

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

No. 126.

JUNE, 1959.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND

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A THIRSTY LAND

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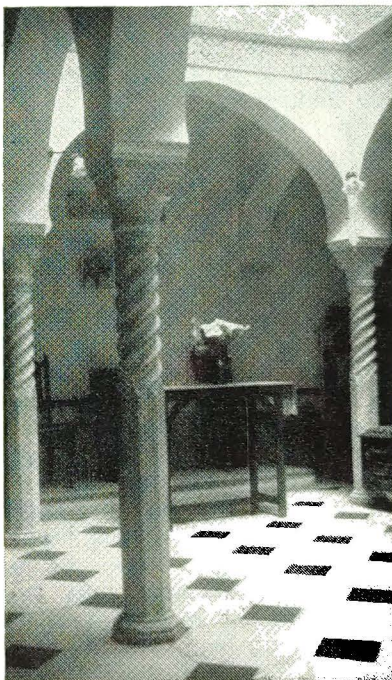
EDITORIAL

LOOKING over the various accounts by different writers of work that has been going on this spring-time, the title of one article struck me—"The LORD led." The words carried my mind back to the story of Abraham's faithful servant who, in carrying out his duty in a difficult mission, said, "*I being in the way, the Lord led me.*" And I could not but think thankfully how beautifully true it is that, when we are in the way He has prepared for us, He *does* lead, as surely as our friends found He was leading in their journeyings down South.

But there is another point that struck me—

Many of you will, I feel sure, be interested in reading about the places and people described in this

periodical: but still,—they are very far away, and not within the reach of many of you, in any intimate way. The work of bringing the Gospel message to those far away ones must seem quite out of your reach. But is it? Does not Mr. Waine's word to you in his article about making the Lord's way straight in the desert point to this?—"The harvest may depend on your prayers." So I want just to bring to your notice a bit of one of Miss Trotter's letters written at a time when she was prevented by ill-health from going herself with the message; her words give us an idea that is worth



A corner of the Prayer Court
in Dar-Nzama

thinking over. She wrote: "'Prayer is the sluice-gate between my soul and the Infinite.' I came on those

words of Tennyson's the other day, and they come back again and again to-day with a special sense of the reality; the asking in the name of Jesus for this and that village and town of those dear and unreachable mountains and deserts, does set the sluice-gates open to them. The powerlessness to go gives an intensity to the joy of it. One can stand in spirit among the dear mud-houses of Tolga, and the

domed roofs of Souf, and the horseshoe arches of Tozeur, and the tiled huts buried in prickly-pear hedges in the hills, and *bring down* the working of the Holy Ghost, 'by faith in that Name,' perhaps more effectively than if one were bodily there. One can shut the door, as it were, and stand alone with God as one cannot on the spot, with the thronging outward distractions of the visible."

V. Wood.

ONCE MORE IN THE MZAB DISTRICT

WHEN it was suggested that we should itinerate in the South, and visit our friends of Ghardaia (after an absence of four years) it seemed to me a very precious piece of God's planning. Out came my scribble books with the many Bible stories which Aisha, our Mozabite friend, had translated for us from the Arabic to the "Zenatia du M'zab" as their dialect is called.

Aisha has passed away, but by noting on the backs of Bible pictures words, and sentences, we hoped by God's help to get a message across to these shut-in women.

After prayer for God's guidance and protection, we started from Dar Naama in the little Mission car, Mr. Waine, Miss Russell and myself, Over 600 kilometres down past other towns, on and on, till we reached the desert. Rain had fallen there this winter, and the desert in some places was blooming with mauve and yellow flowers, against the desert sand; while clouds in the blue sky cast their dark purple lines on the hills. It was a dream of colour, as our car sped along the dark line of tarred road, so carefully prepared to help the traffic from north to south. On and on we went—at times through the golden shower of locusts that rose up from the road and smashed themselves against our wind-screen. Herds of female camels were there with their babies—some only a week or two old.

Yes, God led us on safely, till we met the two brave French missionaries, Monsieur and Madame Morin. They are living in the old Arab house where formerly we (with Mlle Buttica, after whom many asked) had our daily classes.

The next day was Sunday and, after a little French service conducted by Monsieur Morin, we made for the Jewish quarter to get news of friends there—such as Esther, Rebecca, Mesaada of former days. Many were white-washing their houses, for it was just before their Passover week. In the vestibule of one house I counted over 20, who had crowded in from the street, saying—"Sing to us the Arabic choruses of former years." In another house, where they could ask us in, with

such a hearty welcome, one Jewess (whose name translated would be *Happiness*) said to us: "You are good people, pray for us;" then, turning to me, "when you get up to heaven, pray for us there, for we are living in fear."

We had with us the Passover pictures, so we could tell them of the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world"—the Messiah their forefathers had not welcomed. So many recognised us, Jews and Arabs and these Mzabi lads. But our object was to get to the homes of those we had known. So we made our way to the quarter where the



**A much venerated mosque in a village near Tlemcen,
up on a hill.**

Houmari (the freed slaves of M'zab) live. Four years ago I had been ignominiously ordered out of that impasse (blind-alley) by an irate Mzabite Taleb. This time, seated on the rocky floor of their cave-like house was a young girl of perhaps fourteen years, with a white band, a sign of mourning, round her head. It was the little "Black-beetle" (as they had nicknamed her) now a sad little widow. Here were friends and an opportunity to give our messages in the dialect to a group of women and some lads who came in from the street; and on the roof of a neighbouring house, looking down through the open ceiling, were other Mzabite women and a young bride with her golden ornament on her head. "Come," they called: "come to our house." How gladly we would have gone, but we could see by the scornful looks of some boys who had entered that we must not accept their invitation; so, after coffee and a talk with these well-known friends, we left.

Outside, torn up and strewn on the doorstep, were tracts we had given to the readers; and a group of children had been marshalled to hoot us out of their neighbourhood. They do not realise that, though

thus driven away, we can now pray for them with more understanding, and they cannot hinder the God of love drawing near that sad little family. Mamma, the aunt, Aisha's former slave, even ventured to come to our hotel; but she was terrified lest she should be recognized, and after a hasty loving greeting she fled back to those dark, narrow streets.

Mme. Morin had a friendly Arab shopkeeper, who conducted us to his charming young wife. She had known us before, and her little boys were thrilled with the little crochet caps we gave them. Here, while Mme. Morin spoke to the husband in French, we could give a short message to his wife and the aunt in Arabic.

Another day there was the welcoming smile of one called Tunisia. She lives in a dark and narrow street leading up and up to the Mozabite Mosque, with its tall, chimney-like tower on the top of the hill. At night a brilliant light shines forth as a signal to the faithful to rise up and pray. Tunisia's mother-in-law was not encouraging and did not ask us beyond the vestibule. Near them lived another family but the poor father, who was so friendly years ago, is now shut up in a back room, for he is quite out of his mind, and has to be under restraint. Here the daughter, who was busy with her sewing machine, whom we had known years ago. By our side sat a sad-looking young woman, probably the brother's wife, and presently the mother came back. What sorrow there must be in the daily life of that family. One thought of our Lord with His word of power bringing peace and health to such needy ones.

There were other visits where the Word was welcomed, and we were entertained for Christ's sake; and we thank God that our French friend with his colportage permit can be daily selling or giving the Word of Life. Pray for them.

M. D. GRAUTOFF.

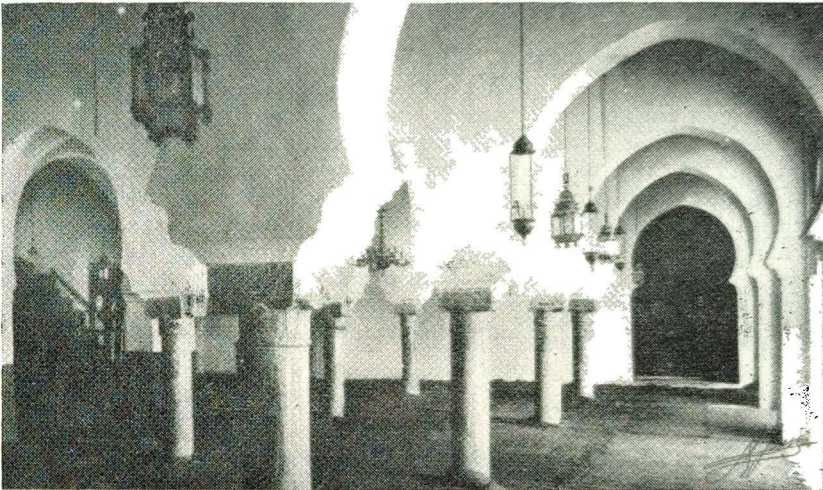
“... THE LORD LED ...”

FOUR years had intervened since our last visit to native friends in the M'zab—. Four years of civil strife and bloodshed, alas!— The records, made at the time of our previous visit, had mysteriously disappeared; and we found ourselves plunged into a new world of prosperity and rapid economic development.

Where were the stony wastes and scattered tent-dwellers between Ghardaia, Melika and the sacred town of Beni Isguen? This palm avenue, teeming with motor vehicles of every description and lined by European villas, in the front gardens of which roses and sweet peas were blooming—was it a street in El Biar to which we had come?

The hunt for former friends began, though we could not even remember surnames. We were looking for Fatma, who had first heard the message of Life from Miss McIlroy and Mlle. Butticaz, when she was a childless young wife. God had since granted her children, and we knew she had exchanged her tent for a brick dwelling, easily accessible from the road, four years ago. This new, built up area confused us, though the cemetery still stood out as a landmark. On the first attempt

some delightful Arab children led us to a woman called Fatma, who recognized us and was able to give us the surname of the other Fatma, but our search did not end that day. We had to content ourselves with making new friends. Three days later I set out on foot, with a prayer in my heart, and was wandering across the only tract of waste land still visible, when I met a friendly small boy, who said he knew the woman I was seeking. In the North, no one will give information about anyone, so my heart rejoiced when he escorted me to the very door. Fatma was out, but after a chat with the other women, she swept in, in her flowing Bedouin robes and greeted me enthusiastically, by butting her head into my chest for some seconds. Her eldest child, now working as a night watchman, woke up and joined in the conversation. He explained that



**Another mosque in a valley below the walls
of Tlemcen.**

he had already divorced his young wife, because she did not get on with her mother-in-law. His was not the only case of divorce we met with, during our stay. As the young man reads French, we were able to leave a portion of Scripture with him.

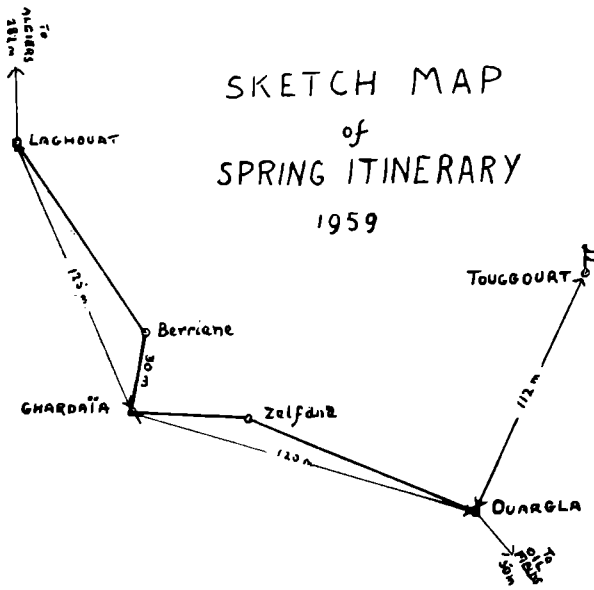
Another old friend we were anxious to contact was a woman from Sétif, who had married a Mozabite. She is a widow of some years' standing, and all her children have married Mozabites, which affords us valuable links. As I stood near the spot where she had been living when we last called upon her, a Mozabite offered to help me. His directions were vague, as he waved me off in the opposite direction. This decided me to return to the house where her children were born. There I found three young brides, one of whom spoke Arabic well and knew the former occupants of the house. More wonderful still, an older woman came in from the street, who also spoke Arabic and my need was explained to

her. Most willingly, she piloted me to the home of one of the married daughters of our Sétif friend. A small Mozabite boy was solemnly locking the door, as we arrived. However, he agreed, without animation, to take me to the home of another member of the family—and thereupon led me, through a maze of narrow streets, until we finally reached a door which stood invitingly open. There I found the youngest daughter, happily married and with two bonny babies. Next morning the mother and sister came to the same rendezvous and we were able to renew our friendship.

P. M. RUSSELL.

MAKE STRAIGHT IN THE DESERT A HIGHWAY FOR OUR GOD

HAD Handel never written "The Messiah" he would have to write it now. Two hours driving along the new macadamised roads reaching out ever further south in the Sahara made my heart sing; "Prepare ye the way of the LORD. Make straight in the desert a highway for our God." The early pioneers would hardly believe their eyes. Journeys which once took two or three days on the back of a camel are now comfortably completed, even in the little Mission four horse-power Renault, in less than three hours. As the wonderful Roman Roads opened up Europe for the Gospel in the days of its greatest triumphs, so to-day are these new motor roads, amazing feats of modern engineering technique, opening up the hitherto unreached southlands to the Gospel.



I had been driving for a little over two and a half hours since leaving Ghardaia, and there, already, on the horizon waved the giant palm trees of the oasis of Ouargla. The road, like a newly unfurled jet-black ribbon, veered slightly north, skirting the great sand dunes; and, even before we reached the town itself, we saw the pre-fabricated air-conditioned bun-

galows of the oil technicians—the men who are capturing the hidden riches of the sands.

Ouargla was the farthest point south of this year's itinerary. I had left the two lady members of the party at Ghardaia; and in company with Monsieur Morin, an independent missionary of French nationality, who for the past three years has been carrying on a colportage ministry in Ghardaia and its surrounding villages of the M'zab, had set off into the unknown. Roads were reported to be good. Just how good they are has to be seen to be believed. One very proud road builder described them to me as "*comme un billard*" (smooth as a billiards-table). We were reminded of their former state by being forced to turn aside into the dunes a few miles from Ouargla. The road was finally and officially opened to all traffic by the time we were ready to return. The day of the desert track was over.

Two women of the Ouled-Nails (the desert dancing girls) sat in the office of the Commissaire of Police, where we were to notify our arrival. A wan smile hovered on their lips, wistful perhaps, as I told them, in answer to their questions, of Jesus, the Friend of "publicans and sinners." How sad is their plight for, had they been able to read, we could have left with them a copy of the Word of Life, but like so many, their misery is equalled only by their ignorance. All that is left to them is to dance their way into Eternity, there to stand as evidence against us who care so little. Whose will be the greater condemnation? Theirs, who have never heard, or ours, who with all our privileges, complacently enjoy the benefits of our Salvation, caring little that there are still millions, like these two dancing girls, who have never heard. And never will hear, unless the Church of God awakes to its responsibilities, before it is too late.

The Police officials were extremely helpful; and later in the same day we were able to take up our stand on the market place. Monsieur Morin, dressed in native fashion, unrolled his carpet, spread out his books, and sat down to wait. It was not long before a crowd had gathered, and soon questions were coming thick and fast. What are these books? Why have you come? Where do you come from? What message do you bring? Each question giving its own opportunity for telling the message of the Saviour. After a while a picture was unrolled depicting the broad and narrow ways, and was for nearly an hour the subject of repeated explanations. There was quite a buzz of dissent as again and again I stressed "There is only one Way," "There is only one Door," "There is none other Name." "Only the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, can cleanse the sinful heart and guarantee our entrance to the eternal joys of Heaven in the Presence of God." After repeating the same message four or five times, I left Monsieur Morin with the books and wandered off round the market place, chatting to this one and that, explaining over and over again the presence of a European who wasn't drilling for oil.

When I returned to our book-stall I noticed, standing by, a young

man who had been an interested listener to my earlier message. During my absence he had bought two of the books, and was now busily reading through the Gospel of Luke. The picture still attracted the crowds, and before long I was once again going over the way of Salvation, stressing with all the earnestness of which I was capable the words of our Lord, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." This was greeted with a murmur of disapproval and the young man who had taken his stand by the side of the picture during my talking, found himself being questioned by the crowd. "In whom then must we trust to be sure to get to Paradise?" called out the spokesman for the crowd. Our young friend hesitated. A fervent prayer rose unspoken from my heart. How would he answer? Would he take refuge by seeking to avoid the question? Would he give the accepted Muslim answer: "Mohammed will stand at the gate of Heaven to indicate the true Muslims and assure their right of entry"? We waited. Slowly the words formed on his lips. "He says," he said, pointing to me, "Only the Lord Jesus can lead us into the Heavenly country. Only the Lord Jesus can save us." "Only the Lord Jesus." The words were whispered around the crowd and, amidst hostile scowls, our young friend went on his way. Only the Lord Jesus. Only the Lord Jesus. May the Spirit of God so work in the heart of this young man and light up the truth to him as he reads God's Word, that he may know for himself: Only the Lord Jesus.

The next day I left Monsieur Morin in the market place and wandered around the town, into café and restaurant, wherever a group of men were gathered together, seeking an entrance for the Word of Life. Many accepted Gospels and tracts, so that we may truly say the seed has been sown in many hearts. The harvest may now depend on your prayers.

Only two days. Must we leave again so soon when the need is so great? Regretfully we turned our backs on Ouargla and its millions of date palms, and thousands of hungry souls to rejoin the others at Ghardaia.

Five miles north of the Ouarga-Ghardaia road, and some forty miles from Ghardaia, lies the tiny oasis of Zelfana. This was to be our stopping place for lunch, on the return journey. We called at the home of the Chief Engineer who hastily bade his servant prepare for two extra, whilst waiting for lunch we learnt some of the secrets of Zelfana. Only a year or two ago, two artesian wells were bored which are now pouring forth water at the rate of over 5,000 gallons a second. Rivers of living water turning the parched desert sands into a fertile plain. Prophecy being accomplished before our eyes. Roses in bloom, grapes already forming on the vines. Only that morning 700 date palms had been planted and plans were well in hand to plant several acres in all, which will in a few short years transform the desert into a garden. Truly the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Our hearts rejoiced to see this transformation, and even while we were shown round the oasis God seemed to be saying to me, "This is what I want to do in Algeria."

“Behold I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way into the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.” (Isa. 43 : 19).

And this is Algeria’s greatest need : Men and Women out of whose innermost being shall flow rivers of living water,” giving life, abundant life to those all around. Only thus can we meet the need of the southlands, only thus bring the “unsearchable riches of Christ” to the Sahara, and the benefits of His salvation to this vast reservoir of wealth.

R. J. WAINE.

THEY WERE TWELVE LITTLE GIRLS . . .

. . . TWELVE little girls who, for the most part, had been introduced by us last year to the town’s new French school. Twelve little girls from our Wednesday and Thursday classes. Twelve little girls full of life and spirits, whom we had invited to take part in our modest little Daily Bible vacation School, in the Easter holidays. Actually, we had the little girls for five days, beginning on the Monday in Passion Week and finishing on Good Friday; from 2 o’clock to four, each afternoon. We had chosen these twelve children from among the most regular and most attentive of the class girls. It was, in fact, to be considered a privilege and a reward for them to come each day to the house.

Our task was made easier by their hundred per cent, attendance. This permitted us to carry out our programme completely.

Each day started with the religious instruction. Day by day we shewed them illustrations of the events of Passion Week on our Film-Projector.

We have, perhaps, never had such restrained and even reverent attention on the part of our little girls. And that, in spite of the fact that it was the middle of the month of Ramdhan—the month when Muslim fanaticism shows most, even among young children; and even though, at any time, *The Cross* is an offence to a Muslim.

We thank God, therefore, for His help in this.

The Bible lesson ended, each little girl had a card on which to gum a picture recalling the lesson of the day. Then we made them go out into our inner court, in the centre of the house, for their *gymnastics*. Oh, very simple gymnastics, but such as allowed them a refreshing little change of occupation. It appeared that they were already accustomed in the government school, to the physical exercises which we had practised in our childhood—many years ago! They carried them out intelligently, heartily, and with good discipline for the 10-15 minutes. Then, to crown all, we taught them a chorus of six verses, of which the first was something like this :—

“ Out in the garden bowers fair,
It is a new-come spring day ;
Out in the garden bowers fair,
Children are at play.”

and the sixth verse runs :

“ Fresher than lilac or jonquil,
Here is the new spring day ;
Fresher than lilac or jonquil,
Than chaffinch more gay.”

We were, like them, more gay than the chaffinch, seeing them dancing round in the court, hand in hand, under a “ ceiling ” formed by the white, delicately scented blossoms of a rambler rose. Who knows if we ourselves were not jumping and singing at the top of our voices, just like them ? !

* * *

On the fifth day, wishing to take their own wishes into consideration we said to them : “ Well now, sing us a chorus that you would like—something you know and have learnt to sing for the recreation time at school perhaps ; sing us something.”

Then, after taking counsel together secretly, the twelve little girls, re-forming into a circle, began to dance round—full of life, and singing joyously — ? — the six verses we had just taught them !

“ And the lilac and the jonquil,
In a fresh new-born spring day ;
The lilac and the jonquil too,
Open to the day.”

It was certainly a great pleasure to us to discover how much the verses we had taught them had delighted them.

On leaving the court each day, in good order, they stopped in a little room to wash their hands, and then went on into the big class-room for the hour of manual work.

Little cloths or mats, representing a flower, a dog, a parrot, a mill, a swan—what can I say ? To these children, as to ourselves formerly, the bright coloured silks—red, green, yellow, etc., in all manner of shades, were fascinating. The “ stemstitch ” in which they were to work proved difficult to a few but easy to the others ; and all took pleasure in their work.

The five days are over. The twelve little girls have gone away, each with her card, covered with pictures, and also her pretty mat. And, above all, in their hearts the remembrance of a Saviour Who died for them on the Cross. While on their lips are the words they sang, which will recall to them one day their little vacation school in 1959 :

“ And to the slender budding branch,
Comes again the springtime gay,
And on the slender budding branch
Chaffinch sings his lay.”

J. Guibé (*translated*).

NEWS OF THE STATIONS

SPRING, 1959

SINCE our last issue was published three busy months have passed—very busy times in most of the stations.

In **BLIDA**, the nearest to Headquarters, classes have been well attended. And on another page you may read of the happy time teachers and children both had, during five days in the Easter holidays, when “twelve little girls” received special teaching about the Saviour Who died for them. After the holidays were over, and the usual classes began again, it was thankfully noticed by Miss Russell and Mlle. Guibé that their hearts had been touched in those five days to deeper interest and understanding.

MILIANA, the next station in that direction, has had girls and women and little boys to classes and meetings, and much time and prayer has been given to a family of Arabs, who have taken refuge in the house from the dangers of the times. The husband is earnestly trying to increase his knowledge of the Bible and what it teaches, and to learn to read it for himself. Of the itineration down South, to which Blida and Miliana and Tlemcen each gave a worker, you can read elsewhere their three accounts of the trip.

RELIZANE and **MOSTAGANEM**, between which two stations Miss Clark and Miss Powell have divided their time, have been busy places too. Visiting seems to take up much time in Relizane—and it is touching to hear of the many women who seem to come to pour out their troubles to their missionary friends, and in return get a blessed chance to learn something of the God of mercy and compassion, Who cares for them. Mostaganem is more a place of beginnings as yet—beginning to know the people and make friends with them; and being ready to give them the beginning of Gospel teaching at every opportunity.

TLEMCEN, the furthest west, has been busy all the time. Children's classes and women's meetings and boys “evenings” were kept up even when the Waines' children were ill with whooping cough or other ailments. There was such an earnest prayerful spirit shown by the women who come regularly to the meetings; and some of the older boys seem to have a real interest and desire to understand more of what they are taught. Now too we hear that of late Mr. Waine has been able to have contact more easily with some of the educated men; and Mrs. Waine is having more openings among the women, and good welcomes in their homes.

Of the two desert stations, **TOLGA** has had a season of continuous, and, I am sure, blessed work among the 70 or so little girls who attend the mission school. These children have daily Bible teaching—as well as the usual elementary school instruction. This last month of the school

year has been broken into however. The cause for this break is a sad one—the illness and death of Mme. Lull's mother. An urgent summons by telegram called Madame Lull to France. But, unhappily, she arrived too late to see her mother again in life. She left Mlle. Ramos in charge of the house and the girls' needlework, and also of a little Arab boy of six years. The child's mother (a true believer in Christ) died two years ago, and his father has now quite abandoned him—so he took refuge with Mme. Lull, who had been such a kind friend to his mother. His future is a problem. He seems such a sadly unwanted child.

At TOUGGOURT, the other desert station, Miss Nash has had a busy time too—hindered sometimes by influenza and other such troubles; but on the whole with much to rejoice over. This joy of seeing the Lord's work going on is specially notable in the homes of two young married girls, who are steadily seeking to "follow on to know the Lord" and to make Him known to their husbands and families. The latest sign, perhaps, of this is that both have joined the Scripture Reading Union, as well as the brother of one, and the husband of the other.

At SETIF, Mlle. Chollet has had a hard time, owing to the necessity of clearing out of the house at Ain-Arnat, where she and Mlle.



The late Mlle. Butticaz at work among the women and children of a desert place in the South.

Butticaz had worked together so long. This prevented her from doing much visiting or holding classes; but we hope after her furlough in Switzerland this summer, she may return again in September—to start again in a new home with a companion to help.

At Dar Naama girls' classes have gone on regularly with increasing numbers; and much visiting has been done by Mrs. Long-

ley, either alone or with a companion when one is at hand. The visiting brings generally a friendly welcome, and often earnest listening to the Gospel message. Dwelling at Dar Naama, also are two young Arabs, working in Algiers. They come back from their work nightly, to the enjoyment of being in a Christian home, under the wise and kindly care of Mr. and Mrs. Longley.

V. WOOD.

HOME OFFICE NOTES

* * *

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE MISSION

WILL BE HELD ON

THURSDAY, 10th SEPTEMBER, 1959

IN THE

BRIDEWELL HALL, 6, ECCLESTON STREET
LONDON, S.W.1

Afternoon Meeting at 3 p.m.

Guest Speaker,

THE REVEREND RONALD MESSENGER
of Iliford, Essex

Evening Meeting at 7 p.m.

Guest Speaker,

ARCHDEACON L. BARHAM
recently returned from Africa and
Acting General Secretary for Ruanda Mission

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Our own Missionaries present will be Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buckenham, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Longley, and Miss M. Grautoff.

Readers of the Magazine are asked if they will kindly note this date in their diaries and do everything possible to come and to bring their friends. Further particulars will be circulated nearer the date.

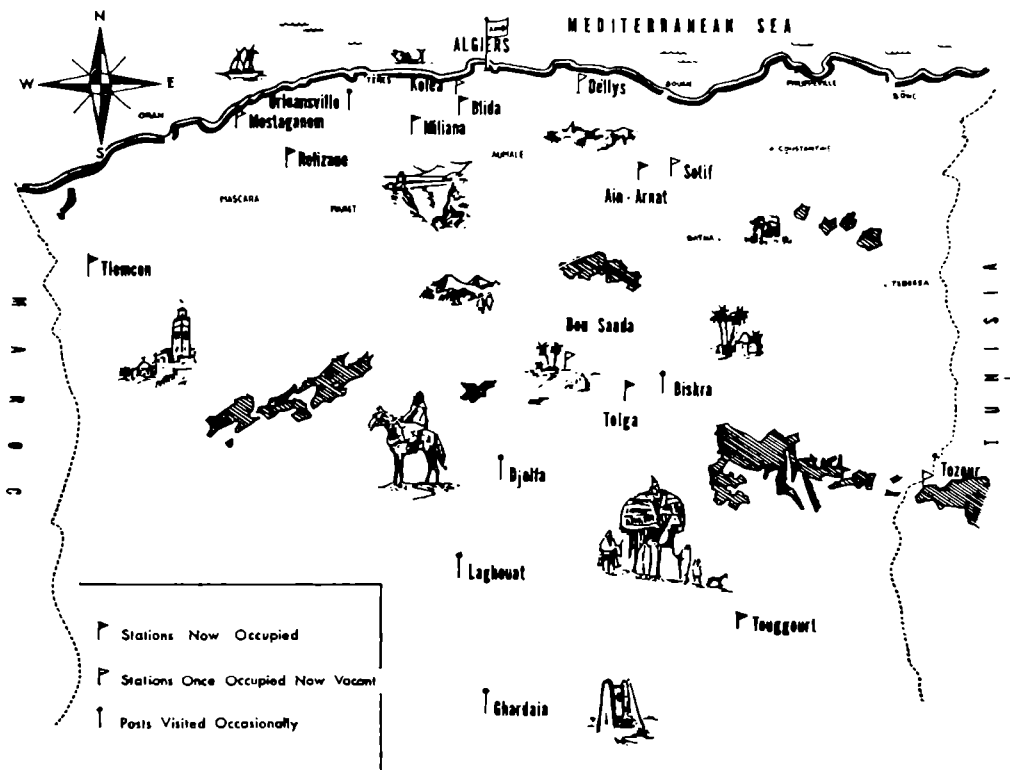
USED POSTAGE STAMPS

We wish to thank our friends who have responded so well to our scheme for collecting used postage stamps, and we hope many others will follow their good example!

Meanwhile, we regret that Miss H. Osborne, who has hitherto acted as collector for us, is no longer able to do so, owing to ill-health.

In her place, we welcome MISS N. I. BERRIDGE, of 25+, St. Saviour's Road, East Park Road, Leicester, who has very kindly stepped into the breach. Will you therefore please send your stamps to her in future at the given address.

D. B. EDGE.



STATIONS AND WORKERS

ALGIERS (DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR)

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 (MOSTAGANEM)

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

TLEMCEN

1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine

TOLGA

1937 Madame Lull
 Mlle. R. Ramos

TOUGGOURT

1930 Miss I. K. Nash

AIN-ARNAT (SETIF)

1946 Mlle. G. Chollet