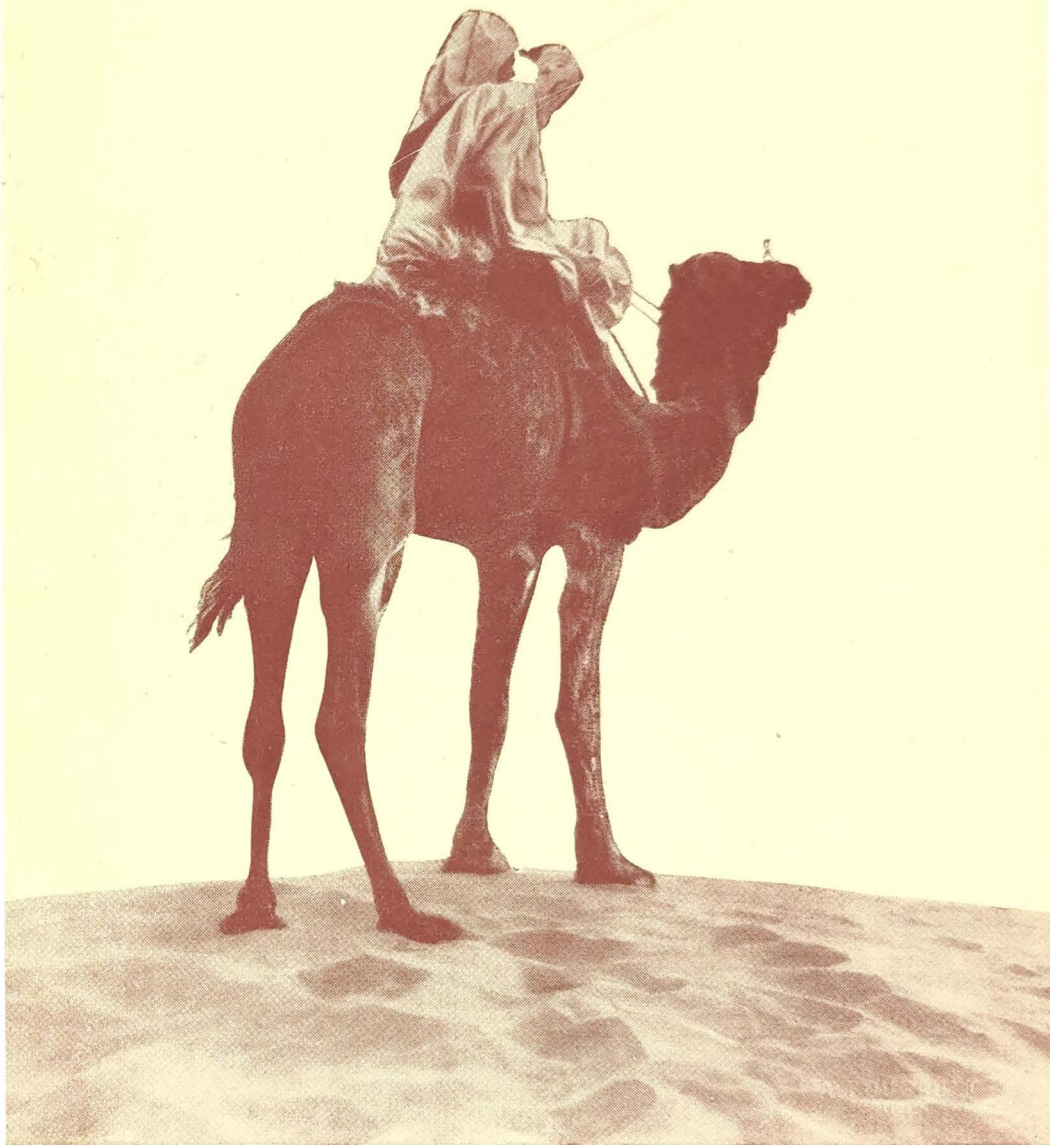


A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

No. 129.

MARCH, 1960.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

Founded in 1888 by Miss I. Lilius Trotter

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A THIRSTY LAND

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MARCH, 1960

“ THESE FORTY YEARS ”

ON the 40th Anniversary of our first arrival in Algiers, January 25th, 1920, these retrospective lines are being written. It was night when our boat anchored and our first thrill was to hear the shout “ There’s mother and father, and there’s Mrs. Buckenham carrying little Kenneth!” The voice was that of Miss Govan (now Mrs. Govan-Stewart), for on the same boat were her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Govan. It was a joyful company then to disembark, comprising also Miss Lamb (who afterwards went to Japan), and Miss Smith who had come to help with the cooking at Dar Naama. To meet us was dear Miss Trotter with face full of joy and expectancy, and Miss McIlroy who for the previous ten years had posted news of the field to Mrs. Buckenham. We were soon on our winding way up to Dar Naama. That day also marked for us personally as Kenneth’s second birthday.



**Busy in the Book Store at Dar-Naama.
Miss Wood.**

Not many days passed before we were down to language study, first French then Arabic. Soon also we had introduction to Arabic Services at Rue du Croissant, and to various classes there and at Beit Naama. Soon also Mrs. Buckenham was accompanying Miss McIlroy cycling or walking to visit native families in their village homes or on the hills, while I took turn with Belaid and others in the book-depot in the Casbah. We were soon blest with enriching fellowship with missionaries of other societies also, and especially so at our Annual

Rallies, when the closing sessions were attended by missionaries from far-off stations. Also an outstanding memory of those early years was the visit of the renowned Dr. Zwemer. Among our early "trials" were sickness, including the time when Kenneth and I were both down with dysentery; so that, for a time, it looked as if we might have to return home. But assurance followed that we were IN HIS WILL to stay.

We had much joy at our first station, Coléa; Mrs. Buckenham visiting women in their shut-in homes; going out to surrounding villages, Mrs. Buckenham visiting the huts, myself finding opportunities with men—and in Coléa itself opening a book-depot, specially serving as a reading-room for young men in the evenings. Classes for boys and girls gave us great joy, especially Mrs. Buckenham's knitting classes for girls. Taking our portable organ was a great help in evening visits to a café, while Mr. Theobald's occasional visits with a native helper and lantern slides enhanced the witness. A special family joy also was ours at Coléa, Kenneth having the thrill of welcoming his baby brother. So it was here that Edmund also began his school-days.

Blida, the Mission's first outpost, was our next station. Following those who had laboured there so faithfully for 25 years, and feeling so unworthy of the privilege to enter into their labours, yet encouraged by such hopes as "fields already white unto harvest," we had yet to learn more deeply "how hardly Moslems souls are wooed and won." God gave us however special encouragement by doubling the numbers attending the weekly women's meeting, a not unusual number being 150 to earnestly listen to His message Friday by Friday: and upon leaving some would say, with hands on their hearts, "It's all in here, but we dare not tell it in our homes."

In the town also it was possible to have a bookshop, although some callers were seeking for books of quite an opposite nature to all we could present.

Edmund's response to God's call to life service, which was followed by periods in Algeria before and after his marriage, since followed by their developing ministries in France, have never ceased to have rightful place in our thanksgivings and intercessions.

But the War-years 1942-46 brought us opportunities far exceeding all we could ever have thought of or hoped for, through thousands of the allied troops responding to our invitation to "Dar-el-Aine" to pass their free hours, for tea and friendly intercourse. Our Sunday services especially for them were blest to many, as were also the nightly gatherings for prayer, and most precious of all was the opening of some hearts to the Saviour's knocking. We thank God for the continuance until now, of fellowship with many who shared in those memorable days.

Now the privilege is ours to help feed the flame of intercession in this favoured land, and we cannot fully express our gratitude for the continually-repeated open doors to tell of the need and opportunities still claiming the utmost from those whose heart-stirrings are of God. And as we think of those we personally had to do with in Algeria, and of the vast number who, through others, have heard something of

God's great provision in Christ, the words we may sing to the tune "Diademate" come to mind:—

"Inspire the living faith,
Which whoso'er receive,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountains move,
And saves who'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love."

H. W. BUCKENHAM.

Those who have spent 40 years in the service of God in a foreign land will not be easily forgotten there. Many were those who regretted the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham when they left: many are those who remember them now, and will always remember them, for many kind deeds and wise and loving words. Perhaps more than ever now, they realise how much they owe to the help given them in so many ways, the way of human kindness and the way of spiritual help, above all by Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham. The fruit of such a period of service may yet be, to a great extent, unknown except to the Master. But the blessing on it may extend not only to those whose lives were influenced in "these 40 years," but to many others. There were those who received the inspiration which led them to give themselves to God's service on the Mission Field, during their War-time service at Blida. And so the work for the Master goes on to the next generation, and still on. We think of the verses of Tennyson on the glory and wages of Virtue:—"Give her the Glory of *going on*, and still to be."—"Give her the Wages of *going on*, and not to die."

V. WOOD.

"ORDERED STEPS — OPEN DOORS"

"A great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." (1 Cor:16.9)

SINCE my arrival here at Dar Naama six months ago, I am beginning to realize how great the door of opportunity is, that is OPEN to those of us who seek to labour in this corner of the Master's Vineyard. That it remains open is a marvel of the Grace and Longsuffering of our God with this people. My task at the moment is seeking to acquire both French and Arabic languages, but since Mrs. Longley's return from furlough early in January it has been my privilege and joy to accompany her in visitation in El Biar, and in the neighbouring community of Chateauneuf. Although not yet conversant in the language, this has given me a wonderful opportunity of meeting women and children in their own homes, and becoming acquainted with their customs.

Praise the Lord that He has *ordered* our steps, as we have gone from one home to another, and for the very real sense of His Presence with us. In each home we have been warmly welcomed. It was natural

that they should be happy to see Mrs. Longley whom they knew, but that they should make me feel equally welcome was something that touched me very much. How eager are these women to listen to the Word of God. In every home visited (except one where the husband was present) a portion of Scripture has been read and the Gospel story told. So very often, when we would take our leave, they press us to stay longer. No doubt this is partly because they know it will be some time before a return visit is possible. In every home there has always been the invitation to return.

My first visit was to a home where there was a grandmother, mother and daughter. As I stepped over a barbed wire fence, walked down a rugged path, then down some steep steps I did wonder where I was going. The grandmother wasn't very well, but the mother and daughter listened well, the mother repeating all that Mrs. Longley said after her. Although grandmother wasn't very well, when Muslim prayer time came she got down on her knees, and bowed her head several times to the floor—and this while the Bible story was being told, but the mother and daughter continued to listen attentively. What can we learn from this Muslim who lets nothing, and no one, interfere with her prayer time?

Another interesting visit was made to a family—an old man and his wife, daughter and daughter-in-law. With his presence in the home it was thought it would not be possible to read the Bible there. But, to our astonishment, the women persuaded the man to go out so that they could listen to the story, which they did with rapt attention.

On another occasion we visited a widow; she had already listened to the Bible story, and we were now enjoying her hospitality—a cup of coffee—when a friend of hers called to see her. She joined us for a cup of coffee, but how our hearts rejoiced when the widow asked Mrs. Longley to read again, thus giving her friend the opportunity of hearing the Gospel story too.

One day the mother of eleven children sent one of them to Dar Naama to ask Mrs. Longley to call. After a friendly talk with the woman, the opportunity was given to read the Scripture, and how eagerly the children stood around the table (Nine of them), listening to all that was being said.

For the *ordered steps* and the *open doors* we are grateful to the Lord; but we must not forget the latter part of the verse—"and there are *many adversaries*."

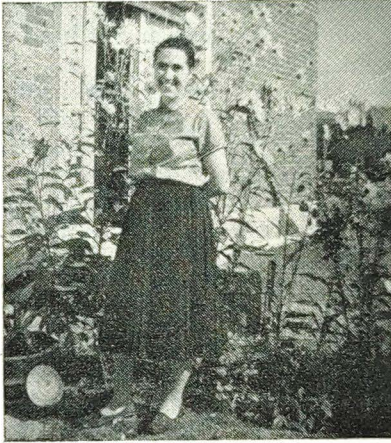
Many indeed are the difficulties, and the obstacles to be overcome. The people themselves are so blinded by the Adversary that it is hard for them to believe that this glorious Gospel message is for them personally, if only they will in faith accept the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

Some one has written that the "world has yet to see what would happen if the Gospel of the living Christ was adequately presented to the millions of Islam." I trust that through the afore-mentioned incidents you will be encouraged to pray and maintain your interest in the work carried on in Algeria.

I. B. Gow.

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM THE STATIONS

IN our last issue the news of TOUGGOURT was a note of thanksgiving for the arrival of a new helper for the work, Mlle Martha Daniel. This time we are able to give a portrait of this helper, and a few words from herself; and through the weeks and months she has been on the Field, we have realised from the letters of Miss Nash how fully the new



Mlle. Martha Daniel.

helper has fulfilled the office of a God-given "helper." ("God has set some-helpers" 1 Cor. 12. 28). Her "kindergarten class of little girls has been a happy thing for about 15 tiny tots, too young for a regular class, her help in the older children's classes and as a praying partner in the visiting is most valuable. As you will see, she grieves (as most of us do in our first year on the Field) about her want of knowledge of the language of the people. But that will come with time; and though it does not come by a miraculous gift of God, He uses the time of studying and waiting to teach us many things about the people and the work, which are best learnt

by slow progressive experience—and the three P's—patience, perseverance and prayer lead on to a 4th P—*praise*, when the happy time comes that the new worker finds that she (or he) can talk the language, and knows that she is understood.

Having asked Mlle Daniel if she would write something about her work at Touggourt, to go with the photo of her given in this No. of "A Thirsty Land," she replied:—"Though I am unable to write an article for "A Thirsty Land," if you would accept these few lines I can truly say that—here perhaps more than anywhere, we need to sow the Word in faith, counting on the Lord for its bearing fruit in His good time. Nevertheless, I have great joy with the children who come regularly to the classes. I love them and pray for them. I am also touched by the welcome given us by the women when we visit them. My trouble and difficulty is not being able to speak to them in their own tongue. On the days when the Tempter's power attacks me the certainty of my having been called by the Lord to the work among the Muslims of North Africa, remains my support and my force. We need the intercessions of all the friends who believe in the power of prayer.

Finally, it is precious to me to remember the word of our Lord to

Paul "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." And also the saying of Jesus to Martha—"If thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God."

M. DANIEL.

**"Cast Thy Bread upon the Waters for Thou Shalt find
it after Many Days"** (Eccles: II.I)

THIS verse has often come to my mind these days; and it has been an encouragement and a command.

The other day a boy said to me—"My grandfather, before he died, used to read the history of the Good Shepherd." And some time ago, a little girl told us—"Before his death my uncle read about the death of Jesus." We do not know who was the colporteur who gave or sold the books to the grandfather and the uncle, and that is unimportant; what is important is that God was working by His Holy Word, and that souls were touched by His Grace.

Several of the boys who come to us are really interested in the Gospel, and gladly receive from us Arabic tracts. Some have asked to buy books. Most of them read classical Arabic, and are a little embarrassed by the colloquial Arabic, printed without the vowel marks, (though they understand the colloquial better when read to them.

Among the bigger girls who come to us on Thursday and Sunday afternoons, the ranks have a little thinned. One of their teachers, to whom they had shown the Gospels we had given them, said that they should not go where religion is spoken of. But some have since spoken to us, saying—"Our father and mother told us we should come, and we ought to obey our parents." The little girls classes are also encouraging. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, those who come are children who do not attend the French government schools. Several of them, however, have learned to read and write in Arabic; but they do not always understand what they read, and we have to explain it to them.

We have had some visits from women we know, but have not yet been able to arrange for regular women's meetings. To-day, as I write, we believe that it is because of these troublous days that some, who had promised to come, have been kept away.

We are asking the Lord to touch the hearts of the children who come to us, and that through them we may come into contact with their families. May we be here as sentinels in the advancing night, witnessing to our faith in a living and mighty Saviour.

I would specially ask prayer for two young women, who are abandoned in a tragic situation—with three little children, and no means of sustenance. One of them is a Christian, and the other is interested in the Gospel.

G. CHOLLET.

After reading of the happy classes, and the hopes of women's meetings, and of contact with the families of the children who come to the classes, you will understand that we were sorry to hear from Mlle Pétermann that she could only be with us till the end of February. We are grateful for the help she has given in re-starting the work in Sétif; but we had hoped that she would have stayed at least a year. It seems that even before she came to us, she felt drawn to other work, which was then barred to her. Now the barrier is removed, and she is going. She will still be on the mission field, but her place at Sétif left empty. Again the prayer goes up "Lord, send forth labourers."

D. V. B. S.

THIS mysterious combination of letters represents an increasingly employed form of work for children among the missionary circles in Algeria. It stands for "Daily Vacation Bible School"; and this special endeavour to give the children a short period of more intensive and consecutive teaching than is possible in term time, has been found well worth while. You may have read of the experiment tried last year at Blida, and also at Tlemcen. In both these stations the result was encouraging enough to make the missionaries responsible, plan to try it again—Blida in the Easter holidays, and Tlemcen some time during the long summer holiday.



The Chapel at Tlemcen.

To the right you see a picture of the Chapel of the Mission

House at Tlemcen, where most of the meetings will probably take place

A sense of reverence seems often to come over even Muslim women and children when they go down—for it is a basement chapel—to join in a service or Bible lesson in this beautiful place of worship. Some who really love the Lord have found it a blessed place in which they feel that God is near, and they can really pray to Him.

Next comes a picture of some of the women who are often there. They come weekly for a women's meeting and many are very regular. One is the mother of the Christian school teacher, who helps in classes and meetings as often as her school duties allow. Another, years ago,



Some of the women who attend.



Mrs. Waine, David, Christine, Philip and Peter.

had four daughters coming to the classes. The photo was taken in the garden just above the skylight-like windows of the chapel. Many of these women have been finding out as they come regularly to their Monday afternoon meeting, what it means to come to the Lord in prayer—in Jesus' Name—and to know that their prayers are answered.

For our last picture I should like to call it "The Workers"; on the list in our magazine you will only find Mr. and Mrs. Wayne mentioned. But I sometimes think that David, Christine, Philip and Peter should have a place in the list. For, though they cannot do the direct work of teaching and preaching, indirectly they count for something in the work of a Mission station. The example of a Christian family is one thing that counts, the way the children are brought up is an object lesson to Muslim parents, Muslim mothers often find the missionaries' babies a great point of interest, and the children are (quite untroubled by any race distinction or other differences) ready to make friends, and so make contacts for their parents with their friends' parents. So here are the workers at Tlemcen, all but Mr. Wayne, who took the photo.

EDITORIAL

THIS month's Magazine shows several pictures taken at *one* of the stations. I hope it may be possible to do as much for other stations as space and the production of suitable photos will permit.

For this time I can only add briefly about the work at the other stations—that BLIDA now has a better water supply, which makes domestic questions easier to solve. There is also an improvement in the classes; the turbulent, unruly element among the boys is perhaps tired of being a nuisance? at any rate, there are reasonably well behaved boys at classes now, and it is felt they are really learning something. As I write the plans are being made for a "D.V.B.S.;" in the Easter holidays for some of the girls. The fact that they come by invitation ensures that they are those who are capable of profiting as far as can be judged, while those who would merely spoil the class for the others by opposition and unruliness are excluded.

It has been a disappointment that the house at MOSTAGANEM which we hoped would continue to be a home for Miss Clark and Miss Powell when they were at Mostaganem, is no longer available; but we hope that some better thing is perhaps to be in God's plan for their work there. In the meanwhile they are busy at RELIZANE, where there seem to be so many wanting to be visited, and coming to the Mission house to listen to the Word. There is cause for joy, or sometimes for sorrow in what we are told about these visitors. One who has been taught the Gospel news from childhood, now comes twice in the week for reading and prayer, and seems increasingly to appreciate the teaching she gets, and to find help in it, learning in spite of bad health and troubles in family life, to put her faith and trust in the Lord. Another, alas, who was brought up almost as a child at the mission house, now seems quite indifferent, and was heard to say to another

woman that she had once believed—but had given all that up—for she was too unhappy. It is true she was very unhappy in her family relations—Her husband no good to her, her sons growing up to despise her, to give themselves to drink etc., and refuse to help their mother, and she had to work hard. Without faith, what could help her? But she has come again to the missionaries, may it be a sign that she feels



**Chorus Time at
Tlemcen !**

**Listening to the story
of the
Good Shepherd.**



**Seated :
Rev. R. J. Waine.**

Lads from the mountain.



she has lost something by casting away her religion? May the Lord bring this wanderer back to his fold!

It is still a joy to think of the steady daily teaching going on in the school at TOLGA : and a joy too to think of Mme. Lull having her two daughters there. Though they are not helping in her school work in the week,—they have other work which fully occupies them—On Sunday they can join her in the Sunday services, and in the little Sunday school. The periodical visits from the French pastor too are welcome and encouraging; he and his wife came also to Tolga to help in the celebration of the Christmas festivities, and he gave a Christmas address there.

V. WOOD.

A FLYING VISIT TO ALGERIA

Leaves from my diary.

SEPTEMBER 21st, 1959. It was a glorious sunny afternoon when the plane took off from London Airport at 3 o'clock, arriving an hour later (after flying very high) at Orly Airport, Paris, where one found it distinctly hotter than in London, but a cup of tea revived one while waiting for the next stage of the journey to Algiers. I travelled by Air France all the way, and the second plane—an American Constellation—took off at exactly 6.20 p.m.

To my astonishment, I found on embarking the plane for Algiers, that I was to be accompanied, after all, by the Guest Speaker for our Missionary Rally, Mr. E. Govan who had had endless difficulty in obtaining his visa. It was something of a miracle that the visa was forthcoming on the very morning of his departure from London. We were full of praise as, hitherto, I had felt a little sad at the prospect of breaking the news in Algiers, of his failure to get away.

Flying 2½ hours over the Mediterranean in the pitch darkness of the evening (but for the spasmodic flash from our navigation lights) was a strange experience, but the sight of a ship's light far beneath us and then the lights of Algiers told us that the 3—4 hour journey from Paris was soon to be at an end.

Arriving at last on North African soil (for the first time for me!) at 10.20 p.m., we were met at the Airport by Mr. and Mrs. R. Waine who kindly drove us to Dar Naama, our Mission Headquarters in El-Biar, which is a pleasant residential part of Algiers, situated on a hill above the City and looking out on the Mediterranean with a most glorious view of the Bay.

My friend, Phyllis Russell of Ridgeland College days, had also set out in convoy to meet me at the Airport, but unfortunately her Renault broke down and had to be abandoned by the roadside. I was naturally anxious till we picked her up on that long, lonely road, and how good it was to see her again!

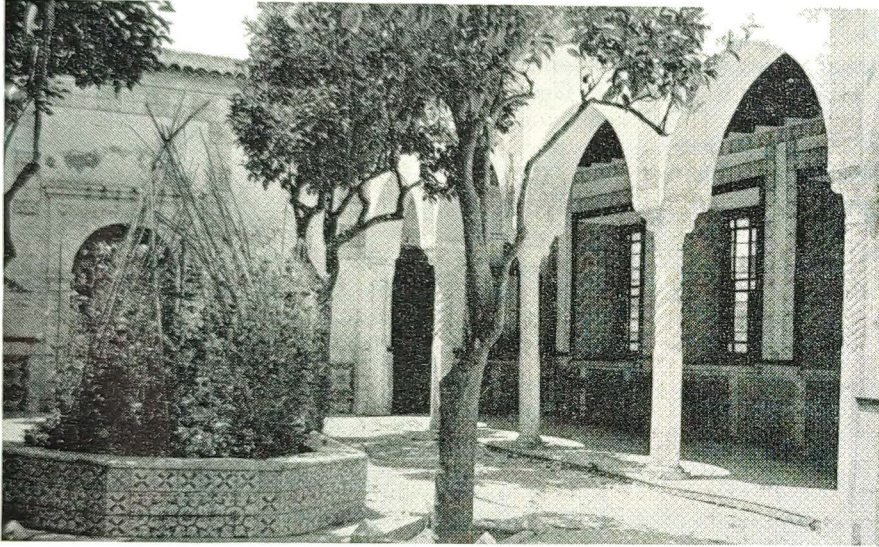
Then came a very warm welcome at Dar Naama—indeed it was warm in more ways than one, for one seemed to land into the hottest weather of the season, when humidity was high. Cups of tea and biscuits awaited us in the salon, and after chatting a while we scattered to bed.

There is no need for detailed description of Algiers itself, which has been adequately given in the past, by Miss Trotter and others. I refer you here to her books and booklets so widely known, in case you are among those who are not already acquainted with them.

One cannot resist a brief word in passing, however, about this most picturesque and fascinating old city on the Mediterranean. The name 'Algiers' means, I am told, "little islands," because it is built up on tier above tier of little island hills. Although old time Algiers was the

home of deys and pirates, it is now considerably developed and modernised, of course, with its railways, buses and large stores. There is the old with the new, the Oriental with the European, the Christians and Moslims, and so it is a city of marked contrasts, making it the more interesting. The Casbah, which is the native quarter, is thronged with Arab, Kabyle and Jew. Unfortunately, it was not advisable to visit that part at the time of my visit.

And now, come with me to Dar Naama, a massive old Moorish house standing in its own grounds, which had been bought in the early



The Orange Court, Dar Naama.

days of the Mission, for its Headquarters. Its name meaning in Arabic "House of Grace." One could write much about it, for it is quite the quaintest house I have ever visited, with its fascinating Orange Court where there are the most beautiful old Turkish tiles, and prolific orange trees growing in the centre. Dar Naama was, apparently, in ancient times, the headquarters of the Turkish pirates and their admiral, so I expect it has a murky history. How good to think that it is now the nerve-centre for a sphere of Christian work in "A Thirsty Land," with a Prayer Court situated in the very centre of the building, where the Missionary Rally was held. It was a week of happy fellowship, and Mr. Govan's messages were a big help to us all. Many of our missionaries were present, and it was a joy to meet them.

In between some of the meetings, I was able to paint a few of those old Turkish tiles which so intrigued me, for they were everywhere, in the floors, in some of the walls, and oh! so colourful and completely oriental.

Having a severe cold I was not able, unfortunately, to visit any of the Arab homes in El-Biar, but a trip in the Renault with Phyllis and Mlle. Guibé (her colleague at Blida) to Sidi-Ferrusch on the sea front along the coast, helped me to pull myself together again.

Sidi-Ferrusch is famous for the French landing in 1830 and a memorial marks the spot. After a brief visit to two friends staying at the Methodist Holiday Home, which is ideally situated right on the sea-front with only the sound of the waves quietly lapping in the gentle breeze, we tore ourselves away for the return journey to Algiers.

Thursday, October 1st found us three (Phyllis, Mlle. Guibé and I) at Blida, 45 miles along the west coast from Algiers. It was a good hour's run by car through very pleasant undulated country, and the sub-tropical trees and shrubbery with the giant aloes, prickly pear and palm added to the charm. The tall eucalyptus trees here and there, put one in mind of the gums in Australia! and the bougainvillia with its usual gay splash of purples and reds was to be seen everywhere in the dusty villages en route. Finally, at the end of the vast plain across which we travelled, lay Blida at the foot of the Atlas Mountains. How attractive this large Arab town looked as we approached it in the evening sun!

Our arrival at the Blida house, (which is just above the town and outside its boundaries, rendering it not so safe in times of unrest), was not exactly graceful I fear, for as the Renault turned into the gate, a tiresome Arab boy of about 14, deliberately danced in front of the car, and in an effort to avoid him we and the Renault found ourselves barking up an olive tree—no harm done, fortunately!

Sunday, October 3rd. We attended Morning Service at the French Protestant Church in Blida, and one so enjoyed singing the hymns in French.

Wednesday, October 6th. The Pasteur, a charming and cultured lady, had us to tea at the vicarage adjoining the Church in the market square where, I believe, not a soul is to be seen after 7 o'clock in the evening, so unsafe is it to be out and about after dark.

Thursday, October 7th. Was a day of special interest and enjoyment, for we took a bus in military convoy up into the mountains behind Blida, to Chrea, a charming little town tucked away from everywhere, situated 18 miles from Blida and at a height of 4,900 ft. above sea level (which makes it higher than Snowdon, I think!) The town is rather a miniature Switzerland with snow in the winter, and with its attractive little chalets—now sadly deserted on account of the Rebel trouble, for it is normally a holiday and health resort. The town itself and its beautiful setting in the high mountain scenery also brought memories of Simla, the summer capital in the Himalayas, India. The pines and deodars, too, were to be seen everywhere the latter with their branches laden and golden with tiny pollen-covered cones; and oh! how good was that mountain air!

Chrea (pronounced Shrea) is now a military stronghold, and is therefore well fortified. We, being under military escort for the day, were confined to the town and its main road beside which we had to sit and have our picnic lunch after cups of coffee in the one and only functioning café which, I suppose, was kept going for the French troops, for there appeared to be hardly any civilians about.

I wish I could describe to you the breath-taking beauty of the panorama upon which we 'feasted' from this mountain-top town. Looking out over the Kabyle range where the Rebels live, I was fortunate enough to sketch the view—just range upon range of soft blue mountains tipped with sunshine. One found it difficult to imagine that any vile thing could come out of beautiful Kabylia, yet, true enough, it is the home of the Rebels, to-day.

Our return journey from Chrea was again in military convoy, for travelling in those mountains was not safe, and we made an early start at 4 p.m. to be back in Blida before dark. Apart from any danger of being ambushed, one was fearful of the 37 precipitous hairpin bends in the steep descent of that mountain road, with an Arab driver to boot!

Now, a word about the Blida house where Phyllis and Mlle. Guibé 'hold the fort,' and where I spent a large part of my holiday since travelling was a bit uncertain, and missionaries only just back at their stations after the Rally in Algiers.

Miss Trotter designed this house to represent a miniature "Dar Naama," and so of course, it is built in Arab style with central court open to the sky, with its pillared verandahs and rooms leading off, all round. I managed to sketch the court with its giant rose creeper forming a roof through which came the dappled sunshine. It was delightful to have our lunch out there. The little windows of the house are heavily barred (prison fashion) so if an Arab Rebel chose to drop in on us, over the flat roof and into the court, he might have been disappointed! The house and garden are protected with high barbed-wire, besides.

The days at Blida passed quickly one way and another. There were the shopping excursions, when one managed to pick up some rather fine specimens of old pottery from Kabylia, and raffia-work, and hand-woven rugs. Then, there was an occasional visit to Arab homes in the neighbourhood, which brings me to the point of saying something about the people of the Land, for whom one's heart aches whenever one reflects upon their spiritual blindness, and upon the harshness of Moslem customs specially affecting the women folk. One could say much, but again I would suggest you read some of Miss Trotter's books, and others on the lives of Moslem women. It was enough to observe the tense, sad expression in their eyes—which was all one could see of them since they were otherwise wholly covered, lest they should be seen by a man when out. Pray for our missionaries working among them, and pray, too, that the Lord of the Harvest will send forth more labourers to this needy field.

The little Arab children, so full of sparkle, attracted me, too, Like the women, one always found them so friendly. I wish you could hear them sing the C.S.S.M. Choruses on a Sunday afternoon. First, we would sing them in French, so that *all* could understand (for Arab children are often bi-lingual), then they would be sung in Arabic and in English. The Arabic version was left to Phyllis and Mlle, Guibé, as it was not in my line! but it gave one a thrill to hear them sing such old favourites as:—

“He did not come to judge the world,
He did not come to blame.
He did not only come to seek—
It was to *save* He came.
And when we call Him SAVIOUR,
We call Him by His Name.”

13th October found us on our way to Miliana, another of our stations situated in the mountains, where Miss Grautoff lives and, as she was away in England at the time, we visited her home to see that all was well during her absence.

The journey by car is a long one and not considered safe, so instead of taking the Renault, we hired a car, and our Arab driver saw fit to race through those lonely mountain passes at sometimes 120 kilometres an hour. He took no chances. Once, on the return journey along the same dangerous road, a suspicious looking individual rushed out into the middle of the road holding up his hands to stop us, presumably for a lift, but our Arab driver had his head screwed on, and with quick judgment he swerved past him. The man may not have meant harm, but many an unfortunate traveller has been ambushed in this way, thinking a ‘lift’ was required only to be set upon by a gang in hiding by the roadside. Once again, we were thankful for His protection.

Miliana, like Chrea, is now another military fortification. We spent a night there ‘camping’ in Miss Grautoff’s home. Jelul, a young Arab refugee and his wife live in the basement with their small children. Jelul is now a Christian, and what a warm welcome he gave us. Pray that his wife may also come to know the Lord. She cooked our evening meal for us, consisting of a large bowl of cus-cus—staple food of the Arab—which is rather like semolina and is served with boiled mutton and pepper sauce.

Phyllis presented me with an old cus-cus bowl she acquired at Medea, which is hand-painted in browns and cream dyes made, I believe, from the stones of certain river-beds. The Arab women grind the stones into the necessary powder for the paints, so I am delighted to have a specimen.

While at Miliana, we visited a blind Arab Christian lady living on the outskirts of the town, and took coffee with her after talking to the dog and the cat and the geese that came to welcome us. Despite her affliction, she is a happy soul and one felt that only the Grace of God working in her heart was the answer.

Tuesday, 19th October. Back to Algiers for a brief stay of a few days before the return by air to London. And, how good it was to have plenty of water to wash in, for the water shortage at Blida had been acute, and was indeed a daily burden to us.

Friday, 23rd October. A cup of tea at 6 a.m. while the stars were still in the sky, and I slipped up to the roof to have one last look at the view from Dar Naama. Then came the 'goodbyes,' and everyone seemed to be up bright and early to see one off, which was most noble of them. Miss Clark saw me to the Air Terminal where I took the bus to Maison Blanche, the Airport, and the plane took off at 8 a.m.

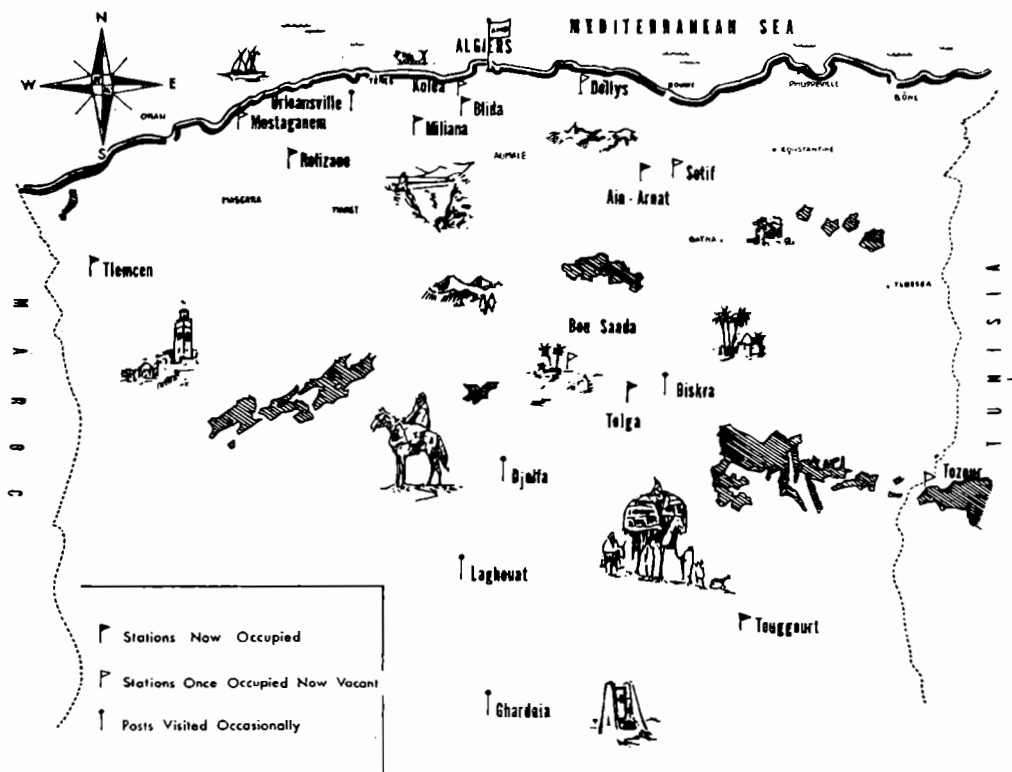
The taxi drive at sunrise from El-Biar to the Terminal, was one not to be missed for the glorious last view of Algiers and its beautiful bay. One had strange thoughts in saying farewell to this picturesque and mystic city as it awakened to another day in the golden rays of the rising sun, and one prayed that the Son of Righteousness might rise with healing in His wings on this truly "Thirsty Land."

D. B. EDGE.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

Statement of Accounts for the Year Ended 30th June, 1959

<i>Receipts</i>	£	£	<i>Payments</i>	£	£
BALANCES 1st July, 1958			GENERAL FUND		
Algers	236		<i>Algers:</i>		
London	4,101		Allowances to Missionaries	1,654	
	4,337		Rent, Taxes and Repairs	255	
GENERAL FUND			Travelling and Furlough	219	
Donations, Algiers	140		Headquarters Expenses	309	
Donations, London	892		Lighting and Heating	263	
Income Tax Recovered	42		Postage and General Expenses	142	
Interest Received	413		<i>London:</i>		
Transfer from Legacies	1,719		Allowances to Missionaries		
	3,206		temporarily in Britain	640	
DESIGNATED FUNDS			Retired Missionaries' Allowances	185	
Donations, Algiers	100		Secretarial Allowance, Office Rent,		
Donations, London	1,064		Travelling, Postage and General		
Literature Sales, Algiers	52		Expenses	784	
Literature Sales, London	90			4,451	
	1,306		DESIGNATED FUNDS		
			Literature Production	357	
			Mission Transport	125	
			Colportage and Itineration	39	
			Special Purposes	171	
			Designated Support	254	
			Personal	554	
				1,500	
			BALANCES 30th June, 1959		
			Algers	398	
			London	2,500	
				2,898	
		£ 8,849			£ 8,849



STATIONS AND WORKERS

ALGIERS (DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR)

1920 Miss V. Wood
 1956 Mr. & Mrs. P. G. Longley
 1959 Miss I. B. Gow

BLIDA

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

MILIANA

1907 Miss M. D. Grautoff
 1956 Miss E. Collins (*on leave*).

RELIZANE (MOSTAGANEM)

1947 Miss E. Clark
 1951 Miss A. E. Powell

TLEMCCEN

1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine

TOLGA

1937 Madame Lull

TOUGGOURT

1930 Miss I. K. Nash
 1959 Mlle. M. Daniel

SETIF

1946 Mlle. G. Chollet