

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.

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

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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. Buttica
1946 Mlle. G. Chollet



Notes on the Rally.

Summer over, the new season of work was ushered in by the RALLY of A.M.B. members at Headquarters on September 24-26, when the workers on the Field gathered at Dar Naama in a blessed time of fellowship with one another, and with the Lord. In prayer and praise those unable to be present—Mme. Lull and Mr. and Mrs. Porteous—were remembered, as well as the Home Council, and Mr. Longley, and all the many friends who help us in prayer and service. Among others a comparatively new friend, Mrs. Myrtle Hare, who is caring for the interests of the A.M.B. in America, was gratefully mentioned. The time of our gathering together also happily coincided with a visit from four students from Oxford University, whose article on another page ("Food for Prayer") shows what it meant to them. Their deep interest in all that we could tell them, and the knowledge that they really found in it *food for prayer*, made it a joy to have them with us. Meetings morning and afternoon and evening, gave an opportunity for sharing experiences in the past year and visions for the coming season; and there were precious lessons to be learnt from the speakers at different meetings. Mr. Buckenham has put together for us some of the chief points, as follows:—

In the first session, we were led to consider some of the "rallyings" re-

corded in the Old Testament, noting therein that "great searchings of heart" were valueless apart from "great resolves of heart"; and learning from our Saviour's dealing with the Twelve and the Seventy whom he had sent forth, the necessity to get, after each "mission" or period of service, a renewed and true sense of values.

In the next meeting, we were called to discern the meanings of "a door of faith", "a door of utterance", "a great and effectual door opened". A further challenging message was based upon the words "Where there is no vision the people perish". For us the first essential is "a vision of God", then "a vision of the people in their need", and subsequently "a vision of God's appointed means to reach them". This three-fold vision is necessary to keep us from weariness in service and from becoming "a weariness to God". "Love" was shewn to be the great means to successful service.

At the closing Communion Service we were led to see something of the *perfect offering* of our Saviour's *perfect life*, in the aspect of its perfect abandonment in love to His Father's Will: and finally we were reminded of the solemn responsibility of "shewing forth His death", not only in such a service, but also in a life that shall continually "shew forth His praise".

Womanhood and Islam

Wherever the light of the Gospel has shed its glorious ray upon people or nation, one of the abiding features is sight to the inly blind. Men realise, taught by the Spirit of Truth and Love, that there is neither male nor female, in God's fellowship with redeemed mankind in Christ. Britain and America give witness to the power of the Gospel to raise the status of womanhood to that planned by her Creator. Girls are taught and cared for, woman is respected and honoured, mothers are loved and revered. And so, from womanhood comes much of that inspiration which influences the world for good. Take the case of Abraham Lincoln, to whom God gave an inspiring wife—an example of that true womanhood which knows how to be tender yet firm, unselfish and sacrificial, loving and forgiving. The lowering of such high ideals in any land, by the influx of Godless forces, is only an additional proof that in and through Christ alone can women keep the honoured place He gave them.

It is when we turn our eyes on womanhood in lands dominated by a religion other than Christ's that we realise the worthlessness of Islam as a force for good. It appears to us rather as a masterpiece of satanic deception, enslaving generations of women in a bondage of tradition and serfdom. It can only be through the work of the powers of darkness that Moslems can be zealous for God and religion and yet hold such low views of morals and of the status of women.

From the very beginning of her existence, the Moslem girl is not welcome as a boy would be ; and her young life is soon moulded to the position of servant (or slave) in the household. The drudgery of the house work is her portion, the care of the younger children and babies is her obligation. To fetch water from the well, bread from the ovens, vegetables from the market, often with a baby strapped to her back, is her responsibility. Everything that cries out within her for redemption from this endless round of

toil and slavery is numbed by the Moslem code of fatalism—"It is written"—and if God wills it, why struggle?—*submit*, that is all you can do.

Fortunate exceptions may to-day reach a good standard in the education given by French schools, but the mass are kept at home or sent to work in the carpet factories, for long hours every day. Early in her teens the young Moslem girl excitedly puts on the veil, little realising that it is but the dawn of womanhood under Islam. A little later she is "shut in", prior to her marriage (which is arranged by her parents) probably to a man she has never seen. Too often the motive for choosing the husband is purely the desire for monetary gain—and so holy wedlock is degenerated to the level of an auction sale—to the highest bidder. Consequently, it often happens that a fine young girl, full of life, is married off to a decrepit, wicked old man—just because he could pay a high price. One missionary in the mountains could point out a house where the young wife of an aged tyrant still played with her dolls.

The young wife is often quite secluded, and forbidden to cross the threshold of her house. She may occasionally have the privilege of being allowed to go to the baths, or to the cemetery ; but her life is lived mainly within the confines of four walls. Her husband will be out most of the day ; if he be unkind perhaps this is a relief, yet not necessarily so, for she may live with a cruel mother-in-law, who, having spent her own life under the yoke, now vents her ill feelings by seeing to it that her young charge does not have an easier time than she did. Beatings are a common happening in a Moslem household, but fear seals the lips if any reference should be made to such brutality.

Our hearts are moved as we study such an existence in the light of privileged womanhood in Britain and America—yet how can we help ? Even could we free them entirely from their binding chains, would that be enough ? Might not that

freedom open a door to more subtle evils and debasement, such as are known even in our own country? Our missionary task is not merely to take to these peoples another form of religion to replace their own form. Our Gospel is a message of deliverance—no mere form—with power from God to save both men and women. Jesus Christ came to destroy the works of the devil in the lives of human beings. Our task in going to the Moslems, then, is to bring them unto One Who is able to deliver them from Islam or any other snare of the devil. We are not called to put out the flames of Hell, but to show souls in need the way to salvation from those depths of sin and despair into which Satan would hurl them.

“ Two men looked out from prison bars
One saw mud, the other saw stars ”.

Such may be the experience of a Moslem before and after the Light of the world brings sight to his “ inly blind ” heart. Yet some must tread the way of the Cross if Moslem womanhood is to know salvation through the Blood of Jesus. The Cross will lead you, will lead me—perhaps to go, certainly to pray. Will it be worth while? Think again of the sorrows of womanhood under Islam, then make your choice.

“ Thou, Whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light ”.

I. W. FLETCHER.

Relizane in the Summer

“ O give thanks unto the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever.”—This word of the Psalmist finds an echo in our hearts as we busy ourselves clearing the dust that has accumulated in our absence of two months. (These two months Miss Clark and Miss Powell were filling a gap by occupying the station of Tlemcen for part of the time its usual workers were away in Great Britain.)

Two months! How long these months have seemed.

We were hoping our return would not be observed until we had put the house in order, but alas for our hopes! The very first morning on our way home from the market, we were greeted by one of the children with her big sister, who pleaded with us to come to their house that day. Two days later we set out with our books and pictures. It was very hot, and we were glad when we reached our destination. What a welcome we received! Everything was forgotten in the joy of being together again. There was much to tell, and then our woman made us some mint tea, which refreshed us. Then we sang some hymns and read from the word of God. A boy of fourteen joined us, and seemed very interested. Later two girls from the house next door came in, and they too were greatly impressed. They were known to us, having come to the children's class at one time, but were now too big to come any more. Strangely enough we have been much exercised these last few weeks over these big girls and how to reach them, because, for many of them, their period of so-called liberty in going to the school and coming to the classes ceases when they reach the age of 14 or 15, and they are shut in until the time comes for them to be married. The period between school and marriage is trying for most of them, and is therefore our opportunity, where possible, to seek to reach them in their own homes with the Gospel message. You can imagine, therefore, our joy in finding two of them in the first house we visited. The eldest one seemed keen to know and asked many questions. She knew French, and so we were able to leave with her a copy of “ The Way of Life ”. You friends in the home-land, enjoying the liberty of a so-called Christian land, and having no conception of the restrictions of these Moslem-bound souls, will you please pray for this girl and her Moslem sisters that they may come to know and accept the Lord Jesus Christ, Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

EDITH CLARK and ANNIE E. POWELL.

Food for Prayer

From the recaptured visions that danced before us of fine modern buildings, bunches of luscious grapes, a hostile sun, weird Arab music, clean white haiks, Algeria's red soil and reckless French drivers, we tried to single out the chief impression gained of Algeria and its missionary work.

We were agreed that it was the challenge of Islam to Christians which had most impressed us. We were surprised, almost horrified, to learn that it was the considered opinion of one experienced missionary that the number of Arab Christians in North Africa who were out and out for their Lord could almost be numbered on one hand. We came to realise, too, that even on the conversion of an Arab young man there remained the problem of trying to arrange his marriage to a Christian girl of his own race. Then there was the difficulty, mysterious to our minds, of persuading one particular Arab convert in his twenties to obtain regular work for himself, rather than depend on his non-Christian wife to supply the family income. Nor had we realised before the restrictions sometimes placed in the path of missionary activities by the regulations of the land. As a precaution against political propaganda and possible disturbance among the native population, the French discourage open air gatherings for evangelistic or other objects ; and no missionary can be allowed to sell Scriptures or tracts in the streets, or roadsides, till he has obtained a colporteur's licence. The consequence is that missionaries must work quietly, being careful not to infringe the laws in any way.

More than one person levelled at us the charge that we were not wasting our time in the ten days at our disposal. It is an accusation that we suffered gladly ! Apart from viewing the extensive Roman ruins at Tipasa and the impressive Christian tomb nearby, a land mark for miles, we bathed in the Mediterranean at Cherchell, and viewed the damage of the

Orleansville earthquake. On the straight fast roads that led into the interior we travelled through arcades of magnificent eucalyptus trees, a French introduction to combat malaria, and between thousands of young vine bushes—to the valley of shattered farmsteads, where the tents erected in the emergency gleamed a shrill orange even behind dark glasses. At Orleansville itself only a few buildings were completely destroyed, but very many were so badly damaged that they would be unsafe to dwell in without repairs almost amounting to rebuilding, according to an architect's opinion.

The two days spent under the kind hospitality of Miss Grautoff and Mr. and Mrs. Dowling at the mission house of Miliana, high up in the hills, was an experience we cherish. Here it was an inspiration to meet a baptised Arab Christian still in his teens. Despite his mother's blindness and the backsliding of his drunken father, he seemed to bear a bright testimony with his smiling face and thoughtful disposition. And how much better was his French than ours ! With him we visited a grotto high up in the mountains above the iron mines. It was refreshingly cool 140 yards from the broiling sun outside, and grotesque shadows flung themselves on the walls of the cave as, during a perilous descent among loose rocks, we glimpsed the 15 foot stalactites that hung from the roof.

It was an experience also to hear Gospel Records in Arabic and French played. The Arab fruit-seller listening to them for the first time afterwards exclaimed from his Koranic background that all men were going either to Heaven or to Hell and that no man was clever enough to make a fly or an ant. This much in Islam we could agree with.

Treading softly over the holy but ragged carpets of the Moslem mosque we took care to exhibit all the reverence we could muster. Half-a-dozen men, cross-legged behind the thick square pillars, whispered prayers towards Mecca.

We were also allowed a peep at the shrine considered by pilgrims to be the conveyor of special merit to themselves.

Shopping with Mr. Dowling made us realise how important could become these casual contacts with Jewish, French and Arab shopkeepers. How we must pray that Mr. and Mrs. Dowling may soon learn enough Arabic to enable them to make conversation with the men constantly lounging in the cafés and the Moslem women shut up in their homes.

With Mr. Waine we visited the Casbah, the old Arab knifing quarter of Algiers. Along the steep, narrow alleys, and mobbed by a lively crowd of Arab boys, he tried to find Arabs who could read and who would buy tracts or New Testaments in their own language. In a fly-ridden café, we sipped hot mint tea served in small tumblers. Made from uncured leaves and well sugared, the tea was sickeningly sweet, almost like treacle. At the table next to ours several Arabs (one or two with fearsome moustaches) gambled the hours away playing cards, while the drinking debts steadily mounting were periodically chalked up on the wall. In the streets again we hastily stepped aside to allow donkeys, used as sewage removers, to pass; and noted the superstition that caused the hair, and finger and toe nails, of the young Arab girls to be dyed with henna, due to the recent Moslem feast. Small boys, showing the superiority of their sex, roughly kept their sisters from us, as we wended our way among the confined and filthy quarters to the Mosque and docks at the foot of the Casbah.

One day was spent with the English representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In his car-caravan we travelled with him and his French and Arab colporteurs to the market at Marengo, held weekly and the meeting place for the villagers around. While we glanced at the numerous stalls draped with silks of the richest hues, or watched Arabs in cafés playing dominoes or cards with zest, the three colporteurs sold some

fifteen booklets or Testaments apiece. On the return journey groups of Arabs by the road were asked to buy Christian literature, but often the men were unable to read at all.

At the old Turkish house of Dar Naama (or House of Grace) we enjoyed hospitality under Miss Wood and fellowship with all the missionaries staying there. From the daily routine of Daily Light readings after breakfast, chorus singing after lunch and Evening Prayers after supper we reaped a spiritual profit, besides learning much of the past work of the A.M.B., and the present problems at the various mission stations. All whom we pestered with questions were most helpful and we thank them for it.

It seemed to us, in retrospect, that the difficulties confronting the missionaries in Algeria could perhaps be summarized as follows: the tremendous social implications attached to Islam, making it certain that an Arab Christian who dared to disregard the Moslem Fast would suffer persecution and ostracism; the restrictions arising from the French Government's need to keep in with Arab feeling; the learning of both French and Arabic; the climate; the temptation to the missionaries, common to us all, of accepting the adverse conditions rather than seeking to pray them out of court; a tendency on the part of missionaries, as again with us all, not to move with the times and attempt new methods where desirable and where the old methods have failed; the lack of fellowship for most of the year with any great number of fellow missionaries—two or three on a station can sometimes come to believe that they labour almost alone in Christ's service; the gap in missionary ranks caused by the late war; lack of funds.

Like all good things, our Algerian visit had to come to an end; and we hastened back to Oxford University having seen and learned much, and provided with real ammunition for prayer.

RONALD, THE TWO JOHNS, *and* DUDLEY.

The Christ of Christmas, The Hope of the World

Nearly two thousand years ago there was born in Bethlehem of Judea a Babe Whose life was destined to effect countless millions of people in every nation under heaven. That Babe was Jesus Christ the Son of God. (John 3. 16 ; I John 4. 10.)

God sent His Son because He loved the whole world. Every one is included in these terms of salvation, provided they accept God's plan, and His Son as the Way. (John 14. 6.)

The world failed to recognize Jesus as the Christ : yea, even His Own kindred and nation. (John 1. 10, 11.)

His first appearance did not attract the attention of the world, because it was a quiet event. He came as a lowly Babe in a manger. No great display or excitement such as the world loves, and therefore the world went on as before, and only Heaven revealed His identity . . . to the humble. (Luke 2. 9, 10.)

There was no room for Him in the inn : neither was there room for Him in the world, nor in the hearts of men. The world loves power and strength, and something spectacular. God did not choose to please the world, and sent His Son in the form of a meek and lowly babe. (Luke 2. 6, 7.) Christmas hails the birth of Him Who was born to die. (Heb. 9. 28 ; Luke 19. 10 ; Acts 16. 31 ; Acts 4. 12.)

Men are seeking to save themselves, they are striving for safety and security, but they reject Jesus the Christ . . . (John 10. 11 ; Isa. 53. 6.) " It is finished " Jesus breathed upon the Cross. The work of salvation has been accepted of the Father, but rejected by men. (Eph. 2. 8 ; Rom. 6. 23.) Now there is a wonderful promise to those who have accepted this Gift of God, the Lord Jesus Christ. (John 14. 1-3.)

When He returns to the earth it will be in power and great glory. It will be a spectacular appearance, and every eye shall see Him, Who comes to judge and reign. (Rev. 1. 7.)

May we of the Algiers Mission Band join hands around the world as we in one acclaim reiterate these words of the apostle John, " Even so, Amen ", and jealously continue to exalt the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ above all names. " Looking for that blessed Hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ ; Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a separate people, zealous of good works ".

(The above contribution—slightly abbreviated for lack of space—was sent by our Hon. Corresponding Secretary in America, Mrs. Myrtle Hare, who is so heartily giving herself to the endeavour to rouse interest and prayer for the A.M.B. in U.S.A. She also sent us the verses headed " Jesus shall reign ".

It is a new step for the A.M.B. to have a Corresponding Secretary in U.S.A. and we are very grateful to Mrs. Hare for undertaking the post so willingly. We should certainly like to " join hands around the world " in giving her a hearty handshake, and all our best wishes for her work. May she herself find blessing in this work for the Lord, as well as the A.M.B.)

Can these Bones Live ?

Slowly the ship steamed into the beautiful harbour of Algiers, and very soon my wife and I were setting foot on the land to which our Lord and Saviour had called us to testify of Him.

The Lord had been shaping and training us for His service, and now here we were on the enemy's territory. We knew that we had come to a difficult field. A few centuries ago Raymond Lull had been stoned to death for preaching Christ in this land. What did the future hold for us?

Once there was a virile Church in North Africa, with Augustine, Tertullian and Cyprian as its leaders ; but doctrinal strife, that cunning tool of Satan, blighted the Church's witness. The Moslem invasion in the seventh century found the

Church torn asunder by internal strife, and the common people without the Word of God in their native tongue. Consequently the Church in this land soon succumbed to Islam.

This is past history : what is the state of the Christian Church here to-day ? As you read this, may God the Holy Spirit constrain you to travail in prayer for this desperately needy land until Christ be formed in it. In the whole of North Africa there is no real indigenous Arab Church, and only very few active Christians. To the Arab mind Christianity is a back number ; and the numerous ruins of the early Christian tombs and churches scattered throughout the land seem like the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision,—a picture of the spiritual state of the people. But the Lord is standing in the midst of these dry bones, and again He says " Can these bones live ? " Do you believe He can restore His Church out here ? If we did not believe this we certainly would not be here.

Will you join us in believing Him faithful Who promised " Behold I will cause breath to enter into you and ye shall live " (Ezek. 37. 5).

This is indeed a hard field, but " Is anything too hard for the Lord ? " " Said I not unto thee that if thou believest thou shouldest see the glory of God ? " JOHN DOWLING.

" Out of the Mouths . . . "

" Thank you for God, and give us some Spirit, Lord." So prayed our four-year-old a few mornings ago. We had been reading of the promise of the Holy Spirit in the " Peep of Day ", but this prayer mystified us for some seconds. However he soon explained the matter to us.

Daily we are seeing out here the immensity of the work, the urgency of the times. We see too our inadequate ranks, and insufficient materials for advance. And our hearts cry out to Him—" How, Lord, how ? " His answer comes

—" Not by might, not by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts ". Only in the power of the Holy Spirit can we fulfil our commission. Only as our daily lives radiate that power can others be reached. Nothing less will touch the power of the Evil one, and crumble the walls of resistance and fanaticism built up by Islam.

" Revive us, Lord, is zeal abating
While harvest fields are vast and white ?
Revive us, Lord, the world is waiting,
Equip Thy Church to spread the Light."

M. R. WAINE.

Jesus shall Reign

EARTH gave Thee a cradle,
O Christ, and a cross,
Hard roads for Thy journey,
Reviling and loss ;
Earth gave Thee Thy wounding,
Thy shroud and Thy tomb,
But earth gave no welcome
And earth gave no home.

Oh, Wronged One, return
To the land Thou hast left,
The land that is desolate,
Lone and bereft ;
The world is a chaos
Of comfortless woes ;
Men's wisdom has failed them,
No help they propose ;
Thou art the ONE HOPE, Lord,
Oh, lend us Thine aid ;
And save Thy creation,
The world Thou hast made.

A new earth shall greet Thee,
A new world shall sing
The greatness and glories
Of Jesus its King.
The earth that once gave Thee
Its scorning and shame,
Its thorns and its scourging,
Shall yet hail Thy name.
The world, once rebellious,
Allegiance shall own,
Shall give Thee a sceptre,
A crown and a throne.

(SELECTED.)

Orleansville - September 1954

On the morning of September the 9th, at about 1 a.m. the worst earthquake ever known in Algeria literally ravaged the town of Orleansville and the surrounding villages. Over 20,000 were made homeless and scarcely a house or building of any sort remained undamaged. The final casualty list is not available at the time of writing ; but it is estimated that over 1,000 souls perished in the catastrophe.

One thousand souls have, at one stroke, passed beyond the reach of the Gospel message, and the vast majority had never heard it.

Orleansville has become a symbol of the many towns in Algeria which have never had the privilege of regular mission testimony. True the town has been visited on occasion ; but no mission or missionary has ever stayed long enough to make sure that even a small percentage had heard the simple message of life in Jesus.

Whose fault is it ? The human heart is ever ready to seek a scapegoat. Blame is difficult to apportion, but it is certainly not the fault of the poor folk at Orleansville : almost all of them did not share our privilege of being born into a land where all can hear the Gospel. The few on the spot excuse themselves and say " if only we had had more funds we could have done something ". The many at home say " surely those on the field should have done something ". It is better that the assessment of culpability be left to the Great Assize when He Who " shall judge the world in righteousness " (Ps. 9. 8), and Whose knowledge is perfect, will apportion reward or loss according to our individual responsibility.

Here we can do no more than enunciate the scriptural principle involved :—" Son of man, I have made thee a watchman . . . therefore . . . give them warning from me. When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die ; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life ; the same wicked man shall die in his

iniquity : *but his blood will I require at thy hand.* Yet, if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity ; but thou hast delivered thy soul " (Ezek. 3. 17-19).

Let Orleansville be a warning.

" As fast and as far as we can " was the watchword committed to the Band by Miss Lilius Trotter. We have travelled neither fast, nor far, enough to save those souls stricken by earthquake at Orleansville.

It must not happen again.

R. J. WAINE.

Reactions to Earthquakes

Orleansville and the towns and villages around are—from the point of view of the French Protestant Church—within the wide-reaching bounds of the " parish " of the pastor of Miliana, who ministers as he finds it possible to the small bodies of Protestants scattered in different corners of the district. So when the tidings came of the terrible earthquake there, the pastor cut short his holiday in France and returned to Algeria to visit his flock. Happily none of his parishioners lost their lives, even in Orleansville, but some are suffering from loss of property, houses rendered uninhabitable ; and from the utter chaos into which the orderly course of daily life and business was plunged in one night.

We missionaries were anxious for our Arab friends living in the devastated areas ; we thanked God that of those we knew no lives were lost ; and the work of caring for the living seems to be well organised by the French authorities. The wounded were flown to the different hospitals at Algiers and elsewhere, and great efforts made to provide food, clothing and shelter for those rendered homeless. Miliana and Affreville were shaken by the many shocks, but with the exception of badly cracked walls, and the collapse of a few old Arab buildings, no serious damage occurred.

The reaction among the Arab population in all the towns near the disaster was

widespread fear. Many took to sleeping out of doors, dreading to spend a night under a roof; and the slightest tremor of the earth brought many more out of their houses. Indeed, the terrible loss of life in Orleansville and the villages nearby was enough to cause panic. Orleansville is a silent town of ruins; while camping grounds, with tents to shelter the houseless, are being prepared outside the town; and many of the people have gone away to find refuge perhaps with friends in places untouched by the earthquakes.

Visiting in a Jewish house I heard the comment "it must be that the Messiah is coming soon": listening to conversations in the bus, I heard one man holding forth on the judgment of God, while others who had lost their loved ones were saying "He willed it". In the hospital, where a young mother sat desolate, her only child, a baby of one year old, having been killed—an old Arab woman was holding forth to her—"Pray and witness to God and His prophet"—was that much comfort? I tried rather to tell her of the Saviour sent from God, and that trusting in His cleansing she might hope to meet her little one one day in the heavenly Home.

As time goes on we shall probably meet more of these bereaved and desolate ones in our towns; pray that we may be helped and guided to the right words of help and comfort. M. D. GRAUTOFF.

Thank you

May we squeeze in a corner to say "Thank you" to all A.M.B. friends?

So many of you have followed our full and varied life for the past two years very prayerfully. This has meant a great deal to us both. In answer to your prayers God opened up the way for us to return to the Field, when it was a seeming impossibility. Our journey and settling in were covered by prayer.

Now a fresh challenge is before us. A call from Headquarters for help, and Ronald's appointment as Treasurer to the Band, meant a further move of home and belongings. We write now from Dar

Naama, our new home. We are very happily installed, and feel assured of being in His will.

You will rejoice that there is now a regular service of worship on Sunday mornings held in the Prayer Court at Dar Naama. At the moment it is in French; but we hope shortly to commence a similar service in Arabic, with the help of one or two Arab Christians.

For many years now regular work in the Casbah (the native quarter of Algiers) has been impossible because of lack of workers: but we believe it to be God's time to seek out suitable premises to serve as a book room and contact centre, and possibly a boys' club.

May we count on your prayers for this new venture? Let us together believe God and rejoice at yet more answers to our united intercession.

R. J. AND M. R. WAINE.

Overheard

(during deputation work).

At a women's meeting somewhere in England:—

"... and so our collection this week is for the — Fund. The next time our missionary friend comes—we will take a collection for her. (Hastily) Not for you, dear—you know—THE WORK."

Can we separate "THE WORK" and those who, in obedience to God's call and by His strength, seek earnestly and prayerfully to fulfil this service?

* * *

At the close of a young people's meeting:—

"Well, that's all for to-night,—next week is our Gift Service, and I want all of you to bring along what you can spare. . . ."

Is this the key to the seeming indifference of so many of the young people filling our churches, youth groups and clubs, to the urgent and increasing needs of God's work at home and overseas?

Surely what we can spare is not real giving?

(NO NAME.)

Tolga Mission School Re-opened

On Friday morning (October 1st) the school re-opened. At a very early hour all the pupils were there, glad to come back to school (after the long summer holiday). One of the bigger girls is now "shut in" (that is, veiled, and considered to be too much of a woman to be free to go out, and come to school). The others have all returned. Their fathers have let themselves be persuaded to allow them another year of liberty to go to school. Since our return, we have had visitors coming from morning to night, and a very warm welcome from everyone. The women, especially, have shown their joy. Several have said to me, "When you are there, we have no more fear—you are like our mother." Some come to me to recount their cares and difficulties: others come to ask me to help them to find the solution of their problems—sometimes very hard to solve. But God is there to triumph over all the difficulties. Praise be to Him. Psalm 20. 7.

(Extract from MADAME LULL's letter of October 3rd.)

News from the London Office

At Bridewell Hall on Thursday, October 14th, interested friends of the A.M.B. from a wide area around London gathered in the afternoon and evening.

The chairman at each meeting—Mr. Longley in the afternoon and Mr. Berry in the evening—welcomed those present, and mentioned the various events of the past year, including the return of Mr. and Mrs. Waime, and the sailing of Mr. and Mrs. Dowling, to the Field.

We were especially happy to have with us Mr. and Mrs. Porteous and their two children. At both meetings Mr. and Mrs. Porteous told of the joys and difficulties of their work at Tlemcen, and stressed the need for prevailing prayer.

Our Guest Speaker, Rev. W. S. C. Walker, used the story of Elijah to show that great events often hinge on very little things. In the evening he challenged us all to work for God following the example of our Master who did things because he "must"—such was His realisation of His Divine Vocation. This—often the way of self-denial—was the real meaning of taking up one's cross to follow Him.

We were greatly indebted to our friends of the Norelon Gospel Team who inspired us with some delightful singing in the evening.

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Prayer is a vital necessity for our work, and *informed* prayer is most effective in the battle against the spiritual forces of evil. We are glad to announce, therefore, that from now on it is hoped to issue an A.M.B. News and Prayer Letter four times a year—in addition, of course, to A THIRSTY LAND. Any of our friends who do not receive a copy may have one sent to them regularly on application to the office (or in America, to our Hon. Corresponding Secretary, whose address is given on page 2).

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After an extended furlough, which was occupied with much Deputation work, Mr. and Mrs. Porteous and family set out from the shores of Britain on November 6th on their return journey to the Field. By the time this magazine reaches you they should be safely settled in again at their station of Tlemcen in the west of Algeria.

P. G. LONGLEY.

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Latest News

We learn with joy of the birth, on October 30th 1954, of twin sons, Philip John and Peter Neil, to Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waime, brothers for David and Christine.