

JUBILEE NUMBER

A Thirsty Land



Algiers Mission Band

Algiers Mission Band.

FOUNDED IN 1888 BY I. LILIAS TROTTER.

HEADQUARTERS :—DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR, ALGIERS.

General Secretary : Miss S. E. PERKIN.

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

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MISS BUTLER.
W. CECIL COLLINSON.
MISS FARMER.

MISS GRAUTOFF.
MISS MCLROY.
MISS NASH.
JOHN L. OLIVER.

MISS PERKIN.
A. T. UPSON.
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MRS. F. GOODRICH, Treas., 302, College Ct., Albion, Mic.

Referees, France :

PASTOR J. P. COOK, Nevers, France.

PASTOR R. SAILLENS, Nogent sur Marne, Seine.

Referee, Algeria : PASTOR CUCHE, Mostaganem, Algeria.

Editor of "A Thirsty Land" :—MISS M. H. ROCHE.

Location of Workers. Spring, 1938.

DAR NAAMA, EL BIAR (Algiers).

Headquarters.

1906. Miss S. E. PERKIN.
1907. Miss RIDLEY.
1919 & 1922.

M. and Mme. P. NICOD.
1922. Mrs. THEOBALD.
1937. Miss K. LAYTE (Short Service).

ALGIERS (City).

1930. Miss I. NASH.
1922. Mrs. THEOBALD.
1935. M. and Mme. MILLON.

BLIDA.

1920. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. BUCKENHAM.

BOU SAADA.

1909. Miss A. MCLROY.
1919. Mlle. BUTTICAZ.

MILIANA.

1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.
1929. Miss P. M. RUSSELL.

MOSTAGANEM.

1906. Mlle. A. GAYRAL.

RELIZANE.

1934 & 1927.

Mr. and Mrs. H. STALLEY.

SETIF.

1914. Miss A. M. FARMER.

1922. Miss I. SHEACH.

1935. Mr. and Mrs. THOMSON.

TLEMSEN.

1916. Miss K. BUTLER (in England on sick leave).

TOLGA.

1928 & 1937.

M. and Mme. S. LULL.

NEFTA.

1920. Miss V. WOOD.

OUT-POSTS.

TOZEUR (from Nefta).

Miss V. WOOD (part time).

GHARDAIA (Beni M'zab). Spring.

1907. Miss M. D. GRAUTOFF.

(part time).

1929. Miss. P. M. RUSSELL. "

1919. Mlle. BUTTICAZ. "

Evangelist Colporteur : Senor MUNIOZ (of the Nile Mission Press). Headquarters at Relizane.



No. 44.

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POST FREE

We will extol Thee, our God, O King ; and we will bless Thy name for ever and ever.

Every day we will bless Thee ; and we will praise Thy name for ever and ever.

One generation shall praise Thy works to another, and shall declare Thy mighty acts.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion ; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

Thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

From Psalm 145.

“ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”

—Rev. 5. 12.

We follow after, if that we may apprehend that for which also we are apprehended of Christ Jesus.

From Phill. 3.

Gloria in Excelsis, 1888-1938.



1909. MISS TROTTER, WITH A GROUP OF CHILDREN,
ON THE ROOF OF THE OLD NATIVE HOUSE, RUE DU
CROISSANT, ALGIERS.

“ It was in the spring of 1888 that three of us came into Algiers harbour one evening : an evening all a-sparkle with stars above and lights on shore, and jelly fish scintillating in the wash and wake of the steamer. And next morning the native town stood framed in the port hole : a cream coloured mass of windowless buildings, broken by a cypress here and there, against the indescribable blue of the western sky at dawn.

We were on a fool's errand, so it seemed, and we are on it still, and glory in it. For the Moslem World that has challenged Christ for over twelve centuries has not had his last word yet. When it comes it will prove worth waiting for !

I will put down a few things about that landing, for they may help a “ Gloria in Excelsis ” to sound out through the open doors of the present, and the victories yet to be.

To begin with, we should have been all turned down by medical verdicts if we had tried to pass into any Society : to go on with, it was a newly opened country and we knew little about it. Mission work had been started barely seven years, and that mostly among the Kabyles in the mountains. So we were left to our unaided experiments as to getting a footing, for we had not so much as an acquaintance on shore. Lastly, on the financial side, we had just enough for personal needs and nothing more. The future was all a blank : we only knew with that inexplicable knowing that makes an inward call, that we were to come, and here we were.

Algiers was our first battlefield : tough then and tough still. We plunged into the thick of it when we succeeded in renting a big old fortress-like house in the native town—it was three hundred years old, so

report said, and was now a rabbit warren of fourteen families. Its past, however, was aristocratic, and a specially prized feature was the crypt, where, in its ancient glory, a school was held for its sons, in company with a few chosen neighbours. Our front door was known for long as "the door of a thousand dents" from the batterings of unruly hearers or ex-hearers from the meetings of the aforementioned crypt. We were really glad when battle days began there, for at first there was not even the sense of a fight to wake the echoes and keep our pulses stirring; only a slow laying siege by means of struggles with strange gutturals and complicated verbs.

This meant a long dumbness, and even then (new as the land was at that time to any evangelistic touch), the people would listen, and after a fashion assent, without the least idea at what we were driving in our teaching. So we were glad when they woke up enough to want to fight.

Meantime by slow degrees entrance was coming into the houses. The children proved in the first instance our way of access. In the back alleys, where the small girls can be let out to play, we could make friends without much hindrance from old Babel's complications, and through these friendships house after house could gradually be gained for such stumbling intercourse as we were able to manage.

A strange sense of grim oppression still pervades those mazes of crooked streets, and after an hour or two of visiting we have to fight the weight of deadness and sin from crowding down on our spirits. For a convert soul to live in such an atmosphere and keep bright and clear, or a child to be reared in innocence, is as much a miracle as for a candle to go on burning down a shaft of choke-damp.

It was only three or four years after our arrival, that the call of the inland stretches began to sound in our hearts. Other workers were gathering by that time in the

coast towns and in Kabylia, but the hill country and the desert beyond seemed to appeal to no one else as they did to us. Journeys followed with the thought of finding vantage points, even though at that time they were among the promises seen afar off. For in those early days, the political difficulties and suspicions that preceded the Entente, blocked anything beyond travelling from place to place. Even this grew restricted, and we had to content ourselves for a time with a very limited foreground, while holding on to the vision and the voice that we knew came from above for days to come.

Our French colporteur evangelists were, however, able to carry on systematic work in the interior during the difficult time.

In 1903 we opened our first outstation at Blida, and our first bit of land was acquired for God.

In 1907 we felt the need of more organisation, and we took the name of "Algiers Mission Band." The visit of the "Romanic" that year, followed by the Rome Convention of the "World's Sunday School Association," brought close and lasting links with our American friends, and much welcome help from that land.

The same year found Algiers work expanded by the purchase of Dar Naama, which later became Headquarters.

As others joined us, outstations were opened in Relizane, Miliana, Mascara and Mostaganem.

In 1911 a house was rented in Tozeur, South Tunisia, a point which repeated itineration visits had shown to be open in a marked way to the Gospel.

Our next epoch was the visit to Cairo in 1913, where the need we had been trying to meet in the production of literature for the half educated, and for the children, received a great impetus through fuller co-operation with the Nile Mission Press.

War years followed with all their limitations, but with souls here and there

dimly lighted, finding their way into the Church Militant or the Church Triumphant.

'Short-service' had its brief and happy day, cut short by the war just when it seemed expanding. It has only been carried on since after a limited fashion, but even thus it has been invaluable."

During the war, in 1918, Miss Blanche Haworth, one of the first three who came out, was called Home.

"These years brought us the help of Mr. Smeeton and the beginning of his work among the Blind.

We should like to put on record God's faithfulness on the financial side of our needs, for by His grace we have lacked nothing. More and more, as we have had to launch out in faith and prayer, we have proved His resources." Gradually things became easier after the restrictions of the war years, and itineration became possible. Soon after the war several new workers joined the Band.

In 1923 long southern itinerations were undertaken in three directions and as a result of the eastern journey a native house was hired at Tolga to be used as a winter Station.

1925 was a year of advance and saw the opening of the Stations of Bou Saada, Tlemcen and Dellys. This year also marked the "launching" of a Mission Car, with all that it implied, and of still further co-operation with the N.M.P.

It was in 1925 that an Advisory Home Council came into being in England, and an Office was established with Mrs. Brading as the first Honorary Secretary. The magazine, *A Thirsty Land* made its first appearance two years later.

In 1928, Lilius Trotter passed into God's presence, after a long period of weariness and suffering—which, however, was, for her, a time of strenuous literary work.

Leadership of the Band devolved on Miss Freeman, who, though in her eighty-

fifth year; gallantly shouldered the responsibility, and the work went forward till 1934 when she, too, was called Home.

Bereft indeed, but in the certainty of God's call, and in the assurance of His continued leading and empowering, the A.M.B. marched forward, Miss Perkin being their chosen leader.

New young workers have lately joined the Band, have caught the vision and are pressing forward with the rest.

The Stations of Tolga Setif, and Nefta, have been permanently occupied, and book Depots established at Relizane, Blida and Setif. The output of literature in colloquial Arabic and French goes steadily on, in line with Miss Trotter's thoughts and plans, and Moslem students are being specially cared for, a development in the work, after her own heart.

Miss Trotter once expressed the objective of the Algiers Mission Band in these words: "The special vocation wherewith we are called (so we feel) as a Band is the evangelisation, as far and as fast as we can, of the great unreached stretches that extend back of the coast line."

She had visions of a Station in each strategic point linked up with Algiers. For instance—Nefta, Tozeur, Kouinine, Touggourt, Tolga, Bou Saada. Of these, Nefta, Tozeur, Tolga Bou Saada, are definitely established; while Kouinine and Touggourt have been worked from time to time by visiting women missionaries, and by men on colportage journeys. It is only the shortage of workers that has prevented us from occupying those centres.

Ghardaia which was included in Miss Trotter's vision has been a winter Station for some years.

And now away on the North East in the vast Setif district two sets of workers have been settled.

Miss Trotter further said: "Our thought is that Literature and the Mission Car

should work together, on a definite circuit system, with the Stations as focal-points may be, to the North, but penetrating farther and farther down South."

This hope has been fully realised—thanks to the co-operation of the N.M.P. Every year, the men visit in the Car the cafés and shops, and all the markets, within a wide radius of the different Mission Stations, and penetrate into the regions beyond—North, South, East and West.

But we are not satisfied, we always "yearn beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down," and feel the need of following up the colportage work, by planting small Stations along the lines of their journeys.

We praise our God in this year of Jubilee for all that is past, but "there are more visions and ever more waiting to become footholds. Pray with us that He Who is the Beginning and the Ending may hold us with Him in His path to His goal."

* * *

"Pray for us more earnestly than ever. Pray for us that our own spiritual life may not falter or fail, or stop short of the goal. Pray for us that we may hold together, those of us who have gone on this "fool's errand" as the world may well call it, and that, as with the heart of one, we may defend each other and the dear souls committed to us, fighting over their heads, as it were, step by step all the way.

Pray above all, that in the din of the strife we may never lose the echo of the cry "that thirsted for the souls of men" and that the love of the Crucified may spur us through, till we can bring them safely to the place where 'He shall . . . be satisfied.'"

[Miss Trotter's own words are in inverted commas.]

Editorial.

It was written of old "Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year," and as we, the members of the A.M.B. enter upon our Jubilee, we would pray that it may indeed, be a year of renewed dedication to our Lord and Master, in every part of the work, seen and unseen.

We hope that this magazine may be in the hands of our friends on the fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Miss Trotter and Miss Haworth in Algiers, the 9th March.

As we stand on the threshold of this fiftieth year, the thoughts of some of us turn to past days, and to those who blazed the trail for us. We have traced in bare outline the story of the A.M.B., up to date, giving past history as far as possible in Miss Trotter's own words. This story, though known to many, will, we think, be of interest.

The account that Miss Grautoff has compiled of A.M.B. literature is one that fills us with praise and thanksgiving, and the end is not yet.

We asked several friends, linked in different ways with the Band, to write something for this Number. Each one responded gladly, with stories and reminiscences that will reach all our hearts. They speak for themselves.

We most gladly draw special attention to the mention, on page 15 (Home Notes) of a new book, "The Master of the Impossible."

A beloved member of the A.M.B., Miss Mary May, passed into God's presence in December (1937), and elsewhere in this magazine we have tried to share with our readers some remembrances of her. We would take this opportunity of expressing our most loving sympathy to her three sisters, the Misses Edith and Louise May, and Mrs. Clara Paine.

M. H. R.



"LALLA LILI." TAKEN IN AN OUTPOST GARDEN.

From Dr. Zwemer.

Horatius Bonar wrote for himself and for us all in two stanzas of a forgotten hymn :

" Sin worketh, let me work, too ;
Sin undoeth, let me do.
Busy as sin my work I'll ply
Till I rest in the rest of eternity."

" Death worketh, let me work, too ;
Death undoeth, let me do ;
Busy as death my work I'll ply
Till I rest in the rest of eternity."

And the Master Himself told us : " I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day ; for the night cometh when no man can work."

My warmest greetings to the Algiers Mission Band as they face a new year and pass the fiftieth milestone. What a record of vision, decision, sacrifice, and the patience of unanswered prayer ! May God make you and us all faithful to the end—and steady until the going down of the sun.

S. M. ZWEMER.

Princeton, N.J.

From a Veteran of the "North Africa Mission."

Dear Miss Trotter ! What an inspiration she was to us all in those early pioneer days. My fellow-worker and I were far away in the mountains of Kabylia ; alone for seven years. But we always found the warmest welcome, and spiritual help and comfort in Miss Trotter's Mission House in Algiers.

She was ever soaring upward ; but her attitude was, " lower and lower, dear Lord, at Thy feet." Her friendship was very precious to us, and seemed to culminate when God used her prayers to bring great blessing to that little lonely station among the Moslems.

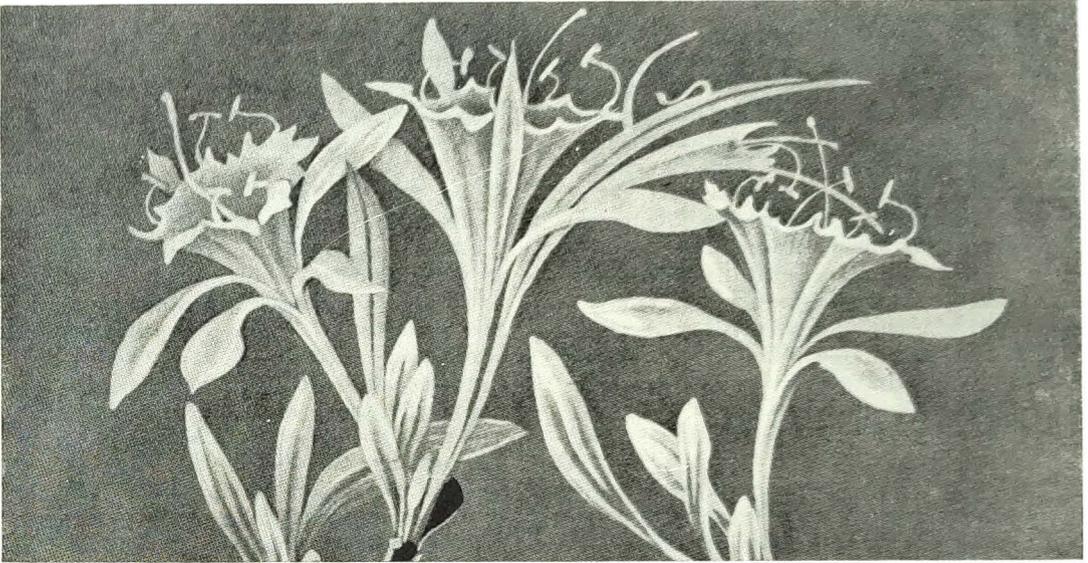
The perfume of her saintly life still pervades Dar Naama where we rejoice to see the Master's Work still going forward.

KATE S. SMITH.



" Here I come, O great High Priest,
I the lowest and the least ;
On mine ear, foot, hand and head
Be Thy sweet anointing shed
Just now—just now,
Be Thy sweet anointing shed."

I. L. T.



SAND LILIES.

I. L. T.

**"I am that sweet-smiling Jesus,
And the World is alive through Me."**

It was not a Christian, but a Moslem mystic of long ago, who put into the mouth of our Lord these two lines of pure poetry.

How "Lalla Lili" would have loved them! Deeply mystical by nature, as her writings show, it was only late in life, on her first visit to Egypt, that she came to realise her affinities with the Sufis. Then the artist in her responded to the artist in them, for their great writers of old time were as much poets as philosophers.

This Sufism is a desperately intricate study, mystifying as it is mystical. The brain reels amidst its metaphors. Much of it is dry as dust. But Lalla Lili was wise. She was not essentially a student, and nothing was ever allowed to dry up her evangelistic zeal. Instinctively her mind laid hold on the essentials of the Moslem mysticism; and with what effect she used these to illustrate the mystical aspect of Christi-

anity, is seen in the reception given to her book of the *Sevenfold Secret*.

When one thinks of the beauty of her utterances, oral and written, it is wonderful to be able to say, that she herself was like that. To read the lives of some of those whose art has charmed us to the uttermost, is to experience a deep depression. But it is not so here. Lalla Lili was like her teaching. To see her was to catch a glimpse of "that sweet-smiling Jesus." It is wonderful to think of the many poor souls who saw her smile, and had their first breath of heaven through her words.

She could smile, because she knew, that one day, even the desert world of Islam would be alive through Christ. She believed in her "sand lilies."

Where God plants a lily,
"Flowers of lilies" will arise,
He that from afar perceives their
fragrance,
Suddenly remembers Paradise.

P. HURST.

“A Touch of the Fire.”

My first contact with Miss Trotter was when many years ago I went apart for nearly a whole day to study an article she had written on “The Authority of Faith,” St. Luke 17. 6.

This brought a new impetus to intercessory prayer, often deepened since.

After some years I had the unspeakable privilege of becoming one of Miss Trotter’s prayer-partners for the A.M.B., which brought many precious inspirations through her wonderful letters and prayer calls. These calls sometimes came by wire, couched in language that would be unintelligible to others.

Deep fellowship continued through the years, in sharing the burden with Miss Trotter of seeking the liberation of souls in dark Africa—souls for whom He died. We rejoiced together over the answers, and over long, hard fights won through to victory.

At last the way opened for a visit to Algeria, and precious memories remain of the arrival at Dar Naama and the loving welcome from God’s beloved servant.

She was then in bed, ill, so near to the end of her journey down here, yet full of spiritual life, and entering into the accounts I gave her, of visits she had arranged for me, to places and individuals prayed for. Her joy was radiant as I sought to describe a visit to one convert, then in Kabylia, over whom many hard battles had been fought, and also over a desert town M’sila. (The prayer long made for someone to go and live there is still unanswered.)

The *last* earthly contact, the *last* request for prayer, was written only a few days before the Home-call, penned by the loving hand ever ready to help Moslems, the writing scarcely legible because of weakness—in these words—“It needs a touch of the Fire, will you help?”

The “Fire” came to her, the “Chariot of Fire,” which took her into her Lord’s

immediate presence, leaving behind still the same call to all who read these lines.

“It needs a touch of the Fire, will you help?”

C. FIRMIN.

Early Days.

It was in 1891 that my wife and I felt the call to go to Algeria. Almost at once we got into touch with Miss Trotter. We felt there was a mutual *rapprochement*, with the result that we joined the little band which then consisted of the Misses Trotter, Freeman and Haworth, all of whom are rejoicing in the presence of our Lord in glory.

We lived first in the European part of Algiers, but gradually we all felt that for the sake of the work we should endeavour to obtain a house in the native quarter. It was not an easy matter, but after much prayer for guidance we managed to obtain the lease of 2 Rue du Croissant, which for many long years became the Headquarters of the Mission.

It was soon felt that our activities might be extended, so I gave a good deal of time to itineration work while Miss Trotter and others used, each winter, to spend long periods among the oases of the Sahara. Thus the work of itineration carried on by the A.M.B. in the South lands and elsewhere, began.

The work in Algiers grew, and we were able to rejoice in seeing a few take a definite stand for the Faith, and several were baptised. Never shall I forget the joy and privilege it was to baptise the first woman convert, the wife of a very tall negro named Bel Aid, who had already become a true Christian.

Another scene presents itself to me, on the shores of the Mediterranean, outside the city of Algiers, when in the presence of a few, an educated man was baptised.

On one occasion whilst visiting in the native quarter of Algiers, I noticed that a scribe had opened a new shop. I went to

wish him success, and naturally sought to preach Christ to him, and offered him a portion of Scripture. We continued talking, when a dark-skinned man entered and sat down. I went on with my message and found that this man, who told me he was a Susi from Southern Morocco, had heard the Gospel and was able to answer some of my questions.

His story was, that years before, a very tall missionary had visited his far-off village in the Atlas Mountains, and had told them the same words that I had been preaching. That he read from a book partly in Arabic, and partly in his own language.

I invited Abdullah to visit us at the house, which he did; gradually we saw the light entering his soul, and eventually I had the joy of baptising him.

Later on I discovered that it was my dear wife's father, the Rev. E. F. Baldwin, who had visited Abdullah's village. He worked for many years in Morocco, and used a book which he had himself made, with Arabic and English passages of Scripture pasted side by side. This book he had given to me, and Abdullah recognised it instantly when I took it down from my bookshelf. "Yes," he exclaimed, "that is the book from which I first heard the Gospel."

Is not this an illustration of the fact that when God begins a work of grace He always completes it?

These are a few incidents which come to my mind in the early days of the work.

After some years my own health broke down. I tried coming home each summer to get rid of the fever, but directly I returned to Algeria I was down again with it, and so eventually my wife and I had to retire with many regrets.

It is a real privilege, however, still to be associated closely with the Band as Chairman of the Home Council, and we rejoice to see the various developments of the work.

FRANCIS C. BRADING.

From the Secretary of the "Algerian Mission Band," America.

My first sight of the city of Algiers was in 1904 when, as one of 817 delegates from North America to the World's Sunday School Convention at Jerusalem, we stopped there for a brief time.

The World's S.S. Association is not only a Sunday School organisation, but also a missionary enterprise. With two offices, one in England, one in the United States, united in one effort, it seeks to help the work in all parts and to co-operate with the missionaries in their Fields. The Committee had been told that there was a mission working among children in Algiers, and sought to hunt up the same, but we were forbidden by authorities there to visit it.

Three years later, in 1907, we were again to stop at Algiers on the way to the Sunday School convention, to be held in Rome. In the meantime permission had been granted by the French authorities in Paris, allowing forty persons from each of the two steamers carrying the delegates, to visit the Mission, and the name of Miss I. Lilius Trotter, as the Founder, was given.

Letters had passed between Miss Trotter and the American Committee and plans had been made for a conference to be held at 2 Rue du Croissant, the Mission Station. Invitations had been sent by Miss Trotter to missionaries, near and far, and new friends met us at the boat-dock. We were taken in carriages to the top of the Arab town, where we left our conveyances. Then began the long walk down through the narrow, filthy, winding streets, up and down which there seemed to pass a constant stream of hopeless humanity. Rough men, white clad women, whose sad, forlorn expression haunted us for days, the dear wee children, undernourished, dirty, and lacking the happy smiles and the springing feet

of those in our own land. Suddenly I felt as if I must do something for them!

Down a long flight of steps, and we faced the huge iron door of the Mission House. It opened, and we went into the skiffa, or entrance hall. A door opened from it into a small dark room, lighted by a few dim lamps, which seemed but to increase the gloom. This room was once a Moslem Mosque, but now was used as a tiny church room.

There were forty Americans from Canada and the United States, about twenty missionaries, and a very small number of converts. Belaid, one of the first, a huge negro, had a smile of joy that brightened our hearts.

In the midst were the three dear friends whom God had called to begin the work and with them several of the younger ones who had joined them.

The services had to be very short for the boat waited. There were questions and answers, some singing, prayers for God's blessing on the conference, several very short talks, and then we went up the long stairway to the large, open court.

There were a very few women, busy, a wee class of tiny children in an inner class room, a few benches, a small organ, a Bible picture-roll, a very few helps for teaching. Around the sides of the court were many long slips of paper, put together to make a sort of scroll. This was marked off into squares and there were figures and small signs on it to indicate the millions of natives in Algeria, who had never heard of the Lord Jesus, the slim line of the missionary army, the number each would have to touch for the Master if all were to be reached. It was an appalling picture and brought to us a vision of the needs of the Moslem world as nothing else could have done. But as we listened there came to us a sense of the Presence of God in our midst, and as if a voice spoke in our ear, "listen, this is your work, go forward," just as there had come in the room below.

The meeting ended, we shook hands with these new found friends, who would be our friends always, good-byes were said, the hospitable door closed behind us and we went on our way to the steamer waiting for us.

It was not the real ending, for there were results. A telegram was sent back from Rome to Miss Trotter to invite her to bring a friend with her and to take the steamer for the convention city, to be the guests of the American Committee.

On our ship on its way to Naples, the women of the party, called a meeting that evening, in the dining-saloon. One after another, women rose to speak, to tell of their feeling that we owed a debt to these friends in North Africa, and to propose a joining together in an endeavour to support two young women whom Miss Trotter said they greatly needed. The name chosen was "The Romanic Women's Algerian Mission Band." When our ship reached Rome, in conversation with the members of the second steamer we learned that the same idea had also occurred to them, and we joined with them. Then many of the men wanted a share, and so we dropped the two words, "Romanic," and "Women's," making our real title, "The Algerian Mission Band."

Next March we celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the going to Algiers of our dear Miss Trotter. And a few weeks later is the thirty-first anniversary of this first meeting in the Rue du Croissant station. Since that meeting I have made three trips to Algeria, one of a few weeks, two of many months.

Years ago one of our great writers of mission-study books said this: "If there is a heroine in missionary history it is Miss Trotter of Algiers, who lives in the house with the door of a thousand dents." She still lives in thousands of hearts and her work goes on.

MRS. J. A. WALKER.

From the Nile Mission Press.

In July, 1913, I paid the first of many visits to Dar Naama, for my ship called at Algiers for a few hours and dear old Mr. Smeeton, who had heard me speak at Keswick in 1912, kindly met me on the quay, and took me up to Dar Naama. Miss Trotter came in soon after.

But our *real* acquaintance with "dear Miss Lilius" began early in 1915, when—in spite of the war—she and Miss Blanche Haworth resided in Cairo for several months in order to start the Junior Department of Nile Mission Press. Day by day we met, and conferred and prayed about the designing of illustrations and the printing and publishing of booklets. Miss Haworth took care of Miss Trotter and aided the joint quest with her outlook of sanctified commonsense.

Miss Freeman, although one of the "originals" was less known to me then; her time came later. In July, 1929, it was my sacred privilege to spend a long weekend at Sheringham as the guest of Miss Pigott, Miss Trotter's great friend. From Friday to Tuesday Miss Freeman and I were engaged in the revision of Miss Pigott's *Life of Lilius Trotter*.

I first met A. E. Theobald in the Spring of 1925, for Miss Trotter had sent a pressing invitation for me to call at Algiers on my way to England. Every effort was made, but the way was completely blocked. However, to use Miss Trotter's own words, "All would have been frustrated, as we now see, if that first plan had been realised." So we had to go to England without calling. Theobald was deputed to come and see me in London and to arrange for another effort in the Autumn. I sailed from Egypt, at the request of my Committee—of which Miss Trotter had been for years a member—and, as she put it, "This time, by some heavenly clockwork, he arrived to the very day in time for our 'Rally'."

Most of this story is told on pp. 96-98 of my book, *High Lights in the Near East*, but I did not venture to tell there how, when the ladies "struck" (at first) against my proposals, dear old Smeeton offered me the use of his "juniper-tree" to sit under, like Elijah! I sat for hours under that broom-plant and, after prayer, re-drafted my proposals. On emerging from the shade of the juniper-tree my proposals were carried with acclamation!

Never shall I forget the journey Theobald and I undertook in February 1928, at Miss Trotter's express suggestion. We had quite an interesting time at Ain Sefra, but our main objective was the Oasis of Figuig between S.E. Morocco and the great Sahara. It has been brought before my mind very vividly this week by finding in *The Life of Faith* a reproduction of a photo which Theobald must have snapped showing me (in a cap, instead of my usual fez—to meet French wishes!) selling Gospel books to a mixed audience of Moslems and black Jews.

Alas! An urgent wire came to say that Mr. Wald had been almost killed in Trans-jordan. We rushed back to Algiers, and—as I had to leave early next morning—I was allowed to tell the story to our dear friend. She said next morning that her sleepless night had been "one long beautiful dream of the yet-to-be."

* * *

Younger Members of the A.M. Band, is it still *yet-to-be*? Is it to be?

(A. T. UPSON) ABDUL-FADY.



"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."

“Linking Up.”

It was in January, 1910, that I first met Miss Trotter. I had come out to Algiers in search of sunshine and of change of impressions after many months of sickness in my home. The original plan of a visit to Majorca was providentially changed to one to Algiers. A friend suggested my joining her at the Olivage, which I did. Taking a living interest in foreign missions I naturally tried to discover whether there were any missionaries in Algiers, but all in vain. Then, one day, as I lay on my long chair under an orange tree, enjoying the distant view of snow-capped mountains against the glorious blue sky, three ladies came into the garden. One of them asked me whether the unoccupied long chairs were private or public. Just then a fellow visitor came up to me and said, “You wished to meet missionaries—these ladies are missionaries!”

It was the very natural offer of my chair to Annie Whisler which led to all that followed. Considering me, as she put it, “The right kind of person” (this after having eaten some of my sweets and prayer in my room), she invited me to pay Miss Trotter a visit at El Biar.

I remember so well the swishing sound of the tall eucalyptus trees as I walked to El Biar where I received a warm welcome. Miss Trotter, somehow, took my measure right away and arranged for Annie Whisler to accompany me to Blida. On the way there the latter told me much that prepared the soil of my heart for the seeds which the Lord had been intending should be sown into it.

This unforgettable visit gave me the first glimpse of the actualities and the possibilities of work among Moslem women in Algeria.

Although this happy visit ended with a heatstroke which cost me a year and a half's

incapacity from work and much physical suffering, I have never regretted it. During the weeks Annie Whisler nursed me, the stranger, at the Rue du Croissant and then at the Olivage, we became friends. The work of the A.M.B. came to be known to me and Miss Trotter's ideals, hopes and plans.

A few weeks after my completed recovery from the heatstroke, I got injured in a railway accident. Feeling a veritable bruised reed, I wrote to Miss Trotter and asked her to paint me a bruised reed with the words of that wonderful verse which says, “A bruised reed shall He not break.” She sent me an exquisite painting of what had been in my mind's eye and then wrote to ask me whether I knew that it was from bruised reeds the flutes with the sweetest sounds were made. This thought greatly cheered me. Miss Trotter and I met several times in Europe and in Algeria, and invariably to our mutual pleasure.

The last time I saw her was when she was already on her bed of sickness. She was working at the book which Basil Matthews had asked her to write and to illustrate *Between the Desert and the Sea*. She told me with a radiant face of her visions which, so she felt, would soon be fulfilled.

Before my departure she presented me with a large blanket woven at Miliana—“A love gift,” she said.

I owe it to her frequent use of the word “linking up” that I have developed the habit of looking upon happenings—unpleasant ones as well as happy ones, as links in the chain forged by the Master of our destiny. This thought I have found of great help.

As to the links which have been added in course of years to that first one under the orange tree at the Olivage—were I to enumerate them all, they would make a book.

SONIA E. HOWE.

From "The Faith Mission."

My first term of service for God was in Algiers, in 1919, as a short service worker, with Miss Trotter. My chief recollection is of Miss Trotter's personality, and the charm of it—so spiritual and yet so human; kind—almost too tender-hearted; artistic to her finger-tips, and an artist in words; and yet with a delightful sense of humour and a gaiety of spirit that carried her through the difficulties. We all loved her.

The work gave one at first a feeling of utter hopelessness, but Miss Trotter's unwavering hopefulness was contagious. 1919-1920 were years of transition for the Band. The War was over, and the way was open for advance in the greater war. It was a time of vision and venture. The spiritual need of the men and boys of Algeria pressed upon her. There were at that time (if my memory serves me correctly), some two or three Arabic speaking men missionaries to some millions of untouched youths and men. She and her fellow-workers resolved that they would ask for married-workers and men to join the Mission, and that they would trust in God alone for their support. It was a step of faith for the whole Band, and I remember how a visit from my father and mother (Founders of The Faith Mission) at this time and the close friendship that followed, were a means of strengthening their hands in God.

And what advance there has been in the work since! God began to move in hearts at home. Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham were the first to hear the call to the work in Algiers, they were followed in 1921 by Mr. and Mrs. Theobald, and there has been a steady stream of fresh workers since, to bring the tidings of great joy to those who sit in darkness.

I. R. GOVAN.

Praise and Prayer Requests.

Praise.

For God's lovingkindness and faithfulness during these fifty years, and for the sense of His presence with us as we go forward.

For those who blazed the trail; for the vision granted to them of God's purposes for the land, of which we who come after are privileged to see in some measure the outworking.

For the open door set before us in Algeria and Tunisia, and for every soul who has come out from the darkness of Islam into the Light.

For the baptism of a young woman at Headquarters in January.

For all the literature that has been prepared for distribution and for the A.M.B. depots.

For the book soon to be published (compiled from Miss Trotter's writings), "The Master of the Impossible."

Prayer.

That all of us who are connected with the Band both at home and on the Field, including the converts, may apprehend that for which we are apprehended of Christ Jesus.

For converts suffering for Christ's sake.

For God's healing touch on Miss Butler.

For much blessing on the visit to be paid to Tlemcen by Mr. and Mrs. Stalley.

For the working of God's Spirit through iterations made this spring and in those yet to be carried out.

That the new book mentioned above may have a wide circulation and that God's touch of blessing may be on every copy.

That God will send the needed workers to carry on "The Door of Hope."

In Loving and Thankful Memory of Mary May.



"The teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever"
Dan. 12.3 (R.V. Marg.).

It was in 1925, that Miss May's close contact with the A.M.B. began. Her life had been a very full one as co-director of the May School (Cambridge, U.S.A.), and later in connection with Hephzibah House (New York). Her love for foreign missions was deep and wide, and she shared in missionary enterprise in many parts of the world, by prayer and sacrificial giving.

At an age when many would think of retiring from active work Miss May came into touch, through Miss Trotter's writings, with the A.M.B., and went out to Algeria for a visit together with her sister and Miss E. Newton. Later on Miss May became a member of the A.M.B., and worked with the Band during the eight years that followed.

The last three years of her life which were spent in Switzerland and America, were years of increasing weakness, and she passed into God's presence on the 16th December, 1937, from Cambridge, Mass.,

where she had been living with her two sisters, both of them retired missionaries.

How can we express what Miss Mary May meant to us all? She came to a Band of which all the members were unknown to her, and very soon we knew that she loved us, every one, and that we loved her! This love grew with the years as did the knowledge that we could always count on her understanding prayers.

Did we love her most for her ready sympathy and encouragement, or was it for her gift of humour and joyousness, or for her common sense and balanced judgment? She was so human and yet so radiantly and truly spiritual; her shining faith and desire to help in any difficulty or crisis, great or small, was unflinching.

Educated in France, Miss May spoke French perfectly, and her love for the French people of Algeria and her understanding of their point of view made her presence at Dar Naama greatly appreciated. The inter-Mission Prayer Meeting was very dear to her heart, and her ready sympathy was extended to all who came. Good measure, pressed down, and running over was the manner of Mary May's giving,

whether of herself, her time, or her money. We cannot say what we owe to her loving kindness, and she would not wish us to try, for she held herself as a "steward."

In the hard time after Miss Trotter went, Miss May's loving presence meant much to Miss Freeman and to the A.M.B. Her wise counsel, on Committee and out of it was God's good gift to us.

Some of us will never forget those long weeks of a hot Summer; how nice she always looked, her love of fun, her worthwhile table-talk (she had so many interests and had read widely), and her love of the beautiful in sky and earth and sea.

But it is in her capacity as "chaplain" (as Miss Trotter named her), that we like best to think of Miss May. As a Bible teacher she was fine; her knowledge of the Bible was deep and scholarly, and she loved to pass on what she had learnt. Utterly true to fundamentals, but able to see other points of view than her own, those who went to her for spiritual help and counsel, found Miss May wise and understanding.

The last stages of her journey must have been very difficult for one of her active and strong personality. She so longed to "reign in life," and "God kept her patient and serene during the years of weakness and the last months of helplessness."

We thank God upon every remembrance of Mary May, and we know that He to Whom she gave all, is "worthy to receive" power, riches, wisdom, and strength.

M. H. R.



"Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver:
My heart, my strength, my life, my
all,
Are His, and His for ever."

Home Notes.

4, Waldens Road,
Horsell,
Woking.

Dear Friends,

Two A.M.B. meetings were held during January, at which I had the pleasure of speaking, one being at Great Barton and one at Walsham-le-Willows. Further opportunities have come in Woking. It is not too early for friends to write to me if they want to arrange an A.M.B. meeting for summer or autumn, when our workers will be home on furlough.

January was a very busy month in the Office with magazine subscriptions, contents of boxes and other loving gifts coming in. We thank God for them all and for letters full of love and prayer and care for the work which often came with them.

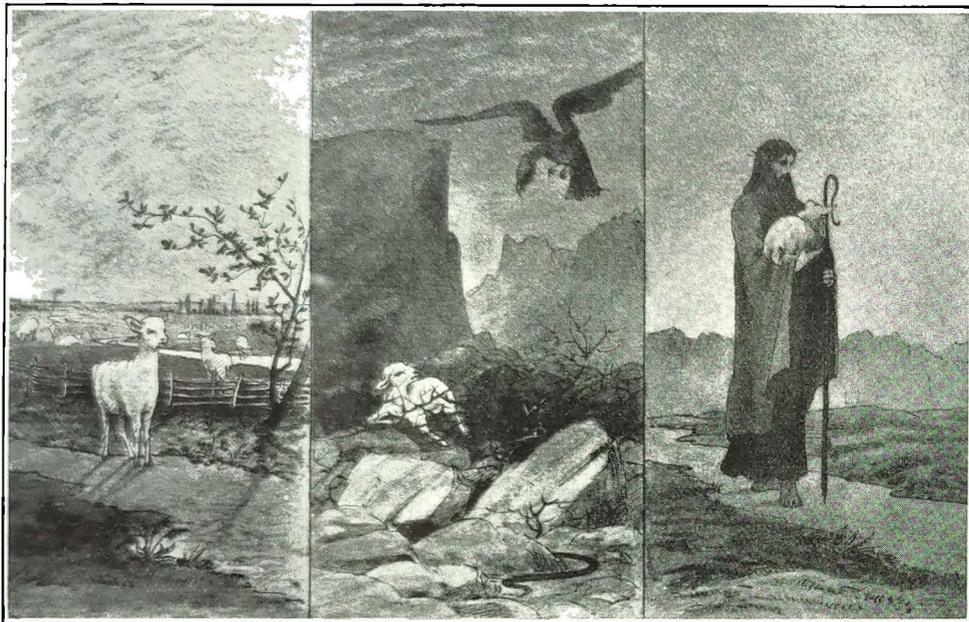
In our next number we shall hope to tell of our Jubilee Thanksgiving Meeting. This does not, of course, take the place of our Annual Meeting which we expect to have in September, as usual.

It is my great joy to tell you of a new book * "The Master of the Impossible" which will be published during the Spring. It consists of sayings, for the most part in parable form, from the letters and journals of Lilius Trotter, selected by Constance E. Padwick. Having just read the manuscript, I feel very full of praise to God that He has enabled Miss Padwick to make such a wonderful choice. I know that the A.M.B. and all those who read the book will feel deeply grateful for these lovely jewels of thought in their perfect setting.

Yours very sincerely,
Millicent H. Roche.

* "The Master of the Impossible," to be published this Spring, by the S.P.C.K. Price 3/6, postage 4d. Can be ordered from the A.M.B. Office.

How A.M.S. Literature began and Developed.



A TRIPTYCH OF THE PARABLE OF THE LOST SHEEP (reduced in size.)
DONE BY I.L.T. IN EARLY DAYS OF THE WORK, AND STILL USED.

The story of beginnings is best told by quoting from Miss Trotter's Journals, for in those early days the colloquial Arabic was not a written language, now it is studied in the French schools and we have a variety of Grammars to aid us.

RHYMES.

In 1900 she writes :

" They (the Moslem women and boys in touch with them) seem utterly unable to remember, it being prose. The inspiration has come to rhyme them (scripture texts). They fall easily into rhymes and rhythm too, in Arabic. We shall put them to chants ; it will be God's solution to a difficulty of long standing."

To this day some of these are used for

breaking new ground, especially in the villages ; here is one :

" Came our Lord Jesus	Dja Sidna Aissa
Into this world	Fi hadha dounia
That He might save us	Bach ye sellek-na
From our sins."	Men dhoubna.

THE BEGINNING OF COLLOQUIAL GOSPELS.

There was only in print a small book of selected passages of Scripture in the colloquial Arabic of Algeria, the work of a Swedish missionary, Dr. Nystrom. He died in 1907, just as he had finished his first rough translation of the New Testament.

Miss Trotter writes of him :

" It was to lay this great language gift on the altar for God's Kingdom that he

left home and all the honour that was given him there, to be an obscure missionary." And later . . . "His conscientiousness made it go extremely slowly; he would go round and round the cafés and shops, listening to the people's talk, picking up colloquial expressions." Again, after his death . . . "Dr. Nystrom's translation proved too formal in language, it was for the most part Greek sentences put into Arab words, perfectly correct grammar, but not the Arabic such as the Arabs speak."

In 1904 Mr. Summers (B.F.B.S.) visited Algeria.

"Another big outcome from Mr. Summers' visit is the settling to have St. Luke, St. John and Acts in Algerian colloquial. It is a wonderful joy that at last God will have His opportunity of speaking unhindered.

"They are to be lithographed in their own beautiful writing—another great attraction. The 'stampa' (i.e. type) is cramped and banal to their beauty-loving eyes, to say nothing of the taint of infidel about it, and the doleful association with tax papers and police summons. We want to have it all as Arab as possible—their own rough, creamy paper and marginal lines and flap covers, and all of the lightest weight that can be, for the long journeys. . . . Oh, praise God!"

1905: "The revision of St. Luke into the Algerian colloquial coming out of the region of hope into verity, Mr. Summers, Mr. Smith of Constantine, Miss Day and Miss Freeman have started on Dr. Nystrom's translation and are working six or seven hours a day at it. It is beautiful to have the publishing within sight at last."

And later: "St. Luke is slowly growing into its final setting. There are words and phrases that will always be linked with prayer victories, when no clue came to some passage with an apparently untranslatable expression, suddenly the solution would be there, dropping down from heaven upon

one or another, sometimes upon Hadj Brahim" (the Arab from Laghouat).

"There are such touches too that bring Him near. Yesterday 'Fear not little flock' came in the chapter that we were working on, and we were getting at the right word for 'little flock': 'Would that word *jelib* mean such a little flock that it would not be worth the Shepherd's care?' asked Mr. Summers.

"No, if it is a very little flock the Shepherd cares for it all the more," answered Hadj Brahim.

Then 1908, December 24th: "God's Christmas present has come to the land. To-day brought us the first package of finished copies of St. Luke's Gospel. 'The dayspring from on high has visited us.'

On tournée. "Again came the lighting up, as we talked to a marabout" (holy man of the shrine). "We offered a book giving the choice of a St. John in the literary, or the new colloquial St. Luke. He read a bit aloud of each; he could roll out the former, the latter he stumbled over at first from its very simplicity. Then he read on and found he could really understand every word."

Another incident: "A great and lordly house. We went as guests of a young girl, who had been married there. We got out our books and the men of the family produced theirs. A tall lad read glibly from the Koran, but could make nothing of our colloquial Gospel. It was too unexpected to find books, in everyday language, talking about shepherds and sheepfolds. He looked over my shoulder, however, as I read aloud . . . gradually it dawned upon him, that he could understand, and he began reading sentences here and there, and grasped the book joyfully when we said he might keep it."

It is strange looking back to the struggles of those early days, for now newspapers, advertisements, etc., are written in colloquial, yet the New Testament is not yet completed. Mr. Smith, of the M.E.C., and

later Mr. Theobald with a representative committee from different parts of Algeria, have brought out the four gospels and Acts and Romans, and prepared much more of the New Testament. Our prayers should surround that committee and the B.F.B.S., that they may use this prepared matter in bringing out a revised edition to meet the needs of readers both in Algeria and and Tunisia.

TRACTS AND PARABLE STORIES.

During those first years, the colporteurs and missionaries had only classical Scriptures and tracts for distribution, and to keep the interest of the people, new and attractive leaflets were required. We must go back to the early journal to read of the work entailed in those first productions on the autograph machine.

Journal, 1902: "Mr. P. said there is a way we might try that has not been tried yet. It would be to print, autographed, in their own handwriting, a tract every month, and to distribute it through the streets and cafés, that it might be the talk of the town and a means of coming to close quarters with every man you meet. . . . The thought lay dormant. Later on a paragraph in *Blessed be Egypt* stirred it with new life again. . . . Miss Van Sommer said how struck she had been in seeing the throngs that gathered in the Egyptian cafés round a story teller, and how they would hang on, listening untiringly, and, she suggested, could not the Eastern love of story telling and story hearing be used for the Kingdom. . . . And all these lights wove gradually together before we left for the summer."

"Later that autumn," she writes, "I can still do but little out of doors, but the tracts—what with writing, translating, revising, and printing, take a good deal of time. We have at last found a man who can copy in a good, clear hand for lithographing. Sherifa is splendid for translating, better than any man we have ever

found. She knows next to no French, and so it is Arabic into Arabic."

"We do not enter into controversial points, our aim is not the meeting on intellectual difficulties, but the arousing of their dead consciences."

TRACTS FOR BOYS.

"The boys of Algeria were much on I. L. Trotter's heart.

In 1913: "The untouched boy problem of the land. . . . Literature for them is a point that is coming to kindle with that sense of burning that tells of God being in it. Two or three things point the way—Mrs. Walker's keenness to bring the matter forward in America, letters emphasising the need of more broadcast literature production here and finally an invitation from Cairo to go to the literature committee there (a Continuative Committee of the Lucknow Conference of workers among Moslems) . . . all looks as if God's hour were going to strike.

"More unfoldings have been coming in these weeks over the boy question, with that sense of relief that comes when the pressure of need begins to find its way out into action.

"Outline booklets for boys are pouring in faster than they can be set down."

Then came busy weeks of preparation of a set of tentative boys' booklets, Parable Stories by Miss Trotter, Miss Haworth and others in the Band, several of them to be issued locally that winter.

In November Miss Trotter and Miss Haworth went to Egypt and news came: "Our main object, the boys' cause, was well to the front, the link which the N.M.P. is weaving through the land is such a basis for co-operation. Another need that we hardly expected to see realised was widely felt—that is, Literature in French for the rising generation (Moslem) all along the North African coast. One feels in the 'power house' here of all forward movements."



GROUP OF LISTENERS AT TOLGA. MISS TROTTER IS IN THE MIDST OF THEM, BUT CANNOT BE SEEN.

In the spring Dr. Zwemer's boat called in at Algiers for a few hours. Miss Trotter writes of this short interview: "Fifty or more of us met Dr. Zwemer at the quay, and that couple of hours spent at a hotel room close by was a wonderful time. It is all throbbing with life and movement out there in Egypt and there is a sense that our 'Still, salt pool locked in by bars of sand' has begun, through last night's meeting, to be drawn into the great tide beyond. Dr. Zwemer told how the side of women's and children's literature in the N.M.P. had come to a standstill through the workers entrusted with it having to leave, and he put the question, Would I go and help. Another inward question came, was this the meaning of the burning of the need of literature for boys, on heart and mind for a year and more."

1915 Journal: "It is wonderful to watch the great unfolding, first that inward burning of the "pillar of fire by night" about those hosts of shepherdless and spirit-starved boys, then the unlooked for supply of funds from England and of material for starting and lastly the offer of help from America in printing here for

local use. It all clinches the assurance that the three months promised to the N.M.P. is the way of God's steps."

We of the Band called it "Tractitis." How busy many of us became helping with designs for title pages, for Miss Trotter had the gift of enthusing others and using any aptitude they had for the cause. I.L.T. writes: "So S. Perkin's natural history instincts found 'their outlet in visions as the Arabs call them, of the fable kind dear to the oriental heart.'"

That winter Miss Trotter was in Egypt getting out the three first tracts, one for women, one for girls and one for boys. Of the first, "Water-lilies," she writes: "Great has been the labour expended at the N.M.P. to find out the real Arabic name. . . . Finally they have discovered that 'Bride of the Nile' is the right title." COLOURED PRINTING.

"The next point is the search for a means of coloured printing for this colour loving people."

March: "How to produce anything in Egypt at a price for broadcast distribution, which shall not be an eyesore, is the problem now."

Later : " The difficulties of production are melting wonderfully. Mr. Swan, of E.G.M., has helped us to discover the very man for the work, an Italian lithographer. He is extremely interested in the venture ; it is outside his usual line of cigarette advertisements. We hope now before the three months (in Egypt) are up, we may get the first coloured leaflets out to serve as specimens. Our hope would be to issue them next year month by month for boys and girls. It is, of course, published by the N.M.P."

April : " The first tracts ' colour series ' are through at last, just as our three months stay expires. Faith has risen in the N.M.P. to a large edition."

" So these first beginnings are awaiting the breath of life to be breathed on them, like the little clay sparrows in the Moslem legend which the boy Jesus told to fly."

It was at this time that Miss Haworth brought out several longer stories.

Miss Trotter brought back with her from Cairo sheets of the coloured tracts, just illustrations without letterpress, to be filled with autotyped handwriting in Algerian Arabic.

The first A.M.B. Literature Committee was held that autumn and six boys' tracts were printed month by month beginning in January 1916, also six stories for women and girls, but these were produced on the plex machines and issued in small quantities for our own use, for few women and girls can read Arabic.

The boys' tracts were bi-lingual—French and colloquial Arabic, to meet the need of both town and country lads.

PICTURES.

As far back as 1902 these were used to illustrate the Bible teaching, though in country places the people did not understand pictures, looked at them in a bewildered way upside down, while others considered them contrary to the religion of Mohammed if there was a drawing of man or animal in them.

I.L.T. wrote in 1902 : " Two women are going to Dellys. They are full of taking picture books to evangelise the town : " Nothing black and white (photograph)—they must have colour—the picture of the Lost Sheep, the man in the tree (Zacchæus) and the man being saved from the water. So B. Haworth is making a gorgeous book and binding it in native fashion in red leather."

Again : " A bright looking lad of eighteen propped up on his pillow. I showed him a picture of the Good Shepherd. He is leaning down over the precipice to reach a very helpless looking sheep " : " Leave it with me," he said, " my mother will bring it back to-morrow." " I sent him in its place the little threefold one, and it seems as if he understood it strangely well. ' I want Him to save me like that,' he said."

This drawing by I.L.T. shown at the top of this article still goes with us doing its mission work in this country alongside the Lost Sheep folder brought out by E. A. Wood, the one helping to complete the other.

For circulation of texts, and boys' painting classes, all had to have Arabic ornament in those days, and a whole series of grouped texts were designed on cream coloured cards and lithographed ; a folder illustrating the seven " I AM " texts in St. John's Gospel was also prepared by Miss Trotter in bi-lingual.

Later when the " Soufis " or Mystics of Islam were much on her heart these texts became the basis of her " Sevenfold Secret."

In 1924 she writes of this Soufi book : " It comes (the opportunity of learning from Professor Margoliouth what to read about Soufis), this last of God's rich gifts as a fresh impulse, together with help from Mr. Swan, in getting to work with the outline of ' The Secret of Secrets,' though it may need many months of ' getting introduced into feelings ' as the old Quakers

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 and French-speaking Moslems of Algeria and Tunisia with special emphasis on the needs of the practically untouched regions of the interior.

ENGLAND.

Local Representatives :

BEXHILL.—Mrs. Brownrigg, Gorse Cottage, Terminus Avenue.
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.
CARLISLE (Fisher Street Mission).—Mr. T. Child, 11, Ferguson Road, Longsowerby.
DARLINGTON (Pierremonet Mission).—Miss E. Armstrong, 37, Green Street.
EASTBOURNE.—Miss C. Firmin, "Dar Naama," Baldwin Avenue.
FELIXSTOWE.—Miss E. Threadkell, "Raebury," Constable Road.
ILFORD.—Mrs. Walter Sarfas, 121, Coventry Road.
IPSWICH.—Miss Challen, C.A.W.G., Bolton Lane.
LEWES.—Miss Lee, "Cobury," 20 Prince Edward Road.
LEXDEN.—Mrs. Willsmore, 26, Halstead Road, Lexden, Colchester.
PENGE.—Miss E. B. Russell, 54, Thicket Road, Anerley.
SIDCUP.—Miss P. E. C. Russell, 8, Old Forge Way.
TEDDINGTON.—Miss Ethel Little, 32, Field Lane.
THORNTON HEATH.—Mr. C. J. Ford, 13, Heath View Road.
WEST SUFFOLK.—Mrs. Ed. Johnston, Campfield, Gt. Barton. Bury St. Edmunds.
WOKING.—Miss M. H. Roche, 4, Waldens Road, Horsell.
WOODBIDGE.—Miss M. Fisher, 24, Chapel Street.
WORTHING.—Miss Gotelee, "Heston," St. Botolph's Road.

SCOTLAND.

DUNDEE.—Miss Stewart, 8 Woodlands Terrace.
FAITH MISSION TRAINING HOME.—Miss I. R. Govan, 18, Ravelston Park, Edinburgh.
GLASGOW.—Miss Guthrie, 90, Barrington Drive. C.4.
NEWPORT (N. Fife).—Mr. D. R. McGavin, Benruaig.

IRELAND.

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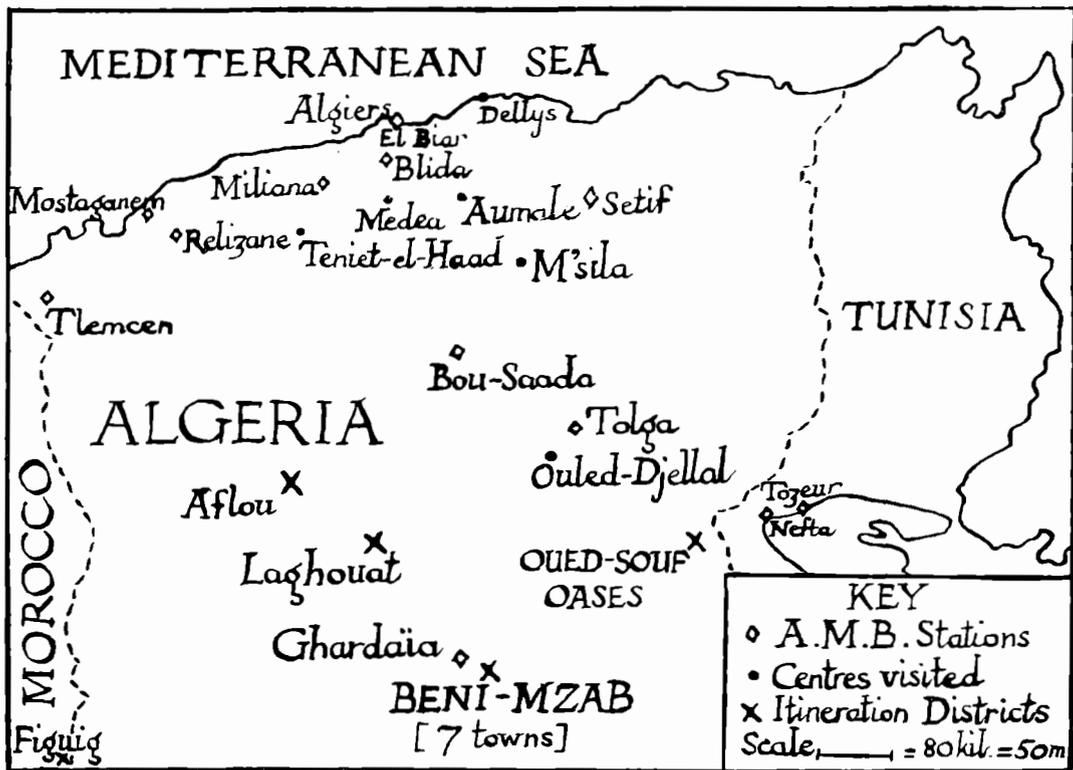
Statistics seem banal after these quotations, from the journals, but a summary of production may lead to more understanding prayer, for the new things being

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* * *

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