

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY MISS I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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EDITORIAL

The summer term may seem to have been less active perhaps on the Field, but not so at home, where opportunities for making known the work of the Mission and the spiritual needs of North Africa have been used to the utmost by our deputation speakers. We praise God that we believe He is going to continue to bring blessing through this work.

At Headquarters we rejoice in the re-opening of meetings in Arabic on Sunday afternoons, when an address is given sometimes by an Arab convert in his own tongue. We pray that this little gathering will grow and bear fruit to God's glory.

Our Autumn Field Rally at the end of September has the promise of a visit from the Rev. Duncan Campbell, who will be the chief speaker at the meetings for A.M.B. members, and also at those open to others. We look to God to make it a time of spiritual inspiration and uplift.

You will notice the omission of the name of Miss Fletcher in the list of workers at Tlemcen. The reason for this is that she has lately become engaged to a good friend of the A.M.B. in Wales—Mr. Len Darch—and the marriage, which is to take place shortly, will mean that they will both be doing all they can for the Mission at home instead of out here. We believe that the Lord Whom they serve has His plan for their united lives, and will bless their service.

We regret to announce the death, on 26th July, of Mrs. A. E. Theobald, recently living at Sudbury, Suffolk, and for many years a member of A.M.B. Together with her husband she served on the Field from 1921 to 1937, and then for a further two years after his death, returning to Britain in 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham write the following :

"The passing of Mrs. Theobald recalls to us the period when with her beloved husband, they together, as the first disciples, 'Turned from home, and toil, and kindred, Leaving all for His dear sake.' That great decision came at the time of our own departure for the Field, when having helped us in our packing they gave the thrilling word 'It won't be long till we also are out!' We were closely linked with them also in their earlier experiences on the Field; possibly none could fully appreciate what she was to him during the first period when he made such rapid strides in the languages, and shortly after, when he gave in Arabic, by spoken word and in writing, rich presentations of that which alone 'makes wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus.' Throughout their combined ministry, when heavy demands were made upon his strength, her faithful part was not lacking, and when the moment came that marked his earthly course finished and his task done, the bravery of her spirit remains an incentive to claim the grace that

will always be sufficient for every time of need. She has now entered into the joy of her Lord, and will share also in His "Well done!"

"Through all eternity to Thee
A grateful song we'll raise,
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise."

KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

We had for some time been exercised in mind on the subject of the numbers of Moslem women we saw coming into the town each Wednesday, about 10 o'clock in the morning—some in groups, some alone, some bringing their children with them, some not.

On making enquiries we learned that these women were returning from the market of Sidi Ali Gayyour, thus named after the place of pilgrimage near-by. Moreover, we were emphatically told that this market was supposed to be frequented by women only.

Speedily our decision was taken; as soon as we could we would go to do colportage in that market. So it came about that, one Tuesday evening, the two missionaries of Blida might have been seen, each busily cramming her bag with literature to sell—Scriptures, Gospel tracts, etc., in Arabic or French, bi-lingual. or even in Hebrew and French. The next morning, having asked God's blessing on our little expedition, we set out happily—bags in hand—for Sidi Ali Gayyour.

Behold us then, in the avenue bordered with plane trees, mingling with the many white figures of the Arab women—covered, as is their wont, with their long white "haiks." The site is magnificent: on the left side of the river we climb the road, on each side of which the market is set up. Here are little stalls of crockery and enamel ware, there the tents of the Mozabite traders—they sell materials or native dresses in brilliant colouring. Further on are the sellers of sweets of many colours and cakes dripping with oil or honey. In the midst of all this, the white-robed figures move around. We make a way for ourselves through the crowd, offering our books to the wo-

men. The younger ones may possibly be able to read in Arabic or in French. The older women, who do not know how to read, are also tempted to buy—for the little boy or girl who goes to school, or for the husband, or the big son who can read. They are proud indeed of their readers.

We explain the Word, while selling it. Sometimes there is a little bargaining. We meet with neighbours, with little girls who come to our classes on Thursday or Sunday. Miss Russell is recognised by old friends. And they talk of the good old days, and the former missionaries.

As for me, I go on my way alone. I climb the hill. I pass by the sellers of scent, the beggars, the vendors of Moslem books, the fortune tellers, etc.

I forget Miss Russell and pursue my course, in the midst of these people sitting on the rocks, in the shade of the great wild olive trees hundreds of years old. And I come out onto a flat piece of ground, almost square, like a great platform, covered with feathers. White feathers and grey feathers—I had never, in all my life, seen such a quantity of feathers. Two women were seated on the ground, plucking the fowls with dexterous hands. Beside me people kept coming who handed the living birds to a man, destined it seemed to me to sacrifice the fowl. What a queer picture. I found out, later, that this man must have been the "wakeel"—that is, the guardian of the shrine; perhaps, combining the two functions, he was also the "debbah" the killer of the sacrifice.

I was in a sacred place! I did not know quite what to do. However, I let myself be guided by curiosity. Note that I was the only European woman

in the midst of all these spiritual wanderers in error. Step by step, with some hesitation, I made my way towards the marabout shrine, a square construction surmounted by a dome. At the door, I stood still, discreetly. But the women invited me to enter. In the court, I noticed numbers of rags, of all colours, hung on the branches of the olive trees. A strong smell of incense, of benzoin, of amber, etc. (and also of burning candles) escaped from the fumigating brazier.

At this moment, moved by discretion, I thought it well to retire. On going out, I came across a little Arab girl, come on pilgrimage with her mother. The little Moslem looked at my books in French, for she is a schoolgirl. Her choice fell on "The King of Love." I was delighted. May God enlighten her, that she may discern truly that this King of Love is the Saviour of the World.

After this, I went quickly down to find Miss Russell again, much struck by my visit to the shrine of Sidi Ali Gayyours.

About 10 o'clock we got back home happy to have been able to distribute the Word of God.

* * *

Some months later, our bags full again as on our first visit, we returned to the market of Sidi Ali Gayyours. There

were much fewer women there. On the other hand, there were several young men, argumentative, thievish, combative. A French-speaking Arab was presented to us, boasting of being an atheist. He is an "évolué." (The product of modern secular education). He went to France with the faith of a Moslem. Now he has nothing but incredulity, denying God. What are his political ideas?—The times are evil.

We did not sell much. There was a difficult atmosphere. The police obliged us to go to the Mairie (Town-hall) to obtain a local, municipal licence for colportage, though for years the Algerian licence given at the Préfecture in Algiers was sufficient.

* * *

And now, the situation is rather difficult. Certain Arabs have set themselves against the Mozabites, the Puritans of Islam. Not a week passes at Blida but some paper tells of one or more Mozabite shops being boycotted by the Arabs. It is true that these last are immediately arrested by the police.

The hour has come for us to be prudent and we even think that we should abstain for the moment from all colportage in the market of Sidi Ali Gayyours and elsewhere.

J.G. & P.M.R.

(Translated from French).

TRIAL BY ORDEAL

It was our char-woman's little boy who really began it. . . Derradji would stand, wistfully, at our front gate, watching the girls coming in to class on Thursdays and Sundays. He is a dreamy youngster who tells us fantastic stories about his baby sister, who has hurt her head "to-morrow." Later, we find that it is he, himself, who is suffering from a head complaint—but this you may have already guessed. Sometimes he rouses himself out of his day dreams sufficiently to throw stones at our lady

dog, from a safe distance. She, in her turn, waits until he is back again, mooning at the front gate, to lean through and bite him on the cheek. He does *not* tell his mother of this. . . .

Yes, it was Derradji and his smaller brother, who caused us to restart the Boys' class at Blida, after Easter. The age limit was fixed at 5-9 years, as we had already heard and seen enough of the older boys to make us beware of them. There is another reason for beginning when we did, and that was the

Moslem fast month of Ram'than. We hoped that parents would be glad of a chance of slumber between 2-3 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon; and in this we were not disappointed.

As the opening day drew near, we enlisted the help of our class girls. Their maternal instincts were stirred to such an extent that there appeared to be more females than males, when the door was finally opened to admit the boys. It is here that the trial by ordeal began, for not only was the small boy expected to leave his sister outside, but he had to pass the frail wicket, behind which a nearly frantic dog was thirsting for the blood of her enemies.

We do not cease to admire the courage shewn by some of these small boys. There is one, specially, rejoicing in the name of "Light of Religion," who cannot be more than four years old. His big sister pushed him into the courtyard, one time, when we were in the middle of a lantern meeting. Of course the dog hailed him with her usual animosity and his tears began to flow. The only way out of the difficulty was to flood the class-room with

light, and appeal to any one who knew "Light of Religion" to take him under their protection. An elder brother rose to his feet, immediately, so all was well.

As most of the boys who come to us attend the French schools we are able to use French and Arabic in teaching them. One or two can read Arabic and are capable of announcing the Ten Commandments, impressively, to any new comers who may be present. The age limit has become somewhat elastic of late, but those over nine years of age know that at the first sign of bullying or cheekiness they would be refused admittance. Two brothers sometimes come to act as monitors. Their mother has had a life-long connection with the Mission, and we believe that she truly loves our Lord.

There are nearly 7,000 schoolchildren in Blida, and many subtle influences are being brought to bear on them. Will you pray that those who hear the Gospel message may respond wholeheartedly, and be set free from all that binds them?

P. M. RUSSELL.

THE PEOPLE OF THE SECRET WAY

The Mozabites — a people reckoned heretical by the orthodox Moslem, belonging to a sect called the Wahabites after a Moslem reformer and leader of the 17th century—are in reality strict Moslems. In the days of Si Ali, the 4th Khalifa (nephew and son-in-law of Muhammed) the Mozabites protested against the innovations he brought in: and because of their protests many were killed by the orthodox Moslems. In revenge, they were said to have assassinated Si Ali in the 7th century A.D., in Persia. This brought a lasting enmity between them and other Moslems.

They were much persecuted, and many were murdered or slain in battle. So they held a council of ten leaders who drew up their doctrine of the

"People of the Secret Way," and fled the country.

The ten leaders went in different directions, some to Tunis, some to Morocco, and others to Algeria, where they established their kingdom in Tiaret as capital, with palaces and libraries, under their king or leader Roustem, in the 7th century. After his death they were known as the Roustemites — but again attacked by the more powerful Fatimides, they were almost annihilated in a disastrous battle outside Tiaret. The town was burned, and the remnant of the conquered inhabitants fled to the desert. There, by the 10th century they were settled in El-Ateuf. Some say that a river there, the M'zab, gave them their present name of Mozabite.

The women of these people of the "Secret Way" may never leave their towns; and the desire of every M'zabi man is to end his days in the town of his birth-place, and be buried with his ancestors.



*Miss Russell & Miss Grautoff
Preaching the Gospel to
Tent-dwellers in the M'Zab.*

No outsider is initiated into their beliefs; they worship and pray in their own community, and none but one of their own sect may be buried in their carefully guarded and walled-in cemeteries.

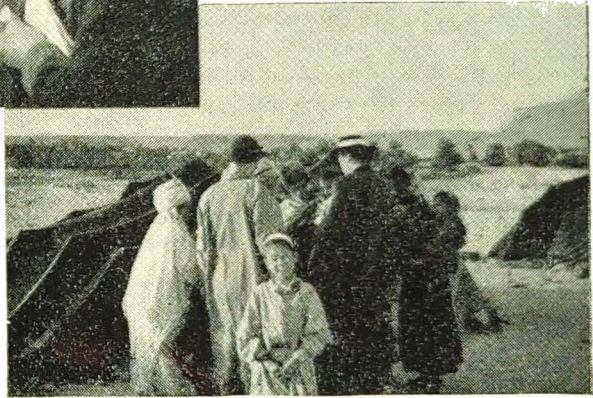
Their ambition is to go at least once on a pilgrimage to Mecca. For this purpose they have wonderfully powerful autobuses, with Koranic verses painted round them; and each year, at the time of pilgrimage, several of these go off from the capital town, Ghardaia, to Cairo, taking about three weeks on the way. Thence, some cross by air to Djedda, the port for Mecca.

Ancestors are held in great veneration. At times one may see a M'zabi on his mule, carrying great bowls of cous-cous to the cemetery, where a council of priests and leaders of his town are having a meeting. There, after partaking of the cous-cous on the

graves of the ancestors, the remains of the feast are handed out to a crowd of waiting bedouins or tent-dwellers.

They are not a communicative people; and it would be very difficult to find a M'zabi man willing to teach you his dialect. Still harder would it be to find a woman knowing enough Arabic to instruct one in its grammar. Though it is a Berber language like Kabyle, yet these centuries of separation from others have brought their own rules and exceptions and wording.

Wine, smoking, gambling



are forbidden them — also pork and other foods. They are so strict that though they may sell it to Europeans and Jews, they would not use manufactured soap from the north — lest it had pig's fat in it. At first they resisted the water works, pumped up by electricity, or such lighting. But modern civilization is winning its way; and one notices some houses in their own towns with electric wiring on the walls.

A close watch is kept over the men coming back from their commerce in the northern towns. The religious leaders may excommunicate any offender, or refuse him the right to live in their walled towns. Such offenders as those who have married Arab wives live in the European part of the town.

An excommunicated man would be debarred from the right of burial with his ancestors.

All this makes the work of a missionary appear almost hopeless, yet we remember many of them are literate, and can read classical Arabic or French. Also the Koran speaks of the Old Testament and Psalms, as sent from God—so we can present them with the Scriptures. At times we find them willing to accept

them, though not to buy them.

Our Lord knows the heart hunger of these men, and among them it may be there are seekers after the Truth, dissatisfied with their own book, the Koran.

Let us therefore pray on, till the way opens for these men, and for the many women behind closed doors, to hear the Gospel.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

CONCERNING SIDI ALI GAYYOUR OF BLIDA

Since the troubles in Algeria, Moslem women—at least in some places—go out much more rarely: but could one suppose that they would completely abandon their pious visits to the nearby or even the distant “marabouts”? To imagine it would be to understand very little the ideas and the religious sentiments of the Moslems.

For young readers, we may explain that *marabouts* are men, consecrated to God, and distinguished by their virtues and good works. Moslem opinion places them between men and the angels. Marabouts, dying in a state of sanctity, are buried with great pomp. Over their tombs are erected little chapels or mosques, where the faithful come in pilgrimage. The privilege of being called marabout is indelible. It descends from father to son, but each generation must purchase, by the same virtues and the same piety, the religious influence attached to the title.

There are many marabouts. Even with regard to the word itself (the French version of an Arabic word) marabout has many applications to-day in Algeria. It may apply to a living saint, a buried saint, to the monument which covers a saint's tomb, to the successor of the saint, or to objects—trees or animals—more or less sacred.

It is thus that the spot near Blida, where Sidi Ali Gayyours is interred, has become hallowed, and that the magnificent wild olive trees grouped about

it have become sacred; the axe will never strike them.

There are Moslem saints whose lives are well known, such as Sidi Ahmed el Kebir, founder of Blida in the sixteenth century. The life of other saints, of a lower grade, if one may say so, have many legends attached to them. But of Sidi Gayyours one does not know much. Was he a Doctor, a bonesetter or a quack? Why not? For the women of Blida are persuaded that Sidi Ali Gayyours cures paralysis, head troubles, whooping-cough. This malady is treated in many sanctuaries with special rites. At Sidi Ali Gayyours, they make the child pass between the branches of a tree; another tree serves for adults afflicted with an obstinate cough. For madness, epilepsy, nervous complaints or convulsions, recourse is had to various marabouts, especially to those who are friendly with the *Jinns*. Now one knows that the victims whose feathers, on certain days, cover the ancient tombs of the cemetery of Sidi Ali Gayyours, are offered in sacrifice to the *Jinns*—who have there (a rare thing) a real altar of beaten earth, known to the initiated.

The torn morsels of stuff hanging on the olive trees by the marabout of Sidi Ali Gayyours also represent an essential rite. Each rag corresponds to a vow. There is there a complex idea of contact. In attaching the rags, one attaches the evil. And it is one of the essential functions of the holy man or

the sacred tree to take on himself or its-self, the evil that the sufferer has not the strength to bear, or from which he has not the power to cleanse himself.

The thread of cotton is torn from the edge of the garment of the one who brings it, or from that of the sick one remaining in the house. Here are some of the formulas employed in certain places:—"I place in thee my confidence. If thou wilt take away the fever, I will take away this bit of stuff." Or one enumerates all the ills, and concludes—"Here is what I have put upon thee." But it may be that the vow is tacit or mute. One often takes a scrap of stuff or a little bit of the woodwork of the saint's tomb and carries it away, in order to keep with one the *baraka* (blessing).

To come back to the sacrifices—sacrifices of hens or cocks in particular, it is altogether established that it is a sacrifice for the expulsion of evil. The victim is offered to the Jinns, considered as the occult source of the malady, or to a saint who can command the Jinns.

In many sanctuaries, in the Tell, such sacrifices are practised, above all at the sanctuaries of the saints of vague and doubtful personality.

There are variations, but the essential features, and the most frequent, concerning the sacrifice itself, are those concerning the colour of the victim (according to the sick man or the saint) its sex, the fumigation, the rotation round the head of the invalid, on the spot or at home, the outgoing of the evil with the blood, the feathers left on the ground, the throwing away of the refuse, the portion eaten by the sick man, unless he only drinks the broth, the meat being consumed by the grown-up members of the family, not by the children of tender age.

Sometimes, they spit into the mouth of the hen (such is the custom at Sidi Ali Gayyour). Only a man may cut

the throat of the bird, and there is often a specially entitled "slaughterer." Naturally, the head of the victim must be turned to the Qibla (the direction for prayer) and the words repeated "In the Name of God; God is the most great," in order to remain orthodox.

The frequency of the sacrifices of fowls in North Africa has been thought to show a negro origin. It is a fact that the black brotherhoods sacrifice, among other animals, many hens. But the universality of the practice does not allow one to think that it arises from such a comparatively recent influence. One finds it at Carthage, and it is the same in the East and in Greece. The last word of the dying Socrates (somewhat enigmatic), was it not to recommend the sacrifice of a cock promised to Esculapius ?

There might be much more to say about sacrifices, whether those practised in Algeria, or those reported in a Review of Folklore, in our European countries.

And why not think of the sacrifices of the Old Testament ? But, putting aside all that, we who live in the midst of these Moslems plunged in darkness, would rather make them understand that it is only in vain that they put their hope in bits of rag, in candles, in perfumes, or in the blood of fowls. Why should they not accept JESUS as their true and great Physician ? Why should they not accept the truth that the true victim for the expulsion of evil, of sin, is JESUS, that the Sacrificer is JESUS who offered Himself ?

There is an olive grove more sacred than that of Sidi Ali Gayyour, more precious to our souls, it is the antique Garden of Olives, where the Son of God accepted the Will of the Father to redeem us.

"Behold the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sin of the world."

J.G & P.M.R.

(Translated from French).

A SUMMER BREAK

Cancelled! Surely not, it isn't possible that we are not going up to Algiers for a three weeks' break for language study? The grim fact was there; irrevocable circumstances meant a continuance on the station; the heat was intensifying as we emerged into the mid-summer months. Disappointed? Discouraged?—can you wonder? We had so looked forward to and planned for our fellowship with our friends at Dar Naama; and now heat, deadness, drudgery—in a town where, at its freshest, there is but little interest in the Gospel. The outlook was bleak, we were sad and faith was low.

The loneliness was unexpectedly changed by the coming into our midst of John and Gladys Dowling from Miliana. This was refreshing, to say the least, and hopes began to rise. We dodged the heat by living our day well before the sun reached its zenith, and long after its glaring rays had been cut by the horizon. Joined by two Arab Christians, we were led by the Spirit into prayer, and enabled to shake off the spiritual lethargy that had been smothering us, and faith began to rise with expectancy.

Some weeks before, a converted Arab girl made contact with a Moslem woman, who immediately became interested in the Gospel. An invitation to an informal afternoon tea was accepted by them and some other native women. Our new friend, gripped by the testimony of the Arab girl that Jesus answers prayer, absorbed the few scriptural directions on the access to God through the name of Jesus. It was thrilling and touching to hear each one approach the Throne of Grace through Jesus for her own particular needs.

The following Friday, to our joy two new women came, moved to enthusiastic curiosity by the living testimony of the one who had been so

recently initiated into "praying in the Name of Jesus." Hesitantly, almost fearfully, the slight young mother anxiously peered through the opening door—could this Jesus, *would* this Jesus, hear *her* anxious prayer for the limp form of her dying daughter?

God's messenger that afternoon was one who was redeemed from Islam herself, having found in Jesus the living source to satisfy her heart's need, and proved Him to be the vital answer to her every prayer;—how the living waters flowed through her to those thirsty ones gathered around. Led thus to the fount of abundant life, sad hearts were there unburdened in tremulous groping prayer.

Never in our wildest imaginings had we conjectured a Friday afternoon meeting developing to such proportions from so small a beginning. After their long climb up to Tlemcen from their isolated village on the plain, the women's arrival was again announced, this time by excited voices coming in through the open window. With what interest were the newcomers listening to the friends who had brought them—"Yes, we pray to Jesus and He answers"—"Yes, this is where we come to pray." But who was this child, bubbling with life, greeting us with a winning smile? She is now "a daughter of Jesus," explains the happy mother. "Has not Jesus given her life in answer to prayer?"

A "holy" woman, esteemed worthy by Islam to have charge of a "saint's" tomb, having no doubt witnessed multitudes of unanswered prayers at her "marabout shrine," was seized by the evidence of this answered prayer and compelled to come. Leaving afterwards with the strong desire to come again each Friday, and her mind filled with thoughts of the living Jesus, she returned to her dead saint's tomb to find two weeping women seeking comfort. Fresh from hearing of the ONE

Who heals broken hearts, she counselled them to seek their comfort in JESUS. Long after the last women at the meeting had gone, these others were found at the open window seeking help.

It was smooth running as we glided down the well-surfaced road from Tlemcen, until we slowed down to take a rapidly descending cart track. "This is the best road in," explained our Arab friend, excited at the prospect of introducing us to her village. Tossed about and shaken by the ruts and holes in the glorified path, we eventually reached our destination. As we penetrated into this hub of concentrated humanity, our friend indicated the delights and conveniences of her "wonderland." We were astonished as we gazed upon the crude dwellings constructed of anything from box-wood to concrete. Rapidly the open doorways filled with curious faces, wondering at the presence of Europeans in their midst. Their fears dispelled, soon they were vying with one another to have us visit their tiny rooms. One woman, a newcomer to the village, drew us into her little home. Her wistful look betrayed a mixture of bewilderment and interest as she heard for the first time of Jesus, as we sang His praises and explained His Word. She, and even the children, joined in reverently, as we prayed in that Precious Name. Little did we realise as we bade farewell that tragedy was to strike that village soon after our visit. Two days later a bomb was exploded in the midst of those congested houses and, of the thirty-three casualties, one died.

On a quiet farm some five miles from Tlemcen, we were introduced to a Christian lady. She was as delighted as we were, to have fellowship and prayer, when we visited her each Sunday afternoon. The burden came upon us concerning the unsaved in a neighbouring village, and we set ourselves to pray for souls. This lady's clear Christian testimony had created an interest among Catholics and Moslems alike.

In an area seemingly dead, and doubly so because of the summer exodus of the French, a centre of spiritual life had sprung up. How thrilling thus to have an opportunity to preach the Gospel in French and Arabic.

"Can you read French?" "Oh Yes," replied the young bride, who so recently had sought Christ as Saviour. "Then come along and study the Scriptures." Timid but enthusiastic, she began next morning to read John's Gospel, uncovering to her for the first time the hidden wonders of the Word made flesh, Who dwelt among us, full of Grace and truth. Her happiness and fascination in God's Word moved her younger sister to come along to seek a like blessing for herself.

As was normal because of the school holidays, the boys' class had almost petered out. Who wanted classes anyway, in the summer heat? A nice young lad of 17 continued to come, but surely he too would soon excuse himself. Sunday morning, 7.30 p.m., there he was, knocking at the door. He was flushed from the early morning heat—or was it perhaps some excitement within lightly traced upon his face? The story of the prodigal son was simple to tell, and the pictures made it easy to understand. Its application, "lost—found," "dead—alive," was so clear. "Shall we pray?" The meeting ended. The books were put aside, and farewells about to be made when,—"I want Jesus to come into my heart, to take away my sins." After the initial bewilderment at this unexpected interruption from an exceedingly shy boy, we again bowed in the Lord's presence, and he opened his heart up in prayer, until Heaven answered and he was a new creature in Christ—Hallelujah! His home was in a village some miles outside Tlemcen, and his family had been happy to have him lodged with one of the Arab Christians in town, that he might continue his studies. His clear testimony to his family aroused immediate opposition.

His Christian friend was maligned for having "converted" the boy. The lad was forbidden to go near the Mission or read his Gospel of John. He stood loyally for his Saviour and instead of coming to the Mission once a week, he came almost daily for instruction in God's Word and to find strength and comfort in prayer.

A much-prayed-for Arab, who had formerly confessed Christ in baptism, and walked well until persistent persecution eventually paralysed his faith and estranged him from the missionaries, suddenly began to visit us. This developed into an invitation to visit his home, and meet his wife and baby son, and his mother. Six years we had

waited for just such an invitation, and it came when we should "by rights" have been in Algiers, leaving the Tlemcen heat and deadness till the autumn.

The heat was still intense, it was still the height of summer, and *of course* we had planned a break during the heat. Our disappointment, however, had been God's overruling appointment, and instead of *our kind* of break, God had given us the break for which we had so long prayed. The Spirit of the Lord "breaking through" the barriers of Satan, was releasing souls, by His convicting, enlightening, and saving power.

A. & J. PORTEOUS.

LONDON OFFICE NOTES

This may reach you in time to be a reminder of the London Annual Meetings to be held on Thursday, 15th September, 1955. The meetings will be at 3.30 and 7.0 p.m. in the Lecture Hall, Bridewell Hall, Eccleston Place, S.W. 1, near Victoria Station. Missionaries expecting to be present are Miss E. Clark, Miss A. E. Powell, and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buckenham.

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We have been asked to bring to your notice an important series of lectures by the Rev. John Savage, of the Evangelical Union of South America, on

"The Missionary Message and the Modern World." These are in connection with the Evening Classes of the London Bible College, and will be held each Thursday evening from 6th October to 8th December, from 7.30 to 8.30 p.m. at 78a Chiltern Street, London, W. 1.

A fee of 15s. is payable for the course, and enrolment forms may be obtained from the London Bible College, 19 Marylebone Road, N.W. 1. These lectures should be valuable to all who are seeking to understand the missionary situation and to foster the missionary spirit at the present time.

STATIONS AND MISSIONARIES

ALGIERS (Headquarters—Dar Naama, El Biar)

1920 Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buckenham

1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine

1920 Miss V. Wood

1948 Mlle. Y. Félix

AIN-ARNAT

1919 Mlle. A. Butticz

1946 Mlle. G. Chollet

BLIDA

1929 Miss P. M. Russell

1948 Mlle. J. Guibé

MILIANA

1907 Miss M. D. Grautoff

1954 Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dowling

RELIZANE

1947 Miss E. Clark

1951 Miss A. E. Powell

TLEMCEN

1948 Mr. and Mrs. A. Porteous

TOLGA

1937 Madame Lull

TOUGGOURT

1930 Miss I. K. Nash