

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

REALLY  
COVER

# Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

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**INCEPTION & GROWTH.**—In 1888 work was begun in Algiers by Miss Trotter and Miss Haworth, who were soon joined by Miss Freeman. In 1907, after nineteen years of gradual growth, the name of Algiers Mission Band was taken. From one station the number has increased to fifteen stations and out-posts, with others on the horizon. The number of workers has grown to thirty.

**BASIS.**—The A.M.B. is interdenominational and desires to have fellowship with all who form the One Body of Christ. The Band holds and teaches :—

- (1) Absolute Faith in the Deity of each Person of the Trinity.
- (2) Absolute confidence in the full inspiration of the Old and New Testaments.
- (3) Absolute belief in the Cross of Christ as the one means of access to God, and the redemptive power for the whole world.

**COMMISSION.**—The aim of the A.M.B. is the Evangelization of the Arabic speaking Moslems with special emphasis on the needs of the practically untouched regions of the interior.



No. 6

AUTUMN, 1928

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## The Lesson of the Palm Tree.

Miss Trotter had hoped to write the editorial for this number, but, in consequence of her great weakness, this was not possible.

In its place we print some notes, not edited by her, of an address she gave some weeks ago to members of the A.M.B. at Dar Naama.

I KINGS VI. 29, 32, 35.

Next to the pomegranates in the Temple carvings is a group named three times as the worshipper nears the oracle; cherubim, palm trees, open flowers.

The palm tree is the counterpart of the pomegranate. The pomegranate gives the spiritual side of fruit-bearing, the palm tree is the picture of the practical life of service,—“Ourselves your servants for Jesus’ sake,” this is the palm tree’s lesson.

It gives its wood for the rafters of the Arab’s house and its leaf-stalks for its laths, for his fences, his spring mattress and the cradle for his baby. The stem fibre is woven to be his ropes, and the leaves, stripped off the ribs, plait into his baskets, his hat and the mat for his floor. The three parts, leaf for kindling, rib for sticks, chump-end for coal, make his fuel. Those chump ends of the leaf-stalk

serve also for hockey sticks for his boys and for tombstones for his dead.

Then comes the fruit-bearing for the mainstay of his support. Seventy named varieties, from the “deglat en nour” (dates of the light) of the caid’s table, to the hard acorn-like “heavenly biscuits” as we used to call them, that rattle in your hand.

Even the date-stalks have their use as brooms, and the date stones shoved into the gullet of the long-suffering camel form his food on a long trek when there is no better.

And even yet the palm-tree has not given its uttermost. “I will very gladly spend and be spent out (Greek) for you” finds a last fulfilment. The tree bears till it can bear no more and stands with a little crown of shabby looking leaves, hardly more than a cabbage-like tuft. The Arab swarms up the trunk with a

gourd, lops off the little crown and the gourd fills with rich sweet palm wine. The tree has kept the best for the last act of service.

“The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life. . . .” It is from the Son of Man that we learn to minister; some out-poured “giving” may be silently preparing to crown the little un-noticed ministries.

And when we think of the palm tree bringing all this out of the impossible soil of the desert, we see how its fronds have won the right to be the symbol of victory—victory over any circumstances. Are we bringing the very best out of our lives by the same conditions as the palm?

It must stand, so the natives say, with its foot in the water and its head in the fire, and so must we. And are we studying to become available, like the palm tree, to the uttermost to those around us “for

Jesus’ sake”—to the natives, to our fellow-missionaries, to the household whose atmosphere we help to make or mar? And this not in a haphazard way, but with lives laid down in sacrifice; our responsibility being not only what we are when we arrive, but what we have the power to become in spirit, soul and body.

Nor does the matter end thus, rather thus does it begin. If we study the parables of the talents and the pounds, we see the bearing of faithfulness to opportunity, great or small, on the time when the King comes back having received His Kingdom. And beyond that again who can say when the fruitage may end for this life’s patient continuance in well-doing? “For He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.”

“The harvest of the trivial and the monotonous may lie out beyond the stars.”



“On August 27th ended for our beloved leader, I. Lilius Trotter, a period of nearly four years of heroically borne suffering, when she entered into rest at 2.30 in the morning.

“Those who have been privileged to be near her the last months, and especially the last days, have had an intense lesson in the power of faith to glorify pain by a triumphant glad submission to the will of God. Triumphant because of the assurance she had that even the physical suffering would bring such a rich blessing on the Moslem peoples for whom her life has been spent,—yes, poured out in untiring love and thought for them and the furtherance of Christ’s Kingdom among them. In our deep sorrow and loss we, the Members of the Algiers Mission Band, thank God for her life.”

## Lilias Trotter.

*"The house was filled with the odour of the ointment."*

Those who knew and loved Miss Trotter hardly know how they can do without her. Her passing away leaves a blank that can never be filled. "She sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His words." She lived so near to Him that His blessed Presence was felt, wherever she was. The Holy Spirit lived in her, wrote by her, filled her with the knowledge of her Lord's will, and enabled her to do it. We thank God for her. We give back to Him the treasure He lent to us for a little while. All those who have been linked with her in work will feel the same. A loving, guileless, fearless, faithful Christian. It is a joy to us to know that in any way those of us who belong to the Nile Mission Press have been able to help her. She was one of the first to help us. She became a member of our Executive Committee, and allowed us to bring out her parable stories and books in Arabic. She welcomed us as fellow-workers in her colportage undertakings in Algeria. The vision was given her of far-reaching possibilities and ventures of faith, and she followed the light as long as she lived.

A group of workers have gathered round her who must feel orphaned indeed; but they too have caught the vision, and will carry on the Algiers Mission Band as she would have them do, in trustful dependence upon their Lord.

Before Miss Trotter began her work for the Moslems she lived in London, and devoted herself largely to Y.W.C.A. work. It was at Morley Hall I first heard her speak in 1886. Two years later she and Miss Haworth went out to begin work in Algiers. There was first the long hard study of Arabic, in which she became marvellously proficient. French was equally essential, and this also became like a second mother tongue. They lived

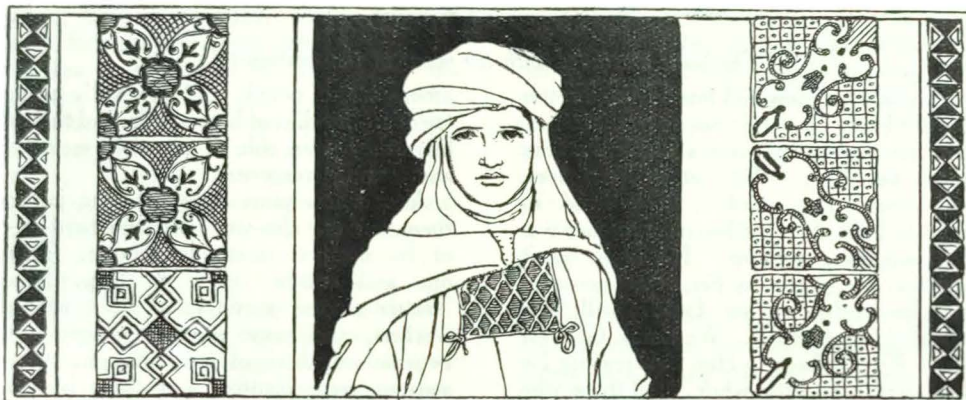
amongst the people and gradually made friends. By dint of here a little, and there a little, they were able to give their message, and found a response.

After a few years Miss Freeman joined them, and she also went the same hard way of by degrees mastering Arabic. Then one and another came to help. Miss Trotter started a system of short service workers, and some of these stayed and became members of her Mission. Out-stations were planted, and these became permanent, and sent out further out-stations. And so the work grew.

When Miss Trotter began to write, this brought her into touch with the Nile Mission Press, at its very beginning in 1905. Her writings were some of the first Arabic tracts that we printed, and she gave me leave to print English editions of them in "Blessed be Egypt." She painted our first cover for the magazine, which greatly helped its circulation. From that time to this, although we rarely met, Miss Trotter was closely linked with us, and when she decided to take up colportage work in Algeria the link was cemented afresh. Her visions of what might be done in the great Sahara, where thousands of unreached Moslems may be found, were caught by Mr. Upson, and he too is eager to help in carrying out her plans. We trust that, instead of her being taken from us leading to our ceasing to co-operate with her, we may be allowed to the utmost of our power to help to carry on the work. God will show His children in Algeria and in Egypt how they may strengthen each other's hands.

Her last thought was of unity and prayer. He has said, "I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you." "Lo, I will be with you alway, even unto the end."

ANNIE VAN SOMMER.



A South Country Lad.

## “Found.”

A well-known preacher once said, “Of all, the dimensions of divine love, I marvel most at its length, at its persistency, at its endurance. I know of human loves that have reached deep down, but I know of no human love that can last, persist, and endure like the love of God. It is the length of it that fills me with amazement. It out-lasts, out-persists, out-endures every human love.” HE GOETH AFTER—UNTIL HE FIND IT.

May I tell the story, as in his own words, of a young South Country Arab—one for whom the Great Shepherd sought until He found?

“A place of learning and piety was my birthplace, the sands of the Sahara my playground. When I reached the age of seven years, my father, according to custom, placed me in a Koranic School. The important task of memorising the Koran begun, I was never allowed, as other boys, to go out-of-doors, except to and from the school. I was educated beneath a burdensome yoke of oppression and fear until I was fifteen years old, when I was permitted

more freedom and some rest from my studies. Having made considerable progress in my learning I remained with my old professor to aid him in his task of teaching others.

One day, four of my College companions went to the Mission house and were welcomed by the missionary. Seeing one of my friends smoking, he spoke to him of the evil effects of the habit. It was near Ramadhan, the month of the fast, and he said to him, “If you cannot abstain from smoking now, what will you do in the days of fasting?” As they were leaving he gave my fellow students a Khutba (an imitation Mosque sermon published by N.M.P.) on fasting. They returned to the College and found me there, and related to me all that had taken place. One of my friends sat down and read to me the sermon. I was astonished at the contents, and begged him to allow me to read it for myself. I read it through again and found it most interesting, although there were some expressions and statements with which I did not agree. Nevertheless it made a great impression on my heart, and I deter-

mined from that time to seek an interview at the Mission house. I asked my companion, who had given me the Khutba, if he would accompany me. He agreed, and we went to the place several times without realising our desires, for the missionary had departed for the season. Soon after this I left . . . and went to . . . to further my studies in theology. I remained there for nine months. One day, soon after my return to the old College, I saw in the street three European ladies. Following them were a number of lads. I called one of the lads and asked him who they were. He told me, "These are they who teach reading." I understood at once that they were Christian teachers. I followed at a distance, and saw them enter the Mission house. At last! here was some one to explain to me what I desired.

I returned at once to the Mosque and sought out my friend and requested him to go with me to the Mission house. It was Saturday. We knocked at the door and the missionary in charge welcomed us and invited us to the reading room. We were told the special days for reading were Fridays and Sundays. The next day we returned, and the subject of our discussion was the Sonship of Jesus Christ. A considerable time was spent in fruitless controversy. In spite of the missionary's endeavour to make us understand, we would neither see nor understand. As we left the reading room each of us received a book entitled "Selected Portions from the Word of God"\* and also another Khutba "Abraham the Friend of God." I returned to my house. Opening the book I began to read from the first page. On the second page I read these words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, thou and all thine house." My heart was touched by these words. The

next passage read was, "God said, let us make man in our own image—after our own likeness;" then I continued reading, "God created man after His own image." As I read those words I could hardly contain myself. My heart filled with anger at such blasphemy. Man in God's image! I took the book, tore it in pieces and burned it with fire. Still there remained with me, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I could not resist the feeling within, so on Friday, in company with my friend, I returned to the Mission house. Again the hour passed in controversy. This time as we were leaving we asked for a copy of the Gospel. Each one of us received the Gospel of St. John. We returned together to the College and when we arrived I opened the Gospel and began to read: "In the beginning was the Word." All went well until the expression "Son of God." What blasphemy! How could the Eternal have an earthly son? Again my anger rose; the book was torn into pieces and burned with fire. Again those words followed me, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." That sentence never left me. For the third time we agreed to return to the Mission, and this time for the purpose of controversy only. As we departed we were given another book. "The Teaching of the Learned on the Sinlessness of the Prophets." I read this through once, and found it was something I could understand. I went through it again, reading with more attention, weighing every sentence as I read. From that time a great doubt entered my heart. "How could a sinner be greater than a Sinless One?" For some time I continued to meditate on this subject. I went through the Koran and was completely convinced that all the Prophets had sinned. Only Christ was the Sinless One. From the Koran I saw that Jesus Christ had a position far superior to any other

\* Published by Los Angeles Bible House. Translated into Arabic by N.M.P.

Prophet. In His life, His sinlessness, His miracles, He was far above all. From that time I honoured all Christian literature. I abandoned all fanaticism and controversy. Then I understood more and more, many of those things which before I had thought blasphemous. Again those words returned, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I went once more to the Mission house and our subject on this occasion was the "Crucifixion of Christ." Previously I had completely denied the death of Christ. My friend saw a change in me, and repeated to my old Professor all that I had said. I was in the College at the time and sitting by my teacher I heard him say, "He has become a Christian." My instructor turned to me and demanded if it was true that I was now a Christian. I could not answer him, I was so taken by surprise. I was silent as a rock and my head bowed. He chided me for my behaviour and forbade me ever returning to the College precincts. He proclaimed the fact to all my former companions and then went and informed my father of my change of faith. My father at first would not believe the allegation, so on the following Friday he went to see for himself. He stationed himself some distance from the Mission house and watched the door. He saw me approach and enter the forbidden place, proving for himself that his son associated with Christians. He returned to his house and awaited my arrival. When I entered my home I found my father there. "Who was it who first led thee to that place? Didst thou not know that the inhabitants of the house are infidels and their literature blasphemous?" I never answered a word. My father cautioned me against going back to the meeting place of the Christians. The following Sunday I abstained from returning, but on Friday I could not refrain any longer, so secretly I visited the Mission again. My father was

still suspicious, and unknown to me he was watching the house from afar. I went once more to the reading room and this time we studied together the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. It was pointed out to me as a prophecy concerning the death of Christ. I was still very doubtful and could not see its application to His death. My mind was filled with strange apprehensions, and the hour passed without any peace of heart coming to me. Again that message followed me, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." As I left the Mission house I found my father outside waiting for me. He took me by the hand and we went home together. When we arrived at the door of the house he snatched from me my burnous (outer garment), and expelled me from his presence. I did not know where else to go, so I returned to the College, and the doorkeeper, who was a personal friend of mine, gave me shelter for a few days. I remained here unobserved, only leaving it to steal secretly to the Mission house for further instruction. I was still lost in doubts and fears. Sleep had forsaken me. Had I acted rightly? Day and night I meditated on God's Word, and one day as I was reading the New Testament, the director of the College entered. He at once demanded to know what I was reading. He knew it was a Christian book. "Does thy father know that thou art studying this blasphemous literature? and that in a Moslem Mosque too! Rise! get out of this place immediately! Never again enter the company of true believers!" I arose and went out. Then began the long weary search for employment and shelter. I went from place to place, but no one would employ me. Returning, I awaited my father's return. What would he say? He entered the court. Without saying a word he approached me, took me by the hand and put me out into the street. Then he called upon all present to witness;



"From this hour I have no son, neither do I know him any more." I went from my father's presence, weeping over his hardness of heart. Now a stranger to him, I had no home, no friends. That night I found an empty room in a deserted Zaouia ; it was filthy, devoid of windows or door. I cleaned the place as best I could and prepared to pass the night—an outcast from my father's house. Again the old desire returned. I must know more of Christian teaching. The missionary enquired about what had taken place. At first I hesitated, but before leaving I related the whole story. I was boycotted by all and if the missionaries had not had compassion on me, I should have been on the verge of starvation. Each night I returned to my comfortless quarters in the deserted Zaouia. One night I had a vision. In my dream I was entering the reading room at the Mission house. No one was present, so I sat down. Suddenly the room was filled with light, though there was neither candle nor lamp in the chamber. I then heard a voice (no one was in sight) saying, "Fear not; if thou wilt follow Me, I will be with

thee all thy days." From that hour I was assured. I knew now Who had followed me all these days of doubt and fear—Jesus Christ. From that memorable night I surrendered myself completely to Him. To-day my only boast is in Him and His Cross.

Salutations and peace be upon all who confess the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Signed .....

The words "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" never left him. When oppressed by conflicting thoughts, those words were always uppermost in his mind.

\* \* \*

"He goeth after . . . until He find it. When He hath found it, he layeth it on His shoulders and when He cometh home He calleth together His friends and neighbours saying unto them, 'Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.'"

A.E.T.

## How We Spend Sunday

### At Dar Naama

"Where two or three are gathered together." When our dear Lord spoke these words, did He think of the Mission Stations with their tiny beginnings of native churches? We at Dar Naama, Sunday by Sunday claim this promise, fully assured that it is true for the little gathering of native Christians who meet at 8.30 in the morning to pray and praise in the central court of this house, which, in the old bad days, was the residence of the Arab "Vice Admiral" of the pirates. It is a wonderful uplift to hear the Christian

Arab men's and women's voices raised in praise to our Redeemer—there where a hundred years ago sounded the harsh and cruel orders and threats of the Moslem masters to their poor European slaves, who yet chose slavery rather than deny their Lord.

In the absence of Mr. Theobald, the natives themselves conduct the service, and our optimistic secretary rejoiced in it as the beginning of a real native Church; and as her optimistic prophecies generally come true, we rejoice with her!

In the afternoon at three o'clock the Christian women meet—sometimes in the

court and sometimes in the garden ; another contrast—under the tree where an Arab judge used to pronounce his sentences!

This meeting is quite an open one. If God gives " words," as they express it, one of the women speaks ; if no message is given they sing and pray and learn to bear one another's burdens. To the women from the town and to the children, the garden is a great delight, and they often linger as long as they dare, until the westerling sun says nothing more romantic to them than—" Supper !" F.H.F.

### At Blida

It is not seven o'clock yet on Sunday morning at Blida. An insistent knocking at the side door means that children are arriving. It is over an hour too soon, but time means nothing to them, and the Outposters' breakfast is enlivened by the sound of skipping feet and lively voices.

Soon after eight the door is opened and the children come trooping in. Tiny boys and girls are in front and older girls behind, rows and rows of them sitting on straw mats in the long whitewashed room. Hymns come first, then little ones go with one Outposter to another room for their Bible lesson, and the older ones stay for theirs. How they enjoy the story and the picture which comes after ! Then all sit at little low round tables to colour a picture illustrating the lesson. When these are done, all go off home clattering down the hill in their little wooden clogs.

Now it is time to go to the Protestant Church down in the town, and join in worship with those who gather there, a little handful in the midst of Roman Catholicism and unbelief.

Before twelve o'clock, children are arriving once more, quite a different set (with the exception of our useful little helper). A lively crowd they are and need some looking after, even before coming in at about one o'clock. The morning programme is repeated, and when the class is over the Out-

posters go away down the hill and through the village with the children, of whom many live some way from the station. " Go in peace " they chorus, as they turn back to their dark Moslem homes, taking with them we believe, some rays of light from the Sun of Righteousness. There is sometimes a house to be visited on the way back to the Outpost, and the afternoon may bring a caller, such as a boy to return a book, a woman for a letter to be written to a soldier son, or a girl with bad toothache !

No Sunday is ever quite like another, but each one is a day with many possibilities of service and of proving that " there is joy to tell the story." M.H.R.



A Typical Boys' Class.

### At Relizane

" And God blessed the Seventh Day and hallowed it." We are a joyous little family at Relizane. Six Christian Arab girls, of ages varying from nine to eighteen, live and sleep in the house, and Sunday is our weekly Harvest of Thanksgiving. A day of rest and gladness, outwardly proclaimed by donning our best dresses and brightest head-kerchiefs. There is the delightful feeling at morning prayers that our time is not limited to the usual hour, but that we can unhurriedly empty our hearts before God. That still leaves a margin before

lunch for the walk in the country, so dear to those for whom it is improper to go out frequently, and never alone. Scraps of information on the manners and customs of flowers and insects are of the keenest joy to these native children. "Oh! what wonderful things God has made" they say, "and to think that our elders sit at home and have never read or heard anything of this."

The climax of the day is the meeting for Christian women and children after lunch. It is family worship, for all have their share in it. There is no stated order of procedure. The house children make a good choir, and the women are specially delighted when the tinies sing alone or recite a Bible portion. Some of the bigger girls take a part in the spiritual message, and prayer is shared by all. The women sometimes bring a friend or two, and more than one stranger has felt the power of God's presence and love, and eventually joined the family in Christ.

After supper the house-children gather together for a time of recreation, and listen to stories of different lands and people.

Last of all a thanksgiving for all the day's joy—and bed! M.K.R.

### At Millana

It is 7.15 a.m. and the little girls, with a few baby brothers, are amusing themselves with picture-books, waiting for 8 o'clock when the class begins with hymn singing, after which it is divided into two, and the older girls troop off to another room for text drill, leaving the younger ones to their Scripture picture lesson.

This memorising of texts is much enjoyed. How pleased they are when they have quoted the right one in answer to some question such as, "Why should we have no fear of the dark?" or "What did the Lord Jesus say about the children?" Only when replying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me. . ." they

add a little sentence of their own which, when translated, would be, "Come, let us go to our Lord Jesus." Finally sweets are given to good pupils and off the little band must go, for women are already assembling for the 9.30 service.

We have half-an-hour's worship together, women with their children on one side of the dividing curtain, and one or two men on the other, a small beginning needing much prayer sheltering.

Following this is the service in the French Protestant Church near by to which we hurry, occasionally taking with us two of our Arab girls who understand some French and are kindly welcomed.

Lunch and a short rest, and the boys' time has come. When in sufficient numbers, they are graded into two classes, the juniors staying after the lesson to chalk pictures, while the older lads colour texts, a pastime of which they never seem to weary.

And now the duties of the day are over, and we may have a refreshing walk in the country or a restful time indoors, ending with hymns after supper, in two or more languages, if the native girls are with us.

M.D.G.



Hail the Anointed One,

The well-beloved Son,

Whom God to His high office did appoint,  
And did Himself with holy oil anoint.

Him on life's road I chanced to meet,  
With chrism on His head and dust upon  
His feet.

Then my heart broke within me, and all  
its sin

Let fall, that it had cherished long within.  
Of any nearer bliss I dare not think,  
Yet at His feet in penitence may sink,

That walked so many a dusty mile for me,  
And met my soul at last on Calvary;  
And with my tears may wash away their soil,  
And their dear wounds anoint with holy oil.

PLEASANT HURST.

## A Door and a Wall.

In the Winter Number there appeared an account of the first two tours in the Aures mountains, telling something of the opportunities of reaching the Chawia people there: the story of the fourth and fifth trips tells still more of the open door into that land. The third journey, with which this article deals, while it led us through the open door, showed us behind it the solid wall of rock which always confronts us in Mohammedan lands, and reminded us that the day of open doors in Algeria is not yet the day of open hearts. That it will be, we do not doubt, and we want the prayers of God's people at home that that day will soon come.

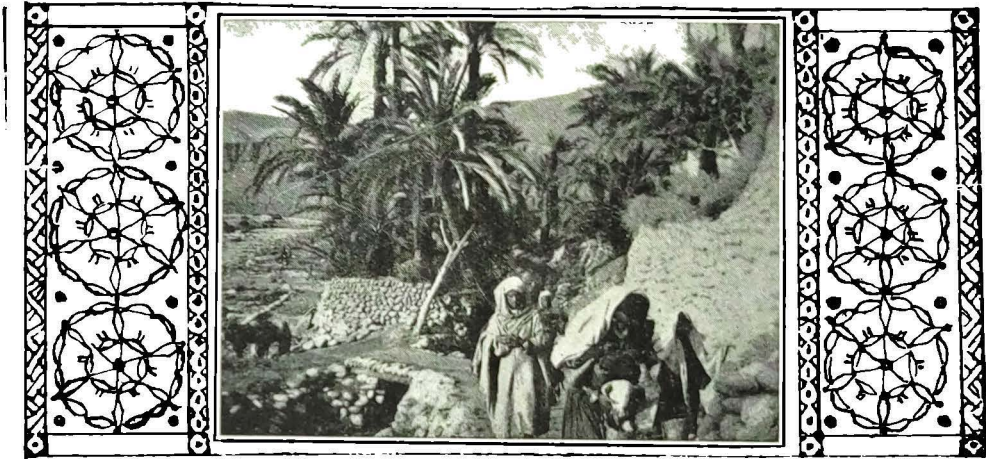
The prospect of accompanying the Bou-Saada workers to the Aures had been one of sheer delight, and it was with keen expectation and confident assurance of God's leading that the little party of three set out from Constantine.

Business began at once, for the third class railway carriage was full of Arab men, many of them bound for Khenchela, which was to be our jumping-off ground for the Aures. Tracts were distributed and books shown, and soon every man in the long carriage was reading, arguing or bargaining, and in some cases doing all three at once. We changed trains in about an hour's time, and one serious young student, who had read quietly and kept free from all the discussions, followed us into the Khenchela train. There he took the opportunity offered by a squabble between the ticket collector and an Arab, to seat himself unobserved beside the missionaries. He opened the discussion by handing back a book he had just bought. "These are beautiful words," he said, "but if we accept them, then our own religion is worthless." The remainder of the journey was spent in

serious conversation with him, and he left the train with a copy of "The Sevenfold Secret." His half-promise to come to see us in Khenchela was not fulfilled, and so we leave him to the Spirit Who was already at work in his soul. Perhaps some of our readers will take him on their hearts, that he may come to the decision which appeared to him so clearly imperative on his first hearing of the message.

Khenchela had been visited before, and it was interesting to go to the various houses again and renew acquaintance with the women. It was the month of Ramadhan, so all were busy with preparations for the feasting of the night which follows the fast of the day. In the streets and shops we were followed by eager crowds of men, some argumentative, others scornful, but among them always a few thoughtful seeking souls who make us long for the day when the broadcast sowing of the seed will be followed by a joyful reaping of these good ears of wheat. We had evidence in Khenchela that the visits of missionaries, however brief and unsatisfactory they appear to our impatient minds, live on in the minds of the people. An N.A.M. worker had in former years visited this town and held café meetings among the men. Little children, who could not possibly have been alive then, ran after us chanting a couplet made on her name, that she was the one who made infidels; so lasting is the memory of visits and so easily recognised are the Messengers of the Cross.

After a week-end at Khenchela, we set out early on Monday morning to cross the Aures mountains to a large native village on the fringe of the great Sahara desert which stretches out from their southern base. The motor-bus service of which we availed ourselves had only been running for a few months, but we were assured by the voluble



In the Aures Mountains.

French woman, who booked our places, that the chauffeur would tell us beforehand if the route were not safe. She also promised us a warm welcome from the Caid of the village with whom we would require to lodge until we could get a bus on to Biskra.

The chauffeur was doubtful as to the state of the track, for road, as we understand the term, there was none; but we decided to risk it and set out. The journey proved a difficult one, for three days' rain had made the track almost impassible at places, but our chauffeur was a plucky little man who would not give in, and he manœuvred his car very cleverly up steep muddy banks and across water courses which should have been dry but weren't!

We only passed two villages in the whole day's journey. At Babar, our first stop, we spent half-an-hour in brisk sales, and when we had reluctantly to move on, many men ran behind our car with outstretched hands saying, "We want more books. Stop and sell us books." It is a joy to pass on the words of life, but it leaves an ache when we remember these empty, beseeching

hands and think how long it may be ere they have another opportunity of getting what they need.

Djellal was our next halting place, but there we only had a few minutes in which to distribute tracts to the men and boys who scrambled down the sheer face of the rock to greet us, for Djellal is built in an impregnable position on a rock which rears itself at the head of a lovely valley full of blossoming fruit trees, when we saw it. From Djellal, or a little beyond it, we got an unforgettable view of the land. A mist shut out the higher mountains behind, so that we seemed to be on the utmost peak, and before us the hills rolled in ridge after ridge till they reached the desert, which swept like a great sea to their base and broke there in a green spray of palm gardens and corn fields. It all looked so vast, and yet it was only a little bit of one district in one of the "Parishes" in the part we have taken as our share of this world to which we are commanded to carry the Gospel.

We had a most courteous reception at the southern village which was our destination, but even while we were partaking

of the coffee which was served immediately on our arrival, we became aware, more by the atmosphere of aloof superiority than by anything that was said, that while *we* might be received, our message would not be. We had come up against the wall. The failure of the Biskra bus made it necessary to stay two nights at the house of the Caid. We were treated with the utmost civility and consideration, yet—whether as a measure of safety for us or to prevent any conversations with the people of the town—we were virtually prisoners, the Caid's son acting as escort out-of-doors, while, when we were within, the doors were locked. We saw no women on our walks abroad, for—as in all the desert towns—they were kept strictly shut in; but on our second afternoon we had a state call from the Caid's wife and two of her daughters, all three dressed in most gorgeous apparel and heavily decked with jewels. Here again the young man stood on guard, but surely it was by no accident that a book, picked up at random and used as a drawing board to sketch out an embroidery pattern for the women, should prove to be a St. John's Gospel in literary Arabic, which the young man grasped at eagerly. The book was left in his hands; it may prove a cranny for the heavenly dynamite of the Spirit which will eventually break down the rock. Another cranny we discovered as we passed through the street of shops, for in one of the little cubby holes which serve as such, sat a fellow-traveller of the day before who had purchased a specimen of all the literature we had with us. Still another was made on the third day. The Biskra bus did not arrive, and we felt that we must not spend longer in this shut-up place, so we hired the one car of which the village boasted, which was driven by a member of the Caid's family. He brought with him a servant, and when, about a mile or two from the town, he discovered that he had

forgotten his licence, he left this servant with us while he went back to get it. The half-hour that was spent in preaching the Gospel to that one poor man was surely not wasted.

This journey was more adventurous than enjoyable, for the watercourses had become quagmires with the rain of the week before, and many times the car had to be pulled and pushed through several feet of sticky mud. This time we had no plucky French driver who would not own defeat, but a young man, trained in the school of Islam which accepts all that happens as "Written" and makes no attempt to alter the writing! But by the end of the day he began to realise that there was something to be admired in a religion which takes advantage of such accidents as a car stuck in a bog to pass on the Good News to the men who dragged it out, and which refused to give up under any circumstances.

We had thought that our village had not been visited before, but on our return to Headquarters, Miss Trotter told us that 30 years ago she and Miss Haworth had spent a few days there under somewhat similar circumstances, and had met with the same reception of courteous antagonism. Yet only in their attitude to the Christian faith had these men remained unchanged. Thirty years ago they would not raise a finger to save the life of a precious son because the stars foretold his death: last year they brought a specialist from Algiers at a cost of many thousands of francs to save the sight of a little girl, a comparatively worthless commodity in the eyes of an Arab.

While we praise God for the open door, let us not forget the wall that still confronts us, but continue to follow with prayer the written and spoken words left behind in that closed town, for "Is not His Word like a hammer that breaketh the rock?"

B.H.C.

## The Rally at Eccleston Hall.

The note of triumph struck in the opening remarks by Mrs. Brading was carried throughout the whole of the meetings, so that, though they were necessarily memorial of our beloved leader, they were at the same time full of thanksgiving to God for the 40 years He had given her to us and for the future that seems opening before us, just as she had intended when she planned them at the beginning.

Colonel Russell read the Scripture portion chosen by Miss Trotter when first she suggested a gathering of friends to celebrate together the 40th anniversary of the commencement of the work in Algeria—Deut. 8. 1-6. 2. 7.

Mr. Brading, who was in the chair in the afternoon, spoke of his and Mrs. Brading's association with Miss Trotter, Miss Haworth and Miss Freeman in the early days, of the opposition and suspicion so bravely overcome and of the fruit of souls confessing Christ in baptism which even then were given by God to encourage His faithful servants.

Several of the workers from the Field gave short accounts of the station work at Relizane, Dellys and Blida and of the itineration which always forms part of the missionaries' programme, emphasising the call that was always so clear in our leader's ears, of the unreached women of the South and those in the villages who so seldom have a chance of hearing the Gospel message.

The very close link we have had for many years with the Faith Mission was referred to by Miss Govan, who gave her testimony to the great influence that Miss Trotter had exercised in her spiritual life, when she spent a winter as her Secretary at the very beginning of her career, a testimony which might be multiplied many,

many times by those who have shared this privilege.

Dr. Inwood's closing message centred round 2 Kings 1. 8-15, the ascending of the saint, and the descending of the mantle. He spoke of the three calls the Lord had given to His child. "Come unto Me" which she answered and found in Him, Saviour, Master, Friend and King: "Follow Me" to which she responded by leaving all and following Him to Algeria, where day by day and year by year she had Him as her daily companion until the last call came on 27th August, when her Lord said to her "Come home, my child." Nobody else heard His words, nobody else saw the chariot, the regal honours that God gives His children, but to her it was the gladdest call of all, into the presence of her Lord to join the worshipping throng in glory who worship the Lamb for ever and ever. He referred to her wonderful and singularly gifted personality, her marvellous optimism, the loyalty of love she ever showed to her fellow workers, as a loving elder sister to the seniors and with the solicitude of a mother to those who were younger; but most of all was he impressed with her unconscious selflessness and her intelligent study of the character of the people whom she was seeking to save, and at the back of all there was the life of unbroken fellowship with her loving Saviour. She could indeed say, "For me to live is Christ—for me, life is Christ—for me, Christ is life."

Then of the mantle, he said, it was not the mantle of her gifts, for these will never be repeated—God never made two souls like dear Lilia Trotter—but she had left behind the mantle of her lofty missionary ideals, of her methods of work in Algeria, and an example of a spirit as Christlike

as any Christian he had ever been privileged to know, and he appealed to all connected with the work, on the Field and at home, to see that the Mission continues along the same lines and manifests the same spirit as when she was with us. The worker is in glory, but the mantle remains: that is not enough, the God of the mantle remains and He is the same God as our sister had.

After tea, there was an informal talk, when the need of prayer backing on the home side was stressed, and Mrs. Elwin told of her visit to Algiers in the spring of 1927, and Mr. Harold Barrow gave an account of his call to the Field.

The afternoon had dealt with the past: the evening was devoted to the future. Mr. Oliver of the Nile Mission Press spoke of the co-operation between the A.M.B. and the N.M.P. in colportage, and especially of the vision which had captured first Miss Trotter, then Mr. Theobald, then Mr. Upson and finally himself, of the great hinterland of Algeria with its hundreds of oasis towns and Zaouias, now open to car work and within reach. He said that the A.M.B. was not going to swallow up the N.M.P., nor the N.M.P. swallow up the A.M.B., but he hoped the two societies would continue to work together in the wonderful spirit of love which had emanated from that servant of God, Miss Lilius Trotter.

Mr. Theobald followed with a message of the ultimate triumph of the Lamb, a triumph Miss Trotter believed in with unswerving faith and unshaken confidence in spite of difficulties and disappointments.

Dr. Northcote Deck took his theme from the 12th chapter of Hebrews, with its backward look and its forward look. He spoke of Miss Trotter's heroism and her gift of faith which gave her right to a place in the "cloud of witnesses." God had deemed her worthy to be of those who die in faith, not having received the promises, but He had also given to her, and especially in the

last three years of her life, the joy of seeing the promises afar off. For the future the look must be to Jesus for the race that is set before us, and Dr. Deck specially asked for prayer for the Mission, that they might "make straight paths for their feet, that that which is lame be not turned out of the way." Many of the converts, he said, are very lame, just tottering into the Kingdom of God, and they need straight paths, and so we must have prayer that God will reveal His plans and call out His instruments, and that the unity of spirit in every member may be preserved through all the difficulties which must and will come.



### VICTORY.

*"The perfect Victory is to let Christ triumph over one's self, through the Spirit"* (1 John 5. 4, 5; Heb. 12. 3).

When you are forgotten, or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile inwardly, glorying in the insult or the oversight—that is victory.

When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your tastes offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient and loving silence—that is victory.

When you can bear with any discord, any annoyance, and irregularity, unpunctuality (of which you are not the cause)—that is victory.

When you can stand face to face with folly, extravagance, spiritual insensibility, contradiction of sinners, persecution, and endure it all as Jesus endured it—that is victory.

When you never care to refer to yourself in conversation or to record your good works, nor to seek after commendation, when you can truly "love to be unknown"—that is victory.

2 Cor. 6. 1-10. Rom. 8. 35-39.



## Home Notes.

Miss Grace Russell writes of delightful meetings held in various places during July, particularly those with Guides and Crusaders, to whom she felt specially drawn: she has also met Prayer Groups at New Cross, Sidcup, Southport and Emmanuel Training College, Birkenhead.

Mr. A. E. Theobald, as well as speaking at several places in Suffolk and elsewhere, has visited All Nations Bible College and the Missionary Training Colony, at both of which centres his message was much appreciated; and it was felt that his address at the Keswick Missionary meeting gave many a new vision of the needs of the Moslems of North Africa.

Miss Sheach also has been able to meet interested groups in Scotland at Clydebank, Dysart and Dunfermline, and the Deputation Secretary at Felixstowe, Thornton Heath and Purley, the last two being valedictory meetings for Mr. Harold T. Barrow, who has just left to begin language study.

The Deputation Secretary's forward bookings include Eastbourne, Brighton, Bexhill and other places on the South Coast at the end of October, and Bournemouth and district in early November. Meetings have also been arranged at Woodbridge, Norwich and Stratford Conference Hall. He will endeavour to fit in other vacant dates if friends desiring meetings in their districts will kindly communicate with him.

The Home Committee welcome the help of Dr. Northcote Deck, who has just consented to join them.

## A.M.S. Literature Notes.

The new out-put on the Field is a translation of the portionette on the Deity of Christ, "God with us" (Arabic Colloquial, A.E.T.) which is now going through the printers' hands under its French title, "Prends et lis."

## RECENT BOOKS AND BOOKLETS.

- Bearing on the Work in North Africa.*  
 "Thamilla." A story of the mountains of Algeria. By M. Ferdinand Duchêne. 7s. Postage 6d.  
 "The Land of the Vanished Church." A survey of North Africa. By J. J. Cooksey (World Dominion Press). 2s. Postage 3d.  
 "Islam and Its Need." A concise book for study circles. By Dr. W. Norman Leak, M.A. 6d., Postage 1d.  
 "In Desert and Town." Illustrated. By M. M. Wood. 1s. Postage 2d.  
 "A South Land," with coloured plate. By I. Lilius Trotter. 2d. Postage ½d.  
 The "Outlook" series. Written by Members of the Band. 1d. Postage ½d. 8s. per 100, post free.  
 "Now, are they Black?"  
 "A Province of Barbary."  
 "The Problem of Moslem Boys."  
 "Zenib the Unwanted"—What it is to be an Arab Girl.

## English Translations of Booklets Written for Moslems.

- "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret." (A book for twilight souls). By I. Lilius Trotter. 1s. Postage 2d.  
 "The Lily of the Desert" (Peril of Hasheesh and the Way of Deliverance). By A. E. Theobald. 3d. Postage 1d.  
 A New Edition of "Parable Stories." By I. Lilius Trotter. Illustrated. 1d. Postage ½d. 8s. per 100, post free.  
 "The Weaving of Saïd the Silk Weaver."  
 "The River that Rose."  
 "The Lost Ones in the Sahara."  
 "The Bedouin and His Camel."  
 "The Story of the Nightingale."  
 "The Debt of Ali Ben Omar."  
 "Naseefa the Slave Girl."  
 "The Letter that came from a Far Country."  
 "The Robe of Er Rashid."  
 "The Stream and its Source."

These have also been bound together and published as a Memorial Booklet at 6d.

*Other Books and Booklets by I. Lilius Trotter.*

"Parables of the Cross." Illustrated.  
3s. 6d. Postage 6d.

"Parables of the Christ Life." Illustrated.

3s. 6d. Postage 6d. Bound in one volume. 5s. Postage 6d.

"Focussed." 3d. Postage ½d.

All the above can be obtained from The Secretary, 38, Outram Road, Croydon, or 62, Tuddenham Road, Ipswich.

## Requests for Praise and Prayer.

### Praise.

For all that the past 40 years of Miss Trotter's life has meant to the Moslem World and North Africa in particular, and for the vision granted to her of God's purposes for the land of which we, her fellow-workers, whether on the Field or at home, are privileged to see the beginning of the out-working.

For the note of joyful victory struck and maintained throughout the meetings at Eccleston Hall on September 20th, and

for the number of friends who responded to the call of this, the first public meeting of the A.M.B.

That God has so manifestly blessed to many the addresses of our workers from the Field at meetings held during the past three months.

For the widening circle of interest at home and blessing received as the result of the new output of literature.

### Prayer.

That all connected with the Mission—on the Field and at home—now left without an earthly leader, may have grace to carry on without her, and to carry out her thoughts and visions in making Christ known among the Moslems of Algeria.

For guidance to all concerned in the arrangements for the future of the work. In her New Year prayer-call to the Band, our beloved leader used the words, "Pray that no thought that God is thinking towards us . . . may fail through our slowness of heart in responding to His working."

For guidance in Rally arrangements.

For the re-opening of all the stations in October: that God's power may be manifest in our Autumn session.

For the Men's Hostel to be opened on the return of Mr. Theobald from his furlough, and for a great blessing on the two candidates.

For the new links that will be made during the coming Winter season, that God will create a quickening in the prayer life of those at home, the results of which may be felt on the Field.

"Has it ever struck you that there is no one thing in the whole of Christ's discourses to which He has given such emphasis as that of the certainty of prayer being answered?"

—JOSEPHINE BUTLER.

## Location of Workers, 1927-28.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.	BLIDA.	COLEA.
1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).	1909. Miss F. K. CURRIE.	1920. Mr. & Mrs. H. W.
1919 & 1922. Mons. & Mme.	1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE.	TOLGA. [BUCKENHAM.
PIERRE NICOUUD.	RELIZANE.	1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time).
1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.	1907. Miss RIDLEY.	TLEMCEM.
1920. Miss A. KEMP.	1926. Miss RUSSELL.	1916. Miss K. BUTLER.
1926. Miss BRADING, S.S.	MILIANA.	1927. Miss D. GRAHAM.
1927. Miss JOHNSTON and	1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.	DELLYS.
Miss ARMITAGE, S.S.	1926. Miss D. RICHARDSON.	1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.
1927. Miss C. CROSS, M.H.	MASCARA.	1922. Miss I. SHEACH.
1928. EDWIN WIGG (at language	1891. Miss F. H. FREEMAN.	BOU-SAADA.
[study].	1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.	1909. Miss A. McILROY.
1928. H. T. BARROW.	TOZEUR.	1919. Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ.
1928. Miss G. BLACKHAM, M.H.	1920. Miss V. WOOD.	SIDI BEL ABBES.
BELCOURT, ALGIERS.	MOSTAGANEM.	1912. SENOR & SENORA SOLER
1909. Miss M. WATLING.	1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.	(evangelist).

S.S. = Short Service.      M.H. = Mission Helper.

### ENGLAND.

### Local Representatives:

ALL NATIONS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—Mr. Francis Ewing, A.N.B.C., Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.  
 BARKING TYE.—Mr. P. J. Butler, Barking Hill, Needham Market.  
 BEXHILL.—Mrs. Brownrigg, Gorse Cottage, Terminus Road.  
 BIRKENHEAD (Emmanuel).—Mrs. J. D. Drysdale, Emmanuel Training Home, 1, Palm Grove.  
 BRIGHTON.—Miss E. Bullen, 14, Clifton Terrace.  
 BROCKLEY, S.E.4 (Girls of the Realm Club).—Miss L. E. Brittle, 31, Wickham Road.  
 BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—Miss F. H. Davies, 121, Queen's Road.  
 CARLISLE (Willow Holme).—Mr. T. Child, 11, Ferguson Road, Longsowerby, Carlisle.  
 CRAWLEY.—Miss M. J. Cheal, The Nurseries.  
 DARLINGTON (Pierremont Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.  
 EASTBOURNE.—Miss C. Firmin, "Dale View," Willingdon, Eastbourne.  
 ELSENHAM.—Mr. C. H. Kohn, Mission House, Elsenham, Essex.  
 ILFORD.—Mr. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.  
 ILFORD (Grantham Road Mission).—Mr. H. J. Payne, 106, Landseer Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.  
 ISLINGTON MEDICAL MISSION.—Miss Day, Britannia Row, Essex Road, N.1.  
 LEEDS.—Miss J. Falconer, Calverley House, near Leeds.  
 LEWES.—Miss Lee, "Cobury," 20 Prince Edward Road.  
 LEXDEN.—Miss G. WAYRE, 12, Straight Road, Lexden, Colchester.  
 MANCHESTER.—Mr. F. Kirkham, "Ashlea," Rivershill, Ashton-on-Mersey.  
 MANCHESTER (New Bank Street Mission).—Miss E. McDiarmid, 84, Birch Street, West Gorton.  
 NEW CROSS.—Miss D. M. Appleby, 3, Arbutnot Road, New Cross, S.E.  
 NINE ELMS (St. James' Mission).—Mr. C. H. How, 204, Stewart's Road, Clapham, S.W.8.  
 NORWICH (C.A.W.G.).—The Secretary, C.A.W.G., St. Giles, Norwich.  
 PURLEY (Baptist Ch. C. E.).—Mr. J. C. Dinnage, "Ventnor," Whytecliffe Road.  
 SAFFRON WALDEN.—Miss E. Midgley, "Larchmount."  
 SCARBOROUGH (C.A.W.G.).—Miss Yelland.  
 SIDCUP.—Col. Russell, "Rosslyn."  
 SOUTHPORT (Y.W.C.A.).—Miss Pennington, Lord Street.  
 ST. IVES (Hunts).—Miss F. Stuttle, Thorpe House, Station Road.  
 THORNTON HEATH.—Mr. C. J. Ford, 13, Heath View Road.  
 WELLINGBOROUGH.—Miss W. Purser, 23, Hill Street.  
 WEST SUFFOLK.—Mrs. Ed. Johuston, Campfield, Gt. Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.  
 WINTON (Bournemouth).—Pastor W. G. Stalley, "Kurichee," Norton Road.  
 WOODBRIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.  
 WOOLWICH TABERNACLE.—Mr. S. H. Powell, 19, St. Margaret's Terrace, Plumstead Common, S.E.18.  
 WORTHING.—Miss Cotelee, White Lodge, Mill Road.

### SCOTLAND.

DYSART.—Mrs. Muir, "Ansford," Dysart, Fifeshire.  
 FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.

### IRELAND.

BESSBROOK.—Miss R. Bailie, Woodside Cottage,  
 Co. Monaghan.  
 CLONES.—Mr. A. B. Henry, Clones,  
 STONEBRIDGE.—Mr. B. Kennedy, Stonebridge, Clones.  
 SILVERSTREAM.—Mr. George Quinn, Hand and Pen,  
 Silverstream,

BALLINODE.—Mr. John Dunwoody, Ballinode.  
 WATTSBRIDGE.—Mr. J. Ritchie, Wattsbridge.  
 GLASLOUGH.—Miss Crone, Glaslough.  
 MIDDLETON.—Mr. Robert Wilson, Shelvins, Glaslough.  
 CASTLESHANE.—Mr. W. Eagle, Braddox, Castleshane,

Algiers Mission Band  
 Sketch Map of  
 Algeria and Tunisia

