

A sacred Olive-grove

07



& its Mosque.

No 3

No. 3.  
May + June  
1907

May 1<sup>st</sup>

Sherifa came in today, on her way to the Cadi where she has been summoned for the preliminaries, of Abd Es Salaam's taking over her boy. Her face was quiet & set "It is like breathing on burning coals to go to the Cadi's house" she said - "the child will be there with my mother" (she herself is staying with friends in the country while Abd Es Salaam is about) "I cannot look at him .... but if Jesus wanted the heart out of my body, I would put it in my hand & give it Him" & when we prayed before she left one felt He had her heart. "I will go to death for thee" she said "thou didst go to death for me" -

May 2<sup>d</sup>

"When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned" was the verse I gave her as she went off, & God

has made it literally true. She came back this morning to tell the story.

Abd Es Salaam made a statement at the Cadi's to the effect that he had to go to Morocco (he is a Moor) on some business concerning land which would lapse to the Sultan if he did not claim it, & that he might be gone 6 or 8 months or even more: that he claimed the making over to him of little Abdur Rahman as his heir; but that he could not send him back to Laghouat as he had intended, as his wife had lately died; that therefore he had bought a "jemma" - i.e. country cottage on the outskirts of Algiers, which he would make over to the boy & that she & her mother could live there together till his return. This she had absolutely refused

knowing for a certainty that a trap lay concealed. All was written down + a guardian appointed for the child. During Abd & Salaam's absence. It will probably end as we have all along thought likely in his being left with his mother pro-tem so as to keep a hold over her, + it is a wonderful respite for her from the heatness of the parting - "You prayed Jesus yesterday to keep his hand on the boy" she said " + see he is doing it, and yet I know not why - I am not so happy as I was yesterday; with all the pain I had a joy there that has gone away now, I am not sad but that joy is not there - "One knows so well all that fall in" the soul's temperature so to speak, when the sacrifice is not required I told her the great joy had been sent to carry her through the great need - that it would come back if the great need returned!

May 24<sup>th</sup>

& she seemed to understand. Three weeks have gone without an entry... not for want of entries to make, but because the days have been making history too fast for time to set it down. I am writing at the table of a bedroom in a big Hotel in Rome, & I can only begin the story by saying that we have a wonderful God - more wonderful than we knew!

I must go back a bit further to get it all into focus.

It was 3 or 4 months ago that we heard from America that some 600 delegates to the Sunday School Convention in Rome would be landing in Algiers in the middle of May - that their programme included a three hours drive, but that their leaders were anxious to bring the missionary question to the fore in the convention & would wish to come in contact with the missionaries in Algiers.

to learn the conditions under which work was carried on would we arrange for this, especially noting that Bishop Hartzell of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America would be on board & was anxious to study the Moslem question.

Our first feeling was dismay - 600 of them in for an hour or so what could we show them or tell them in that? & moreover what could we shew or tell, that would seem to Americans, with their keen minds & large ideas, worth looking at or hearing about. No schools - no hospitals - no organisation no results to speak of that could be shewn for close on twenty years fight in Algiers. Should we be able to help discouraging them!

The old clue came back - that difficulty is the very atmosphere of miracle - it is miracle in its first stage - & we

brought the puzzle to God, knowing that as C. G. Moore says  
"we may be absolutely sure of an unperplexed & undis-  
mayed Saviour" -

All that came, to begin with, was to send a printed circular  
to be distributed on each ship (it resolved itself into their  
coming on two successive days) inviting a band of 50 or 60  
representatives to come to Rue Croissant each day to meet such  
missionaries as we could muster for an informal gathering  
we told them straight out the state of the case - that all was  
still in the initial stage everywhere & that they must take us  
as they found us - Then bit by bit as we prayed the outline  
of things evolved - we must use Eye-gate more than Ear-gate &  
bring into the court all that would speak for itself - maps with



their wofully thin "firing line" of stations & the still sadder record  
 given in tiny red flags, of places visited by iteration & left again  
 to their darkness - photographs of the pathetic Christless faces of in-  
 land tribes, & such like things with a few Bible verses interwoven - we  
 must gather a few from the tiny native brotherhood to help in the short  
 meeting in the mosque below as the friends came in, & some of the women  
 & children for the women kind among them to visit in the Arab room  
 above - We settled with one consent, that we would believe  
 in God to use the very weakness of it all, & to keep us all intent on  
 showing, not what we had done, but what we had not done - we gave  
 it into His hands too the matter of the time - limit - Of a day with  
 Him is as a thousand years He could make much of an hour!  
 In the last days before they arrived, we made friends with Mr Hartzell

the Bishop's wife, she was with us for the monthly conference day at Dar  
kaama & brought a breath of American width of view - (they do truly  
think in continents) & a deeper breath of limitless faith in God - we  
have to be big enough to enter into His plans" as she said.

Her husband is Bishop for Africa (an American scale again) & they  
feel the hope for Africa lies in the Negro races. These lie between two  
fires now - Roman Catholicism encroaching from the south, Islam from  
the north. They (the Hartells) have been pushing forward in the south  
of late it has been on their minds that a blow must be dealt to  
Islam from the north, & for this they had planned a reconnoitring  
when the Sunday School Conference was over, making their point  
of entrance the Eastern Soudan - - - - -

Next day after that, the first boat was in port. Our new friends

came crowding into the skiffa - strong middle aged men most of them with kindly hand grips. We have just  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour said Mr. Warren their leader "the carriages are waiting above".

That was a fresh claim on God & His promise about the thousand years! - They were kindness & warmth itself, & long out stayed their  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, giving time for a 5 or 10 minutes rally at the end in which we shewed them the Indian panorama of 150,000 souls, running it across the court from side to side with its terrible sight of ever opening crowded pages - terrible when it means as it does with us, the proportion of Arabs in Algeria to every Arabic speaking missionary - Ouly, that, & the question "Lord what wilt thou have me to do"? & they were gone.

They left behind them a strange longing to see them again - a strong

conviction that something lay behind their visit. All had been so weak on the human side, & yet we knew that God had taken hold. So strong grew this feeling that I sent off next day a letter to W<sup>ro</sup> Hartzele saying that if things were ripening in such a way as to point it out as God's will, Blanche & I could go over & meet them in Rome but on no account were they to send the telegram unless convinced of this -

The second ship's detachment came & went & left the same sense of strong loving sympathy. "Thou who doest not fail & art never discouraged, bless our friends" are the words that still echo from the last prayer they prayed before leaving -

On the human side nothing seemed likely to come of the letter it was improbable that it would reach in time to summon us. Yet we

felt impelled to get all ready for going & the burden only increased in tension as the days passed & no wire came. I have never felt anything like the pressure of it.

The waiting days were lit up by a lovely glimpse of what God was unfolding - three or four years ago it had come again & again to pray for 5 new workers - 4 women & a man - why just that one could not say. Last year, beginning in January & ending in December, God gave us the exact number in the exact proportion but one of them, Isabel Grantoff, was still in abeyance as to certainty. On the Thursday of that week I sent off the letter that clenched her return in October.

Next day came a letter from Mr. Warren the leader of the Roumanian telling that deep interest had been roused on home

& that a double fund was being raised - men for the men - women for the women - for new workers to be sent.

It came with a flood of joy - to give you an end & an expectation - "a land of far distances" - as soon as the skyline of that long ago prayer was reached - Hallelujah! it came too as a fresh light on this feeling of pressure towards going to Rome. But the telegram could have come by now, & I could not feel we were to go without it. Finally it came to the crew. The last boat, as far as we knew that could take us in time for the end of the convention, was due to start at 6 p.m. By 5 our boxes were locked & Blanche was in her travelling gear, 6 struck & nothing had happened. At 6.15 I went in there & said what does it mean? I cannot unpack these things? At 6.20 came a knock & the

shout of "telegrams" from the street below it was "come".  
 An hour later our luggage was at the office (caught in the act of closing) of another boat unexpectedly leaving early next morning which brought us in for all that we had hoped for - the last 2 days of the conference.

There is no describing those two days: they brought seal after seal on our "concern" as the old Quakers used to tell it, about coming - God had been working mightily. Mr. Hartzell met us at the station, on our way to look for rooms, & carried us off to be guests of the dear people at their Hotel, & told us all about it - when they (the Hartzells) went back on board the *Romantic* the evening of the 8<sup>th</sup> they found the ship on fire with caring & loving & longing to help. - By

the close of the next day the women had raised enough for the support of 2 women workers for 3 years & the men for 3 men workers for 3 years & that was only the beginning of Gods outcome - more is yet to unfold that is not ripe enough to tell freely yet, but which made it needful to talk it all out in detail with our friends before they separated. All I can tell now is that one & another, men who had grown old in Gods service - said that they had never seen such a marvellously swift working of Gods power as in those days on board between Algiers & Naples. One after another said "It is God" - will those at home help in faith for His fruition?... For long before they left America the leaders had been praying that it might



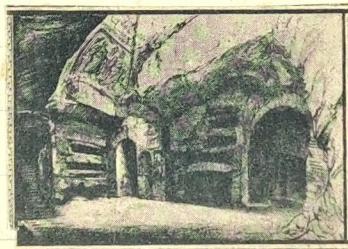
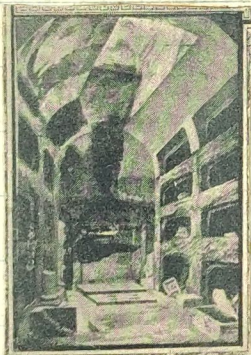
be a missionary convention & He gave them exactly what they asked, as the stream of testimonies in the last meeting told.

To us the crown of it, in what concerns Algiers was the revelation of the way that God can use weakness, if we had been able to shew them a satisfactory, well set up little work, it would never have appealed to their dear warm hearts, as did the sight of us fighting against heavy odds. It was literally "the things that are not" that He took up into His service those days of their landing.

May 28<sup>th</sup>

The greater part of our new friends - friends they are, we feel for life - left on Friday - All over the States - North, South, East,

& best, we have heard knittings & prayer linkings that will weave mighty things for God's Kingdom among us. Since then these 3 days have been spent at every possible interval in close talk with the Hartzells over the problems of Muslim work. Our one bit of "play" was on Saturday afternoon & had a great fitness in it; a drive with them to the catacombs of



Domitilla to realise as never yet, how the foundations of the Church were laid in sacrifice to the uttermost - In the room where the agapes were held of old, we had our first prayer meeting asking God that the same Spirit may flow from Christ our Head to ever His first born from North Africa, for the thorny path that lies before them as before their unknown brothers of old.

Tunis May 29<sup>th</sup>

The last link in God's guiding of our journey is visible now owing to Whit Sunday holidays we were unable to get return tickets, now we see that it was to be free to come round this way & tell our fellow missionaries the story of these last weeks on their bearing on the future of the work - Only since our landing here have we discovered that no other way

would have been possible, owing to a strike on the French steamers, so the path is clenched again.

Over leaf lies Tunis - a tiny bit of it - dotted here & there in the great native quarters with the houses of the missionaries like lights in a tunnel - In hunting them out we explored the town from end to end - We take Bizerte, Bone, & Constantine on the way home, the only gleams of light for the Arab race in a stretch of land the length of Northumberland to the South Coast measuring it from east to west & southward

Constantine June 5<sup>th</sup>

Our last stage today, & homeward tomorrow with hearts full of praise - Last time we were here was in the darkest hour



TUNIS. — Panorama pris du Dar-El-Bey. — LL.

before the dawn, when all seemed one big heart ache over the official shutting off from the dear "South Land" below. How fresh horizons are everywhere, if God will crown the things He has been doing by sending harvesters for His harvest -

I must put in one more postcard. A Tunis country girl with her strong merry face - Is there not an appeal in its child like "abandon" -

"Sadly contented with the show of things" - The scraps of heads around her are town children with their quaint head-dresses + long straight gowns - fascinating little people, delicate featured, slim + agile - crowds + crowds of them everywhere, uncared for still save in little groups here + there.



TUNISIE. — Une bédouine.

Coll. EDA



Algiers June 16

Algiers is going on much as usual = the growing point seems one that had started into life a few days before we left. Back in the winter Fata had said how glad she would be if her little Fatima could come every day & learn gargaf (a native embroidery by which once mastered, they can always earn) - a month or two later another woman asked the same for her little Hawaouch - a tiny creature brimming with fun & laughter. Then 2 or 4 weeks ago we were asked to take an older girl, inclined to be troublesome. So we made arrangements for them to be escorted to & fro by an eminently respectable woman, for the native streets are not fit for little maidens to pass & repass alone.



how it is all running smoothly, in a corner of the court  
 curtained off for them - they stay the morning, & get their  
 gargar lesson from M<sup>lle</sup> Gayral, & a bit of Bible lesson from  
 Annie & are very sweet & rather naughty. Another was waiting  
 for my return for leave to join, & since then two more  
 have applied, so they are a little band of 6 now, - a  
 nucleus perhaps of something in the future. I have had  
 a dream for years, of a Christian embroidery school for the  
 age between childhood & girl hood, when the heart is so  
 tender God-ward

That is the best of Algiers news - there are other things that  
 need prayer - there is a soul flaying in two or three of the  
 women that makes us sad - sad more than surprised

when we ourselves feel as we do the dead weight of its spiritual oppressiveness. Is it all & only, "the oppression of the enemy" or is it something amiss in our dealing with them some want of providing an outflow for the Spirit life that produces a marsh instead of a stream. There are three specially for whom prayer is needed. Aisha of Impassation, Chradidah the milk seller's wife & I fear also Fatima mother of the little Omar who was "put to sleep by Jesus" last autumn - Her being seemed to receive a shock then that it has never recovered. Pray for them & for us in our shepherding of them.

Work among the tads has been at a standstill as all 3 of our men workers are away until the end of the month

I told I think in the winter of Boualein & Hassan, two young fellows who had been touched & had fallen again under their old temptation of drink. Hassan was sent to prison for 4 months for getting into a street broil. Boualein was so troubled that he deliberately got himself taken up too, so as to be with him! Now they are just out again. Bring them to God.

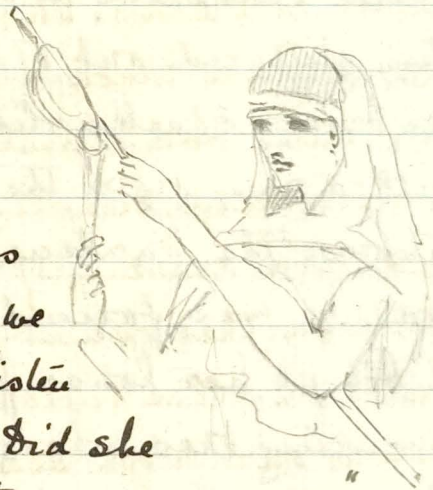
June 26<sup>th</sup>

And now one more scene shifting before this journal goes its way - for Annie & I have had a week in the killages. That means ten times what will go into the pages that are left, & all that can be done is to choose out an hour here & there for you to look at & pray over -

Do you realize Blida as more than a name? It stands at the foot of the nearest mountain range, 30 miles off - The crest above it is crowned with a cedar forest, & dips down again into a long valley running parallel with the coast & full of villages. Those at the western end have been visited now & again through spending a night at one or another - this time we wanted to make our way through to the Eastern end, sleeping in the only one in that direction that had had one ray of light, Ajem by name, & coming out at the further opening, where a French village, Rovigo is a centre for other untouched villages -

Below our first sleeping place, a French inn above Blida, lay a straggling village that we had visited 2 or 3 times

before, Houk Faraoum by name, In the first 2 hours there was little response. then came a tough bit sitting on a wall with a group of women; the head woman stony & two old crows chattering incessantly alongside & quite irrepressible. Then there came down from the house above another middle aged woman with a cane spindle & a keen face. She sat somewhat at the back of the group, & went on with her spinning & we gradually felt that this was the one soul who was taking in what we were saying. So leaving the others to listen or not, we faced round to her - asking. Did she understand? "Our heads have nothing in them - we are cattle" was



her answer. "But Jesus wants your hearts, not your heads" said Annie. "Our hearts are shut up" she answered.

"No they are not shut up - you want to hear - that shows they are not shut up."

Tears gathered in the caverns of her eyes - gathered till they glittered out of the caverns into the sunlight & stood on the brown cheeks & little by little the face lighted from within with a ray from the other Sun - He had found His way through the darkness & He is strong enough to keep the way he has found. Glory be to His name!

A bit at her house followed, & then at another of the uncaring ones who just asked us in as the curiosity of the day & then our old hobbling guide took us to a Kharroufa

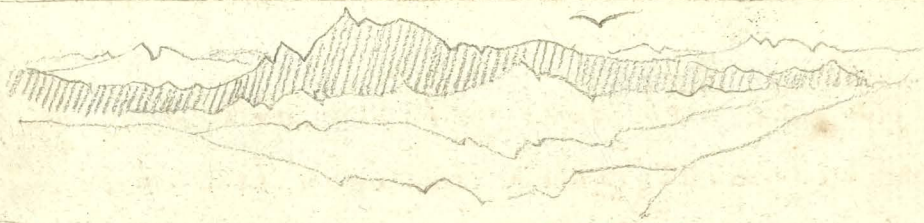
whom I wanted to see. Last time I was in that village 5 years ago she was a young thing with wistful brown eyes now already she was middle aged & the wistfulness was gone & her face had sunk into good natured common place. We were showing these two pictures; the lost sheep & the found sheep: they were almost too far from civilization to understand pictures. & I was just going to roll them up & talk without them when a younger woman Fatima bent Mourie, seemed to waken to the meaning, & wished to look again, especially at the last one of the sheep on the shoulders of the shepherd, going down the bare hillside against a clear morning sky. I unrolled the other - the sheep caught in the thornbush on a precipice & said "which are you like"? She pointed to the one on the Shepherd's Shoulders.

“ko, ko” I said “you are not there yet” she looked puzzled.  
“Ask her what she means” suggested Annie - & then it came out  
that it had all unknowing been near a case of quenching  
a bit of smoking flax. As a young girl down in her home in the  
river bed she had heard that He saves & she had cried to Him  
to save her & now every bit that we could tell her of His love, &  
His joy at hearing her call, stirred the glow.

One cannot call them converts, these dear souls, but they  
are all in village after village on the mountains, souls facing  
the dawn, & receiving up to the limit of their capacity its first  
glimmer. Do you wonder we want to go on & on & find them  
& bring them within the Lord's reach.

Such a sight we had of the mountain land from the





cedar ridge next morning - chain beyond chain of crests we counted as many as 10 or 11 one behind another & each one meant, we knew well on its slopes & in its river bed, hamlets unnumbered a life time's work, whichever way one turned & no one to do it. In the first hamlet, found down they listened in a dim half-comprehending way to the new story "nobody has told us. we do not understand very much. nobody ever comes down here" that was their



apology for not taking in more = is not the apology due from another side!

The husband of the pretty girl wife overleaf came along to show us the way to the main village - His soul was more awake - "we have no one to teach us" he said "there used to be a good marabout here who told us not to lie & steal - now there is only a marabout who tells us bad things & has thrown all the good words of the other into the water, no one tells us any good words now" - Had they anyone in the village who could read we asked, no, there was one up on the mountains far away the only other was on the opposite side of the river that meant 3000 ft of the blue depth below - "we have no one to tell us anything good" he repeated & his words had a

ring of Louping. Praise God for the High Priest of "the igurach & them that are out of the way": He drew near to that man that afternoon & to his sister too. Will you think of them sometimes shut away in their mountains from any further touch of help from the human side?

There were others like them in the next village, where we passed the night (sleeping is a metaphorical term in these huts even with the help of hammocks!) but space fails & I will go on to another lonely soul who touched our hearts.

He was the marabout of one of the hill villages above Rovigo. It is not often that we go to these men; unless God leads to them, the chances are that they will only raise the wind. Here God had led May & Annie last summer through the

mule driver being his nephew. They had had little chance of direct talk, only had left a gospel & some tracts. He would understand the purpose of our visit now - would he receive us again?

We wondered as we went through his sacred olives with their thatched mosque (the frontispiece is very like it all) & along the bed of the stream that led to his house. He came to meet us - a tall grave middle aged man with a gentle expression.

Instantly he brought us into his special sanctum arranged our seats & ordered coffee. Poor man he was on thorns, he wanted to listen, but his wife came in & out & then his younger son a mischievous looking lad of 16 kept buzzing round, so to speak, eluding all attempts to get rid



of him, he was always back again, sickle in hand, outlined in sunlight against the dark background of the court well within earshot. At last both were got rid of, & the marabout listened nervously, we asked him if he liked the books; he looked down on the ground in silence - a silence that shewed far more understanding than any shallow assent; it showed too that his soul was true. Then he came back with us along the river bed, & once & again would stop to let the mule drivers get a-head & have a word alone & took our address to come & see us in Algiers.

We left him & them outside the roadside café, & went up on foot to the next village above. We came back to the café to a sight that did our hearts good. The marabout had got hold of the book bag & was deliberately looking over the tracts, choosing them out

giving a little pile to each of a couple of men who were sitting alongside. With this step out towards the light, a strange look of peace rested on his face.

A hope comes for him as we see how God timed the first ray for last year he gave up his post as reader at the mosque to his elder son, in a measure he is thus free to step out.. at home, never - "A man's foes shall be those of his own household."

- - - - -  
and with this last prayer call to you who know how to pray. we send out this journal to 3.

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Being holiday month, please add in re' addressing "Kindly forward, unless abroad"

Miss Bewley. 22 Calverley Park. Cambridge Wells.

Miss Butler.

Miss E. Ditmer. 42 Upper Grosvenor Road Cambridge Wells.

Miss Whidder. 19 Richmond Terrace. Blackburn.

Mr Saxwell. <sup>Broomholyn</sup> ~~Broomholyn~~ Laughton. N.B.

Miss Clifford. 152 Redland Road. Bristol.

Mr E. Trotter. Waxwell Farm. Pinner

Miss Julia Adams. Well House - Meopham. Kent

Miss Agnes Clifford. Bettytown House. near Drogheda. Ireland

Edward Genny Esq. 1<sup>st</sup> Tardis. Aldenbrook E. Manor Park. London. E

Miss S. Nugent. 29 Gator Terrace. London. S.W.

Miss Deacon. Mableton. Cambridge Wells

to be returned  
as overleaf

Copy NO. 4

To be returned to

J. L. Trotter

2 Rue du Croissant. Algiers.