," but

*"Mine are the hands to do the work,
My feet shall run for Thee;
My lips shall sound the glorious news;
Lord, here am I, send me."*

Streams in The Desert

In the last issue of the magazine Mr. Frank Baggott spoke of the bad state of the garden in Tamanrasset owing to drought. In September he wrote: "We were able to get our well deepened until we had a foot of water in it. We then had very heavy rains, *after ten years of drought*. The wadi on several occasions was a swift flowing river; the climax came this month, however, with a terrific thunderstorm. Water poured into the house until it covered the floor to a depth of several inches. There were many leaks. The bricks began to melt and the mud to flow. Soon there were two holes in the roof, and some of the walls were partly washed away. We were very thankful that all our things were protected and that the house did not collapse altogether.

On different occasions, two boys were drowned in the irrigation canals. One of them, the elder son of a widow who lives next door, a bright lad, had been to our house early in the year and heard the Gospel. Our hearts were greatly moved as we heard the mourning wails of those who sorrow without hope.

It has been a joy to renew contacts with those to whom I had spoken when I was here alone, and also to meet new people. We met some of the King's sons, and greeted the King himself one day as he was going into the dispensary. A short while afterwards we heard that he had died. His probable successor is a young man who has paid us a friendly visit. Pray with us for his salvation.

Sin is prevalent in its many forms. Superstition is rife and intermingled with Moslem fatalism and bigotry. Some are willing to listen to the Gospel, but ignore its claims upon them.

Last night we were told of a woman who had been paralysed in her legs through the curse of some "enemy" of hers and of another who was dangerously ill through having been given poison. Yes, the powers of evil are strong here, but—"At the Name of Jesus, Satan's hosts must flee." "They overcame him through the Blood of the Lamb and the Word of their Testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Baggott had been at all well during the summer months; and in November, after a short visit to Headquarters, they left Algiers by boat on furlough. The first months of their "long leave" will be spent in America, where (after a period of needed rest and recuperation in Mrs. Baggott's home town—Altoona, Pennsylvania) they will [D.V.] begin deputation work for the A.M.B. in the United States and in Canada. Afterwards they will go on to England, where they hope to have many opportunities for meeting friends of the Mission, and speaking of the work, before returning to the field.

Already they are looking forward with eager hope to their return to Tamanrasset, for God has given them a great love for the people there, and great visions for future work amongst them.

To Givers of a Mobile Unit

It seems right that we should give you some news about the Mobile Unit for which you so generously gave. It is nearly two years ago since we were able to purchase a Jeep. This was lengthened and a steel body put on it—in order to make it practicable for desert work.

It was my great privilege to take this car, in company with Monsieur P. Nicoud, 1,500 miles south into the great

Sahara Desert. We had to brave wind and rain, cross raging torrents, endure sand-storm, plough through deep sand dunes, traverse rocky plateaux, etc. This was not without much difficulty—but though we had many mishaps we eventually arrived at Tamanrasset, an oasis in the centre of the Sahara. The Jeep had come through bravely—but was sorely bruised. It has indeed had a long rest—but you will be glad to know that, having brought us to a pioneer field, it has not finished its service ; we are looking forward to getting the parts necessary to put it into running order, so that it may take us to come of the distant villages, able to be reached by car.

We do thank you, in the MASTER'S Name, for your part towards this useful car ; and I am sure you will follow us in your prayers, that many people may be reached with the Gospel through it—who otherwise might never hear.

FRANK BAGGOTT.

The Seventh Day Feast

One of our little scholars had brought us news of the birth of a baby brother ; and as the mother was an old friend—a former class girl—I went to call on her. On tapping at the door I heard sounds within of the “*derbouka*” (an instrument beaten by the hand somewhat like a tambourine, but sounding more like a drum).

A smartly dressed young woman opened the door to me, and I found myself in a court full of women, many of them in gay colours and adorned with jewels. My friend stood among them, dressed in green velveteen with a kerchief of gold, and draped round it a wreath of sweet-scented jasmine flowers—charming colouring, but it could not hide her pale face or drawn expression.

Her baby, who was sleeping on his grandmother's lap, was just 12 days old. He was named “*Servant-of-the-Almighty*”—rather a long name even in Arabic for that tiny babe. In the

adjacent room was another mother, with her boy of only seven days old ; and the two mothers had agreed to keep the customary “*seventh day*” feast for the two babies together. The second little one had been named *Zobied*, which might mean “*perfume*”—or the “*spray*” or “*foam*” from a waterfall. *Zobied* is his mother's first child ; she looked well, and very proud.

In her room were many young women ; one, who was beautifully dressed, was solemnly going through the curious movements that represent eastern dancing. The dancer stands in one place, occasionally turning about, working her hips, and holding a kerchief in her hands in a coquettish manner, while another woman beats a drum rhythmically. It is weird and fascinating, but not graceful.

After I had saluted the guests my friend took me upstairs to her own room, and her little girl of about three was glad to follow, and get away into mother's arms. Soon an elder daughter brought coffee and diamond-shaped cakes made of semolina and honey, and a bowl of orange preserve ; and then we were able to have a quiet talk.

“*Is it your eighth child ?*” I asked. “*Yes,*” she said, “*I think so.*” Then she began to count :—“*There are my two elder girls, then four boys, and this little Sherifa*” (a name meaning *noble* or descendant of the Prophet), “*now I have Servant-of-the-Almighty—but I am so tired and weak, I cannot even eat.*”

“*Did your husband bring you a nice present when you gave him this last babe ?*” I asked. A worn smile came over her face—as much as to say : “*Is that all you know about it ?*”

We went down stairs to join the guests, and I slipped away into a side room, where the blind grandmother still sat with the babe on her knee. *Blind*, yes, for she had had many girl children year after year till she became ill, and the eyesight went ; in fact she never saw her last two children.

She is now a widow, and most of her daughters are married, and scattered in different towns ; and she has difficulty

in counting the many grandchildren. Years before the doctor told her to go to hospital for treatment, but in those days she dared not leave her husband, lest he should take another wife and she should return to find herself homeless and unwanted.

Some of her girls went to school, and can read French ; others were kept at home to help the blind mother. But, as they have no books, reading and writing soon become rusty ; though the industrial work learned at school remains an asset. This work is mostly knitting and embroidery, and it helps a woman to earn a little if her husband loses his health or his work, or if she is left a widow with little ones to provide for.

It was difficult to find an opening among that crowd of feasting women, but presently the little son of about five years old (who comes to our infant class) touched my sleeve and said :—" Are you not going to teach us ?"—that gave the opportunity to bring out of my bag a picture of the Virgin and her Son with the Wise Men ; and we could talk of motherhood, for there were many young women with their toddling little ones around them. We could tell them too how our Lord would have the mothers bring their children to Him.

Wishing many blessings upon those two sleeping babes I took my leave, for I knew that they had stopped their dancing, and the noisy gramophone with its love-songs, out of politeness to me ; and I must not stay and spoil their fun.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

So Shall I Do For Christ

The following is the personal testimony of an Arab girl, dictated to, and recorded by Miss Ridley at Relizane years ago.

" When I was a little child I had never heard of Jesus, neither had my father or mother. Then came the time when I used to join the children playing outside the Mission House while waiting to go in for ' reading,'—hearing the Word of God. I

said to myself, ' They will not allow me to go in, but I can play with the children outside. I was glad when I found that they would let me go in also. Every day I used to come and hear the Word of God, and I would listen well, but I understood nothing. I tried to answer all the questions, and say ' yes ' or ' no,' but I did not understand what it was all about. For many years I came thus with no understanding, until one day I was playing outside and I quarrelled with another little girl who ran away. I said to myself, ' When I catch you next time, I will hit you.' The door opened to me and I came into the big court of the house, and found that they were having a meeting for women. I said, ' Oh, I would so like to go in and see what they are doing,' but the missionary said ' No, the meeting is only for grown-up people, but you can play in the court.' I was so eager to get in that I said to one of the women, ' I will give you two sous (all I had) (and worth about a farthing in those days—ED.), if you will only let me come in.' However, I remained in the court and sat among the shoes at the door, amusing myself by arranging them in pairs and at the same time listening to what was being said. When they began to drink coffee I was very ashamed and said to myself, ' They will think I have come hoping to have coffee offered to me.' After the coffee was finished I listened again to what was being said in the room, and heard the missionary say, ' God says we must be loving even as Christ loved us and gave Himself for us.' When I heard these words I was again ashamed and said to myself, ' I will not hit the girl with whom I have quarrelled.' From that time I stopped fighting with other children.

" Then came the big ' fast ' of Ramadhan, and because I was kept at home to help my mother, I was unable to come in the mornings to ' read.' I came instead to the afternoon meetings where things were explained more fully, and little by little I began to understand. I understood that I must not be jealous when I saw other children with prettier

dresses than I had. In the past, anger used to fill my heart when I quarrelled with anyone. Now I find anger goes away at once, and I can even be glad. Now I have given all myself to Jesus and I await His Coming with joy.

Last night I was thinking what a joy it is to me when the missionary comes to see me in my own house. How I run to spread the carpet for her to sit upon, and hasten to make the coffee for her. She is my friend, and I love her and she loves me. Because I know I have done nothing to grieve her I am not frightened of her and do not wish to hide myself from her. She knows me and I know her, and we are happy together. So shall I do for Christ when He comes. How glad I am when the time draws near for the return of the missionary from her own country; for she tells me of the wonders and beauties of that country, and of the journey. So will Christ tell me about the wonders and beauties of Heaven.

"The time came when I was old enough to fast, but I wished to break the fast for Christ's sake. I saw we only changed the hours of eating and did not really fast as Christ did. My father was dead, but my uncle said, 'You must fast. If you do not I will kill you.' I was very sad and cried. The missionary said I could not fast at the Mission House, so that night I went home. All night I kept crying to God, and in the morning I said to my mother, 'I cannot fast, I am a Christian.' She replied, 'Very well, my daughter, you can do as your heart tells you.' My uncle said, 'You must fast!' but he did not do anything more than that, and I went back to the Mission House with joy in my heart. From that time I have never kept the 'fast'."

Relizane Re-opened

After being closed for about twelve years to missionary work, the A.M.B. house at Relizane is again occupied as a mission station. This is a great cause for thankfulness. It is true that, so far,

we have only one worker there, Miss Edith Clark; but there are many tokens that the Lord has been so surely with her from the first day—helping in all difficulties and cheering with His Presence—that we know she does not feel alone. Already, in a few weeks, she can tell of hearty welcomes in houses visited, and of many women coming to visit her—some of whom had learned to love the Lord in the days spoken of in the Arab girl's testimony recorded above. One of these women is a true Christian, and is gladly giving her help with the classes of little children who flock to the house on Thursdays and Sundays. Those who have wrestled with classes of Arab children themselves will understand how glad Miss Clark must feel when, after speaking of a "large class," she can add—"they listened very well." For them and for the women who gather on Sundays also, may it be true—"Faith cometh by hearing."

Sowing the Seed in Setif.

Mr. Edmund Buckenham, who here tells of his work in that region this summer, will (D.V.) be going back to Ain-Arnat in January for a longer stay, and more extended colportage work, in the neighbourhood of Setif. After the events he speaks of in this article, he spent some summer weeks on holiday in N. Ireland. From there we heard with pleasure of his engagement to Miss Esther Abernethy of Portrush.

[Miss Abernethy has just now completed her studies at the Bible Training Institute in Glasgow.]

"About the time the University courses ended, I went to Bou Saada to assist Mlle. Butticaaz and Mlle. Chollet in their removal to Ain Arnat, a small village near Setif. The latter name will be familiar to some of you as missionaries were stationed there in time past. Unfortunately it has not been possible to retain the Mission premises. With the real joy of seeing an old "corner of the field" re-entered, though at a slightly different place, there was an added opportunity for

colportage. I am especially glad at having been able to make this visit, as it is now probable that Ain-Arnat will be the scene of part of my work next season. During my short stay there I was able to visit Setif twice, and there the opportunities were vast. It is a large agricultural district which has the reputation of being rather troubled. Personally I found the response ready, and as in many other places, there was a real hunger for the message of the Gospel. Some of those with whom I had conversation had heard something of the saving work of Christ from other missionaries, and seemed eager to hear more.

I also had the privilege of visiting three market places in the same district, each about thirty miles from Setif. There too, the response was good, some even asking for my address, should they desire further help or literature. I was especially struck by the need in one of these towns, in which there were two nominal Protestant homes but no real witness to the living Christ, despite the importance of the centre. The only "incident" was in one of the villages where children, intent on mischief, "laid hands" upon some of our literature. They tore up quite a lot and prevented free contact with men who would otherwise have been interested. In most of these visits I was accompanied by the two lady missionaries who missed no opportunity of contacting the women and children.

The above will, I hope, lead you all to realise, even more definitely, the need of prayer. Apart from the need, and the opportunity to be bought up all round, much prayer is necessary for the spiritual life of the missionary. We can only be used by God when the Life of Christ is manifest in us. In this connection we were much cheered and refreshed in July by a visit from three students of Wheaton College, America. They were conducting a "Youth for Christ" camp in France, and came over for a long weekend. In the time little could be arranged, but in the two meetings they had, it was good to hear first hand accounts of the revival

in Wheaton College. This, I feel, is what we all need, and the need is nowhere more great than in Algeria.

E. BUCKENHAM.

From Ain-Arnat to Bousaada

Mlle. Buttiaz and Mlle. Chollet had a busy time at Ain-Arnat all the summer. Thanks to their car, which they have named "Abdullah"—that is, "the servant of God," they were able to visit Setif and hold classes there in a hall lent them. They did much visiting too, finding again many who had heard the message before, and were longing to hear more. In the little village of Ain-Arnat also there was much encouragement in the friendliness of the people and their eagerness to listen to the story of Jesus. Some of their very special visits were paid to A. who was a little girl, working in the house, when Miss Farmer and Miss Sheach were working at Setif. Even then she had learnt to love the Lord; and now, on meeting her again, it was a joy to find her still loving and striving to follow Him, and trying to lead her younger sisters in His way.

The heat of summer made the work harder; but as winter came on, it was the cold that was so trying, and the day the two friends left Ain-Arnat to return to Bousaada for a season, there was snow on the ground. The desert sunshine was very welcome, and so were the joyful welcomes of the people. The work was soon in full swing—such busy days; but ending usually with a happy time of Bible reading, hymn-singing and prayer, with the guardian's family. The young daughter of this family is to be married very soon; and we are praying that this man-arranged marriage may be overruled by the Lord; so that the girl, who truly loves Him, may not be hindered from coming to her Christian friends, and may be enabled, by God's grace, to witness to Christ in her husband's house by word and deed.

Camel Drivers.

Have you ever seen a camel driver feeding his camels before starting on a long journey across the desert? He would have a sack of date stones and would use a stick to shovel these down the camel's throat and down that great throat and neck they must go to be digested gradually! I often wonder if it is a painful process or if camels enjoy food given them in that way.

We had a class of twenty boys, out to have a jolly time, "full of beans" as we say (not date stones!) We on our side were determined some message should get in, even if we had to drive it in with a firm hand. I felt very much like the camel driver as I went over texts and choruses and Scripture portions, some of which cut right across all they had been taught as Moslems. The story that day was the wonderful conversion of the apostle Paul, who started out on the journey to Damascus with hatred of the Christians in his heart, but who arrived there a changed man.

The boys were bent on mischief. They tried to change the words, to make fun, to knock over a form, to whistle when the hymn was played, to clap applause when I led the singing! Yet, the story of the wonderful conversion was told, part of the parable of the "Prodigal Son" was learned by heart, they read the blackboard texts well, and only four scapegraces had to be turned out.

Exhausted at the end, yet we felt something had gone in to be "digested" later. The "camels" had received nourishment, and they were really after all not so bad. M.D.G.

Word Pictures.

CHILDREN . . .

Deep brown eyes, tousled curly hair and a wee head peeps from the folds of its mother's haik. Just one of the Algiers babies.

Often one can see them, left in the care of an elder sister who sits by the

roadside nursing her grubby, but precious bundle, perhaps only six or seven years old herself.

Arab boys are like boys the world over. Eyes gleaming with mischief as they dart, bare-footed, over the rough and stony paths. Their clothing is varied only in its degree of dirtiness, raggedness and "fitability". Like many an army uniform they so often fit where they touch! Many enter the profession of shoe-black to help out the family income. They possess an irresistible persuasiveness as they pounce upon you armed with a wooden box full of brushes and pieces of rag.

WOMEN . . .

Amongst the bunches of shrouded figures that throng the streets and market places there are some I would like you to meet. The young women are beautiful in their silky haiks which cover the head and drape gracefully around the rest of the body. Their eyes darkened with Khol look over a variety of veils, in Algiers three-cornered, some embroidered with flowers, others edged with lace. There may be an addition of European clothing, a pretty frock of which one would catch a glimpse as she swings along the street, or a pair of French shoes.

THREE WOMEN . . .

She stood beside me, waiting for the bus. She was not young, her haik old and discoloured, her finger nails and feet dyed orange with henna. I laughed and talked happily with Ronald and Iris and then I caught her eyes, tired and sad, looking with such longing and wistfulness into mine. Were happiness and human love all unknown to her?

Another, old dirty, unveiled, sitting on the pavement nursing a wounded hand. Moaning she rocked herself to and fro displaying the bloodstained bandages, beseeching aid by her very attitude.

Yet another, a woman from the hills, holding in her arms her child worn with

sickness. She picked her way along the bus queue letting the outstretched hand of the little one speak of her need.

Need, need. This is the keynote of my pictures and of the state of all in this country. Need that drives people from one dustbin to another in search of scraps of food, need that turns men into less than human beings as they grovel in the dust of the roadsides, clinking a few coins in a metal basin. Needs of sad eyes and hearts, of the outstretched hands of little children. Yet I wonder if they really know what, or WHOM they need most of all? Pray with us that the love of our Lord Jesus Christ may be made known to them that they may be brought into touch with Him who is able to satisfy to the uttermost their every need.

Blida Barrow Boys.

Yes, we've Barrow Boys even in Algeria! Barrows are not a necessity of course. Usually an old pram well patched up with boxlids or cardboard and painted, serves the purpose. The wares vary from sticky boiled sweets and chewing gum to "home-made" cakes! Great pride is taken in the amount of flies that hover over the cakes for this proved beyond a doubt, they affirm, that they are really honey cakes! The site chosen is by the roadside or under the shade of a tree. All purchases are "hand-picked" and passed from one grubby hand to another. The boys themselves brim over with mischief, dressed in old clothes—often one recognises an army or R.A.F. jacket, tousled hair beneath a red fez or perhaps just a dark beret. They are always eager to sell and bargain and have an outsize smile for the "ingleezi."

Pray for these young boys, the future Islam, so full of life and promise, that they may be brought into contact with the Saviour of men who can change even Arab Barrow Boys into Ambassadors of the Cross.

M. R. WAINE.

Blida

At Blida now, there are not only "Barrow Boys" trying to find a market for their goods, but a man missionary (Mr. Ronald Waine), with a portable folding table, which he sets out in a suitable spot, to attract passers-by, going to market perhaps. May it not be that some of the books and tracts he displays on his table become (by God's grace) the means of bringing about a fulfilment of the prayer Mrs. Waine asks for these boys.

Tlemcen

"And still they come," wrote Mr. Porteous, after telling of the numbers of young fellows from the College coming to read with him; and in spite of the "straight talks on the way of salvation" they were given, coming back again. A missionary at Oran had told one of these students of the mission house, and he again told a friend, and that friend brought another,—and so the numbers grew.

There have been others too, who were invited or urged by M. to come with him: M. himself first came to the Lord last winter, and since has brought his own brothers, and some of his friends. One of these was clearly pointed to Jesus by M. himself, and accepted Christ as his Saviour. Shortly after, he had an experience, which seems like an example of the tender thought of the Lord for babes in Christ. Mr. Porteous writes:—"Kh, who was saved a fortnight ago, has found work at his trade, after being without work for three months. He prayed last Thursday evening at the prayer meeting, *in the Name of Jesus*, that God would find him work. On going home that very evening, his mother said that some one had been to the house for him, as there was a job for him. He started work next morning.

Touggourt

Though back again in her station, Miss Nash could not start her regular work again, and may yet need some time before she is fit for it, though she hoped to have strength at Christmas to distribute to the poor children the lovely clothes sent by kind friends in England. But she has had some visitors—and tells of an Arab (a "Taleb") who came to her house to see a lady oculist who was staying there. The poor man was needing an operation on his eyes, which the oculist promised to perform. Before she did this, the Taleb had some words from Miss Nash, which touched him greatly; and he slipped into the room where he knew (though he could not see it) there was a picture of the Good Shepherd, and standing in front of it prayed for sight. The operation was successful, and now Miss Nash is longing that he may see Jesus as his Light and his Saviour.

Tolga

For some time Mr. Lull had been feeling the need of a place to hold boys' classes, girls' classes, and meetings for men, in the village of Rassouta, some distance from the new mission house. Then he wrote that he had found a suitable room; but had not the money to pay for it. We were all in prayer for this need to be supplied; and shortly after Mr. Lull was able to tell us that he had received a special gift from a friend in France, which enabled him to rent the room for six months—and the work is now begun there. For this we give thanks, and also for the numbers of very interested men who gather at the mission house in the evening, to hear God's word, with some of whom Mr. Lull has had talks on the "New Birth" and other subjects. Increasing numbers too gather round Mr. Lull in the villages he visits, and sometimes as many as 30 have listened with attention to the reading of the Gospel.

Headquarters

Dar Naama has lately become (far more than in recent years) a centre of A.M.B. activity. To begin with, it is here that Mr. Buckenham deals with the problems spiritual and temporal, the correspondence and the accounts, which are indeed an "all-time job" for our General Secretary and Treasurer. Here also Mr. Nicoud gives much time and labour to the business affairs of the Mission—its property, its relations with the Government authorities, the up-keep of Headquarters, and many tiresome but necessary bits of business; in addition to which, the members of the Band always find him a ready helper in their journeyings and their station business matters, or any personal affair that needs a business man's head to carry it through.

As the new season of work began after the Rally, there was also an increase in outside mission work. Mrs. Buckenham, Miss Farmer and Mme. Nicoud have between them paid many visits to the women in the native quarter of Algiers (the Casbah) or to the outlying parts, Belcourt, Clos Salambier, Pointe Pescade; or again in the villages of El Biar, Chateaufort, Bouzarea—"going forth, bearing precious seed." In this visiting Miss Arenholt has a share, though as yet she cannot take a "speaking part," and her language study still takes most of her time. (Plans are beginning to take shape for possible classes for children in Algiers, but that depends on whether a suitable hall can be had, and other questions, so it is not yet more than a project to be aimed at.

Study occupies still a large part of Edmund Buckenham's time; but many days also find him with his colporteur's sack of books in the narrow streets of Algiers, or visiting the markets of the neighbourhood—sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Ronald Waine or another friend. On occasion—though not so often as he would wish, owing to the other claims on his time—Mr. Nicoud also goes out with books and tracts to give or sell. And there are

visions for the coming spring of more far-reaching colportage trips, around Setif, down south to Guardaia, west to the regions of Relizane and Tlemcen, etc. But this must be as funds come in, and as workers can be set free for the work, or—let us say it in one word—as the Lord opens the Way.

Rally Days and Afterwards

It seems late to be writing in December of our Rally, which took place at the end of September: yet perhaps we can speak with even more assurance and deeper thankfulness now—nearly three months later—than we could have ventured to show earlier. We might have said, as it finished—“This has been a time of blessing, but will it last? We have been moved by the Spirit of the Lord; some of us have felt ourselves convicted by Him of things to be put right in our lives: those of us who (anxious and fearful, feeling our own weakness) dreaded the temptations and trials of the future, have received courage and faith to go forward: and all of us have been stirred to a deeper sense of love and fellowship one with another. We have felt drawn nearer together, and drawn nearer to our Lord—but will it last?” Thank God, we can now say that it is lasting. Here at Headquarters we still feel the blessed sense of oneness and harmony

with which the Rally ended; and from different stations many testimonies came to the way in which the work is being carried on, with manifest blessing, in the same spirit.

Into this blessed atmosphere entered (a month after the Rally) Miss Edith Clark and Miss Grethe Arenholt—to add each her own special part in the harmony—no discordant note. More recently still, the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Baggott from Tamanrasset—worn in body, but strong in spirit—seemed to complete in glad chords of praise the melody started in our hearts at the Rally.

It is true that the present time is not without difficulties and perplexities, causing serious thought and even deep sadness: the horizon of the future of our Mission is not free from threatening clouds: but we have had a wonderful experience, and “*experience*” worketh “*hope*”; so we may go forward into the unknown, echoing the words of a Christian poet’s thought:—

“Be still, my soul. Thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past:
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake:
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul, the waves and winds still know
His voice Who ruled them while He dwelt below.”

Algiers Mission Band

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS for the Year ended 30th June, 1950.

RECEIPTS.		FRANCS
GENERAL FUND—		
By Balance July 1st, 1949	...	963,660
" £1,893 18s. 9d. transmitted from Home Office	...	1,844,081
" \$1,500 Donations from U.S.A.	...	509,367
" Donations on Field	...	80,394
		3,397,502
APPROPRIATED FUNDS—		
By Balances July 1st, 1949	...	123,304
" £533 1s. 3d. transmitted from Home Office	...	519,865
" Sales of Scriptures and Literature	...	14,911
" Donations on Field	...	8,000
		666,080
FRANCS <u>4,063,582</u>		

The net amount received for £1 sterling during the year was approximately fr. 975.45).
 *These amounts include sums transmitted in June, 1949, but received in July.

General Secretary and Treasurer,
 HERBERT W. BUCKENHAM.

PAYMENTS.		FRANCS.
GENERAL FUND—		
To Missionaries' Allowances	...	2,423,259 *
" Rents, Taxes and Repairs	...	401,390
" Travelling	...	86,396
" Postage and Stationary	...	10,708
" Headquarters Service and Expenses	...	386,069
" Various Mission Expenses	...	166,794
		3,474,616
APPROPRIATED FUNDS—		
To Literature Production	...	16,111
" Colportage and Itinerations	...	16,098
" Stations and Personal	...	323,790
" Relief	...	36,299
		392,298
BALANCES OF APPROPRIATED FUNDS,		
June 30th, 1950	...	273,782
DEFICIT IN GENERAL FUND	...	77,114
		196,668
RESULTANT BALANCE		FRANCS <u>4,063,582</u>
APPROPRIATED FUNDS' BALANCES—		
Literature Production	...	FRANCS 16,004
Colportage and Itinerations	...	2,171
Stations and Personal	...	255,607

Examined and found correct.
 ALGIERS. 31st August, 1950. HENRY R. TURNER

HOME OFFICE ACCOUNT—Year ended 30th June, 1950.

RECEIPTS.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Subscriptions and Donations	...	1467 9 4	
" Legacy—The late Miss Perkin (on account)	...	350 0 0	
" Dividends and Interest	...	59 0 5	
" Income Tax repaid	...	82 14 11	
		1959 4 8	
" Felixstowe Conference	...	23 10 11	
" Less Expenses	...	18 0 0	
		5 10 11	
" Home Literature Fund	...	65 4 4	
" Other Designated Funds	...	546 3 2	
		2576 3 1	
" Sale of Investments	...	1134 19 0	
" BALANCES AT 1ST JULY, 1949—			
Designated Funds	...	484 17 2	
Less General Fund	...	481 11 10	
		3 5 4	
" BALANCES AT 30th JUNE, 1950—			
General Fund (Overdrawn)	...	1179 4 8	
Less Designated Funds	...	378 9 6	
		800 15 2	
		£4515 2 7	

PAYMENTS.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Remittances to Field	...	1972 18 9	
" Missionaries at Home	...	111 0 0	
" Retired Missionary	...	120 0 0	
" Passages	...	154 19 11	
		2358 18 8	
" Home Office Expenses, viz.:			
Home Workers' Allowances and Insurance Stamps	...	904 5 4	
Office Rent	...	136 10 0	
Stationery and Advertising	...	99 2 0	
Hire of Halls	...	7 0 6	
General Expenses	...	78 8 1	
		1225 5 11	
" Deputation Expenses	...	122 8 2	
" Magazine Account	...	90 14 8	
" Designated Funds	...	717 15 2	
		4515 2 7	
		£4515 2 7	

May and June Allowances outstanding not paid amount to £150.

The Bank Overdraft was covered by the remaining Investments, which have since been sold.

I have examined the foregoing accounts with the books and vouchers and have found them to be correct.

POULTRY CHAMBERS
 LONDON, E.C.2.
 29th September, 1950.

C. NEVILLE RUSSELL,
Incorporated Accountant.

