

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

# Algiers Mission Band

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY MISS I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS : DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

*General Secretary* : MR. H. W. BUCKENHAM.

*Treasurer* : REV. R. J. WAINE.

*Corresponding Secretary and Hostess* : MISS V. WOOD.

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*Great Britain : Chairman of Home Council* : MR. H. F. BERRY.

*Secretary-Treasurer* : MR. PETER G. LONGLEY, B.D.

A.M.B. Office : 76, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

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*Honorary Corresponding Secretary in U.S.A.* : MRS. MYRTLE B. HARE,  
609 California Blvd, Toledo 12, Ohio, U.S.A.

## OVERSEAS REFEREES :

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

M. LE PASTEUR CHATONEY, 31, Rue Clauzel, Algiers.

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

MR. LEUTENEGGER, Hennaya, Tlemcen (Oran), 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 Genève).

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

## STATIONS AND WORKERS.

### DAR NAAMA

1920 Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buckenham  
1920 Miss V. Wood  
1948 Mlle. Y. Félix  
1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine

### BLIDA

1929 Miss P. M. Russell  
1948 Mlle. J. Guibé

### MILIANA

1907 Miss M. D. Grautoff  
1954 Mr. and Mrs. J. Dowling

### 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. A. Butticaz  
1946 Mlle. G. Chollet

# A THIRSTY LAND

The Quarterly Magazine of the  
Algiers Mission Band

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SEPTEMBER.

1954

## Editorial.

Since the last issue of "A THIRSTY LAND" there have been some changes in the A.M.B. on the Field. The first was the departure of Miss Arenholt—in March she left Miliana to join Mr. and Mrs. Baggott in Tamanrasset. This far-south post is no longer an A.M.B. station, though we are still interested in its work—begun under the auspices of the A.M.B.—so Miss Arenholt is now working with the "Saharan Desert Mission". At present she is occupying the Baggotts' house, with a friend, while they are on furlough.

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After Miss Arenholt left, Miss Grautoff had, for a time, the help and companionship of Mlle. Spring (of "Christian Missions"). She is followed, after a short interval, by Mr. and Mrs. J. Dowling, who have been studying French in Paris in preparation for coming to Algeria. They will be stationed at Miliana for their first year on the Field. Language study will be a first consideration for them, but, while studying, they will have great opportunities for getting to know the land and its people.

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Madame Nicoud, who has been with us at Dar Naama since her marriage in 1922, is leaving us in July. Much as we regret the parting, we know that she is only resigning because she believes it to be the Lord's will for her; and we thank Him for the years of fellowship

with her we have enjoyed. They have made a bond of union between us not to be broken by her resignation; a bond which will keep alive our mutual interest and sympathy wherever her path may be in the future.

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Another important change is the appointment of Mr. Waine to be Treasurer at Headquarters. The task of combining the duties of General Secretary and Treasurer has been borne by Mr. Buckenham for years; but it is, in fact, a heavy burden for one man. We are therefore glad that he should be able to pass on the Treasurer's duties to someone else. We believe that this may enable him to cope with the increasing work of the General Secretary's post, without being overburdened. Mr. and Mrs. Waine and their children will be taking up their residence at Dar Naama as the result of this appointment to the treasurer-ship.

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It has been cheering to receive from time to time news from Mr. and Mrs. Porteous of the help and encouragement which he, especially, has had while carrying out a heavy programme of deputation work in England and Scotland. Also, from more than one quarter, we hear of the inspiration his speaking has been to his hearers; and we rejoice in receiving proofs of the real interest in the work, and true prayer-fellowship among so many friends at home.

Mr. Porteous' journeyings have been much helped by the Renault car, which the Mission was able to procure this spring from special funds set apart for the purpose of supplying Mission transport cars. Besides this, and contrary to expectation, the remains of the Mission Transport Fund proved sufficient for the purchase of another car, owing to the generosity of a missionary friend, who was leaving the country, and willing to sell his car for a very moderate sum to someone who wanted it for mission work. This second car will be kept at Headquarters for use in the department of Alger. The Renault will go with Mr. Porteous to Tlemcen when he returns there, for use in the department of Oran.

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It is a matter for thankfulness that these two cars, which will be so useful for colportage and itineration work, should have been obtainable just now—at a time when the finances of the Band would not have allowed of any part of the General Fund being used for such a purchase. It adds a little extra note of confidence to our prayers for the supply of other needs, even greater and more pressing. We might express our feeling as did the old hymn-writer:—

“—each Ebenezer I have in review  
Confirms His good pleasure to help me  
right through”.

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There have been many “Ebenezers” in the history of the Algiers Mission Band—moments when its members could thankfully say “Hitherto hath the Lord helped us”. And still He abides our “very present Help”. Let us meet the unknown future remembering the blessings of the past. V. WOOD.

Readers will notice that this magazine is dated “September, 1954”—not by the season of the year as formerly. We hope in future to publish “A THIRSTY LAND” at the beginning of March, June, September and December each year.

## Bread on the Waters at Relizane.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days” (Eccles.

II. 1).

A few weeks ago, our tenant informed us that there was a native woman outside, a stranger, who desired to see us. We invited her in, and in course of conversation we discovered that she was one who had had daily contact with the mission many years ago. She now lives at Oran, and was recently baptised there. She came visiting with us, and spoke to the women in one of the houses. On the Sunday following she spoke to the children at the class. Her message, which was in the nature of a testimony, was taken from the story of Jairus' daughter. She told the children how, when she was a little girl just like them, she used to come to the mission house to learn to read and understand the Word of God. At one time she was very ill, and her parents were sure she was going to die. She thought of the hymns and stories which she had learned at the Mission, and remembered particularly the raising of Jairus' daughter, who was twelve years old, the same age that she herself was when she fell ill. She remembered, too, that the missionary had said many times, if one prayed to the Lord, He would hear and answer. She reasoned in herself that, if the Lord could raise that little girl from the dead, He could surely make her better. So she prayed to the Lord, promising that, if He made her better, she would walk in His way. “Alas”, she said, “I have not always kept that promise. I have gone astray many times, but now I understand; and, by God's help, I mean to walk in His way for the rest of my life”.

Surely this incident comes as a challenge to us, telling us not to be weary in our service for God among the Moslems. May we rather be more faithful and zealous in “casting our bread upon the waters”, knowing that, according to His word, we shall “find it after many days”.

E. CLARK and A. E. POWELL.

## Feasting after Fasting.

*Miliana : June, 1954.*

At last the dreary month of the Fast of Ramadhan is over ; and we may look forward to more regular classes and meetings. During the fast, this street-corner being well-lighted, boys spent their nights playing soldiers and rushing up and down the road outside our windows—banging on our shutters at 11 p.m. and so on.

During the day, a few faithful women came to the meetings ; most of them had complaints to make of digestive troubles, or ear-ache, sore eyes, et cetera. Yet, when offered remedies, they would refuse—" No, not till after sundown "—fearing that they might unawares break the fast by the drops for eyes or ears getting into the throat and being swallowed.

To-day a happy group of thirteen women have come to the Bible reading, and to drink coffee with us. They are still dressed in festive attire, and are feeling pious after their 30 days of fasting and two of feasting. Their " Little Feast " as they call it, is celebrated with much consumption of sweet cakes of different sorts, which the women make and send to the Arab baker's oven to be baked.

Boys dressed in smart new suits wander about the town, letting off squibs, and collecting francs from grown-up relatives. For this, they invade the shops of uncles and cousins, to be kissed and recompensed. Girls come with fresh ribbons in their hair, and gay new frocks ; they suggest a bunch of wild flowers—poppies, golden daisies, and the many purple and blue blooms such as borage and lupins, etc. They are very pleased with themselves and quite fascinating, even the poorest having been cleaned up, and wearing something new—if only a borrowed head-handkerchief.

Meanwhile the end of the Fast has brought relief to the few Arab Christians, men and women, scattered throughout

the country. These, for Christ's sake, have broken the fast ; but, lest they be locked up by the police as disturbers of the peace, they have had to be very careful not to offend their Moslem neighbours. To be found eating publicly during the fast hours might mean a rowdy set of boys and men hooting them down the street. Once this year such a crowd rushed past my windows ; and you will understand my fear lest it was one of my friends they were molesting.

Each Sunday the little group of three Christian men quietly gathered with us for tea, followed by a Bible reading ; but there are others who, though they have no faith in the Fast, dared not come to partake with us. Even at home, many would fear ; for rents are high, and many families, each having only one room, may inhabit the same house. So every one knows all about everybody, and all are watched and criticised. Even in our women's meetings there are spies, ready to report the doings and sayings of the others, where it may do them harm. " What a life ", you may say : yet perhaps not so bad as that of a young wife of a rich husband, shut in to a lonely life, with her husband and his mother for sole companions, whose only outing is an occasional visit to the baths under the watchful eye of a stern mother-in-law.

Education in the French schools has done something to open their minds, but Islam still holds its people in bondage to customs and ceremonies.

As we thank God for news of revival in our own country, we remember the isolated Christians in this land. They have not the thrill of meeting with crowds of happy believers, yet, as they join together in little groups to sing and pray, they do learn something of the joy of fellowship in Christ. M. D. GRAUTOFF.

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We still have a large stock of the booklet " Lilies Trotter of Algiers " by Constance E. Padwick. Copies price 6d. each may be obtained from the London Office.

## “Patron Saints”

Many North African towns are esteemed highly among the Moslems on account of having been, long ago, the dwelling places of some Moslem saint—that is, of one who is considered a shining example of piety and wisdom in the ranks of Islam. Many traditions are attached to the memory of these men of long ago ; their reputed good deeds are recounted ; miraculous powers are attributed to some ; their moral sayings are kept in remembrance ; they are noted as founders or prominent members of the great Moslem Brotherhoods ; and their tombs, where known, have become sacred places of pilgrimage. To these shrines hopeful pilgrims come, with their gifts and their prayers, believing firmly that petitions for any special need,—for healing, for prosperity, for a child to be born to a childless woman—will be efficacious when offered in this sacred spot. There was even once a little girl with a broken leg, whose parents had such faith in Sidi Bou Ali that, instead of taking her to the doctor, they carried her to the tomb of that “patron saint”, believing, no doubt, that would be the best way to get her cured. But there was no cure there, and later they did go to the hospital. But the delay of some days was too much, and the poor child will be lame all her life owing to her parents’ first choice of remedy for a broken limb. It is said that three visits to that sacred tomb will ensure a free entry into Paradise to the believer. But it is only Moslems who can come near to touch or kiss the covering of the tomb : non-Moslems may only look at it through a small barred window, and no one thinks they will really gain much from that.

Quite near to one of our mission stations, in the little mountain town of Miliana, there is an ancient mosque within whose precincts is a shrine, enclosing the tomb of Miliana’s “patron saint”, Si Ahmed ben Youssef. During his lifetime (he is thought to have been born at Mascara in the fifteenth century) he travelled much, studied in Bougie,

founded a religious college or Zaouia near Mascara, and perhaps visited the M’zab country, his brother being said to be buried at Ghardaia : but when he came to die, he directed that his body should be placed on a mule’s back and be buried wherever the mule stopped. This was to fulfil some strange prediction. How far the mule had travelled before he stopped we cannot tell ; but when he arrived at the refuse heaps near the entrance to Miliana, he stood still, and there Si Ahmed was buried and in process of time the tomb and the adjacent mosque became famous. Now pilgrims come from far and wide to kiss the many coloured silken draperies of the tomb, and to drink of the sacred spring whose waters fall into a stone basin in the middle of the great court, or to take of this holy water away in bottles to carry to sick relatives at home. On feast days the whole court is crowded with fervent worshippers, all, no doubt, bringing offerings according to their capacity and devotion. There are about 300 of the inhabitants of Miliana, who claim to be descendants of Si Ahmed ben Youssef ; these all have their portion in the gifts of money or other things offered by the pilgrims. The Oukil or official in charge of the distribution of the gifts is always one of another family—a help to impartiality in giving.

There are special feast days every year in Miliana in honour of their “patron saint” ; on these days his descendants, with banners flying, and drums beating, go out to meet the streams of pilgrims pouring into the town from all directions. With music and shouting, and firing of blank cartridges, the procession wends its way to the mosque. There the pilgrims take off their shoes and crowd into the shrine where they surround the tomb, kissing its silken cover and pressing its folds to their hearts, as they murmur their prayers. This is the religious part of the festival ; besides this there is much eating, drinking, and making merry ; the town is crowded with the visitors, not always at all orderly, and the streets are not a safe place for children and young girls.

Probably most of those who participate

in these feasts know very little about Si Ahmed, but in his lifetime he seems to have had at one time a large number of followers. It is recorded that he, one day, gave orders that all who really loved him should come to his house *to have their throats cut!* This appalling test of their fidelity caused most of them to disappear; but *seven* devoted disciples were left. These entered one by one into his house, and blood was seen flowing from under the door. One wonders if he remembered the history of Abraham, as he rewarded his faithful ones' utter willingness to obey by providing a substitute in a sacrificial lamb.

Some of Si Ahmed's sayings have been reported and handed down to these times: one curious one seems to imply that his opinion of "the West" (which to him would be North Africa) was not high. He said—"A hundred sinners of the East are of more value than one honest man of the West". Another saying, which seems to show a higher moral standard is this:—"Our doctrine is to worship God and gain blessing, but not for any mercenary motive. He who practises devotion to save himself from hell fire, or with a craving for the pleasures of Paradise, is but a mercenary and a slave".

Si Ahmed belonged to one of the great Sufi Orders or Brotherhoods—the Shadhiliya—which got its discipline and ritual from another Moslem saint, Al Shadhili, whose teaching had great influence in Tunis, and later in Egypt, during the 13th century. His prayers have been preserved, and are still used in the devotions of his followers. These early Sufis have been called the Mystics of Islam; their writings seem to show them to have been true seekers after God and after the Way of Approach to Him. They might have made their own the Psalmist's words—"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" Yet a recent writer on the subject devotes a chapter to "the decay of Sufism" in which he quotes from a *Moslem* writer who said—"They have forgotten God, saying,

'So-and-so provides deliverance from suffering for all mankind'. When he dies, they make him an object of pilgrimage, and hasten to his shrine, Arabs and foreigners alike: Some kiss his grave, and some the threshold of his door, and the dust. So do the infidels behave towards their idols, seeking thereby to win their favour. And that is due to blindness of vision". *Blindness of vision*—how true it is: they cannot find the Way, because they look to others than Christ, the only true Way; they cannot see the Truth, because they seek it in men's wisdom, not in the living Word; they cannot know the true Life, because they know not Him Whom to know is Life Eternal. Blind indeed they are—born blind: but among them may be those who, like the early Sufis, are longing for light, without knowing from whence it may come, or even what it may be, for they were born to darkness. May there be a voice to say to them "Be of good cheer, rise; He calleth thee (Mark 10. 49). Jesus the Light of the world will be the Light of Life to you; Come unto Him".

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## Annual Meetings.

We hope that as many of our friends as possible will make an effort to be present at our London Annual Meetings, to be held on Thursday, 14th October, 1954, at Bridewell Hall (Lecture Hall), Eccleston Place, S.W.1 (between Victoria Railway Station and Victoria Coach Station), by kind permission of the London City Mission.

The afternoon meeting will be at 3 p.m. and the evening meeting at 7 p.m. with singing from 6.30 p.m. by the Norelon Gospel Team.

The guest speaker at both meetings will be Rev. W. S. C. Walker, Minister of High Road Baptist Church, Chadwell Heath, Essex, formerly a missionary in China. Mr. Alex. Porteous will be the missionary speaker.

If you are within reach of London this is one way by which you can show your active support for the A.M.B.



## The Wave and the Tide.

“ On the far reef, the breakers  
Recoil in shattered foam,  
Yet still the sea behind them  
Urges its forces home.  
Its chant of triumph surges  
Through all the thunderous din,  
The wave may break in failure,  
But the tide is sure to win.

O mighty sea, thy message  
In changing spray is cast—  
Within God's plan of progress  
It matters not at last,  
How wide the shores of evil,  
How strong the reefs of sin,  
The wave may be defeated,  
But the tide is sure to win ”.

Twenty-eight years ago Miss Trotter headed her “ Story of the Year ” with these verses ; and they, and her comments on them, seem just as appropriate to-day. There are little waves of advance, when new contacts are made with thirsty souls ready to drink in the word of the Gospel ; there are waves of retreat, when those who received it gladly sink back into indifference ; and there are also blessed waves of what is called *chance*, and these, so to say, wash up again into reach of the missionary those who had heard and learnt in years gone by, but who had been borne away on the waves of circumstances, and lost sight of for a time. There are also troublesome waves in the lives of the workers—when illness, or other forces, bear them away from the work they had hoped to continue, landing them perhaps somewhere where they would not choose to be, to start a work for which they feel no special fitness. And after all, looking on one's own work as a wave, does it not seem like a very poor little ineffectual ripple ?—not strong enough even to cleanse the bit of shore at our feet of the rubbish and drifted sea-weed collected on it. It would be indeed a discouraging thought

if that was the only way to look at it : but Miss Trotter had another view to offer to us, and here it is in her own words :—

“ ‘ SURE TO WIN—sure to win ’ : that refrain has sung itself with a triumph-ring, ever since the lines reached us three or four months ago. The failing wave and the conquering tide gather up our year's story.

“ The wave is a small fore-runner, swept by the wind out of the ocean's heart, falling back shattered, into that heart without having done much, apparently, to help the cause.

The tide is the ocean-heart itself, moving irresistibly to victory, yet needing the broken waves, every one of them, whereby to do its work. They are but little waves out here : the ‘ thunderous din ’ does not characterise at present the progress of Christ's cause in the Moslem world ! ”

Now, when Miss Trotter got so far as this, she gave in some detail the history of the “ wave crests ” and “ wave recoils ” in the different stations : and then she speaks of “ the sense of a growing response ” (do we not notice it sometimes now in the news from one or another of the stations ?) and then she ends on a note of triumphant faith in GOD'S TIDE, which is “ SURE TO WIN ”.

She says :—“ This indefinable change of atmosphere on the spiritual side, is *the* mark all around, of the rising tide.

“ What matters it if we are but the waves that break on its edge. All that imports is that we let ourselves go to the driving force behind, to be sent just as fast and as far as God wills, glad indeed if He gives the honour of carrying the signal of victory, as do the incoming waves a few inches further up the shore—then falling back content as the wave that has spent itself, into the heart of the Ocean whence we came, waiting there to see the hour when the tide has won.

“ ‘ Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written,  
Death is swallowed up in victory ’ ”.



## Sunny Africa can be cold.

A night of lightning, storm and wind—then a great silence ; and in the morning the ground thick with snow. The great plane trees outside my windows stooped lower and lower their long graceful branches, overweighted with snow. One huge bough could support the burden no longer, and fell across the neighbours' roof. The next evening we heard a crash in our court ; a chimney had fallen, and the iron rose arbour had broken down under the weight of an avalanche of snow from the roof of the adjoining house. The town was in darkness, for many poles were down and the electricity failed in streets and houses.

It took men and boys two days to dig out the snow from our terrace and court, and the cold was intense. But we were thankful that our stock of fire-wood held out.

Some poor people came with pitiable tales of their huts being broken, while they huddled in one corner—afraid even to sleep : and we heard of others who had died in the snowdrifts with their mules.

We visited the stables of the Moslem shrine of Si Muhammed Ben Yousef Ben Miliani (a descendant of " the prophet "). Here several families had sought shelter, and were living with the mules in these open stables. Their temporary homes were divided from each other by walls about two feet high of corrugated packing paper. They were cooking their evening meal in an unappetising utensil. It consisted apparently of scraps of vegetables they had collected or begged. It seemed a kind of communal meal. But they did not beg from us, and we concluded that the shrine keepers provided them with some bread, to eat with their vegetables.

A Taleb or Koranic reader was there with a party of sorceresses (fortune tellers). He gladly accepted a tract, and could read fluently. When I said to him " But fortune telling is not of God ", he agreed, but added " What can they do ? They must live ". Yes, that is a problem in Miliana just now, for the iron mines have turned off many of their

workmen. These go seeking work rather hopelessly in other towns, and leave the women here in need.

One such woman, a widow, came to me saying, " My two sons have been turned off from the mines—write for me to my son who is earning money, in Algiers ". This I did, and a few days later she came for the answer. No reply had come. " Perhaps ", she said, " he is in the heart of the sea ". I looked surprised. " Yes ", she said, " he works in the sea for days at a time, and then he can get no letters ". I conclude he is one of those who repair the ships coming into harbour. If so, he is perhaps earning well ; but these sons do not always come to the aid of their needy mothers.

One evening, in those days of snow and bitter cold, blind Yamina's eldest son came to us in the darkness. He had been unable to get through the snow to his home in the miner's village above us. Our front door was stuck fast with the frost, but we let him in through my window, and gladly welcomed him. Then, after supper and prayers together, we sent him off to bed ; for he had to leave us to start for work by 6.30 next morning. He was tired out, for he had been working all day in the snow, climbing poles to mend the wires. Though only 17 years old, he is a capable electrician.

He told us that life among the miners is hard, they are mostly Moslems, and the few Europeans seem to be atheists. The lad stands alone as a Christian, and tries to witness. Even the home life, after working hours, was often sad ; but he has his Bible, and tells us of the truths he finds in it. Lately his father refused to let him come into the house at all, and for a time he was sleeping in the workshops at the mine ; but he still managed to visit his mother at times when his father was out. M. D. GRAUTOFF.

[Note: See Spring, 1954 number of " A THIRSTY LAND ", where the article " A Prayer Call " speaks of this young man and his mother, and the article " An Arab Mother—a Secret Believer " tells of his baptism, which took place last autumn at Dar Naama.]

## Reinforcements.

We are happy to report the safe arrival in Algeria on June 25th of two new workers in the ranks of the Algiers Mission Band, Mr. and Mrs. John Dowling, members respectively of Letchworth Baptist Church, Herts., and West Street Baptist Church, Dunstable, Beds. Both have completed a period of training at the Bible Training Institute, Glasgow, and have already spent six months in Paris studying the French language. They were commended to the Lord at the Valedictory Service at Dunstable on June 9th, when Rev. John Savage brought a searching message from Acts 5. 41-42.

And now here are testimonies from Mr. and Mrs. Dowling as to God's gracious leading :

" HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL " .

As I look out from the Mission House balcony at Miliana, Algeria, the hot sun is beating fiercely down as the Arab people come and go in the street below me. How sad most of them look ! Surely with all their religious observances and belief in God they should be happy ! But, no ! Having a religion without Jesus Christ, " the Way, the Truth, and the Life " , how can they be happy ? What a joy, privilege, and tremendous responsibility, we His messengers have out here to point them to " the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sins of the world " .

My mind goes back eleven years to the time when I came, not as a missionary to this land, but as a soldier, and an unsaved one at that. I had thought myself better than these people, until in 1950 God showed me my evil heart of unbelief and sin, but also, praise His Name, the remedy in the Atoning Work of Jesus as my Saviour. What a joy He brought when I allowed Him into my heart and life.

Shortly after this He asked me to train for His service in Algeria. I was very unwilling to go until He showed me all that Calvary had cost Him for a vile sinner like me. Then I gladly assented, and shortly after went to B.T.I., Glasgow, for training. How I proved His faithful-

ness in those two years—and " His mercies are new every morning " .

Whilst my wife and I were praying for all our needs to be supplied for the Mission Field, He showed us the need of receiving a clean heart and the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and gave us the faith to claim them in His Name. Now, abiding in His Holiness and Victory, we are here to proclaim His message of Full Salvation to all. Please pray for us to spread the Sacred Flame for His Glory and Honour in this " dry and thirsty land " .

" Oh, there's power, power, wonder-working power,  
In the Blood of the Lamb " .

Praise His Name with us, for " He doeth all things well " and He will always continue to do so. Hallelujah !

JOHN DOWLING.

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" GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS. " .

The Lord brought me to a saving knowledge of Himself when I was still at school, and in the years that followed made me recognise His lordship over my life.

With a definite sense of His calling I undertook nursing training, and during those years many of His wonderful blessings were revealed to me—His strength in times of weakness, His wisdom for my problems, His power in times of temptation. Step by step He led through further training days at the Bible Training Institute, Glasgow, till His purpose for me to serve Him on the Foreign Mission Field was made clear. But where ? Was it South America ? Or India ? No, but North Africa, the land to which, humanly speaking, I did not want to go.

North Africa—Algeria—with all its religion—but no Saviour ; hard hearts which nothing but Calvary love could win ; where some would say that there is no power stronger than Islam. But, Praise God, we know that " He is able " to break the powers of cancelled sin, and to set the prisoner free,—" our sufficiency is of God " .



John and Gladys Dowling

Please do pray that as my husband and I serve Him in fellowship with the Algiers Mission Band, our hearts and lives may be kept in closest touch with Him, covered by the Precious Blood, and filled with His Holy Spirit, "vessels sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work".

GLADYS DOWLING.

### **"From Whence Cometh Our Help."**

Our Mission is interdenominational and international, something which is commendable in its universality, and yet herein lies one of our biggest difficulties. We are the responsibility of the church at large, but not of a church in particular. No evangelical denomination has wholly undertaken the evangelisation of Algeria, hence God has thrust forth labourers from a variety of callings, united in Jesus and by a God-given yearning for the Salvation of the Moslems of North Africa.

From this difficult field we missionaries look back at the homeland with that pleading request which Paul felt so real, "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you". But to whom shall we look? The great denominations are fully occupied with their own commitments, the many evangelical churches and missions are

already swamped with clamant cries from every corner of the world! Must the Moslem field—reputed the hardest in the world, and certainly yielding little fruit—be left to the domination of sin, the devil, and a hell-born religion? Does all this not constitute the very reason why we cannot, must not, be turned aside just because at every point the devil bars the way to a direct unified offensive against the strongholds of Islam?

Hard and seemingly impenetrable as this Moslem field would appear, it would seem that God is not sending forth notable Christians from the pinnacles of Christendom, nor from the precarious heights of fame or wealth. Nay, rather is God thrusting forth the unknown, unlettered, those from the ordinary walk of Christian life. Assuredly God will have the mighty Islam confounded, yet not by the greatness or wisdom of men, but by the Spirit of the Living God, that no flesh might glory in His presence.

It would appear also that the Lord is following a similar pattern in raising up co-workers, prayer-partners, interested friends in the homeland to be united with us on the Field in every way.

A memorable week's visit to Dundee in April was revealing and convincing in this matter. From various churches, mission halls, evangelistic fields, God drew Christians into a united "Prayer Group" which proved to be the pattern of effectiveness in every realm as touching

the evangelisation of the Moslems. Each in this group was already committed to evangelical work, most were fully employed in daily business, yet each proved that this "extra" from the Lord was a channel of blessing to their own souls as well as to the missionaries of the Algiers Mission Band. Their monthly prayer-meeting is marked by that ease indicative of the Spirit's leading. Their work is practical, for they have not hesitated to tackle the production and distribution of the Mission prayer-letter. Intercession, which is the prime object of the gathering, is specific and effective. The love of God they enjoy in their midst has overflowed to missionaries and mission-field. Is it little wonder, then, that a missionary home from Algeria should find much refreshment and inspiration in such an atmosphere of sacrificial love?

Friends animated by the same Spirit have been the means of opening doors and hearts in and around Edinburgh and Glasgow. The Faith Mission of Edinburgh in this respect has been an every-ready channel for bringing the reality of Christ's cause in Algeria to God's praying groups of Christians in Scotland. The response from the homeland to God's appeal for co-labourers in this spiritual warfare in Algeria has been amazing. To God be the Glory.

In company with John and Gladys Dowling—now at Miliana—I found God follow this same pattern. In and around London we were introduced to the most unexpected churches and missions; for example, in the Garden City of Letchworth, and the seaside town of Eastbourne. It was striking to see how God chose the unexpected and by-passed the expected. He laid upon humble hearts what the 'great'-hearts seemed unable to bear, and we were led into a rich fellowship in the Spirit with scattered groups of Christians up and down the land.

Blackpool, as always, has been one of God's brightest spots for raising up from the 'ordinary' these 'extraordinary' prayer-warriors in whose presence one feels humbled that ours should be the privilege of such a fellowship in the Lord.

God alone is to be praised and glorified that before this impossibility of linking the witness among Algerian Moslems to the living Church in privileged Britain, God has found a way—His way—a quiet way—free from the dangers of fuss and noise, publicity and appeals. "God setteth the solitary in families". If our Mission has not the super-structure of human ingenuity for its sustenance and continuance, these latter weeks in the homeland have revealed that God will have the family spirit animate the whole. With One God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and we the brethren exhorted to love one another fervently, such a God-given blessedness must overflow all man-made organisations. We thank every brother and sister in Christ linked to us of the Algiers Mission Band by Calvary's international universal bond of LOVE.

A. PORTEOUS.

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There are some changes in the Deputation plans of Mr. Alex. Porteous this autumn. The areas in which he will be speaking (D.V.) are as follows:

Scotland, 28th August-22nd September (including Perth Convention, 4th September).

North England and Midlands, 23rd-26th September.

Wales, 27th September-6th October.  
London and Home Counties, 7th-17th October.

Eastern Counties, 18th-24th October.  
Pudsey, Yorkshire, 25th October.

Edinburgh, 27th October.

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We have recommenced a monthly prayer meeting for the Algiers Mission Band in London. This will be held at 8 p.m. on the last Tuesday of each month, at 12, Briston Grove, Crouch End, N.8. Travel by 212 bus (Finsbury Park to Muswell Hill), and alight at Dickenson Road, from which Briston Grove is second turning on the left.

If you cannot join us, why not start a prayer meeting in your own district?