

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

Algiers Mission Band

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY MISS I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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STATIONS AND WORKERS.

DAR NAAMA

1920 Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buckenham
1922 Mme. Nicoud
1920 Miss V. Wood
1948 Mlle. Y. Félix

BLIDA

1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. Waine
(on Home Service)
1920 Mrs. Buckenham (part time)

MILIANA

1907 Miss M. D. Grautoff
1929 Miss P. M. Russell
1948 Mlle. J. Guibé
1950 Miss G. Arenholt

RELIZANE

1947 Miss E. Clark
1951 Miss A. E. Powell

TOLGA

1937 Mme. Lull

TLEMCCEN


1946, 1948 Mr. and Mrs. A. Porteous
1949 Miss I. W. Fletcher

TOUGGOURT

1930 Miss I. K. Nash

AIN-ARNAT

1919 Mlle. Butticz
1946 Mlle. G. Chollet



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The Quarterly Magazine of the
Algiers Mission Band

No. 103

Spring.

1953

The Everest Magnet.

(News of the starting forth of a British Expedition for India, determined to make yet another attempt to conquer the heights of Mt. Everest, coupled with the reading of the Life of Sir Francis Younghusband, brought into being a newspaper article, which in its turn has proved a source of inspiration to one of our contributors. Sir Francis Younghusband, described as a man of fervid Christianity touched with mysticism, himself put the question "*what use?*"—and answered it with the words "if there is no use, there is unquestionably much *good* in climbing Mount Everest . . . the accomplishment of such a feat will elevate the human spirit." There are people who think that there is not much "use" in mission work,—and it *is* a "Hill of Difficulty"—but how much "good" there may be in it, let David Livingstone's life, and his words (quoted below) testify. He "climbed the steep ascent" as a spiritual mountaineer indeed).

Everest.

Whose soul is not thrilled at the very mention of that name. It sums up the unconquered? The defiant challenge remains, though seasons and years pass. Not surprising then to find the spirit of man stirred to embrace the challenge. Little wonder that a man of Sir Francis Younghusband's intrepid spirit should inspire expeditions to conquer THE

PEAK of the world. This man, who fought his way to forbidden Lhasa, and won over the hostile Tibetans with his "inflexibility of purpose, absolute straight dealing, and absolute justice" had crossed Himalayan passes 20,000 feet up. He had come down from an ice-covered pass with bloodshot eyes, a blistered face, cut hands, and many bruises, yet able to say he felt "as fit as a fiddle and brimful of elation." Reaching out beyond ordinary human conceptions of religion, "to the inner essential core and spring," he sought to test it against the strength of the mountains, against the devoted loyalty of the sturdy men about him. It became a life-long quest. He found that the more keyed up he was to great enterprises the deeper grew his insight; the more hardened he was outwardly, the more sensitive he became inwardly.

Who in Christendom or out of it would not acknowledge the greatness of such a character? Who of God's children would not covet such courage? In what mission field would not lovers of Christ and of souls thrill to see such crusaders of the Cross take up evangelism? Yet Jesus demonstrates a spirit which not only contains the spirit of the mountaineer, but far exceeds it. The spirit which might conquer an Everest will never, alone, lead men back to their Creator and God. "Not by might, nor by power, but by MY Spirit saith the Lord." Not the sweat drops alone, but the tear drops as well, must be shed for a rebel humanity.

Not the flashing insight of the mountaineer, but the steady eye of Faith in Jesus Christ, will achieve the glorious conquest. Not the straining of muscle and sinew, but the pain and cramp of the intercessor, with clenched hands and bloodless knuckles, bespeaking the gruelling work of intercession.

Ours is not to attain a peak with the gasps and applause of an admiring world, but as a corn of wheat, to fall into the ground and die. For the seal of our stewardship is not a standard unfurled on a mountain top, but fruit which shall remain—men and women who have found salvation, and will enter the eternal Glory to praise and adore evermore Jesus Who died and rose again, to save them from sin and an eternal Hell.

What then shall we say of SACRIFICE? Let David Livingstone answer :—“ I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk, when we remember The Great Sacrifice which HE made, Who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for us. Away with the word and with such a thought. It is emphatically no sacrifice, say rather it is a privilege. All experiences here below are nothing compared with the glory that shall hereafter be revealed in and for us.”

A.P.

A Besetting Sin.

It has been said :—“ Everything about us is sin if it is not what God wants it to be.” But each and all of us, probably, have our own peculiar temptations to one or another “ besetting sin,” which attacks us in our weakest spot. It is well for those who know what is their besetting sin, and are conscious of the weak spot, so that they can “ watch and pray ” against the temptation. But it is not always the case, even with Christians, that people know their own weaknesses, and see clearly their special dangers. Can we wonder then that Moslems seem to us to be so easily overcome by their besetting sins? Sometimes, we may say, they do not know that it is sinful; sometimes they may think they could not help doing it, as it was “ written on their foreheads ”;

sometimes they may even regard it as meritorious. The last is perhaps the case with what we may almost call the first, and the worst, of sins—which has so many branches, such as ambition, self-seeking, vanity, egotism, self-satisfaction—but of which the one root is PRIDE.

An instance came to our notice lately. A young Arab woman, whose conversion had seemed so obviously sincere, so thorough, and her joy in her Saviour so abounding, that there was much rejoicing over her, seemed after a time to be changed. Something was wrong. She seemed to have lost the blessedness of the new life in Christ. What was the cause? Just a besetting sin which she had never recognised as such. It was a thing which remained from the old religion. As a girl she had been well instructed in the religion of Islam; and she had been regarded as a teacher of the Koran. She was proud of this, and of the respect and consideration she received from others on account of it. And her pride was a thing that she could not give up for Christ. The “ venom of pride in her heart ” we were told, was drawing her back, and poisoning her faithfulness to the Lord.

There are many like her among the Moslems—perhaps especially among the men—proud of their knowledge, their position, esteeming themselves so superior: their pride blinds them entirely, so that they cannot see themselves as they really are—weak, imperfect, sinful human beings. It is this pride that is the great stumbling block which keeps them from coming to Christ. Why should they? when they are so satisfied with themselves, that they feel no need of a Saviour: like the Laodiceans, they are “ wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked ” without knowing it, and only the Spirit's power can open their eyes. For this every missionary must ever pray, knowing that nothing short of that can break down this pride which is the strength and the curse of Islam.

Even in childhood we see something of this pride of a Moslem. In the mission school at Tolga, where Mme. Lull has more than thirty little girls to teach daily,

though she has joy in their good behaviour and attention, she feels there is something more wanting. She says, "pray that God may create in them a feeling of their personal sinfulness, and the need of salvation." At their age, in Christian homes, many little children have already learnt to love the Lord Jesus, because they know already that they are only naughty children who can't be good without His help, and that He loves them, and will be ever with them. May these little ones at Tolga come to the same knowledge and learn to love the true "Friend of little children" before their hearts are hardened by the pride of Islam.

V. WOOD.

Jottings from Melizane.

"I will give thee the treasures of darkness."
(Isa. 45. 3).

We had the joy of visiting a new house. At first the woman was very suspicious, and the welcome lacked the usual warmth. She apologised for not having chairs for us to sit on, but we assured her we were quite accustomed to sitting on the floor. There was a small boy in the room, so we asked if we might read a little chorus to him. We read and sang the chorus, and the woman became so interested that she asked us to sing some more, meanwhile calling to her neighbours to come and listen. The barrier of suspicion had gone. We sang, then we read the story of the Lost Sheep, explaining in simple words the Way of Salvation. The women listened well, and when we rose to go they thanked us, and asked us to come back soon. The first woman we saw said:—"I thought you must love us, because you did not mind sitting on the floor with us."—A group of God's treasures of darkness, who, we believe, will be brought to the light.

* * * *

"The Wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad" (Isa. 35.1).

A visit to the Police Office happened to be on our programme the other day. A number of native women were also waiting there: each of them seemed to

have a sad tale to tell. We quote the tales of two. One woman had been married several years. She had nine children, and because she was of no further use to him, her husband told her to get out—he wanted another wife. She refused to go, and the husband beat her, and threw her out into the street. She was hoping she would get help and protection—but MEKTOUB ("it is written") was all she got.

The second woman was a widow with one little boy. She was being forced by a relative to marry another man. She had a pension for herself and her boy, and would have been quite content to remain as she was; but her relative was giving her no peace. She too was hoping for help and protection—and she too was told the same thing—MEKTOUB. The Moslems believe that whatever happens to them is MEKTOUB—decreed unchangeably beforehand—and no power on earth can alter this fatalistic attitude. Surely life is a wilderness and a solitary place for these poor women. But we praise God that His mighty power, through the victory won by Jesus Christ on Calvary, can break the bonds of Islam; and they shall be liberated and made glad for evermore.

* * * *

"He heareth the cry of the Afflicted."
(Job 34. 28).

We went to see one of our women. She lives in a court where there are seven other families. On our arrival we sensed that there was something wrong. The women sat huddled together as if they had been beaten, and dared not move. The small son of one of the women had had an accident. A cart-wheel had passed over his foot, hurting it rather badly. The father of the boy had become very angry, and shouted and yelled, pushing his wife about roughly and beating her. Immediately there arose a great uproar, which necessitated the intervention of the police. There could be no opportunity for us to read or say anything. The women were too frightened and upset to listen. How sad and sick at heart we were, as we looked on these poor things

—tools in their husbands' hands, to be beaten and kicked about at will. How much they need to know Jesus the Saviour, Who alone hears the cry of the afflicted, and Who alone can deliver.

* * * *

"The Lord shall cause His Glorious Voice to be heard."
(Isa. 30. 30).

Some days do appear on the missionary's calendar, when all seems to run smoothly, and there is no hitch anywhere ; but those days are very few and far between. Yet how grand it is to commit each new day into the Lord's hands, knowing that whether they be calm or not so calm they are His days, and we can leave the issue with Him. We happened on a "not so calm" day, when all the jobs seemed to require immediate attention, and there did not seem to be any hope of getting in the usual visiting. However, the way was made plain, and we managed to visit two of our women. We had just begun to sing, when a woman—a stranger to us—came in. She had never heard the Word of God, and the singing was new to her. We explained the meaning of the hymns we were singing, and then we read the word of God, explaining the way of salvation. At first she was inclined to be hostile, and aggressive ; but, as the Word was read and explained, she became quiet. She was another poor woman with a sad tale to tell. What a joy it was to give her the Gospel message. She was the third person to hear the Word of God for the first time in that house, within a week. How glad we were that we had been able to visit that day. The next day might have been too late for that seeking soul. God is making His glorious voice to be heard, and we praise Him.

EDITH CLARK & ANNIE E. POWELL.

Bousaada Re-visited.

No sooner did we enter the town in our car than we had the pleasure of being welcomed by the children, who ran after us crying gladly "Saida has come back." Alas, it was but back for a short time.

We visited each quarter of the town in turn, but it had grown so big, we could not do all we wished. There are now said to be 24,000 inhabitants. One of the first we went to see was our dear Roquia. Her house seemed empty without the two sisters-in-law who used to be there. One of them—Kheira, a dear woman—had died just before we left Bousaada ; and we would like to believe that the Lord Jesus took her out of her sufferings to be with Him in His eternal glory. The other is now married in a different part of the town. We saw her later, and found she seemed to remember all the teaching we had given her, and was so glad to receive us. She always loved Miss McIlroy very much too—and enjoyed her Irish jokes.

We felt a little pained at first by R . . .'s rather cold welcome ; she seemed rather on her dignity as "Mistress of the house," and hardly wishing to hear the Gospel ; but at the end of our visit, she wanted us to understand that she belonged to Jesus in her heart. In the next room to her was the old blind grandmother, with her grandson—who is "not quite all there." A lively discussion began there as to the subject of our message. At last the grandmother exclaimed :—"I know one thing—*Jesus lives*. Yes, I know it, He is *Alive* and that is what matters." To this assertion the grandson had nothing to say ; and our hearts were warmed by the joyful faith of our old friend.

D . . . (*little worm* her name means) who had been re-married before our leaving, nearly strangled us in her joy at seeing us again, and sobbed to think that we were only at Bousaada for a little time. She has a nice home, but is very lonely. One feels it is a seeking soul, but still far from trusting herself entirely to her Saviour.

We also found again "The Red One" who lives in a very dilapidated house. She has two boys, who are her joy. One of them goes to the Koranic school, for the father is somewhat fanatical ; we pray that a ray of the love of Christ may penetrate the shadows in the heart of "the red one."

At the end of a blind alley dwells B . . . who has four children ; the eldest is already married. Her little boys are well brought up, and go to the French school. We were obliged to laugh on hearing the " health " report of one of them, who was said to have diminished in " size " ; his mother was much disturbed, and asked if it really meant her son was getting little again, instead of growing up. That gave an opening for a spiritual lesson from which the mother could learn—" we must grow up into Christ."

Another day we sought out F . . . (a poor Kabyle with three children) but she was going out to work, so we let her go, and went to look for a young woman whom we had met last year in the Hospital. We knocked at the door, and from inside heard the words " Who is there ? " repeated several times, but no one opened. At last I knocked again, and putting my mouth close to the opening, murmured " Saida." The door opened at once, and our dear young friend was in our arms. Her aunt was there ; so it was necessary to make tea, and give a cup to each of us ; and then the aunt went away ; the mother, who had just come back from her first journey to Algiers by bus, told us how very tired she was. They went so fast, she said, and everything that got in the way—yes, everything, whether it was little children or hens or whatever it was—all would be crushed. She had been made so ill, she could only take her tea, before a good fire in the chimney place. But the daughter interrupted her to say to us :—" Now quickly, tell me the story of the good Shepherd ; for I do love Him, I love Him very much." And while we spoke of the Saviour Who had died and risen again for her, her face shone with such a pure joy. But night was coming on, we had to go ; we would have loved to see her again, but the distance from where we were staying was too great.

Another day we visited her aunt, who lives in a wretched house in a passage where the wind blows through as it likes. Round an old chimney piece all the household were gathered, some cooking, the others just chatting. A very elegant

young man told us he had just arrived from France ; by his accent, we could not take him for a Frenchman. The woman we went to see was his relative ; and he was telling her all about the beauties of the Louvre and the Eiffel Tower—in a little while, we felt he would have told us he had been to see the President. But his relative was impatient for news of her husband. " O well," he exclaimed, " if you could see him at Paris, with his elegant suit, and his soft hat, you would not know him." " Then he is working ? " demanded the young wife ; " and has he sent me some money ? or should I go to France ? " I had never imagined that this poor Z . . . (the husband in Paris) would have ventured as far as France. " Oh " cried the young wife, " he has something about him better than you, he knows how to read and he knows how to pray to the Lord Jesus ; I have confidence in him, he will soon come back."

Another day we went to one of the outlying parts ; and there we found again one of our old " twins," in her tumble-down court, with her dear little son, 7 years old, ill with T.B. and very suffering. " They have all gone," she told us, " the court is very small, the water is bad, the gourbis fall down, one after another, and I am quite alone till my husband comes home in the evening." In spite of all, she was cheered by our visit—but " if only the little one would get better. Do pray for me," she said as we left.

Almost opposite lives our dear Fatoum. Her husband works for an Israelite whose children read the Bible ; so do the parents sometimes. This master talks to his Arab workman, who admires the fidelity of his master ; and would not like to leave him, for they like and understand one another. We had a splendid time of conversation with our friends. What a joy it was to think that the seed sown in suffering by Fatoum begins to bear fruit. Pray for them and for F . . . s' little boy of 8, who goes to school.

Many others were visited, and the message of salvation by Christ proclaimed, especially in the Hospital. Two dear

young girls there followed us from bed to bed, that they might learn more. We were not able to see them again, but prayer can reach them, and God can speak to them.

Who will come to care for these souls at Bousaada? Our weakness is too great; we need young, strong lives, consecrated to Jesus Christ.

A. BUTTICAZ.
G. CHOLLET.

The Wind and The Spirit.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

These words of our Lord become more real as the work continues amongst the Moslems here. Surprises have been ours as souls prepared by the Spirit have sought the Saviour. The devil has thrown his fiery darts at the Lord's children, but the "armour of God" has been sufficient against their penetrating power, and the "shield of faith" has quenched them (see Eph. 6).

John 3. 8, our Lord's own words about the wind and the Spirit, became very real to us in our Christians' meeting. The question we asked was—"Shall this meeting be one where at least one soul shall find Christ as Saviour?" (be "born of the Spirit"). We joined with our Christian woman in prayer one Sunday evening. Prayer ascended to the Throne for souls to be saved at the next gathering, on Christmas Eve. When the day arrived, there were gathered in the classroom Arabs, Jews and French. Kheira gave her testimony in French, followed by Yamina, who spoke in Arabic. Abassia gave the closing message, testifying to the answers Jesus had given to her prayers. At the end, Fatima, a dark Arab girl, broke the silence by standing up to pour forth the confession of her sins. She came to the front, and in the hearing of all present asked Christ to cleanse her heart in His blood, and

make her a "Messiah" (Christian). Another young girl broken by the Spirit followed her. An Arab woman (our pastor's servant, who is just recently married) came forward then, to ask Jesus to save her. It was the first time that she had heard the Gospel, but the Spirit had been preparing her heart to receive the Saviour.

These souls coming to the Lord were a great encouragement to the Christian women. But the evil one would not allow a time like this to pass without retaliating. With the New Year came the devil's counter attack. Abassia was forbidden by her uncle to come to the Mission, on the pretext that she was neglecting her children. Then she fell ill. But during her illness she was able to witness to the doctor, The Lord answered prayer in restoring her to health, and in defeating the plans of the evil one, which were being helped on by the uncle's action.

One day we heard that the Pastor's servant had moved away from Tlemcen, and was unable to come to the Mission. Her husband had lost his work as a caretaker, as he had proved to be unfaithful, and had sought work elsewhere. Now this new-born babe in Christ is left alone. We can only surround her in prayer as she seeks to follow her Saviour in her isolation.

A young married man, who had expressed faith in the Lord has suffered too. He testified to his family. His brother-in-law on hearing that he had become a Christian tore up his New Testament, and threatened to beat him if he had any more to do with this heresy. This has brought fear into his heart, and resulted in his staying away from the Mission.

Amidst these attacks, when the darkness was greatest, the Lord used Kheira, the young Christian girl, to turn these attacks into victory. She was not without her own difficulties, for her mother, who was very ill, did not appear to get any better—in spite of Kheira's prayers. "Must we give way?—shall we

disbelieve Christ? Everything seems against us," we said. Kheira replied "No, we shall continue to praise." As we prayed and praised our faith mounted, and the assault of the enemy turned to victory. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our FAITH."

I. W. FLETCHER.

The Town of the Thursday Market.

Re-inforcements have come to our station, so we very naturally feel that it is time to advance. Circumstances do not allow us to spend large sums upon expensive itinerations in the South, but, for the equivalent of two shillings in bus fares, it is possible to visit the large town of A . . . at the foot of our mountain.

Our first thought was that we should try to obtain a room in which classes for children might be held regularly. On "ALL SAINTS DAY" (a school holiday) two of us set off to visit a former class-girl, now the mother of a growing little family, whose husband owns property in a residential quarter of A . . . We found their home without difficulty, and were well received. The children, all boys, were polite and friendly. Over the inevitable cup of coffee, we explained our business, but the little mother looked grave. There were no rooms available, and even if one could be found the rent would probably be about thirty-four pounds for the first year. She promised to talk the matter over with her husband and let us know the result.

As it was a whole holiday, we found several groups of school boys lounging about in the sunshine, near their homes. (Arab boys may not stay indoors, hindering the women-folk, during the day-time). Having tested their reading powers, and told some of them a Bible story, we began giving them attractive booklets, published by the S.G.M. This was, perhaps, a fatal mistake. At any rate, we were no longer able to proceed on our way unnoticed and unattended. We were obliged to call a

halt to the distribution, and to walk rapidly away, to the outskirts of the town. The rabble continued to follow us, still pleading for literature. One small red-headed boy was particularly insistent and it was hard to refuse him. We made for the public gardens, hotly pursued; there, two Arab men came to our rescue, and beat off the boys, telling them that we had nothing further to offer them. Every one knew this to be untrue, but it caused the crowd to saunter off, and we were left to admire the flowers. It began to grow dark and, having rewarded our rescuers with literature, we prepared to leave the gardens by a side path. Suddenly, from behind a tall tree, out popped our red-headed friend again. This time he did not have to be disappointed, even though one or two others appeared from the shadows, in a similar manner.

As we got into the bus for the return journey, a youth whom we knew mentioned the name of our Lord, in a mocking way, to his companion. We could only look at him in pained surprise. He has been to our Boys' Class several times, since this incident. On one of these occasions, there was a loud report from a firework, in the classroom; but it may not have been this boy who was guilty of the outrage. He goes by the name of "the Tall One," and, being a great footballer, carries weight with the younger boys. We wish he were not so fond of smoking.

* * * *

The days passed, and still no offer of a room in A . . . was made to us. We began to feel that God was leading us to systematic visiting instead. In fear and trembling we went down there again, determined not to distribute free literature, this time.

We got the bus to put us down outside the town, and after a word of prayer for guidance, by the roadside, we made our way along the railway track. Several months previously we had waved from the train to groups of children playing outside their homes, and we hoped that this fact would make a link. It certainly

did, for everywhere we went the people seemed friendly, and ready to listen to the Gospel message. It was a lovely afternoon, and some of the women sat with us in the sunshine, outside their homes, carefully hidden from the sight of men working on the line. As the day wore on a chill wind sprang up . . . Our throats were parched with talking.

Then it was that God opened a door. A woman in the crowd insisted that we accompany her home for a cup of coffee. She made it speedily on a primus stove, and we drank it gratefully, in the shelter of her warm room. Our hostess evidently possessed a generous disposition, for she gave a sweet to a small boy, squatting at the door with his mother. We learnt that we were in the home of a baker. He was asleep, but presently woke up, and took part in the conversation. As he could read French ; we presented him with a " Life of our Lord," illustrated by Elsie Anna Wood. Before handing it to him, we quickly showed his wife the few coloured pictures it contained, with a word of explanation in Arabic. The baker then began reeling off some of the fantastic, man-made stories which he had heard, about our Lord's betrayal and Crucifixion. We were appalled at the darkness of his mind, and the little wife—probably only half understanding his flow of bad French—sat looking troubled at the turn things had taken. All we could do was to open the Gospel records, and read one or two verses out to him in his own tongue. When we rose to leave, our hostess (whose name was Blessed) thrust a large, juicy orange into our hands ; and, flinging a wrap about her head and shoulders, came outside to shew us the shortest way back into the town. We believe God will reward her for the loving welcome extended to us that day.

The month of February has brought with it more snow, but we are eagerly collecting links with other quarters of the town of A . . . that the Gospel may be preached to many more of its inhabitants.

God grants that the response to the message may be real and lasting.

P. M. RUSSELL.

Editorial.

It is good news to know that the Algiers Mission Band has now secured a suitable Office in a central part of London :—
76 MARYLEBONE HIGH STREET, W.I.

We hope that this may simplify and facilitate the work of Secretary-Treasurer in Great Britain for Mr. Wayne, who has now taken it over from Mr. Pilcher. We are glad indeed to have the help of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne in England at this time of need ; though, at the same time, we regret that they should be kept away from their post on the Field.

Blida has not, however, been quite deserted this year, as Mrs. Buckenham has found it possible to give two days a week to visiting and classes or meetings there. It has been specially noticed that both in their homes and at the meetings, there has been a real spirit of attention and desire to learn among the women. Some who have not been for years have returned, and some who had been indifferent or antagonistic seem softened and receptive.

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By the time this is issued the station of Relizane will be closed, while Miss Clark is away on furlough in Great Britain—a furlough which will begin early and be somewhat prolonged, to enable them to take such opportunities as may offer of speaking about the work at meetings.

* * * *

An old worker at Relizane many years ago, is now living a retired life at Mostaganem—Mlle. Gayral. Her health does not allow her to undertake any active work for the Lord, and she suffers a great deal from rheumatism. But it is always a joy to know how her interest in all the stations and their work is still keen, and that she is our faithful prayer partner. Besides this, though she cannot go to visit the people, some of them come to her, and we know her talks with them will be for their help and comfort.

Madame Lull still has contacts with Arabs and Europeans which we pray may be a blessing to them. Lately she wrote of more than one sad case of Arab men divorcing their wives, and keeping the young children with them—a real tragedy for the poor mothers, who have no redress.

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We are grieved to have to announce that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baggott have decided to separate themselves from the Algiers Mission Band, so, though they will continue to occupy Tamanrasset and work there, it will no longer be an A.M.B. station. We cannot profess to be in entire sympathy or agreement with their reasons for this action. To us it seems too like the breaking of a link, which God had forged to *endure*, in a chain of fellowship in work. Such a thing cannot but be deeply painful. Yet the separation caused by this step cannot put an end to our personal affection for Mr. and Mrs. Baggott, and we shall still have a prayerful interest in their work.

V. WOOD.

“ Sacrifice ”

“ *The Sacrifice of Prayer.* ”

God called to me for Sacrifice—
I gave what I could spare—
“ No blood is on thy gift,” He said
and as I knelt in prayer,
I heard the still small voice speak to me
Give—Give—give more—He said,
Give till thy gifts are deeply dyed
By life’s blood crimson red.
Give, till the giving is true sacrifice
Real giving is to share
Thus follow Me,
Thus give with Me,
Give time—give blood for prayer.

M. W. B.

This short poem, which I found amongst the Mission effects when re-arranging things as I moved into the new office seems particularly fitting just now, and rightly finds a place in the first issue of the magazine to be published after we

moved in. A. P.’s article inspired by the many recent attempts to scale Everest should lead us on as a Band to attempt the Impossible. But to dare such a task demands both Faith and Sacrifice, Faith that “ Laughs at Impossibilities and cries it shall be done ” and Sacrifice commensurate with His “ Sacrifice of Himself.” True Sacrifice is thus to share in the “ fellowship of His sufferings.” True Faith is based on the Sacrifice. The two must ever walk hand in hand and where they do “ The Master of the Impossible ” delights to prove Himself yet again MASTER OF THE IMPOSSIBLE.

MONSIEUR PIERRE NICLOUD.

As we go to press we learn with real sorrow of the death of our friend and fellow-worker, Monsieur Pierre Nicoud at Oran on Sunday the 15th March. His call to higher service is a great loss to the work of A.M.B., and indeed to the whole of the work of God in North Africa. He was a man who could so hardly be spared. Our thoughts very naturally turn to those left behind, his wife and two sons particularly, let us not fail to surround them in their sorrow with our love and prayers.

WHO WILL GO ?

The sudden call to higher service of our good friend and colleague in God’s service in Algeria brings us, once again, face to face with the challenge of “ the unfilled gap.” “ I looked for a man to stand in the gap,” said the Lord through His prophet, and today surely He is searching “ to and fro throughout the earth ” to find one who will come forward as a “ stop-gap.” There can be no finer service, nor higher reward, than that which is reserved for those, who leaving home and comfort, “ hazard their lives unto death ” for God in the great task of taking the Gospel to the slaves of the false prophet and who are still bound by Islam’s chain. Monsieur Nicoud has been called to his reward. Who will step into his place in action on the field of battle ?

R. WAINE.

How can I further help

THE ALGIERS MISSION BAND?

1. By joining the fellowship of Prayer Partners.
2. By giving, as the Lord may guide.
3. By purchasing and reading A.M.B. publications and passing them on to friends.

A.M.B. PUBLICATIONS

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Thursday, 10th September, 1953

65th ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS

AT CAXTON HALL

WESTMINSTER

3.0 and 6.30