

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

No. 115

SEPTEMBER, 1956

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY MISS I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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EDITORIAL

The Annual A.M.B. Rally, for which it is expected that all the members of the Band in the land will be gathered together at our Headquarters, Dar Naama, is planned to take place in September—from the 22nd to the 26th. The Rev. Percy Hassam has kindly promised to be with us, and will be the chief speaker at all the meetings. We pray that our gatherings may be so led and inspired by the Spirit of the Lord, that they may bring fresh vision and renewal of courage and strength to meet the future calls of the work.

Though colportage and itineration are hindered by the troubled state of the country, the distribution of Scriptures and A.M.B. tracts goes on in the stations quietly. New editions of Miss Trotter's book on "The Seven Secrets" in Arabic and in French are now obtainable at Headquarters; also an Arabic version of the booklet "Redemption in the Psalms" (first produced in French): a bilingual (French and Arabic) edition of the "Passover Night" with illustrations by Miss Elsie Anna Wood; and a story tract called "A Dream," reprinted in French. These and other of our publications are finding a sale in and outside Algeria. Orders have been received during the year from Senegal; Fort-Lamy, and Dolisie, A.E.F.; Belgrano, Argentine; and Morocco.

We cannot write fully of the state of

this unhappy land at this moment; but we are sure readers will realise that it has its effects on Missionary work among the Moslems. We have great need to learn to "walk in wisdom toward them that are without": being grievously aware that, apart from any thought of danger or difficulty to ourselves, we may—by our friendliness—bring suspicion and trouble on those we are trying to help. "Fear is on every side"—not the honest, wholesome "fear of the Lord," by which "men depart from evil"; but the paralysing enfeebling "fear of man" which "bringeth a snare,"—and is one of the causes of much evil around us.

We are looking forward as I write to the coming among us of Mr. and Mrs. Longley, and we anticipate thankfully and joyfully their fellowship with us, in the work to which they and we have been called.

It is with regret that we learn of the death of Mr. Wm. Christie, on 22nd July. We extend to his wife and family our very sincere sympathy and pray that the peace and comfort of God may strengthen and sustain them in this time of loss. Mr. Christie was the Chairman of our Dundee Prayer Group, who will greatly miss his humble, quiet and able leadership.

Stones toward the earth descend,
Rivers to the ocean roll,
Every motion has some end :
What is thine, beloved soul ?

Mine is where my Saviour is,
There with Him I hope to dwell ;
Jesus is the central bliss,
Love the force that doth impel.

J. BYROM.

ABASSIA — (continued)

After experiencing the initial grace and joy of the Lord in her heart, Abassia (now 36 years old) regretted the many years lost and wasted in living without Jesus. Now the course of her life was set ; from henceforth her watch-



word was to be "Jesus only." The silly trinkets and hollow pleasures that at one time dazzled her now lost their beguiling attraction. Her desire for simplicity in all things started a storm of tattling in the town against her separation from the pomp of Islam and the vanities of the world. In the large public baths, an ideal spot for Arab women to congregate, Abassia's entrance would always set up a chain of whispered scandal. Her former friends shunned her, and she was reckoned an utter heretic and consequently ostracised from Arab social life. Her uncle was goaded to put an end to such decadence in the midst of so noble a family. Listen to Abassia's account of this period of acute testing :—"Im-

mediately after I was saved, persecution broke out against me. My uncle who lived with us quarrelled with my mother because of me, and my decision to follow Jesus; and he left the house threatening to marry me to a Moslem. Shortly afterwards, I visited my husband's relatives, but on learning I was now a Christian they caused me terrible suffering. For two whole days they harangued me, almost driving me to do things against Jesus, and, for a moment, it seemed as though the devil would prevail. The Spirit of the Lord told me —"No, remain in this Way, which is for life and eternity." They mocked me when I prayed; I wept; they were six and I was alone. When I left for home, I determined more than ever to follow Jesus and go wherever He would lead me" . . . "My cousin became antagonistic towards me when I explained to him the Way of Salvation, and he endeavoured to force me to renounce Christ. I realised that it was the enemy at work, and along with the missionaries, I prayed and God answered. My cousin came to visit my home again, but this time wanted to read God's Word. Finally he confessed that I was in the True Way, and asked if he too could come to the Mission."

Little realising that she was passing through God's training school Abassia progressed by leaps and bounds, not in mere mental grasping of Bible truths, but in discovering for herself the intimacy of fellowship with Christ, His faithfulness and utter trustworthiness. In daily prayer Christ became increasingly precious to her, until she never doubted that, as she dwelt deep in Him, her prayers could not but be answered. How she loved to pass a few days at the Mission when she could. There she

would revel in Bible Study, prayer and fellowship in the Spirit. Early in the morning ere the town was astir, she would be alone in the underground church, and so real would the presence of Jesus be to her, that the house above would ring with the praises of the Lord as she sang from a full heart—"In the Cross, in the Cross, be my glory ever, Till my ransomed soul shall find Rest beyond the river." When she ascended later to join us, the spirit of glory would rest upon her in a remarkable degree.

A year after her conversion, Abassia relates a striking experience. "Christmas (1951) was approaching, and with the missionaries I prayed that God would save souls at the Christmas service. On the eve of that meeting, when the family was asleep, I asked the Lord to save two or four souls, the following day. I went to sleep just before midnight, and as I slept I dreamed. My home was transformed by a celestial light, and down into the open court I saw descending from heaven an immense tray held at each corner. On this I saw every conceivable kind of fruit, luscious and ripe. "Surely," I said, "this is a Christmas gift from the missionaries." But a voice immediately said "No, it is not from the missionaries, but from God; and He has given you this because of your changed heart."

The following day an unusual awe rested upon those gathered for the class, and the very presence of God could be felt. I spoke, but the words, and power were not mine but God's. "Two ways—Two doors—and God's time for decision—*Now*." The scene which followed overwhelmed us with amazement and joy. Hearts melted before God, as they came face to face with their Saviour. Women and children, one after another, seemingly oblivious of others, prayed aloud for cleansing in the shed blood of Christ. Then praise began to replace prayer as joy flooded hearts."

"Then I knew the interpretation of my dream—the fruit was souls."

From that moment Abassia knew that God had commissioned her to win souls; and, to the very end, she never faltered in her obedience to the heavenly vision. She speedily realised that vision, without the Divine enabling, was worthless, and she sought fervently the "Promise of the Father." It was thus, through God's heavenly endowment of power by the Holy Ghost, that she was equipped to preach under the anointing of the Spirit, and with "gracious words" to woo souls to the Saviour.

One day, in company with an Arab girl she had introduced to the Lord, Abassia visited some friends. Noticing a gathering of women in an adjoining room, she was told on enquiry that they were awaiting a Koranic teacher coming to speak to them. After requesting permission, Abassia and her friend were allowed to join them. As it was raining heavily, Abassia suggested that their teacher might not come, and if they liked she would take her place. Therewith, Abassia launched forth into a straight Gospel message. The women were taken aback, some were flabbergasted, others became belligerent. God kept His mighty hand upon all, and, whenever Abassia seemed to be stopping, her friend would poke her from behind and say "Go on, go on." Thus God's Word pierced hearts that afternoon. They were bubbling over with joy, when they both returned later to tell of God's providential leading. Abassia's God-given persuasion that the only true word of reconciliation lay in the Gospel, convinced her that it was imperative that she be instant in season and out of season, beseeching all to be reconciled to God through Christ.

The effectiveness of Abassia's presentation of the Gospel to the Arabs lay partly in her vivid imagination, which enabled her to portray Bible truths in Arab background, and bring forth stories from Moslem life with a power-

ful call to salvation. Her utter simplicity left none in doubt as to the truth she was teaching. Again and again she would sweep aside deep-rooted prejudices against Jesus by asking naïvely, "If you had a very heavy load that you could not carry alone, would you call for help of a dead person or a living one?" Even the more initiated Moslems could not gainsay the force of this representation, for they knew only too well even from their own Koran, that Mohammed was dead, awaiting resurrection, but Jesus was alive, Who is the Resurrection. To whom could they turn for deliverance from their load of cares and burden of sins, but to the living Jesus?

Abassia rarely travelled in a train without some adventure befalling her, relative to her faith. It was usually provoked, and not altogether unintentionally, by her openly reading the Bible on her journey. Though almost unheard of for so-called Christians to do such a thing, to see an Arab woman deeply engrossed in the Gospel was more than most could bear in silence. Curiosity would soon oblige some one to ask the inevitable question "But how is it that . . . ?" This was all Abassia would require, an open Bible, a full heart, and an attentive audience. A few brief explanations would firmly nail her colours to the mast, then would flow a vital word of personal testimony, terminating with a simple unfolding of the Way of Salvation through the blood of Jesus. Not only Arab women, but Jews and Catholics, were thus brought face to face with eternal realities. On one occasion a Catholic priest seemed too overwhelmed by Abassia's childlike faith and heavenly joy to retaliate with the authoritative voice of "the Church."

Naturally timorous and retiring, Abassia felt all the normal pangs of human fear and reticence in the company of strangers, but when it came to witnessing for Jesus, she came under another power than her own feebleness.

In preaching the Gospel, Abassia was a stranger to that fatalistic attitude of mind which, after a Gospel message, shrugs the shoulders and says, "Now I am free from the blood of all men." Like Paul she loved souls and yearned for their salvation, making it her aim to so present Christ that others would not merely listen but receive Him.

The train had no sooner left the station, on one journey, than the ticket collector asked her to follow him, and he would find her a seat. Unsuspectingly she went with him to another carriage, which was empty. Only when she heard the snap of the lock did she realise too late that she was at the mercy of a wicked man. As she sank into the seat, she lifted up her heart to Jesus and pleaded fervently for His help. Slipping her Bible from her hand-bag, she opened it and read. The ticket collector's mouth dropped open, and completely taken aback he questioned Abassia as to what she was doing. The power of God came upon her, and she gave a clear and penetrating witness to her faith in Jesus, the Saviour from sin. The ticket collector, in deep confusion, hastily withdrew, disappeared and returned no more. Abassia quietly but thankfully returned to a safer part of the train.

As time passed, greater boldness and fearlessness increasingly marked her Christian witness among Moslem women. That she did not die an inopportune death, by poison or some murderous attack at the hands of fanatical Moslems, is understandable only in the realisation of Christ's infinite power to keep, and never forsake, those who commit their lives wholly into His hands. Turning the wireless on to "Radio Alger" one evening, she was annoyed to hear a fervent appeal in Arabic, addressed to Moslem women—urging them to remain faithful to Mohammed and to beware of the "traitors" who were abandoning Mohammed for Christ—as was happening in the town of " . . ." (Abassia's town).

Although intense opposition was her continual portion, Abassia despised the hypocrisy that made some Arabs "Christians" in the presence of missionaries and Moslems when among Arabs. "Trying to walk the two ways," as she called it, was never her experience, nor would she suffer it in those she was seeking to lead to Christ. On one occasion, at a native Christian conference, an Arab man (a professing Christian) was invited to interpret Abassia's testimony into French as she gave it in Arabic. Her emphatic statement that Mohammed meant nothing to her, for her faith rested solely on Jesus and His blood for salvation, was side-stepped by the interpreter. He substituted a vague and insipid platitude, which robbed the testimony of its clarity and value to other Arabs. Abassia who understood and spoke French herself, was greatly insensed by this injustice to the saving and satisfying power of Jesus in her own life.

Although often tried and wickedly

frustrated by Satan, it was Abassia's buoyant faith that kept her "above only." On one occasion, after a particularly full day in the service of the Lord, she was returning home by train at night, accompanied by a missionary and a young Arab Christian. Gradually the compartment emptied until they were alone. This was enough for Abassia and, although the rest was well merited, she suggested a prayer meeting. Soon the railway compartment became a sanctuary filled with their hymns, praises and prayers. So full of joy were they on reaching the mission station, that the train prayer meeting was continued until midnight. Abassia's "joy in the Lord" was infectious and never failed to overflow to others. How truly was her life an expression of these words:—"Thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." (Hebrews 1: 9). A.P.

(to be continued.)

VISITING THE M'ZAB

Who says the desert is dull? There may be a sameness about the colour of the surrounding landscape, (biscuit-colour, to be exact) but in the M'Zab region of the Algerian Sahara there is plenty of variety, in other ways.

Several races are here, living peacefully side by side, their skins ranging from white to negro, in colouring—Jews, Arabs and Mozabites trade harmoniously with one another, each content to live in his own allotted quarter and to worship in his own mosque or synagogue.

A number of languages are used, but chiefly French, Arabic, Hebrew and the Mozabite dialect.

Jews and Arabs are unquestionably the most accessible to missionaries coming to them with the Gospel message. One reason is that Europeans are not permitted to reside in the Mozabite quarter of a town in the

M'Zab and another reason is that these two groups speak French and Arabic, as a general rule.

The Jews are orthodox and religious and many have already found their way back to Israel, since the last War. The entire Jewish community of Guerrara is among the number.

Jewish women of this region are boisterous, but goodhearted, and have often received us into their houses and given attention to the message. Their knowledge of the Old Testament, though scanty, is a valuable asset to the Christian missionary. Some of them have given us a warm invitation to join them in the Holy Land. We pray they may not forget what they learnt from our lips about their Messiah.

A considerable portion of the Arab population is nomadic. Their black, handwoven tents are to be found, dotted about, outside every one of the

seven towns of the M'Zab confederacy. Some of these Nomads are poor, others extremely wealthy, owning palm gardens elsewhere and gathering their fruit in due season. Whether rich or poor, they are all alike in offering gracious hospitality to strangers. How cool the tent seems as we step into it out of the fierce rays of the sun. If a sand-laden wind is blowing, all the tent flaps will be fastened down. If a cool breeze has sprung up it will be allowed to blow through the tent and fan the occupants. The women move about gracefully in their one voluminous garment, which contains many yards of material and is pinned on either shoulder. As we recline on rugs they prepare very sweet mint tea, which is astonishingly refreshing. In the course of conversation we find out if any are needing the simple remedies we have brought with us, such as eye-drops, cough lozenges and such-like. Perhaps a childless young wife will confide in us; and we promise to pray that God will give her the baby she longs to have. There was one such case, before the last war, and when we were able to meet again, after an absence of eight years, it was her first-born son who led us to his mother's tent, where we found she was the joyful mother of several children. They are now living in a stone house, having been encouraged by the government to settle down permanently.

What about the Mozabite population? It is said that no Mozabite woman has ever been allowed to leave her country. Many of them do not leave the house, unless, perhaps to visit an opposite neighbour. In such a case a large blanket will be hung across the narrow street as she makes the journey. Even the negro women descendants of freed slaves, go about completely swathed in white woollen blankets. They pass, noiselessly, on their way—though sometimes at sight of us, we have seen them pause and flatten themselves against the wall of a house, in order to avoid all contact with these

strange beings from across the sea. Small wonder that little children, gay as butterflies in their bright garments will run away from us, screaming with fear. Older children occasionally advance to meet us, their hands raised above their heads, with fingers spread wide, to avoid the Evil Eye.

Our links with these secluded women have come about gradually, through some who had a working knowledge of Arabic. Chief of these was Aisha, who consented to be our teacher of the Mozabite dialect, and introduced us to her circle of acquaintances. Both she and her mother died during the last War, to our sorrow.

Another great friend, down the years, has been a woman (Arab) from the north, who married a Mozabite. She sent her children out to find us and lead us to their home. They are all grown up now, and married to Mozabites, but they still receive us; and we count on a member of the family to act as a guide, in the tortuous streets. Her sons have modern ideas and show off proudly the wireless set, which their late father would have, in all probability, condemned.

The spiritual darkness of these fanatical people is very great and God has heard our cry and is sending two French Protestant missionaries to live in the M'Zab. Will you uphold them in your prayers as they make friends with the different sections of the community in this desert region?

P. M. RUSSELL.

* * *

The following is an extract from AIN ARNAT station report, where Milles. Butticaz and Chollet are staying as long as possible. "With soldiers around, and the state of insecurity being what it was, we could not do as we would have wished; we have just to wait upon God, and to do as He would have us do as He shows us day by day. We are happy in having nice classes of regular

pupils, with more discipline and love for us than ever. One Thursday, as we had been playing with the children, or reading in children's books, one girl stopped me, saying—"No, we want to

sing something *for our hearts—like*
"With a glad refrain of love and hope,
Let me shine, Lord; Then the world
will know Thou dost live in my heart":
and they sang joyfully."

MEETINGS FOR WOMEN IN MILIANA

A division has to be made between young married women and the grandmothers and widows. It seems better to have separate meetings; though this does not ensure having no children with the elder ones, for small children come along with "granny," yet it does prevent some unprofitable gossip among the younger women while with us. These young mothers are so lovable: they seek our advice for their minor maladies and, when the cold winter begins in our mountains, they need knitted pullovers and vests, etc., for them—and always clothing for the latest arrival. A babies' drawer is a very necessary part of our Mission Station. Young women can enjoy an interesting flannel-graph lesson better than the older ones; and presently when the autumn session begins, I trust that—with the help of a fellow-worker—we may have grand times with Arabic choruses and text learning, and break through their fear of singing before their neighbours.

We have to remember there are many husbands who keep their wives shut in; or if occasionally they can bring the baby to us, there is often a grim mother-in-law sitting by—blocking all spontaneity—this is where visiting comes in, though sometimes the same hindrance may be met in the homes.

We had hoped that a regular system of giving or lending story tracts would be helpful, for most of the young mothers have learned to read in the French schools; but it is grievous how soon they forget or lose desire to keep up their education.

A home usually means only one or two rooms and other families sharing

the house, so the noise of children playing in the court, or women talking across the yard in high-pitched voices, hinder the possibility of quiet talking or reading during our visits. I find girls in their teens who have lately left school and are shut in, are the eager ones for literature.

In Miliana the seniors' meeting is often a joy—for many have a head-knowledge of the Gospel, and a few are secret believers, so one can speak freely to them, and at times get a hearty "Amen." There may be twenty or more at the 8 a.m. meeting; some were girls of the former industrial classes, now mothers-in-law or grandmothers ruling the home when "my lord" is away at work. Others are widows, earning their living by working in the French or Jewish homes. Yet others are the sad, semi-invalids, too old or too respectable to earn, widows sent back to their families, or unwanted divorced women, sick, blind, or crippled—with no joy in life, and at times embittered by the hardness of circumstances.

After coffee and the meeting comes a hectic time—giving simple remedies for rheumatic troubles (because the old houses in which many of them live are damp), or for heavy colds (because charcoal for the fire-pot is lacking), and so on. At times it ends in hurrying someone round to the doctor who, if we pay for the visit, will arrange to get the sufferer into hospital. That opens to us the right to visit her and others; and we have had some good times showing our pictures at the bedsides; even though any card with Scripture words we left with them would be taken away afterwards by the R.C. Sister.

Of course the enemy comes along also to such meetings;—we see winks and eye-language of disapproval or even threat, from the stony hearted of the meeting, if someone raise her voice in song or shows that she is touched by God's Word. Among them too are

the beggars—yes, each day brings the unexpected and the problem ones. How are we to bring them individually before the Throne of Grace as we would wish? It is the Arabic version of an English Mothers' Meeting of former days.
M. D. GRAUTOFF.

“ MUJEHADDINE ”

“ Fellaghas ” most of us call them—rebels, brigands, or sundry other epithets, all meaning much the same thing. These gentlemen, by whatever name we call them, prefer among themselves the nicer word “ Mujehaddine,” which has only one meaning—“ War rior ” in a Holy War. And, although undoubtedly the mainspring of the rebellion is anything but “ Holy,” its leaders have succeeded in convincing many that the struggle is *Jihad*, a Holy War—a Holy War to exterminate the Infidel, and establish the true religion of Islam where at present the Infidel rules.

“ Kill the Infidel ” is the Koranic command, on which these blind leaders of the blind base their propaganda. It is only as one enters into the deeper thoughts of the Moslem “ Mass ” mind that the attraction that this slogan offers can be fully appreciated. What more can the leader of any rebellion desire than a readymade Divine command to whip up the brutish passions of his followers? And when that divine directive can be coupled with the exigences of the political economy what more is needed?

The vaunted boastings of Colonel Nasser of a Moslem empire of North Africa, bear an ominous ring, when it is realised that Islam is gaining converts south of the Sahara faster by far than Christianity is gaining anywhere in the world; worse still, these new converts are not only from Pagan nations, but from areas where the Gospel has been preached for generations. If ever we Christians were called to a Holy War, it is now.

War to the death: a war that can only be waged on our knees in the spiritual realm, for it is a war against “ Principalities and powers ”; a war that calls for improved defences in personal sacrifice and holy living, and more daring attacks in private prevailing prayer. It is a war that has been going on too long already—especially when we remember that the victory has been finally won on Calvary “ Having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in Himself.” (Col. 2 : 15 margin).

By faith we may know this victory as our own personal experience, and personal victory is the prelude to, and secret of victory in the hazardous battle for the soul of Islam.

“ God! Fight we not within a cursèd world,
Whose very air teems thick with leaguèd fiends?
Each word we speak has infinite effects—
Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell—
And this our one chance through eternity
To drop and die, like dead leaves in the brake !

* * *

Be earnest, earnest, earnest, mad if thou wilt:
Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
And that thy last deed ere the Judgment Day.” (Ch. Kingsley).

R. J. WAINE.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE FIELD

Our Annual Meeting this year was combined with a Valedictory Meeting for Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Longley, on 21st June under the chairmanship of Rev. H. R. Smart.

Miss P. M. Russell (now back at Blida) gave a resumé of the work on the Field. Though there are some restrictions, much work is still being accomplished in Algeria. Her keyword was "Opportunity"—there is much work that is unable to be done owing to lack of missionaries.

Mr. and Mrs. Longley each gave a testimony, and were commended to God in prayer by Mr. E. J. Long of the North Africa Mission.

A telegram from Algiers was read: "Situation deteriorating; strategic opportunities, victory sure," and the Chairman said he hoped that, when newspaper and radio reports, regarding events in Algeria, were read or heard, they would be answered by prayer for that land and the ambassadors of Christ labouring there.

The closing address was given by Mr. H. L. Ellison formerly of the London Bible College, at which both Mr. and Mrs. Longley had studied.

TESTIMONIES OF MR. and MRS. P. G. LONGLEY:

"Having already spent over two years in the London office, I am not exactly a new recruit to the Algiers Mission Band. Rather it is that I am changing my station, so that in future I shall be working in North Africa instead of in Britain, but still in the same cause.

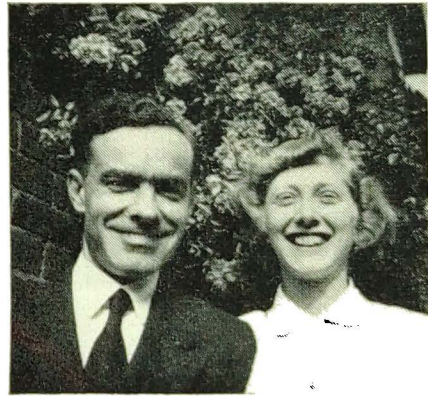
God has prepared me for this step by teaching me many things, at my own church, at college, and in other places, also by some years spent in Moslem lands—including Algeria.

In the space of twenty years, since I first began regularly to attend a Boy's Bible Class, I have had many challenges and encouragements from a

large number of Christian people. To them all, under God, I owe an immense debt of gratitude.

I go forward at God's Call—a workman in HIS enterprise. He is the Master Craftsman—I am an assistant. I am confident that He will appoint me to the right place in His Service.

My foremost object in going is to help the people of North Africa to put their trust in God, and while doing this, to have fellowship and co-operate with all who serve the Lord as partners in the same task." PETER G. LONGLEY.



"As I leave for Algeria, I go knowing that 'my help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth.' Without His strengthening Presence, it would be impossible to face the difficult task that lies ahead. I know that alone I could do nothing, in face of the might of Islam, to help forward the Kingdom of God in Algeria, but God promises that, although I may not always feel His Presence, He will never leave me, and His power is made perfect in weakness. In this confidence I set out for the land to which I believe God has called me. 'For Himself hath said, I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee.' So that with good courage we say, 'The Lord is my helper, I will not fear' (Heb. 13 : 5, 6 R.V.)." EVA E. LONGLEY.

EXTRACTS FROM STATION REPORTS

RELIZANE :—H. a class girl of the early days called to see us from Oran. She spent the morning with us, and had much to tell of how the Lord had helped her and provided for her since her husband had left her.

A few women have been coming on Friday mornings to read and pray. Among them was A. who has been having a miserable time with her family, and has herself been very unhappy because of her jealousy of other women we visit or who come to the house. One Friday she was convicted in our little meeting, and asked the Lord to forgive her.

M. another woman of the early days, thanked God for the missionary who came to tell her of Jesus, the Saviour from sin.

Three women came to the house for the first time one day. We were told afterwards that two of them are reputed bad-living women. God spoke to one of them through hearing the story of the lost sheep.

TOLGA :—In spite of the troubled times this last quarter has been rich in spiritual blessings from the Lord. Every year it seems heart-breaking to leave

the station, and even more so this time because of the sadness of the women and their deep grief at seeing me depart. "You *will* come back in October" they said, weeping, "Don't leave us." May they find in Jesus their strength and their support.

The distribution of prizes at the school took on a very grave character, owing to the fact that two fathers of my little girls had that morning been arrested by the administrative authorities. Their usual regret at seeing the arrival of the end of the school year was mingled with deep sorrow. But, in order to remain united in looking to God, of their own initiative, they agreed that every evening they would sing a hymn, and pray for one another and for "Madame."

BLIDA :—The gift of a projector from Miss Roche and her married sister and the loan of a film . . . enabled us to illustrate our Lord's love as shown by His miracles. These pictures were seen by women and children alike. Since then a grant from the A.M.B. funds helped Miss Russell to get several more films on Bible stories, which it is hoped may be useful at Blida, and be lent to other stations.

STATIONS AND MISSIONARIES

ALGIERS (Headquarters—Dar Naama, El Biar)

1920	Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buckenham	1920	Miss V. Wood
1949	Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waive	1948	Mlle. Y. Félix
1956	Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Longley		

AIN-ARNAT

1919 Mlle. A. Buttica
1946 Mlle. G. Chollet

BLIDA

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

MILIANA

1907 Miss M. D. Grautoff

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