

Lillian Trasher

The Nile Mother

by

Lester F. Sumrall

Author, "Fifty Thousand Miles of
Missionary Miracles," "Through
Blood and Fire in Latin America,"
"Sumrall's Short Stories," etc.

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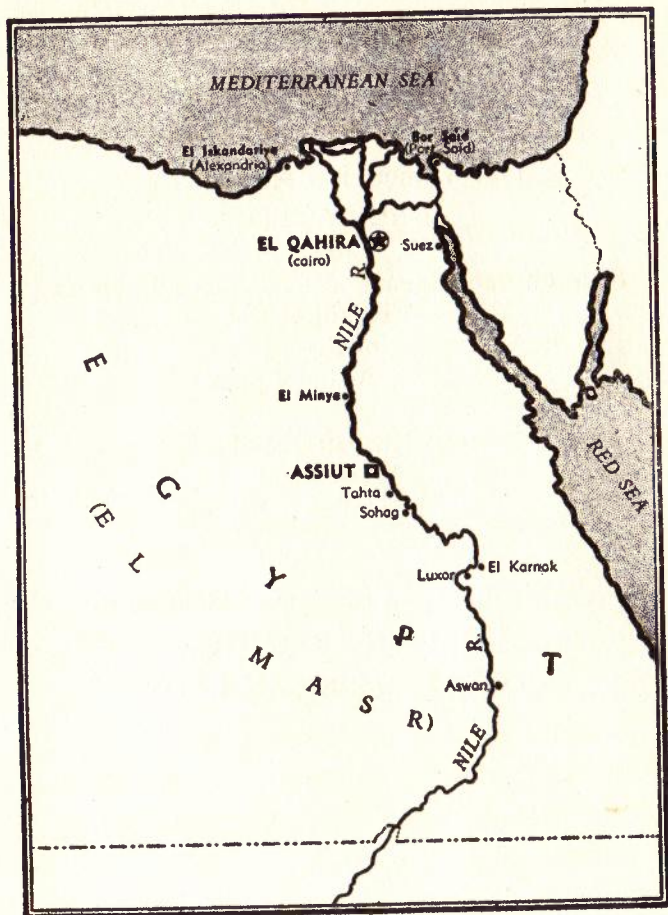
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This Volume is Appreciatively
DEDICATED
to
Four outstanding and magnanimous Egyptian
Families
of the
City of Assiut, Egypt—

The Khayatt Family
The Wessa Family
The Alexan Pasha Family
The Hanna Makiel Family

for their long and continuous kindness to
LILLIAN TRASHER
A GREAT AMERICAN LADY



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Foreword

by

Lord Maclay of Glasgow, Scotland

It has been said, "With God there is no limit to a consecrated life," and truly this applies to Miss Lillian Trasher.

Early in life Miss Trasher made the great decision to become a missionary of Christ—giving up home, friendships, worldly comforts for His cause, and with a faithfulness not to be exceeded she has surely well fulfilled her vow.

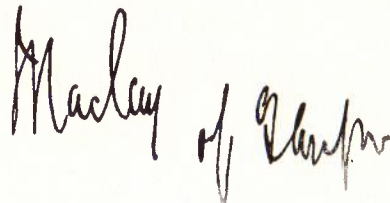
Egypt was her chosen field of service—one of the most important of the Moslem countries.

Over the years she has brought into being one of the largest and best equipped orphanages for children and needy ones in all the East. What her loving labor has meant to many thousands is more than words can tell.

It was my privilege to visit the Orphanage, and nothing could exceed my admiration of Lillian Trasher and her tremendous work.

But the life story of Miss Trasher, as published in this volume, must be left to convey to readers the value and immensity of the work accomplished which has proved so great a blessing to Egypt.

It is hoped that God may spare Miss Trasher for many years to come to continue her great work, but certain it is that her name will be long held in affectionate remembrance for all her loving labors.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Maclay of Glasgow". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the printed name on the adjacent page.

How a Book Was Born

IN FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD BY GIGANTIC STRATOLINERS, accompanied by Charles Blair and Ernest Reb, we engaged in a thrilling global crusade for Christ.

Egypt was one of our main objectives where Philip Crouch had organized meetings for us from Cairo to Sohag. Assiut was one of the principal centers where special evangelistic rallies were conducted in various churches.

In Assiut we were the house guests of Miss Lillian Trasher at her orphanage. We felt honored with the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with "Mama Lillian" and one of the "biggest families in the world!"

Philip Crouch met us at the railway station about midnight. When we arrived at the orphanage I could not resist looking in some of the dormitories to see some of the kiddies as they rested in this great home of rest for weary waifs. It was thrilling!

We were actually inside "orphanage city" surrounded by a community of nearly one thousand. Besides this about two thousand Egyptians live just outside the walls, for the lone reason that they desire to live near one of the greatest living persons in modern Egypt.

As I journeyed to Assiut, I had wondered how Lillian Trasher could carry the tremendous burden

of her work—the anxiety of having nearly one thousand mouths daily looking to her for food; the problem of what to do for two or three hundred boys and more girls; to clothe, to train and then to send forth these children into an unchristian society to make their way!

We found the answer the first hour after our arrival. Lillian had retired, but in the guest room we found a pot of hot chocolate awaiting us and a handwritten note which read: "WELCOME TO ASSIUT. Here is a pot of hot chocolate for the weary travelers. Lillian." This was evidence of the thoughtfulness of the Nile Mother. Signing only her given name revealed friendliness and a humble spirit.

The following day I met a big, happy, jovial, laughing, playful American lady. She carried no serious look of profound care—as if she was worrying about the one thousand to feed! (Possibly she thought I was doing enough worrying for both of us!) We noticed that she constantly spread laughter and sunshine throughout the entire orphanage. Wherever she worked—in sewing room, classroom, assembly room, hospital room—she radiated happiness with her broad smile and keen sense of humour.

When I inquired as to how she carried the great burden of this enormous charitable institution she related the following story:

"One day I was traveling in a subway in New York City. Standing near me was a young man who was holding his suitcase in hand. The case looked heavy and there was room for it on the floor. I wanted to tell him to set it down, but restrained

myself as we were strangers. Finally we exchanged greetings and he confided in me that he had just arrived from Texas and was quite nervous about being alone in the great city. He asked me where Times Square was and I told him I would show him as I was passing that way. The conversation seemed to remove his tenseness and he slowly let his heavy suitcase rest on the floor. Then I pondered: 'How very much like the boy from Texas are we all. With our restless spirits we carry needless burdens all the day long. The one thing we need to be sure of is that we are in the will of God, and that we are working according to His purpose, for, "Faithful is He who has called you, who will also do it."' "

Lillian began to relive the forty years of orphanage activities with zest and inspired eloquence. I broke in on her amazing stories with a question: "Is all this in print? Does the Christian world know about this sensational book of miracles from the fertile Nile Valley?"

With the same joyful mirth that characterized all her conversion she said: "Well, that is what God sent you to Egypt for!"

To say I was shocked is to put the matter mildly. I had thought it might be my honor to write an article about the Nile Mother but I had never dreamed that she would delegate me to write her story in a biography.

I promised her to do my best. She loaded me with important pictures, letters, pamphlets—and a few days of almost constant dictation.

That is the way a book was born!

Introducing "Mama"

Tragedy struck an Egyptian home. A man by the name of Seif, angered by his wife's unfaithfulness, slew her. The authorities placed him in prison. A little daughter, then eight years old, named Alice, was admitted to the Lillian Trasher orphanage as she now had no one to keep her.

Alice was quite happy in the orphanage with the hundreds of other boys and girls. Once a week, one of the older children at the orphanage took her to visit her father in prison. When Alice would return, she invariably begged Miss Trasher to go with her some time to see her father. Alice explained that she had been telling him what a wonderful "mama" she had found! The father said he wanted to see Miss Trasher in order to thank her personally for her great kindness to his little daughter.

To please Alice, Miss Trasher went with her to the prison. The jailer opened the great door; ahead of them was a row of cells with dozens of dirty, bearded Egyptian criminals. As the jailer brought Mr. Seif to see his daughter and Miss Trasher little Alice waved vigorously at the shaggy, black-faced criminal and cried, "Papa, look, here's Mama!"

Miss Trasher was terribly embarrassed at the moment but she knows that to myriads of modern Egyptians she is affectionately known as "Mama."

A BUSINESSMAN

"Have you met Mama?" an Egyptian businessman asked me in Cairo as I boarded a train for Upper Egypt.

"No! Have you been to the orphanage?" I replied, thinking possibly I was conversing with one who had formerly lived at the orphanage.

He smilingly answered, "No, I have not enjoyed that special privilege as yet, but one of my greatest hopes is that I can soon go and visit 'Mama' and all her children!"

So, a man who had never seen the orphanage—along with multiplied thousands of modern Egyptians—affectionately call Miss Lillian Trasher "Mama."

Indeed, to many in the land of Egypt, Lillian Trasher seems as ageless as the Sphinx, enduring as the Pyramids, and fruitful as the Nile valley! The present generation in Egypt has grown up to take a great American woman for granted. Egyptian newspapers and magazines constantly write complimentary stories of their largest charitable institution. In the province where the orphanage is located the governor sponsors an annual event, which we would call "Lillian Trasher Day," when large amounts of money are raised by public subscription for her orphanage.

Without fear of contradiction we would say that few women in modern times have single-handedly evoked the praise and public approval of Lillian Trasher. Rarely has a modern woman demonstrated the spirited audacity, the native pluck, the persevering persuasiveness of this woman.

Kings and queens, noblemen and statesmen, newspapermen, business people, college personnel travel through the wide portals of her orphanage and exclaim, "Miracle, Miracle!" Which in truth it is.

Lillian Trasher has accomplished that which no other person in the Near East, and in no land which is called a mission field in Christian terminology has accomplished. She planted a Christian institution in Egypt and it flourished so well in native soil that all the workers are Egyptian except Miss Trasher and Philip and Hazel Crouch. Half of the financial responsibility of this institution, which has cared for approximately 6,000 souls, is paid in Egyptian coinage.

This is a signal success, worthy of such a volume as you are about to read, and should claim a place of pre-eminence among missionary-minded Christians.

APPRECIATION

The author desires to express hearty appreciation to Noel Perkin, Philip Crouch, Florence Christie, Jerome Beatty, the Editors of "Reader's Digest," "Who's Who in America," and others who have recorded events in the life of Lillian Trasher, for their kind permission to quote from their writings.

Chapter One

A Tender Vine

" . . . I have seen the affliction of my people which is in Egypt, and I have heard their groanings, and am come down to deliver them. And now come, I will send thee into Egypt."

A Tender Vine

LILLIAN HUNT TRASHER was born in Jacksonville, Florida, September 27, 1887. Her father, a successful businessman, was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts. For years he was associated with a prominent asphalt paving company with headquarters in Chicago operating paving projects between the Great Lakes and the Florida Coast.

JANE C. HUNT TRASHER, Lillian's mother, was born in Waterloo, Seneca County, New York. She received her advanced education at Vassar College. Her mother came from a strict Quaker family. They attended church regularly and had daily worship in the home. The famous pulpiteer, Henry Ward Beecher, was personal friend and spiritual counselor of the family.

LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER

Lillian's father and mother were married in the famous "Little Church Around the Corner" in the heart of New York City, where the year 1950 records that one hundred thousand weddings have been performed at its altar.

A QUAKER TURNS ROMAN CATHOLIC

The family of Lillian's mother was prosperous, enjoying the best of Victorian luxury. Every year members of her family took vacations in Europe—visiting England, France, Switzerland, Italy, and other countries.

It was on one of those prolonged trips that Lillian's mother became particularly enamoured with a Roman Catholic friend in Rome. This friend introduced her to all the pomp and pageantry of the Vatican. Through much persuasion and gross misinterpreting of church history this friend led Lillian's mother to renounce her Quaker faith and become a Roman Catholic.

As is sometimes the case with those who join the Roman church in adulthood, Lillian's mother became a hot-fired zealot of the church. She promised the priest to bring her children up in the strictest Catholic discipline. And this she did.

LIVING FOR ANOTHER

You no doubt have read of some living person filling the mission of another who had prematurely died? This is Lillian's dramatic position. She had an older sister named Lillian, who was affectionately called "Middie" by the family. When little "Middie" was only ten months old she died. Mrs. Trasher was broken-hearted over the loss of her infant. For many months she refused to be consoled. Because of this tragedy she wept daily during the unborn

life of the one, who was also named Lillian, but who was never called "Middie," but "Lillie."

An older sister wrote Lillian recently and said: "Yes, before you were born, and strange to say it is all as plain as yesterday, though I was only six years old, dear Mama called me to her bed one night and her eyes filled with tears as she told me we were to soon have a new baby. She assured me the baby would be named LILLIAN and she would take the place of little "Middie."

Lillian strongly feels that this pre-natal influence has much to do with her destiny. She not only lives to take the place of her dead sister but *has become a mother to more than six thousand* blind, maimed, orphaned and widowed Egyptians!

GEORGE MUELLER AND LILLIAN TRASHER

Speaking momentarily in the vein of destiny, it is interesting to note that Lillian Trasher was born on the same day of the year as the renowned George Mueller of Bristol, England, who founded the great orphanage in that city. Miss Trasher has received much inspiration from the faith and courage recorded of George Mueller. In actual life she has been a shining model of his noble example.

GROWING

Lillian was a healthy child, possessing all the zest for living that she retains today. In her home by the sea she enjoyed fishing, gathering oysters, riding "Tony," the old family horse, and that without

bridle or saddle. During these years a healthy mind and body was developing to be used for Christ in a far-off land.

A BIBLELESS HOME

Because of her mother's fanatical response to the dogma of the Roman church, Lillian never remembers seeing a Holy Bible until she was *sixteen years old!* Miss Trasher says of this:

"I am appalled to realize that in what is called Christian America I grew up not knowing anything about the greatest book ever written. I discovered the Bible in Atlanta, Georgia, while visiting in the home of a friend. I saw a book lying on a table and its cover read 'Holy Bible.' 'Oh! this is a Bible!' I exclaimed. 'I have heard of this book.' I picked it up and read for the first time from the world's greatest piece of literature!"

A BIRTHDAY GIFT

When Lillian returned home she told her mother she had seen a Bible and very much desired to have one of her own to read. Mrs. Trasher promised her daughter one for her birthday, which was only a few weeks distant, but Lillian, with the same forcefulness which she has so constantly demonstrated in later life, and with the same indomitable spirit that later caused her to found the largest church institution in the Near East, replied, "Mother, I wish it now, and I shall not expect anything else on my birthday." The mother purchased a Bible, and Lillian writes, "Oh, the wonder of reading for the first time the

precious Word of God!"

LEADING MOTHER BACK TO THE FOLD

It was this Bible that shed light across Lillian's pathway of life, and it was Lillian who eventually led her dear mother back from the error of Catholicism. Before her mother died she testified of knowing Christ Jesus personally and experimentally for sins forgiven. It brings great rejoicing to Lillian's heart, because she was the instrument God used to bring her own precious mother back into the true fold of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A NEIGHBORLY LIGHT

Lillian was drawn nearer to her great life's work when a Christian neighbor in Brunswick, Ga., came to visit her family. It was a Christmas day, and as the two families chatted about many things of mutual interest, the neighbor, knowing the Trashers were of the Catholic faith, still let his Christian light shine. Quietly he related the story of his life, telling how very wicked he had been, and how Christ had miraculously and instantly transformed his life. Lillian remembers that she got a little stool and drew it up close to his side, not missing a word that he said. Before departing he remarked, "We have a little prayer meeting at our house every Wednesday evening and would be happy to have you come when convenient."

After this Lillian begged her mother to permit her to go and see what a prayer meeting was like. But Lillian did not wait for the prayer meeting; the

very next day she found an opportunity to visit the Judson Bunkleys and to tell Mrs. Bunkley some more of the good news she had heard the night before. The lady explained that it was wash day and she was very busy. But irrepressible Lillian replied, "If you will tell me more about religion I will help you with the wash!" For a few hours that day Lillian listened to the Word of God expounded from the lips of a faithful housewife, as they washed the clothes and hung them out to dry.

CLAY IN THE POTTER'S HAND

God had definitely gotten hold of Lillian's heart. She remembers going alone into a wooded section near the home and kneeling beside a log and praying. One day while alone with God among the bushes, with the birds singing joyfully about her she felt the mighty power of God surge through her being. She felt joy like the birds and peace like the whispering pine trees about her. This hour was the beginning of a new Lillian. She remembers this spiritual crisis as the hour when she was born again. A few days after this she was walking in the fields picking wild flowers. When her arms were full of fragrant, fresh flowers she took them to a quiet place and kneeling in the woods said: "Lord, I do wish I had something more to give to You, but I have nothing but these flowers." Lillian offered her Saviour the wild flowers as solemnly and earnestly as she later gave her life to Him and went to Egyptian fields to pluck little flowers for the Master.

THE NEWSPAPER JOB

It is amazing how near Lillian came to missing her great mission in life. By natural gift she is an artist. She has published two books of illustrated pen drawings in Egypt. One day she answered an ad for an illustrator in the *Atlanta Georgian*. She took a bundle of art work and presented it to the editor. She was asked to return the following day for the final decision. On the morrow Lillian returned but did not see the same man again. His assistant told her someone else had the job—not knowing that she was the one previously interviewed. A few days later she saw the chief of the art department of the *Georgian* and he asked why she had not returned for her job. Lillian informed him that the other man had told her that another applicant was preferred.

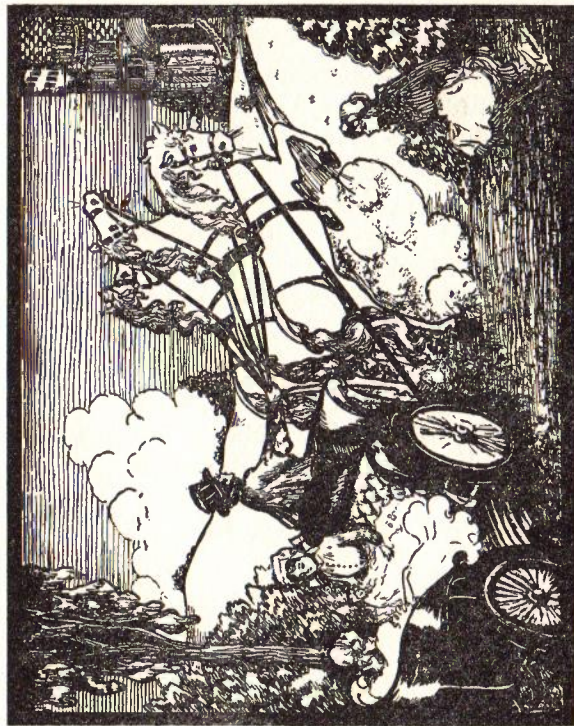
Immediately Lillian was conscious that God had guided her in this matter. She assisted in several evangelistic campaigns and then in 1905, when eighteen years of age, Lillian attended GOD'S BIBLE SCHOOL, Cincinnati, Ohio. For one term in this Bible institute godly teachers taught Lillian the Word which she was destined to use so effectively in teaching thousands of children in the land of Egypt, so full of historic interest.

THE PERMIT

Lillian would designate her "call" to the mission field a "permit." Many times she knelt in prayer and pleaded with God to permit her to be a mis-



Copy of Original Drawing for Miss Trasher's
Book of Fables



Copy of Original Drawing for Miss Trasher's Book of Fables

sionary. She approached God's recruiting office as a volunteer into the great foreign legion of Christ's Kingdom.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

At the time of her call to the mission field Lillian was assisting Miss Mattie Perry in her orphanage in Marion, North Carolina. Again God was preparing her for her life work, though she was not aware of it. Also Lillian, now twenty-three years old, was engaged to be married to a young minister. She often spoke to him about missionary work in Africa, and of her call to that work. Her fiance repeatedly assured Lillian of his love for her and his determination to marry her, but that he felt no call or burden to do missionary work.

Lillian weighed the matter in her heart every day. Finally, ten days before the wedding, Lillian told him her call must come first. Though it was a crushing blow to her she broke the engagement, and went to her room and again consecrated her all to the Saviour. She said, "Lord, now I am ready to go!"

FIVE DOLLARS PLUS GOD

The tremendous faith of Miss Trasher is seen when she moved toward Egypt with only five dollars in her possession. It is a classic in faith how her needs were supplied. She relates it this way:

"One evening I went to hear a missionary from India speak. During her address I felt that NOW I must go as a missionary to Africa. I had but five dollars in my possession, since I had spent all my

money arranging for my wedding which was to have taken place just ten days from that time. But knowing that the young man did not wish to go to Africa, and not daring to disobey the call of God, I determined to go myself. After packing my trunk I told my friends I was ready to start. A few of them handed me eighteen dollars in all to help me on my way. Just then I heard of a Missionary Conference being held in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and I decided to go there and learn what I could from the different missionaries. In this way I hoped to discover to what part of Africa God was calling me. I handed my money to Miss Perry for safe keeping. She put it in her desk, and her sister, not knowing that it was mine, used it to pay a debt.

"I did not learn of this until I was ready to start for the train. My friends tried to help me out, but not one seemed to have enough money to make up the eighteen dollars. Some money was handed me, but not enough to pay my way to Pittsburgh. As everyone was waiting to bid me good-bye—for I was starting for Africa—I did not want to disappoint them by not going. Accordingly, I decided to go as far as my money would take me. Upon inquiry I found that I had enough to get to Washington, D.C. I had never been to that city and knew no one there. But Miss Perry said she had a friend there to whom she would give me a note of introduction, and with whom she thought I might remain until she could send me the rest of the money for my fare to Pittsburgh.

"In due time I reached Washington, found Miss Perry's friend, and handed her the note of introduction, 'Oh, I am so sorry,' she said, 'but I cannot take you in as I am entertaining a missionary family from Assiut, Egypt; but come in and have some lunch.' The missionary was Reverend Brelsford, to whom I was introduced as a missionary to Africa. 'To what part of Africa are you going?' asked Mr. Brelsford.

" 'Why—I—don't know.'

" 'Oh, I see! What board did you say you were going out under?'

" 'I'm not going out under any board.'

" 'Your family are sending you out, I suppose?'

" 'Oh no! My family are not in favor of my going at all.'

" 'Well, have you your fare?'

" 'I have one dollar.'

"Perhaps I'd better not try to tell you all that Mr. Brelsford said or thought, but I can still hear him telling me to go home to my mother. But I did not go home; I went to Africa, as God called me. 'Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it.'

"One of the ladies, gave up her room to me and I remained there a day or two. Before I left Mr. Brelsford asked me to join his work in Assiut, Egypt. I replied, 'Well, since I had no intention of stopping over in Washington, perhaps the Lord led me here just to meet you.' I soon felt that I was to accept his offer and go to Egypt.

"I then went to Pittsburgh. I only had twenty-five cents when I arrived. Furthermore, my trunk fell off the wagon and was badly smashed, but the conference people entertained the missionaries, providing them with a tent to sleep in and with table-board. I was comfortable and happy. Within a few days eight dollars was handed me with which I bought a new trunk. When the conference came to a close, I had enough money to take me to Philadelphia, where I was to remain with Mr. Brelsford's daughter until we were ready to sail for Egypt.

"Quite contrary to expectation God allowed me to go through another very strange test at this time. Mr. Brelsford was leaving a little sooner than I to go West, so I accompanied him to the train. When about to buy his ticket, he discovered that he did not have quite enough money. I quickly said, 'Oh, I can let you have that.' So I gave him the needed money and he left. Now I found myself without sufficient money for my own ticket, and did not know what to do. I remembered that someone had given me the address of a party in Harrisburg telling me that if I ever happened to be in that city I should visit them. So I counted my money and found that I had enough to get to Harrisburg and would have one dollar left.

"I reached my destination at night, and with considerable difficulty finally found the home that had been recommended. They took me in, though I am not sure that they were delighted to see me so

soon. Here I was asked to speak at a Mission Hall night after night, but no one gave me any money. When Friday came I told them that I was going to Philadelphia the following afternoon. The gentleman with whom I was staying took me to the depot, and just as we approached the ticket office he asked me if I had any money for my fare. I said, 'No, but I am going to Africa and must get started!' He bought my ticket to Philadelphia.

"Upon arriving in Philadelphia I was invited to speak in the different missions and churches. After saving up forty dollars I went to Thomas Cook & Son in New York City and asked what boats were about to sail for Egypt. They told me that the *S. S. Berlin* would sail October 8, and that a second-class passage would cost about one hundred dollars. I paid forty dollars down to secure my berth, and wrote home telling my folks when I should leave. My sister, who is older than I, wrote and stated that she did not like me to take the trip alone, so she was planning to accompany me and see me settled in Egypt. I wrote a reply stating that I would be delighted to have her company, but the letter could not be mailed for some days since I did not have a stamp or the money with which to buy one. Upon visiting Mrs. Cox at the Twenty-second Street Mission, I saw a stamp on the floor. When I handed it to Mrs. Cox, she said, 'It is not mine; it must be yours.' I replied, 'No, it is not mine.' But she answered, "Well since it is not mine it must be the Lord's, and perhaps He wants you to have it.' I said: 'Well, perhaps so,

for I've been trying to mail a letter for several days but did not have the stamp.'

"The time had nearly come for my sister to arrive in New York. The thought of meeting her without the money for my passage so worried me that I became sick enough to take to my bed. But just then a strange lady came to visit me. After a little chat she knelt and thanked God for the way He had provided for all my needs. I was puzzled to know what she meant, but soon learned that she had the money for me in her purse. She gave me sixty dollars, and immediately I felt better! Then I was asked to speak that evening at the Forty-second Street Mission and I received fifty dollars more. So by the time my sister arrived I had more than enough for my trip to Egypt!" "My God shall supply all your need."

THE VOYAGE

October 8, 1910 is a red-letter day in the life of Lillian Trasher. It had been just four months before that God had called her to leave home and country. Lillian boarded the *S. S. Berlin* which was scheduled to sail from New York for Mediterranean ports. Before the great hawsers were loosed and the vessel glided softly down the Hudson River into the vast Atlantic Ocean, Lillian, her sister, and a small group of Christians gathered in her cabin and someone suggested that she open her Bible and ask God for a verse of Scripture appropriate to the hour. She did so and the first verse she saw was Acts 7:34

The Great Mother of the Nile

Every truly great work accomplished in the earth, recorded in the annals of secular or sacred history, has been wrought in the face of ugly prejudice from the masses. Lillian's work is no exception.

All her associates felt led to inform her that an orphanage could not succeed in Egypt. They proceeded to offer plausible reasons for their pessimism. They questioned her:

"Whom will you take into your orphanage?"

Her reply was: "I will turn no one away who is worthy."

Another question was: "Who will pay the bills? You cannot hope to get enough money from America to finance an orphanage."

As Lillian told the famous author Jerome Beatty:
"If I can't, I'll collect from the Egyptians!"

Lillian recalls that she did not consider the COST but the CALL. She believed God would be faithful to His own work.

Her friends heatedly answered: "That's ridiculous, particularly for an American girl."

Lillian vivaciously retorted: "An American girl can do anything if she tries hard enough."

Her answer to these unbelievers today is:

"Christ broke bread and fish by the Sea of Galilee and fed the hungry multitude. This He did twice. But here in the land of Egypt He has been doing this daily for forty years. We constantly live the miracle of the loaves and fish. Our faith orphanage has permitted entrance to over six thousand of the unfortunate ones of Egypt without charge. We have fed and clothed these children of the land. Our institution is a memorial to the faithfulness of God, a beacon light of faith shining in a darkened land. During these forty years I have never refused entrance to a qualified orphan.

"The following is my statement of policy for operating the home.

1. The Assiut Orphanage shall be a faith work supported by freewill offerings.
2. All inmates—orphans or widows—shall be given free support.
3. There shall be no limit to the number of orphans accepted.
4. Relatives must sign a paper that they give the children to us until they are eighteen years old.
5. Relatives may visit the children any time. Children may visit their relatives during holidays if they wish.

6. The orphanage shall not only clothe and feed its family, but it shall give religious training, education and teach the trades of the land to each orphan as required.
7. Orphans who have relatives able to pay for their support shall not be accepted. There are boarding schools they can attend.
8. Each boy must give one year free work to the orphanage, either after he has finished school or, if the orphanage should be in distress he must stop school for one year, then return to finish his education.
9. Blind girls shall be accepted and taught to read Braille. (There is a home for blind boys in Egypt.)
10. As the customs in Egypt make it very hard for a girl who has been a servant to marry, our girls shall remain in the home until they marry. Those who do not wish to marry may remain in the institution as teachers and helpers.
11. Widows left with no support shall be accepted with their children. They will help with the younger children, do washing, mending and cooking as to their ability and the need of the orphanage."

BITTER BEGINNINGS

Lillian began her orphanage with *one little child*. She had been in Egypt only three months when someone asked her to visit a dying woman and

pray for her. When she arrived she found the woman had a small baby girl three months old and that it was being fed from a tin bottle. The milk had become caked and green and stringy, yet the baby was trying to drink it. Soon the mother died while Lillian stood by trying desperately to help. As there was no one else to care for the baby she was given to Lillian.

This poor little creature was lovingly taken to her small room. The child had never had a bath in her life. The clothes had been sewn on to her little body. It would be difficult for you to imagine the stench that came from the child. The little thing cried and cried, making it difficult for the other missionaries in the house to rest. They begged Lillian to take the girl back or give her to someone else, but she refused.

Rather than give up her orphan Lillian went out and rented a small house for \$12.50 per month. She spent all her reserve money for furniture to set the house in order. Then on February 10, 1911, she and the baby moved in, thus marking the opening of the Lillian Trasher Orphanage in Assiut, Egypt.

Soon after this Lillian heard of a small brother and sister who had been left with no one to care for them. She rode over on a donkey and got them. Some time later she took another boy. In these beginning years the work did not grow rapidly. Two years after its inception she still had only eight children to care for. The missionaries constantly warned her

that she would not be able financially to care for the children. On the other hand, some of the poor ignorant Egyptians thought she had some mysterious ulterior motives. Maybe she would run away from the country with the children and make slaves of them or sell them as merchandise.

In those early days life was very primitive at the orphanage. Lillian made beds with palm branches, and she fed the little ones with whatever she could receive. Not realizing sufficient money from the United States, she went to the Egyptians and told them that they must support their people, that she was caring for them and they would be obliged to feed them. So they did.

A PLAGUE STRIKES

On July 13, 1911, only five months after Lillian took her first child, the devil thought he would close up the orphanage. One of the small boys was taken desperately ill. A doctor was called to her house and he pronounced it bubonic plague. Two others came down with measles. Lillian herself had a fever of 105 degrees. The entire orphanage was taken to the hospital at once and isolated. The Health Inspector dispatched men to fumigate and disinfect the house. Everything in her rented house was spoiled. All the clothing and curtains in the house were dipped into tanks of disinfectant. Lillian says that when God saw them in this plight He gave her Zechariah 9:12; "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope: even today do I declare that I

will render double unto thee." This promise has been a thousand fold fulfilled!

Lillian was soon well, and with the others she moved back into her house and started to care for those that God had called her to mother. Slowly the number began to rise until she had twenty children and then thirty. Again her "Job's comforters" told her she could never feed, clothe and house all the Egyptians who needed aid. But Lillian was adamant.

By the year 1919 Lillian had one hundred children in her home. After it grew to this size the orphanage progressed more rapidly. Lillian could now see that it was better in the formative years to grow slowly in order to provide a good foundation, and that the organization could be worked out slowly with a few children. The basic organization she used then she uses today with a thousand children.

It is very interesting that even the Mohammedans of the country say constantly that only God could do such a work as Lillian has done, that no human would be able to receive, in forty years, six thousand orphans and widows and care for them in the way she has cared for them.

THE ORPHANAGE CITY

There are now in 1951 twelve major buildings in the Lillian Trasher Orphanage—The hospital, which is used mostly as an isolation ward and for minor cuts and bruises; the boys dormitory which is a half acre in size; the boys school; the Clark

Memorial Church which seats one thousand; the Clayton building; the Lambert building; the Nursery for two-year-olds; the office and nursery where Lillian lives; the Lillian Trasher cottage where the new-born infants live; the barns where twenty-five head of cattle are kept; the beautiful new Maurice Doss Bey bathing pool, just recently installed by a wealthy Egyptian. Almost every time Lillian built more because of over-crowded conditions, she would not have the money to finish the buildings, but would start with the foundation thinking that she would build as far as she could. She has never been obliged to stop the workers because of lack of funds. God has always supplied their needs as they started building.

LIVING FOR SOMETHING

One day as I was sitting in an office which Lillian prepared for me in Assiut for writing on this biography, I looked up at her and said, "Tell me, what is the thing, greater than any other, you are trying to do in Egypt?" She looked at me and with that twinkle in her eye which has won her multitudes of friends and said:

"For these forty years I have been trying to live in such a way as to pass something tangible to a new generation. I would like to pass on a disposition of Christian character. I live before these orphans every day the way I want them to live in their homes in the land of Egypt. I try to show how to smile, even in the shadows. Every hour of the day and

might I do my best to live before them the life I want them to live before their fellow men. I try to transmit to them a *life*, to know that if they can trust God everything will be all right. I do my best to teach them to have faith in God so that they will be able to face life with a heart of trust. I try to pass on to them a power, a power in prayer, a power with fellow men that they may teach others how to find the true way. I would like to show these children the greatness and grandness of sacrifice; how, if I had not come to Egypt, even they might have died of neglect."

I bowed my head into the manuscript for some minutes as I heard these words that came from the heart of a great woman who seeks to make great men and great women in Egypt.

ORPHANAGE DISCIPLINE

"I want to know, just like thousands of people around the world would like to know—how do you manage a thousand children?" Lillian's answers come spontaneously. With that winning smile she begins:

"How do I manage them? I never think much about it. And in the first place, children, to my way of thinking are naturally good, unless they are aggravated or have meanness instilled into them. We take all our children when quite young, before they have learned to be bad, and the first year or two of training goes a long way to lessen insubordination and disobedience.

"For example—A new boy, six years old comes into a crowd of two or three hundred children. He knows practically nothing, having lived in a home of poverty and filth. He sees the other children with clean hands and faces, well-dressed, going to school, sleeping in beds instead of on the floor; and he looks upon them as superior beings and longs to be like them. A bad word, such as he has used all his life, falls from his lips and the other children look at him in horror. 'Oh, did you hear what he said?' 'Yes, let's go and tell Mama'—and the offender is brought to me. Poor little thing! He is frightened so badly he can hardly utter a sound. I listen patiently and then try to explain that such words are not used in our orphanage. He is quite glad to stop anything that causes so much criticism and public notice.

"Of course it wasn't that way in the beginning, for we had only a few and I had time to train them personally, but now everybody turns in and teaches the new ones. We live near a big, open field where the children are allowed to run and play when not at work or in school, so we have no outside influence upon the little ones.

"Possibly I should add that we let the children do as they like unless I have a good reason to say 'no.' If I have a reason for refusing, I explain it to them especially to the larger girls, and many of them accept my explanation saying, 'Well, since you have told me how it is wrong, I do not want to do it any more.' Some are not so easily convinced.

Sometimes we talk for hours over a matter, and, if it is important, days, and sometimes weeks. If I feel that I have been wrong, I tell them so, and do not hesitate to ask forgiveness. If I have spoken too harshly or punished unjustly I ask to be pardoned. I try to let them see that I am not trying to rule them arbitrarily, but that I am their friend and liable to err in judgment."

Sometimes Miss Trasher has difficult domestic problems to settle, and it requires much prayer and patience on her part so that there will be no feeling of unfairness or injustice. Once it took nearly two months of patient waiting to straighten out a delicate matter. One of her girls had the call of God upon her. Miss Trasher never doubted her call, and knew that her greatest desire was to become educated that she might be more useful in the Lord's work. She had studied hard and had become too far advanced for the Orphanage classes, so Miss Trasher sent her to the American Mission Girls School. She began to lose weight through taking those long hot walks; so Lillian felt she should stop school and study at home and promised her special instruction.

But she objected very strenuously, "Oh, I can't stop school. It is the only thing I want in this life. You know how I long to be taught so I can work for God. Just think what a help I could be to you right here in the Orphanage."

Miss Trasher gave in and let her go, but she became so ill she could not keep up her studies. Then

began two months of effort to get the girl to stop school. As Lillian talked with her, and showed her that she could work for God as she was, the tears poured down her face. She wanted to carry out Mama's wishes, but her desire to be educated was so great she felt it would be easier to die than to give up her one ambition in life. Miss Trasher could have been arbitrary and compelled her to stop, but she wanted her to see for herself that her health was more important than education. She could not see why God did not heal her, since her desire for an education was that she might work for Him. At last, after laboring with her for days and weeks, she saw it from Mama's viewpoint and stopped.

Miss Trasher says: "I could have taken her out the first day but by doing so I would have killed in her that which would never have come to life again, and would have made a breach between us that I would always have regretted. I also made her to feel that she is free to judge for herself and capable of using her own ideas."

THE JUDGE

"Miss Trasher, when there is a quarrel how do you handle the matter?" She answered, "I always hear both sides of the controversy before settling a case, and call in all who may have been present in case of a misunderstanding. Quite often both sides have made mistakes and therefore both sides have to be punished."

"How do we punish?" She replied, "In different ways. If the girls have been naughty they must wash the babies' clothes from one day to a week, or even a month, according to the offense. If they misspell words in school, they must make a buttonhole for each misspelled word. They bring a slip of paper from the teacher telling the number of words missed. If the big boys who work in town quarrel or use bad language, they must stop work from one week to a month and do the Orphanage scrubbing!

"Occasionally we punish them with a stick. If a new child cries and screams to have something, we never give it until he becomes quiet. Sometimes one good spanking will be all it will need. In my opinion nothing is so good for a three- or four-year-old child, who lies down and kicks and screams to have his own way, as a good spanking—and then leave the child to cry it out. But none of our children do that after they have been with us for a time. They soon learn to know that if they act like that they will never get what they want.

"That most of my children are obedient because they love me. They love me because I love them, and because I am kind and just toward them. They would do anything for a kiss or a smile, and are so appreciative. I have never met American children who became so happy over little attentions as do these. If I kiss one, it will run off to the others and say, 'Mama kissed me and patted me on the head.' There are so many of them, that I cannot pet them all as I would enjoy doing.

"My big girls make me a confidante in everything. We are real friends. They come over to my cottage and read the Bible with me, and we have many heart-to-heart talks. We have spent many hours together, never-to-be-forgotten hours on their part, talking over things vital to every girl's life. I let them tell me all that is in their hearts, as I try to see their viewpoint. I never appear shocked at what they say or I would destroy their confidence. I never try to force a child into doing anything, for I feel it is so much better to work from the soul out. If we get the heart right, they will want to do right; and the best of all is to get them saved. Then they are easy to guide and teach. No teaching or scolding, no begging or pleading will have the results like the love of God in their hearts constraining them to do right. Pray for me that I may train them up in the way that they should go."

And with a big inimitable laugh Lillian says, "No, you wouldn't want to multiply your child a thousand times. But you see, not too long from now I will have a thousand more grandchildren than you!" And with a continued twinkle in her eye, Lillian said, "You see, hundreds of my girls are now grandmothers!"

It is indeed a happy and full life she leads under God.

The greatness of this "Mother of the Nile" may be seen when you realize that positively every nice gift or any gift that comes to the orphanage for

the children, the children receive it. Also Miss Trasher refuses to use orphanage money personally. If she receives ten thousand dollars for the orphanage, she will not use one penny of this money personally. If she does not receive a personal gift that is designated for her personal use, she does without things she needs.

It was very interesting to me that Miss Lillian, who hasn't a selfish cell in her, cannot remember the last time she bought a dress. Some kind Egyptian families faithfully send over clothing for her. Now for over forty years she has given her *all* to the boys and girls and the widows of Egypt.

Only once has Lillian been to Luxor, the famous spot for tourists and this was made possible by kind Egyptian friends, who paid the expenses. She has never visited Palestine, which is only a few hours away by air, and at one time she did not even take a vacation in twelve years. She is a hard-working mother looking after the cares of her many children.

Indeed she is truly the "Great Mother of the Nile."

Chapter Three

Six Thousand Have Fed at Her Table

" . . . and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow which are within thy gates, shall come, and shall eat and be satisfied; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest." Deut. 14:29.

Six Thousand Have Fed at Her Table

THE GREATEST MESSAGE in this book is the supernatural provision of the necessities of life for thousands of underprivileged orphans and widows through the dynamic faith of one Christian woman!

A major lesson to be learned by all, is that the only way to do great things for God is to do small things *first*. To those who are willing to do the small things God is willing to assist them to do greater things. Lillian Trasher began with one small diseased baby and since then God has given her more than six thousand children to feed. About five thousand of these children are scattered throughout Egypt today and look back to the orphanage as their home, where they learned to love and live. The responsibility of caring for one thousand dependent individuals would overwhelm most people. But growing up with the responsibility is something else. Lillian Trasher grew in soul as the orphanage

grew in numbers. The soul of this great woman is clearly revealed when she gleefully tells you that she remembers the first donation that she ever received for the orphanage. It was given to her by a telegraph boy. It was only thirty-five cents. The boy gave the thirty-five cents, because he had had a terrible headache and it left him and this was an appreciation offering to God. It is whispered around the city of Assiut that it is always good to give an offering to the orphanage when God has been good to you! Because of this oftentimes when there are lavish feasts in the city, especially among Assiut's rich families or when someone has been very sick and recovered, they send an offering to the orphanage and sometimes an entire beef to be cooked for the orphans.

Lillian says that from the very inception of the work God had promised to supply her needs. She was the only one to decide the size of the needs! For this reason she never refused entrance to anyone who was in need. As an eternal memorial to God, the orphans have never missed a meal, and the home has never gone heavily into debt. In the early years, when Lillian was young and impetuous, she found it difficult to wait for God to supply the needs. She moved out among the people and asked for donations to take care of their own orphans. Lillian was a familiar sight, thirty-five to forty years ago, riding on a small donkey from village to village, gathering rice, onions, beans, and wheat for flour for her orphans. The Egyptians took her for one of themselves and shared with her their goods.

During many of these forty years Lillian was obliged to trust God *day by day, one day at a time*. She says she does not think she would have enjoyed the life half so much if she had known where the money was coming from.

An ordinary example of how the Lord provides: Lillian got up one morning and there was less than five dollars in the entire orphanage. When the mail came there was no money in the mail. One of her older girls who shared some responsibility said, "What are we going to do, Mama?" She replied, "We will let the Lord provide."

As she went about among the townsfolk that day she asked that the Lord would guide her steps. She went to visit one of her former girls who was sick. Then she went to visit a rich widow and while there the lady said she was going to send something to the orphanage. She did. Six hundred loaves of bread and six hundred oranges arrived! Lillian visited another sick lady and she gave her five dollars. On the street she met an Egyptian girl friend who asked her to go for a ride with her. Lillian went. They met her brother who gave her twenty-five dollars. She went home with the girl for dinner that evening. After dinner she heard of the Nile steamer which brings tourists from the capital city of Cairo. As it approaches down the Nile it whistles for Assiut. Lillian went home, got some of her books and tracts, and took them down to the dock to hand to the passengers. At the boat six dollars was handed to her.

On one occasion when money was very short, and there were no immediate prospects, after prayer, she tried something new. Lillian refused to go into debt. She called the children into the chapel and explained to them that she did not feel it was the Lord's will to go into debt and that God had not provided sufficient money lately. Therefore she had resolved to send the children away to distant relatives and friends or wherever she could locate them. However, she promised that she would bring them back again when God supplied their needs. This announcement had electrifying effects. When Mama Lillian got this far the children began to wail as she had never heard them before. It was impossible for her to make any further explanations, because she could not hear her voice above the crying of hundreds of children. The little boys especially cried and prayed as they had never prayed before. After prayer she arose and told them that she would not send them home, that if God would not supply the money, they would all do without together. But the very next morning one hundred dollars came in and before that was spent, more money was coming in from Egypt and other countries.

In retrospect Lillian evaluates this experience in that the Lord wanted the children also to partake in this life of faith.

NO FOOD FOR TOMORROW

"A few days ago a rich Egyptian, who knew nothing about trusting God, looked at me in utter surprise

and said: "Do you mean to say you have no food for tomorrow!"

I said: "Yes" . . .

"Awful! Will you be able to sleep tonight?"

One of my girl friends laughed when she heard him say this. He turned to her and said, "It is no joke. She says that there is no food for tomorrow!"

The young lady said, "Why Lillian never has any food for tomorrow!"

He said, "What will you do if the money does not come in and you are not able to collect it?"

I told him that during the twenty-three years the children never had to miss a meal, and that I have had many hard tests and much hard work, but that God has never failed. The next day after this, a man called in the afternoon and asked to see me. He told me that he had been to a village near here and had met a man who asked him if he would take some money to the Orphanage. He handed me \$100.

GIVING AWAY THE ORPHAN'S CLOTH

"You will never be able to realize what a wonderful year this has been to me since we started buying only what we had money to pay for. The Lord has taught me some wonderful lessons. Last week a poor widow woman came to me asking for clothes for her children. Our children were very badly in need of clothes, and I had only enough cloth for about two-days' cutting. I did not say anything to her, only that I would see about it before she left; but I felt that too much was expected of me, when we ourselves

needed bolts of cloth to clothe the orphans. Suddenly someone seemed to say to me, 'Why do you complain? You have not cut the cloth which you have on hand. When it is cut more will come in.'

"I went at once to the storeroom and got the clothes for the poor woman. A few days later as I was cutting the last jacket and the last piece of cloth, I put the scissors down and said: 'Now, Lord, the cloth is finished, and You promised that when it was finished You would send more.' I had not yet gotten up from the cutting table when a man came in and handed me \$5.00. I was very tired, so I decided to rest in the garden. As I was resting, I thought of the cloth and said, 'Now Lord, we need money for the cloth.' The fact was that we did not have a cent for food or anything, except the five dollars which had just come in. About ten minutes after I prayed that little prayer, a man came up to me and handed me ten dollars. I was so delighted I forgot that I was tired and went to town and spent the whole fifteen dollars for cloth. The next day was Sunday. After the service a very weak, sickly-looking Egyptian gentleman walked into the church and said, 'I was out for a ride, and as I passed the Orphanage I began to wonder how you were getting along.' I told him that the Lord was meeting the needs day by day. He handed me twenty-five dollars, which supplied the food needed."

THE GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND

An Egyptian farmer used to sell syrup to the

orphanage. The supply that he would bring on his camel would cost fifteen or twenty dollars. One morning when he came there were only thirty dollars in the orphanage to operate it for that day. Lillian sent word to the door that it would be impossible for her to spend half of all the money they had just for syrup. The teacher who took the word to the man said to Lillian, "Oh, please buy the syrup. It is very good syrup and we need it very badly." Lillian still refused knowing they had so little money, but the Egyptian girl looked at Mama so sadly that she yielded and said, "Oh well, buy it. The Lord will provide somehow."

That same morning a boat of tourists traveling from Cairo to Luxor stopped in Assiut. A number of the tourists got off and came over to visit the orphanage, among them the ex-governor of the State of Rhode Island. After he had looked through the orphanage, he handed Lillian two fifty-dollar bills. He also invited her over to the boat to have lunch with them. Here she was given thirty dollars more. The former governor of Rhode Island was very much touched when he heard about the syrup and that he had helped in a dire need for the children.

HEAVY UNDERWEAR

One winter the chilly blast began to come upon the orphanage. The children asked for their heavy underwear, but Lillian had to explain to them that she did not have money to buy it and that they must help her pray for it. That same afternoon a young

man, the inspector of the Egyptian bank at Assiut, came over and took an inspection tour of the orphanage. He said very little; then returned to the bank. Lillian thought no more about his visit, but the next morning she received a letter from the inspector with a draft for fifty dollars enclosed. She went downtown that day and purchased the material for the underwear.

PLANTING IN EGYPTIAN SOIL

From the very beginning Lillian discovered that if she lived in Egypt, she would be obliged to collect money from Egyptians for her orphanage. It entailed much weariness and hardship physically for her. She traveled miles and miles on a donkey going from villiage to village speaking on behalf of the orphanage and receiving the gifts of the people. Very often in the village there was no place for her to sleep. She would sleep in the police station and continue the next day to collect for the livelihood of her orphans. Thus she incurred many dangers as well as hardships, but Lillian became known, far and wide, as the great Nile Mother caring for Egypt's unfortunates. Now that she is old, it is impossible for her to go out among the people.

One day an Egyptian told Lillian that the children needed her at the home and she should not spend so much time traveling. She explained her financial condition to him and he said, "There are enough rich people in Assiut to help you, so you will not have to over-tax your strength. The children need

you." He began by subscribing a certain amount each month and said that he would interest his friends in doing likewise. In this way the Lord used an Egyptian man to lighten the burden, so that Lillian would not have to undergo the tremendous strain of going from place to place asking for food for her orphans.

END OF SOLICITATION

For years Lillian had gone out and asked for what she wanted. Her attitude toward possible Egyptian donors was, "If you have money, I feel you would give it when I should ask you for it." So she would go to the homes of the wealthy Egyptians and ask them for money. She did this, because for many years Lillian never had enough food in the house even for two days ahead!

One day Lillian went to the home of a wealthy Egyptian to ask for a donation for the orphanage. She was told that he was not out of bed yet. So she returned at eleven o'clock. Then she was told that he had gone out. She went back in the afternoon and was told again that he was not in. This time, one of the servants in the home said to Lillian, "If I had money, I would give it to you." She sat and waited for the gentleman for some time, but began to feel very embarrassed and humiliated. She was conscious that the man of the house did not want to see her and she began to pray: "Lord, I cannot do this any more. Lord, if I take care of the children, I want You to take care of the money. I will worry

about the children and You worry about the money."

Lillian was desperate. Sitting in this place in great embarrassment, she put out a fleece and said, "Now, Lord, if You agree, would You please send me seventy-five pounds today." At that time seventy-five pounds was equivalent to about \$375. The Lord answered Lillian, for that day she received two hundred pounds rather than seventy-five! Praise God!

That was the end of personal solicitation. That was the day that Lillian entered into a wonderful rest. No longer would she have to go out and present the needs of the orphans, but God would supply her need. It was a great hour of victory that abides until this day.

EGYPTIAN SCHOOL CHILDREN HELP

"It is a lesson not only to me and to the children, but all of the people of Assiut are watching with wonder to see how the orphans are being fed and cared for, while others are in such great need. Not only are they looking on and wondering; they are all trying to help with whatever little gift they are able to give. The schools here have been showing a lovely spirit. They get the girls of each class to come out and visit the Orphanage; each one brings some rice, sugar, oranges, cloth or money. This has a very good effect on the school children as well as their help being a blessing to us. The missionaries of the other missions have also shown a very great spirit of love and sacrifice towards us, especially the Presbyterians. Many of them have helped us

this year by sending money and clothes."

To assure Lillian that her orphans have clean grade A milk she has developed a fine dairy of Jersey cattle.

The orphanage now has its own bakery. During the day several women make the bread and place it in the sunshine to rise. It takes all night, every night, to bake the flat, round Egyptian loaves to be used for the institution the following day.

This is a part of the tremendous story of how a single American girl adopted six thousand Egyptians and did well!

Chapter Four
The Orphans' Story

*"And the King shall answer and say unto them,
Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as you have done
it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done
it into Me." Matt. 25:40.*

The Orphans' Story

It will be especially appealing to the reader to know the case histories of a few of the orphans. It is indeed a volume of heart-touching happenings that makes up the record of the Lillian Trasher Home. Their stories are as varied as human tragedy varies. Almost every one has a different story. Usually it is calamity of some violent sort that brings the little ones to live with Lillian.

HOW ORPHANS ARE RECEIVED

Possible there is not a similar institution in the world. Lillian does not wait until she has a room for an orphan, or a widow, to receive new ones. She has never had an empty bed waiting for new children. But oftentimes the little children sleep, one at the foot and one at the head of the bed! When she gets too many like this, it is imperative to build a new dormitory. This is the way the orphanage grows.

"I see them come crowding, crowding,
Children of want and pain;
Dark sorrow their eyes enshrouding
Where joy's touch should have lain.

I cry in love unsatisfied
For these without the fold;
My arms are opened wide
These weary ones to hold."

MOTHER KILLED WITH A KNIFE

For example, the very day that I left the orphanage to travel from Egypt on to India by plane, a policeman came and brought two children to the orphanage. They are the children of peasants who live in a village some distance from Assiut. One day their father saw the family cat walk across the room. He grabbed a large meat knife and killed it. The mother cried, "Oh, why did you do that?" The man considered this a reprimand. He replied, "You shut up or I'll kill you." In an instant he turned and with the same knife slew his wife.

The village policeman explained that with the mother now dead and the father sent away to prison, the court had sent these little children, the smallest about six weeks old and the other about two years old, to the orphanage. In this way we saw two others join the orphans in Lillian's great open house.

When we were looking through all the great buildings of the orphanage, I asked to see the nursery. Here we found the youngest and tiniest of the babies which only weighed three pounds! What a pitiful little mite it was. At first Lillian did not expect this one to live, but now it is out of danger and is growing every day. Its mother died in child-birth and its despairing father brought it to Lillian to rear.

Another of the small babies in the nursery was received when only a few days old. Its mother went suddenly insane and would have positively nothing

to do with her own little child. Fearing the unbalanced mother would harm the baby, the broken-hearted father brought it to Lillian.

TWINS ARRIVE

A man came to the orphanage early one morning with two wee new-born babes. He explained pitifully with his head downcast that the mother had just died. These babes were dressed in filthy rags and the basket in which they were lying was full of dirty hay. Lillian received these little twins and discovered that one of them weighed three pounds and the other four. The man left without even waiting to tell their names or the name of the village from which he came.

Lillian named one of them Clayton, after Miss Clayton, an English missionary who assisted her for some years. The other she named Russell. The following day, Lillian was invited to lunch with some friends. She told them the story of her twins. One of the American doctors from the American Mission Hospital was lunching with them. When he heard the story he said that he would like very much to help Lillian by keeping the twins for a few months for her. She was delighted, because she realized the infants must have special care if they were to live.

The doctors in the local mission hospital are especially kind to Lillian. They have a room specially prepared for five or six of her weakest babies. When all these beds are filled and she sends a new one, they pick out the fattest one and send it home and

receive a new one! Best of all, they do not charge the orphanage one cent for helping to keep her babies. Lillian, in her unsophisticated manner says, "It means so much to me to have such helpful friends."

THE NILE BABY

A neighbor who lives near the orphanage came with a new baby for Lillian. Her story was: "I was coming from the city and walking across the big Nile bridge. When I arrived in the center I saw a blind man just about to throw this baby in the river. I rushed up to him, grabbed the child, and cried: 'You wicked man, you must not throw a living baby into the river.' The old man mumbled: 'I have no place to keep her. Now as you have stopped me, she is yours!' He left without even giving the name of the child." Miss Trasher felt she had received a Moses, saved from the muddy Nile waters.

One little baby arrived so thin and sickly that those who saw him said he could never live. His father had been murdered in a fight and when his mother received the news she was so shocked that she lost mental balance and had to be put into an asylum. That baby is now a lovely rosy-cheeked little boy, and so far has never heard his own sad story!

Said is a lovely boy of seven years now. Before he was born his poor mother was dying with tuberculosis. She was a walking skeleton; the doctor said that she would die as soon as this baby was born.

No one ever dreamed that the child could live. But such is God's way that when the baby was born it was a lovely baby. Lillian showed him to his poor mother, then took him to the orphanage. The mother never saw Said again, as she died a few days after his birth.

HANDS BURN OFF

A sad case is of a little girl who came to the home about seven or eight years ago. When a baby she fell into the fire and her two hands were destroyed. One hand was a sort of club. The other, her left hand, had the first and third fingers partly left; the other fingers were all twisted and grown to her palm. She was not able to hold anything, in fact she was absolutely helpless. When her mother died they brought her to the orphanage. Lillian took her to the Egyptian Government Hospital where they kindly tended to her for months. They were able to open about half an inch between the bones of her first finger on her right hand. This hand is not yet of much use, but she is able to hold some things. The doctors did a wonderful job on her left hand. By taking skin from her legs they were able to straighten out all of her fingers. They do not look normal but she is able to write, sew, knit and do anything the other girls do. She is about the brightest girl in the school and is a consecrated Christian. She has finished high school and is now teaching the orphans.

One morning one of the older girls came running over to "Mama" Lillian's house and said: "Mama,

there is a woman with her children at the gate and she wants you to let her stay here with her children. Lillian went out to see the woman and found a poor little half-blinded Egyptian with three small boys, ages five, six, and seven, and a little girl four years old. She asked the woman what she wanted. The woman replied: "My husband is dead. The people of my village told me to take the children to the Lord's house. So I have brought them. Please may I stay with my children?" Lillian asked her to return to her village and leave the children in the orphanage. The little half-blinded widow replied: "Go back for what? I have nothing but my children." That night the overcrowding quarters of the widows had one more with which to exchange stories of the past and of the blessings of the present.

It will not surprise you to know that when the orphans marry and have families, if trouble strikes, they know of no one like "Mama" to help. Recently a former girl of the home brought her husband, who had contracted an incurable disease, for Miss Trasher to tell them what to do. Another came rushing over with her baby in her arms saying that it had fallen from the house top. After an examination in the orphanage clinic, and a prayer with the distracted mother, Miss Lillian sent her "daughter" and "granddaughter" back home.

Recently a poor widow and three children came to the door. Phil Crouch was sent to photograph them, as there must be a thorough record of every

inmate. Phil says: "This family would have touched your heart. Ragged, tattered clothes covered them. They were unbathed, their hair matted, their faces pinched with hunger." And this is the way most of them come. But what a difference a few days of love and care make in their appearance. Here the wounds are healed and the unequal struggle with cruel existence leveled out, as the little ones prepare for life.

And as for big-hearted "Mama" Lillian, the Egyptians have a proverb suited to her which says: "She who has children does not die."

But Lillian's point of view is: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' 'The least of these'—what a world of meaning there is in that for me! Some of my little babies, as they come to me, could not be any 'least-er' and still be alive, just skin and bone—and soul. Some die but most live."

Chapter Five

Mastering Egypt's Incorrigibles

"Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 18:19.

Mastering Egypt's Incorrigibles

Naturally in accepting six thousand waifs and outcasts to rear, one is sure to find some *incorrigibles*. However, a big-hearted woman with dauntless courage, plus God, can also take care of incorrigibles!

MIZZIE WAS MEAN

Florence Christie assisted Lillian in the orphanage for several years. She was in charge of the girls dormitory. It did not take Florence long to learn that not all girls are good even in Egypt. She found that some of the girls did not want to be bathed or disciplined. One of the outstanding instances of this was a girl named Mizzie.

Mizzie was from a small dirty village, yet she possessed a strong personality. It did not take her long to gain some firm friends from among the other girls in the orphanage. To the attendants it became alarming the power she possessed to lead the others in her mischievous ways. She had not been in the orphanage long before she had a typical "gang" which consisted of eight girls of her own age—ten-year-olds.

Florence was terribly burdened for this gang of incorrigibles and especially for their ringleader, Mizzie. For eighteen months they were responsible for most of the disruptions among the girls in the orphanage and daily tightened their hold upon the other girls.

Hundreds of times the missionaries or Egyptian attendants were called to the dining room, or to the garden, or to the dormitories or even to the roof of one of the houses to settle a disturbance and to separate some of these incorrigibles from some smaller innocent victim. They would scratch, pull hair, or slap their unhappy victim.

A condition like this is very unusual in the orphanage, because these forty years have proved the majority of the children love the Lord and love to sing and pray—they are peace-loving and do not look for trouble.

Finally, united prayer prevailed over the incorrigibles. Running into the apartment of Miss Christie, came Talemeza and Linda. As they were two of the gang, Miss Christie expected trouble. When they came in, Talemeza, the spokesman, excitedly cried, "Come and see Mizzie!" With the mention of the name "Mizzie" Miss Christie realized there must be trouble. She could visualize her beating some weaker child without mercy. She answered the girls and said, "Where is she? What is she doing? Tell me quickly, who is she fighting?" With this volley of questions poured at Talemeza, she looked up and

half screamed, "Oh, it is not that this time! Mizzie is in the west dormitory, and she is praying!"

After all these months of heartache, Miss Christie wondered if this could be true. But she and all the other workers had prayed and prayed again, so it must be true. As she quickly walked in that direction, she wondered if this was another of the gang's tricks. Had Mizzie demanded Talemeza to come and state she was praying, so that upon Miss Christie's appearance she would laugh and cause all the other orphans to laugh in the face of their teacher? (Miss Christie thinks if you had known Mizzie as she had, you could have expected these things also.) You see, Mizzie realized for months, that she had been begged and coaxed to be good and to pray.

When Miss Christie came to within fifteen feet of the dormitory she heard sounds of prayer. She hastened in, flashing her flashlight into the sleeping-room. There were about fifty or sixty girls of the ten-year-olds praying. Some were standing, some were sitting, some were kneeling—but all were praying. Miss Christie walked among them picking her way as best she could. She was looking for Mizzie. The teacher was now as excited as Talemeza. Finally, in a corner, Mizzie was found standing upright, her arms lifted toward heaven, praising God. Miss Christie had an impulse to pinch herself to see if she could be convinced of this truth. Placing her hands upon Mizzie's shoulder, she realized that this was real. She was certain that Mizzie had become

a "new creature." The days filled with lying, stealing and fighting were now passed. Drawing closer to the little one, Miss Christie listened to the sweet sounds coming from the soul of little Mizzie.

From this night, the gang was broken up. Telmeeca and Linda were saved also and the *incorrigibles* became lovely children contributing much blessing to the orphanage.

ATTALA FINDS CHRIST

One of the incorrigibles during the years was a boy named "Attila." Miss Trasher remembers him as one of the worst boys she had had in the orphanage. He was angry because God had sent a revival among the other boys. He boasted that he was going to scatter red pepper in the chapel so they would all have to get up and leave the meeting.

However, God was dealing with Attila and one night he got up to go to the fountain for water. On the stairs he saw a strange shadow and returned to his bed. Later he started again for water, meeting the same thing. This time he went back and rather than going to bed, began to pray. Soon some of the boys, knowing his implacable spirit, were kneeling around him and praying with him until he was saved. Attila received a wonderful experience and became a true inspiration to the other boys.

HABIB HAD TO LEARN

Another incorrigible was a boy named "Habib." He was nearly a grown man. His history is connected with another young man named Fayheem who lived

in Assiut and who was notorious for his evil life as a dope peddler. He sold cocaine in the villages beyond the orphanage. Then, in the villages he would purchase opium and sell it in town, making much money for an ignorant boy. However Fayheem thought of himself as a merchant. This young man, was passing by the orphanage from time to time, and made an acquaintance with Habib. He told him all about this wicked work. Habib decided he wanted to be a merchant too in this illicit trade. He planned to run away from the orphanage and join Fayheem. At this time a revival in the orphanage among the boys swept through his soul and changed him. The night before he was to run away, he was wonderfully saved.

Naturally Habib wanted to see Fayheem saved, so he waited for him to pass by, but he did not come. He sent for him. Then Fayheem came, only to laugh at Habib and the rest of the young men. But before he left the chapel he too began to weep in great distress. Fayheem himself was a slave to the cocaine habit. That night as the young men prayed for him, he was saved and delivered from this habit. He gave up his dope peddling to serve the Lord.

During these forty years of orphanage history, God has enabled Miss Trasher and her workers to master Egypt's Incorrigibles.

Chapter Six

Miracle Diary by the Nile

" . . . Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Gen.
18:14.

Miracle Diary by the Nile

Miss Trasher has kept a diary with meticulous care from the beginning of her work. This makes it easy to render exact accounts of dates and incidents that took place. Shall we read a few pages of this exciting "miracle diary by the Nile."

1927

Oct. 11. A very poor woman came to us today. She is ill and blind, she has three children and her husband has been out of work for eight months. The children have absolutely nothing to eat. She walked all the way out to the orphanage, about four miles. We are nearly out of money ourselves, but I thought that poor Toffa was in a worse condition than the orphanage, so I gave her five dollars, a dozen loaves of bread, some rice, sugar, and six bars of soap. Then I took her to town in the car and bought her some tomatoes, potatoes, cooking butter, and several pounds of meat. I told her she could come and stay with us after she was confined.

Faheema said that we needed some rice and sugar, so after I took Toffa home I went to Badeer's grocery to buy them. One of the clerks asked me if I wanted to buy a large sack of the best rice. I told him that I wanted only a basket of the medium

grade rice and a box of sugar. Mr. Badeer came out and told the man to get me the sack of good rice, a big box of sugar and one hundred pounds of soap. I said, "No, I cannot buy so much rice, and I really don't need any soap today." He said, "Take it and keep it until you do need it." He filled my car with boxes of blueing, buttons, etc. and I had to send Habib with the donkey cart to bring the rice and other things!

In the evening Dr. Aziz came and brought me fifty dollars which Mr. Albert Khyatt had given him to give as a thank offering. He had just become engaged. Dr. A. also gave five dollars of his own money.

We gave Toffa five dollars and God sent us fifty-five. We gave her a few pounds of rice; God gave us a whole sack, worth about twelve dollars. We gave the poor woman six bars of soap and we were given one hundred pounds. She received a few pounds of sugar and we a whole box full. Mr. Badeer had never given us anything before.

(One day of Lillian's diary has as much miracle involved in it as in the entire life of some people.)

Nov. 9. Hallen Wessa has become engaged today to Leon and has sent me an invitation to the reception. Her mother enclosed a check for \$250, so I paid all my debts. The American mail on Monday also brought us one hundred dollars. "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

Nov. 12. All of our money gone again. I borrowed twenty dollars from Faheema, eight dollars and fifty cents from Farduse and one dollar from Bobbie to pay the workmen. We haven't a cent.

Nov. 13. A lady sent back ten dollars which she had borrowed. The Wessas' sent sixty, their year's subscription to the orphanage. Two visiting ministers gave me twenty-five dollars.

Nov. 14. I met Mr. Negebe Gladas and he paid me the fifty dollars which he promised me. His sister handed me ten. I spent about one hundred dollars for cloth, as the children need clothes very badly.

Nov. 15. Spent the whole day cutting out clothes; finished at midnight.

Nov. 16. This morning's mail brought an envelope with no letter or name, containing a money order for fifty dollars. I went to town and bought forty dollars worth of cloth. Six packages came from the dear folks back in the U. S. A.

Nov. 17. Busy all day making uniforms for the family. I hear from Cairo that all of Thomas Cook's Nile tourists are booked to come to the orphanage. I am trying to finish the uniforms so the children will look well.

Nov. 19. This is a busy day. We are trying to have everything nice as we are expecting the tourists between four and five. I am tired. I do hope they will give me something for the children. . . . The tourists all came, crowds and crowds of them. Some came in; others stayed out in front in their car-

riages. Our little boys gave out pamphlets about the orphanage, and the whole family of children went out to see the people. They did look so sweet. I was proud of them. All who went up to the Nursery were greatly touched as they saw the rows of tiny beds and wee babies in them; some with their bottles and others sitting on the carpet playing.

While I was showing the tourists around a rather poor-looking old Egyptian walked down toward the main building. I stopped and spoke to him, asking him to come in. He said, "No, not now." Some of the tourists handed Miss Ryott thirteen dollars for the orphanage. After everyone left I saw the old man walking along and so again asked him to come in. As he entered the drawing-room he handed me a bill. It was fifty dollars. I nearly laughed out loud. It was such a good lesson to me. I had been working all week to fix up the children and the place for the rich tourists and they gave me thirteen dollars, and a poor old Egyptian whom one scarcely notices, hands me a fifty dollar bill! "God's ways are not our ways."

I went to the post office and found thirty-three dollars from America in the different letters. We cut out clothes until midnight. Stopped because it was Sunday morning. It is rather wonderful the way God gives us strength to go from day to day. The boys are doing wonderful work preaching the Gospel in the different villages every Sunday. The crowds are growing all the time. I am glad they are so interested in village work.

Nov. 20. I went over to see Mrs. Nasif Wessa and stayed to dinner. Habib Bey Doss, Mr. Albert Khyatt, Amin Bey and others were there. Habib Bey told us that the Coptic Bishop, who is a millionaire, is having trouble, as the government is making some investigation as to what he is doing with all of the church money. He thought the best thing to do would be to give some to the poor every year. So he went to Cairo and got a lawyer to make out legal papers specifying different charities and the amount each was to receive each year. He decided to give our orphanage one thousand dollars a year, but the lawyer, in writing it out, got confused because there were so many items, and put us down \$125 instead. The Bishop noticed it, but did not think it worth while to change it!

Habib Bey asked me if it was not time for me to put a limit to the number of children I would accept in the orphanage. I told him that it was almost impossible for me not to take in new children as people kept dying and leaving orphans. "Well, you will have to stop sometime," he said. "Yes," I said, "when God stops sending in enough money to support them, I'll stop taking in new ones." Everybody in the room agreed with me. He knew there was nothing more for him to say, since they all knew God had supplied through the years.

While I was there at Mrs. Wessa's my secretary telephoned saying that Dr. Zackie had just brought up two sheep for the children's supper. . . . When I

reached home the girl in charge of the nursery came and said that the two sheep were not enough for the children, and that there was not enough meat to make any soup for the babies. I said, "Go to the orphanage kitchen and tell the cook to give you some for the nursery." She came back and said there was none left. Then I told her to cook some rice.

I went out and sat on the bridge in front of my house. It was dark, but a car drove up and stopped. I heard a man say, "Well, don't stay long." Another said, "You help me lift it from this side." I said to one of the girls who was sitting with me, "That sounds as though we are getting something." I arose and went out to meet the man. Though it was quite dark, I saw two men carrying in half a beef. As they put it down on one of the tables, one of the little girls said, "I told the babies to pray for God to send them some meat." I called Malazama and said, "Go light the stove and cook the meat. The babies can have soup for breakfast tomorrow!"

Nov. 21. American mail brought in about \$175. I went to town and spent over one hundred dollars for food, blankets, cloth and bedding. It is now nearly midnight. We can say with grateful hearts, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Nov. 22. I started writing at sunrise, had breakfast, dinner and supper at my writing desk; stopped only long enough to go and see Mr. F. on business. Lageah, the baby we found on the bridge, died last night.

Nov. 26. I bought forty dollars worth of cloth today and we have only twenty-five dollars left. The girls are cold as winter has started and I have not been able to buy any winter clothes yet. Yesterday we took all that we had out of the storeroom and gave them to some girls; it was awful to have to push dozens and dozens of them away and tell them that there was nothing left, while they were all calling out: "Wa ana ya, Mama." ("And I, Mama.")

Nov. 27. Several new children came this week. Brother Ameir baptized some of the children in the Nile today. The meetings were very good.

I found out that some of the girls who had taken coats yesterday had also taken warm dresses, so I had an awful time taking the things away from them and giving them to those who had not taken anything. My! How I hated doing it. Poor kiddies, some of them gave up their warm coats rather than give up the pretty dresses. One girl said, "O Mama, my desire is the red dress" (a silk one someone had sent in). "May I put my coat back and take it?" I said, "Yes." What could I do? Dozens and dozens had not taken a thing.

Nov. 28. American mail brought forty dollars and three packages of clothing.

Nov. 29. Mrs. H. brought me a new baby; it is ill and may not live.

Nov. 30. We are all out of money again. Mrs. Nasif Wessa just telephoned to say she was sending fifty *ardabs* of wheat (enough to last us five weeks

and worth about four hundred dollars). American mail brought eight dollars.

Dec. 1. I went to town three times. Oma Amin sent three bolts of cloth for the boys. Twenty-five dollars came in. Mr. Nashid is ill; his temperature is 103 degrees. (He is my head worker and bookkeeper; also married one of my girls.)

Dec. 2. We started burning bricks today for the new girls building.

Dec. 3. I haven't a cent. I feel ill, but I cannot go to bed as Mr. Nashid is sick and I have to see about the boys carrying the bricks. Oh, it is awful to be ill and not have enough money and so many needs. I went to the Post Office to see if any money had come. There was a letter asking me to take a poor widow and her child.

Dec. 6. I got sixty dollars from the Moudereah and Dr. Henry sent sixty.

Dec. 7. Edna Wessa sent me one hundred dollars and Faheem Effendy sent twenty-five. I paid Hanna Effendy one hundred dollars to pay the bill for the paint and nails. I just got the money all safely spent and in comes one of the big boys saying that seven boys who are taking the Government school examination must have ten dollars each at once! Well, I didn't have any, so I went to Assiut to see what I could do. I soon had ninety dollars given to me, so I gave the boys the seventy and had a little left over.

Dec. 10. This morning I was writing at my desk and Faheema came in and said, "Mama, are you

not going to have any breakfast?" I said: "There is no butter, I cannot eat dry bread, and I'm sick of eggs." About 10:30 she came in again and said: "Mama, please let me fix you something for breakfast." I said, "No there is nothing I can eat." She answered: "Mama, if you don't want to use the orphanage money to buy yourself some bacon and butter, I have some money and I will buy it for you." I said, "No, dear, it is not that I won't use the money, but I went to the store and they didn't have any." I then told her to make me a cup of tea, as I was really awfully hungry. While she was making it, I began to think of all the lovely food I had while I was visiting Mrs. Amin only last holiday, and I thought, "My, couldn't I eat some of that now if I had it!" Faheema brought the tray with the tea and I started pouring the cup full—someone knocked! I saw Mrs. Nasif Wessa's servant bringing a package. I uncovered it and found half a pound of butter, some cheese, boiled ham and several other kinds of meat! The man had walked about four miles to bring it and got here just in time that I might have it with my cup of tea! She had never sent anything like that before, neither did she have any idea that I needed it. I got a wonderful blessing out of it. Those who heard it said, "Well, God really does see all our needs; then He must see my trouble."

Dec. 15. Mrs. Wessa gave me \$120.00. I bought cloth for the women's underwear and cloth to make coats for the children. There is not a cent left in the

house. We certainly do live from "hand to mouth" these days. [We might say, "From God's hand to Lillian's mouth."]

Dec. 16. Four new children wanted to come today; I took one. Eleven packages came from America. I have not had time to open them yet.

Dec. 24. The Lord has supplied us with a lovely Christmas. We had a fine time with the children. We made bags and filled them with nuts and candy. Oh, how the children enjoyed them! We gave out the toys last week; every one got something nice. The women all got underclothes. Oh, I was tired when it was all over, but the children had made me so many nice Christmas presents that I forgot how tired I was.

Dec. 25. I had Christmas dinner with Mrs. N. Wessa.

1928

Jan. 5. Mrs. Nasif took me to Cairo with her for a few days as her sister was not well after the birth of her baby.

Jan. 10. I left Cairo today. Wadeah (the lady who was ill) is doing fine. She gave me one hundred dollars and her husband gave me another hundred. The baby's grandmother gave twenty-five dollars and its other grandmother gave fifty *aradabs* of wheat (worth about four hundred dollars) and Camille Sanad sent me fifty dollars. Quite a lot came in from America, so we are once more comfortable.

Jan. 31. We got three new-born babies this

month; their mothers died when they were born—Amena, Obgy, and Marium.

Feb. 13. We have only seven dollars today. Oh, I am so tired. We have had company all morning. Everybody wants to see the whole place and it keeps me climbing stairs all day long. I get so tired saying the same things over to everybody. I sometimes feel that I could take people around in my sleep and say the right thing at the right time! "There are the widows' rooms. No, the babies are in the other building—No, we don't send the girls out as servants—Now just come this way and I will show you the little boys' rooms; yes, we make all of our own bricks; yes, those are our own cows; no, we don't own all of that land, the owner won't sell; etc., etc." People's brains all seem to work in the same way, because they all seem to ask nearly the same questions. Oh, it is lovely of them to be so interested and I love to show them around, but oh, I am so tired!

Feb. 14. Katy left today to be married; how I shall miss her. The telephone company telephoned that they wanted thirty dollars for the year's subscription. I said, "All right, I will send you the money at once." I only had \$12.50. I started out to pay the man! I visited a girl friend first and one of her cousins was there for tea. He said, "Lillian, why don't you go get the money out of the charity box at the Nile Club. I lifted it the other day and it seemed quite heavy." I went at once and I found \$62.60 in it. I, of course, went and paid the telephone bill as I had promised to do.

Feb. 17. I went and preached at the big boys' orphanage. There was such a sweet spirit of interest among them and they are doing such good work in the villages.

Feb. 18. We have only twelve dollars and that will not be enough to pay the workmen. Waheeb Bey and a judge came. When I saw the judge I thought that it would be he who would bring the needed money, but he said "Good-bye" very nicely—with no money! Mrs. Dr. Finley came and brought two strangers but they were in a hurry and did not look over the orphanage . . . 1:30 P.M. No one visits at this time so I went back to my letter-writing. "Lillian! Lillian! where are you?" I got up and went into the drawing room. There I saw a girl friend of mine and a young man with her. She said: "Lillian, Papa sent you this hundred dollars and here are thirty from me." I told her how I was wondering where I would get money to pay the workmen. She went home and told her uncle about it and he sent one hundred dollars. [Of course these are Egyptian people]. A few days later she brought her father over and he gave me another fifty dollars.

Feb. 23. Mr. Doss Gholter died today and his family had two calves killed at the gate as his body was taken out, for the good of his soul. They sent the meat to us. We have had meat three times this week.

Feb. 24. Early this morning, while I was having my morning cup of tea, the telephone rang. Professor Russell of the American College said their carpenter,

as he was going to work, had found a new-born baby thrown away near the railway track, and he asked me what to do with it. I told him to bring it to me at once. It was the coldest night of the whole year. I remember that the wind blew so hard during the night that I thought, "Oh I hope the house won't blow down." They brought me the baby, a little boy, with not even a cloth over him; he was on a saddle pad and an old bran sack, covered with sand and dirt. He had been out in that awful cold wind for hours, quite naked and only a few hours old. I got three big pans of hot water and bathed the baby to try to get him warm and to get the sand off his body. We then dressed him and put hot water bottles around him, gave him some milk, and put him to bed. He never even caught cold. He is now about three and a half months old and doing well. I always said that God kept him wrapped in His love and grace to keep him warm. We named him Faheem abd Alla, which means, "Understanding, the servant of God."

There are several other striking entries in Sister Lillian's diary:

1930

THANKSGIVING DAY. Many times God not only sends help, but sends the very thing we are in need of. Two weeks ago, the woman who has charge of the little boys' nursery, came to me saying that the children's mattresses were torn and so badly worn through, that some of them were

nearly sleeping on the springs. I told her that I was very, very sorry, but I had no money at all and that I thought all last year's cotton was used up. I told her that they would have to pray for God to send help. I sent for the woman in charge of bedding. As we were all three talking about it, and as she was telling them that there was not a bit of cotton left from last year, I looked out of the window, and saw a large motor truck drive up, piled with huge sacks of cotton (worth about fifty dollars), a gift to the orphanage.

Three days later, some of the girls came to the woman in charge of the soap asking for their allowance. She said, "We have none." They stood around and begged her to look again, that perhaps she could find some, as it was Saturday and they wanted to wash their clothes, but there was none. Finally this woman said, "If you girls would stop talking so much to me about soap, which I don't have and go praying about it, you would be more apt to get what you want." The same day that this happened, this woman's mother, who was ill, had sent for some rice. The store-room supply was down to only a few handfuls.

About five o'clock a car drove up with all kinds of gifts piled in it, large and small. There were six large five-gallon tins of butter, six tins of cheese, a large sack of soap, a sack of rice, two and a half boxes of sugar and many smaller things, worth perhaps over one hundred dollars in all. A woman

had died four months previous, and before her death, she had asked her relatives to please send the things in her store-room to the orphanage.

A year ago on the morning of my arrival back home from a short holiday in America there was less than ten dollars in the treasury, but the morning mail brought a letter from Johannesburg, South Africa, enclosing a check for \$250. This brother said, "I don't know you personally, but I feel the Lord would have me send you this money." He went on to say that he had been fighting the idea of sending it for some time but could get no rest. At last, to get some peace, he decided to send it and went to a lady who knew me, and asked for my address. But she told him I was in America. When he heard this he felt that now he had a good excuse for not sending it; but still he got no rest. At last he decided he must send it whether I was there or not. The letter arrived in the morning mail, and I arrived at 3:30 in the afternoon. One of the little boys ran up to me in the station and said, "Mama, we got \$250 in the mail this morning."

FRIDAY. We are six hundred dollars behind; it is the last of the month and tomorrow we will have to pay three hundred in salaries to our teachers and workers. The American mail came bringing four dollars. The man from whom we had been buying our bread said that he will not let us have any bread tomorrow, as we owe him \$150. He is a poor man and needs the money. Hundreds of children and widows are looking to me for food.

THE ONE THOUSAND-DOLLAR CHECK

Over three weeks ago, God put it on the heart of one of His children to send me an offering. So, faithful to the "still small voice," a dear brother away over in Kansas went down to his bank and made out a check—made it out, signed it, and wrote a letter—but as often man fails, even those who have the best of hearts, this dear brother in addressing the letter to me made a great mistake. He addressed it to "Assiut, India" instead of to "Assiut, Egypt." So when the thousands of letters were being placed in the mail bags ready to be put on the ships to India or Egypt, our loving Father knew that this letter must not go to India as directed, but must be sent to Egypt, or our babies would have to go without bread. So He took care of it and had it put into one of the Egypt mail bags, even though Egypt was nowhere written on the letter! It was not delayed a single day. How did He do it? I don't know. I shall never know in this life, but I do know "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

On the afternoon of the day of our great need one of our little boys went to the Post Office and found the letter which God had taken care of. He brought it home and I opened it. It contained a *check for one thousand dollars!* I cannot describe the joy of us all as we saw how God had supplied our needs. We paid the six hundred dollars which we owed, paid the three hundred in salaries and had

one hundred to go on with. How everyone in town who heard this rejoiced with us! "Before they call, I will answer." [All of Assiut loves to hear of Lillian's "ups and downs!"]

There was another time we were in great need, and I could think of nothing that I could do; so I went to my English teacher and asked her if she would lend me twenty-five dollars for a few days. She said, "Why certainly. Do come in and sit down and let me make you a cup of tea." While she was making the tea (she had not yet given me the money) one of my little boys came up to the room and said, "Mama, there is an Egyptian gentleman waiting to see you." I went down and invited him in. He had been all ready to take the train to his village, so he said, but a strong feeling came to him that he must come to the orphanage and help me before he went home. He handed me fifty dollars. I told him that it was surely God who had laid the needs of the orphanage on his heart, as we were without money and I had just gone to try to borrow some money from one of my teachers. We all got a wonderful lesson out of it.

Sunday before last I went to visit one of my Egyptian friends who is ill. I spent the day with her and she asked me how many children I had. I told her and she asked me how much money I had. I told her that I had less than five dollars and that I had borrowed \$250 from one of my friends. She then enquired about our new buildings saying, "Of

course you don't start a building until you have some extra money on hand." I said, "Oh, we do not wait for money. When we are quite sure that we need the new building, we start if only with fifty cents, and by the time the building is finished, it is also paid for." I told her of our large two-story building, which we built last year for the girls—how we did not owe a cent on it. After I had been talking a long time, telling her how God met the needs, she said, "Well, Lillian, if I didn't know it was true, I'd say it was all lies!" As I left that evening her husband gave me twenty-five dollars. The next morning fifty-five dollars came from America. I paid back part of the \$250 which I owed.

The next afternoon I went up to the nursery, and as I looked over the babies' beds, I saw that they were very much in need of some rubber sheeting. Theirs was quite worn out. I said to one of our teachers, "Oh, if I had only about ten dollars now! How I would like to go to town and get the babies some rubber sheeting!" While I was talking, one of the girls called and said, "Mama, Mrs. D..... wants to speak to you on the telephone." She is a very wealthy Egyptian widow. I said, "Oh if she is going to send any money I will go at once and get these things for the babies." She told me that she would like to visit the orphanage, and in a short time two cars drove up. One car was full of oranges for the children, and she gave each child one as they passed by in line. As they were leaving she handed me \$150.

I went and bought the oilcloth for the babies, and paid nearly all the rest of my debt.

Remembering my dear friend with whom I had spent Sunday, I thought I would tell her how God was meeting the needs; so I called her on the phone and told her. She said that she had hardly been able to sleep all night. She worried about me, wondering what I was going to do to meet the needs.

The next morning brought a letter from the brother in Kansas who had sent the thousand dollars. He enclosed another check for five hundred. This time it was addressed to Egypt! I again telephoned my friend. She was so delighted she could hardly wait until I had finished telling it before she called her husband to tell him how God had met the need.

Still other interesting entries:

The other day, a poor, ragged little boy came to the door and said, "Lady, is this the place where the poor are accepted?" His words seemed to sink into my heart. There are so many places where the poor are *not* accepted. I just prayed that God would make this a place with open doors where the poor and needy would always be welcome and always find help.

I have on my desk a letter from an English official in Cairo telling of a wayward girl whose father and brother have just been hanged and her mother and younger brother sentenced to imprisonment for life for killing the father of her baby. He writes:

NILE MOTHER

"We should be very grateful if you could see your way to admitting this girl to your home, or if you cannot do that, if you would advise us as to the best method of disposing of her in such a way as to give her a chance to lead a decent life and avoid risk of assassination by her family." I wrote him to send her to me. Others have come like this and have been wonderfully saved. I have a poor young woman with three children. Her husband went raving mad and had to be put in the asylum. She is now helping us teach the younger children and oversees the housekeeping at the girls' building.

"These things don't *just happen*, as so many people try to believe. For forty years they have always 'just happened' at the right time. 'Your Father knoweth ye have need of these things.'

"When we keep our eyes on Him, everything seems easy, oh, so easy. But when we begin to look at circumstances, we shake and tremble with fear.

"Pray for me, that I will not look at my hundreds of children who have to be clothed, fed and educated, and the very hard times financially all over the world, but that I may keep my eyes on His promises and know that all is well, because He careth for us."

Chapter Seven

Tears of the Nile Mother

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Psa. 126:5.

Tears of the Nile Mother

One must not forget that in a work of the magnitude of Lillian's there are deep disappointments as well as great rejoicings. There have been problems with government, with world wars, with disease, with unfaithful people. But Lillian's philosophy is that of David: "He that goeth forth and weepeth . . . shall doubtless come again with rejoicing."

GOVERNMENT TROUBLE

One of the most trying times of her life resulted from a missionary in the city of Port-Said who excessively disciplined a Mohammedan girl who was in his custody. The authorities heard of the incident. The Mohammedans started an uproar against Christian schools and orphanages which swept through all Egypt. The Mohammedans in a great outburst of anger began to collect thousands of dollars to build new orphanages all over the country, so they could remove any Mohammedan orphans from the Christian institutions. For a time the situation was, indeed, quite tense, but days of better understanding later followed.

The Governor in Assiut province sent several high officials to inspect everything in the Lillian Trasher Orphanage. These inspectors spent several hours looking over all the details. But this is just what Lillian likes, so she assisted them. They said they were delighted at the work, but that they were going to build orphanages, and so would be taking away from her all the children of the Mohammedan faith. At this time Lillian had about seventy children of Mohammedan parents.

While they were examining her orphanage, she told them everything, keeping back nothing. She explained that the Mohammedan children went to all of the Christian services, just as the other children. She told them how the Lord supplied the needs of the orphanage by faith. She gave them several booklets telling of the work and copies of her financial reports. After hearing it all, the head inspector asked Lillian if she would present him with a Bible. She did gladly.

Later the Governor of the State sent for Lillian and thanked her for what she had done for the poor children of Egypt, but he said that it would be necessary to remove the Mohammedan children.

Ten days slowly passed with a cloud of anxiety hanging over the orphanage. "Ma" Lillian did not know when she might lose a great number of her dear little children. As the days passed she began to think they were not going to do anything.

But on the tenth morning, before breakfast, the same officials walked in. Lillian was frightened at their presence and remembers she was trembling as she invited them to come in. She asked if there was anything wrong. The inspector said, "No, there is nothing wrong." She asked if they had received a reply from the Ministry in Cairo, and they said they had. The orders were to take all the Mohammedan children at once.

Lillian could have screamed; however, she was thankful that she was not sent out of the country as the missionary was who had overly disciplined the Mohammedan child in the city of Port-Said.

Words cannot describe the sad scene as the officers led seventy of her children away, crying as they went, saying, "Good-bye, Mama! Good-bye, Mama!" It was a life-long farewell.

DEATH IN THE ORPHANAGE

Jerome Beatty, noted magazine writer and author of a book, "Americans All Over," went on a fifteen-month safari into strange far places in search of Americans, who were doing interesting things. Mr. Beatty was sent out by DeWitt Wallace, the proprietor of *Reader's Digest*. In his 46,500 mile trek he met our heroine, Lillian Trasher, and called her the "the greatest wonder in Egypt!" On page 220 of his volume he tells an interesting story:

"Recently three of her youngest died at the American Mission Hospital during an epidemic of dys-

entry. She was inconsolable. 'My babies are gone!' she groaned.

"A doctor pleaded, 'But Miss Lillian, you have hundreds more.'

"She lifted a tear-stained face and sobbed, 'Yes, but I can't spare even one!'

"It's only a mother's love that can fill a thousand hearts!"

CLARK MEMORIAL CHURCH

Many times Lillian had prayed and cried to God for a church building large enough for her great family. God witnessed the tears of the Nile Mother and gave an answer. An elderly gentleman in America by the name of Clark sent Lillian one dollar. When she wrote a note of appreciation, she enclosed a small pamphlet describing the work and mentioning the fact she had no adequate chapel. Although Mr. Clark was ninety years old he wrote that rather than leaving something in his will for the orphanage he would send money to build a church! Lillian sent him pictures of ground-breaking, cornerstone-laying, the walls going up, the roof going on, and windows being glazed. Though an old man he saw "Clark Memorial Church" built. Miss Lillian's tears dried away in rejoicing. She especially petitioned the Lord to permit Mr. Clark's soul, en route to heaven to pass by the church, which he so dearly loved!

CHOLERA

Cholera is a frightening word in Egypt. It is a piti-

less killer. It strikes fast and destroys human life in a few hours. On September 23, 1947 the dread monster struck the land of Egypt again. Thousands died like flies over the land.

Lillian decided that during the epidemic she should not accept new children. In a place like the orphanage such a plague would be devastating. The following Sunday she was coming out of church and met a poor man dressed in rags. With him were two thin underfed little boys. The old man said the boys' mother was dead and that they had walked ten days to reach Assiut. Lillian felt she could not turn them away so took the children in.

Early the next morning one of the night-duty girls, who was in charge of the "second size" babies in the nursery came to Lillian's room and said the smallest new boy was vomiting and had diarrhea. These are the two main signs of cholera. Lillian went and observed the child and concluded that he was very ill. She sent for a good friend of the orphanage, Doctor Risgalla. He agreed that the child was seriously ill. They decided to report the case. The child was isolated, but died in a few hours. A culture was taken and sent to Cairo for examination. It was positive! The child died of cholera!

Can you imagine Lillian's broken heart. The child was in the nursery with fifty other children. He had vomited on the nurse, on the bed and on the floor. With lightning speed her orphanage was under federal quarantine. Doctors and health inspectors

from Cairo came and again injected all the children against cholera. D.D.T. was sprayed in every room of the orphanage. Soldiers were placed at the gates to forbid going and coming.

NOT ONE CHILD TOOK CHOLERA! Soon the quarantine was lifted; the soldiers were sent away; then a great thanksgiving service was conducted in Clark Memorial Church, the orphanage chapel. That service was one of the most wonderful Lillian has seen in Egypt.

WARS

In forty years Miss Trasher has lived through two world wars and a number of local rebellions. She has never run away from her children. On July 1, 1942 word was received in Assiut that the Germans were entering the outskirts of Alexandria. All the Americans left Assiut that night—except Lillian. It was a heart-breaking sight to go to the homes of old friends and weep with them as they packed to depart. Lillian turned sadly back to her orphanage with tears running down her face. Who can tell what the Germans might do when they found an American woman and her great family of children?

Back in her room she opened the Bible and asked God for a verse of hope. Her Bible fell open to Exodus 14:13, 14. "And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord which He will show to you today, for the Egyptians (Germans) whom ye have seen today

ye shall see them no more forever. The Lord shall fight for you and ye shall hold your peace."

While most other Americans left, Lillian walked the floors with tears of joy that the German army had been stopped by the Lord. History now records they never came one step nearer!

TIRES

During World War II the tires on Lillian's car became worn. The orphanage is a long way from town and a number of trips have to be made each day on business. Lillian had the old ones patched again and again—but every trip to town meant a flat tire. And the bumping from the many patches made riding rough. There were tires on the black market at one hundred and twenty-five dollars each! But even if Lillian had the money her conscience would not have permitted this kind of business.

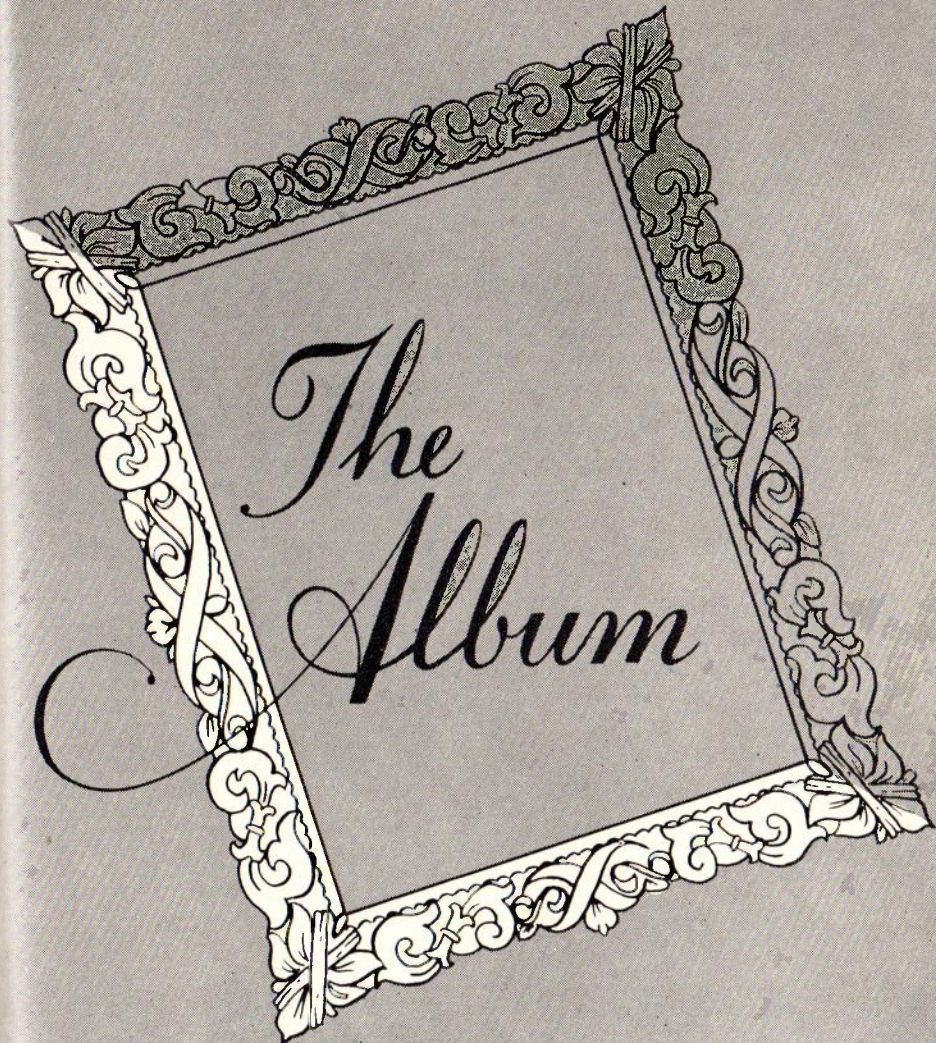
Lillian prayed. Then, characteristic of her energetic life, she looked around to see where the answer would be coming from! She applied to the federal government in Cairo. The answer was, "No tires." Miss Trasher called on the American Ambassador who was a friend of the orphanage. He threw up his hands and said: "Tires? Where can I get tires?" Lillian went to the Minister of Social Affairs and he promised her the first one to arrive in the country.

Finally Lillian told a South African friend: "I shall look no more; and I shall ask no more. I will believe God to send the necessary tires."

NILE MOTHER

The next day when she arrived back in Assiut her car was waiting at the station with two brand new tires! Lillian exclaimed to Mena her assistant: "Did you buy those on the black market?" He said: "No, Mr. Naseem heard that you needed tires for your car and decided your work was more important than his (a filling station operator) so he *gave* these to you and will salvage the rest of his car!"

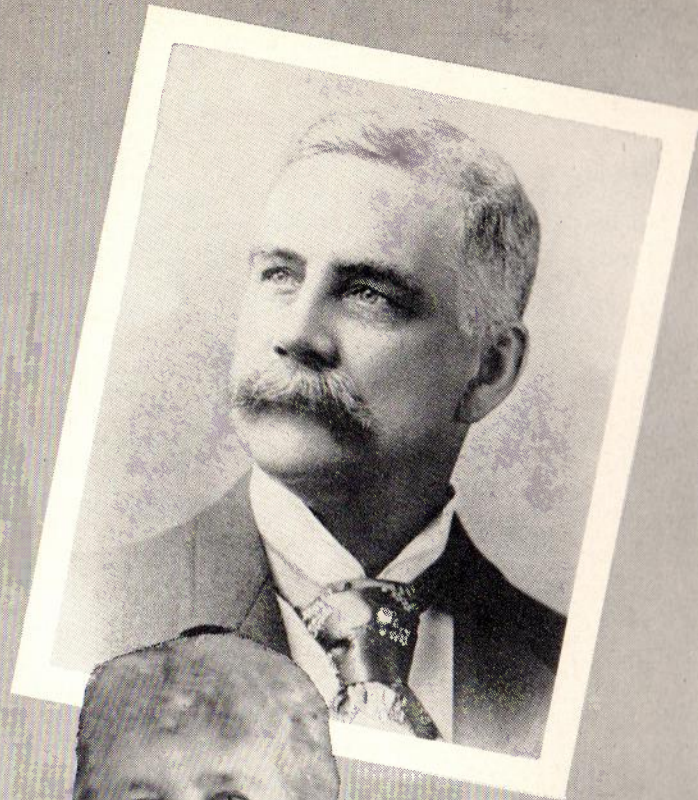
And so the tears of the Nile Mother are repeatedly turned to joy.



Intimate glimpses of
Miss Trasher, her family, and her work —



Above. "Mama" Lillian, then and now
Right. Miss Trasher's Parents

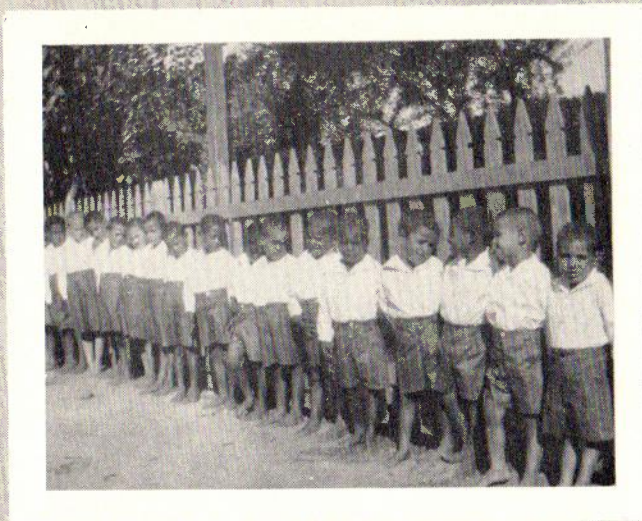


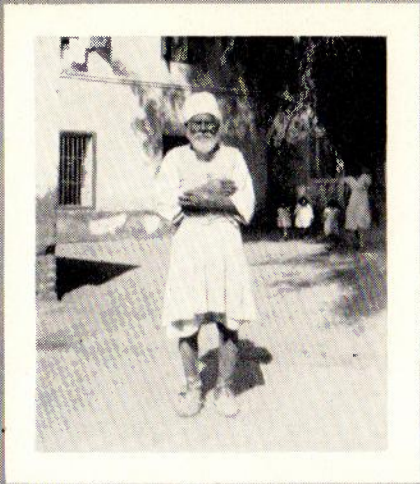


Above: Some of the blind women and girls of the orphanage.
Below: Some of the little boy orphans at Assiut Home.



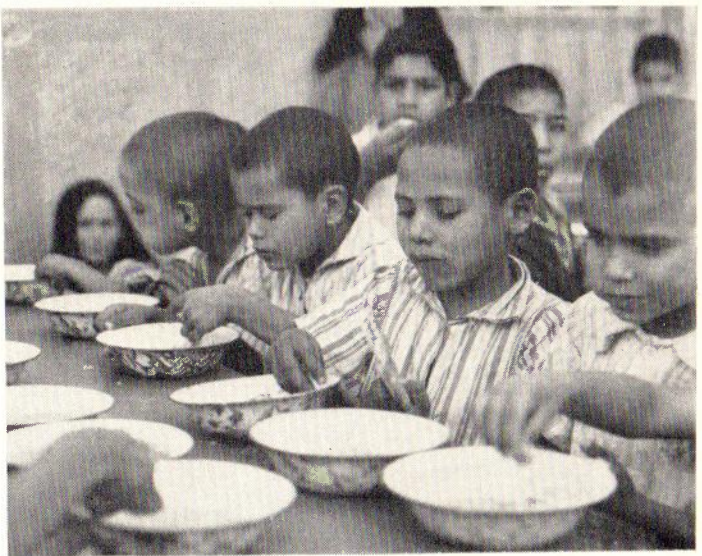
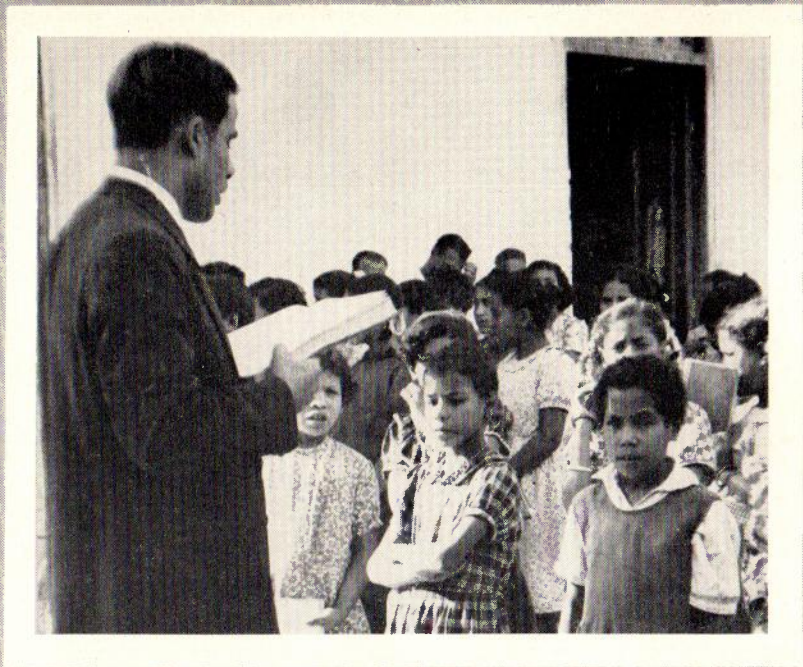
"Mama" and some of her girls





**Above. The Gatekeeper at the Orphanage
Below. The First Building
Right Top. A Group of Orphanage Widows
Below. Orphanage Boys, before and after**





Above: The children soon learn the way of salvation.
Right: Since 1911 the door of love and mercy has been open.





Left. Orphanage Group, "Mama" and the Governor of Assiut Province

Above. Lord Macloy with orphans

Below. The King and Queen Mother of Belgium





Above, Philip and Hazel Crouch, "Mama's" Assistants
Left, "Mama" Trashner and her Egyptian Assistant, Meno Efendi Girgis

Chapter Eight

God's Amazing Deliverances

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked." Psa. 91:7, 8.

God's Amazing Deliverances

During the last four decades Egypt has experienced good and bad times. She has seen tranquillity and revolution. Through wars and depressions God has been good to Lillian Trasher in protecting her physically and supplying her needs financially.

RIOTS AND LOOTINGS

When Lillian had been in Egypt for nine years, friction between the British and the Arabs took place. It developed into a reign of terror in and around Assiut. The university students held wild demonstrations and started riots. This was followed by the Arabs taking advantage and looting several towns. The railroad and telegraphic communications were destroyed between Upper and Lower Egypt, thus Assiut was cut off from the capital city and the rest of the world.

Lillian had hoped that Assiut would escape the looting but no one was sure of the outcome. Her diary records the blood-curdling story as follows:

"The afternoon of March 18, 1919, Reverend Thompson of the American College came over to my orphanage and told me that the people of Assiut feared the Arabs would raid the town, and that all the Europeans had moved into the large Secondary Government School which was well fortified and protected, and that the Americans wished for me to come and stay with them. I thanked him but told him that I did not think it would be necessary and even if it were I could not go away and leave the children just when they needed me. He was very kind, indeed, and came every day for three days trying to get me to come, but, of course, this was quite impossible. We felt sure that God would care for us.

"I needed some money, so I went to the bank to draw two hundred dollars, but the cashier told me that I could not draw out so much at once, as the bank was unable to get more money from Cairo, owing to the fact that all connections with the Cairo banks had been cut off by the riots. He let me have one hundred dollars and said if I came back in a day or two he would give me more. This bank situation worried me quite a bit, for what could I do? No mail and no money and my family must be fed! Saturday morning I had a long talk with Zackeah who is now in charge of the orphanage during my absence. We decided to cut down expenses as much as possible and that all the children from Assiut should go to some acquaintance if they had any, and remain there until the shortage of

money would be over. Then we let Abo Mousad (the gardener) take some of the other children down the river in boats. Many were left, however with no place to go.

"I felt heavy-hearted and burdened all day, and finally spoke to Zackeah about it and said, 'Do you suppose anything has happened to the children who went to Nakalah in the boat?' She said, 'I don't know, but I feel as if something awful were going to happen.' That night I had my class as usual in my room and started to read to them, but my heart was so heavy I could not go on, so I talked to them a long time about the Lord. We all wept, but we had little thought that this would be our last evening together that year.

"On the following day (Sunday), as everything seemed quiet all of my women went to church. They came to me in the yard and said, 'Good-bye, Miss Lily.' Ah, if I had known this was to be my last sight of them at the orphanage for many a month, how awful I should have felt! It is good that God hides the future from us.

"After the women left I sent Frank (one of the orphans) to town, but a little later he came saying, 'Mama, I cannot get into Assiut; the drawbridge is open because there are riots in town.' This frightened me and I gave orders to have all the children gather for prayer. I went to my own room knelt by the window and prayed. While there I heard a gunshot. We went out in front of the house and

heard a great commotion from the direction of the bridge. In a few minutes about twenty-five men came running toward our house, stopping when half there, waving flags and calling. They seemed to be giving signals to someone in our direction. I said, 'Come, girls, let us see if there is not something at the back of the house.' We went and looked and oh, what a sight we saw! The white-turbaned Arabs, like swarms of ants, were running toward our place waving their flags, guns, knives, swords, sticks—in fact almost every kind of weapon imaginable. We knew they were on their way to Assiut and would pass within a few hundred yards of our house. What they would do to us we knew not. I screamed 'El Arab jaen! El Arab jaen!' (The Arabs are coming!) and ran back to the house and called to the children, 'Run to the brick kiln.'

"Our house faces west overlooking the Nile, and the Arabs were passing our house on the north. On the south, about three blocks down, out in the wheat field, was an old brick kiln which had been in disuse for a long time. This I felt would be the only place of safety for the children. As they were all in the school auditorium praying, there was no trouble getting them together. So they immediately obeyed. One of the little girls who was holding baby Margaret, became so excited that she dropped the baby on a piece of iron, nearly putting out her eye. The cut was made just below the eye from one end to the other, but she never cried. I remember stopping

to open her eye and saying, 'Thank God, her eye is all right.'

"I told the children to hurry on to the brick kiln while I went back to the house to get any that might be left. I ran through every room in the house and found four babies, three of them could not walk. These I carried and called for some of the larger girls to come and help us. They took these babies and I again ran back with Fareida and we broke open the trunk and got what money we could find—about a hundred and fifty dollars. I also got my Bible and one or two little things. Then we shut the door and ran. Our cow was in the courtyard and we knew the Arabs could not get her without breaking into the house. So we left everything in the care of the Lord.

"By the time we reached the kiln the greater part of the Arab horde had reached the other side of the river and the war began. Machine guns, cannon, rifles, pistols were fired as fast as they could be loaded. Bullets were shot across the river and came all around our house. On reaching the kiln I divided the children giving each child a smaller one to care for. Then we sat down to wait. I heard some loud talking near us and looking about, I found a crowd of Mohammedans quarreling with a young Christian boy. One of them asked if he belonged to the orphanage and when I said, 'No' they began to beat him as hard as they could. I rushed up and grabbed one of the sticks, but the others kept on beating him. So

I threw my arms around the poor boy's neck, and they stopped. I told him to hurry to his village, and he started, but when I went back to my children these men started after the boy again. I ran out and stayed there until he got away. They said to me, 'We wanted to kill him and we would have done it but for you.' They meant it, for they were blood-thirsty.

"By this time the Arabs had set fire to a lot of the houses and a large hay factory. From the whole city of Assiut smoke and fire billowed into the sky. From our side of the river it was impossible to see what was burning and what was not. I went out and sat at the edge of the Nile, looking at my dear Assiut burn, and listening to those awful death shots being fired by the hundreds of guns. But I could do naught but pray for God's protection.

"Suddenly the children screamed and said, 'Come here, Mama.' I said, 'What is the matter?' The man who was in charge of the kiln said, 'You must get the children out at once because some of the Arabs have returned from town bringing the loot with them, and they are shooting and fighting on the other side of the kiln.' This was an awful time for me, for I had thought that we would at least be safe there. The man showed me a large dug-out not far away which was covered with planks, and in there the children ran with never a word. I talked to them very quietly and said, 'Now, children, we

may live only a few minutes, so if any of you are not ready to die, you had better pray in earnest; only don't make a bit of noise, for we don't want anyone to know we are here.' That was a solemn moment for us, when each little one was searching his heart, not knowing the moment all would be over. After we prayed, I read Psalm 91 in English—'A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.' Then Edward read it in Arabic for the benefit of those who did not understand English.

"After a while I went out to see what was going on, and I saw Arabs and natives running by with the loot they had taken from Assiut. Everyone was carrying something from the English homes—doors, windows, curtains, tables, chairs, in fact everything they could lay their hands on.

"Several houses near us belonging to the English were completely destroyed. The floor, porches, fences, etc. were taken as lumber, which has been very scarce in Egypt since the war. We were much afraid our house would also be looted, so Edward and Fareida said they would dress in native clothes, take some of the natives and go up and see the situation.

I tried to hinder them, but they were anxious. I knew that if I went I would be killed for many of the Arabs, not knowing me, would think I was English.

“When they reached the house they saw a large troop of Arabs, about a hundred, start towards it armed with weapons. In Egypt all of the lower windows are protected with heavy iron bars, making it difficult to get in, but these men began to climb up on the windows. Then one of the native farmers who lives near us came over and took charge of the place. They told him to let them in but he said, ‘Never! I will die right here before I will see a single thing touched.’ The Arabs brandished their swords and said, ‘If you don’t let us in we will kill you right here.’ He began to talk to them, saying, ‘Men, be ashamed! These are our own orphans, our own Egyptian children for whom the lady has given her life to take care of, and she has never done you any harm. Be ashamed and go somewhere else but leave the home of our orphan babies.’ After using this method of persuasion for some time, the head man of the mob said, ‘You have melted my heart. Come men, let’s go somewhere else.’ So they left our house untouched. Later one man insisted upon climbing up to get over the top of the house in order to loot the place. The others had warned him not to do it. But he would not heed the warnings, and as he was making the climb a bullet from the other side of the Nile struck him and he dropped on the

front porch. He died a few minutes later. Thus did God verify His promise, ‘It shall not come nigh thy dwelling.’

“Then the children, with the aid of some of the women from the field, brought us bread and a large pot of lentils, and we gave them their dinner down in the dug-out. The babies were so good. We had not been able to get any milk for them, so we filled their bottles with dirty river water. After dinner I put on native dress and decided to risk going up to the house. I reached there safely and everything seemed quiet, so I sent for the children.

“That evening after prayer and supper, I put the little ones to bed, but the larger boys and girls went into the courtyard with me. Our house is built with rooms surrounding a large open court where we have trees and flowers and there we have our evening prayers. This evening, however, a number of native men and a few women were there sitting on the benches ostensibly for our protection, but I found they were more interested in pocketing everything they could lay their hands on. I could not leave them for a moment.

The mother of one of the men was with me, and I told her to go to bed. She said, ‘No,’ but that she would stay in the courtyard, she insisted that I go to bed. I told her I would do so, if she would shut the outside door and come and lie down also. But these men would not allow her to shut the door.

Then I insisted on staying up and watching with her. 'No,' they said, 'you must go to bed.' 'Never, as long as you men are inside the house and the door is open.' I got my hatchet and a big butcher knife and we brought a cot out into the court. The large girls and I sat there all night. The natives would go off together and talk, and then I would sharpen my knife and polish up the hatchet and talk about what I would do if any of the Arabs tried to bother me. (Of course I had no intention of doing any harm, but did it frighten them!)

'During the early evening it was almost amusing to see my boys, who had found my table knives and stuck them in their belts, following me around as a bodyguard.

"The shooting kept up intermittently all night. Several times we went up to the house top and watched the fires burning at the hay factory, and destroying the homes of some of our friends. In Egypt the roofs are, for the most part, flat, and we frequently use them as you do your roof gardens in America. Once while we were standing on this roof one of these men who had been pocketing things in the court, came up and stood next to me. I saw, by the movement of his hand, that he was reaching for a weapon in his hip pocket. I asked one of my girls (in English) if she had noticed it. She said she had, and she then slipped in between me and this man, knowing that since she was an Arab her life was not in danger. Nothing further occurred that night, and again God protected my life.

"The uprising continued for three days, and although the Arabs passed our house all the time, loaded with plunder, they never once attempted to do anything to our home. I kept the children inside, for bullets constantly whizzed about the house.

"About ten o'clock one morning, while trying to get a little sleep, one of the children ran to me saying, 'Mama, a man wishes to speak to you.' I went out and found a friend who said, 'Miss Lillian, we think too much of you not to tell you what some of the natives are planning to do.' 'Well,' I said, 'what is it?' He said, 'There is a crowd of rough men at El Massarah who are planning to come tonight and kill you and loot your house, so you had better go with me to the Mayor's house and stay there.' I thanked him but told him I could not go. I said I would do something if only to hide in the wheat field, but I could not leave my children. I called my three large girls into the drawing room and told them what the man had said.

"I was truly very much frightened, for the people were blood-thirsty and mad for plunder. They knew our house was full of clothes, bedding and foodstuffs—just the things they wanted. We felt we could not sit still, and let them come and kill me, for apart from my own life there would be no one left to care for the little ones. The poor girls were nearly mad with fright, but at last we decided to get the children across the river in a boat. It was impossible to use the bridge for all the shooting

was going on at the other end of the draw-bridge. So we dressed the children in their best and I called Mohammed (the man who had kept the mob off the first day) and Islaman, our guard, and told them I would leave everything in their care, offering them a reward for keeping the Arabs out of the place.

"I started with the children, but when we had gone part way we were met by a crowd of people who said that everyone who tried to reach Assiut was shot before reaching the shore, and that two men had just been killed. Our nerves were completely overwrought, and the children and I both cried—also the men. It was heart-breaking to see those poor little babies crying and sobbing, 'Oh Mama, if you go back they will kill you. Oh darling Mama, don't go back.' But we could do nothing else. The horror of those days cannot be put in words, and were it not for our trust in God, we would have lost our reason.

"As night fell it was decided best for me not to say anything to the neighbors as to where I would stay, but after it became quite dark the children would stay and talk to the people in the courtyard while I slipped upstairs and made arrangements for the night. Up over the second story there was a flat roof and we used a table, boxes, etc. to climb up to it; the children helped me up, handing me a small mattress, my hatchet, butcher knife and some long, heavy iron bars. Then they took away the table and boxes, and all went quietly down.

"I lay down, tired out and dropped to sleep, not knowing whether I would ever awake on this earth or not. The next morning the children threw pebbles up on the house top to see if I were alive or murdered, but I was so tired that it was a long time before I really woke up. Oh, how happy they were when they saw me look over the top at them! It was with such a strange feeling that I saw the sun of another day. I learned later that the men did not come, because the crowd were divided, and were 'shamed' out of their purpose to kill me. But I am sure that the Angel of the Lord had encamped round about us and protected us.

"That day we saw on the other side of the river a large steamer which had come down from Cairo and later on we saw several fighter planes swoop over the city. This had a quieting effect upon the natives and they stopped some of their plundering and tearing down of the neighboring houses. They said, 'We can fight them on the ground, but what can we do with those things in the air?' The planes dropped about thirty bombs on the little village of Walledeah, just at the western edge of the river between our home and Assiut. The whole village was nearly destroyed.

"By this time, the natives who had been 'protecting' my home became quite well established and took liberties. They would walk into my room without being invited, and sit down in my Morris chair. They had never dared do this before. At night they

wanted to sleep in the girls' room, and a little later one of the dirty old women asked for a quilt. One of the children took out one but she sent it back, saying it was not a nice one. She sent a second one back, saying it was one of the children's. By this time I was deeply stirred and went out where they were. I said, 'Now I have stood this long enough. You have been trying to take the place for nearly three days and I've said nothing. Now it is ended. I expect to command respect in my own house and I'm not one bit afraid of you. I'll take no more of your insolence. You have tried to steal all you could get your hands on, but I will permit no more of it.' While I stopped for breath, one of the children spoke up and said, 'Yes, you don't even stand up when "Mama" comes into the room; why, even the Moudir (Mayor) always stands up if she is standing!' At this, two or three who were squatting up against the wall began slowly to rise and they begged my pardon and said that they had no intention of being rude. They certainly changed after that.

"Wednesday morning things were a little more quiet, and the Arabs began to feel they were losing ground. Numbers went back to their villages. We began to feel the worst was over. The girls washed the clothes and arranged them in the storeroom. I had not been able to undress since Sunday, so I decided it would be safe to take a bath. Just as I had finished I looked out and saw a lot of English soldiers on our side of the bridge. Never did I see

people look so good as those boys! I ran out to the small bridge and asked them to come in and have tea and they said, 'All right.'

"But then they said, 'Miss Trasher, you will have to leave here.'

"'Leave here?' I said. 'Leave Assiut? I, leave Assiut? Indeed I'll not do that. Why, can't you see that I cannot leave these children?'

"'Yes, we know, but you may have to. Do you see those two steamers on the other side of the Nile? Well, the Government has sent them down to take all the foreigners away. The refugees will leave sometime tomorrow and everybody is going, so you will probably have to go also.'

"'But, can't you see that it will be absolutely impossible for me to leave this family of babies? Oh, what shall I do?'

"'Well, Miss Trasher, we cannot tell you what to do, but you can see the General and tell him your case and he will tell you what you must do.'

"I dressed and, leaving a number of the soldiers in charge, went first to the Inspector of the Interior. He said, 'I know it will be hard to leave but I cannot give you permission to remain as all the foreigners with the exception of Government workers, are leaving. So I'm afraid you will have to leave also, but you can speak to the General.' The General's reply was short and to the point—'Absolutely impossible to remain. The boats leave at ten o'clock,

the *Puritan* and the *Victoria*.' They also told me I could not remain in the orphanage that night, so it was decided I should get all the children and take them into the American School or Hospital.

"I went back and told the children and oh, how they cried! I can never forget the night of March 26, 1919. Our house is just about an hour's walk from Assiut, so into the town we started, everyone of us crying, even Solomon the guard, whose eyes were still swollen the next day. I carried one of the babies and the crowd of crying children followed me screaming 'Oh Mama! Darling Mama, we won't see you again.' It was a time of deepest suffering for me and I was nearly crazed with grief. I feared I would lose my mind. No, I will not say feared. I did not care. All I had passed through was minor compared to leaving these poor children. People tried to quiet us, as they could not bear the sight. Reaching the American School we were given supper, but none could eat excepting the smaller ones who did not understand. The boys remained at the school and I took the girls and the babies over to the hospital.

"All I could do when I heard their cries was to walk the floor and hold my head. I had no more tears to shed. I had given nine years of labor, sacrifices and toil; now must I see it go in one night? Was I to leave my own darling little children just when they most needed me? 'Oh Lord,' I cried, 'it is too much for my brain and heart.' I feared my

brain would give way under the strain. I walked the floor until about an hour after midnight asking myself, 'How can I feed them? Egypt is in an awful condition; it is impossible to get money through the mail, and I am leaving for Cairo. Will I be able to get back? Will the Arabs destroy my home?' At last I threw myself across the bed exhausted and Fareida said, 'Mama, don't cry so, you will go crazy.' 'Oh, Fareida, what shall I do?'

"Then it dawned on me that if I got quiet perhaps there was something I could do. So I stopped and began to think: 'In Egypt I will not be able to get money for many months. In Cairo I can do nothing. What shall I do?' America loomed up before me. 'Ah yes, that is just the thing to do—go to America and send money from there until Egypt is quiet.' 'Oh Fareida, come here. I know what I'll do. I'll go to America. That is the very thing to do. I can send money from there and Zackeah and the women can care for you as well as I can if they have the money.' From that moment I had peace. I knew at once this was the Lord's will. Instead of staying in Cairo and worrying, I would go home, see my family and get rest from this strain—and best of all have a way to feed my poor children.

"Fareida said, 'Yes, Mama, that is just the very thing.' I had prayer, went to bed and slept until the morning."

This is the way Lillian was able to get a short and much needed furlough, only to return with

greater zeal and vision for a larger and grander work among the orphans and widows of Egypt.

THE RED CROSS MIRACLE

The forty-year history of the orphanage is full of amazing deliverances, but we feel this chapter must be limited to two illustrations.

During World War II, money increasingly difficult to get from America and clothing and food in Egypt became very scarce and expensive. The great heart of Lillian was touched when her little boys came to morning prayer with dirty and badly torn jackets. After the service she reprimanded the young men in charge and said, "Why have the boys come to church in such condition?" They told her there were no other clothes for them to put on. Lillian could not believe it, so she went at once to the storeroom to see. It was indeed a sad sight. There was nothing there but a few pieces of clothing in worse condition than those which the children were wearing. Lillian walked back to her cottage dejected. She looked up to heaven and said, "Oh Lord, you see my dear children. They just must have clothes."

At this moment the orphanage did not have a dollar. To buy clothes for hundreds would not only be a miracle—but a miracle of the first magnitude! That morning the post office called, saying that there was a special delivery letter for Lillian. She got into her car and went to the post office where she found a letter from a girl friend in Cairo with fifty dollars in it. She went at once and bought

cloth for some of the boys. She wrote the girl in Cairo, thanking her and telling her of the situation. A few days later her husband was in town and invited Lillian up to his office and gave her one hundred dollars more to buy clothes for her children.

This was far from being sufficient. Cloth was so expensive. This money did not go very far, but God did answer prayer.

One of Lillian's prominent friends in Cairo wrote a letter inviting her to the capital as the American Ambassador wished to see her immediately. Lillian left on the next train.

She found the Ambassador, who had always proved to be a very gracious man to her, beaming with delight. He told Lillian he had heard many wonderful things about her orphanage and was interested in helping her. He told her that there was a *large shipment of clothes sent by the American Red Cross to Greece*, but Greece had fallen to the enemy, and it was impossible to deliver the clothing. He said that he had received orders to distribute it to refugees and charitable institutions in Egypt.

The American Ambassador handed Lillian \$125 and explained this was a personal gift to pay for shipping these materials from Cairo to Assiut.

The clothing he gave Lillian lasted the orphanage two or three years! There were two thousand six hundred dresses! Nineteen hundred hand-made

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woolen sweaters of all sizes! There were six thousand and seventeen pieces of clothing altogether. Later from the same ship Lillian received blankets and foodstuffs and more clothes! What a pay day! Lillian had struck it rich for the duration of the war!

Everyone had wondered what "poor Lillian" would do when the great war was at its height, but now they saw that God could direct an entire ship load of clothing and food to Egypt to take care of a faithful woman who was caring for others!

Chapter Nine

Lord Maclay of Glasgow

"Your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of." Matt. 6:8.

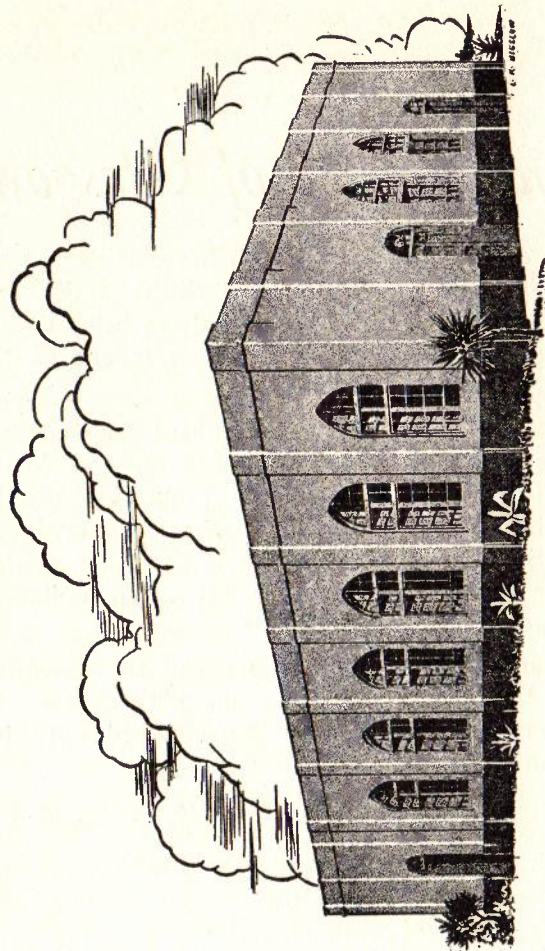
Lord Maclay of Glasgow

To operate a business which has consisted of six thousand dependants; to feed, clothe, train, and educate without government subsidy or being underwritten by a religious organization is one of the miracles of our times.

When you realize that the bulk of the contributions have been very small—the first one was thirty-five cents. The overwhelming proportion of the gifts have been under ten dollars. Hundreds of times the offering is one dollar. As amazing as this miracle budget can be, very often one dollar is the amount needed!

However, the great buildings and the expensive land—Egyptian acreage is among the most expensive in the world—can be obtained only by substantial donations.

There are several liberal contributors in Egypt, for example the four families to which this book is dedicated. In America the late Mr. Wilbur B. Driver, East Orange, New Jersey, a successful business man, contributed two hundred dollars monthly until his death in 1949.



Clark Memorial Church

LORD MACLAY

The person who has contributed most to the orphanage is Lord Maclay of Glasgow, Scotland, who so generously consented to write the foreword to this book.

This Scottish nobleman is a kind-hearted, Christian philanthropist. He discovered the orphanage almost by accident, humanly speaking, but by Divine guidance—from Lillian's standpoint. It happened like this:

THE LUXURY LINER

Toot! Toot! The dreary whistles of the luxury steamer plying between the capital city of Cairo and the historic city of Luxor was blowing for Assiut.

Lillian was visiting with an Egyptian friend for dinner. Upon hearing the arrival of the tourist boat, she excused herself and ran home for some of her booklets and tracts about the orphanage work. In her own inimitable way, bubbling over with exuberance, Lillian moved among the passengers from America, England, and many other parts of the world, handing out her books and telling them about her orphanage. She invited any of them who were interested to visit the orphanage (which had seven hundred at that time) while the boat was docked at Assiut. One young man spoke up and said he was not interested, but one of the ladies said she *was* interested and would appreciate one of the booklets concerning the orphanage. This lady gave Lillian

five dollars and other contributions totaled about sixteen dollars in cash.

Little did Lillian realize that on this boat was the one who would become the greatest human donor to the orphanage that she has had to date, and that she would soon be acquainted with him.

About eight o'clock that same evening, the lady who was on the steamer and to whom Lillian had given one of her booklets, visited the orphanage with her father. She introduced herself to Miss Trasher as Lady Inskip and her father as Lord Maclay of Glasgow. She explained that he was very much interested in orphanage work. Lillian was a little nervous to have noble celebrities look over her orphanage, but with her gracious manner showed them the entire institution. Lady Inskip was pleased with it all and handed her one hundred dollars for general expenses. Lillian was afraid she had not addressed her titled guests properly and asked to be pardoned.

Lord Maclay replied: "Address me any way you like. Any titles I may have shrink to insignificance before the nobility of your character and work."

When the steamer, after leaving Assiut, docked in Cairo, Lord Maclay sent \$100 back to the orphanage. At a later date, on one of his trips to Egypt, he radioed a message from the ocean liner for Miss Trasher to meet him in Cairo on February 17. This is what Lillian has to say about that visit:

"I was very much delighted to get this message, as he had been so liberal in giving large sums of money to orphanage work in Scotland. I met him in Cairo and he was most interested in all that I told him and in the many photographs which I took with me. He asked me if there was anything that I was specially in need of. I told him the children were badly in need of clothes. He said, 'Well, Miss Trasher, I am going to give you \$5,000.00.' It almost took my breath away. Oh, the clothes, the food, the cows for my dairy, I could buy now!

"His daughter came in from a walk while we were yet talking, and said, 'Father, it was I who found Miss Trasher!' I said, 'Found me? I am sure that I am no *find*.' He looked at me most seriously and said, 'Miss Trasher, you have no idea what seeing your work has meant. I went back to Scotland and opened a home for tiny infants after I saw all your babies the first time, and we now have thirty little babies in our home.'

"Several years later Lord Maclay and Lady Inskip visited the orphanage again and spent the night. That evening he gave me a personal check for 500 pounds (\$2,500.00) and the same amount for the orphanage. But in the morning he sent for me and said that God had shown him that he did not give enough. 'So I am going to give you a cheque for four thousand pounds (\$20,000.00) more.' In all, this made a total of \$25,000.00 from Lord Maclay on that occasion.

"Lord Maclay held a position in connection with

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the Orphan Homes of Scotland where they have about twelve hundred children. They had never accepted infants before. I was so thrilled to think of those thirty little Scotch babies having a home just because he had seen my work. Praise God for His wonderful ways, which are past understanding!

"Later Mrs. Hamilton, another daughter of Lord Maclay, sent me a personal cheque for 250 pounds (\$1,250.00) from her father. It was our last gift from him." (Lord Maclay passed to his reward in April 1952).

In all, this generous Scotch noble gave Miss Trasher \$35,000.00 in cash.

Jesus Christ has made solemn and precious promises to those who like Lord Maclay will succor the fatherless and the widow.

It is an eternally wise person who lays hold upon these unfailing promises, thereby storing treasures in heaven.

Chapter Ten

A Cloud and a Rainbow

"I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Psa. 27:13.

A Cloud and a Rainbow

Every inch and ounce of the large frame of Lillian Trasher is democratic. She has done more to imbue principles of true Americanism and real Christianity into the hearts of Egyptians than any single political diplomat sent from the State Department in Washington, to Cairo, Egypt.

For example she was told from the beginning she was working with the wrong class of Egyptians. But "big-hearted Lillian" would remonstrate, "I don't believe in classes. I don't believe in distinctions." And this is very true.

She was told and is still being told to take fewer children and to give them more and better opportunities in life. But this great soul firmly replies, "No, I don't believe in natural selection. I take whoever Christ sends me and do my best for them." And this Lillian does.

HOW FIZE CAME

Soon after World War I, two small Egyptian brothers (and all the orphans are Egyptians) were brought to the orphanage. Their lives had already been unmercifully plunged into deepest tragedy. They

were motherless. Lillian personally washed the boys, gave them clean clothes, and enrolled their names, Philip and Fize, and said to herself, "These two children are exceptionally brilliant and attractive boys. I know I shall love them." This proved to be a true prophecy.

Philip grew up, learned fast, and was very ambitious. He went through college in Cairo and became a professor in one of the government high schools. Naturally, Miss Trasher is proud of him.

Fize was the youngest. He was just as brilliant and ambitious as his brother; however, he simply adored Lillian. He stayed close to "Mama Lillian" and assisted her in every way that he possibly could. Every day, as he grew older, his assistance became more useful. He married one of Lillian's orphan girls and had five lovely children by her. Lillian loved him as a real son and he became a strong person in her life.

FIZE MAKES A MISTAKE

Fize developed into a great worker. His excellent capabilities were seen by everyone. His energy seemed boundless. Wherever there was work, Fize was there. When there was a decision to be made, Fize spoke.

One day it suddenly dawned upon Lillian that Fize resented her making any decisions contrary to his own. Almost daily he assumed more and more authority without it being given him. Lillian had almost unconsciously leaned on this young man for almost everything around the orphanage. Yet daily he

was becoming more disagreeable about the operation of the orphanage. Finally Fize began to do things on his own without consulting Lillian and would show resentment if she differed with him.

This cloud darkened over the orphanage when a new building was under construction. Lillian wanted it built according to certain dimensions and Fize said it was to be of another size. They were not able to agree. But of course Lillian ordered it to be built by the dimensions she felt wise.

Resentment boiled in the heart of Fize. He was so angry that he sat down and wrote his resignation, and the following day handed it to Lillian.

You can realize how absolutely necessary it is to have harmony in a great institution where there are multiplied hundreds of dependent persons as orphans and widows and when your home is a town within a wall where there are a thousand souls. Lillian loved her foster son, yet she felt that before God she could not give up the great work to which she had been called, to let him take over the superintendency of the work. She prayed. She wept. Several days later, Lillian formally and officially accepted the resignation of Fize. He was not expecting this. Everyone saw it was a real shock to him.

However, it turned out that this was not the answer. Fize did not want to leave the orphanage and Lillian did not feel that it was in the will of God for him to leave Christian work and go into some secular employment. Lillian sat down and

wrote him a motherly letter: "No man putting his hand to the plow should look back."

Fize replied with a brief note that in his mind "his message" to the orphanage had finished. In this Fize was laying down his ultimatum to Miss Trasher. It was now apparent he was determined to rule the institution or go.

Finally, he did agree to remain with the orphanage until school was out the twelfth of May. This also happened to be the birthday of his oldest son, Charlie, and *became the mystery day of Fize's life*. During the months that followed Fize was constantly disturbed whether or not he should leave the orphanage.

FIZE AND THE FORTUNE TELLER

In utter desperation he committed his greatest folly by going to a fortune teller, who informed him that he was going to enjoy a long, wonderful, and successful life. In a way this message pleased him, but deep in his soul he was afraid to accept the words of the fortune teller.

On April 19, while on business in Cairo, he went into a restaurant and *wrote a letter to God*. A few days before he was to leave the orphanage, he sealed this letter, gave it to one of the teachers in the school, and wrote on the outside of the envelope, "To be held until May 13."

A LETTER TO GOD

The following is the letter as Fize wrote it to God. It is from a disturbed mind. At times it is incoherent.

"O Lord:

Let me call you Father, to let me feel the nearest to you as ever.

Let me feel that I am still in your work.

I quite need you now, Father, to show me where I am stepping.

I want you to lead my steps so I won't fall down.

Take my hand like a baby beside his father so I will know where I am led.

Let your light shine in my way so I will know whether I am stepping in darkness or not.

Father, you know why I am leaving the work.

Not because I am too cowardly to stand the burden. No, indeed not, you know that, but because . . . O Father, you know why . . .

Not for that which might happen after "Mama" is gone. No, but quite a bit for what is happening now.

O, my dear Father, as I come to you now and beg you, I do hope you stand beside me and show me what to do.

I have found the land free. All free.

I have found friends that will help me financially.

The man that read my hands [the lying fortune teller] told me about facts that you know are true.

All this won't make me feel rested until I feel that I am still in your will.

It's by confidence in my dear Father, that is making me feel rested, and then by confidence in myself.

Not the land, nor the money, would let me leave your work without your will.

Not even what was told to me. I know if it is not becoming true, it will be rather discouraging. I am absolutely blind, so take my hand, my Lord. Who am I to test you? I just ask you, Father, to show me clear sight.

Would I suggest it, Lord?

Let me lose my buffalo, "Blacky," the one I bought from Makeen.

Let this happen on the twelfth of May if it would be your will.

I will consider this a clear sign from you to me, to stay on in the orphanage and at the same time let it be a sacrifice for my son Charlie on his birthday.

Then I will know that you want me to continue my present work.

Lead me, Lord, whether I am in or out.

Give me wisdom to know what I am doing all along.

I am just in your hand, so do as you please with me and my future, Father.

Let me raise my children in your way to continue what I have started in the orphanage.

My money will be yours, this I quite promise.

My future will be for you whether I am in or out.

This I beg to lead me, dear Father, before I am mixed up and stumble.

May you live in my heart to lighten it and show me its way.

Humbly, your child,

Fize

GOD ANSWERS FIZE

May 12 arrived. The orphanage school closed, and the boys and girls rushed out joyfully. Also, in the inner circle of the orphanage, it was little Charlie's birthday and he was going to have a birthday party.

Lillian was weary of all the trouble she had had and seeing that the closing activities of the school were more or less of a celebration, she had gone over to Alexandria for a rest.

At home in her commodious office, the teachers of the school gathered after the graduation exercises to have a cup of tea and a chat. While sitting there with the teachers Fize took a sudden heart attack and in about an hour was dead. Immediately everyone thought of the sealed letter and when "Mama" Lillian rushed back home, and read the letter she saw how God had answered Fize, and on the very day that he had appointed for God to answer him.

A dark foreboding had come over the great institution, but by Lillian's permitting God to work it out, He sent a rainbow, which is a reminder that God still rules the affairs of men.

Chapter Eleven

Egyptian Orphans Become Children of God

"But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." John 1:12.

Egyptian Orphans Become Children of God

In this great institution that Lillian Trasher has raised up under God, she realized from its inception that "man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

As a Christian father or mother in America watch their little ones grow, praying constantly for the marvelous hour of decision when their child will become "born again" (John 3:7), so Lillian watched her huge family and prayed for the day when mighty revival would sweep through her orphanage.

REVIVAL

She sat down one day in 1927 and wrote a letter to her thousands of friends in America saying, "I have wonderful news to tell you. God has given us one of the most wonderful revivals I have ever seen in my life. The power of God is sweeping the orphanage like a mighty flood, like a great and terrific fire, or like I imagine it will be at the great Judgment Day. Hundreds of children are on their faces screaming out to God for mercy,

some shouting for joy and rejoicing in the marvelous new-found blessing, others are receiving the Holy Spirit. Some are preaching to those who have not as yet yielded to the Lord. Words cannot describe it. The children seem to never tire of praying. We found the only way to get the children out of the chapel and back into the dormitory was for the teachers to lead them to their own rooms, for if we dismissed the services we would find them slipping back into the chapel and crying unto God during the night. Even then, as we would go to their rooms, with their lights turned out, we could hear them praying. They turned their bedrooms into prayer rooms. They don't care to eat anything. We have almost to compel them to come to the dining room.

"The revival has touched the hearts of those employed in the orphanage. The cook, the assistant cook, the chief housekeeper, some of the washerwomen have been wonderfully saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. The revival goes on in the yard, in the fields, on the housetop, by the beds. Some of them have seen visions. Little girls and big girls are all drenched with tears.

"You would like to know how it started? I do not know. We had decided to have a convention. During the meetings the power of God fell upon the first meeting and very little preaching has been done. No person can take the glory for this revival, because it is God and not man who is doing it all. God's work is beyond words to explain. I could never

have imagined anything so mighty."

In those graphic words Lillian told the great outside world that not only had God called her to feed the bodies of these orphans of Egypt, but God had called her to be a mighty spiritual advisor in leading them in the way that He would have them to go.

THE MARRIED BOYS RETURN

In the midst of the great spiritual upheaval, Lillian sent for her older boys who had left the orphanage, who lived or worked near enough to come. Most of them came; a special altar call was given for these men. Lillian stated that it almost seemed too wonderful for words how mightily the Lord saved every one of them. There were twenty-five of these older boys who were in college or married and working for themselves. A dedication service was held and all of these young men came to the platform and dedicated their lives to God for His service.

Miss Lillian remembers that when this phenomenal revival struck the orphanage that it began with the girls. All of the older girls were saved; the widows were saved, and lastly the boys. In her own inimitable way, Miss Lillian cries, "Rejoice with me! Rejoice with me!" No one can imagine her joy after planting the seed for many years, to see such a mighty spiritual harvest as this.

In her own heart she knew for years this revival must come. How happy she was to see the spiritual ingathering as a result of her hard and unending

labors. Her soul had rest and peace when she knew her Egyptian orphans had become children of God.

A TESTIMONY SERVICE

After the great revival a testimony service was something to hear. Testimonies came from all over the church. The blind girls, the big boys, the older girls, then some of the little girls, seven and eight years old told what great "sinners" they were, but that they had now given their hearts to God.

Lillian says: "Some little girls whom I raised from babyhood have a meeting out in the garden every night after supper. A few days ago they came to me saying that it was too dark to read the Bible. That problem was soon settled by getting one of the blind girls to read Braille to them!"

There have been other seasons of revival. After the first great revival had passed for several years, Lillian became sad and downcast that there was no spirit of revival among the then present group of children in the orphanage. She felt there was a spirit of carelessness in the orphanage and a lack of spiritual interest among the orphans. This was very discouraging to her. For not only had she given her life to feed and clothe the children, but to lead them to Christ their Saviour.

One night Lillian felt led to conduct a special meeting in the church. She was not feeling well physically, so took a chair and sat on the platform and just opened her heart to the nearly one thousand children. She told them she was simply broken-

hearted over the spiritual condition in the orphanage. She became so broken in spirit she could hardly speak. The Lord was with her in this. When the girls saw their "Mama" weeping, they also began to cry. Some of the more careless girls moved from their seats and came to the altar and knelt and began to pray. Others caught hold of "Mama's" hand and asked pardon for all they had done. There was not a dry eye in the entire church building.

However on this night, the revival seemed to be mostly among the girls. Miss Lillian had a heavy heart for the boys and the widows had not moved into the spirit of revival.

Several days later the orphanage pastor, who is always an Egyptian, came to Miss Lillian and said, "There is going to be a revival in our city church; may I take the girls?" Lillian replied, "No, it is too far for the girls to go at night and the church would not hold half the girls. Won't you go and ask the ministers who are conducting these meetings to come and hold special meetings for us in the orphanage, then all the children can attend.

These guest speakers came and sure enough, the harvest was ripe again. The Lord started working with everyone in the orphanage—boys, girls, women, everyone. The services would last for hours. The blessing of the Lord fell upon the girls, the boys and the widows in a wonderful way.

EASTER

Our good friend Philip Crouch describes Easter services at the orphanage:

"We have celebrated Easter. Since this was our first Easter here at the orphanage we were thrilled beyond words. Early, early in the morning we heard a rapping at our door. 'Mr. Crouch, awake, it is Easter, Jesus arose!' We hurriedly dressed and as we stepped outside children were already on the march to the meeting place for our *sunrise service*. There was such order, no voice was raised. All seemed hushed in holy reverence in contemplation of what seemed to them the reoccurring miracle of the resurrection. It was almost as though we were all expecting to witness the resurrection afresh. Quickly, before the sun demonstrated its own daily enactment of resurrection, everyone found his place and the service started. Three children stood up and repeated the Apostle Paul's mighty declaration, 'But now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.' Then there were Easter hymns, recitations, the reading of the Gospel account of that wonderful morning when the disciples first discovered the startling fact of Christ's resurrection. Then came a short sermon and finally the triumphant singing together of that mighty hymn of victory, 'Up from the grave He arose!' You too would have been deeply stirred by such a moving experience. Hundreds of little faces turned toward the fresh rays of an Easter dawn, and broke forth into a shout of victory, 'Christ Arose!'

"After this service we all had breakfast together. And it was a real special breakfast too. Two thousand eggs had been purchased, boiled and colored so that each child could have at least two. A thousand five hundred loaves of bread were distributed. Fifty-seven cans of wieners, purchased a few years ago from the army, were opened. One hundred pounds of onions were given out. And all the tiny tots had a glass of milk. The children lined up in cafeteria style. First each received his loaf of bread, which is shaped something like an oversized griddle cake. On top of this were placed the eggs, wieners, onions, and salt. Everyone was so happy! As many as possible had been given new clothes. They were all scrubbed clean and looked really pretty. Dinner that day was special too. Meat was on the menu. Three sheep and two cows had been given by Egyptian friends, so everyone had all the meat he could eat. Easter was therefore perhaps the brightest day of this year, a day of rejoicing, of happiness, a day of worship and praise."

REVIVE US AGAIN

As this book goes to press, we received an air-mail letter from Assiut saying that the new and beautiful swimming pool that was given in its entirety to the orphanage by Mr. Maurice Doss Bey, one of the magnanimous Egyptian families of Assiut, was finished at a cost of nine hundred Egyptian pounds. It was dedicated by 135 young people being baptized in it on a Sunday morning. After this service all of those who were baptized joined the local church.

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The orphanage church has its own pastor, who cares for the spiritual needs of the boys and girls. He held a pre-baptismal instruction class so that everyone who showed a desire to be baptized would be instructed as to the full meaning of baptism in order that when he grows up and leaves the orphanage he will be able to give a real witness to the power of Christianity.

Chapter Twelve

This Light Does Shine

*"... among whom ye shine as lights in the world:
Holding forth the word of life. . . . Phil. 2:15b, 16a.*

This Light Does Shine

The *Southern Christian Advocate* has reminded us: It was a *Jew* who brought the Gospel to Rome; a *Roman* who took it to France; a *Frenchman* who took it to Scandinavia; a *Scandinavian* who took it to Scotland; a *Scotchman* who evangelized Ireland; and an *Irishman* in turn made the missionary conquest of Scotland. No people have ever received the Gospel except at the hands of an alien.

And it was an American girl who took the light of love and charity to the orphans and widows of Egypt!

Everywhere in Egypt and now in every part of the civilized world people are aware that from Assiut there shines a Christian light. A visiting Moham-
medan Governor wrote in Lillian's guest book: "I have received a shock of surprise today, while visiting Lillian's orphanage. It is the most enormous thing of this kind that I have ever seen. Possibly her success could be written in three words: Faith, Faithfulness, Patience." Even the non-Christian world is aware of the burning and shining light of the Lillian Trasher Orphanage.

LILLIAN VIEWS THE LIGHT

"When I look at the hundreds of bright little faces looking up to me on Sunday morning in church, I feel as I think a sculptor must feel when he walks through the stone yard looking for a suitable piece of marble, unlovely though it be, out of which, by hard work he will chisel a figure of grace and beauty—the child of his imagination which will be an object of beauty for generations. I feel just like that when I look at my children, and I wonder what talents and graces are hidden, by ignorance and neglect, in their young lives which could be chiseled out of these little boys and girls of flesh and blood, living souls into whom God has breathed the breath of life eternal. And this beauty is not for generations but for eternity!

If I don't act as sculptor it may not be done, for who naturally wants to be bothered year after year trying to teach, train, lead, and care for a lot of poor little children who must look to an outsider very much like the great blocks of rough marble would look to the untrained eye. Yet the great sculptor does not see blocks of unshapen marble. He sees beautiful, graceful statues, which can be born from the dead stone only by thousands of carefully placed hits by his hammer and chisel, and by many hours of hard work which no one but he can perform. This is how my work looks to me, a lifelong job of very hard work, year after year, not upon one piece of marble, but upon hundreds of little children.

And, like the sculptor who forgets the weariness of his body in contemplation of the glory of his work, as the block of marble slowly develops from a vague image into a thing of beauty before his eyes, I also forget the aches of my weary body, as I too stand by and see what God has helped me to do for these poor little neglected children. But unlike the sculptor, whose work is done when he lays down his chisel, my statues are alive and will be able to continue to grow after I am dead, and will be able to do the work which I will not have time to do. O, it is a wonderful job! I can never express how I feel about it all. I just cannot translate the way I feel into words. One often feels like bursting with things and ideas which time and our mortal bodies can never finish. But that does not hinder me from doing my very best every day. What I cannot finish He will see about."

MORAL LIGHT

Something for which the entire Christian world can rejoice with Lillian is, that in these forty years of rearing hundreds of girls, not one girl from Lillian's orphanage has fallen into disrepute! Not one disgraceful story has come from the Trasher Orphanage! This is nothing less than a miracle of God's protecting power around the orphanage.

HOME LIGHT

Lillian has poured forth her life for the castaways, the little diseased babies, filthy and ragged. She has tenderly nursed and cared for them until they

have become handsome boys and beautiful girls who are an honor to their country. They have gone forth and founded homes and reared Christian families. Shall we take a visit to one of these homes. Lillian describes it:

"Last month I had to go to Cairo to speak in the Y.M.C.A. I spent only one night there and stayed in the home of one of my married girls. In some way the word got around that "Mama" was at Faheem's. In the evening the house was so full of my boys and girls and grandchildren, there was no room for any more! As I looked them over my heart filled with joy. There was William, the son of a blind man, now founder of a very fine school in the Soudan; Philip, a professor in a Government High School in Alexandria; Zacher, who had just taken his B.A. from Faculty of Arts in Cairo, the fourth in his class; Edward, now working in an airplane factory; Robert, William's brother, a finished cabinet maker; Eskander, a representative of the large Boots Drug Company. His appointment as representative was made direct from London, England. Askery is a clerk in a lawyer's office in Cairo. Shokery is a clerk in the English army, somewhere near Cairo; Gergus is in the Egyptian State Railway; Wadeah (a girl) works in the main office of the telephone exchange. These, with many others were just a few of those working in Cairo or on holiday there who happened to hear that I was in town. We had such a wonderful time talking of old days. How we all wished it had been daytime, that we

could have taken a photograph. Such changes! As I looked at these fine-looking young men, fine Christian fathers of solid Christian homes, at their wives (many of them are our girls) and as I looked at all my little "grandchildren," I felt well repaid for all the work I have done to put them in the class they are now in. Such a contrast with the little boys, now running around under my windows here in Assiut. But these little boys will be like their older brothers when they grow up."

Another day while Lillian was visiting in Cairo, she decided to go and see one of her married girls. As she was passing under the window, the mother called to her little child saying, "Lillian, honey, come here!" "Honey," I thought, "that word belongs in Georgia and Florida—how had it come here to Cairo?" Then a warm feeling went all over her. She had brought that little section of the old South over here—and a whole lot more than a few words—which will be a permanent part of Egypt. When Lillian is gone and all who ever knew her, these seeds planted in the very best ground—the hearts of little children—will continue to live.

Without doubt, Egypt, for generations to come, will rise up and call "Mama Lillian" blessed, for kindling a light that brightens the paths of those who walked in darkness.

Chapter Thirteen

A Beautiful Memory

*"...forgetting those things which are behind....
I press toward the mark for the prize of the high
calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3:13a, 14.*

A Beautiful Memory

Over forty years have passed since the beautiful, happy, youthful Lillian set sail from New York for Egypt. As she stood on deck waving good-bye to America and Americans she could not realize what was before her in the land of Mother Nile. She did not realize that in a way it was good-bye forever, because the land where she was going as a stranger would adopt her and she would become a part of that land. Her joys would become their joys and their sorrows become her sorrows.

COUNTER ADOPTION

It is true that Lillian has adopted about six thousand Egyptians in the last forty years, but it is also important that twenty-one million Egyptians have adopted Lillian! She is not a foreigner in a strange land, but she has become the Great Nile Mother, possessing a true Egyptian heart, loving and caring for them with the tenderness of a saint. The Egyptians know this and reciprocate. They do not think of Lillian as a foreigner any more, and in many ways reveal their true love for her.

An example of this mutual affection was demonstrated once when Lillian fell ill. An Egyptian woman came to visit her and asked if there was anything she could do. Lillian explained that the money was low. This friend went out and collected four hundred dollars from her acquaintances which was sufficient to keep the children until Lillian was well again.

Today, half the time, Lillian does not realize whether she is speaking English or Arabic. She is as much at home speaking one language as the other. Lillian does have her life's ambition—hundreds and hundreds of orphans and widows around her. She is living joyfully in caring for and loving them. Her life is so taken up with this work, that there is only one word with which she can describe it, and that word is: "Wonderful."

THE GOVERNOR'S APPROVAL

Visitors coming for the first time to see the orphanage can hardly believe that Lillian has raised so many fine Christian young men and women, yet they have seen only the very few who have remained as workers. Miss Trasher says: "I am proud of my family! Last week the Governor came to see us. He was amazed with the work, and said that he had never seen anything like it and had no idea that it was possible to run a work as we are doing it. He asked us to please give him the whole plan of how we do everything that they may run their own orphan-

ages on our plan. He said that such a work could only be run by FAITH. After he left he sent a check for one hundred dollars and wrote a very wonderful letter. Some weeks before this the Minister of Social Affairs sent an Inspector to examine our accounts. He spent three days going through every account book and receipts of all our money. He didn't find a fault, and said that he had never spent three such wonderful days. We still have all of our account books since the very first year when I opened the orphanage, and every year we send out a printed financial report to all interested people, both friends and Government officials. I feel that it is a real sermon to all, as they see how God has helped me through these many years."

Recently, as Lillian put all of her little babies to bed, and then worked on writing letters until about midnight, she walked out into the yard. There was not a sound except the barking of the dogs. As she walked in the garden and observed the great quiet buildings where hundreds of her boys and girls were sleeping, her soul was filled with the wonder of it all.

Here was an American lady, standing in the midst of an immense compound, housing about a thousand sleeping children. Soon they would be men and women filling places in the land of Egypt. Her eyes fell on an old rocking chair which had been left in the garden. Previously an American doctor had died and as the family had returned to America, she had bought the chair. She mused: "Yesterday

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it was the doctor's; today it is mine; tomorrow it will belong to someone else. Today is mine to teach these hundreds of little children; tomorrow they will pass on what I teach them today. We all leave our mark whether good or bad as we pass along the road of life. We're all planting seed by the wayside. It would frighten us if we could see in the next generation the results of the simple things we are doing today, or the effect of leaving undone the things which we should have done."

WEARY OF THE WORK

Someone asked Lillian if she were not getting tired of the work. Her answer was: "I have never been as happy as I am now in this work God has given me to do. I would not have missed it for all the wealth of America, for this is LIFE—to be able to help those who need you and those who have no one else but you. Oh, these have been WONDERFUL YEARS!"

"Suppose I had not come to Egypt, what would have become of all my dear children?"

Then she held her shoulders high and said, "But God would have sent someone else; they would not have been lost. It is too great a mystery for my mind to grasp."

To Lillian, America has become a beautiful memory. Until this year (1954) her last trip home was in 1929. It is almost like a childhood dream; something vague, yet charmingly beautiful to bring

A BEAUTIFUL MEMORY

before the mind's eye. Oftentimes of an evening she strolls in her garden, gazing into the glittering vault of the Egyptian heavens, and remembers the path over which God has led her, from a care-free childhood in the deep South to be the "mother" of thousands along the shores of the verdant Nile River. It is a beautiful memory.