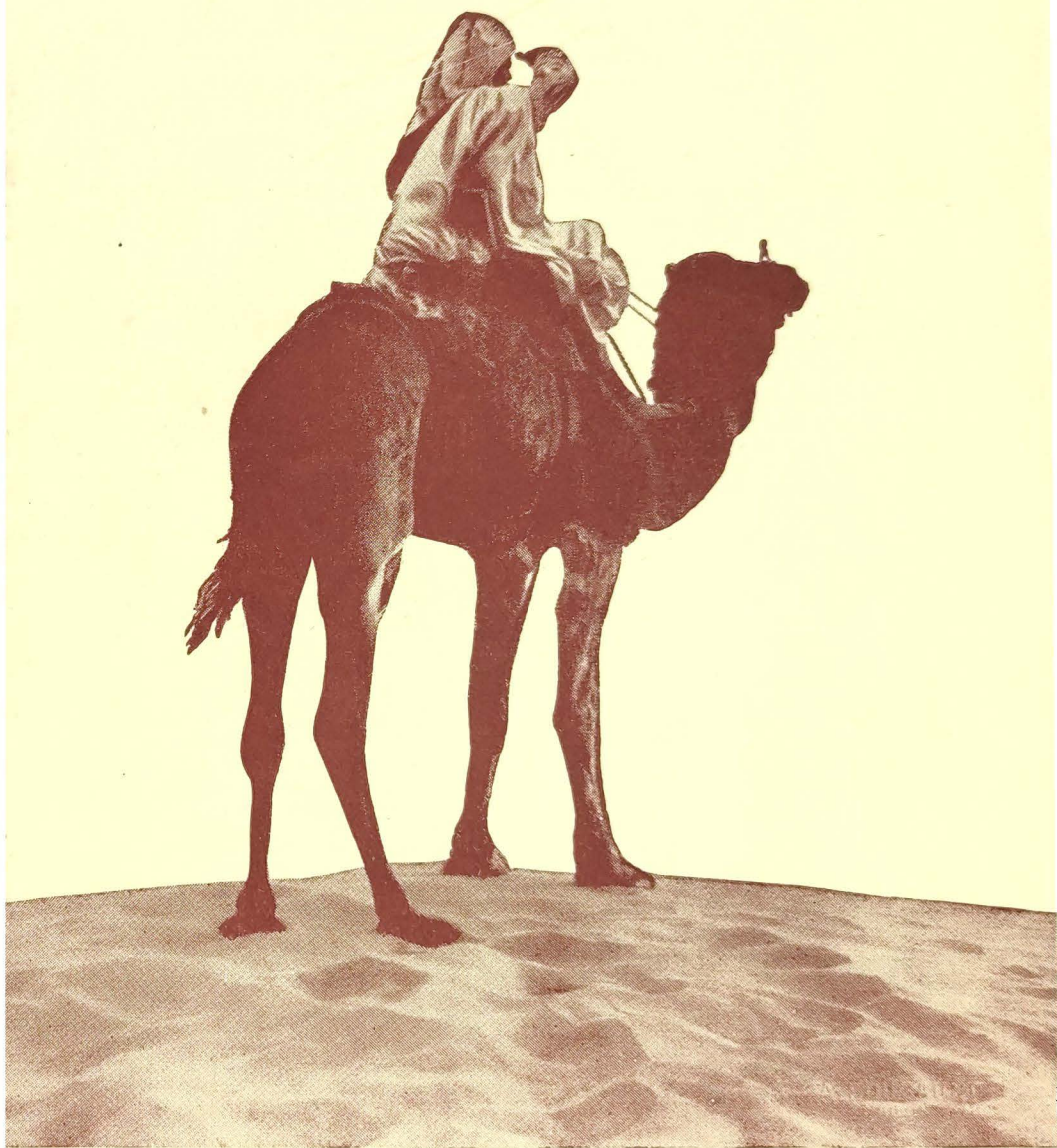


A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

No. 121.

MARCH, 1958.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

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A THIRSTY LAND

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A DEVOTED LIFE

Fragmentary testimonies to Mlle. Augusta Butticz's 38 years of service in the Algiers Mission Band.

MANY were the testimonies received at Headquarters in letters from her fellow missionaries, written when the news of her sudden death reached them, bringing the feeling of a great loss. We quote from Mme. Lull's letter from Tolga:—"For me my memory of her is always linked with my first voyage to Algeria in 1930, for it was during that stay that God called me to serve Him here. Her memory is linked always with Miss McIlroy, for you know the part she played in the vocation of Mr. Lull. And my last memory of her is her insistence on accompanying me to the car for my early morning last departure from Dar Naama. She has now met her Saviour whom she so faithfully served so many years in North Africa. We must unitedly pray the Lord of the Harvest to send more labourers into His Harvest."

It is difficult to select from the testimonies to her devotion found in Miss Trotter's "Journals," and in many publications of the A.M.B. through the years; but because of the exhortation "*whose faith follow,*" we may do well to mention what was always central in her life, expressed vividly in her contribution to the June issue of "A Thirsty Land," in 1956:—"Reading last night the 'Daily Notes' from Oswald Chambers' writings, I was struck by these words:—'The only time the Spirit of God honours a testimony is when *Jesus Christ is exalted higher than the testimony.*'"

"*Jesus triumphant all along the line*" was indeed her testimony to the end. Just six months before her earthly labours ended, writing of her journeyings together with Mlle. Chollet in France—where they were seeking contacts with families and individuals from Bou-Saada and elsewhere in this land where their witness to Christ had been borne—after telling of a period when "almost every day there seemed a 'knock-down,'" then a period of successful contacts, she wrote:—"Monday we visited some natives from Tolga who in their infancy had known Mr. Lull. When I read the Gospel to the man, tears were running down his face. We stayed fairly long to explain to him and his dear little wife the Way of Salvation. Such dear simple souls, so happy to be visited by Christians, We hope and pray the Lord to keep them in the hollow of His hand . . . I'm writing this from my bed, tired after travelling.

meetings, etc. May we keep near to the One Who gave His life for us and our Moslem friends too! ”

In another letter :—“The words given this morning were ‘Keep still’—for me a rather difficult thing to do, but HE is able to keep me that way.” A previous letter had this : “During the fête day I had a poor boy who had cut one of his fingers badly and no one could stop the hemorrhage, the third dressing held at last!” On another occasion :—“We need to glorify Him even in difficulties, and so give a testimony to the world that ‘Our God delivers magnificently.’” Yet another :—“The LORD is undertaking, ‘In HIM we rest, and in HIS NAME we go.’” “At nearly 70, I’m not making many plans.” “This morning as I got out of the car a group of little girls came to kiss my hand and asked if I would tell them about OUR LORD JESUS; they repeated after me, ‘He came to save us from our sins.’” “Pray on for us—the victory is sure : Alleluia.”

Her last letter to us, written five days before her translation, had this : “All round about us here tell of nothing but the flu, and I cannot shake it off, the fever goes up every night, but the work continues although Germaine also is not too well—but, full of courage, she’s preparing thousands of things for the children’s Christmas. Pray for us.” One of her last letters was written to her faithful friends in N. Ireland—who, since the departure of Miss McIlroy for the Better Country have not failed to correspond with her. In this she wrote : “Yesterday I began to feel very queer, but kept on with a class of 36 girls *just because the Lord helped me*; although in the second stage of this Asiatic flu which is not so serious, the suffering is as bad. One of our girls came near death, so I went daily to give her the injections ordered by the doctor, and often I’ve had to get up to make Piqûres for sick folk. The Lord answers our prayers and gives us joy in our sufferings. I’m nearly 70, but He gives strength every day for all that’s to be done. Our small harmonium which being broken a whole year we have tried to repair and thought we’d have to take it to a specialist, as I prayed one night the Lord told me how stupid we had been leaving one or two notes on the front side. I opened it, repaired it, and in a few minutes it was just as good as new—and it is 50 years old!”

Almost every letter revealed her practice of “encouraging herself in the LORD,” her latest references being to Job 6, and Psa. 72.

Looking back to the memorable day (Nov. 17) when some of us were privileged to see in her face with what triumph she had finished her earthly course the day previous, and to join the concourse of so many who testified to the influence and benediction of her life, the last lines of the hymn already mentioned may truthfully conclude these testimonies :—

“JESUS TRIUMPHANT when the spirit wings
Upward and heavenward to the King of kings;
And through the last great triumph of Thy grace
Triumphant saints shall see THEE face to face.”

H. W. BUCKENHAM.

IN REMEMBRANCE — NOVEMBER 16.

IT was from 1920, up in our mountain mission station of Miliana, that some of my earlier recollections of Mademoiselle Butticzaz date back, for she came to help us through a time of emergency, and gave proof then of her worth and devotion to duty.

Harvests had been bad, the wheat of former years had been bought up and sold to another country; and the mountain tribes around us were not able to pay for the expensive wheat from other lands, sent in to help meet the crisis. We soon had orphans and refugee children on our hands, for Miliana was at that time head of the Commune. Miss Nash and I would not have been able to shelter them, without the love and care of Mlle. Butticzaz; her nursing training and understanding of the people enabled her to doctor them with simple remedies. I remember two weeks when all the 11 children we had with us went down with mumps one after another, and she mothered them all. On another occasion, when one far from clean new-comer was having a bath and resented soap and water, she was chasing the slippery victim round the room, while I held the door.

In the shrine stables and later in a camp outside the town, men, women and children were being sheltered, and we were allowed to go daily with hot coffee, bread and milk for the babies and the sick ones, of whom many died. Mademoiselle was valiant those weeks, planning suitable food, using her nursing knowledge, and through all the strain keeping bright and kindly.

Some of these children, now women, are still living in the town, though many went back to their mountain homes. These are now grandmothers, but when I told them of their dear "Mlle. Gusta" (as they named her) having been called to her Home above, they said: "Yes, we do remember her; she was our mother."

Then there are the journeys and desert itinerations we had together, she and Miss Russell and myself, when her knowledge of Kabyle dialect and grammar helped us to work out the Gospel stories into the "Zenata," also a Berber dialect. One dear old Mozabi woman with some knowledge of Arabic had dictated her translation of the colloquial stories from the New Testament I read with her; and with a small Mozabite grammar and Mlle. Butticzaz's knowledge of Kabyle, we tried to pass on to the women of the seven towns of the M'zab some simple messages. These women were mostly half negro, for the white wives of the M'zab are shut in behind locked doors—unapproachable—doors to be prayed open.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

THE "SAIDA" OF BOU-SAADA

THERE was something about Mademoiselle Augusta Butticaz which reminded both my sister and me of our mother. It was probably the intensity of her spiritual life. She was very loving and never spared herself when tending the sick and suffering. Once, when I went down with flu in Ghardaia, she stayed up most of the night, preparing to come to our relief from Bou-Saada the following day. Her cheerful presence acted like a tonic, and it is not surprising that she was much in demand in times of crisis. When Miss Grautoff was rushed to hospital for an emergency operation in 1943, it was to Mlle. Butticaz that we turned. She came at once, and, for two months, spent alternate nights at the hospital, watching over the patient.

What a joy it was to work with her. She was never obstinate nor overbearing, but always ready to co-operate whole-heartedly.

In 1946, I spent a year with her at Dar Naama, making brief visits to the closed stations of Miliana and Bou-Saada. We even visited M'sila, where there has never yet been a missionary in residence, but on that one occasion home after home opened its doors to us.

Back in Algiers, we went the round of the Muslim cemeteries, on Friday mornings, talking with the women mourners and giving Scriptures wherever readers could be found. On one occasion, Mademoiselle was able to speak words of comfort to a demented woman, whose son had just been stabbed in some street brawl.

After the last War, Miss Grautoff and I were accompanied by Mlle. Butticaz, on several occasions, when we made colportage trips to the M'zab. Her knowledge of Kabyle helped her with the Mozabite dialect ; and, having worked in the desert, she was accustomed to Bedouin women and their ways. Her energy was remarkable. She would even go out visiting among the tents in the heat of early afternoon, while we were having a siesta.

Now that God has called His Handmaid home to Himself, we can only praise Him for the inspiration of her steadfast life—and ask Him to raise up new workers to help fill the gap she has left. P. M. RUSSELL.

A WAR-TIME MEMORY

AFTER having enjoyed seeing recently in "*A Thirsty Land*" a photograph of the ever-smiling Mademoiselle Butticaz, and having been interested to read of her adventures in France while on furlough, one was saddened by hearing of her passing to be with Him Whom she had so whole-heartedly and faithfully served these years.

Perhaps saddened is a wrong expression to use, knowing that hers is gain rather than loss, but one appreciates what the loss of her long experience will mean to the work, for one notices that it was in the year 1919 that she entered the Mission Field with the A.M.B. One never met her without feeling that she was among those who had captured the secret of perpetual youth.

Of course we, who were among servicemen in Algiers during the

war years, remember the cordial hospitality which she, together with the late Miss Perkin, extended to us at all times. I am quite sure that I am well in order by expressing, on behalf of all those sailors, soldiers, and airmen who met Sunday by Sunday at "Dar Naama," to the relatives and friends of Mlle. Butticaz, our deep and sincere thanks for all she did for us in those days. I still often remember and smile over the way in which she endeavoured to guide my conservative English taste into a practical experience of French dishes.

The fellowship of those days is still a joyous memory to us all, and Mlle. Butticaz has left a record of service which will inspire and give confidence and faith to all who follow her.

T. H. HOOK.

HOW THE YEAR ENDED AT TOUGGOURT

ANOTHER year has come and gone—what has it meant to us and what has it meant to those with whom we have been in contact? To us it has proved, as so often, that His grace is sufficient for all things and in all circumstances, and that when He openeth no man shutteth. To those to whom we have been sent it has meant rays of light here and there penetrating thick darkness. I do not mean by this that there have been spectacular conversions, but as the fire in our chimney sometimes looks black and cold until a wee flame bursts through between the logs, revealing that the fire is at work underneath, unseen, so I believe the Gospel is working unseen in many a heart, and the tiny flames will one day break through—perhaps so tiny at first that only the Good Shepherd will be able to see them. I have been privileged to see something of this, as for instance in "Special"—the tiny flame though so flickering, so weak, has nevertheless begun its work in that soul. ("Special" is one of two former class girls, now too old to be allowed to come to classes, who were specially interested and eager to learn when they came). I would ask much prayer for the two dear "Specials"—number one is about to be married, No. 2 has been married a few months and is going through a time of great testing—very sad circumstances prevent my having any real contact with her just now. I hope, however, that she received the Christmas parcel I sent her by her brother, and that my carefully worded message may have comforted and strengthened her. Please pray that the tiny flame may not be choked, but that it may one day burst into flame.

The classes have been well attended the whole year through, with the exception of a few weeks in February, a time of great fear—this affected specially the negroes, not one of whom turned up during that bad period.

The Christmas fêtes were more than ever looked forward to this year (1957) and were very happy occasions; there was not a discordant note. How good it was to see, at any rate for a while, smiles return to those sad countenances, which for the last week or two had been so sombre. How it tugs at one's heart-strings to see those young faces, which should be bright and happy, so sad; and those dark eyes, which should sparkle with fun, filled with apprehension—and all this due to no fault of their own.

On Christmas morning the little negresses gathered in our sunny court, and when I told them that their friend, Colonel Poujol, (see June number of "*A Thirsty Land*," 1957) wished so much that she might be with us, and that this being impossible Mlle. Ruperto proposed to send her a photo of them, they were very pleased indeed, and more than willing to be photographed—and that was the beginning of the smiles—unfortunately late comers did not get into the photographs. They then flocked into the gay class-room, made as pretty and as cheery as we could without greenery or a tree.

"Hark the Herald Angels sing," if not very tuneful, was heartily sung. After this opening carol they listened to the Christmas Story in the words of Scripture, then another hymn, and after the Message more carols. Then dead silence, as Mlle. Ruperto and I lifted the coloured papers which had been covering the goodies and the gifts, and as the things opened up to their eager gaze the children burst forth into shouts of joy. After the distribution of eatables, each child came up in order of merit to choose her gift. The little bags—made out of silks and velvets sent to me—were gently stroked in turn before the decision was made, and then oh the joy to find they had a right to choose from the things on the table too. The little ones when called could not reach the table quick enough to choose their wee doll; and even some of the big girls who have small sisters too young to attend classes, chose a doll instead of something for themselves. All joined heartily in the closing chorus of praise and in the short prayer, and a very happy crowd of children left us, many pressing round with the eager enquiry "When may we return?"

The following day the school children were waiting in front of the door long before the appointed time. We followed the same programme as the previous day. My little Kabyle friend, who does not understand much Arabic, joined in the spirit of it all and I hope understood something of the wonderful meaning. She is a fairly recent pupil, so her name came nearly at the end of the list. Real agony appeared on her face as she saw the dollies disappearing. At last she could not contain herself any longer, and burst out in a most pathetic appeal: "*Mademoiselle.*" At that moment very obligingly a "little Red Ridinghood" fell over on her face and became partly concealed, but not from the anxious gaze of little F.; and at long last her turn came to come up and choose. I must confess that I rejoiced as much as she did that a quite unforeseen incident had kept for her the doll she so much coveted. She is a very dear child and her mother tells me she just loves coming here; when I visited her home, her parents' welcome was most heartening.

And thus ended another Happy Christmas, which I do not think these dear children will ever forget, for it came at a specially sad and lark time this year.

I close this account of the year's ending with a heart full of gratitude for all God's enabling, and a note of *hope*—yes, even of assurance, for is He not THE MASTER OF THE IMPOSSIBLE?

I. K. NASH,

RELIZANE—NOTHING TOO HARD

“Behold, I am the Lord . . . is there anything too hard for Me?”

(Jer. 32: 27).

HOW often lately, in the midst of overwhelming difficulties and troubles, have the above words rung out clear and challenging, and how often we have had to acknowledge, like the prophet of old—“Ah, Lord God, there is nothing too hard for Thee.”

One morning, while seeking God's guidance and help for the visits that would be made that afternoon, we prayed that the plans of the enemy to hinder would be defeated, and God answered in a way beyond anything we could think of. Our audience consisted of four women, one of whom had no interest in the Gospel message, and no desire to hear it. We began by singing a well-known simple hymn, when one of the women stopped us to ask the meaning of some of the words. This led to our reading and explaining the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. The woman who had shown no interest before listened eagerly to what we read, and we had to read it many times over before she could grasp it. We were greatly encouraged by one of the other women, one we visit regularly, who explained in her own words the message of our Lord's birth. She had heard the message several times, and often we had come away feeling that very little had penetrated. Then the disinterested woman, perhaps feeling that she had listened too intently to the “heretics,” prepared to say her prayers, spreading out her haik and kneeling with her face to the ground, while we continued to give the message which we believed the Lord had given us for that afternoon, namely the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. It was too much for the dear woman. She could not say her prayers and listen to us at the same time; so she stopped her praying and again listened eagerly to the message. Once more the plans of the enemy to hinder were defeated.

One of the women who come to the women's meetings, and who professes to be a Christian has on more than one occasion been an instrument in the enemy's hands, to upset the meeting. One morning it seemed that she had gone well beyond the limit. We had talked to her, and prayed with her and for her. It was as we were praying for her that the Lord showed us she was not yet capable of claiming the victory over the enemy in her life—in spite of all she had been taught and thought she knew—and it was for us to claim the victory for her in our prayers. We were conscious that the Lord was teaching our fingers to war, and under His control our tactics for the next meeting were changed and the plans of the enemy to hinder, through this woman, were defeated. In fact, it was one of the best meetings we have had for some time. One woman, who had heard the Gospel in the early days, but had made no profession, testified as to how, at a time when she was in great need, she had prayed, and in a wonderful way God had heard and answered her prayer.

There is nothing too hard for our God. He is able, and He is delivering many of these souls from their bondage, and He will yet deliver

many more. Jesus said, "Believe ye that I am able?" May God give us the grace and the courage to say, "Yea, Lord, I believe."

EDITH CLARK & A. E. POWELL.

ABASSIA : NOT DEAD BUT LIVING UNTO GOD

"SHE HAS GONE!" These few words sent us with all haste to Abassia's house. It was Saturday, 11th March, 1956; shall we ever forget that date of earthly parting? For several weeks Abassia's suffering had been acute, her heart rapidly weakening. "How suddenly the water deepens sometimes in one's life! How little one knows the depths that lie ahead, or whether the currents be swift or still." To Jeremiah's searching question, "How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" Abassia's unfeigned confidence would ever reply:—
"Carry me over the last long mile,
Man of Nazareth, Christ for me."

Arriving at the house, we were sensibly affected by the feeling of emptiness that pervaded the whole; the melting and poignant sense of untimely loss and irreparable removal cast a shroud of melancholy over all. Abassia's own dear mother ran and threw herself upon us with a heart-breaking cry, "Bring her back, bring Abassia back." For us who stood round the still form—sadness; but for Abassia—joy! the joy of

"Stepping on a shore and finding it heaven,
Taking hold of a hand and finding it God's hand—
Of breathing a new air and finding it celestial air,
Of feeling invigorated, and finding it immortality,
Of passing from storm and tempest to an unknown calm,
Of waking up and finding it home."

Only a brief two hours earlier, one of us had been at Abassia's bedside and found her calm and restful. She was in the loving care of a friend who had nursed her constantly for weeks. It was a little later in the afternoon, when this friend was arranging Abassia's head scarf, and asking her if she would like something to drink, that, in the middle of saying "Yes," Abassia fell asleep in Jesus.

It was hard not to resent her family having the power to do everything their way, for Abassia always wanted a Christian funeral. We were comforted to realise that our real Abassia, whom we knew and loved, was no longer contained in the body lying there—but that she was released—never more to suffer—but in safe keeping. It was diffi-



Abassia with a missionary friend.

cult to put into words how we felt, for Abassia was the centre of all the Christian activities in her town. We had had such a lovely time the previous Sunday round her bed, praying, reading God's Word, and singing her favourite hymns. We can only praise God for the great privilege of having known Abassia; for having shared with her fellowship in Jesus; for her spirit of prayer which was an inspiration to the end; and for the hope and certainty of meeting her again.

Abassia's relatives were as fanatical Muslims as she was a decided Christian, and they prevailed in filling the house with Islamic rites and funeral dirge. "Call for the mourning women, that they may come . . . and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters" (Jer. 9 : 17, 18). This strange practice, so repulsive to us, is an integral part of Muslim lamentations. The hush that envelops a house in mourning can suddenly be rent by the piercing shriek of a "professional mourning woman" as she crosses the threshold, accompanied by female relatives who have hired her services. "How unlike Abassia," said one Arab lady, "She never wanted this." How true—Abassia abhorred such Muhammadan superstitions.

On the day of the funeral, Abassia's body was arrayed in gorgeous raiment and laid in the centre of the room. All round the four walls, the Arab women, sitting cross-legged, swayed rhythmically as they softly sang a moving and halting melody, "Au revoir, dear Abassia, au revoir." One who loved Abassia dearly was sitting unnoticed inside the doorway, knowing despair. She looked around that familiar room which so recently had sparkled with that beautiful life. Now only the stripped walls and shrouded furniture remained. Then her eye caught sight of a picture still hanging on the wall, as striking as it was solitary. It was of a beautiful landscape, in brilliant colours, stretching down to the calm waters of a shimmering lake, basking in warm sunshine. Underneath was a Bible text in French :—"GOD DOES EVERYTHING MARVELOUSLY." In a moment the horizon of eternity became translucent with Heaven's eternal light and hope.

"The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed,
Let shouts of holy joy outburst—

Hallelujah."

The wonder of God's ways—a little girl brought to the Mission by her brother; a missionary (Miss Butler) wraps her round with the affectionate care of a shepherd. After passing years the missionary must bid farewell to the girl—now a young woman, and a very beautiful, if worldly, bride—never to see her again. What misgivings arose in the missionary heart, we shall never know, for she soon afterwards passed to her heavenly reward. Persistent tragedy stripped that young bride of all she held dear, and left her to the bitter pangs of widowhood. Back to the Mission Station she came; to the Gospel; to her Saviour. She always cherished the hope of meeting her friend (Miss Butler) to whom she owed so much and whom she loved so dearly. How deep must their joy be together, in the presence of their Lord. God is not confined to our minute limitations of time; His design is as vast and noble as His eternity.

Her mother, knowing Abassia's greatest earthly treasure was her Bible, committed it to our care. On the fly-leaf in Abassia's own handwriting, the following is written in French :

“Abassia gave her heart to the Lord on the 18th December, 1950, at the age of 36, at T . . . ”

* * *

This is my motto :—

“Fear not ; for I have redeemed thee : I have called thee by thy name ;
thou art mine.”

Jesus said : “ I am the resurrection, and the life : he that believeth in ME, though he were dead, yet shall he live : And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.”

* * *

So Abassia lived and so she departed from this transitory scene of time ; an Arab among Arabs but a Christian among Muslims. Eternity alone will reveal the numbers who will arise up and call her blessed.

A. PORTEOUS.

ALGERIA'S NEEDS : A CALL TO PRAYER

FOR more than three years now the work of the Band has been restricted owing to the extremely delicate political situation in Algeria ; and it is therefore a cause for great rejoicing that, once again, those nearest to the scene detect a great improvement in prevailing conditions. Missionaries on each of our occupied stations have reported that it is again possible to take up work that has been impossible for many months. From North, South, East, and West, comes news of increasing opportunities, and we are faced with an urgent call for advance, on every hand.

In the South, with the discovery of oil, many new doors are opening, and it is with this in mind that the A.M.B. has purchased the house at Touggourt, recently occupied by Miss Nash. She is remaining at her post in an adjoining house, but the call for a missionary couple to be stationed there is urgent and insistent.

In the West, near the Moroccan frontier, the station at Tlemcen has been without the resident missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Porteous, since the onset of Mr. Porteous' illness. We now learn that it is extremely unlikely that they will be able to return for some considerable time. The need to send a missionary to replace them is imperative.

Following the terrible earthquake, that devastated the region of Orléansville three years ago, the Band has had this region much in mind. The Reformed Church of France has promised a prefabricated building in order that we commence work in the town of Orléansville itself. Another two missionaries will be needed to develop this work.

Away to the East, on the High Plateau, Mlle. Butticz has spent the last years of her life. Just before she received her summons to

“Higher Service” she had a vision of an expanding work in the town of Sétif. Only last week a suitable house became available to the Band, but the Executive Committee had reluctantly to admit that it was not possible to envisage the immediate purchase of this house, owing to a shortage of man-power. Who can step into the gap in our ranks left by the Home-call of God’s devoted servant ?

Here in the North, in Algiers itself and the surrounding suburbs, there are half a million Muslims within easy reach of Headquarters. That we can only reach an infinitesimal proportion of these folk is due in large measure to the inadequate personnel regularly at Dar Naama.

This is the situation before us as clearly presented by Mr. Waine : and we cannot but say that it looks, humanly speaking, “impossible.” We ask ourselves, “What can we do ?” and it has come to us very strongly that what we have to do is what Our Lord Himself told His disciples to do under somewhat similar circumstances. “The Harvest is great,” He told them, “but the labourers are few.” What could they do about it ? They may well have felt they could do nothing : but He told them what they could do, and we believe that He is telling us the same thing—“PRAY YE THEREFORE.” Have we not realised clearly enough that He is the “*Lord of the Harvest*” and only HE can send the labourers ? And that He gives us our part in the sending in bidding us to pray ? If so, forgive us, Lord, our negligence and want of faith, and by Thy Spirit move us all to deeper earnestness as we pray that Thou wilt send forth labourers into His Harvest in this Field of Algeria, wilt Thou choose and prepare them, that when Thy voice is heard—“Whom shall I send ?” they may be ready with the reply “Here am I ; send me.”

* * *

“ FIRE UPWARDS ”

“A story of the wars of the first Napoleon has often come back to me. He was trying, in a winter campaign, to cut off the march of the enemy across a frozen lake. The gunners were told to fire on the ice and break it, but the cannon balls glanced harmlessly along the surface. With one of the sudden flashes of genius he gave the word. “Fire upwards!” and the balls crashed down full weight shattering the whole sheet in’o fragments, and the day was won. You can “fire upwards” in this battle, even if you are shut out from fighting it face to face. If God calls you there in bodily presence, you will never be able to pray to any purpose, or work to any purpose either, EXCEPT there ; but if He does not summon you you can as truly, as effectually, as prevailingly, do your share within the four walls of your own room. “Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God ?” From “A Challenge to Faith” by Liliat Trotter.

HOME OFFICE NOTES

Will you join a group for Prayer for Algiers Mission Band ?
If there is not one in your District, perhaps you could start one. The following are three regularly held :—

DUNDEE : Last Monday of the month (during Winter Session) at Gowans Court Mission Hall, Cross Gate, Dundee, at 7.30 p.m.

LEEDS : Last Monday in each month at 61 Randolph Street, Bramley, Leeds, at 8 p.m.

LONDON : Last Tuesday of each month at 12 Briston Grove, Crouch End, N.8, at 8 p.m.

* * *

RESIGNATION OF MISS E. AHIER

After serving the Band for upwards of two years, Miss Ahier has intimated that she feels her term of office as Secretary-Treasurer for Great Britain has now come to an end and has asked to be relieved of this on the 30th April next. The Band accept such resignation with very real regret and pray that God's blessing may rest upon our friend and guide her, and us, as she lays down this work.

The Home Council is prayerfully seeking a successor to Miss Ahier in this important sphere and would value any enquiries.

HORACE F. BERRY,

Chairman, Home Advisory Council.

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“ A THIRSTY LAND ”

We regret that we are compelled to increase the price of “ *A Thirsty Land* ” to 3/- per annum, owing to the additional 4 pages to the magazine, and added cost of postage. The cost of a single copy is 7d. If you have already sent your subscription please ignore the above, but if not we should be glad if you would please let us have 1958 subscription, which is now due.

* * *

“ HORIZONS OF HOPE ”

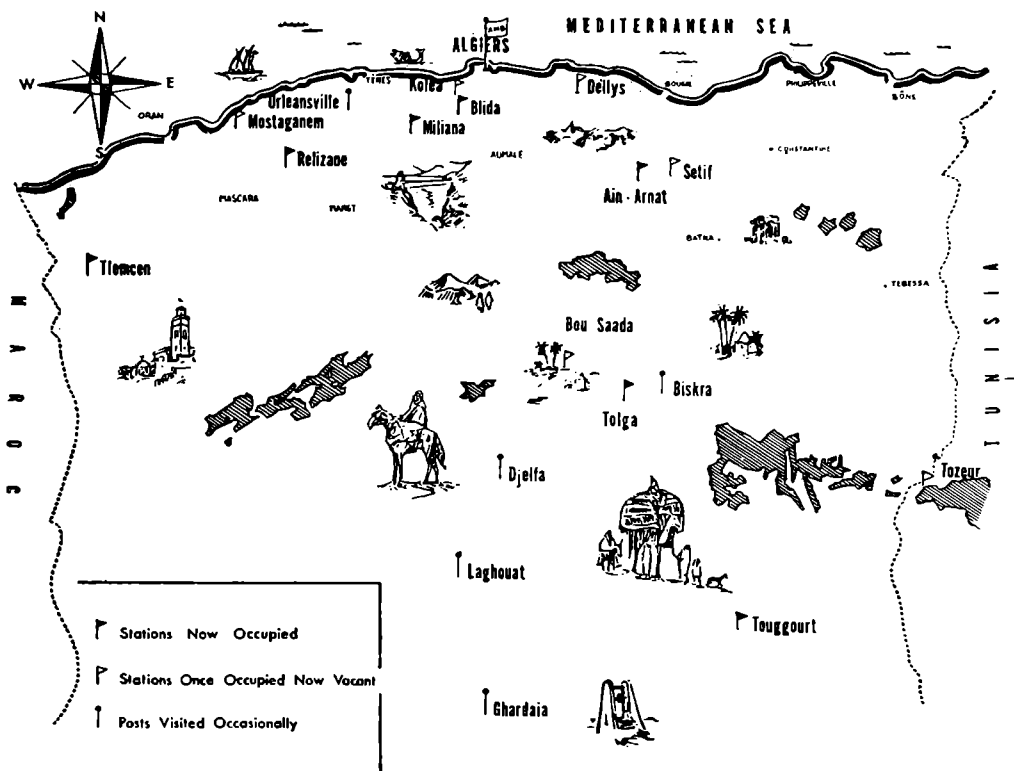
Enquiries have often come to the Algiers Mission Band office for information about the work—very shortly it is hoped such information will be issued in a booklet entitled “ *Horizons of Hope*,” price 1/- per copy. This gives details of the Field, including a map of Algeria with Mission Stations—past and present—indicated thereon. If, therefore, you require a copy, please order now.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS for the Year ended, 30 JUNE, 1957.

	RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS	
BALANCES, 1 JULY, 1956	£	£	GENERAL FUND	£	£
Algers	3,815		<i>Algers:</i>		
London	1,031		Allowances to Missionaries ...	3,344	
	<hr/>	4,846	Rent, Taxes and Repairs ...	803	
GENERAL FUND			Travelling and Furlough ...	316	
Donations, Algers	254		Headquarters Expenses ...	765	
" London	759		Stations Expenses	243	
" U.S.A.	230		Postage and General Expenses	305	
Legacy	125		<i>London:</i>		
Income Tax Recovered	44		Allowances to Missionaries	456	
Bank Interest, Algers	38		Retired Missionaries' Allowances	198	
" London	660		Missionaries' Passages	70	
Interest on Investments	606		Secretarial Allowance, Office Rent, Travel- ling, Postage and General Expenses ...	618	
Completion Repayment of Loan ...	153			<hr/>	7,118
Part Sale of Investments	4,506				
	<hr/>	7,375	DESIGNATED FUNDS		
DESIGNATED FUNDS			Literature Production, London ...	200	
Donations, Algers	525		" " Algers	93	
" London	2,552		Colportage and Itineration	20	
Literature Sales, Algers	48		Native Help and Relief	46	
" London	79		Mission Transport	67	
Part Sale of Investments	306		Personal	2,802	
	<hr/>	3,510		<hr/>	3,228
			BALANCES, 30 JUNE, 1957		
			Algers	1,713	
			London	3,672	
				<hr/>	5,385
					<hr/>
		<hr/>			<hr/>
		£15,731			£15,731

The above statement is a condensed abstract to the nearest £ sterling of the combined cash accounts of the Algiers Mission Band kept in Algiers and London. Transactions in French francs have been calculated at 980 francs to the pound. Audited copies of the Mission accounts may be seen on request at our offices.



STATIONS AND WORKERS

ALGIERS (DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR)

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

BLIDA

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

MILIANA

1907 Miss M. D. Grautoff
 1956 Miss E. Collins.

RELIZANE

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

TLEMCCEN

1948 Mr. and Mrs. A. Porteous

TOLGA

1937 Madame Lull

TOUGGOURT

1930 Miss I. K. Nash

AIN-ARNAT

1946 Mlle. G. Chollet