

# A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

No. 116.

DECEMBER, 1956.

# ALGIERS MISSION BAND

Founded in 1888 by Miss I. Lilius Trotter

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# A THIRSTY LAND

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## QUOTATIONS

(Gathered from the addresses of the Rev. Percy Hassam, at the A.M.B. Rally held in September, 1956).

The first business of every man is to be one.

It is not the noise we make but the life we live that tells.

The Gospel undertakes the creation of a new and victorious manhood.

We have God's supreme pattern of human character in the Man of Nazareth and of Galilee. We not only have the perfect ethic, we have the perfect pattern. He is not only Pattern, He is Power.

It is not what I can do by my struggling, but what He can do as He makes me and lives His life again in me.

Christian perfection is a perfect relationship with Jesus.

The gap between abject failure and victory can be bridged by the Blessed Person Whom our Lord calls the Comforter.

The coming of the Spirit is the invasion of the supernatural into the natural.

The Spirit of Power—not the power of the steam-roller—but more like the power exhibited in the rose-bud.

What is the ultimate purpose of re-

demption? Not the producing of servants of God—we are made for more than that—it is nothing short of the restoration of man to the forgotten image of God.

A.M.B. was represented at Filey Christian Holiday Camp, where some interesting contacts were made with friends of the Mission. There were others too, who did not know A.M.B. previously, and we hope that as a result of meeting us at Filey there may be more labourers thrust forth into the Algerian Harvest Field.

It is with sorrow we learn of the passing of Mrs. H. S. Smith, the mother of Mrs. P. G. Longley, on the 21st November. We extend to Rev. H. S. Smith and Mrs. P. G. Longley our sincere sympathy in the Homecall of their loved one. We pray that the comfort and peace of God may sustain father and daughter, also the other members of the family, in this sad loss. We also remember Mr. P. G. Longley, still in Algiers, and pray God's blessing upon him.



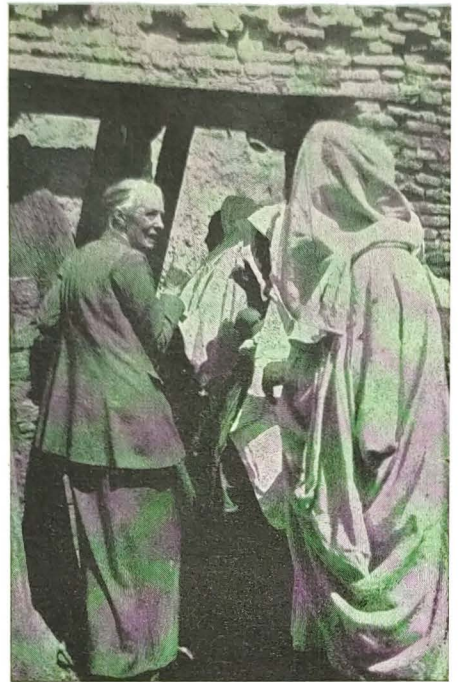
## A SKETCH OF MISS TROTTER'S LIFE IN NORTH AFRICA

In this short study on the life of Lilius Trotter, the Founder of the Algiers Mission Band, I hope to show (often by her own words) the victorious life she lived, those forty years of missionary work in North Africa. For those of us who had the privilege of being alongside her, it was, I should say, her utter unselfishness, her overflowing love and her leadership, that were among her outstanding qualities. We knew that her guidance came from above. Her almost weekly letters to workers in the out-stations, her silent prayer when we went visiting with her in the Arab homes, her love of little children and sad women, as well as the quiet respect and honour shown her by Sheikhs and Readers in the southern towns—all remain as a rich memory.

It was on March 5, 1888 that she left London with three friends, to the farewell chorus of "Crown Him Lord of all"; on the 10th, they sighted Algiers. She writes:—"The Arab town rising tier on tier in the glow of cream colour against a blue-grey sky . . . The noise of the steam, as we stood on the deck, gave cover to singing once again "Crown Him Lord."

In 1890 doors were beginning to open among the women of the Casbah. Her diary says, "We began speaking of our Lord's love." "NO" they answered, "He does not love the women, only the men." One of the first to open her heart to the Saviour was little Fatima. She lived in the Arab quarter with her son, Boualem, also a seeker after truth. One night the angry father said to the latter—"Stand up, witness to the Prophet." The baby sister, perhaps four years old, saved the situation — for she stood up, saying, "I can, O Baba,—God is one God, and Sidna Aissa is our Saviour."

Early in her missionary life, Miss Trotter's heart was drawn out in longing for the Southern towns. Biskra and Touggourt were the first she visited. She writes, "We held our plans before God and the conviction grew we were to go to Touggourt." Here



Miss Trotter with Arabs

the people were difficult but "there was one dear woman to whom we went again and again; she had a child-like spirit and drank in every word—it was well worth going, even for that soul."

In those days the journey to Touggourt from Biskra meant four days driving in a little cart along rough roads, spending the nights in a caravanserai provided by the government for travellers. From thence to El-Oued was two days' journey over roadless sand dunes. Miss Freeman rode a mule, Miss Trotter and their guide, Abdullah, had camels. She writes, "We were glad to get there in body and spirit at 9 p.m." The men there were keen for books. They bought the Scriptures, saying, "We have never had these books before."

More than twenty years later, when two of us were visiting in these Dunesland towns, the Caid entertaining us spoke with much appreciation of Lalla Lily, as she was called. He said his father had valued her visit, and he himself (only a boy at the time) re-

membered how she had talked to them. Of these villages she wrote, "Those dear wild-looking women were so excited to see the Roumis." One woman with scratched face (in sign of mourning for her husband who had just died) said, "What do *you* do when people die?" Her reply was, "If we believe in Jesus, God comforts us."

In 1893 the house in the Casbah was secured. The diary tells how "One morning a tide of prayer suddenly sprang up; it was not prayer that we should get the house, but a definite claiming it should be given by God Himself, or else withheld by God Himself as He saw best for the warfare here. That afternoon a telegram arrived saying, "Landlord consents." The first night we had quiet, in spite of the Aid going on. It was lovely in the afternoon to run out, and find oneself in the thick of the people. I could only sing "Halleluia." It was a little zither harp that found entrance into the houses. "Oh, a harp; make it sing of Sidna Aissa" — and because His beloved name was so constantly on their lips, it was "Ya, Sidna Aissa, how are you? Come to my room." As Miss Trotter said, "The utter ignorance it revealed! Yet there was a sweetness in literally bearing His Name." She tells how the neighbouring women crept along the parapets like cats to a projection opposite her window, where they could easily touch hands across the street, and sat listening, till the voice of a man in the street below warned them, and they crept away.

In 1900 they were again in the desert, this time at Tolga. She says, "Such a sense that God has given us this place in which to set up His banner," but there were hardships. "We share our lodging with a shaggy little donkey; twice he has found his way into our room, and made for the couscous water-bucket; the weather was hot, the scorpions coming out.

All the strain of work—visiting in the narrow Casbah streets, long hours in

diligences, tenting in the desert and camel journeys, were telling on her health; and in 1905, Miss Haworth and she felt that a "blow-hole" was needed away from the unwholesome streets of the Arab town. She writes, "When walking in a ravine, we looked up at a rambling old Arab house, for sale." They went from door to door of the dilapidated place, with a curious sense that "it was no dream, but a wonderful bit of God's unfolding." Some days later—"El Biar house is Blanche's (Miss Haworth's)—rather, it is God's." On March 10th, their 18th anniversary, they took possession and named it Dar Naama (House of Grace)—Grace being also one of Miss Haworth's names.

That same year, when Miss Whistler and I came from the boat, we found a prayer-meeting going on in the salon of Rue du Croissant, and again they sang, "Crown Him Lord of all," for we were the forerunners of many others. In 1907 she chose the name of Algiers Mission Band, and started her first committee.

On another journey south, at the first stopping place, they found that their hosts were of a Marabout family. Was this a deliberate plan to hinder? They were not cast down, God had His counter-plan. She wrote, "If He lets us be set down in the midst of antagonistic souls, and gives us grace to witness without raising a storm, the fact of being their guests will give us an entrance to all the country around." "Our message was of 'sin, righteousness and judgment,' and before we left the authorities had accepted a Bible."

Her desire was to place big Classical Arabic Bibles in as many Zaouias as possible, and this was accomplished years later. That evening they had meant to take the diligence, but as they stood revelling in the sunset, they saw a procession filing towards the village, white-robed men in front, and behind a mass of colour which meant the women. We joined the women's group, veiled most of them in golden gauze,

spangled and shining. "Go with them and fear not," said a man. We entered through a brick courtyard to a room behind, veils were thrown back and we were surrounded by such a shimmering tangle of gorgeous colour as I think I have never seen, framing walnut-brown faces and dark enquiring eyes. Twenty-five or more women and girls gathered for a feast, and nothing to do till sundown. We talked about the adorning God wanted for His feast in heaven; one darling girl put her arms across my knees and drank in every word, with such soul in her eyes. . . . The lumbering diligence turned due south at sunrise toward the land that had been closed so long. As we passed through the desert gate came the words clear as a bell, "Under the shadow of His wings." Another coach, lined with sheet iron against possible attacks from brigands, a few more miles and we were here. "The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do"—the true understanding is the seeing of God, and that is what we need here—great heart sensitiveness and patience . . . let Him take the initiative at every step. The first day found no openings, but next day it had been found out that the strangers knew Arabic; and the bedouin women waved their hands calling "Come"—Oh, the music of it. The Oulad Aissa tribe were there. They believe themselves descended from Sidna Aissa; they said "Tell us what he did . . . they bought Gospels, kissed them, and put them on their heads—"We cannot read but they will bring blessing."

In 1907 a version of St. Luke's Gospel in spoken Arabic was being prepared. Miss Trotter wrote, "When we want a word for humility, or hope, or holiness, we have to borrow from the classical . . . We write for a people yet unborn spiritually." December the 1st brought the first package of the finished copies. "God's gift has come." In 1909 arose a question of providing literature for the women. Miss Trotter

drew up a list of questions, and sent them forth through the pages of "Blessed be Egypt," for the writers "who will give themselves to understand and meet the hearts and minds of the women."

Later came a terrible epidemic in Algiers; one after another sickened, everything seemed to have fallen into irregularity! Miss Trotter wrote however; "One comfort is that regularity is not the mark of the battlefield. Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise." A conference was due to begin, and Bishop Hartzell of the American Methodist Church offered to come and speak. She writes — "It has brought the welding and the rallying that we hoped for."

In 1912—"great relief, — recovery from typhus of one of our Band. Relief always seems to be a bit of heaven let down."

In 1913, another journey to the South, this time to Tozeur, opened as a station. It was a lovely day when we went off with Miss Trotter to find Ras el Ain, the source of the river that waters that great oasis. We sat for a while in the shadow of a great rock standing out of the vast plain of burning silver sand; there were Bedouins also sheltering in its shade, then on to the spring and the grateful shade of a few trees, where Miss Trotter painted the water-colour reproduced in her book, "Between the Desert and the Sea."

In 1924, at the great Missionary Conference at Jerusalem, Miss Trotter wrote, "It was a very wonderful gift of God to meet face to face those of the battle line right along from the N.A. shores to Persia." Basil Matthews, who was among them, spoke of "the unquenchable, mystical, and fighting love of Miss Trotter."

At this time Miss Trotter was writing her book, "The Sevenfold Secret" (specially addressed to the mystical Brotherhood of the Soufis). She says "How the Southlands get hold of the

inmost fibre of one's heart. 'God so loved . . . that we should have everlasting life.'

This makes one believe that in letting go this heart-love we are setting the God-wrought love free to flow. 'God so loved that He gave,' that is what came between the love and the life." As she was talking over the designs for her book she said, "I felt, if a work of God begins among this Brotherhood, God will use them to be the apostles for bringing Moslems to Christ."

She wrote in 1925, "I have just finished the last chapter, and certainly if sowing in weakness is needed for God's being able to use in power He has had

His chance. It is odd as I pray over it that the last chapter of St. John's Gospel comes up in vision with its last casting into the sea." She felt that it was only Christ our life that gave the power, till her work on earth was done.

We love to remember her beautiful, worn face, her welcoming smile, and the happy times we had at her bedside those last years when she was not too weary to talk with us.

(A friend wrote of her "she kept going until her task was done"; but weakness and suffering increased, until on August 27, 1928, she "passed into the more immediate presence of her Lord.") M. D. GRAUTOFF.

## MOSTAGANEM — PAST AND PRESENT

Mostaganem, a town on the coast of Algeria (about 300 kilometres west of Algiers) has not figured in the list of A.M.B. stations quite lately. But in earlier days it was occupied by Made-moiselle A. Gayral, a French worker who joined the Band in 1906 — and after working at Rue de Croissant, and later at Relizane with Miss Freeman, was sent to start work in Mostaganem. A little flat was found for her there, where for many years she worked on, all alone. She faithfully visited in all parts of the town, whenever she could find a house where her request to be allowed to come in, and sit with the women, reading to them the Word of God, met with a welcome. Of one of these visits she wrote: "I have returned a good many times to this same house, and have always found quiet, and a great desire to hear. (See "A Thirsty Land" No. 43), I wish that all who read this could realise what a blessed effect the hearing of God's Word has on the hearts of these people. We should like to see immediate results, and God *can* give them. But it generally takes time for the seed to germinate and to grow. Wind and storms and frost all hinder growth, but He Who gives the increase surrounds the seed with His love, and causes it to bring forth fruit

for the harvest of Eternity."

As time went on, Mlle. Gayral became more and more unable, through ill-health, to do any active work. But, even when practically bed-ridden and crippled by rheumatism, her interest in the people was as keen as ever, and she would receive any who came to her with loving greetings, and earnest endeavours to lead them into the way of Christ. At last she was obliged to leave Mostaganem, and her sister brought her to Algiers, to nurse and care for her there. It was not for long. But to the day of her death, though suffering very much and quite helpless, her mind dwelt on Mostaganem, and her prayers went up for the people there.

Looking back on the *past*, and remembering Mlle. Gayral's grief at being unable to continue her work of love in Mostaganem, we are glad to think how she would rejoice with us to know that the *present* holds a brighter prospect for the future. The two workers at Relizane see the possibility of giving some time to Mostaganem. They may be able to follow up her work there, and perhaps reap where she has sown. Incidentally, the extreme heat of Reli-

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## ABASSIA (continued)

True to a pilgrim's progress in a strange land, the path Abassia trod led ever upwards, away from the dying and the dead, the temporal and passing. It was not given to her to be withdrawn from the fires of persecution, nor shielded from the heat of persistent trials. Till the end she remained an Arab among Arabs—yes, but a Christian among Moslems. In this lay, undoubtedly, the secret of her virile faith, her effectiveness in witnessing, and her joy in the Lord. She was too occupied about winning Moslems for Christ to be absorbed by her own troubles, which were many and grievous.

Abassia loved children, and they instinctively loved her. Her own gentle and childlike mind won their confidence, and then she won their hearts for Christ. This made it the more wounding when, on leaving the mission one day, alone, she was met by a group of agitated Moslem girls, who followed her shouting, "Heretic, Heretic!" Her tender spirit was deeply hurt by their false loyalty, which prompted them through sheer blindness, to insult her so shamefully in the public streets. On reaching home, she found her refuge (as always) in prayer; and, not long afterwards, these girls returned to the mission, and were sitting before her—listening to the Gospel in rapt attention—till one by one (and not a few with sobbing tears) they confessed their sins, and trusted Abassia to lead them to Jesus for pardon.

One day, coming out of the post office, Abassia noticed a young girl crying; and, although scores were passing to and fro, it was Abassia who stopped to find out her sad history of homelessness. Without hesitation, Abassia took the girl home and made her one of her already large "family," although it was only a widow's pension that had to feed the numerous mouths. Her generosity was well-known and, although a few ill-disposed sought to profit, the warmth of her own upright spirit seemed to wither any evil intent, and draw to her those who were longing for sympathetic help. It was like a sixth sense, the natural way she "met" those hiding a deep sorrow under an impenetrable exterior. Once, when returning home by



a circuitous route leading on to a country road, she "met" a woman sitting by the wayside. As was her custom, she stopped; and, as though it was the most natural thing to do, this complete stranger opened her whole heart to Abassia. What was more remarkable was that the woman had only recently come from the Algiers mission hospital. Her heart, though filled with sadness at the treatment meted out to her by her own people, was full of praise for the love shown her by doctors and missionaries at Tangier. Sitting thus by the wayside, despondent and hopeless, who in that town was more fitted than Abassia to lead that soul to the "Friend indeed," of Whom she had heard at Tangier. Christ seemed to have breathed into Abassia the "shepherd spirit," whereby she had an uncanny ability for finding the lost and straying, and especially those in whose heart and circumstances the Spirit was so evidently at work.

Abassia's mastery of the art of soul-winning was nowhere more in evidence than at Christmas, when numbers were



largest and opportunities greatest. The evening prior to the Christmas meeting was set apart for prayer preparation. Heart searching, confession of wrongs to one another, humbling in God's presence, was the lot of missionaries and Arab Christians alike. Faith would then rise and, with implicit trust, all would unanimously "agree" to what was to be asked in the Name of Jesus. The prayer which followed continued, until full assurance of victory flooded hearts, and mouths were filled with praise. Next day, after testimonies, it was Abassia who gave the Christmas message. Continuing, she would "draw in the net" in unique and masterly fashion, and never in vain. They came forward, both women and children. A seeking soul was never rushed off to a side room to be "dealt with." Alone with Abassia, in front of a crowded classroom, the path of penitence was indicated to the seeker. All heads bowed while the penitent prayed, with or without Abassia's help. Then "faith in Jesus" was simply presented, and the soul there and then sought the Saviour, and every one knew when a true seeker was born of the Spirit—the prayer suddenly changed to a joyful thanksgiving for pardon and redemption.

It was not unusual, if Abassia was particularly burdened over the salvation of a soul who seemed indifferent, hardened or unapproachable, for God to intervene in the supernatural, and often by way of dreams. A woman who feared her husband's reaction, if she came to the mission, turned up one day full of joy. She related how her husband had seen the Lord in a dream, pointing out the mission house. He awakened his wife in the middle of the night, to tell her she must go to the mission, listen well, and let all she heard sink into her heart. A negress, renowned as a Koranic reader in women's gatherings, was brought along by Abassia. At the first meeting she enjoyed the other women's company;

at the second she thought the hymns good; then she had a dream about the Son of God indicating the only way of salvation; and she came, to get saved at the third meeting.

One day Abassia's two boys were playing on the road outside the house, when a neighbour's girl, older than the boys, struck Raheed. His brother Jamel immediately pronounced that God would strike her down with sickness. Within a few days she was gravely ill. The family, being relatively rich, sought the best medical help, but all was in vain. Abassia, hearing the circumstances, visited the grief-stricken mother, and comforted her with the assurance that God could heal her little daughter. The bewildered mother watched while Abassia approached where her daughter lay. In her deep sympathy Abassia invoked God's intervention in the Name of Jesus. After a little, the girl sat up—hungry. Abassia told the mother to give her something to eat. The following day the doctor came, but could not find the girl—she was out playing. "But I told you she was to be kept perfectly quiet, and to be given nothing to eat," the doctor protested to the mother. "It was Abassia who did it," said the mother. "Who is Abassia?" was the inquisitive reply. Then the whole story came out. He examined the girl and said quietly, "yesterday this girl was dying, God has healed her."

Abassia had been absent for a day, having journeyed to Oran on business. On her return, tired after her long day out, the neighbours hastened to tell her that her mother was ill, very ill—indeed she was surely dying. Would not Abassia fetch a doctor at once? True, her mother lay unconscious as in a coma, but Abassia felt that, even before seeing about a doctor, there was something else she must do for her mother. She told the neighbours to wait, and she went into the room alone, and gave herself to prayer that Jesus would heal her mother. Three-quar-

ters of an hour passed thus, the neighbours thinking Abassia very heartless or indifferent to spend her time so uselessly, when her mother was so near death. But the calm assurance of Abassia, that the very best she could do for her beloved parent was to "bring her to Jesus," was beautifully justified by what followed. Two hours later the mother opened her eyes and sat up. It seemed as if she had never been ill, so like herself did she appear—talking to her daughter, and asking questions about what she had done that day. The following day, several friends came to the house, expecting to find her dying, if not already dead. But, to their astonishment, the sick woman was completely recovered, and busy in her kitchen as usual. The next Sunday when the missionaries visited Abassia's home, they found the mother full of praise to Jesus for her healing, and of loving gratitude to her daughter who had so earnestly prayed "the prayer of faith" which can "save the sick." Other women who witnessed and heard what happened and how God had answered Abassia's prayer, were deeply impressed.

"The tongue can no man tame, it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison" (Jas. 3 : 8). To the end Abassia had much of this "poison" meted out to her from the hands of her own people. The last occasion she was able to climb laboriously up the stairs to the flat roof of her house, she was thankful for the cool breeze and refreshment after weeks of confinement. A young Arab on a neighbouring roof saw her, and out of his mouth flowed such a poisonous stream of abuse and calumny, that she virtually collapsed, and lay unconscious until carried downstairs. Abassia knew well her own people, because few had suffered at their hands as she had. Yet she refused to let such insult fill her with bitterness and hardness—her one

aim was to win her people for Christ, not to call down judgment upon them. God rewarded her sweet spirit of non-retaliation more than once. One mother abused Abassia shockingly in front of neighbours, for having turned her daughter to Christ. Abassia listened and when the tirade ended, politely excused herself, and left. The Moslem neighbours who had been intimate spectators, said to the mother, "Abassia overcame you by her silence." Not long after, this woman and four of her children were lovingly received, sheltered and nourished, by the one she had insulted so wickedly. The daughter whom Abassia had led to Christ remained a bright Christian.

Did she ever murmur or complain because of the hardness of the way? Never once. Abassia's crowning joy was to be like Jesus, in His beauty, and also in His suffering. She belonged to those "of whom the world is not worthy—who confess that they are strangers and pilgrims on the earth—who desire a better country, that is a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city."

"I am leading my child to the heavenly land,  
I am guiding her day by day,  
And I ask her now as I hold her hand,  
To come home by a rugged way.  
It is not a way she herself would choose,  
For its beauty she cannot see,  
But she knows not what her soul would lose,  
If she trod not the path with Me."  
*(selected quotation).*

A. PORTEOUS.

Note:—We hope to print the account of Abassia's passing (when she came to the end of the "rugged way" and went "Home") in the next issue of "A Thirsty Land."

As it was not possible to publish the figures for the year in this issue of "A Thirsty Land," they will be printed in the next magazine.

*Continued from page 7.*

zane in the summer makes us glad to think that its missionaries will be able to go to a cooler place for some part of the hot season, and yet feel they are not wasting time, but carrying on the work still. Below you may see what they have to tell us about their visions for the future.

“Having had Mostaganem on our hearts for some time, we prayed that if the Lord wanted us to do something there He would provide us with somewhere to stay. We had an invitation to spend the summer months at the Foyer de l'Enfance connected with the French Reformed Church, on condition that we took charge of three of the girls, the others being on holiday. We accepted the invitation, making it clear that our purpose in being there was to contact the natives. Two members of the Church agreed to take charge of the girls certain afternoons, to give us the opportunity to do this. Through the kindness of the Pastor, we were able to make several contacts, and had more invitations than we could accept under the circumstances, but we hope to visit these later. We have been offered a furnished room at the Pastor's house, where we can go as often as we like, and stay for a few days.

These are some of the contacts we made:—(1) We had the address of a woman we met in Algiers at Easter, who had heard the Gospel Message as a

child at Blida, and we were able to visit her regularly.

(2) One of our class girls from Relizane had married, and gone to live in Mostaganem. Her mother pleaded with us not to seek her out, because she thought her husband would be angry, and beat her daughter. On our way to town one day, a native accompanied by his wife stopped us. The wife was none other than our former class girl, and we had a hearty invitation from the husband to visit them. We did so, we were very well received and invited to come again.

(3) A former class girl of Mlle. Gayral's was another contact. When we learned that she had gone astray, and that she did not wish to hear any more of the way of truth. We went to see her, and as we called out a greeting, she said, 'Oh, it sounded as though Mlle. Gayral had come back.' Like most of these poor women, she had a sad story to tell. When we had talked together for some time, we expressed a desire to visit her from time to time, to read and pray with her, and she readily assented.” E. CLARK & A. E. POWELL.

(Another quotation from Mlle. Gayral's words seems appropriate here:—“For our part let us pray, let us be faithful in our prayer ministry. Prayer is a force of which we do not make sufficient use. Let us intercede for the labourers that their labour may be a blessing to all those souls who receive the good seed. Let us pray also that it may spring up in hearts and bring forth fruit a hundredfold for eternity.”)

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It is with regret that we again have to record the Homecall of another member of the Dundee Group—Mrs. Miller, wife of our Representative there. We extend to Mr. Miller our sincere sympathy in the passing of his wife, and pray that he may know the deep peace of God, and a close fellowship with the Lord at this time.

We regret to hear of still another friend of the Dundee Group, viz.: Mrs. Chalmers, who has recently died.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS

It is so good to have so many friends who know how to pray. The forces of evil are such that they almost overwhelm one. We do not know from one day to another what may happen,—but we *DO* know that “*GOD is still on the Throne*” and ever will be.

It was on October 2nd that we left Algiers for this station, half way up a mountain five thousand feet high. After getting to a certain point, we wended our way through wonderful scenery as we began to climb. The memory of a verse of a well-known hymn came to me:—“Every prospect pleases . . .”

The car came to a stop outside the Mission house. The door was opened by a native woman, who, with her family, had acted as guardian while

Miss Grautoff was away. What a welcome she gave us! But what struck me most was the atmosphere of evil, suspicion and fear, and the thought that crossed my mind was this:—“How are we going to live above it all?”—and Saint Paul’s word to the Colossians came like a flash—“Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For . . . your life is hid with Christ in God.”

Missionary work is very much curtailed owing to the conditions of these days. Please pray for the few women who come to us from time to time, that we all may have wisdom and tact which comes from God Himself, in all we do or say, controlled by the Holy Spirit.

E. COLLINS.

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## STATIONS AND MISSIONARIES

### HEADQUARTERS :

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR

### ALGIERS

1920 Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Buckenham

1920 Miss V. Wood

1948 Mlle. Y. Félix

1949 Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Waine

1956 Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Longley

1956 Miss D. Smetana.

### BLIDA

1929 Miss P. M. Russell

1948 Mlle. J. Guibé

### MILIANA

1907 Miss M. D. Grautoff

1956 Miss E. Collins.

### RELIZANE

1947 Miss E. Clark

1951 Miss A. E. Powell

### TLEMCEN

1948 Mr. and Mrs. A. Porteous

### TOLGA

1937 Madame Lull

1956 Mlle. Trautmann.

### TOUGGOURT

1930 Miss I. K. Nash

### AIN-ARNAT

1919 Mlle. A. Butticaz

1946 Mlle. G. Chollet