

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

Algiers Mission Band

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY MISS I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS : DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

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Corresponding Secretary and Hostess : MISS V. WOOD.

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STATIONS and WORKERS.

DAR NAAMA.

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Mr. and Mme. P. NICLOUD.

Miss V. WOOD.

Mlle. Y. FÉLIX.

BLIDA.

Rev. and Mrs. R. WAINE.

MILIANA.

Miss GRAUTOFF.

Miss P. RUSSELL.

Miss G. ARENHOLT (in England).

RELIZANE.

Miss E. CLARK.

Miss A. E. POWELL.

BOU-SAADA.

Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ.

Mlle. G. CHOLLET.

TOLGA.

Madame LULL.

Mlle. J. GUIBÉ.

Mr. E. T. R. BUCKENHAM.

TLEMCEN.

Mr. and Mrs. A. PORTEOUS.

Miss I. FLETCHER.

TOUGGOURT.

Miss I. NASH.

TAMANRASSET.

Rev. and Mrs. F. BAGGOTT.

Workers who expect to be in England on furlough during the summer are :—Mr. and Mrs. BUCKENHAM, Mr. and Mrs. WAINE, Miss NASH, Miss I. FLETCHER, and Mr. EDMUND BUCKENHAM. The marriage of Mr. E. BUCKENHAM and Miss ESTHER E. ABERNETHY of Portrush, N. Ireland, will take place (D.V.) on June 25th.

Miss GRAUTOFF will be in England part of the summer ; Miss ARENHOLT will be in Denmark.

Mlle. BUTTICAZ and Mlle. CHOLLET will be leaving Bou-Saada, and going to Ain-Arnat after April.

A THIRSTY LAND

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The Prayer of Faith.

Last issue of THIRSTY LAND contained the testimony of a "Moslem widow" in her own words. It is a joy to be able to tell you how she is going on, fearlessly witnessing for Christ whenever she has an opportunity. One day, after a women's meeting at the Mission house, one of the women present questioned her—had she really entirely forsaken Mohammed to follow Christ? No doubt many present would think this an almost incredible thing for any woman brought up as a Moslem: and still more difficult to believe that such a woman could openly confess that Mohammed no longer meant anything to her. But the plain question asked received a plain answer. Abassia made it quite clear that to her now Christ is ALL and Mohammed is nothing, and she does not mind who knows it. The missionaries felt that the questioner might be too much shocked (or frightened) to come again to the meetings where she might hear such things; but it was not so. She returned next time with no sign of ill feeling. Another of the women who attend the meetings at the mission, where they often hear A. explaining to them the Bible lesson, told the missionary that her husband had dreamed about the mission and the teaching given there. And the next day he told his wife that she should go and listen well, letting all the words she heard sink into her heart.

It is a matter for joy, too, to know that

A. has learnt the lesson of looking to Jesus in all trouble or perplexity. Lately the Lord rewarded her faith with a gracious answer to prayer. A. had been absent from home for a day, having journeyed to Oran on business. On her return, tired after her long day out, the neighbours hastened to tell her that her mother was ill—very ill indeed—she was surely dying. Would not A. fetch a doctor at once? But A. felt that even before seeing about a doctor there was something else she must do for her mother. She told the neighbours to wait, and she herself went into her room and gave herself to prayer that Jesus would heal her mother. Three-quarters of an hour passed thus, the neighbours thinking A. very hardhearted or indifferent to spend her time so uselessly, when her mother was so near to death. But the calm assurance of A. that the very best she could do for her beloved parent was to "bring her to Jesus" was beautifully justified by the event. Two hours later the mother opened her eyes and sat up. It seemed as if she had never been ill, so like herself did she appear—talking to her daughter, and asking questions about what she had done that day. The next day several friends came to the house, expecting to find her dying—if not already dead. But, to their surprise, the sick woman was completely recovered, and busy in her kitchen as usual. The next Sunday the missionaries went to A.'s

home ; they found her mother full of praise to Jesus for her healing, and of loving gratitude to her daughter who had so earnestly prayed the prayer of faith which can "save the sick." Other women who heard of what happened and how A.'s prayer was answered, were deeply impressed. May they too learn, in their turn, the peace and assurance of one who brings all her needs and longings in prayer to the Saviour—

"For His love and power are such
None can ever ask too much."

Editorial

Glimpses of what has been going on in some of the A.M.B. stations may be found in other pages of this issue of **A THIRSTY LAND** ; of other posts we can speak briefly. Tamanrasset is again occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baggott—this time with the important addition to their household of their little son, Stephen. Report says that he is "doing fine . . . full of smiles and laughs in spite of his many changes and disturbances." Their journey there was trying, and not without danger—happily averted ; and they arrived safely, but found their house in bad need of repairs. For a week they were "hemmed in, in one room," while workmen dealt with leaking roofs and cracking walls ; and as there are no doors to the rooms, they were "surrounded and almost covered with sand and dust." Now that the house is in a more habitable state, they will be able more easily to receive the native visitors, who soon began to appear when they were known to be back.

The past months at Bousaada—which may be the last to be spent in the mission house which has served for so many years—have been very busy ones. Much visiting has been done and many visitors received, and the evening prayer time at the mission house has been much blessed to some who came often, and received the Word with joy.

At Tolga also we hear of times of blessing in classes, in meetings, and in visits to neighbouring villages, where Gramophone Gospel Records have

proved a helpful introduction to talks. One young "taieb" has lately professed his faith in Jesus as the only Saviour, and seems to be seeking earnestly to learn more of His way.

A great feature of the work at Relizane has been visiting the women in their homes. In many houses the missionaries are joyfully welcomed, and hearts seem very open to the Word ; and, in some cases, we feel that the Seed has been received into good ground, and will, by God's grace, bear fruit in days to come.

The amount of literature distributed in these months is a cause for gladness. We are thankful, too, to find that our A.M.B. publications in French and Arabic have been in demand in other mission fields, where we hear they have proved to be useful.

By the recent death of Dr. Samuel Zwemer, the A.M.B. has lost a friend of long standing. Though his great age has prevented his undertaking much active work of late years, yet his visits to North Africa in time past will still be remembered by missionaries who heard his inspiring addresses in English ; and also by Moslems who were impressed by his eloquence in speaking to them of the things of God in their own Arabic tongue. Many Christian workers must have obtained valuable knowledge from his books on Islam : and his tracts and other writings in Arabic have proved invaluable for distributing among Moslem readers.

V. WOOD.

An open door—and many adversaries

Is the door open ? The apostle Paul would perhaps have answered "Yes ; but there are many adversaries." The answer of a missionary who has worked for many years in a mountain town of Algeria might be much the same. Especially in the work amongst women and children, the door to their hearts, which was first unlatched when the earliest classes for little girls began to teach them that "Jesus loves the little children," has been kept open through the years. Those early pupils, as they

grew up, kept their friendship with the missionaries who were kind to them : and after they were married and had children, they sent their little ones to be taught as they themselves had been. Now it is their grandchildren, or even great-grandchildren who come to receive the same teaching of the "old, old Story." The door is still open for children—though there are adversaries. It may be the father or grandmother who prevents the mother from sending her girls to the classes ; sometimes it is the neighbours who say to the parents " Why do you let your daughters go to the missionaries ? They only teach them false religion." And for fear of the neighbours the children are forbidden to come. But often a child is allowed to come when quite young, and then taken away ; though still but a child, she is considered old enough to be married soon, and she is kept at home—supposed to be learning from her mother how to be a good wife. The missionary friend can still visit her at home, perhaps, until the wedding day. But, after that, for the first years of married life, the young wife is strictly under the control—not only of her husband but also of her mother-in-law ; and this may mean that she can neither visit the missionary, nor receive visits from her. It often happens, too, that the mother-in-law is a bitter adversary—fanatically Moslem, and despotic, encouraging her son to strictness and even cruelty to his wife, and treating her daughter-in-law almost as a slave.

So the door is closed, so far as man can close it ; but a girl who has attended classes for several years—from infant class to senior girls' has been right through the gospel story, and memorised many hymns and verses ; so something remains in her heart, though fear may keep it hidden.

Fear is a great adversary—fear that she may be divorced, sent back to her family as unwanted, obliged to leave her child to the mother-in-law's care ; or, if she can keep the child for a time, ere long she may be compelled to marry again. Then the child will be unwanted

in the step-father's family, or may have to be left to her own mother, too old and tired perhaps to be fit to take charge of the little one.

It may, of course, sometimes happen that the newly married wife finds her husband willing to allow her freedom to read her Gospel, and sing her hymns, and receive her missionary friends at home. But even so fear of transgressing the customs and rules of a woman's life in a Moslem land may be an adversary. For going out freely unveiled, or entering a room where she might meet a man of another family, would bring her under suspicion of not being respectable, a woman of bad character. This is a great hindrance to the growth of a Christian community, and tends to leave the first Christians in any place isolated units, with little chance of fellowship together.

The mission house may be a safe refuge for some, chiefly the older women : but even there fear of the other women who may be against Christianity will keep some from joining in hymn or prayer : and others even cover their mouths lest they breathe in " false " teaching. We can only pray that the words which their ears must hear though their mouths are shut to them may so work in their hearts that they come to recognise that these are words of Life and Truth, not false teaching. Then will fear be overcome by faith ; and the fearful one become a courageous and joyful witness for Christ in spite of the " many adversaries."

—M. D. GRAUTOFF.

Mohammed — The Christian

" Who through FAITH—wrought righteousness—obtained promises—out of weakness was made strong—waxed valiant in fight—had trial of cruel mockings—was stoned—afflicted—tormented—of whom the world was not worthy." (Heb. 11)

He is only a stripling of barely 19 years, his education is poor ; of slender stature, it would seem he could not stand the strain of persecution, but within beats a heart warm with the love of Christ, strong in the strength of his Lord—truly a Greatheart in flesh and

blood. He fights to-day in Algeria for Christ and the salvation of souls.

Would you like the privilege of meeting him more intimately, of sharing the warfare with him in prayer? Here then is his testimony, given in March, 1952:—
“Long before my conversion I was a seeker after the Truth. I longed to know peace in my soul and a deep lasting joy. Brought up in a Moslem home and taught the Moslem religion, I was still conscious of a deep void in my heart, and I was living in what seemed a continual atmosphere of doubt and fear. My eldest brother went often to the Mission in Tlemcen, read his Bible and prayed much.

One day, in the spring of 1950, I was asked by my brother to do some wood work at the Mission (I being a joiner by trade). This was my first contact with the mission, which later was to become a part of my life. After completing this task, I continued to attend the Mission, and to have instruction from the Bible, and to understand the Gospel message. I found my brother unable to satisfy me upon many questions I wanted to ask. Thanks to the missionary I progressed steadily. One day I was gripped by the verse “No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other: or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.” Matt. 6. 24. Daily I meditated upon this verse before praying to God. Then I began to perceive, as it were, a faint glimmer guiding me toward salvation—it was as the vision of a Lamb slain. Thus I was led by God, until Thursday, 5th October, 1950, when I knew true heart repentance for my sins. On that day, helped by the missionary and also Mr. Isaacs (Emmanuel Mission, Morocco), I was enabled to overcome the last obstacle—namely, my sin. Praying and praising the Lord I accepted, without difficulty, Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. Immediately I became a new creature in Christ Jesus, and knew my sins were pardoned and cleansed in His precious Blood. Thus prepared by God’s word, and strengthened and comforted by the

Holy Spirit, I was baptised at the Mission on the 15th of April, 1951.

My Saviour appeared to me in a dream, resplendent in a glory inexpressible, soft and yet all-powerful. He exhorted me to persevere in God’s way of salvation, and to seek the salvation of souls. He assured me of His precious presence in every circumstance.

Since my baptism, the number of difficulties confronting me have never ceased to grow. Certain of my former friends now hate me, and seek every means to quarrel and dispute with me. Others, however, when confronted with the Truth, make no delay in seeking and finding the Saviour Whom I have found. Notable among them is my friend Aissa, who has since desired me to help him to become an evangelist. Thus, near the end of last summer, we went into the surrounding region of Tlemcen preaching the Gospel.

More than once we were illtreated, menaced with threats, and we were stoned out of one village. In spite of such disturbances, and whatever the opposition, on reading again how my Saviour was illtreated without cause, I immediately forgot the evil done to me. My vow made in the very presence of Jesus became more precious than ever, and His glorious presence and peace filled my soul, and I rejoiced and glorified my Lord.

Two weeks ago, as I was passing in front of the window of the Mission—in which the Word of God is displayed in French and Arabic, I noticed a young man intently studying the Bible. I approached, as though to read it also, and after a little I asked him of the nature of his interest. His reply revealing something more than an ordinary interest, I arranged to meet him that evening to introduce him to the missionary. He was overjoyed at this prospect, for he had long desired to know the peace that he felt sure Christ alone could give. His heart was so well prepared by the Spirit of God that on his third visit to the Mission he confessed his sins to God and put his faith in the blood of Christ for salvation. He has been completely

changed, and is gripped by an ardent desire to serve Christ his Saviour, and to fight in His warfare for souls as long as he lives."

* * * *

Seeing we are face to face with such a witness, "Let US lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us and let US run with patience the race that is set before US, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God."

—A. PORTEOUS.

Strongholds of the Desert

By the kindness of a fellow-labourer in the Gospel of another mission, it was possible in February to "go forth bearing Precious Seed" to places we could not have reached otherwise. Monsieur Nicoud and I were glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us to far-removed oases in the Desert. Our host's van served not only as a means of transport; it also converted itself, according to requirements, into kitchen, dining-room, bed-room or book-room. The round trip from Algiers covered about 1,300 miles, and some 14 towns or villages were "worked"—the distances between these being as much as 250 miles in some cases.

In each place the time at our disposal was all too short for the opportunities we found of placing the Word, and having contact with souls—in the busy market-centres and closely populated towns; or in tiny villages, in isolated one-room coffee-houses—where men gather from far-scattered dwellings of mud or goat-skin; or again among the groups of road-menders we encountered at work along the desert tracks.

That you might the better join in prayer with us, watering thus the seed sown, we would long to lead you to each individual, or group, with their untold spiritual needs, to whom we offered the Word of Life. Among them there were those who barely deigned to give the merest sign of acknowledgment to our

offers; there were those whose eyes immediately lit up with the pride of *their* "complete revelation" from God; and there were those who received the Word with a measure of gladness. But we must be content to take you to one or two only of our halting-places.

Let the first be our first night's camping location, Ourir—a neat and prosperous looking oasis planted by the French, which provides employment for men and youths from other less favoured regions. Some of these youths we found gathered in a tiny two-room shop, which served as a kind of "club" during the long winter evenings. "Would they like to hear some records, and reading from God's Word?" They would:—and for over an hour the 15 or 18 youths who had crowded into the shop gave quiet attention to the Gospel Message, as presented to them by the records, and by the Word itself, as we read it and gave some explanations. We were served with the mint tea which unfailingly accompanies native hospitality; and some portions of the New Testament having been acquired we prepared to leave. We told our listeners that, although we could not stay with them, we should not forget them; and that we would pray, in the name of Jesus, that they might understand His Word as they read it, and that they might believe and receive His offer of forgiveness and salvation. "Will you not pray *before* leaving—that we may know how you do it?"—"Most certainly"—As we did so our hearts went out to these souls groping in darkness—a far worse darkness than that of the dingy shop where we had held our meeting, lighted only by a rebellious acetylene lamp giving more smoke than light.

We shall go right on to El-Goléa now—the southernmost point of our trip—only mentioning the names of the two principal towns on our way, in both of which we met with a good measure of encouragement:—Touggourt, where as you know Miss Nash is at work, and Ouargla. To reach El-Goléa we covered some 200 miles of track where vehicles pass, on an average, 3 or 4 times a year.

Had we had a break-down, time would have been given us to become well acquainted with the desert. El-Goléa is the centre of a strong Roman Catholic work ; but their spiritual—or religious— influence seems only to extend to their Metis converts from further south, who come up to work in the large palm-gardens owned by the White Fathers. During an attempt at colportage that had been made three years ago, it had been felt that the natives had completely closed themselves against the Christian message. Blank refusals had met all offers of literature that had been made. As we set to work this time, however, our hearts filled with thanksgiving—for our after group looked interestedly at the books, and in almost each group some purchase was made. At times the “interest” even grew a little beyond what we could manage, as we moved along the neat, shady streets of the little town. All too soon did we have to start off on our northward journey again.

We shall focus our attention on one last town—one of those visited on our return northward, by a different route. Ghardaia is a place that has been privileged with opportunity to hear the Gospel more than most towns of the South ; and most of the men here were quick to identify us as messengers of the Gospel ; in some cases they welcomed us—but left no room for doubt that Islam held their hearts. However, may it not have been some lack of assurance in their faith, which made so many take a real interest in our literature ? The Mozabites are well-known for their commercial aptitude—and I recall a short interview with a cloth merchant. He had selected a number of leaflets and—of course !— wanted a rebate on the price. It was pointed out that this was already inferior to the value of the goods, and incomparably so to the value of the contents ! These last, I reflected, could be bought only “without money and without price” ; but bargaining would be sadly impossible on that day of reckoning, when we should be called upon to give an account of ourselves. After our conversation, I accepted his request

for a rebate—but he was then offering to pay the full price. May that—and other burdened consciences of that town, be awakened to a sense of debt to God—and find that that debt has been fully paid at Calvary.

On the eve of our return to Algiers, we were brought into contact with two White Fathers. A reply of one of them to the person who questioned both priests and missionaries, has remained in my mind. “Our methods,” he said, “are different : when we find ourselves up against an obstacle which we cannot break through—such as Islam—we seek to *turn around it*—.” Thank God, such need not be our method ; for we do not seek to present the Gospel of the Glory of Christ “with enticing words of man’s wisdom”—“the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.” They will be mighty to that end, as they are backed with prayer ; our prayer—and yours.

—EDMUND T. R. BUCKENHAM.

A gramophone—a garage —and God

“These boys are simply impossible. We must stop having a boys’ class. When they can learn to behave they can come again. What’s the use of trying to talk to them of the love of our Saviour when they won’t even sit quiet long enough to listen ? It isn’t worth the time and the trouble preparing a lesson. In fact it’s quite impossible to do anything at all here. These boys are already too far gone in sin—and we can do nothing.”

So we argued to ourselves and almost convinced ourselves that we were justified in giving up. But then GOD spoke : “IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER . . . THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH!” (Matt. 18. 14). “THE LORD IS NOT WILLING THAT ANY SHOULD PERISH” (2 Peter 3. 9).

Could we, dare we, then, give up when God had not ? Perhaps there was another way ? Then God showed us the Garage. It had been there all the

time, but not used for the past two years. Certainly it was in a strategic position—right on the main road, and, even more important—right along-side the “football pitch !” The main road just there makes an excellent playing field. Supposing we opened the Garage, and let it be a club room for the footballers ; then we could get amongst them, and tell them of Jesus “mighty to save.” Even though they would not listen in the class room, maybe in a more congenial atmosphere they would “hear the Word.”

Ah, but wait, why not take up the gramophone ? and the Gospel Records (kindly supplied by Gospel Recordings, Inc., of America). Where they would not listen to me perhaps, *impelled* by the novelty, they would give attention to the records.

So we tried. Yes, they did come, and they did listen, for a few days ; and then the Enemy of souls got busy again. This time it was in the guise of two young men who, by threats and intimidations, managed to persuade the boys not to come. So for two or three days we played records to an empty garage—Foolish ? Yes—“but God hath chosen the foolish things . . . that no flesh should glory in His presence” (1 Cor. 1. 27, 29)—and sure enough God was at work.

One afternoon, just as we were coming in from a short walk a young man, out of breath, badly frightened, and bleeding profusely from a deep wound in his right hand, came panting up to the door. No need for explanations, only to stop the flow of blood and pray that God would heal. Later it transpired that he had intervened to stop a knife fight, and had himself been wounded. Knives easily appear when the flaming Arab passion, untamed by the power of God, is aroused.

After three or four visits for treatment our patient became less frightened ; and although we soon discovered he could not read, he took a gospel for his wife who would read to him. At his last visit, just when he was leaving, I was impelled to invite him in, and to tell of the One who had given His blood—not to stop one quarrel but that the whole world might

be saved—and that all who put their trust in His precious shed blood might be cleansed from all sin, and be sure of peace with God and a right to enter the Heavenly Kingdom. I asked him if he (who had given of his blood to save his friends) *would not now* by faith accept the cleansing of the precious blood of the Son of God, and allow the Saviour to dwell in his heart ?

What a surprise awaited me ! “But,” he said, “Christ, the Son of God lives in my heart—He is already there.” (Those who know the Moslems will appreciate the confession of *Son of God*). “How ?” was all I could reply, and then came his story :—“Remember,” he said “the times you played the records up in the garage.” Only too well did I remember the empty garage and the seeming waste of time, of words being lost on the Algerian air. Well did I remember the unspoken prayers that had accompanied the words as they floated out into the unknown. “Yes” I said, “I remember—Why ?” “I heard those records,” he replied “hidden behind the wall of the garage. Many times I listened, and went home to tell my wife of Him Who wanted to live in my heart—and so I said ‘Come and live within my heart, Jesus.’”

Oh, the joy of assuring him his prayer was heard, and the added joy as, in prayer, we thanked Him Who lived in both our hearts. Mine was a prayer of habit—but this new-born child was so filled with wonder at the amazing love of Jesus that his only prayer could be “Jesus, I’m so very happy.”

—R. J. WAINE.

Give ye them to eat

This winter has been very severe, even here at Touggourt in the desert. Times are hard, and many are hungry, and in scanty clothing—quite inadequate to protect them from the icy winds, which come to us from the north. We did our best to cover the nakedness of those whom we know personally, and to give them at least a little bread. But this was only a drop in the ocean and our resources were

soon dried up, and we were very sad about all the misery around us.

Then, one day, came a letter from London, from the Society for the Protection of Animals in North Africa, giving the same command as our Lord gave to His disciples—"Give ye them to eat" and giving us carte blanche to dip into the S.P.A.N.A. funds for this purpose.

We began by inviting eighty blind people, with the help of a native dignitary; and then wondered if perhaps we had overstepped the limit. But by this time Miss Hosali (General Secretary of the S.P.A.N.A. in London) had arrived, together with Mr. Arden, L.C.C. teacher, and member of the Society; and, encouraged by them, more and still more people were invited, until there were over a thousand. By the time the day of the distribution arrived this number had nearly doubled: but Miss Hosali, nothing daunted, would not hear of any being turned away. She went off to the market herself, and bought up all the bread there was on the stalls. The neighbourhood was ransacked for more sweets; and supplementary dates also did not fail to appear—to the intense relief of my helpers and myself, who were beginning to wonder how we could make what we had stretch round to everybody.

The distribution took place on the S.P.A.N.A. premises which adjoin ours. The day was beautifully sunny, and not too cold, as though selected from so much bad weather. It was a wonderful sight: red carpets lent by well-to-do natives had been spread out under the palm-trees; and the entire enclosure was surrounded by crimson tents, striped with bright colours.

First, in trooped the blind, hundreds of them, for whom a corner of the court had been reserved. Then came the Koranic school-masters, each piloting his own pupils, who were placed round the enclosure in groups, the masters then taking their places on the chairs provided for them. I almost shivered with apprehension as I beheld this endless stream of ragged Moslem children, many of

them looking desperately hungry—over a thousand there were.

After them came the native authorities, chiefs and mosque dignitaries. Then a stream of oddments of men, women and children, all more or less in rags, and with hunger written on their faces.

Finally, to set off as it were this multitude of misery, came the little girls from the Medersa—gaily dressed in their festive clothes of rich yellows, greens, reds, blues and golds, like a gigantic bouquet of flowers, and these were seated in the very centre of the court. Their fathers then formed a long avenue, through which one by one the children were rushed; and as they passed us we seized their out-stretched hands, and filled them with sweets. Their parents each received two loaves, cous-cous and dates, in a second procession.

It was well past midday when the last were seen off the premises, and, exhausted, we gathered in the diningroom together with the European and native friends who had helped us, to partake of coffee and cakes sent in by native friends. We all felt it had been well worth while, even although, of course, it was not possible to get in a message. Several natives have gone out of their way to come and thank us for this assistance given to their people, and some of them are deeply impressed by this practical "love of one's neighbour." Those who had eyes to see beheld Miss Hosali and Mr. Arden (regardless of the blows they risked receiving) trying to separate those who were fighting for more than their share—always with patient determination that love and not force should win. On the other hand they could see their co-religionists mercilessly punching boys' heads, pushing, dragging, shouting, and in some cases taking for themselves that which was meant for their needy brethren. It was with the greatest difficulty I caught back some of the children, who were being hurried past me before they could receive any sweets, on purpose that there might be more over for the helpers. But, though the onlookers could see this, they could also see written on our faces that which is so foreign to them—the joy

of giving. We hope they may now have understood a little what Christianity means.

A native shop-keeper, who was thrilled by what he saw that day, called on me afterwards, for the first time while I was preparing the children's work in the class-room. We had a talk, and he looked long and reverently at the picture of the Shepherd and the lost sheep (this picture was given me many years ago, and has spoken to innumerable Europeans and natives). A rather significant thing happened. A little lamb who was being chased by its owner, knife in hand to cut its throat, seeing the door open, tore across the market place and rushed in—taking refuge, as it were, beneath the outstretched arm of the Good Shepherd. Quite a normal thing to happen, and its death would probably have been instantaneous; but how many dumb creatures meet with far worse than death at the hands of their owners. It is not the place here for me to go into details on this subject, but the thought came to my mind that this little creature unconsciously drew attention to a big fact:—that the only hope for the deliverance of animals from torture is if that outstretched Hand reaches the heart of their persecutors. Christ is not only the hope of human beings, but of all creation.

—I. K. NASH.

The A.M.B. Easter House Party

Glorious sunshine greeted Northern friends of A.M.B. at their Annual House Party at the C.A.W.G. Hostel at Harrogate this Easter, arranged once again by Miss E. Jackson.

We rejoiced to make new friends, and old friends were very much missed. Again we were greatly blessed of God and the ministry of Ronald and Muriel Waine and Mr. D. Pilcher was gloriously rewarded when on the Monday evening five of the young people surrendered their lives to the Lord and claimed the fullness of the Holy Spirit. Truly this revival on the "Home Front" must be a great encouragement to those who labour

overseas. Older friends too were greatly blessed by this ministry.

Letters were received with great joy from Mr. and Mrs. F. Baggott and Miss A. E. Powell and Miss E. Clark.

Mr. D. Pyatt's ministry on the piano was greatly missed but a young new friend ably played for the great times of song which we enjoyed.

—BRIAN HOGG.

Home Notes

We hope to hold our Annual Meeting in London at Caxton Hall on September 19th. Further details will follow, but in the meantime will you please reserve this date if you can.

The Fellowship of Faith for the Moslems, with much regret, asks us to say that it will not be possible to hold the usual Annual Conference at "Slavanka" this year. Instead, the Committee is arranging for two days of prayer at Caxton Hall, London, on July 3rd and 4th. Sessions will be 11-12.30, 3-4.30 and 6-7.30 p.m. It is proposed to devote one whole session to North Africa. Further details from the Secretary:—W. CECIL COLLINSON, Esq., 62A, TUDDENHAM ROAD, IPSWICH.

The Easter House Party was a time of real refreshment and encouragement. Warmest thanks are due to Miss Jackson for the enormous amount of hard work she put in. She was the inspiration of it all, planning and arranging with the same efficiency and self-sacrificing care as in earlier years.

As many friends will know, Mr. Edmund Buckenham is engaged to Miss E. Abernethy, of Portrush, N. Ireland. Their wedding has been arranged for June 25th (D.V.). We know you will rejoice with them and pray for God's richest blessing on them "as heirs together of the grace of life."

We have just received news of the tragic death of Mrs. Waine's father, the Rev. P. G. Smith, as the result of a street accident. Will you pray for Mr. and Mrs. Waine and for the other relatives so suddenly bereaved?

D. PILCHER.

