

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

No. 130.

JUNE, 1960.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

Founded in 1888 by Miss I. Lilius Trotter

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THOUGHTS FROM THE KITCHEN or "WORKERS TOGETHER"

Mrs. Missionary talks with a Friend from the homeland.

Friend: "Did you say, from the kitchen?"—Mrs. M. "Yes, that's right"

F.: "Well, I thought you were talking from the Field."

M.: "Right again."

F.: "Hhmm—well, couldn't we move out for a while, you know, somewhere a little more connected with the work. Haven't you a classroom or church, or what about one of the homes you visit?"

M.: "We could easily go there, but in common with women throughout the world we have plenty to do in the kitchen, and whilst our hands are occupied so too are our minds. If we really believe that all things should be done to God's glory, then our Martha ministries take their place with that which we choose (rightly or wrongly) to call—The Work."

F.: "Yes. I suppose so. The kitchen it shall be then. Now for your thoughts."

M.: "Well, I've been thinking a lot about the two words *labourers together* and wondering if we out here, and those whose love, prayers and gifts make our being out here possible, don't lose sight of the privilege and importance of working or labouring *together*."

F.: "How do you mean?"

M.: "At Christmas time we received many welcome letters, but in one or two we found a rather wistful strain. After saying how much they enjoyed letters from the field they ended—afraid there's not much news, life at home seems rather mundane in comparison with the life you lead."

F.: "It certainly is difficult to imagine you sometimes. Perhaps it is because in prayer letters and magazines we read about the

high-lights of mission activity. On our wireless and television we see and hear of political upheaval and material need, and immediately couple the warlike conditions of danger and excitement with the already thrilling responsibility of carrying the Gospel of our Saviour to other countries."

- M. : "Yes, that is true. Of course, we can't pretend that the five years old war does not affect us, or indeed the various activities of mission work ; but there remain many aspects of our daily living identical with your own. You know, the sort of every day problems. What shall we have for dinner to-day?—When will I get to the end of the ironing?—Not MORE washing already? Or at the front door : No, thank you, really no eggs to-day. "Snails?" Definitely NO. "Artichokes? Oranges? All very cheap, all extra quality" the barrow boy sings. Even—"Haven't you finished your homework yet? Hungry did you say? Well do the Maths and we'll see."
- F. : "We don't get snails at the door, but we do get plenty of other interruptions."
- M. : "Another similarity is that amongst those of us serving on the Field there are all kinds of different ministries. Some have a loving sympathetic touch that immediately unlocks the heart. God uses this gift and blesses their testimony in visiting. Others have a gift for teaching and their classes are a joy to the children and to our Lord. Some are gifted linguistically, and the fruits of their special ministry bring glory to God now, and in future translation work. Some love and serve in humble ways, welcoming, and radiating this love to the poor, lonely and hungry, both spiritually and physically."
- F. : "I don't think I've ever thought of it like that."
- M. : "No, we too sometimes need to be reminded that we belong to one another, and that as a band we are a family, and we all, as Christians, are members of Christ's Body. Each Christian a member, to each member a different function. Some seen, some unseen. Some, to our human reasoning, more important than others, but each and every one VITAL to the functioning of the whole. We need each other. We belong to each other. If we are not fulfilling our particular ministry then God's whole and perfect plan is not being accomplished. So often we miss our part because of what we want to be, or what we feel others would have us be."
- F. : "That's perfectly true. We have perhaps made the Christian life much more complicated than Christ ever intended. We talk of "full-time service, just as if a Christian could ever serve God halftime! Don't you think that your friends at home meant that in the stay at home ministries it was more difficult to feel that they were *working together*?"

M. : "Yes, I'm sure of that. It's always hard to feel the thrill of battle when we are asked to mind the stuff. While I was alone recently, I was reminded of the story of Joshua going to battle. Moses stayed behind to pray. Two helpers, Aaron and Hur, stayed too, to hold up his hands in prayer. I didn't think of it quite like that, but it came in answer to my own query—whatever contribution was I making to the desert trip? how am I *working together*? We had hoped for a lull in the work while I was alone; but no, every one, plus extra friends called, usually after I had started the washing. Then, half way through an earnest conversation in the hall, I heard an ominous hissing from the bath room. The water heater about to explode! This performance was repeated three times one morning. Then the plumbing broke down, torrential rains, and umpty-ump unforeseen things to do and to decide. One morning, while peeling potatoes, I had to pull myself up—remember Joshua, and offer my prayer at the sink, for God's protection and blessing, and glory on the work at Colomb-Bechar. So please don't feel discouraged if the task that God has entrusted to you seems ordinary, unimportant, not directly related to evangelisation, teaching or preaching. Remember some one, somewhere, is depending on you for your love, interest and prayer. Wanting your news, wanting that feeling of belonging. God has His key men and women tucked away in unseen and unnoticed places.—On beds of sickness, caring for sick or aged loved ones, those who work that they might give, those who stay that others might be free to go, those whose going days are turned to praying days,—each one having learned the joy, privilege and satisfaction of working together with God."

May we learn the secret of working together, seeking God's will, for each one of us:—Nothing more, Nothing less, Nothing else.

M. R. WAINE.

RELIZANE

"Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15 : 7.

ON visiting Relizane in the year 1911 Miss Trotter wrote: "It is good to see here, in Relizane, how the feet of the Good Shepherd are going after His sheep one by one." It seems to us that this is still a feature of the work here. We cannot speak of large classes or meetings, but of the ones and twos who come often to the house and hear the Word of God, and of the many individuals reached by visitation in the homes. When we write about them we do not give their names, as this usually means that they become a special target of the enemy, but they are all known to the Good Shepherd, Whose feet are still going after His sheep one by one.

It does not seem possible to gather the women together for a meeting once or twice a week. They prefer to come in ones or twos just as they can. One woman comes two mornings a week to hear the Word of God and to pray with us. She usually stays from one to two hours. She is glad of this opportunity to tell us her troubles; and, being of a slow mentality, learns better on her own than with others. One afternoon recently we were just ready to go out visiting, when a woman whom we had not seen for some time knocked at the door. Our visiting had to be postponed for another day, as she stayed two and a half hours. She had so much to tell us that we wondered if we were to have an opportunity for giving her God's message; but, finally, we were able to sing one or two hymns, and read to her the story of the Resurrection, to which she listened with interest.

Not all who come are so interested, or stay so long. One old woman came a few times bringing her two grandsons, who go to the French school. She told us that she wanted them to hear the Word of God, but on discovering that there were no material benefits attached we did not see her again. There are others like her, who come for various reasons, but have no desire to hear God's Word. We pray for these, that their eyes may be opened to their true need.

We praise God that once more we have been able to have children's classes. Sometimes quite a good number come, other times only one or two. Often when they go home and tell what they hear they are prevented from coming. How we long that these lambs may hear the voice of the good Shepherd calling to them.

There are many women we visit who are not able to come to the house. They are shut into their little courts and only go out when they go to the public baths. Usually they are very glad to see us. Most of them are very poor, but they are very hospitable, and always want to give us mint tea or coffee to drink. We cannot refuse, as they would be offended, so we usually take a small quantity of sugar, green tea, and a little mint from our garden, to help them. One of these women we had not been able to visit for sometime, then one day we were surprised to meet her little girl in a street in another part of the village from where they lived. The child ran towards us, and told us that they had moved. She showed us the house, so the next day we went to see her mother. As we read the Word and sang with her, an old woman—a neighbour in the same court, came to listen. She gazed and gazed at us, then asked if we were the missionaries she used to know years ago when she was young. She forgot how many years had passed by since then! We told her we lived in the same house as those early missionaries, and that we read God's Word as they did. She told us that she had been taught to read and write and sew by them, but that she had forgotten all she knew. However, as we sang one or two hymns, she then asked us if we knew one she had been taught in the early days, and she began to repeat the words—showing us that at least she had remembered something of what she had learned. There were one or two

children in the court, and this old woman asked if they could come to our class. They came the following Thursday and brought others with them, so we had nine new scholars.

Another woman we visit regularly is also shut in. Her husband works in France and has recently been home for a holiday. He talked of taking her back with him, but as she knows hardly any French, he thought she would not perhaps settle very well, and he did not want to give up the house in case she wanted to return. So he left her here, and at present she has a niece staying with her aged twelve, and a small nephew. These two children have lived in a village in the mountains, and have been accustomed to have only the sheep, goats, etc, for companions, and the little boy screams when he sees us. However we took him an old ball to play with and a few sweets, and so, bit by bit, he is overcoming his shyness. This woman always listens eagerly to our message, and tries to sing the hymns with us. She says she believes in the Lord Jesus, but we wonder if she has fully understood what this means. God is working in her heart, and she invites others to come in and listen when we go, and she tries to explain the message to them. It is amazing how many women and children have heard God's Word at different times in that small court. We praise God for this woman, who is so ready to give others the opportunity of listening to our message, and we have had many personal talks with different ones who have come in while we have been there.

This kind of personal work takes up much time and energy, but we feel it is well worth while. It is an encouragement to us to know that Lord Jesus, when on earth, spent much time talking with individuals, and taught in His parables how ONE soul is precious to Him.

There may be many of you who are not able to speak at meetings, or to preach the Gospel, but you can tell your friends and neighbours what Jesus is to you; and also you can tell them about the women and children in this land, and the men too, who have so little opportunity of learning of the One Who loves them, and died to save them.

EDITH CLARK & ANNIE E. POWELL.

MILIANA REVISITED

THE pictureque old town of Miliana seems to have come under the spell of an evil of ugliness, in recent years. We all admit that progress is necessary, and can understand why the massive gateway has been swept away, to leave room for the circulation of traffic. In its place stands a tomb-like structure encased in blue tiles. The ancient clock-tower in the centre of the town has been stripped of its garment of ivy and stands there, gaunt and indecent, in a coat of white-wash. The giant plane trees in front of the Roman Catholic Church have been removed, and the church rebuilt in a fashion which is devoid of all external architectural beauty. The big old door of the wheelwright's

yard, opposite the Mission house, has been painted half scarlet, half lemon.

In the midst of all these modern improvements, it was refreshing to meet old and faithful friends among the European, Jewish and Arab communities. Then there was the joy of getting to know the children of those who attended the classes in former days. One mother was only a few months old when I first went to live in Miliana; and she was able to contribute four intelligent children to the classes we held in March (1960). Her brother sent three, and the Arab guardian and his wife (living on the premises) always expected their three children to take part. Their eldest son was the one to invite all his friends in, from the street.

They were delightful youngsters—ready to read anything put before them in French, and able to recapitulate the Bible story told to them in Arabic at the previous class. Their powers of concentration reflect great credit upon the work of French teachers in the day schools.

The women's meetings were inspiring, too, but not for the same reasons. Their willingness to come together, and the reverent attention they paid to the Word read and preached to them, was an uplift. Two of them and myself constituted the choir, for it has never been "the done thing" in these gatherings for all to sing, unfortunately. We hope they will remember the energy we put into singing: "The Light of the World is Jesus."

In one of the homes we visited in the town was a family of eight children, two girls and six boys. I had only known the boys as fidgety infants, but they are growing up tall and straight, friendly and polite. Their father has never been able to keep a good job for long, and they have had many difficulties. The eldest daughter now appears to be the mainstay of the family, working long hours in domestic service, and keeping the wolf from the door with her earnings.

Another visit was paid to friends who had built themselves a new house, outside the town. The father of the family was particularly anxious that we should call. We knew that his elder boy had joined the terrorists and disappeared, and his two eldest daughters had been arrested. He himself had taken to drink. Contrary to expectation, we found the eldest daughter at home once more. She seemed very sweet and ready to listen to the Gospel message.

It was with sad hearts that we closed down the station again, after a fortnight, owing to lack of workers.

P. M. RUSSELL.

“HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE JEWELS?”

“**H**AVE you brought the jewels?” a negress asked Mlle Daniel as we walked up the street together to visit some women we knew. Mlle Daniel not having understood, she turned eagerly to me repeating the question; but I looked as puzzled as Mlle Daniel. What could she mean? What an extraordinary thing to ask a missionary! But it was not so strange as it seemed—for this woman was asking for the real jewels contained in God’s Word; and when we understood, how we praised the Lord for this encounter with a thirsty soul. You will probably be asking why she used this expression—“jewels.” Some days previously my colleague, while visiting an enquirer in the street, spoke on the parable of the Lost Coin. The negress was present, and was so impressed that she longed to hear the story again, not only for herself, but she wanted her family also to hear this wonderful news of God’s Love. Suddenly, as we walked along together, she turned into a house and, flinging the door wide open, gave us a most pressing invitation to come in and read to them all from God’s Word. Gladly we accepted and, after passing through a rather dark entrance, soon found ourselves in a large, bright court where many women were gathered.

After the usual greetings—about which there could be no doubt as to the sincerity—we sat down in their midst and opened The Book. Oh, what a wonderful time we had, reading and expounding the Scriptures, and singing hymns till we had no voices left. As sunflowers turn to the sun, so *all* these women looked eagerly and wistfully towards the “Sun of Righteousness.” When at last we got up to go, they still wanted to hear more; but understood that we should go on to the other thirsty souls in that street. So the unique chair which they had kindly produced for me was picked up by one of the little girls, and followed us to that other “sun flower,” who immediately sent for her neighbours, and again we were conscious of the Lord’s Presence working in hearts. Each contact with these dear women reminds me of the “good ground” in the parable of the Sower.

One day, visiting a former pupil of my class, now married, who definitely accepted Christ as her Saviour a year ago, and ever since has been evangelizing her family—some of whom are very near the Kingdom, I was suddenly asked by her husband (an eager enquirer) if there were missionaries in this or that town—he mentioned several. When I replied sadly in the negative, he said—“But *why* are there no missionaries in all these places?”

I wonder if some dear readers of this article could answer him? Have some of you been disobedient to the Call? Have some of you been so occupied with the things that perish that you have not heard the Call? Or have you perhaps heard the call of Him Who died for you but, counting the cost too great, like the rich young man in the Gospel (Matt. 19 : 22) have turned away?

chosen. Miss Grautoff, during her recent stay at Dar Naama, had been kind enough to join the squares together with a line of crochet in black wool. It was a wonderful sight for our little knitters when—holidays over, on April 28, they saw the finished article—a baby's blanket in soft wool, intended for a "displaced baby." We have asked the lady directing the Blida branch of the Red Cross to appoint a time when four of our children may present it to her.

But this was not the only object of our holiday school, which took place on April 4-8, from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. each afternoon.

As in previous years, we began with the Bible teaching. Each day we displayed a portion of a film on the Passion. Our commentaries, or the simple reading of the Word of God, were listened to with wonderful attention. And we firmly believe that the seed will remain in their hearts—a seed which will bear fruit in God's chosen time.

After this, followed a quarter of an hour of gymnastics in our inner court, shaded by the climbing rose. We were surprised this year, by the discipline of the children, and the correctness of their performance of the exercises.

After the (almost solemn) ceremony of washing hands, we went into the big class room; it was time for the singing of the verses quoted above, followed by the distribution of work to each pupil. Then, needles and wool in hand, and little fingers busily moving, they had no time to think of idle chattering.

Now and then a little knitter approached us, a little upset by finding her row of knitting in disorder: but it was nothing serious, we put the mistake right and our little girl started her work again confidently. After the first half-hour of knitting, we gave them some minutes of relaxation—if we may so call it—making them sing an old cradle song, of which the first verse goes something like this, each line being sung twice before going on to the next:—

"Lovelier than a great queen's son
Is my baby boy;
Lullaby, wee baby boy,
sleeping in my arms."

We took advantage of the rest time to show them the first photograph of the little prince Andrew of England in his mother's arms. Our little girls were enchanted! But there was the other baby to think of—and the work began again, the small fingers trying afresh to work nimbly, while thoughts went to the unknown baby, waiting for the blanket.

At 4.15 our little friends went away, joyful at heart because they had been well-behaved, and happy to receive a cake or some sweets.

The last day of the holiday school, for a reward, we handed to each an envelope containing five little pictures fastened together, and a typed copy of what we had taught them in these few days—the two songs about the hand-work, then the hymn so well known:—

“ Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.”

Finally, some of the girls received some coloured chalks, while others had some tiny fancy gifts, which Mrs. Lonley had kindly passed on to us when she returned from England. All this was a great success.

And now we are left the happy memories of a blessed time spent together, during which we have learned to know one another.

May God bless the continuation of the work of our pleasant and useful holiday school in the life of each one of these children. And to HIM be all our grateful thanks.

J. Guibé.

STATIONS AT WORK

THE first months of 1960 have no striking events to report, but showed a record of steady work, so far as limited numbers of workers allowed. There are so many people needing the teaching that we would wish to give them, and so few of us to do it!

So it happens that through the departure of Mlle Pétermann on Feb. 27, Mlle Germaine Chollet is again alone at *Sétif*. Only one missionary, and *Sétif* is a big town. But the girls' classes are being carried on, and the women visited and the Gospel given out still.

Then, at *Miliana*, owing to Miss Grautoff's retarded return from England, and the want of someone to be with her, there has been only a fortnight in March and now a few weeks since after Easter, when the station was occupied. In March Miss Russell left her station to spend a short time with Miss Grautoff there and now Miss Ellen Chantler has gone to give temporary help to Miss Grautoff for a time.

Tolga. Madame Lull has reported a good season of work in the school; but not without what seemed like, at one time, a wave of fanaticism and strong opposition to the Gospel, in which perhaps political feelings had a part. Still it was a wonderful and very happy occasion when all the present pupils of the girls' school, as well as some old pupils, attended the service celebrated on Easter Monday, and joined in the triumphant Resurrection hymns.

Tlemcen has had enough going on to fully occupy the two workers there, and could have kept another busy had such been available, especially during the period of Mr. Waive's trip to Colomb-Bechar. There is much for which to give thanks in the many contacts with children, men and women there and opportunities for witness and proclaiming the Gospel.

Blida has had an interrupted season for the first part of the year, owing to the frequent short absences of its two workers on Mission business, but has had encouraging times in class work, ending with the happy little Daily Vacation Bible School. (see article by Mlle Guibé).

It is sad that Miss Clark and Miss Powell have no longer a house in which to stay at *Mostaganem*. But indeed here too, more workers are needed for these two have more than enough to do at *Relizane*, perhaps specially in the visiting, when they have so many opportunities of speaking to those who seem to want to hear.

Touggourt has had, on the whole, a wonderful time of encouragement in the visiting of the homes; so many doors and hearts seem open that it seemed amazing lately to hear of one home where two girls were withdrawn from the classes, and there was an atmosphere of fanaticism in the house.

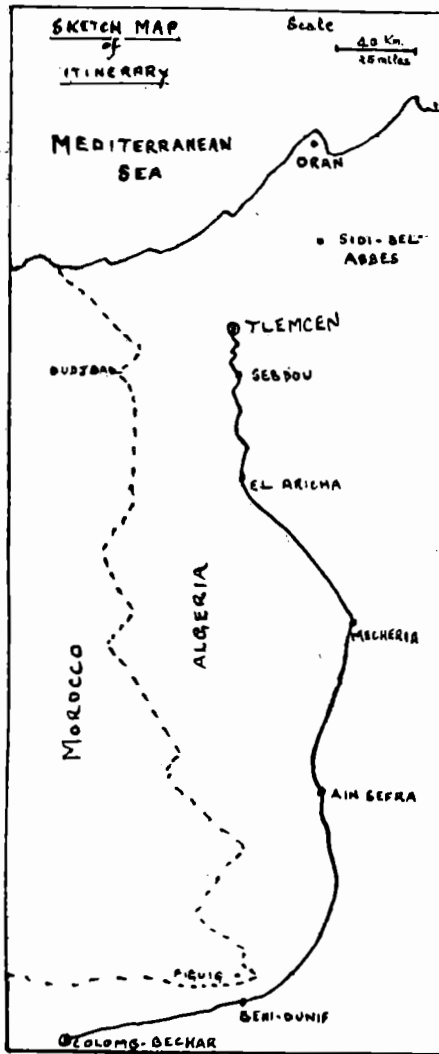
Dar Naama is blessed now by having a Christian Arab family living on the premises. The husband, a Bible Society worker, has given invaluable help in the translation of the New Testament into Algerian Arabic. His wife is a willing and very useful helper with Mrs. Longley's weekly Bible class for girls. They are earnest Christians and a very united couple.

COME TO THE FAIR

IT was a miracle. Even before the Spring Itinerations were being planned, a vague longing to "do something about 'Colomb Bechar'" was giving place to the conviction that God was calling. The invitation from the British and Foreign Bible Society to help with the Bible Stand at the Colomb-Bechar Trade Fair, therefore, did not come as a surprise call from God, but rather as a confirmation of His call. When God calls so clearly we dare not expect other than miracle.

We were three in the party, Mr. Stedeford, Director in North Africa of the B. & F.B.S., Monsieur Jean Dewerse, a young Belgian colporteur evangelist and myself. The other two arrived at Tlemcen on Saturday, 19th March to spend the week-end with us. Sunday was Bible Sunday in the French Reformed Church, and Monday was devoted to preparation and prayer; and after a mid-day lunch we set off in the Bible Society Caravan, a converted Citroen lorry, for the South.

The trip over the mountains south of Tlemcen was slow, but never tedious. The daily convoy, which normally leaves at 4.30 in the afternoon takes two hours to cover the first 24 miles. We covered the same distance in little over an hour; and though we had not been protected by French guns, we were conscious of the protection of an all-loving Heavenly Father. It was a joy to climb slowly through the cork forest, and to enjoy the wonder of God's creation, down into the fertile basin



frontier town. With the discovery of Oil in the Sahara, and the creation of atom-testing grounds, the northern and southern parts of Algeria are now separately administered, and it is as if one were entering a foreign land. First, identity cards are checked, then travel documents, car registration books, luggage inspected, amount of petrol in tanks controlled,—all in the interests of security.

It was getting late for lunch when we did stop at Beni-Ounif, only

of Sebdo and then once again climbing up on the High Plateau, given over almost entirely to Halfa grass. Some of the Bibles we carried were printed on paper made from these grasses. We passed many nomad caravans carrying the grass into Mecheria, chief collecting centre of the region.

Mecheria was to be our stopping place for the night. After announcing our arrival at the sub-prefecture, we made our camp for the night alongside the new market place. Even though it was still the month of Ramadhan, and curfew was lifted, we were not unduly disturbed, but awakened early enough to hear the mueddhin give his first call of the day—"Prayer is better than sleep"—is that really what he says? If only we Christians believed it.

An early start makes a good day when one has far to go. Already since El Aricha, 80 miles further north, we had been travelling along heavily fortified roads, with mined approaches and electrified fortifications, protecting rail, road and telephone communications. And a good thing it was that we did get an early start, for we were delayed at Ain Sefra, which was much longer than we had planned. Here is the

a few miles from the Moroccan frontier, and sister town to Figuig on the other side of the border. From the mountains, so we were told later by the Legionnaires we met at the Fair, one could watch the Algerian rebel army drilling in the streets of Figuig.

At each stop we asked ourselves when there had last been missionaries in these southern towns, and wondered when they might next expect a visit. There was little we could do, a tract given here and there, a Gospel handed to the Café proprietor at Ain Sefra, a word of personal testimony at the Customs office, and then on our way again, for our goal was still far to the south.

Colomb-Bechar comes on you almost unawares. Had it not been for the terrific sand storm which brought us to a halt, there was little to show that we were already in the Sahara. Then it began to rain. It was as if great blobs of mud were being hurled at the windscreen. The wipers were worse than useless. Only when the rain finally overcame the sand and washed the windscreen clean were we able to continue. One more security check at the entrance to the town—and we were at last there.

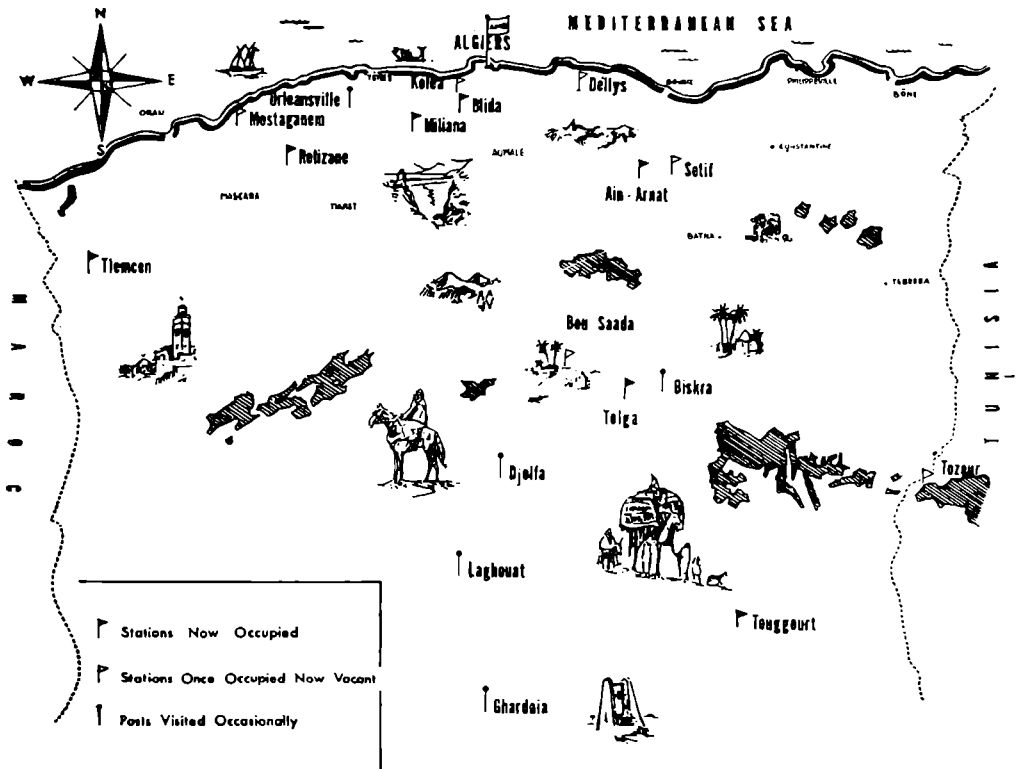
Colomb-Bechar is, it seems to me, quite unique—in that here is a town that man has built in defiance of the desert. Other southern towns that I have visited look as if they belong. Colomb-Bechar does not. It is dreadfully dusty, it is true, but then so too is El-Biar on a hot summer afternoon. The shops are all too modern, the percentage of Europeans is too high, the large cars driven carelessly along broad roadways, all combines to give a sense of hurry and bustle which just doesn't belong to the desert at all. It might have been that we had arrived ten years too late, for everything looked as if it had come there in the last ten years.

And, of course, there was THE FAIR. Yes, on the Place des Cham-eaux, ancient harbour for "the ship of the Desert," was the second Trade Fair to be held at Colomb-Bechar. Here were gathered together in an improvised Exhibition Hall, all the benefits of modern civilisation. Refrigerators, Air-conditioning plant, washing machines, the very latest in Electric Sewing-machines, Tape Recorders, Hi Fi Wireless receivers, Knitting machines, Kitchen equipment, Luxury furniture, specially conceived Dunlopillo mattresses, designed to look like an Oriental couch, and in the show ground outside, Lorries and Cars of every description—all designed to attract some of the new found wealth of the Desert.

For good measure, there was all the fun of the fair thrown in with Bumper Cars, Roundabouts, Try your strength, and all the other games of chance. Not to mention the NOISE. Screaming, strident, ear-splitting noise, that seemed never to stop. How on earth should we ever sell any Bibles here? In fact, we were tempted to ask ourselves whatever we were doing there at all.

Yet slowly it dawned on us that this is where JESUS would have been. The Friend of Publicans and Sinners would most certainly have been seeking, yes amidst all the vulgarity and noise, seeking the lost right here. So it was not so odd as it seemed—that Banner over our Bible Stand. There it was, a defiant challenge to the materialism all around:—"Above all—read the Bible."

(to be continued). R. J. WAINE.



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

TLEMCEN

1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine

TOLGA

1937 Madame Luil

TOUGGOURT

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

SETIF

1946 Mlle. G. Chollet