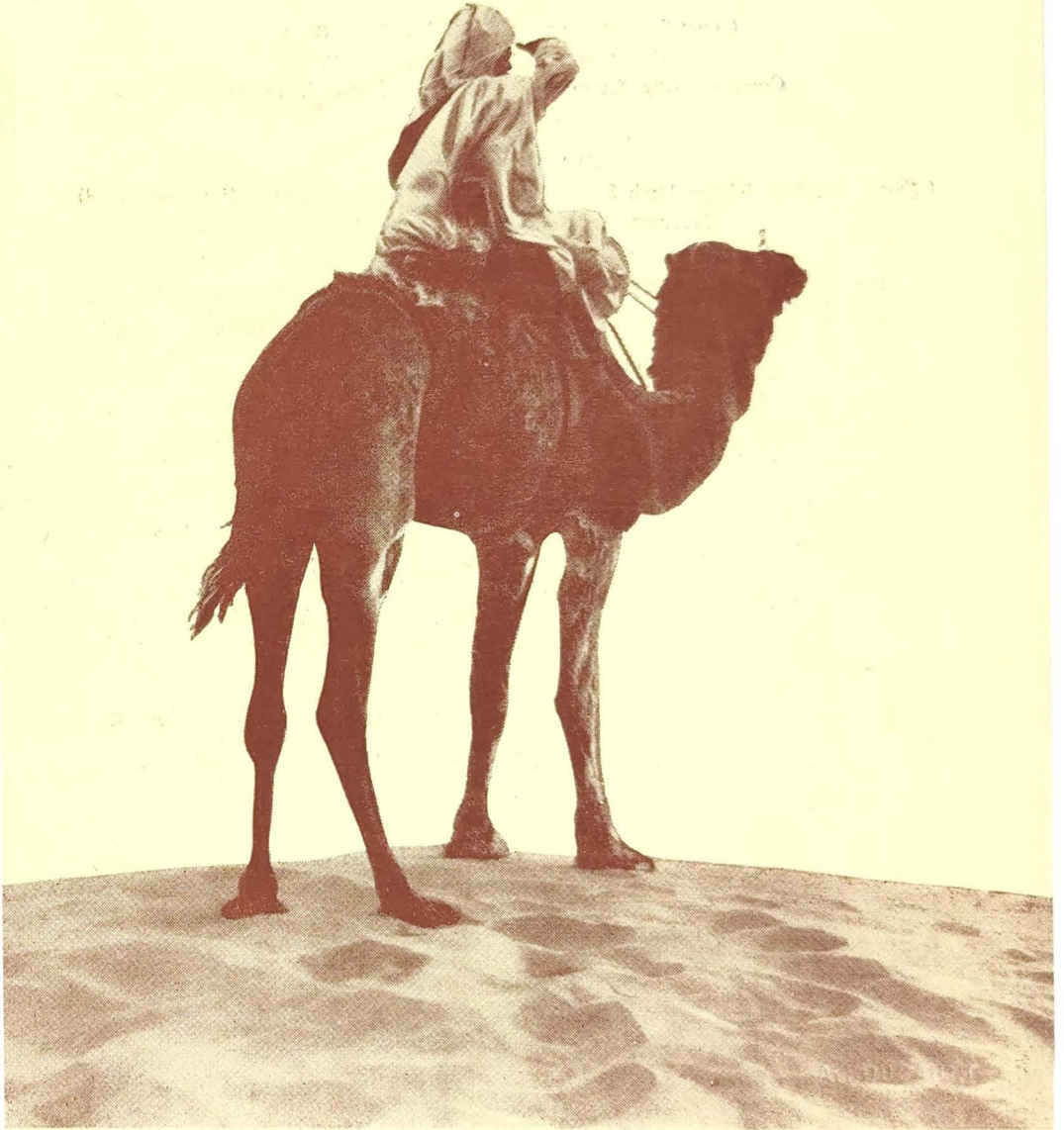


A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

No. 122.

JUNE, 1958.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

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A THIRSTY LAND

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EDITORIAL

THIS year is to be noted in the A.M.B. for the fact that in March the *seventy years* during which the work begun by Miss Liliias Trotter in 1888 has been carried on, were completed. In 1907 the title of Algiers Mission Band was adopted, and in 1927 the magazine "A Thirsty Land" came into existence. Its title is well accounted for in an article written by Miss Trotter herself for the first number, and reprinted now—as a reminder that this is still a *thirsty land*, needing many more "channels" to bring the Water of Life to it.

During the war years of 1939-1945 the magazine nearly disappeared altogether, but was revived later, still with the same camel and its rider looking across the desert for any sign of the longed for water.

The A.M.B. began with a mere handful of members, but increased considerably for some years, and was able to touch many points of the "Thirsty Land" by colportage and itineration: but since 1939 the numbers have diminished, and it is impossible to occupy adequately the stations where we possess houses, or to open up fresh work elsewhere, as we would desire. So we keep on praying "Lord, send forth labourers."

Nevertheless, we have much to thank God for. His hand has been over the Mission all these 70 years, guiding us through difficult places. He has given us joy in seeing souls come to the Light—and greater joy in seeing the growth in grace in those who remain steadfast in their Faith. There has also been sorrow in seeing some fall back, after seeming to make a good start: but we keep praying that the Lord will draw back these wanderers to Himself, and re-unite them with us in the bonds of Christian love and fellowship.

As we look back on the history of the past years, we can truly say "hitherto hath the Lord helped us"; and we trust in His continued help to enable us for any work He may yet have for us to do, as a Mission or individually.

V.W.

Now in print a new informative booklet — **HORIZONS OF HOPE** — giving information about A.M.B. mission stations. Price 1/-.

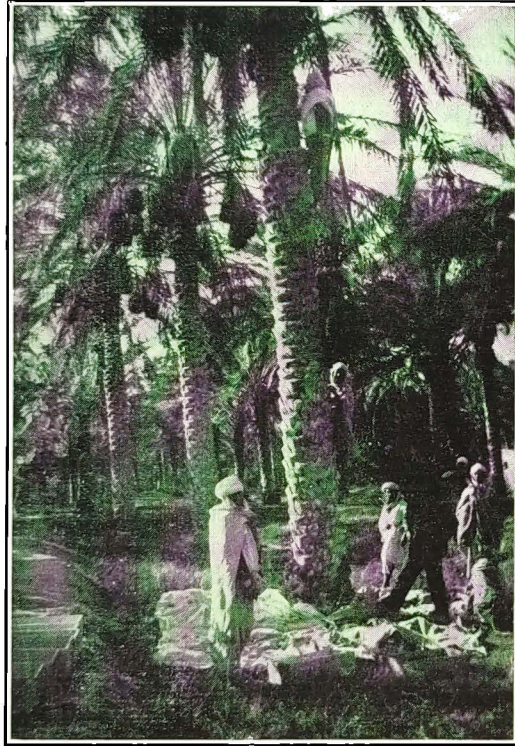
Further reduction in price of "PARABLES OF THE CROSS" from 8/6d. to 4/6d. per copy.

A THIRSTY LAND AND GOD'S CHANNELS

THE THIRSTY LAND

IT is a land hardly to be imagined by those who have never known it. The cream coloured sand dunes trend away like billows, soft and deep, till they reach the horizon—the camel rider (on the cover of the magazine) is gazing in vain for the line of blue-green that means a distant oasis, or the little white dome that marks a well.

These thirsty lands of the Sahara extend in latitude from the border of Morocco to the Nile Valley, and in longitude from the foothills of



“ Everything whither the river cometh shall live ”

the table lands that rise from the coast of Algeria and Tunisia, down to the basin of the Niger. In Tripoli and beyond to the Delta, the desert meets the sea.

Belts of sand dunes lie from East to West, unbroken by vegetation, except a wiry tuft of tamarisk or white broom now and again in the hollows. Between these sand-smothered districts you will find tracts of

gravel, sun-tanned and bare, broken here and there by an outcrop of black rock, or a patch of scrub. All is death except where there is a water supply : then, all is life.

Life, and life more abundant than anything that our northern lands can shew. You would say that the soil was hopeless, sand dune and gravel bed alike. Bring water and you will see ; where God's touch has set the streams flowing, the miracle awakes. A forest of date palms will rise, sheltering beneath their shadow an undergrowth of fruit trees ; pomegranate, fig and apricot interweave in a realm of luxuriance : within a literal stone's throw you have this garden of the Lord alongside the wilderness.

It is by means of channels, seen and unseen, that the supply comes. It is brought by the way of the watercourses, by the way of the springs and by the way of the wells. Each of these should have its own chapter, for each has its own lesson concerning the other "thirsty land" that is figured by the literal waste places. Each has to do with us, if we would bear our part in the fulfilment of the word that "in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert."

ISLAM

The Sahara is a true picture of Islam : Islam is dry as the dunes, hard as the gravel, a problem that has baffled the Church throughout the thirteen centuries of its existence ; and it dominates the seventh part of the world's population.

"Let it alone"—so say those whose imagination is caught by the outward solemnity of Moslem worship. If they lived awhile at close quarters, they would learn that those observances influence heart and life no more than the glowing sand is influenced by the mirage that floats above it, beautiful and futile.

"Let it alone"—so speaks on the other hand the shallow, lazy unbelief that limits God's resources by the things that it has seen Him do. Would it not be something worth living for, if this generation were to witness the first emerging of an oasis-island from the sand swept waste ?

WHY SO THIRSTY ?

But to start with, let us face the facts of that thirsty land, as they are to-day. Why is Islam arid as no heathen religion, in its yield for God's Kingdom ? True, it stands for monotheism, and as monotheism it made its first brave fight. Only its deity was not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was the Allah of Mohammed's invention, a far away Eastern Potentate, merciful and compassionate in name, but in character, uncaring, driving the universe relentlessly. Under his despotism all withers into one word, "fate." The Moslem believes that even his sins are decreed beforehand, and written on his forehead : he has no choice but to commit them, and Allah is responsible. Following this teaching to its natural sequence ; man's responsibility is nil, so con-

science ceases to raise a protest and becomes inert, and the sense of sinfulness dies away.

WHAT IS THE MUSLIM'S GOAL ?

Next to a man's thought of God, comes the human ideal, in its influence for making or marring on the natural plane. The ideal of the Moslem is Mohammed—that is to say, first a visionary with a strong message, then a chieftain with magnetic powers of leadership, proud, wayward, dissolute, promising his followers a heaven polluted by indulgence in earth's sins, on the sole condition that they testify to the unity of God and to himself as God's Prophet.

This formula of "testimony" sums up the Islamic creed. It is repeated, times without number by its adherents till their last breath, and leaves them, having performed this duty, to act as they will. All is lifeless, loveless, void of aspiration, except where man's heart swings him away from the emptiness of orthodox formality into the side tracks of Mysticism—a Mysticism debased with sorcery and magic, and pathetic in its search for the unknown God.

WHERE IS THERE HOPE ?

Where lies the hope? There are those who are looking to civilisation and education to give these lands a chance. Progress can alter the outward features of Islam, as the winds of the desert shift the dunes into new configurations. But the winds cannot give life: that remains for the streams. The world can bring the wind, and only the wind—it is for us to bring the water. "Rivers of living water . . . This spake He of the Spirit."

THE POWER OF PENTECOST

The setting free of "the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ" for Islam is the challenge to His Church to-day. Just because of its defiance to His Godhead and to His Cross, His honour is at stake, and the life tide needs releasing in a way unknown till now. Unknown too are the possibilities among Muslim races when the God of the desert oases puts forth the power of Pentecost. For this miracle it is not yet too late—the essence of a miracle lies in the sudden intervention from His unfathomed resources.

THE WATER OF LIFE

The Water of Life may yet be brought to the thirsty land, but it cannot be brought lightly; the lessons that we shall see in the water ways will shew us this. If the wilderness is to be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose, it can only be through channels in union, cost what it may, with Him from whose riven heart the streams were set flowing.

Will it be worth while? Those will find out, whom God calls to the venture.
I.L.T. (Summer, 1927).

A FLYING VISIT TO THE MISSION STATION AT TOUGGOURT

IN this troubled country travelling by train or car has been considered less safe than by air, so three of us decided to fly from Algiers to Touggourt. Our route was via Ouargla in the desert, returning by El Oued. Perhaps people in Britain find flying rather a bore, but we were going over the desert to a station we had not visited before, so it was a thrill. First over the high mountains of Kabylia; and, though cloud hindered our view, yet once through a gap in cloudland I could see the jagged tops of mountains—seemingly so near to our little plane.



Touggourt

Later we were out of the clouds, gliding over what seemed like a rippling sea of desert sand, with at times a glistening white Chott (or salt lake). Then oases began to appear, and we descended to a military aerodrome near Ouargla. Tiny planes like yellow locusts came running along the sandy run-way, and out stepped three or four passengers; then they were off again, for this is near the great new petrol finds, and there is much going to and fro. We re-loaded, and in a quarter of an hour arrived at the Touggourt aerodrome, where Miss Nash with a private car was waiting, to take us past the Oasis gardens to the S.P.A.N.A., which is beside the Mission House. Soon we were being introduced to every corner of it. From its flat roof we had a wonderful view of the market and town with the many new Arab shops and the Arab town behind it. Ideal for a mission station in position, there is even a suitable room on the roadside, with a window of possible size and shape for a Bible window, where passers-by can read a message from God's Word.

There is also a good-sized room for a girls' class, with an entrance door from the street.

The following day we were welcomed by 44 polite little native children, mostly of negro extraction. All desired to shake hands with us and to show us the work they were doing. I wanted to congratulate Miss Nash.

Outside were the Arab homes, and with a car we were taken to other towns, bumping through the sandy ruts, and past the date palms, with their harvest not yet all picked, and were even able to taste a date straight off the tree.

Work has been going on in Touggourt about 12 years or more; but only the steady plodding work of one lady missionary; so that little could be done for men or boys. These await fresh fellow workers alongside: let us pray for these.



Artesian Wells — Touggourt

Again the plane took us on our journey back by another route. What joy it was to fly over the little domed houses of Kouinine where I had stayed many years ago in a house built of "desert roses" on the top of a sand dune—where the men and boys used to come round us and sit on the sand, listening to the Gospel. God grant the time may soon come when, with the help of a car, all these places can be visited. In Miss Trotter's time it was on camels, long tiring tramps, later in an occasional omnibus made for desert work—now, with the needed younger workers, all these waiting places should again hear of the Saviour of the world.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

Touggourt 63 years ago

MISS TROTTER, on one of her many journeys by camel, made a short visit to Touggourt, and on April 9, 1895, made this entry in her

diary—"Touggourt, April 9th. We went round the little place that day—a long talk with a taleb who had had a book last year—his heart seemed open Christ-ward and the last sweet Soufa girls gathered round us with their pitchers and their distaffs, and led us from house to house. There was one dear woman who listened intently to the story of Jesus. When I had done, she said, 'We have had no news of this, we are getting old, but we have never heard this before, no one has come to tell us except you.' Dear soul, one little, short half-hour's telling was all that she could have after the life-long delay. 'You will come back next year?' 'We cannot tell.' I wonder in how many places they have said, 'Why do you not stay, why do you not come and live with us?' This was our last Souf present (here in the diary two lovely little roses are pictured)—roses fresh and sweet out of the sand—a pledge of the blossom that is coming to the desert when the Lord is King—and when we got under way and left the quaint little place, steeped in the afternoon sunlight, and set forth for our final stretch of wilderness life." (The two roses reminded us of the two "Specials," of whom Miss Nash writes often: both are young and not long married and have learned in their happy times before marriage to love the Lord Jesus truly at Miss Nash's classes. Now she writes of their desire to make Him known to their husbands and families—roses, bearing the sweet savour of Christ in that desert land).

RELIZANE

"Redeeming the Time" (Ephesians 5 : 16).

ONE morning we were sitting in our little kitchen, having our usual time of reading God's Word and prayer, with doors and windows shut, as outside it was cold and wet (unusual weather for April at Relizane). We had decided that no one would venture out that morning, so we would be able to get on with our work; but, as often happens, our plans were completely changed. We had not finished praying when there was a knock at the door, and on opening it we found one of our women who had come to read and pray with us. She usually stays about two hours, so we said to her that we would stay in the kitchen where it was warm, rather than go into the classroom at the other side of the house, where it would be cold and damp. She much prefers the classroom, as she likes to sing her favourite hymns, and we cannot sing together in the kitchen as it is too near the road, but she agreed, as, no doubt, she felt the cold too. After a little while, as we were reading together, there came another tap-tap on the door. We called out, as we usually do, "Who is there?" There was no answer, but we opened the door, and saw another of our women at the opposite side of the road, looking across to see if our shutters were open. She had come to tell us that her neighbour, whom we visit often, had had a letter returned which she had sent to her husband, working in France, and she was very troubled as she thought something must have happened to him. We

told her that we would go and see her neighbour in the afternoon. She joined our other woman and we continued reading. A few minutes later there was another knock at the door. This time it was a native woman who does housework for one of our friends. This poor woman was very troubled, and told us that her baby girl, aged 15 months, had died, suffering from measles and meningitis. We did our best to console her, and gave her a word from the Lord. How our hearts went out to her. She thought such a lot of this little girl, having already two boys. We were sad too, as we had grown to love this child, she was so bonny, and at an interesting age. In the afternoon we went to see the neighbour as we had promised, and found the only trouble was that the letter had been wrongly addressed, so we put it in another envelope and re-posted it for her. This may seem a very small thing to people at home, but to these women who can neither read nor write, and who, because of present difficulties, are inclined to think the worst, it can be a very serious matter. The woman was greatly relieved when we told her the reason the letter had been returned; and she said to her neighbour, "You see, all is well when our friends come." This unexpected visit gave us another opportunity of reading and explaining the Word of God to them—and also to a lad of twelve, who came in while we were there, and who heard it for the first time.

A. E. POWELL. E. CLARKE.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

WE are so glad that you are with us this afternoon at Dar Naama because this afternoon we have our girls' class. The girls will be delighted to see you if you would like to join us.

They are coming now I think—yes, they are knocking at the door, so we must let them in. In they come, full of life and enthusiasm as usual, and very pleased to see a visitor to the class. Perhaps they are happier now, in these few short years of childhood, than they ever will be again.

They greet us, and sit down. Who is here to-day? Do you see the girl sitting over there, with the round face and mischievous twinkle in her eye? She has been coming regularly since the class began last November. Her older sister, too, came just as regularly until a fortnight ago—but now for two Thursdays we have missed her. Perhaps her younger sister's explanation is true, and the bigger girl is needed to help at home—but something in the way the excuse is given makes us wonder . . . We are sorry that she is not here this afternoon, as we wish that you could have met her—and she is always a help with the singing too, as she knows the hymns so well. Will you join us in praying that she may not forget what she has heard here, and that she may come back again.

The girl with the dark plaits sitting next to you is slightly older than the others. It is she who can always remember and re-tell the previous week's lesson, and who would seem, more than the others, to have

grasped the meaning of what she has heard. Sometimes she seems thoughtful and almost sad; is it that she realizes the loneliness and difficulty she might meet if she really accepted our message and started to follow Christ?

Two of the others are familiar faces, but there are three newcomers, who have come to see what we do and, if they like it well enough, to come again! They may come back next week—or they may not. But let us pray that something, some fragment of a hymn or chorus or text, may stay with them.

Now we are ready to begin. You will recognise the tunes we sing, as many of our Arabic hymns are based on well-known English hymns. "Tell me the old, old story" is one we often sing, and was the first one we learnt in the class. To-day we shall begin by singing "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," which we learnt at Easter. Someone is asking for "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam," and, having sung that, someone else wants "The new one we started to learn last week." You will guess what it is from the music—"Living He loved me." They enjoy singing so much, but we long that the words which are now so firmly fixed in their minds may enter their hearts too, and be a continual reminder to them of Christ's love and salvation.

That is enough singing for today—it is time for the story now. Since Christmas we have been following through the life of Christ, and to-day we want to tell them how He went back to God, so that His disciples could no longer see Him. But He had promised them that although they would not see Him, He would be with them all the days. To end the first part of the class, we sing a chorus. Yes, I thought you would recognise the tune! It is "Into my heart," in Arabic.

The second part of our class time we spend in knitting, and if you have time to stay you will find plenty to do in picking up dropped stitches!

The time has passed so quickly, and the knitting must be put away now. It is time for the girls to go home: time for them to leave the Christian atmosphere with which they have been surrounded for one short afternoon, and to go back to the Muslim atmosphere of their homes. Will they remember, during the week, what they have heard and sung to-day? They say goodbye, and go. Thank you so much for coming to the class. The girls will not forget you, and will often ask me how you are, and whether you are coming to see them again. Please do not forget them, will you?

ALMSGIVING IN ISLAM

AMONG the "Pillars of Islam" almsgiving or (as we should probably speak of it now-a-days) GIVING, is considered very necessary and important. To an onlooker, it would seem that three kinds of "giving" may be observed among Muslims. These are.—First, the legal gifts commanded by the founder of Islam, where the gifts seem like a tax to be paid by all who are able to do it, as a duty, whether they will or no.

Secondly, there is the giving which is not obligatory, though recommended strongly, and performed largely because it is considered a means of obtaining favour with God — and, perhaps, of earning the good opinion of men. Thirdly, there is the giving which is the spontaneous act of a compassion and generosity of heart which is certainly God-given, and no product of Islam.

Of this last kind of giving little need be said—it is certainly not universal. But the writer who said of the Muslims he had known “they are generous, kind to the poor, and hospitable to travellers and strangers” spoke of what he had seen. And we can believe what he saw was the truth, not merely an appearance of goodness put on because it was commanded by their religion.

Of the obligatory almsgiving—which resembles “tithing,” though not always a tenth—it may be gifts of cattle, money, corn, fruits, or the products of goods sold, according to the giver’s capacity. But, if it is to be called a gift of charity, it seems to be charity to a man’s family or to himself, rather than to those who receive it. It is reported that Muhammad said: “He who pays the Zakat (obligatory alms) of his property, evil will be removed from him. Make your wealth sure and heal your sick by giving alms.” It is, in fact, a kind of bargain with God—not entirely unknown in Christian lands—“I give away my tithes (goods) in expectation of an equivalent reward from God.”

A story is told of a man, “wishing to obtain the divine mercy, who is said to have bought his soul from the Lord at the price of 40,000 dirhems, and this he did four times. He would carry the bag thus filled with his wealth, saying, ‘O Lord. I have bought my soul from Thee with this’; and thereupon would give the money away in charity.”

Compare this with the comment of another missionary:—“The legalistic idea of merit plays a large part in life. This is the idea that certain acts, either those prescribed by the law or endorsed by religious custom, such as the fast and the various pilgrimages, or acts of mercy, are reckoned by God to the advantage of the doer. Theoretically the motive of the act enters into the reckoning of merit; but practically this element has a very small part in it, so that one may say that in the popular idea the reward is not based on the ethical character of the act but is in large measure arbitrary. The thousands of pilgrims who every year go to the shrines” (especially to Mecca) “the general observance of the Ramadan fast, the building of bridges, the indiscriminate giving of alms, and the support of religious mendicants are evidences of the power of this conception. No religious force works in more ways and more universally than this.”

The above was written of Muslims in Persia a good many years ago.

A little later probably another missionary’s word on the same subject came from Egypt. It reads:—“Almsgiving, as well as prayer, is a duty. How often, at some halt of the tramway, you see a beggar pass along by the car. He passes an “effendi”—there is a quick movement towards the waistcoat pocket, from whence a minute coin is transferred into the twisted palm of the maimed object beneath. You may look narrowly,

but you shall see neither the light of interest nor sympathy in the eye of the recipient. Each is a necessary feature in the act, the real interest of which for the donor lies in the merit added thereby to his credit column in the future life."

The obtaining of merit by giving is certainly a deeply rooted idea, and appears constantly to be a motive for giving. It may also be effective in encouraging begging! For who could see anything but good in asking for a gift, when the giver will be rewarded by God? Is it not rather a kindness to put him in the way of earning that reward? Does not their way of receiving a gift without much sign of gratitude sometimes imply something like this?—"Your reward is with God—may He increase your well-being—may He save you, give you health." It is almost as if they acknowledge that you have done a good deed in giving, but there is no need for excessive gratitude on the part of the receiver—that can be left to God. This same casting of responsibility on the Creator appears in the common reply to a beggar when there is no intention of giving—"May God give you your portion." Yet the withholding of alms that could and should be given is threatened with dreadful punishment, and their Prophet's rebuke to those who neglect the duty of giving is as emphatic as his promises of reward to those who give. One word of his as reported says that "whoever pays not his legal contribution of alms duly shall have a serpent twisted about his neck at the resurrection."

As we think of what we have been briefly considering on this subject, we realise the wide difference there must be between *giving* and *good works* accomplished for fear of punishment, or with the object of obtaining favour and merit with God—and such giving or good works as spring from faith in Jesus Christ, Whose commandment "is not primarily to 'do' this or that, but to trust and to love."

Of the first-mentioned kind of "giving and good works" we may say—as was said some hundreds of years ago of "works done before the grace of Christ and the Inspiration of His Spirit"—"we doubt not but they have the nature of sin." Why so, Because, in the words of a profound thinker of our own days, "The nature of sin is self-centredness—the putting of self in the centre where God alone should be. We are all born doing this; that is Original Sin." And of deliverance from this condition he adds, "It is not virtue that can save the world or any one in it, but love. And love is not at our command. We cannot generate it from within ourselves. We can win it only by surrender to it . . . There will be no full surrender except to the perfect manifestation of perfect love, that is to say Jesus Christ come in the flesh." "Without Me ye can do nothing," He said, and all that we are or do without Him is mere nothingness.

From this nothingness of all self-centred human endeavour, may the "grace of Christ and the Inspiration of His Spirit" deliver us—Christians as well as Muslims—that abiding in Him we may bring forth much fruit to the glory of His Name, and the joy of His Heart of Love.

V. WOOD.

TOLGA

MADAME LULL writes from Tolga :—" In spite of the very troubled situation the work of the school is continuing normally, and for this we give thanks to God. During the month of Ramadan two or three of the girls showed a little fanaticism..

Recently I accompanied a woman to the prison in Constantine to see her son who had been in France for six years. He agreed to be visited by the chaplain. He had already been in contact with the Pastor in the town in France where he had been working. Miss Wood had looked after his mother at the time of his birth 28 years ago. He used to attend Monsieur Lull's Bible Classes. The Good Shepherd watches over His sheep and seeks them until He brings them back to the fold. This urges us to pray for this man.

Please pray also for the ex-prisoner met at the prison gates, to whom I handed a Gospel at the close of our conversation. " If men walked in the Way of the Lord there would not be a war," he told me..

I would also like you to pray that all the difficulties which stand in the way of the plan to take four or five girls from the school to a camp in France to be organised by the Protestants of Constantine may be overcome. From every point of view this would be very valuable for the girls.

Pray too that God will send missionary reinforcements to Tolga for next October. I need a teacher to help me at the school, and a married couple to begin again work among the men."

THE HARVEST OF ETERNITY

" Who can tell what harvest after harvest may be waiting in the eternal years, after the summer of earth has faded into the far past?

We have to do with one " who inhabiteth Eternity " and works with infinite leisure. Some years ago, when a new railway cutting was made in East Norfolk you could trace it through the next summer, winding like a blood-red river through the green fields. Poppy seeds that must have lain buried for generations had suddenly been upturned and had germinated by the thousand. The same thing happened a while back in the Canadian woods. A fir forest was cut down, and the next spring the ground was covered with seedling oaks, though not an oak tree was in sight. Unnumbered years before there must have been a struggle between the two trees, in which the firs gained the day, but the acorns had kept their latent spark of life underground, and it broke out at the first chance.

If we refuse to stay our faith upon results that we can measure and fasten it upon God, He will be able to keep wonderful surprises wrapped away in what looks now only waste and loss. In the setting up of Christ's Kingdom the waste places may see ' a Nation born in a day. ' "

HOW MEN ARE TO BE REACHED

" He has begun to show me how He has called us to share the life of Jesus in intercession, how men are to be reached by prayer in the Holy

Ghost — prayer which fights through and prevails; how then, and only then, can the windows of heaven open on the barren land . . . What we want is to have our faith brought down to the uttermost simplicity, to the absolute transparent childlikeness of those words 'I believe in God.' It can be so when, as someone said the other day, 'there is nothing between our bare hearts and Jesus.'"

From "*The Master of the Impossible*," sayings, for the most part in parable, from the letters and journals of Lilas Trotter of Algiers.

THE LAND OF THE VANISHED CHURCH

"Will you take up the responsibility of this thing? You may not have been definitely unbelieving but have you been ever as definitely believing as the case demands? Has the dishonour to Christ's cause ever pressed upon you? Have you done all that you can do to wipe out the stain of defeat? It is not yet part retrieving. He 'strengtheneth the the spoiled against the strong so that the spoiled shall come against the fortress.' We may yet add this triumph to the roll of our King's victories before He returns!

Let His voice sound down into our hearts till we roll away the stone of unbelief that is helping to shut down these poor souls into their prison-house. If He is doing 'no mighty work' among them, the cause may be of old. For remember, it is not the handful who are out among them that can win the battle. If it is Satan's stronghold what is it for a few score of us to go against it, many of us weighed down with the pressure of spirit that comes on one in lands that are steeped in the power of Satan? It is you at home in the bright, free, spiritual air, who could have power with God for victory." (A challenge to Faith by Liliat Trotter).

There are less than a score of missionaries on the Field now. Who will share in the building up of the Church of Christ in Algeria? Doors are open and from all parts comes the call for more workers.

VITAL NEEDS

Intensive PRAYER — prayer that prevails and costs in time and earnestness. Who will take up this challenge?

AMBASSADORS. Who will go with the message of Salvation taking light, life, peace and love to those who are in darkness, death, turmoil and fear?

GOD IS ABLE

to do exceeding abundantly above all
we ask or think. (Eph. 3 : 20).

WHO will PRAY ?
GO

How sweet 'twould be at evening

If you and I could say,

Good Shepherd, we've been seeking,

The sheep that went astray :

Heartsore and faint with hunger,

We heard them making moan

And, lo! we come at nightfall

And bear them safely home.

E. M. H. GATES.



STATIONS AND WORKERS

ALGIERS (DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR)

1920 Mr. & Mrs. H. W. Buckenham
 1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine
 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

TLEMCEN

1948 Mr. and Mrs. A. Porteous

TOLGA

1937 Madame Lull

TOUGGOURT

1930 Miss I. K. Nash

AIN-ARNAT

1946 Mlle. G. Chollet