

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

No. 118

JUNE, 1957

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

Founded in 1888 by Miss I. Lilius Trotter

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A VISIT TO TOLGA IN 1957

(It was Mrs. Buckenham and Miss Smetana who visited Tolga this spring, and Madame Lull and Mlle. Trautmann who received them and enabled them to see a great deal of the work and the people there. Mrs. Buckenham has written something about what she saw for you, our readers, and here it is—it will surely be an incentive to prayer and praise.)

Each time I have visited Tolga, a great yearning for the souls fettered by the chains of Islam has taken hold of me. So often the men would listen night after night to the Gospel, till it was felt that there must be a throwing off of the yoke of Islam, and acceptance of the Truth as it is in Jesus; but no — after a while they left off coming, and would not go near the mission house for some time. On this recent visit, there was something different, first of all noticed in the girls attending the mission school — they looked so happy and seemed very pleased to see Miss Smetana and myself.

During these troubled months when all around was uncertain and the outlook very black, missionaries in some places were having to come away from their stations, and even where they were able to remain the work was more or less at a standstill. But news would come through from Tolga of the children still coming to school, and the attendance keeping up. We rejoiced much in prayer and worship with them over this. Of course they were having their difficulties as well as other places, and there was much sorrow and suffering. But the Lord protected His ser-

vants, even when there was firing going on round them.

The daily round begins at the school with prayers at 8 a.m. They have hymns in French and Arabic together; then reading of the Scriptures, in which all take part. Then they have another hymn and the message and prayer, after which the regular school work begins. Mme. Lull takes the younger girls and newcomers; they are in the school house, in a lovely large room. Mlle. Trautmann takes the bigger girls, and it is wonderful what an amount of work they get through. They also begin at 8 a.m. with hymns, learning Scripture, a message and prayer. Mlle. Trautman joined Mme. Lull in France last September, and came to Algeria with her. She certainly was God's provision for Tolga, as Mme. Lull could not possibly have carried on alone; and she has had much encouragement from the girls under her, and they are very fond of her. But she feels that God has another sphere for her; and after school breaks up at the end of May she will not be returning. Madame Lull hopes to go to France in the summer to be with her four children. Pray that while there she may meet with some one who will hear God's

call to go and help with the work at Tolga.

After school hours, we went to some of the pupils' homes, and in most of them a warm welcome was given us. The eager listening and drinking in the Word of God was good to see. In some of the houses there were those who remembered by name all the missionaries who from time to time occupied the Mission House; one in particular choosing some hymns she remembered and singing them with us, her husband joining in. We doubt not that from this desert station many shall come to be with our Lord in glory. Much more could be said of the comers to the Mission House, each going away with some word of comfort, and of the marked difference in the men in the streets, as they greeted us in such a friendly way. Many of them inquired about our son

Edmund, who laboured there for two years after the home-call of Monsieur Lull. Pray for all the dear people of Tolga, and for His child there, who gives herself whole-heartedly to them.

A few weeks past, Mme. Lull had the joy of leading one woman to the Lord. Z. had worked for her for some years; and was always full of gratitude for all that was done for her. She was very ill, and knew she was dying, but did not want to die as a Muslim. (When death is very near, the relatives crowd round, trying to make the dying one say the witness to faith in the "Prophet") The Lord granted Z.'s request; one day, when Mme. Lull was visiting her, before her relatives could do anything with her, she just passed into His presence. May many others be brought to confess Jesus openly.

ANNIE BUCKENHAM.

"The Entrance Of Thy Words Giveth Light" (Psalm 119:130)

Our thoughts and prayers of recent weeks have been directed on the men, particularly those we meet on the streets, in the shops, and in the markets, and we have had some interesting contacts.

One day we bought some vegetables at a stall we do not usually frequent. The merchant was very curious to know who we were and asked if we were tourists. This gave an opportunity to witness to Whose we are and Whom we serve. A Muslim priest was standing a little way off and no doubt heard what we said. He looked disapprovingly at us. In one of the shops the conversation with the owner and three other Arabs was concerning gambling, and there again we were able to witness to what the Lord had shown us regarding the folly of this great evil, and we distributed several booklets exhorting the men to read them, for the words written therein were words of life and light, because they spoke of the One Who said: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." A few days later

we found two of the booklets in our garden. They had been thrown over the wall by one of the men, and we wonder why. Perhaps it was because he was afraid of what might happen to him if he read the books of the "heretics." How great is their darkness and how great is the fear that binds them.

The other day we had occasion to go into another native shop in the town, that has recently been opened; and, as at other places, the owner was very curious, and pleased because we could address him in his own language. We explained to him our mission, and said we would like to call and see his wife, to which he replied that he and his family of Muslims. They were walking in the true way, and wanted no other way. He did not want us to visit his wife. We explained the life, death, and resurrection of our Lord, but he would have nothing to do with our Gospel. How great is their blindness, and sometimes it would seem that they are content to remain in their blindness. Yet we believe God's Word. We believe

that the entrance of God's Word will lighten their darkness. We believe that the light of God's glorious Gospel shed abroad in their hearts will cause them to see the true Way and to walk in it. But we need more labourers on the Field to help us put our faith for these men into action. We badly need a couple on this station. We are commanded to pray that the Lord will send forth labourers into His harvest-field.

It has been said by someone that many do not pray that God would send forth labourers, because they are afraid that He will send THEM. May this not be said of us. May we who love His cause count it our highest glory to obey Him, and to be labourers together with Him, in gathering in the nations of lost men to the fold.

EDITH CLARK & ANNIE E. POWELL.

LIFE IN A LAND OF UNREST

How this land cries out for constant prayer. Perhaps first for the young soldiers, night after night on duty to protect the different towns after the curfew has sounded: or in convoy by day, making it possible for civilians to get about the country.

Then there are the sorrowing innocent families, whose homes or farms have been burnt, or near relatives shot — both Europeans and loyal Muslims. On the other side are the troubled, frightened women — mothers whose sons have left home to join the rebels, wives whose husbands are in prison and who cannot understand why they should be left alone with their children.

There are the nervous men and women, away in their lonely mountain homes, who fear lest they be attacked and forced to give money or food to the enemy; or scared because at times the soldiers are ordered to search the homes for some missing criminal (or stores of arms and munitions). Yes, in some ways, a land in revolution seems worse than a nation at war with another nation — there is so much treachery.

Alongside of this sad state of things, our missionary home is open to all callers we know and even in the Ramadan fast quite a number come — though we may not offer them coffee or put drops in their eyes, lest that is counted as breaking the fast.

Boys come to warm themselves on chilly days; and because the days are long and tedious they listen while we

speak or read to them, or even ask for something to read. The few men who visit us (young fellows from 18 to 30) seem glad to listen to reading or the Scripture records. One blind man told me that as a boy he had attended a class in the Casbah, and spoke of a "tall one" — possibly Miss Trotter. Now, after all these years, he is listening to the same Gospel in Miliana — brought to us by a man who was in my class many years ago, and can tell the Gospel story. As these leave, they also ask for literature — Arabic or French — to take home with them.

Lastly — and perhaps these should be the first to have our prayer help — there are the brave but fearful secret believers, who try, behind closed doors, to break the fast for Christ's sake. If they did it openly, it might mean a howling crowd after them in the street, and prison for disturbing the peace. How the great heart of God must yearn over all this misery. We missionaries, though classes are small and visiting so hindered, know that He is working even through the evil times to draw men and women to Him; for the dark days are often alleviated by a gleam of sunshine — some needy soul coming, thirsty to know the true Way. M. D. GRAUTOFF.

NORTH WALES — Recently a few days of Deputation was spent in Flintshire with much blessing and we trust the creation of new interest in A.M.B.

IN THE EASTER HOLIDAYS

"Owh, OWH; he's pushing me—Madame, can't you see he's pushing me?"—This from a wee boy called Boujema, in a huge coat and even bigger shoes, with a running nose. He also possesses countless brothers and a capacity for mischief. In common with the others he wanted to be the first in the line. Boujema was one of the 25 children who attended our Easter Holiday Bible School.

It was held at Dar Naama and run by a team of six workers. We felt it to be a wonderful opportunity to gather together some local children during the week preceding Easter. For several weeks before we gathered twice a week to commit our thoughts and ideas to God and to seek His Holy Spirit's anointing. These prayer times were very precious to us all. Week by week His plan was revealed to us, and we saw the programme taking shape. The children were to be invited for a morning and afternoon session for five days; the mornings given specially to teaching and the afternoons to lighter work. There was a roll-call followed by simple choruses. Both boys and girls enjoyed this very much. We had an age limit, 6-10 years old, but as always happens, several tiny ones were added. After the singing we had a Bible story, told by a different team member each day. These Bible stories led up to the Easter Message, beginning with Lazarus, and ending with the Resurrection. Then the children learnt by heart the seven "I am's" of John's Gospel in French. After this they all ran out into the garden for a ten minutes' break. We gave them a drink and a biscuit, and the Arab boys were most indignant because it was "girls first" and "don't push" and "only one, please." Boujema and his small brother Ahmed seemed to be able to be at the beginning, the middle and at the very end of the line at the same time, loudly protesting that Cherif had had *two*. Order

was restored, and they filed fairly quietly into their places, awaiting the serial story, the subject being the life of Abraham. Following this, the children made a model desert encampment. A table was covered with a few inches of sand, and on this they placed camels, palm trees, and most attractive nomad tents made from cotton, striped with coloured crayons, and laid over 4 inch nails on a cardboard base. Little inhabitants were added and fires and cooking pots. So the morning closed and off they scampered till after lunch.

The afternoon began with singing, and then the children divided up for handwork. The girls embroidered in coloured wools on very gay canvas—making little mats and serviette holders. The boys had a wonderful time making plaster of Paris models. The plaster is made up (so we discovered after one or two attempts) in the kitchen, fairly liquid, and poured into rubber moulds. It is left for 10-15 minutes, the mould carefully peeled off and—if one has not been too impatient—there is a camel, lion, small plaque of a boat, elephant, etc., ready to be dried and painted. These were great fun and looked most impressive when finished. The afternoon break was less hectic, as the boys removed some of the paint and plaster from their hands before coming to the garden. The last part of the afternoon was spent in sticking in stamps and colouring a book of Old and New Testament stories which the children afterwards took home. A Bible film-strip or short educational film finished the afternoon. On the last afternoon we had invited the parents, and had a very happy time—displaying the children's work, and listening to their singing and recitation.

We found this school a great step to really getting to know the children. Each evening we met together for prayer, and were able to surround them all—but especially a needy one

or the home from which he came. We had French, Jewish, Kabyle and Arab children, plus David and Christine; and it was lovely to see answered prayer in relation to the mixing of the different nationals. The school fell on the third week of the month of Ramadan, the Fast month, and several of the older boys were keeping the fast. This was an excuse to have bowls of water to help stick in their pictures, as "we couldn't possibly lick them." Apart from that they fitted in very smoothly.

Mouloud was our eldest boy—very lovable and willing to help. The first day we detected a strong smell in the class and just opened another window. Then we noticed Mouloud was limping. "What's the matter, Mouloud?" "Oh, nothing, *ça va*, just a boil." "Well, come a little early this afternoon, perhaps we can help." So he came, and we were horrified to find both his feet and ankles covered with ulcers. Nobody had thought of treating him, and so he hobbled around. We were able to find medicines and dressings to heal his feet, and at the end of the week he could run as well as the rest. He seemed to understand the messages and we covet your prayers for his salvation.

Edouard is the son of a Jew — a crippled jeweller and watch-repairer. The mission has had contact with the father for years, and many have testified clearly to the hope and assurance we have in Jesus Christ. Edouard is the only son, and because of his father's infirmity is deprived of many of the

joys of boyhood. He is very intelligent and very quickly learnt the Scripture verses. We felt there might have been opposition from the home, and had to hold on daily in prayer for his attendance. His sensitive spirit was touched by the Easter story, and we are sure that he understands the challenge of the Cross.

Khaled — a wistful, simple Arab boy, whose father has been missing for three months. He represents many who are seeing and being touched personally by the drama and tragedy of happenings in Algeria, and are left sad, empty and bewildered. Too young to understand? Look into his eyes and their haunting appeal will never leave you: hear him repeat the story of events from which little children should be sheltered. Our hearts yearn for such children, that before bitterness and revenge settle their hardening barriers around them, they may give their hearts to Jesus Whose love alone can soften and Whose presence can strengthen and give hope.

We should love to introduce you to all the children, so different and so lovable and all needing a Saviour. Without the privilege of a Christian home and background, living in the shadows of sadness and fear now — what can the future hold for them? Will you pray with us that, through coming to the knowledge of the Saviour, the shadows may be flooded by the true Light, the sadness changed to joy, and the fear to confidence and peace?

M. R. WAINE.

BLIDA D.V.B.S.

Our missionary activity was greatly reduced over a period of some months, owing to the very poor attendance of the classes. At the beginning of March, however, we had the joy of seeing the children come back. The new state of affairs encouraged us to carry out a desire which we had cherished for several years—that is to say, we wanted

to hold a "Daily Vacation Bible School."

Thus it came about, that while the French schools were closed for the Easter holidays, we invited ten or so of our most regular school girls to come to the house from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. for five afternoons. In addition to this

they were also present at the usual Thursday classes.

Our daily programme contained the following elements: a Bible lesson illustrated by a film and lasting for about three-quarters of an hour, then 'physical jerks (in the inner courtyard), singing of French songs, round games, drawing and colouring, and the beginnings of reading and writing in Arabic. At the end of every afternoon, before going home, each girl was given a flower picture to stick on her coloured attendance card. They came very regularly, for the most part, and one had the impression that they were enjoying themselves. As it was the Fast month of Ramadan, when their mothers were likely to be drowsing away the long hours of daylight, these children—having been thrown out of the usual routine—were glad to find something interesting to do at the Mission Station. We should like to put on record that, somewhat to our surprise, not a single pencil was stolen! The girls, both big and little, took pleasure in copying out hymns, songs, Arabic sentences, etc. They took great care of their exercise books.

Apart from the fact that the School began and ended with rain, we were blessed with fine weather. As the classroom had been damaged by stone-throwing, and leaked, we were particularly grateful for the dry days, which also enabled us to do the drilling out of doors.

When the last day came the children went home with their exercise books and attendance cards, decorated with flower-pictures. Each picture represented a happy afternoon spent at the Mission house. What had spoken most to their hearts? Iris? Rose? Cyclamen? Tulip? Clematis? Or was it the words they had heard, the films shown, the hymns we brought to them, day by

day, from God? We know that they listened, these little Muslim girls, to messages on the Passion and even the Crucifixion, with respect and emotion. There was still greater attention when it came to the lesson on the Resurrection. At the close of our school there was a short examination to fix in their memories the salient points, so far as a child can understand them, of Holy Week—so blessed to all believers.

May God work in these young hearts, that they, too, may one day be brought to the foot of the Cross.

One or two points emerge from this our first experience of a "Daily Vacation Bible School." It was possible to hold it during the Easter holidays, because the Spring Committee of A.M.B. took place in March, instead of at Eastertide. We hope that this happy arrangement will continue in the future, for the summer holidays would be too hot for such activities.

Another point was that it happened to be the second half of the month of Ramadan, not at all an easy time for us missionaries to visit the women in their homes. Neither have the women been visiting us, though this is probably due to the present situation in Algeria. This Vacation enabled us to carry on a steady work of evangelism.

We now know and understand these little girls better, and they, in their turn, could say the same of us. We love them more and are sure that they, too, love us more. Certainly, a mutual bond of affection has been forged between us because of these five afternoons passed in each other's company.

The immediate result of the experiment has been to attract new members to both our girls' classes—the one held in Arabic on Thursday mornings—and the schoolgirls' class held in French on Thursday afternoons.

J. GUIBE.

One of our Council Members—Mr. L. R. S. Clarke—will be leaving England during May for about two years, and we wish him God's blessing on his travels,

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISIT TO TOUGGOURT

Visiting the south Land, can one help desiring to put into words the strong impression made by contact with such a fervent and enthusiastic band as the A.M.B.? It is a vision of hope which opens up to us, from the first moment of meeting with the Mission, and participating for a few days in its life. Admirable missionaries! In a work of long enduring faith, and with the love of your heart going out daily to these exquisite little ones who attend your class for girls, you have reason to believe that while you work God is acting, and that He does it marvelously.

Yesterday, the girls' class looked like a real bouquet of flowers: 15 children, eager to learn the new chorus we brought them, in spite of the fast imposed on them by the month of Ramadan. Oh there was one, the little X., whose mouth opened very wide not to sing but to yawn. But all the others sang with great spirit, full of the joy of life. To-day they are more numerous, at least 20 of them, a many-coloured moving group—but well under discipline when the work began. And how diligently they work at their embroidery—one at a cushion cover, another a small mat. But the cotton—that pretty mercerised coloured cotton—in their little hands, all moist with heat, it soon loses its brilliancy, much to the detriment of the work. But what does it matter! The needles fly till the signal to leave off is given by “Mademoiselle” clapping her hands. Then, with great care, the “Special”—a charming young girl who is to be married shortly—puts away their “works of art” and they are all ready to listen. Speaking of this young girl, it is rare to see at the class a girl who (being 14) is old enough to be married. Young as she is, if we credit the vivacity of her replies, the shining of her countenance, and the warm tears which filled her eyes at the moment of depar-

ture, this ravishing child-woman can go out into life, having much received and much remembered. Her spirit is ready—a dwelling for the Lord. As a great treasure she carries away the New Testament, a parting gift: and as she bids farewell to the friend who watched over her from an early age (her mother in the Faith who led her to the new Life) the child said, so sweetly, “Mademoiselle, if we don't see each other again on this earth, we shall be together once more in Heaven.” How infinitely touching that was, from the lips of this young girl at the dawn of her life. And what a splendid reward for God's servant.

But there are younger children here, still slowly taking in the Word of God; and among them, the visitor is struck by a sweet child with unforgettable eyes. It is Saïda, with an infinitely confiding expression. Pretty little Saïda, doubtless you will never know what you did for me, when you fixed your dark eyes on the one who represents “the divine” to you—and while the Word of God flowed forth in verses of hymns you sang, and I looked at you, trying to catch the different emotions which passed over your face: pleasure, joy, expectancy. And I believed that what many wise and intelligent ones could not enter into, *you* had understood, *you* possess—even if unconsciously—the birth of that flame which leads you to God.

The same day, going along the sunny streets, I searched in vain for others with the same bright look as Saïda. Beauty was not wanting in the eyes of men and women, but the flame which only the Gospel can light was missing. Then my faith waxed stronger, thinking of the undaunted courage of this servant of God who for many years has announced the Good News, visiting and teaching several generations—her untiring love and faith are the life of this happy room, which is a place of

learning for the children. Yes, it is this faithful perseverance that will conquer, by faith in the power of God: and in spite of contrary appearances the holy flame shall yet be seen on many other countenances.

Is there a spectacle more marvellous on earth than that of the servant of God who, having first given her youth, now, when age has come, offers the last

stretch of the race of life with undiminished generosity to those who "tread the earth with anxious looks," in order to bring them to Him Who can transform them into "rays of joy."

Thankful to God for this splendid vision, I thank Him also that I have been able to share a little in this activity for a few days.

B. POUJOL,
Colonel of the Salvation Army.

ABASSIA

Abassia never read *Pilgrim's Progress*, yet in following the rugged upward Way she encountered many experiences analogous to those of Christian. It was in the laboratory of personal experience that she apprehended most, but even in her dreams the spiritual walk and warfare was sometimes depicted to her in striking characters. One particular dream impressively convinced her of the intensity of the Christian warfare. She saw herself assailed by that "foul fiend" Apollyon. She felt the stinging darts hurled at her by the hideous monster. In utter weakness she sensed herself at the mercy of this vicious assailant. She gradually sank under the murderous blows that sought to plunge her into dark ruin and unutterable misery. Conscious of rapidly slipping from her "sure foundation" she called for her friend's help. Together, wielding Christ's designated authority against their adversary they sought to overcome him by the effectual shed blood of Jesus—until suddenly the oppressor crumpled up under their strong pleadings—prostrated by the power of Jesus' Name. Abassia emerged from that vivid dream, beads of perspiration on her brow, and a shout of praise on her lips. Her mother, who had been sleeping beside her, although stone-deaf, realised that something extraordinary had happened. Abassia portrayed to her by signs and lively expressions her strange encounter; and the mother's heart was greatly com-

forted at this defeat of Satan—a well-known and feared personality among the Arabs.

Abassia's spiritual experience was so vitally personal that it brought her, not only into intimate fellowship with God as Father and Christ as Saviour, but also into deadly contact with Satan as arch-enemy. In Algeria, amidst Islam-imbued Arabs, she "dwelt where Satan's seat is," yet she held fast Christ's name and never denied the Faith. Her work of bringing Redeeming Grace to those ensnared in the "depths of Satan" disclosed to her the terrifying grip of demoniacal power over human beings. One unforgettable experience occurred during a protracted time of prayer she had with missionaries and two Arab girls. It was midnight, and the fervency and liberty of prayer well betokened coming blessing. Yet there was a hitch, difficult at first to discern; somewhere there was a hindrance, that only became tangible as hours swiftly passed. Unexpectedly and quite abruptly, the praying ceased, as though the current had been switched off. All retired for a few hours sleep only to continue and persevere in prayer next morning. Later, circumstances necessitated Abassia being left alone with one of the Arab girls—a negress—much esteemed by her own people, and who had professed conversion. Using God's word, Abassia probed deep, until the secrets of this girl's heart began to be made manifest

and the whole sordid story emerged. Yes, she had sought to be a Christian, but her mother—deeply entangled in the meshes of spiritism—had a bitter grudge against a neighbour, and vehemently sought to wreak vengeance. From a Muslim “holy” man, in exchange for much money, the mother received a slip of grubby paper, on which were copied a few words from the Quran. With this safely brought home, a Kanoon (a charcoal-burning fire, roughly the shape of a flowerpot) was set in the middle of the floor. At her mother’s instigation, the negress yielded herself to this form of demon worship, and was told to jump over the firepot seven times as the magical words rose in flame and smoke. Thus demon power was invoked, and a fearful curse brought on the offending neighbour. The effects of this “black magic” upon the neighbour were never known by us, but the devastating consequences in this young girl’s own life were harrowing to behold. Demons seemed to possess her; her tongue became “an unruly evil full of deadly poison” and her former Christian friends became the target for all her slanderous talk and lies. Satan had found a willing channel through which he could pour forth his venomous harangue against God’s children, much to the glee of Christ’s enemies in that town. It fell to Abassia to seek earnestly and continuously and with no encouragement, the casting out of the demons in the Name of Jesus. It was not until nearing the last weeks of Abassia’s life that, on visiting her one afternoon, we were amazed to see the one whose tongue had been “set on fire of hell,” “Which no man could tame,” sitting peaceably at Abassia’s feet, and to all intents and purposes, in her right mind. She smilingly and pleasantly greeted us, and we were deeply moved. This negress regularly visited Abassia unto the end gently and quietly ministering to her in whatever way she could—won by the passionate love of Christ which blazed in Abassia’s

heart, and which had sought her when seemingly irrevocably lost.

“When it gets dark enough, the stars come out.” The deeper broods Satanic darkness—the brighter gleams God’s sparkling light.

Often whilst sitting with Abassia, basking together in the sunshine of His love, there seemed so much to say and yet conversation was quite unnecessary to express the affinity we felt. Silences never embarrassed her nor us; that oneness given by Christ precluded all stiffness and formality, and fellowship with Abassia was as sparkling as it was spontaneous. It was on one such occasion that Abassia was asked if she would care to have any particular book to read. Taking her Bible from her bedside table, she carefully fondled it and smilingly replied, “I prefer this.” If the science of Biblical analysis was far beyond her, the orbit of her life lay within God’s Word. Theological studies were foreign to her mind, but Christ and His salvation were living realities to her soul. She knew how to turn the promises of God from a dead letter into spirit and life through faith in Jesus. She literally feasted on the Bible, and in certain books and chapters which most would find not very interesting, she would find the choicest food for her “daily bread.” She never used a concordance, but it was impressive how she could turn up a most appropriate passage for any occasion, and proceed to expound from each verse as God gave her illumination. She could never speak from prepared notes, but she could speak—and that with power—from a prepared heart. The missionary might arrive at a gathering with a carefully studied message, but if Abassia was present there would be no hesitation in giving place to *her*. With a promise of God firmly gripped by faith—an unshakable expectancy that she would see it performed—the result was inevitable—rivers of “living water” would flow to missionary and Muslim alike. Her Christ-exalting ministry

reiterated the conviction of Hudson Taylor "The supreme want of all missions in the present day is the manifested presence of the Holy Ghost. Hundreds of Gospel addresses have been given. Tens of thousands of miles have been travelled in missionary journeys, but how small has been the issue in the way of definite conversions. Human efforts can never meet heathendom on its own ground. There must be DIVINE POWER."

Abassia's passion for Christ and souls was as evident in her letters as in her daily life. If summer meant short or long separation from her—always deeply felt—our loss was partly compensated by her lively correspondence. In one letter she recounts a simple incident, indicative of her constant vigilance for the good of others. Knowing herself the wooing charm and subtle sweetness that inveigle so many into blindly worshipping the goddess of pleasure and worldliness, Abassia never abated her watchfulness over souls newly won to Christ. It was one thing bringing them from Islam and Satan to Christ and salvation, it was quite another to keep them from the many pitfalls, snares and temptations of the enemy. Thus in one letter she wrote of having arranged to have a picnic lunch with K in the mission garden, and added "I really decided this because of a marriage in a neighbouring house to K's. I did not want her to be present lest she be tempted by the music and dancing etc. In the evening she and her mother came home with me. I thank the Lord Jesus for helping me through these difficult moments. Thank you again, Lord, for it is for Thee that we fight to the end."

Again she writes in spite of intense

summer heat—"K and I are in 'full' prayer for all the souls who are seeking the light of the Saviour. To-day, Sunday, we read in the Bible that 'we ought always to pray and not to faint,' and how Paul said 'Pray without ceasing.' If a certain number of Christians could reach this degree of praying the result would be a resounding victory. The Lord be praised, Glory to God. For myself, all is well. I read and reread this commandment given with such authority, Be strong and of a good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed.' It is a positive order, and we are therefore bound to obey. How often does Jesus repeat, '*Fear not,*' adding to show why we have nothing to fear—'for I am with you always even unto the end of the world.' Glory to God. If HE is with me why should I fear, why should you fear. God is our refuge and strength a very present help in trouble. Therefore we must ceaselessly thank our Saviour for loving, saving and pardoning us." Often in her letters she would be lost in a simple conversation with her Lord. So she writes on another occasion "You cannot see how happy I am that the Saviour has blessed me, and I continually thank Him in prayer, and I ask you to thank Him also, because we are all one body in Christ—wonderful Saviour. I give myself entirely to God, in order that He might accomplish in me that which is pleasing to Him. By Thy grace, Jesus, I desire to do Thy will in everything, each day and at every instant, Amen. May all my words be to Thy glory, and all my thoughts be for Thee alone, that there be neither affection nor hatred in my heart that is not for Thy glory—Hallelujah." A. PORTEOUS.

A. M. B. LONDON ANNUAL MEETING

At Bridewell Hall, Eccleston Street, on THURSDAY, 19th SEPTEMBER, at 3 and 7 p.m. Closing Speakers: Afternoon, REV. A. ROBINSON of Seaford; evening, REV. GEOFFREY R. KING of Croydon. Missionaries from ALGERIA will speak at each meeting.