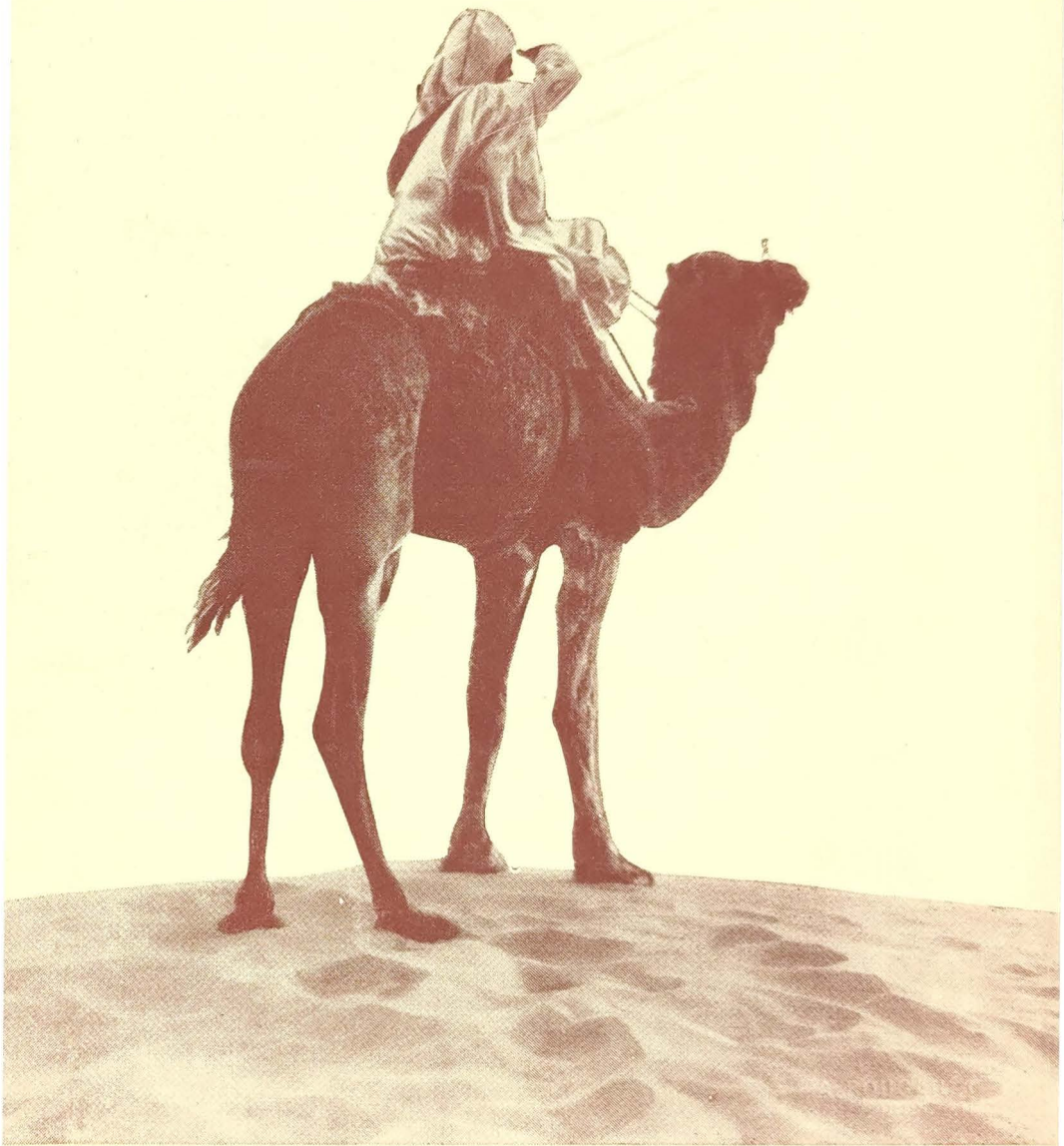


# *A Thirsty Land*



*Algiers Mission Band*

No. 131.

SEPTEMBER, 1960.

# ALGIERS MISSION BAND

*Founded in 1888 by Miss I. Lilius Trotter*

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# A THIRSTY LAND

The Quarterly Magazine of the Algiers Mission Band

*Annual Subscription, including postage:*

Three shillings (Great Britain)

50 cents (U.S.A.)

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No. 131

September, 1960

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## EDITORIAL

**D**URING the hot months of the year, many classes have a holiday and the work generally is somewhat relaxed: but a good deal of work goes on still, though some of the stations are closed for the summer.

But when you read this in September, you may think of the A.M.B. workers gathering at Dar Naama for the Annual Rally; and then, by October returning to their stations, to start a new season of work.

We would ask your prayers for this, and for the work at Headquarters. Also, we would be glad if you would remember in prayer our great need of some one to take charge of the housekeeping at Dar Naama. During the summer months some of our missionaries have been "carrying on" splendidly; but it would not be right to continue to depend on them, when they ought to be free to go back to their stations.

V. WOOD.

## SEEN AND HEARD IN ALGIERS

### Comments from the Secretary's Desk

**N**OT all places are alike—nor are all missionaries! Each town and village has its own characteristics, while missionaries are not all called of God to work in exactly the same way.

For those of us who are stationed in the city of Algiers, the opportunities and the nature of the work are somewhat different from what they are in other parts of Algeria. To begin with, Algiers is a large and rapidly growing city, now having a population of 800,000 about half of whom are North Africans, and half Europeans. Modern multi-storey blocks of flats are continually being built in all parts of the extensive districts which now form "Greater Algiers."

Then, all the other A.M.B. centres in Algeria are located in towns where there are no other missionaries (although in most cases there are pastors of European congregations). But in the city of Algiers members of several other missions are at work, as well as the A.M.B. It is often a possibility and a privilege to co-operate with these. In prayer, in evangelism, in Bible translation, as well as in arranging for the Annual

Conference of North African believers and enquirers, much can be done in partnership with others of the Lord's servants.

Visiting women in their homes is always a major part of the evangelistic work. A.M.B. missionaries make visits to homes mainly in the suburb of El Biar (now within the city boundaries), but also, when openings occur, in other parts of Algiers. Sometimes this is done in co-operation with other missionaries. The increasing number of contacts, however, means that it is not possible to visit each house so frequently. This fact is a challenge to us all to ask the Lord to send reinforcements, so that the many opportunities of visiting can be seized.

#### ANNUAL CONFERENCE FOR NORTH AFRICANS.

As last year, this was held at El Biar for three days at Whitsuntide. The reality of Christian fellowship—both in the meetings, and also more informally—was once again evident. Attendance was good, including about sixty adult North Africans. A special feature this year was the number present who had never before been to one of these Conferences. Although most of those who were present live in or near Algiers, quite a number come from towns and villages farther afield. Dar Naama provided week-end accommodation for about a dozen Arabs, from Blida, Miliana and Cherrhell, as well as for missionaries.

As usual, almost all of the meetings took place in the grounds of the Methodist Church Mission—where the mid-day meal was served in the open-air on Sunday and Monday. On Whitsunday morning, a service in Arabic at Dar Naama was attended by about 35 people, an encouraging number.

The main gatherings this year took the form of direct Bible studies. The portion of Scripture chosen was St. John's Gospel, chapters 14 and 15. Studies were clearly presented in Arabic and French, by three North Africans and two foreign missionaries, all experienced Christian men. A slightly larger place was given this year to meetings in Arabic. Special meetings for women were also arranged in Arabic and Kabyle. Many found the Bible studies, and the times for questions which followed, very helpful.

Prayer was not neglected; two public prayer meetings were held, and some prayed more privately.

For six weeks before the Conference, a small group of young women had been weekly to the Mission House at Blida to study the passages from the Gospel which were to form the basis of the Conference meetings. And then a family of seven from Blida attended the Conference. While we rejoice in the fact that they take pleasure in the company of Christians, we long to see them hungering for further teaching. This applies to others too who were present. Please pray with us that they all may retain their interest and eagerness.

A young couple from Miliana who came, seemed very interested and glad to have Christian fellowship. On their return to Miliana, the wife was very enthusiastic in telling other women there about North African

Christians who had testified to their experience of answer to prayer. The husband came back to Algiers for a few days in July for more fellowship and study. While he was at Dar Naama a Sunday afternoon service in Arabic was held—and it was good to see four baptised Arab Christians present.

#### AT DAR NAAMA.

Among those who have come to the house during the past six months have been quite a number of girls, who have attended the weekly classes on Wednesdays and Thursdays. They have learnt to sing Arabic hymns and choruses, and to recite the 23rd Psalm, which they have also written out and illustrated.

Men and women callers come at all hours. Some are sincere seekers after the truth, and remain to listen with interest to the Message of God's love. Others come for quite different reasons. But each one—Jews, Arab, Berber or European—must be spoken to with understanding and patience.

On Sunday mornings during May and June, the Sunday School for English and American children was held at Dar Naama. This is usually held at the home of another missionary who has been on furlough. An average of twelve children came each time, and keenness and attentiveness characterised them all.

A quantity of evangelical literature in Arabic and French goes out from the bookroom at Dar Naama, not only to missionaries and colporteurs of A.M.B. and other agencies in North Africa, but also to France and to several countries in West and Central Africa. During the past year tracts and booklets of an approximate value of £40 were sold. This may not seem large when compared with the amount of literature distributed in other countries, but is nevertheless a considerable item when viewed against the background of Muslim North Africa.

#### GOD'S PROVISION.

Algeria's urgent need is for more personnel to staff Mission centres. Men and women of varying qualifications are needed, but they must have a definite call from God to this Field. The opportunities are great and the doors open.

Those who have been praying with us to God to send reinforcements will be glad to know that the Mission Commission has accepted the offer of Mr. and Mrs. John Dowling (who were on the Field in 1954 and 1955) to return to the A.M.B. for further service in North Africa. News of them and of their two young children, will be given in our next magazine. Meanwhile, please pray that the Lord will be their help and guide during the time of removal.

God has graciously supplied all our material needs during the past year, largely through a few legacies from some who had been supporters of the A.M.B. during their lifetime. We are deeply grateful, too, for the prayerful interest and support of many friends in Great Britain and elsewhere at the present time.

P. G. LONGLEY.

## ABOVE ALL — READ THE BIBLE

(Continuation of "Come to the Fair" in the last issue of "A Thirsty Land"—June, 1960). *The Colomb-Bechar story continued*):

**A**BOVE ALL—Read the Bible. Yes, such was our challenge, not only to the successful business men who were to be our neighbours for the next ten days, but to all the inhabitants of Colomb-Bechar and the surrounding oases.

Perhaps you would like to step inside our stall and listen to some of the comments of the passers-by: "Who wants to read the Bible, anyway?" "I've read it once already." (This claim was often made, but, on questioning, it began to look a bit silly). Often the dialogue continued something like this — (Stallholder): "You have? What, all of it?" (Visitor): "Well, most of it, you know. The — what do you call it?" (Stallholder, trying to be helpful): "Oh, the Gospel you mean." (Visitor, with a sigh of relief): "Yes, that's it, I read that—the one by John, I think it was."

Excuses were made: "Oh, I haven't time to read anything now," and so on. It was truly amazing, the different excuses given. Some were more serious; and once a young soldier gave what was, to us, by far the most honest admission heard on the trip: "No," he said, "I can't buy a Bible—everything will have to change if I do." Surely he was not far from the Kingdom. But the most frequent of all the excuses was the one which went, with variations, like this—"Oh no, that's a Protestant Bible, I can't buy that."

Not all made excuses, however, for altogether we sold 93 Bibles during our ten days at Colomb-Bechar. I am sure you would like to meet some of the people who bought, as well as those who made excuses. There was the young plain-clothes policeman, who came first to speak English; only later did he buy a Bible. When we met again the next night, he was enthusiastic. He had begun to read when he got home just after midnight, and was still reading at four o'clock in the morning.

A young couple came shyly hand in hand. After turning over several of the other books they, rather hesitantly, picked up a Bible. Yes, they admitted, they were soon to marry, and wondered if perhaps the Bible would be of any use to them. A splendid opportunity to tell of the One Who was the theme of the Book they held in their hands, and who was the source of all true love.

I never cease to be amazed at the numbers of Jews to be found in the southern towns of Algeria. Colomb-Bechar was no exception. Many came to look, some spent many moments eagerly scanning the Old Testament picture story books, and a few went away having purchased some part of the sacred Scriptures. One or two bought a Bible in French. And one obtained a copy of the bi-lingual edition of the New Testament (Hebrew-French). Most popular of all were the editions of Matthew's

Gospel in Judeo-Arabic, perhaps mainly because they were an old edition being sold cheaply.

But not all our customers were Jews, nor were they all French; many—and for this we give praise to God—were the sons of Ishmael. The Muslims, even in a town with such a high percentage of Europeans as Colomb-Bechar, are still the majority; and we rejoiced every time an Arab bought a portion of God's Word. There were two young soldiers, who had only recently learnt to read, who bought almost everything they could lay their hands on. There was the very well dressed, and obviously wealthy, land-owner who rather ostentatiously bought a complete Arabic Bible. There were many young soldiers, about to be demobilised. Often they had practically no money; but after pay-day it was great to see them, one after another, buying—to take home with them “as a souvenir” as one of them put it, a copy of the world's best seller.” We continue to pray that the Word of God may speak to them; and that their “Souvenir” may remind them of Christ and point the way to His Kingdom.

To be sure, the enemy did much to hinder right from the start. Even the promised lighting was only obtained after repeated visits to the electrician. When he was finally cornered in the manager's office he agreed reluctantly to finish the installation, grumbling under his breath—“I suppose I'd better fix it, or they'll set the devil on me.” “No,” said the Fair Organiser, a shrewd man of affairs, “They will get the Holy Spirit to work on you.” Blasphemy, perhaps, on the lips of a harassed show-man, but it was certainly to be our key to blessing during the remaining days of the Fair.

When things got difficult, when customers failed to materialise, when little boys threatened to become more than an interested crowd,—always we found the solution: the Holy Spirit at work with us.

Particularly in the matter of the little boys. On the first Saturday we were simply over-run with small boys. “How much is this one, mister?” or “What's this one about?” or “I'll give you two dours (ten francs)” —this generous offer usually for a book that was priced at 40 or 50 francs. 10 minutes of this sort of thing is quite good for trade, as the little boys act as a cover for the Muslim who wants to buy without being noticed. But after an hour, then two hours, the same grubby little faces with the same grubbier fingers, tend to “try the patience of a saint”; not to mention the dog-eared, finger-marked and smeared Gospel left behind on the stall to mark their passage. “But there were *five* John's Gospels there a minute ago,” was frequently to be heard after a group of small boys had passed on. This menace got so great that we decided to make it a special matter of prayer. “Please, Lord, deliver us from the small boys,” was our prayer that night. Next day, not a little boy to be seen all day—but it was their sisters' turn to come to the Fair. Perhaps we ought to have been a little less specific in our prayer—“children” might have saved us from the “little darlings” of both sexes.

The stall-holders around us were a constant challenge. Was it possible that some of them had become so hardened that the Book of Books could no longer speak to them? What a rebuke to our little faith when one whom we had all decided was not in the least interested came, in the lull that followed the mid-day meal time, and, after a long and most interesting personal conversation, bought a Bible.

Yes, to be sure, we touched every group of Colomb-Bechar's varied population. Most interesting of all was our contact with the Foreign Legion. As if to remind us that we were still in an operational zone, there had been a bitterly fought action very soon after our arrival. Four legionnaires were killed, one a Canadian of British origin, who spoke Belgian and passed as a Belgian. Jean Dewerse, our Belgian colleague, had had a long talk with him just the night before he had gone into action. He died in action the next day. He had certainly heard the Way of Salvation that last time. This action considerably softened these lads, so that in our talks with them we often detected a wistful longing for peace, which only Christ could satisfy.

One night, shortly before mid-night, two young Germans (quite merry, for they had partaken rather excessively of the fruit of the vine) chanced to see a German Bible on the stall. A chord, long dormant, must have been struck in their memory, for they hastened to buy the precious book; and immediately began to hunt for long forgotten verses which, when they had found them, they began to read to their own compatriots.

Perhaps the greatest triumph of all was the sale of our English Bible. A dour Scot, senior among the sergeants and marked out for promotion, had vowed he would have nothing to do with these things; he found himself drawn, almost against his will, to the stall at the last—there to purchase the Book that has the power to make his life over anew.

The biggest joy was to discover a young Moroccan who, after some years in contact with missionaries, had finally confessed his faith in baptism shortly before leaving Morocco with his employer, for Colomb-Bechar. It was a great joy to share a meal in our caravan home with him and to pass precious moments on the Lord's Day in worshipping our risen Lord together.

My most precious memory was really nothing at all to do with the Fair. On the Lord's Day we met with the friends of the local Protestant Church—the first to be built in the Sahara—for worship. Service was about to begin when, to our surprise, in walked nearly 50 Malagasy soldiers. The fruit of missionary work in Madagascar. What a thrill to hear them sing the well-loved Gospel hymns in their own tongue. My heart was stirred and I felt constrained to pray that our Lord would hasten the day when the Harvest of Algeria, at last gathered in, would in like manner sing praises to the Lord of the Harvest.

The Fair at Colomb-Bechar is over. The Living Word has found its way into many a home, and penetrated—we believe—many a hither-



to closed heart. Who will follow up this work in prayer? Who will go up to reap the harvest? The seed must bear fruit; what use seed-time unless we expect a harvest? The call of the Southlands sounds imperiously and urgently in these days of dying opportunity. A call not to wealth and adventure, but to "burn out for Christ" as a light that shall lead men to Him.

R. J. WAINE.

The Fair at Colomb-Bechar is over. But the work that was wrought in it is going on and, we believe, ripening to harvest. In November and December (1960) a similar Trade Fair is going to visit seven southern oases. The British and Foreign Bible Society have again invited us to share in their work and witness at that Fair. Please pray that this opportunity might be fully "bought up."

## A QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE WORK AT TOUGGOURT — in April and May, 1960

**T**HIS past term, though short, owing to our being chased away by the intense heat at the end of May, was full of encouragement and inspiration. The number of pupils at our classes increased, and attention to the teaching was, on the whole, good. There was quite eager competition among the children over the learning and writing of texts in French which Mlle. Daniel gave them, and they can now sing quite a dozen French hymns with actions and with understanding.

Arabic, however, was not in any way neglected, for I always interpreted the messages given by Mlle. Daniel which would not have been understood by many of the younger ones. Arabic hymns, also, had their place at each class, and in our little Sunday meeting.

As for the visiting, more doors are open to us than we have as yet been able to enter. Everywhere, both in the neighbouring negro village and in Touggourt, we were warmly welcomed; and in many houses one is conscious of a real desire to hear the Word of God.

We have had some good times in the house of a former pupil. She has been mentioned in our prayer-sheets under the name of Special I. I might say we had *very* good times; even her mother, who has always seemed so indifferent or even opposed, has manifested real interest in the reading and singing. And the aunt asked us to pray for the first time; hitherto it has only been possible to do so when alone with Special. But we are still puzzled as to what has happened to Special, who a year ago confessed to believing in Christ as her Saviour. She is still always most friendly, and keen for her family to hear the reading and singing; but she seems afraid to show her feelings now. We have not yet succeeded in getting her to confide in us, not even when we are alone with her. We believe she may have been intimidated by some member of the family, probably her father. May the Lord lay it on the hearts of some who read these lines to pray especially for this young girl—that she may

get a fresh vision of Christ and of His Power to strengthen her and keep her, in spite of any opposition she may encounter. His Grace is sufficient and with that promise we find no exceptions. "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." (Isa. 27: 3). In answer to your prayers and ours, He will keep and water the tiny seed which has been sown in this young heart, but which has become temporarily choked, till a new flower springs forth—a flower which will be strong and will not wither, not even when the burning rays of opposition and temptation fall on it.

Special 2, another former pupil mentioned in the last issue of "*A Thirsty Land*," gives us great joy; and we are experiencing more and more what her Christian influence is bringing about in her own family. Her husband is proving himself to be a most earnest enquirer and her mother-in-law is, we believe, right over the line; and her sister-in-law very near indeed, if not already wholly converted. Even her father-in-law was stirred by the reading of John 3, and forgot, or did not wish, to mock. Her mother, though she has not yet shown any definite sign of having personally accepted the Saviour, is always most attentive; and she loves singing with us the hymns that her daughter has taught her. We have not yet had much intercourse with the father, who is busy in his shop, but he is always most welcoming, and leaves his counter to conduct us to his wife in the house. The two brothers, aged about 17 and 13, are friendly boys. They attended Mr. Waine's *unique* class some years ago, and wish there were classes now they could attend. Alas, where is the male missionary for Touggourt? Is he still in the Homeland, deaf to the Saviour's call? The eldest of these boys is keen on Christian literature. Even the paternal "granny," who cannot understand much, turns to the Lord Jesus when some calamity arrives—such as the disappearance of her son's mule from their court.

The outstanding feature of this last term was the wonderful meeting of all these thirsty ones, including Special herself and her husband, in the Mission House one day in Holy Week—with not a single dissenting soul present to spoil the atmosphere. One and all were most ardent, and we could have heard a pin drop when, after listening to some Gospel records, they asked me to read and give a message from the Gospel. Then they requested prayer, and one was very conscious of His presence in our midst.

As they left, Special's dear mother-in-law turned aside into the class room; and there they stood for a few moments, gazing at the picture of Jesus surrounded by children of all nations. As I drew near, she was telling them that this was not really Jesus, but man's imagination—the real Jesus, she told them, is in Heaven with God.

And so this happy little group dispersed—F. to go back to her difficult husband (it was no less than a miracle that he allowed her to come to us)—dear Special and her husband to return shortly to their somewhat lonely home in a school in the country; and her mother, grannie and the others to go their respective ways.

What a birthday gift from the Lord to have been privileged to see on that day something of the fruit of these past sixteen years' work in Touggourt, gathered together under one roof, all in one spirit and unique desire to know more of him. With hearts full of praise we saw the last of our guests depart. Hallelujah! What a Saviour.

I. K. NASH.

## JOSEPH'S BROTHERS AND THE OTHERS

“Joseph's brothers! Where *are* Joseph's brothers?”

A surging amongst the excited crowd of bobbing heads swathed in coloured tea-towels. Oh dear, that shepherd's staff (broom handle) again entangled with the herd of sheep (6 year olds covered in real skins) —at last a small group detach themselves and make for the “entry” door. One, two, three, . . . ten, eleven, — twelve, — “Hey, stop.” Too late, number twelve has squeezed beneath the arm that holds the door and a hopeful number thirteen protests vigorously:—“But truly, madam, I was Joseph's brother this morning.”

This was just one spotlight of many during the children's spontaneous acting, in ten scenes, of the life of Joseph. Another, which gave plenty of scope for the play of their natural instincts, was the incident when Joseph is sold to the merchants. Imagine two twelve year olds clad in curtain robes glaring at each other over cotton wool beards.

(Brother): “We'll sell him to you for 25 dinars.”

(Merchant): “25! My friend, he's nothing but skin and bones. I'll give you 15.”

(Brother) hand flung imploring to the heavens: “Robbery! Oh, noble sir, you rob us.”

(Merchant): “Nothing of the sort — 15 I say.”

(Brother): No! No! Look at his build, his youth (gives Joseph a few brotherly prods) Say 23!”

(Merchant): “23 indeed! I have much to do. I bid you good-day. 17 is my last word. May you rest in peace.” (Merchant storms off scene).

(Brother) with much gesticulation: “Return, oh merchant. We will fix a fair price.”

Merchant turns with feigned reluctance . . . and of course you can guess the rest. Joseph, as indeed the Scripture records, is sold for 20 pieces of silver.

Another episode appreciated by the audience was the reunion of the old father, Jacob, with his long lost son, Joseph. Tears of joy and embraces all round.

We have started back to front, for it was on the last day of our Bible School that we had the dramatisation of the Theme story before the assembled parents and friends. There were 77 gathered in the

church that afternoon when special hymns were sung and each child had a part to play.

This year we received 40 children, boys and girls. Their ages ranged from 6 to 13 years, and all had previously attended our weekly classes. We began the morning with a period of singing in Arabic, followed by the life of Joseph told as a special story. A film strip helped the children to visualise each episode. Then every one spilled into the garden for "elevenses" of home baked bread and a glass of milk. We then divided into two groups for memory work. The older group learnt the last seven verses of Luke 6, and part of a Psalm; and the Juniors four Gospel verses and the Ten Commandments. Both groups were word perfect by the end of the ten days and really enjoyed this session. Then there was a new hymn in Arabic and a story in French by Mlle. Daniel. These stories, with pictures to make plain the Way of Salvation, were loved by the children. It was now two hours since their arrival so—to let off their high spirits for a while—we had a games period in the garden in four groups. For the last period before lunch we created on a big sand table a desert scene, with tents and palm trees and camels, and figures made from pipe cleaners, all dressed in flowing robes made by the girls. The smaller ones did the same thing with plasticine. Then, while all had a quick "wash and brush up" we played gramophone records until lunch time.

Meanwhile, the kitchen was buzzing with activity. Plates of innumerable rows, warm home-made bread cut into chunks, bowls of fresh tomatoes, and something good steaming away on the primus stoves. As soon as lunch was ready, out marched the children to eat in the garden. One wee chap from a very poor home ate the whole contents of his plate at unbelievable speed, and then his big brown eyes seemed to silently devour all around. Gradually the others caught on, and Abdul Azeez was rarely to be seen with an empty plate. Water melon dessert lent itself to some fascinating photographs. After dinner, "chores" were done by the children. The girls cleared tables and washed the dishes, while the boys swept and washed down the verandah.

Then followed a siesta in the vestry of the underground church. Every one came back to life at about three o'clock with a most enjoyable sing-song in French. We learned new action songs and sang again and again many old favourites. On the last three afternoons we had a singing competition, which was won this year by an eight-year-old girl. After singing we had a period of team games and before going upstairs a story told by Kheira. Some folk can tell stories and some can't. Kheira *can*, and the replies to questions given by some of the children showed just how real had been the work of the Holy Spirit in the story time sessions. One of our naughtiest boys gave proof of real enlightenment when asked, "What then can take away our sins?" "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," came back the answer. We pray that he may apply the remedy.

After stories another short recreation in the garden, when all

had a large slice of bread and jam. One afternoon we had a peanut hunt, with surprisingly little damage to the garden as forty lively youngsters routed out four pounds of nuts.

The day closed with a handwork period. We divided into four groups. Then senior girls made dolls from old stockings, dressing them attractively with odd scraps of gay materials. The smaller girls and two or three smaller boys made cats, also from old stockings, with big button eyes. They had a lot of fun cutting up materials to stuff their pussies, and were more than satisfied when Mlle. Daniel tied a bright ribbon bow round the neck. A group of younger boys made keyboards—black clothes pegs on white plywood to get the effect of a piano keyboard. A treble clef sign, a few irregular quavers, two hooks behind, and a piece of string—and behold, a useful present to take home; a love offering to make amends for the number of times they had gone home “up to the eyebrows in paint” during its preparation. The older boys made table mats and wall plaques, again using plywood, burning on patterns and texts, then painting with attractive colours.

Each day closed with a short period of singing, all joining together in our united prayer: “He will hold me fast” (the Arabic version of this chorus is a prayer that we may be held), and then quietly, family by family, they left for home.

Was it all worth while? Yes, it was, abundantly worth while. We believe that many of these young hearts were touched by God. During the last four mornings we did a flannelgraph presentation of the parable of the Sower. The four types of soil could well be represented by an Arab child such as was found in our school. There was Mouloud who heard, but didn't understand. He was always so busy playing and words spoken to him went “in one ear and out the other.” His elder brother, Si Mohamed, is a popular boy at school, fond of sports and all the latest gramophone records. He heard the Word of God at the Mission boys' club and received it with joy. He realised that Jesus Christ could give him strength and courage to cope with all the temptations he met at High School. But his friends laughed at him and, because he enjoyed his popularity, he stopped reading God's Word and his testimony withered. Fatima Zohra, his sister, was a gay, happy person. She too came to the Thursday classes, but although she enjoyed the stories and hymns and really accepted Jesus as her Saviour, she bore no fruit, for her great pre-occupation was herself and her clothes. Amazing how even a child can be so completely taken up with the things of this world. But then, there was Safia, the youngest, who was obliged to help at home. She didn't mind running to the baker's balancing the bread precariously on her head, but oh! that baby brother—she had a hard job keeping him out of mischief. However, she left him at home when she hurried off with the others to the class. She learned several verses, but there was the one she loved best of all, for it reminded her of that picture on the wall, where the Lord had His arms around a group of children. “Suffer the little children to come unto Me.” This was her verse. It made her realise that Jesus loved

her very much, and wanted to wash her heart white in His precious blood. So quietly she asked Him to come into her heart and stay there always. Others, seeing her happiness, wanted to share the same experience—would you like to?

This was as far as we could bring the children. Will you please pray for them, that as they take their stand and make their decision they may be protected and strengthened. And for those who are uncertain, or have many pre-occupations, pray that the Holy Spirit may bring to mind lessons or Scripture stored away in the memory, that they too may be led into this SO GREAT SALVATION. M. R. WAINE.

## PRAYING FOR CONVERTS

**T**HIS phrase might be taken to mean "Pray that there may be converts." Or it may mean a very different but a very important thing: "Pray for those who have become converts." And that is the subject on my mind now.

By a convert I mean one who has professed his faith in our Saviour as his Saviour.

"Charity believeth all things," and "The Lord knoweth them that are His," so let us leave the question:—"Is this a true confession?" And "Has he really got saving faith?"—and *just pray*.

On the other hand, let us not be content with saying, "He is saved—All is well with him," but *just pray*.

After all, if he is "born again," if he has passed from death unto life, the new-born is only a baby; and a baby's life is a tender, fragile thing, wanting care and help that it may develop to perfect growth and health and strength. So *just pray*.

And don't be afraid to tell your friends about him—let them know, that they may pray too—there's a blessed promise to the "two or three" and to the "two agreed"—so *just pray*.

And I should like to add—"Don't be too afraid of the Devil." Sometimes it almost seems that we are inclined to think that just because we speak about the newly converted and ask prayer for him, he is more likely to fall under the temptations of the Evil One: but why should it be so? Is not the Saviour in Whom he believes able to keep His sheep? And is He not the Conqueror over sin and Satan? So put away fears which weaken faith, and *just pray*.

How often our prayers are hindered by our dwelling so much on the failings and feebleness of the convert, and the powers of evil against him, that we are almost in despair of his ever being brought through to final victory. We can't see *how* that can be. But when the disciples did not see *how* in a seemingly impossible situation, "He Himself knew what He would do." So let us *just pray* to Him Who "knows all yet loves us better than He knows" and trust the *how* of the answer to Him. So may our prayer become, by God's grace, that of which it is written that it "availeth much."

How? "If you would believe," said Martin Luther, "you must crucify the question, 'How?'" V. WOOD.

## From "The Cry Of The Lost Answered"

BY F. W. FABER.

**T**HAT was the Shepherd of the flock ; He knew  
The distant voice of one poor sheep astray ;  
It had forsaken Him, but He was true,  
And listened for its bleating night and day.  
Lost in a pitfall, yet alive it lay,  
To breathe the faint sad call that He would know ;  
But now the slighted fold was far away,  
And no approaching footstep soothed its way.

A thing of life and nurture from above  
Sunk under earth where all was cold and dim,  
With nothing in it to console His love,  
Only the miserable cry for Him.  
His was the wounded heart, the bleeding limb  
That safe and sound He would have joyed to keep ;  
And still, amidst the flock at home with him,  
He was the Shepherd of that one lost sheep.

And so He came and raised it from the clay,  
While evil beasts went disappointed by.  
He bore it home along the fearful way  
In the soft light of His rejoicing eye.  
And *thou* fallen soul, afraid to live or die  
In the deep pit that will not set thee free,  
Lift up to Him the helpless homeward cry,  
For all that tender love is seeking thee.

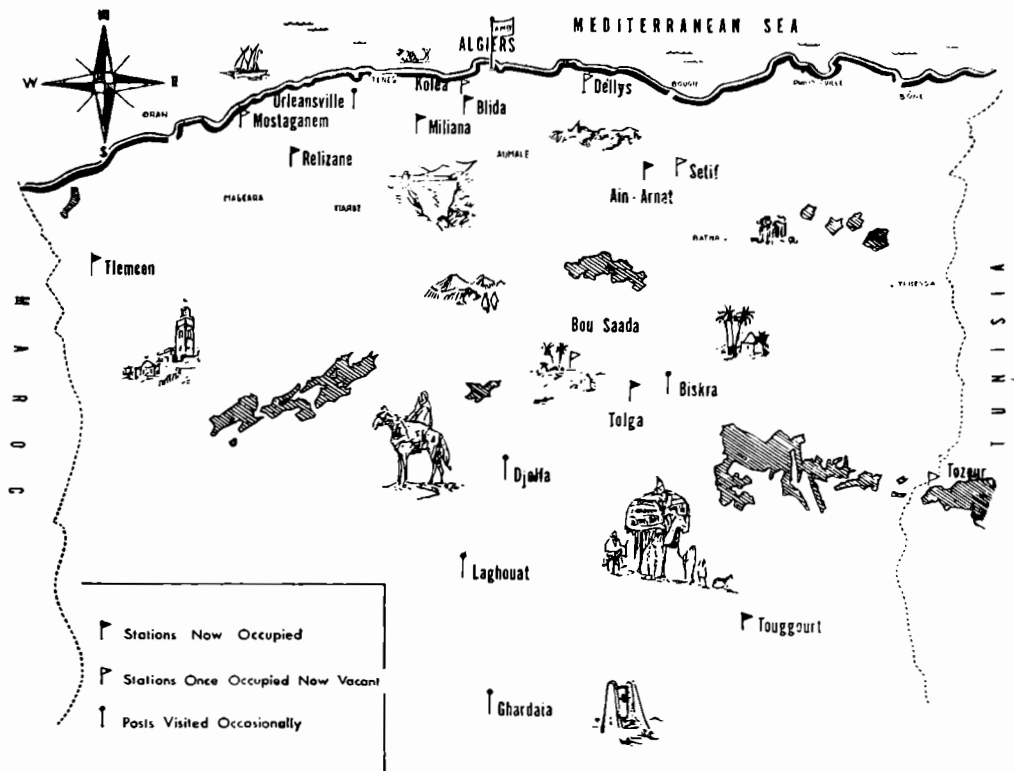
### LONDON OFFICE NOTES

The ANNUAL MEETINGS will be held on Thursday, 20th Oct., 1960, at 3 and 6.30 p.m., at the Tudor Room, Caxton Hall, Westminster, London, S.W.1. Further details will follow nearer the date. Meanwhile, our readers may like to make a note of this date in their diaries, and we trust you will make a special effort to be with us and to make the meetings known.

As a special feature, it is hoped to have tape-recordings from some of our Missionaries, with coloured slides.

### CHRISTMAS ORDERS

Order now, if possible, for our publications, i.e., "Parables of the Cross," price 4/6, by Miss I. Liliastrotter ; "The Love That Was Stronger," by Mrs. I. R. G. Stewart, price 5/6, plus postage ; also any others.



## STATIONS AND WORKERS

**ALGIERS (DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR)**  
 1920 Miss V. Wood  
 1956 Mr. & Mrs. P. G. Longley  
 1959 Miss I. B. Gow

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

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

**RELIZANE (MOSTAGANEM)**  
 1947 Miss E. Clark  
 1951 Miss A. E. Powell

**TLEMCEN**  
 1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine

**TOLGA**  
 1937 Madame Lull

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

**SETIF**  
 1946 Mlle. G. Chollet