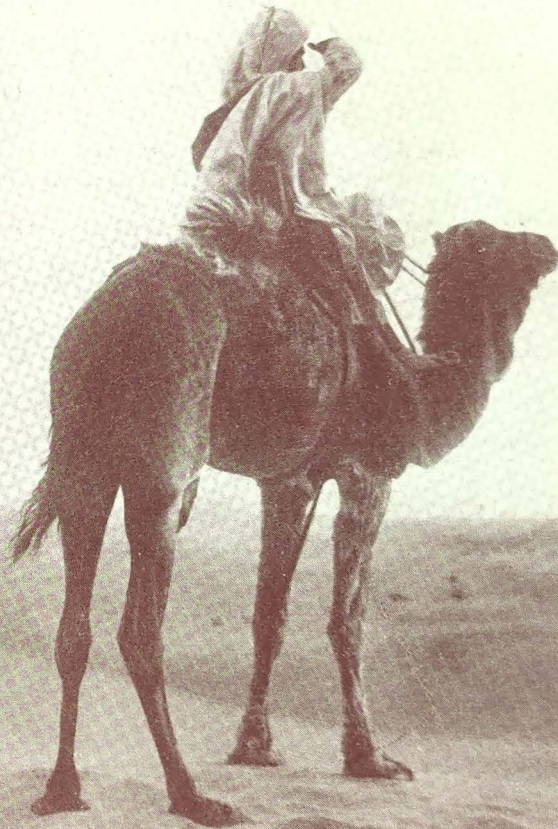


A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

ABDEL KADER
EDITION

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS :—DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

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General Treasurer :—Mr. H. W. BUCKENHAM, Oulad Sultane, Blida, Algeria.

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PASTOR J. P. COOK, Lorient (Morbihan).

PASTOR R. SAILLENS, Nogent sur Marne, Seine.

Referee, Algeria : PASTOR CUCHE, Mostaganem, Algeria.

Location of Workers, 1933-34.

AT DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR.

1906. Miss S. PERKIN (part time
1919 & 1922. [Tolga].

Mons. & Mme. PIERRE NICOD.

1922. Mr. & Mrs. A. E. THEOBALD.
1920. Miss A. KEMP.

Miss MARY MAY.

1927. Miss JOHNSTON.

1932. Miss R. KNIGHT, M.H.

ALGIERS.

1930. Miss IDA NASH.

1907. Miss RIDLEY (part time).

MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

BLIDA.

1920. Mr. & Mrs. H.W. BUCKENHAM

1909. Miss M. H. ROCHE
(on furlough).

MILIANA.

1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.

1929. Miss P. M. RUSSELL.

MASCARA.

1912. Miss F. HAMMON, M.H.

TOZEUR.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.

TOLGA.

1928. Senor S. LULL (part time).

1934. Mr. H. W. STALLEY.

TLEMCEM.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER.

1932. Miss S. HANSEN (part time).
Miss E. CLARK, M.H.

DELLYS.

1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.

1922. Miss I. SHEACH.

BOU-SAADA

1909. Miss A. McILROY.

1919. Mlle. A. BUTTICAZ

RELIZANE.

1928. Senor S. LULL (part time).

Evangelist Colporteur : Senor MUNIOZ (of the Nile Mission Press). Headquarters at Relizane,
M.H.=Mission Helper.



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AUTUMN, 1934.

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POST FREE

Editorial.

When Miss Trotter laid down the Editorship of *A Thirsty Land*, Miss Freeman took up the task, and to the wonder of those who knew how tired and suffering she often was, carried it vigorously on until the end—and beyond the end.

Miss Freeman was called away just as the summer issue was going to press, but that was not the last of her work in connection with the magazine. She had already collected and arranged most of the MSS for this present number and had herself written the article for young people.

So *A Thirsty Land*, October, 1934, goes forth with the fragrance of her personality and the inspiration of her brave spirit. And for the future, we would ask prayer for all who collaborate in the production of the magazine, that they may be enabled to keep it, not only up to the level of past years, but by the grace of God to carry it to even higher levels. Such would be the wish of those who have gone before.

S. E. PERKIN.

The following lines of Whittier might well have been written of Miss Freeman.

“ With her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And beauty’s gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love’s unconscious ease ;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

The dear Lord’s best interpreters
Are humble human souls.
The gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives,
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.”



Frances Helen Freeman.

IN LOVING MEMORY.



MISS FREEMAN WITH HER GREAT-GRAND-NEPHEW.

It is not easy to write of one who has been part of one's life from earliest childhood, but certain memories stand out so clearly as I look back and search into the dim recesses of the past; and as they are perhaps symbolic of much else I would like to record one or two.

The first definite remembrance of my Aunt was during days of great sorrow when my mother died, and though her own heart was sad beyond words for the terrible grief of her greatly loved brother who was away in India with his regiment, my Aunt's wise and tender love and care for me, a small motherless girl of five, remains warm and vivid to me yet. And during the years which immediately followed, when my

home was with my Grandmother and Aunt, there stand out innumerable memories—grave and gay—of the heavenly character of her truly human life.

Once as a little child I remember searching through the Bible, and coming for the first time on those words of the Psalmist, "All my fresh springs are in Thee," and exclaiming aloud, "Oh, that is just like Auntie Helen!" And that impression never left me, for to this day I can say I have never met any other who has for me so truly exemplified those words in all conditions and circumstances.

It was during those childhood years that one saw something of the early part of the wonderful and glorious friendship between Miss Trotter and Miss Freeman—a friendship begun in the service of God, for those days saw them united in a piece of experimental Christian social service among women in London, in which they were practically pioneers. How vividly I remember the day when Miss Trotter's decision to go to Algiers was made known, and my Aunt's face and voice as she explained to me what this call of God meant; and I think my childish heart apprehended then for the first time something of the cost and of the joy of obedience to the voice of God. Miss Freeman was not then free to go with Miss Trotter, as her Mother was still alive and needed her, and it was only after her death about two years later that she was able to join her friend in Algiers. Both Miss Freeman and her brother, to whom she was passionately attached, gave to their Mother a reverence and devotion of which she was indeed worthy, for she was a woman of indomitable courage and high Christian principle, with a pioneer spirit which both

her children inherited, and which enabled her to do things that were unusual for women in those far-off days. She came of very fine Highland stock, belonging to the Mackintosh clan, and Miss Freeman's love of Scotland and pride in her birth was very clear to those who watched her face as she came back to the hills and lochs of Scotland, or heard her voice as she talked of that land or told some of her favourite Scotch stories. Her father, the Rev. Thomas Freeman, died when his two children were very young, but he too handed down to them traditions of loyalty and self-sacrifice and devotion to his Lord, to which they were ever true.

One cannot speak of Miss Freeman's life without speaking of her brother, for there was the most wonderful union between these two, and she never quite got over his death in India, where he had returned to work as a missionary after his retirement from the British Army; I think theirs was one of the most perfect examples of love between brother and sister that has ever been known.

I suppose the great outstanding quality in Miss Freeman that remains with us as a precious gift of God, is the quality of her love. It was a very perfect love she gave to us all, utterly selfless, not only in that she made no demands for herself, but in that she gave it so lavishly and in hidden, secret, practical ways. There was so much of *thought* and *mind* in it! It was of this quality because it was rooted in the love of God and watered by ceaseless prayer and intercession, and so it went out beyond those specially knit to her by ties of friendship, family, or work, and reached a wide circle in which were included oftentimes those whom many of us did not think worthy! But she never forgot or lost interest in the "under-dog"—in those whom others often gave up in despair or thought were not worth troubling about. Her faith in people rode triumphantly over many disappointments and failures. It was,

I suppose, something of this great quality of love which made her so marvellously tolerant in her judgment of others; for while immovable as a rock on matters of principle for herself, there was entirely absent from her any spirit of criticism of others, with the result that young people living in quite a different setting—modern and undisciplined often in their attitude to life—yet came and talked fearlessly to her, and quickly loved her and let her say anything to them. There was something so rare in the sensitive refinement with which she approached other souls.

I remember with so much pleasure an evening in Scotland when a large houseful of young people suddenly decided on a fancy dress dinner, and some of them wondered how the "old missionary lady" would take it, and were thrilled when she made an unexpected appearance most perfectly turned out as Florence Nightingale, entering into the fun with the best of them. But with all her generous understanding and love, her indignation was quick to pour out vials of wrath on anything that was mean, selfish, cruel or unworthy in any way. There come to my mind two separate occasions when I still wonder that the objects of her wrath did not entirely sink under the floor!

Her courage was a quality which stood out apparently to all who knew her; Blanche Pigott used to call her her knight, Miss Trotter once in a letter to me about her spoke of "that knightly soul," and I have been struck by the same note in so many of the letters that have come from old friends in England since God took her. A gallant and high-hearted courage marked her life all through, in the great sorrows and loneliness that came to her, as in the many joys and deep happiness of a life given in the service of God. And it was this courage which enthused and helped others who were passing through some great sorrow or crisis, as well as the tender

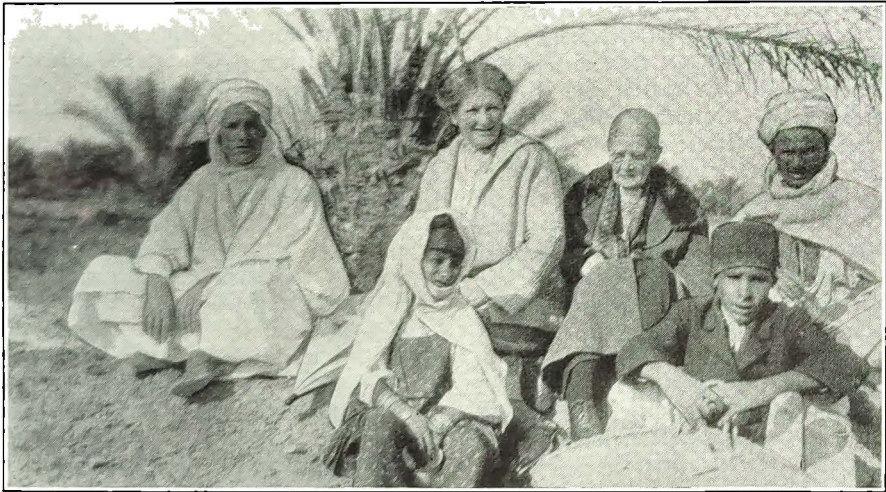
understanding love which they knew was surrounding them all the time.

But oh ! her sense of humour, her love of fun, and her marvellous fund of stories—shall we ever again see anyone like her in that ? Memories of ridiculous little incidents where we had such fun together crowd in upon me, and I shall never forget her joyous laughter at my dismayed face when once, unpacking for her, I took a spirit lamp out of her one and only respectable hat !

Hers was a truly cultivated mind, richly stored with treasures of beauty and of honour, and her joy was in sharing these with all and any. During the last summer she spent in England she so enjoyed the quiet month of August, which she and I spent alone together in London, as she found travelling tired her, and she wanted quiet and rest. A great many people came to my house that month from all parts of the world, and this she enjoyed tremendously, only regretting that I could not provide her with any guest from Timbuctoo ! And how these people appreciated her ! I

get enquiries after her still from Jamaica, U.S.A., West Africa, India and Japan. She impressed herself so on the many who talked with her.

In her last dear letter to me—such a happy one it was, and so full of hope—there occurred this sentence, which I must quote, for it is so exactly like her and was written only four days before God took her : “ They are all so very dear and good to me here, each one coming in to tell me the *good* bits of news, and the *bad* I have to find out for myself ! ” The secret of her wonderful love and selflessness, her marvellous loyalty and radiant courage, her kindly balanced judgment and complete consecration, her gifts of mind and imagination—did it lie in those early morning hours which, for as long as I have known her, were entirely devoted to communion with Him Whom she loved and served with a passionate devotion as her Lord and her Saviour ? There are some of us who in watching her have come to understand a little more of the depth of meaning in those wondrous words—“ God so loved . . . that



MISS FREEMAN AND LADY PROCTER WITH ARAB FRIENDS.

He gave" and "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost."

H. M. PROCTER.



Other Family Recollections.

In thinking of Auntie Helen, there are two main facets in the diamond of her shining and beautiful life that stand out: her saintliness, and her sense of humour.

To one rather exasperated by what the Church had made of Christianity, her true following of the Spirit of Christ has always been a draught of clear cold water, from a well that never failed.

I see, looking back, a shining punctuation—generally in our summer holidays—of the years when she came over on leave, and spent long peaceful weeks with us. Hand in hand with her intense spiritual force which so impressed the young (in those days rather impatient of all that part of life), were the glorious human absurdities which, with her superb humour, endeared her still more intimately to our young intolerant hearts.

How we laughed with her over her passion for baskets, her amazing rubber travelling bath, and all her other patent odds and ends for travelling.

It is curious the details that a child notices and loves. I have always loved the line of her hair, with its smoothness of a comb constantly passed through it; and the pieces of lace fastened at her neck with a cameo brooch; and her beautiful speech with its many old-fashioned phrases was music in my ears as a child.

But how fierce she could be at times when the blood of Scottish ancestors revolted at some outrage to her view of what was right!

As a teller of stories—and humorous stories of a high calibre they often were—

Auntie Helen was unsurpassed; and out of her long experience and perfect memory she had a story for every occasion and an inimitable way of telling it.

I see her at Ware Hill being photographed shortly after the birth of Prudence, with the three successive generations of "Helens." I see her years later in Sussex, protesting at over-much photography of herself in a lovely old black velvet gown. Endless glimpses of her back through the years shine out at one, and always her two beloved selves that made that unique whole: her face, urgent with intense prayer, shining with her inner peace, and speaking words of earnest conviction and loving strength, and her other face, full of laughter and a real mischievousness over some thought or situation that had occurred to her.

Out of suffering, I suppose, she had achieved a deep understanding that never faltered, or failed one, and her insight and faith in one were supports that will be sorely missed. It is not my part to speak of her great public work of spreading the Spirit of Christ in the world, but I should like to testify to the deep and humble love that she inspired in one member of her family, who has yet to meet a greater human creature than her gentle, fiery little great-aunt.

The last picture of her is one of the gayest and the most precious. Calling in at Algiers, we went up to Dar Naama, and spent a happy day there, in that cool house with its beautiful atmosphere. Auntie Helen was in bed, having been on far too long and strenuous a trip to an out-station. But her gaiety was undimmed, and she was determined that our day ashore seeing Algiers and the country round, should be the gayest and most interesting of all our cruising trip.

There was a deep and poignant sadness in our parting, and for me that day was yet another of her bright gifts.

M. VANSITTART.

Tributes from Fellow-Workers.

I have been asked to write something of the time I spent with dear Miss Freeman, and this is not easy in one way, for the little details which make up our daily life, seem somewhat trivial when written down. But with our dear friend it was not so, and every commonplace action had its importance. She lived so close to the Lord that for her "Christ was all in all." It was in His light she walked and it was His life that was manifested in hers, in a complete renouncement of herself, in a love which forgave all things, which hoped all things and which bore all things with a smile. She had only one aim—to uplift the thoughts and lives of others and to bring them on to a higher level morally and spiritually.

Being with her made one feel "better." An Arab woman at Mostaganem said to me, on hearing of Miss Freeman's death, "Oh, how I hoped to see her once again, when I went to Algiers. I remember that always when I was with her and she talked to me, it was just as if I was sitting at the Lord's feet and hearing Him speak." How true this was! Often I have had the same feeling.

And what can one say of her life of vital prayer and constant intercession? Only those who had the privilege of living with her could know. How often I have felt myself upheld by her prayers! How many times I have seen the answers come, and how many individuals were remembered by her at the Throne of Grace! Those prayers which have not yet had their fulfilment will surely be answered in the Eternity which she has already begun to enjoy with Him who was the inspiration of her whole life.

One was struck by the sweetness of her character, and her remarkable tact. She always knew what to do and what to say at the right time. Peace, strength and a deep

harmony reigned within. Freedom of spirit, the capacity for enjoyment, love, uprightness and a Power which came from above, guided and inspired her, so that she was always ready to rise above her circumstances and to face emergencies with a quiet strength, and that effacement of self which shows itself in a deep peace, through the constant recognition of the Presence of God.

A GAYRAL.

(Translated.)



Perhaps love and courage were two of the most outstanding qualities in the life of dear Miss Freeman. A courageous love and a loving courage! Her love for Miss Trotter was a wonderful thing, and who can measure the cost of the sacrifice she made when the call came to leave her beloved friend and take up the work at the lonely post of Relizane?

Her charming personality, intellectual gifts and sparkling wit, were all laid at the Master's feet and used as heavenly stepping stones whereby her Lord passed over and made contacts with the ignorant, the poor, and the debased. Her love and sympathy drew both Europeans and Arabs from all ranks of life, so many of whom came to her for help and teaching, and to some of the Arabs she became known as the "Marabouta," or Holy Woman. These gifts of hers did much to inspire the loving confidence shown by the Arabs to those who later worked with her, or followed after her, in Relizane. They found the ground already prepared and the beginnings of a ripening harvest.

She never lost hope in the "down and out." Her faith looked forward to the time when they would be "up and in" among others in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Her love and protection always went out to the under-dog, and she managed in some way to give him or her fair play and a chance to make good. There will surely be many "under-dogs" who will rise up and call her blessed.

She had always a word of encouragement for the hurt or the disappointed. Several times she has earned the loving gratitude of the young missionary who had inadvertently burned the dinner (thereby bringing upon herself a public reprimand) by asking for a second helping of the spoiled dish. That little incident, which was repeated more than once, is so significant of Miss Freeman's feelings for others.

How she watered the work with her prayers! It was my privilege to be with her for several years at Relizane, and it was her custom to go to her room and lay before God every interview she had with those seeking help and advice. There was always some loving word of encouragement for me before I went visiting, and some dear word of welcome when I came back. I knew that there had been prayer following me all the way and that there would be more after my return.

Each Sunday afternoon at Relizane was devoted to the European boys and girls. The classes were large and exhausting, first the girls and then the boys. She loved them both, but she used to say, with a twinkle in her eye, after a particularly strenuous time with the boys, "The girls are little wretches, but the boys are angels!"

Her very presence was an inspiration to all who came in contact with her in any way. When buying in a shop her manner was so gracious and so charming that the shop-man instinctively bowed her out, recognising in spite of the perhaps old-fashioned clothes, something of the greatness of her personality. With friends of humble origin she was never condescending. She always knew the right thing to say under any circumstances. Her fund of

anecdotes never seemed to run dry, and was often used to encourage or cheer some laggard soul. Her love for her only brother had bred in her a high esteem for men-folk, to which they constantly responded.

She never thought of herself but was always seeking to ease another's burden. She greatly admired courage in others, while her own was beyond words. Naturally sensitive and shrinking from anything hard or coarse, yet she always chose the hard way for herself, and helped to strew roses for others. The memory of her is as fragrant as the lavender she so loved.

She literally laid down her life for her Lord. One day the harvest from that rich personality will be great.

E. K. M. RIDLEY.



"She was not, for God took her." That was all. It was translation, not death. Ten minutes before the Lord called her, Miss Freeman had been standing chatting to me about the affairs of the household with her usual keen interest, and almost her last words were concerning a new house-girl who had come to us the day before, "We must believe that God has brought her here for blessing."

She had been in her usual health right up to the last, and on Monday evening, June 18th, without a moment of pain or suffering, she passed into the Presence of the Lord. It was, as one of our French friends said, just as if the Lord had put His arms round her and taken her to Himself.

The funeral service was held in the court of the house, which had been beautifully decorated with palms and flowers. There was no sense of the presence of "death" in the midst, and the hymns we sang were full of triumph and the joy of Heaven. All who took part spoke of the spiritual strength and blessing that had come to them through

contact with Miss Freeman. At the graveside there was a wonderful sense of the presence of the Lord who is the Resurrection and the Life, and the singing of the hymn, "Till He come," lifted our thoughts and minds to the joyous day of re-union which lies ahead. In the very last letter Miss Freeman wrote, thinking of the near return of our Lord, she said, "Perhaps the time of separations will not be long now."

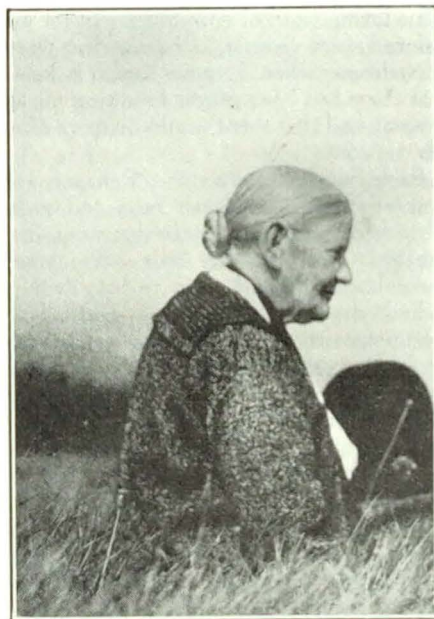
"She walked with God." The first part of Enoch's short biography is equally true of Miss Freeman's life. She lived daily in His Presence, or as she herself so often said, "with the things which cannot be shaken." And that perhaps was the secret of the calmness and strength which not only seemed a part of her, but which she was able to pass on to others. Hers was the "love that hopeth all things." However far a convert might have backslidden, she never gave up hope of his return. Often in the night when she could not sleep, she would be pouring out her soul in prayer for the wanderers, and if, after a sleepless night and perhaps a busy day, someone said, "Miss Freeman you are tired," she would reply with her own inimitable twinkle, "Tired? Well, that's what I came out for. We should be ashamed if we are not tired at the end of the day!"

To the end she kept her happy, youthful spirit. "I often wonder," she said one day, "who this old lady is who totters about my room. It *can't* be me!" She also had a perfectly marvellous gift for telling stories, and had a suitable one for every occasion. In later years, when she could not be so much with us in the life of the house, her room was the centre and heart of Dar Naama, to which old and young alike came on every possible occasion—to talk out a problem, to share a burden or a joy, to bring some piece of good news, or some treasure found in the country or the garden. Her capacity for enjoyment

was wonderful. Tired workers, up from a far-away station, felt their burdens growing wonderfully less as they came into that room and saw her welcoming smile. They knew they were always sure of understanding sympathy and wise counsel. Her heart seemed to know no boundaries, and her vision was as wide as her heart. "North Africa" was written upon it—and especially the south lands, her beloved desert.

During this past winter, looking over our somewhat depleted numbers she often said, "We *must* have more workers," and "I think we are now like Gideon's little army." But *with God* Gideon's army did not suffer defeat. We have lost our Gideon, but *He remains*, our Unconquerable Lord and Leader. May He give us all to drink of her valiant warrior spirit.

J. C. JOHNSTON.



IN HAPPY VEIN.

Sidi Ferruch Girls' Camp, 1934.

From the start it was a series of miracles. When the invitations were issued there was only sufficient money in hand for one return fare, but the moment that step was taken, gifts began to come in so fast that in two days there was enough for half-a-dozen single fares, and by the end of ten days enough to cover the return fares. From unexpected sources board money began to arrive so that there was not the slightest anxiety lest there should not be sufficient for all needs during the month.

Then came a very real test of faith, for the enemy was at work at the other end and it seemed that there would be no need for any of those return tickets. The hindrances chiefly arose from certain unfriendly feelings between two families. Permission to leave Relizane also had to be obtained from relatives and employers, and things were not easy to arrange. But God showed clearly that it was *His* time for the girls to come and we put the whole matter into His hands, so it was with great joy that at the last minute came the glad note that the party was really to be expected. And what a happy car load we were, singing choruses and hymns all the way from Blida station to Sidi Ferruch! Even in the train there had been many indications that God was with the little party, smoothing the way for them.

It was difficult to realise that there had been three years of separation; it all seemed just a lovely continuation of the previous years together. Dear F. was thin and worn and ill, for she had gone through every sort of trial and testing during those three years, but God had kept her and she said that during the last year especially He had shown her many wonderful things, and that she had experienced His deliverance over and over again.

All five were wonderfully ready for fresh

teaching, and responsive to the Holy Spirit, and there is reason to believe that even the two small children, Gannia and Saadia, gave their hearts into the keeping of the Good Shepherd while at Sidi Ferruch this summer. Their lives showed this in many practical ways. We had not been long there when one of the older girls heard the two little ones praying together and thanking God for the happy time He was giving them. There were precious moments when I was alone with them, and seating themselves one on each side at my feet, they would whisper, "May we pray with you?" They were a little shy to pray before the others, but these prayer times alone with them were very sweet, for they were so spontaneous and natural. These were not the only indications of the reality of their desire to follow Him. There were more practical signs. They had arrived inclined to be jealous of one another and to quarrel over their playthings, but that soon gave way to a spirit of love and helpfulness in their little household duties. The Spirit of Truth made Himself apparent, and an untruth, even if seemingly a small matter, was an uncomfortable affair and had to be confessed and wiped off the slate, even when it could easily have remained hidden. It was after a delightful day of fellowship with some Christian girls from Cherchell that little Gannia confessed to the others that she had given herself to Christ, "Not just a little bit, and not just for now, but every bit of me and for always," she said.

The days were spent very simply, but with a continual and increasing sense of the power of God in our midst. The chief meeting of the day was at morning prayers, a time of love and praise and of the illumination of His word to us. There were also informal occasions for reading and

talking with the bigger girls, and after supper at night we would sit in the moonlight on the verandah and talk intimately of the things that mattered, or sometimes tell stories and propound Arab riddles. All the girls loved the water, and two bathes a day helped to keep us fit and cool. Once or twice we had our supper on the shore and wandered home in the twilight. Often our dinners were taken into the woods and the girls had their afternoon siesta under the shade of the pines, while I read or wrote.

The children were greatly touched to find that so many people at home loved and thought of them, and they prayed specially for the Guides and children who had so lovingly helped with their gifts for the camp.

There was a great desire among them to learn to read and write. Only F. could read fluently and at all times of the day the others were ready for a lesson, and they would sit quietly writing for any length of time. Reading was noisier, for they would always read aloud to one another, and several of them at a time, not unlike a Koranic school!

There were two red-letter days, the first about ten days after our arrival, when Miss Turner and Miss Collins from Chercell brought five of their Christian girls over to us for the day, and our party was still further augmented by three from Algiers. We had a most delightful impromptu conference, in which the girls themselves took part in the most natural way. They gave their testimonies, read, sang and prayed, and we all echoed Miss Turner's words when she left, saying, "This is the end of a perfect day." F. said at evening prayers that it had seemed to her that Christ Himself was really standing in the midst as He had been when the disciples were gathered together in the upper room. Our second red-letter day was the return visit we paid to Chercell for another day

of conference. This again was a very blessed occasion, especially the time the girls spent together recounting their experiences and sufferings for Christ. It was a mutual strengthening to discover they were not alone in their faith and devotion.

Ten days before our month at Sidi Ferruch was up, came the unexpected news of the Home-going of dear Miss Freeman. Through the kindness of friends we were able to go over to Dar Naama and to stay for a few days. Again came the sense of God's planning, for it was good to know that there were some of her own Relizane people to share with us in those days of triumph. To the girls it was a time of solemn blessing. It comforted them to see her dear face, looking so peaceful and lovely that every minute one expected to see the dear eyes open and sparkle up at one. They said they had never seen such beauty in death before and remarked that the atmosphere of the house was one of joy and not of grief.

We remained till Friday evening that we might be present when Miss Nash and Mrs. Theobald gave their summer fete for the Algiers class girls. Once more it seemed a God-given opportunity for the Relizane girls to give their testimonies, this time not to Christians, but to Moslem children. S. told them that her practical knowledge of Christ began when she had prayed to Him during the difficult moments of her married life and found that He really answered and sent help, though it was not till the time she spent with us at Tlemcen that she really gave herself to Him entirely. Dear F. told them the story of the Prodigal and compared herself with him. She spoke of the Moslem darkness of her life until she saw God as it were with outstretched arms ready to receive her. As God increased her understanding, so she opened her heart more and more to Him, till the time had come when she had given Him *all*. The

three smaller girls sang a little action song together, and at the end S. leaned forward and told the children how her little daughter had said that she too had given herself to Christ "every bit of her." It was a very blessed little service, and surely God will use the testimonies of these young witnesses to these other Moslem children.

Now the "family" have returned to Relizane and already testing has come to some at least. F. is going through more trials of faith and her future looks very dark from a human point of view. I know that you will not fail to continue in prayer for her and others like her at Relizane, who are truly His. He is taking many of them through deep waters, but He is able to keep that which has been committed to Him.

E. K. M. RIDLEY.



A MEMBER OF THE CAMP.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Story of Long Ago.

Some time in the eighteenth century the Algerian pirates descended on a monastery on the coast of Spain, sacked it and brought the monks to Algiers and slavery. Among the victims was a most jovial monk of the name of Fra Jacomo, jovial in character and rotund in person, and these characteristics he kept up during his days of slavery.

But there came a time when the friends of the monks had subscribed a sufficient sum to ransom them from captivity, only they forgot our portly friend and he was left behind. As he saw the ship sail out of the harbour taking his comrades to liberty, he turned back in great bitterness of soul. The temptation was too strong for him and he went to the Bey and told him he had done with Christianity and wished to become a Moslem.

There was great rejoicing in the Bey's court that a real monk should deny his faith, and riches and houses and position and honour were showered upon the poor renegade. Yet his conscience spoke so loudly, and with all that earth could give he was so miserable that a year after when some of his former slave friends met him in the street, he looked so thin and dejected that they hardly recognised him.

In the end he could not hold out and he went to the Bey and said, "In denying my Lord I know I have sinned a sin that can never be forgiven me and I know I can never enter Heaven, but I cannot go on denying the Lord who died to save the world." There was great astonishment and displeasure, but they offered Jacomo more wealth and higher position and anything he wished if only he would stay, but to all he had only one answer, "I know I can never be forgiven, but I cannot go on denying the Lord who died to save the world."

Then the court turned to anger and

threatening, and still he was immovable. At last he was condemned to be burned to death. The Christian slaves hearing of his sad case, met night after night in secret for prayer together, that light and strength might come to him, and when the day came for his execution, a Christian slave managed to get into the crowd near enough to see him and to hear him as he was brought out and led to the fatal spot. He heard the Moslem guards urging Jacomo to come back to them and he heard the unchanged answer, "I know I can never be forgiven, but I cannot go on denying the Lord." And so

in utter dejection the poor prisoner went on his way.

But, there came a moment when he suddenly stopped. Stretching out his arms to heaven and looking upward with the very glory of light upon his face he said, "Oh, He has come, He has come!" and so with his Lord beside him he went to his martyrdom.

The slave who kept near him was afterwards ransomed and on returning to Spain told the story of the Father's mercy to the wanderer.

F. H. FREEMAN.



In their Mother Tongue.

The late Dr. J. H. Moulton wrote concerning New Testament Greek that "Biblical Greek was simply the vernacular of daily life. The Holy Ghost spake absolutely in the language of the people as we surely expect He would. The very grammar and dictionary cry out against men who would allow the Scriptures in any other form than that 'understood of the people.'"

OTHERS HAVE LABOURED.

The work of translating the New Testament into the Algerian dialect, in a form "understood of the people," received a fresh impetus in 1904 through the coming of the late Mr. William Summers, of the British and Foreign Bible Society. There was already in existence an excellent translation of the whole Bible in classical Arabic. But to many, through lack of educational advantages, it remained a closed book. The need was felt for a translation that would be understood by all. In such a translation, the illiterate would suffer no loss, and the learned taleb had but to forget for the moment his acquired literary knowledge and listen to the Word of God in a tongue

learnt at his mother's lips. Miss Trotter, in joyful anticipation of such a translation, wrote, "It will be wonderful at last that God will have His opportunity of speaking unhindered." In the following year the revision of St. Luke into Algerian colloquial "came out of the regions of hope into reality." Mr. William Summers, the Rev. Percy Smith, Miss Day, Miss Freeman, and a native scholar, began the important task of revision. On Christmas Eve, 1908, the reward of long hours of patient toil and study was at hand, and the desire of Miss Trotter's heart fulfilled—the Gospel in the tongue of the people. "God's gift has come," she writes; "today brought us the first package of finished copies of St. Luke's Gospel. The Dayspring from on High hath visited us in this."

In course of time St. John's Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles appeared. Progress was slow and several years elapsed before any other portion of the New Testament was printed. In 1929, however, the Gospel of St. Matthew was translated by the Rev. Percy Smith and was published in the same year. It was followed two years later by the Gospel of St. Mark.

Then the Gospel of St. John and the Acts of the Apostles were revised. This revision was almost the last task undertaken by Mr. Smith and in 1933, after he had passed away, the revised edition of the Acts of the Apostles was printed. He held with firm conviction the necessity of having the Scriptures in the common tongue, a conviction, as he himself said over thirty years ago, "to be confirmed or confuted by future developments." Present-day events in Egypt as recorded in *The Times* and in the French Press of Algeria, have only confirmed what he said so long ago, that "the soul of the people will find its expression, not in classical Arabic, but in the living tongue." His great desire was to finish the New Testament before he died. He passed over in 1932, the yearning of his heart unfulfilled.

YE ARE ENTERED INTO THEIR LABOUR.

But God had not forgotten to be gracious. The same longing for the Scriptures in the tongue "understanded of the people" came to one who shared the same vision. The writer can never forget what he owes personally to the inspiration and encouragement of the Rev. Percy Smith. On the eve of his departure for England, Mr. Smith sent for me and placed in my charge a number of manuscripts on various books of the New Testament. Had he some presentiment of the future? A fortnight later he was with the Lord. Who would take up his unfinished task?

In the following autumn the writer was asked by Mr. H. W. Cummin, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, if he would take up the work laid down by Mr. Smith. It was then that the wisdom and wonder of God's ways became manifest. Through my serious illness, a door was closed. Outward activities were brought to an end. But God always has His window! With the closing of one door came the opening out of a still greater vista, a more enduring work. "The Word of God

abideth for ever." The most experienced missionaries in the land were consulted by the superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, with the result that the writer was unanimously appointed, subject to his Committee's approval, to continue the task of translation. The Committee of the Algiers Mission Band being in full sympathy, gladly set me free for this service.

WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM.

A translation committee was then formed, composed of some of the veterans of the land. Four members of this committee have given, between them, one hundred and forty-seven years of faithful toil for the evangelisation of the Moslems of North Africa. Each mission working among the Arab population of Algeria and Tunisia is represented. There are three members of the North Africa Mission, four of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of whom two are native pastors, and three members of the Algiers Mission Band. In addition to these we have alongside for consultation, an uneducated yet intelligent native Christian woman of the North Africa Mission, a blind convert, an educated Christian Arab, and a Moslem language professor. The help of a sympathetic, unconverted co-worker is often very valuable. The native Christians, with a background of Scriptural teaching, know what we are seeking to express, but it is here that one has carefully to weigh their conclusions. They are apt to say what they think we desire them to say, or even to express themselves in a vocabulary learnt from the missionaries. The words may convey to *their* minds the true sense, but to a soul who has never before come into contact with Christian truth, the meaning suggested may be entirely different. For instance, in the First Epistle of St. John we had translated the usual Arabic word for "the wicked one." To the missionaries and the native pastors the meaning was evident, but when our un-

the glimpses of the sadness and misery of the lives of some of these Algerian desert women were unforgettable. On the other hand, it was a joy to see the welcome given by the Bedouins and others to the Bou Saada missionaries; and at Tolga to be present at a men's lantern meeting, where a good number of Arabs listened in respectful silence to Bible stories illustrated by pictures, offering no objection even when a picture of the Crucifixion of our Lord was thrown on the screen.

In closing the Chairman made grateful reference to Miss Trotter, and spoke of the memory of her message at Keswick in the early days of the Convention, when missionary interest was so small.

So ended a very happy afternoon gathering. May the Lord of the Harvest keep alive in all our hearts the interest that was stirred up. Lord, teach us to *pray*!

J. C. J.

Home Notes.

It will interest our readers to know that Mr. Harold W. Stalley, son of Pastor Stalley, of Bournemouth, has joined the workers on the Field, and is now beginning his time of probation and language study as the companion of Senor Lull at Tolga. We would commend him to your prayers during the coming months, asking for God's grace and enabling in all that lies ahead, especially in the study of Arabic.

Mr. Stalley has recently completed a two years' course at the Bible Training Institute in Glasgow, and we are grateful for the interest aroused there and in other places.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Field and Home Councils it was agreed to make known a need which has long been felt, for more help in the office in England. The need is really vital, and we would ask that it

be made a matter of prayer. Perhaps there may be missionaries who have had to return from a Moslem field, or others acquainted with N. Africa, who would feel a call to such work. We would be glad to get into touch with any in such a position.



Prayer and Praise Requests.

Praise.

As a Band we praise God that our beloved Miss Freeman had such a peaceful crossing of the River. We thank Him for her marvellous courage and her loving prayerful life throughout forty years on the Field, especially for these last six years when she has borne the burden as General Secretary to the Band.

That it is in a strength that is "made perfect in weakness" that we take up the burden that Miss Freeman laid down, and go forward into this new year of work.

For new links formed, and fresh interest aroused this summer, especially in Scotland.

For God's undertaking in all matters concerning the Annual Meeting.

That our financial year closed with a manifestation of God's power and outstretched arm when in answer to our cry our pressing needs were met just in time.

Prayer.

For God's special blessing on the Autumn Rally at Dar Naama, and for His guidance in all the plans for the winter's work.

That in view of the many openings, God would call out and provide for more workers as He sees fit.

For those who have heard His call and responded, that God may fit and prepare them to fulfil all His will for them.

That souls that have wandered and are now returning may not stop short of full deliverance.

That *every* convert may be led on into "all the fulness of God."

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.

Local Representatives :

ENGLAND.

ALL NATIONS MISSIONARY COLLEGE.—Missionary Prayer Secretary A.N.B.C., Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.
BARKING TYE.—Mr. P. J. Butler, The Bungalow, Barking Road, Needham Market.
BEXHILL.—Mrs. Brownrigg, Gorse Cottage, Terminus Road.
BOURNEMOUTH (Winton).—Pastor W. G. Stalley, "Kurichee," Norton 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).—37, Elswick Road, Lewisham, S.E.13.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—Mrs. Elliston, 82, York Road.
CARLISLE (Willow Holme).—Mr. T. Child, 11, Ferguson Road, Longsowerby.
CRAWLEY.—Miss M. J. Cheal, The Nurseries.
DARLINGTON (Pierremont Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.
EASTBOURNE.—Miss C. Firmin, "Dar Naama," Baldwin Avenue.
FELIXSTOWE.—Miss E. Threadkell, "Raebury," Constable Road.
HASTINGS.—Miss Kate Booth, C.A.W.G., 26 Holmesdale Gardens.
ILFORD.—Mr. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.
IPSWICH.—Miss Challin, C.A.W.G., Bolton Lane.
Mr. W. C. Collinson, 62, Tuddenham Rd.
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.—Mrs. Willmore, 26, Halstead Road, Lexden, Colchester.
MANCHESTER (New Bank Street Mission).—Miss E. McDiarmid, 84, Birch Street, West Gorton.
PURLEY (Baptist Ch. C.E.).—Mr. J. C. Dinnage, "Ventnor," Whytecliffe Road.
REIGATE.—Miss A. M. Hodgkin, "Wraycroft."
SAFFRON WALDEN.—Miss E. Midgley, "Larchmount."
SIDCUP.—Mrs. Russell, "Rosslyn."
THORNTON HEATH.—Mr. C. J. Ford, i3, Heath View Road.
WELLINGBOROUGH.—Miss W. Purser, 23, Hill Street.
WEST SUFFOLK.—Mrs. Ed. Johnston, Campfield, Gt. Barton, Bury St. Edmunds.
WOODBRIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.
WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, White Lodge, Mill Road.

SCOTLAND.

DUNDEE.—Miss Stewart, 8, Woodlands Terrace.
DUNFERMLINE.—Miss J. M. Swanson, 27, Monastery Street.
DYSART.—Mrs. Muir, "Anaford," Dysart, Fifeshire.
FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—Miss I. R. Govan, 18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.

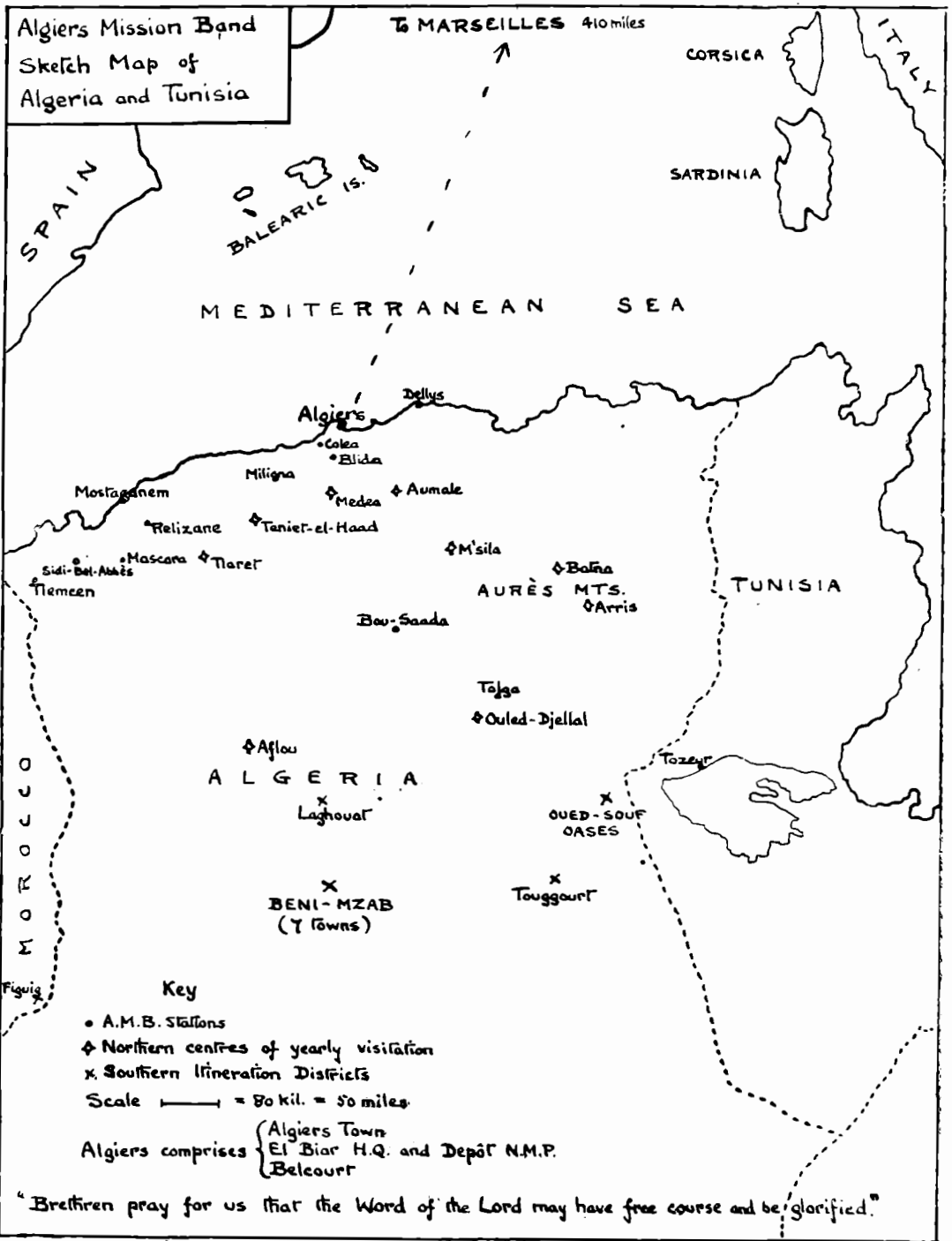
IRELAND.

BALLYMENA.—Miss Harper, c/o Mr. W. Millar, "Hebron," Ballymoney Road.
BESSBOOK.—Miss R. Bailie, Deramore House.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND.—Miss D. Markham, 23 Lake Rd., Takapuna, Auckland.
Miss R. Smeeton, Deep Creek, Torbay, Waitemata, Auckland.

Algiers Mission Band
 Sketch Map of
 Algeria and Tunisia



TO MARSEILLES 410 miles

CORSICA

ITALY

SARDINIA

MEDITERRANEAN SEA

SPAIN

BALEARIC IS.

Algiers

Dellys

• Colca
 • Blida

Miligna

♦ Medea ♦ Aumale

Mostaganem

♦ Relizane ♦ Tanier-el-Haad

♦ M'sila

♦ Batna AURÈS MTS.
 ♦ Arris

TUNISIA

• Mascara ♦ Taret
 • Sidi-Bel-Abbès
 • Tlemcen

Bou-Saada

Tajga
 ♦ Ouled-Djellal

♦ Aflou
 ALGERIA
 x Laghouat

x OUED-SOUF
 OASES

x BENI-MZAB
 (7 towns)

x Touggourt

M O R O C C O

Figuis

Key

- A.M.B. Stations
- ♦ Northern centres of yearly visitation
- x Southern Itineration Districts

Scale ——— = 80 kil. = 50 miles.

Algiers comprises { Algiers Town
 El Biar H.Q. and Dépôt N.M.P.
 Belecourt

"Brethren pray for us that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."