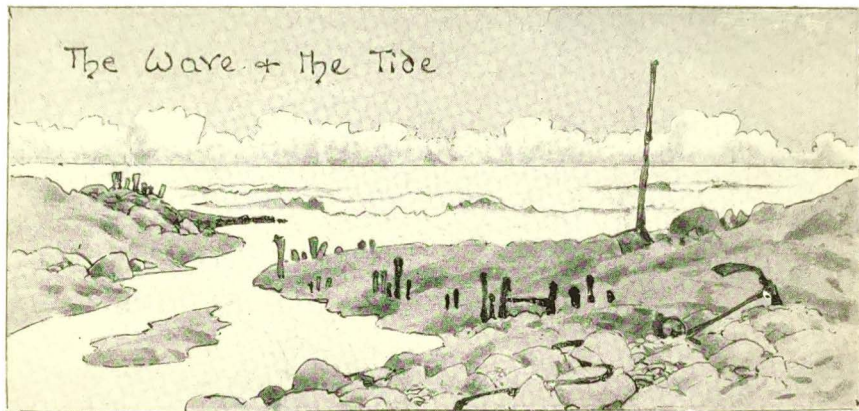


# Algiers Mission Band.



Story of 1925-26.

On the far reef, the breakers  
Recoil in shattered foam,  
Yet still the sea behind them  
Urges its forces home.  
Its chant of triumph surges  
Through all the thunderous din,  
The wave may break in failure,  
But the tide is sure to win.

O mighty sea, thy message  
In changing spray is cast —  
Within God's plan of progress  
It matters not at last,  
How wide the shores of evil,  
How strong the reefs of sin,  
The wave may be defeated,  
But the tide is sure to win.

## THE WAVE AND THE TIDE.

“SURE TO WIN—sure to win”: that refrain has sung itself with a triumph-ring, ever since the lines reached us, by way of Dohnavur, 3 or 4 months ago. The failing wave and the conquering tide gather up our year's story.

The wave is a small fore-runner, swept by the wind out of the ocean's heart, falling back shattered, into that heart without having done much, apparently, to help the cause.

The tide is the ocean-heart itself, moving irresistibly to victory, yet needing the broken waves, every one of them, whereby to do its work. They are but little waves out here, like those of the frontispiece: the “thunderous din” does not characterise at present the progress of Christ's cause in the Moslem world!

Wave crests and wave recoils, such has been our story in 1925. We began with a wave-crest, for the Rally of last autumn carried more promise of advance than any that we can remember. Mr. and Mrs. Brading came from our new English centre ; Mrs. Howe, another old-time friend, stood for extension work in the unreached places ; and Mr. Upson arrived by a wonderful timing, to bring the co-operation of the Nile Mission Press, and all the horizon was awake with possibilities before we parted.

To take the last first, a wide sweep of advance was made possible by the plan proposed by Mr. Upson, and accepted by the N.M.P. Executive at home. This provided on their side a large grant for travelling expenses, and a full supply of literature ; on our side the setting apart of the worker, in Mr. Theobald, and the needful office room. A couple of months later, the hope that had dawned through Mr. Collinson in the direction of a mission motor, became fact. One of the chief events of the winter was the steering in of a Renault Commercial Car, 12 h.p., and with great capacity and climbing force. The journeys that it has made already, and the ever-growing prospects of what it will mean, would more than fill this booklet. Meanwhile, the call of the south had taken Mr. Brading

around by the way of the Oued Souf and its sand dunes before he left us, and Mrs. Howe and S. Perkin went further still, to the hitherto unreached Ouargla, and this gave links again with the Touareg land in the beyond.

Stations had been getting to work afresh in those last months, all but poor Algiers. Our dear old fortress of 2 Rue du Croissant being ours no more, we were limited to Beit Naama in the slums, and even this had to yield its workers for extension, before any newcomer such as our Short Servicers up here, could fill the gap. But that is the way of the waves, a stretch of shore left bare here, that they may go forward there. So the Belcourt suburb, with furthering from one and another, was the only bit of Algiers where we could hold on our course. We would remember specially and gratefully the help given by the Misses May and Miss Newton in classes and visiting, as well as Mrs. Theobald's regular seconding. M. Watling writes : " We are both very desirous of prayer for the conversion of the older girls, whose girlhood lasts so short a time."

The two outward moves of the autumn were at Dellys and Bou-Saada. There were many vicissitudes over the latter's start, culminating in the news that, on account of a lawsuit of the owner with a former tenant, we might only have

four days to stay. This came the night before leaving, with furniture already en route. Then suddenly all sank to rest, and everything opened "with the same wonder-touch of miracle," to quote A. McIlroy's words, "with which it came into being." Just as soon as the little class-room in the garden was ready, the student boys began to come, most keen over the new literature they were able to handle. The little girls were very shy at first, but their girgaff class became a regular part of the work. More details must wait for the next Journal.

The Dellys Shelter Home still fights for its life, as do many new-born hopes out here. Funds have come in wonderfully, but the only available house was an unsuitable one in a lonely wood. When at last another was secured, M. Farmer, the responsible worker, fell ill in the very week of taking possession, and had to go to England for treatment. The one inmate for winter and spring was a girl from Miliana in sore need. This was tided over, and as M. Grautoff writes: "The few months of loving teaching has enriched her. She went back at the call of her mother-heart, and by the invitation of her husband, to a difficult, lonely life, with her face Christward."

Now all has to begin afresh on M. Farmer's return, and we ask earnest prayer

that God will create a confidence among the natives such as will bring about their entrusting their girls to our care. This is just now the crux.

Away in Tunisia, Tozeur was able to put in a long fight and a hard one, for the old time situation changes, and the scholar class, whose students formerly came in listening groups, has drifted to Nefta, further from the inroads of tourists and their hotels. Yet here and there through the winter came intensely eager souls, suddenly appearing on the surface as it were, and engulfed again, sent we believe to shew us God's hidden working.

Tolga had its turn for a few weeks in the spring ; hard in spirit this time, being now well awake to our purpose. It is a bit of rock on which the waves beat vainly just now, and Monastir is another. In the latter case it has had to be left, in order to free the colportage current for the west.

West we go now, to the borderland of Morocco, where Tlemcen stands. By slow, unremitting steps, the house that was claimed as a foothold for Christ, has become ready for His use. It is a place where His way must be won quietly. " Praise with us for the proofs there have been already that God is ' establishing '

His work there, and pray that this next season may see the commencement of regular classes." So writes K. Butler.

Not far from thence has come another onward move, in the opening by F. H. Freeman of a sub-station at Sidi Bel Abbès. The station work is among the Spaniards, but its value from the native side lies in its being a first-rate centre for colportage. This is a special gift of its evangelist Senor Soler, and he and Mr. Theobald are closely knit over it. The Spanish work at Mascara has had to give way to this fresh impetus, as has the Mostaganem work to a certain extent for the sake of Tlemcen's start.

But in Relizane, the wave has pushed ahead in a very definite way, in the gathering at the Mission House of a little band of children among whom the Spirit of God is very really working. "We see in them that transforming touch of God which transmutes the clay into pure gold." So says M. Ridley.

Miliana, next in the return towards Algiers, has been in the wave's recoil, for the winter's work was suddenly stopped by the passing from us through typhoid of its Short Service worker, B. Chambers. She laid down her life in saving that of an Arab baby, taken from its dead mother. "What did it mean?"



says M. Grautoff. "Retrenchment—the outpost of Teniet el Haad closed—the only depot where bibles and Christian literature can be had, shut up—people coming to the one tired worker and saying, 'Why do you not care to come to read with us now?'" It was impossible to hold on, and we had no helper to spare, but once more Miliana's loss has turned to gain elsewhere, through the two months spent by M. Grautoff in Egypt for the literature cause. Fresh output in this direction is the needful counterpart of colportage, and an output moreover of our own, alongside the scholarly type issued in the Orient. This is, we believe, a wave that is gathering force.

Then comes Blida, and Blida asks "That with the prayer concentrated on the waves of advance, the ordinary and growing station work may be remembered. For daily contacts with those needy in body and soul, for the love and response of boys and girls and little children, for countless homes open to us, and for villages visited and many unreached beyond, we ask prayer—prayer that the wind of God's Spirit may follow on and go before in quickening power."

Colea, apart from its own work, has helped greatly at headquarters, where Mr. Buckenham has given much of his time. A few days "Mission" in con-

junction with the car, at Colea itself and among the surrounding villages, proved the germinating that is working just below the surface.

And this brings us back to Dar Naama. All the more since the closing of 2 Rue du Croissant, it has necessarily taken its place as our centre on this side, with the twin focus of the Brading's home in Croydon at the other end of the ellipse.

Words are poor in telling what that English focus has meant to us this year. Mrs. Brading gained by her weeks out here in the autumn, a full insight into all our needs, and she and those who have rallied round her and Mr. Brading for our help, have worked for us beyond our hopes. Already several are in view for next winter's reinforcements.

In December, Dar Naama lost in Frances Brittle a faithful and loving helper of many years. She passed straight from the earthly service to the heavenly, after only two hours illness, just as she would have wished it.

As we told in the last Report, the tiny native church of 2 Rue du Croissant and Mr. Smeeton's work among the blind, have both been transplanted, and have

thus far so borne the transplanting as to prove that they are alive, though new shoots are slow in coming.

But better than growing numbers is, in each case, the sense of a growing response—a change in the atmosphere that may well prove the precursor of spring. This indefinable charge of atmosphere on the spiritual side, is *the* mark all around, of the rising tide.

What matters it if we are but the waves that break on its edge. All that imports is that we let ourselves go to the driving force behind, to be sent just as fast and as far as God wills, glad indeed if He gives the honour of carrying the signal of victory, as do the incoming waves, a few inches further up the shore—then falling back content as the wave that has spent itself, into the heart of the Ocean whence we came, waiting there to see the hour when the tide has won.

“Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written,  
Death is swallowed up in victory.”

## LOCATION OF WORKERS. Winter, 1925-26.

*The present stations are given in the order of opening; the workers in the date of arrival.*

**Dar Naama, El Biar, 1908**  
 1888 I Lilius Trotter  
 1890 F. Helen Freeman  
 1906 Sascha E. Perkin  
 1912 Mr. Smeeton  
 1919 }  
 & M. and Mme. Pierre Nicoud  
 1922 }  
 1921 Alice Kemp  
 1921 Mr. and Mrs. Theobald  
 1925 Belle Patrick (Sec.)  
 1926 Lella Brading (Short Service)

**Blida, 1908**  
 1909 Fanny K. Currie  
 1909 Millicent H. Roche  
 1926 Hazel Jessop (Short Service)

**Relizane, 1909**  
 1907 E. R. May Ridley

**Beit Naama (Algiers) 1909**  
 Practically closed, *pro tem.*

**Miliana, 1909**  
 1907 Mabel D. Grautoff  
 1925 Blanche Chambers (Short Service,  
 till January, 1926)

**Mascara, 1912**  
 1912 Fanny Hammon (Mission Helper)

**Tozeur, 1913. Tolga, 1923**  
 1909 Alma Krebs  
 1920 Violet Wood

**Mostaganem, 1917**  
 1906 Alexandrine Gayral

**Belcourt (Algiers) 1921**  
 1909 M. Mary Watling

**Colea, 1923**  
 1920 Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham

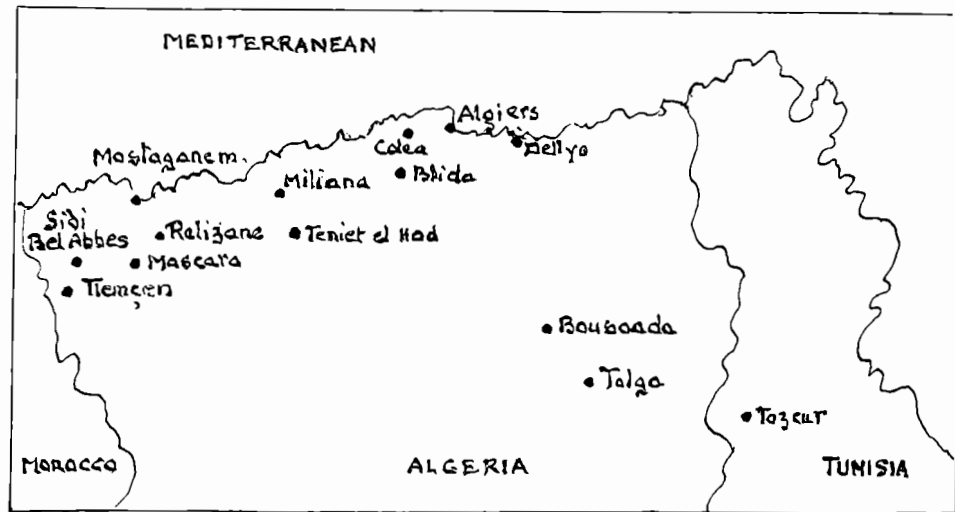
**Tlemcen, 1925**  
 1916 Kathleen Butler

**Dellys, 1925**  
 1914 Augusta M. Farmer  
 1922 Isabella Sheach  
 1922 M. Helen Drysdale (Short Service)

**Bou-Saada, 1925**  
 1909 Alice McIlroy  
 1919 Augusta Buttica

**Sidi Bel Abbes, 1925 (Sub-Station)**  
 1912 Senor and Senora Soler

# Algiers Mission Band.



Sketch Map of Stations + Substations. 1926.  
Below the line of Tozeur + Tolga stretches the desert,  
with its oases + its wandering tribes.

## ALGIERS MISSION BAND

*Headquarters.*—Dar Naama, El Biar, Algiers.      *Gen. Sec.*—I. Lilius Trotter.

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J. G. Govan.

Rev. E. H. Hamilton.  
Rev. Charles Inwood, D.D.  
John Gordan Logan.

John L. Oliver.

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Dr. S. D. Price, W.S.S.A., Metropolitan Tower, New York.  
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### REFEREES, FRANCE

Pastor J. P. Cook.  
Ste. Foy la Grande, Gironde.

Pastor R. Saillens,  
Nogent Sur Marne, Seine.

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Central Sec. for Prayer Groups: Mrs. Brading, 38, Outram Road, Croydon.  
Sec. for Scattered Prayer Helpers: J. H. Smeeton, Dar Naama, El Biar, Algiers.

Miss F. K. Currie, General Treasurer, Oulad Sultane, Blida, Algiers.