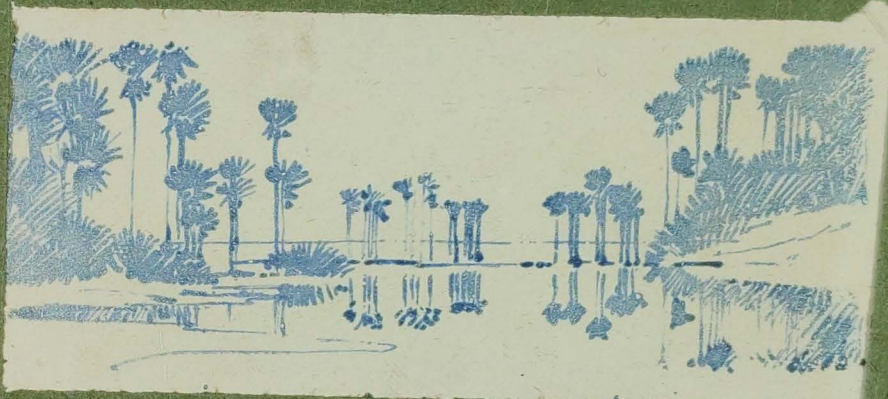


Algiers Mission Band



Journal 1911

"In the wilderness shall waters break out



of streams in the desert"

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Staff & Locations. January, 1911.

(The Locations are marked in order of their opening;
the Staff in each in order of arrival).

ALGIERS. Opened 1888.

1888. I.Lilias Trotter.
1888. B.G.L.Haworth.
1901. Paul Villon.
1901. Philomene Villon.
1905. Annie Whisler.
1909. Miriam Madsen.
1909. F.K.Currie.
1909. Millicent Roche.
1909. Alice McIlroy.
1909. Alma Krebs.
1909. Ellen Dagenskolw.
1910. Queenie Pfeiffer.

BLIDA. Opened 1901.

1906. Sascha Perkin.
1907. May Ridley.

RELIZANE. Opened 1909.

1890. F.Helen Freeman.
1906. Alexandrine Gayral.

MILIANA. Opened 1909.

1907. Mabel Grautoff.
1909. Mary Watling.

Algiers, Jan. 1, 1911.

New Year's Day dawns with a great sense of helpless need: so many clouds have gathered since last winter. Is it that we have drawn nearer to the time of the showers? It may be: 'He holdeth back the face of His Throne, and spreadeth His cloud upon it.'

Train to Relizane, Jan. 6.

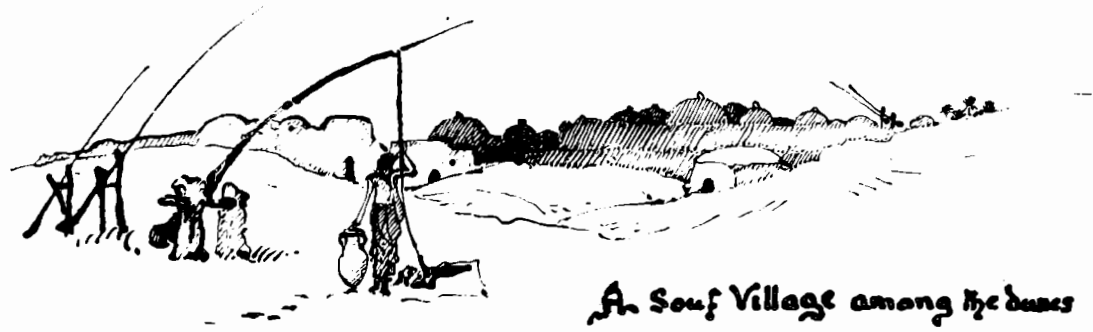
Via Blida for last night. The sense of Epiphany came before the dawn, in the tremulous clanging of its church bell on the plain below--so gentle at first that it might almost have been the tinkling bells of the wise men's camels--and growing into a 'crescendo' of joy--as will that 'manifestation' come to be, at a better daybreak.

There is something very beautiful to me, these days, in the 'brooding' of the Spirit over the chaos of old--the still, speechless overshadowing of love and yearning, fostering the life-germs before ever the fiat 'Let there be light' went forth. One is so apt to think, both in the Genesis story and in the processes of the new creation around, that the light-flood is its first act--but there is a long love-history behind that, and life stores in every germinating seed, long before the new growth breaks up into

the sunshine. It fills one with hope for what may be going on in these dark, slow-moving Moslem lands, unknown to us who live in them.

Jan. 9.

It is good to see here in Relizane how the Feet of the Good Shepherd are going after His sheep one by one--Si Milond in the flickering and fading of the last days of consumption--Chrira sitting by him, young, and strong as a horse, with no sign of all her night-watches on her bright face--Aouda, almost entirely deaf, piecing together with touching eagerness the fragments she can catch--the group of gaily-swathed maidens, who come for 'girgaff.' The new little house is perfect--the same sense of having been built for us, long ago, room by room, as we have had over all our other dwellings. The nightly barking of innumerable dogs and the muezzin's cry from the mosque, a stone's throw off, make one realise that we are at the very door of the natives, and they are in and out all the time, as often as not with some tiny offering. The garden plot is crammed with roses and shadowed by a great lemon tree in full fruit, and a side street gives a vista of pink and purple hills, with the vivid inland cloud-land above them.



An Souf Village among the dunes

now the little white flowers of Heaven have begun to come''; and it seems to be true.

The other, whose soul is turning to God, is the Bouzian, who was a friend of Si Milond's, and brought into the dawn through him. His face, too, has the glimmer of an inward illumination breaking through heavy sorrow that is on him through the death this week of his twelve-year-old son.

Another new thing is the hearing among the boys. I have by me a letter from F. H. F. about the first beginning of it six months ago. 'I think we might begin an informal class among them,' she wrote. 'I began to-day by shewing a colour top to Aouda's boy--a most intelligent young person.' . . . Now on Friday afternoons they are let in here on their exit from school, and come flying straight across from door to door, like a flight of pigeons, in their anxiety to get the front places. About 60 can be seated, and when the room is full the rest are relentlessly sent back.

Jan. 24

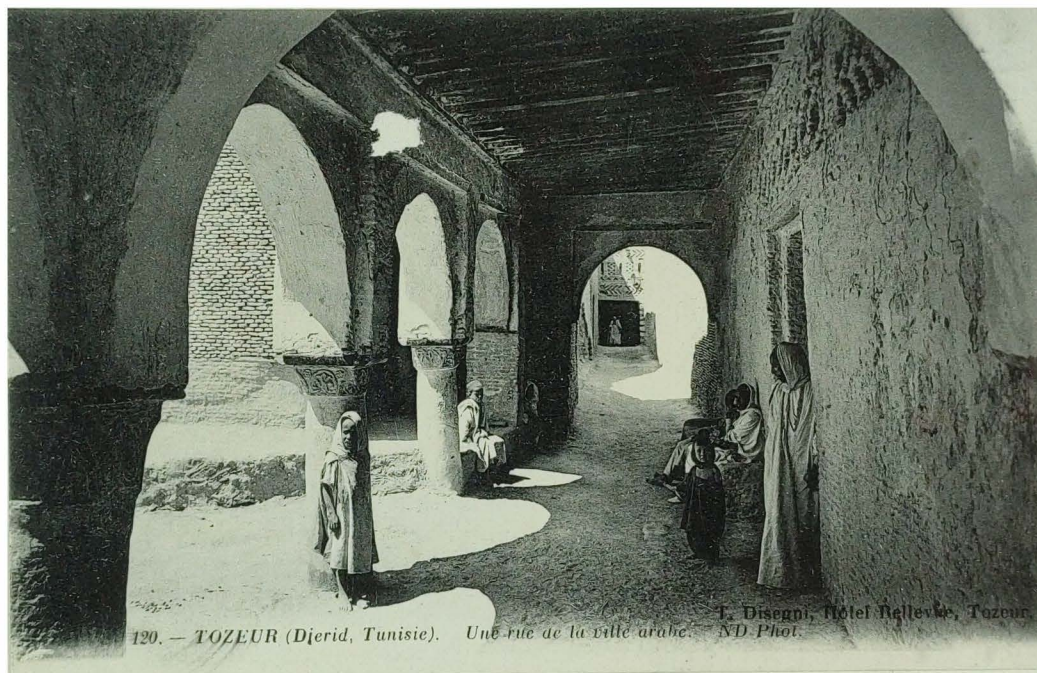
News came from Algiers to-day that Si Mohammed has passed away. E. Thorpe has been troubled about him lately, because, though holding on, his bodily condition seemed

in with an organised Church mission, and he is, therefore, perfectly right in his decision. We hope the future may still give him the chance of the itinerating journeys that are his special gift.

The opening days of this month have also seen the final transference of Michel Olives to the newly-starting French Baptist Mission. Here, too, we feel that, much as we sorrow over the loss, as far as we are concerned, of two more of our three remaining French helpers, we see that they want a more assured future than we can as yet give them . . . and the Baptists seem among the most living of the Protestant Churches of France, and therefore best fitted among them to bind together the natives in the future.

Feb. 10.

‘‘He openeth and no man shutteth.’’ That promise that God gave us long ago over those beloved south lands is holding true once more: for just as the door seemed closing by the farewelling of our men-workers to their choice of settled posts, it has sprung ajar further afield. Away out, over the Tunisian border, lies the Djerid, the other desert region which has shared our hearts with Oued es Souf for years, and, even more than in Oued es Souf, we felt God's Spirit working there, in the old days when we could get to



120. — TOZEUR (Djerid, Tunisie). Une rue de la ville arabe

T. Disegni, Hotel Bellevue, Tozeur.
ND. Phot.

the far-away places in person. Since then, Miss Cox, of the N.A.M., has visited it three times, and her heart has gone out to it as ours did; and she has been on the look-out for a pied à terre in Touzer, its chief centre. Now she writes that a possible native house is vacant, and asks if we are disposed to help in renting it as a foothold, even though for the time being there seems no prospect of occupying it permanently. We are sending a joyful "Yes."

It is a big town, this Touzer, with only a handful of European residents, lying on the edge of one of the snow-like stretches of "Chott," i.e., salt-incrusted swamp, the remains of inland salt-lakes. The town itself is probably in the lake-bed, for it is 30 feet below the sea-level. Its oasis slopes towards the salt-crust, a forest of palm, with an undergrowth of apricot, fig, and pomegranate. It remains as the vision of an earthly Paradise, with its masses of fruit blossom overarched by the blue-green fronds, and the date sheaths bursting into their ivory-carved flowering. And the other vision rises of the grave, thoughtful-faced men who used to gather round our tent in bands all the day long, and take off with them Gospels to study at night: and of the women who used to come, indigo-robed and silver-decked, with brown-skinned babies astride on their shoulders, and handfuls of eggs and oranges as an offering. . . . The

eggs were so many that to have kept them all in the tent would have risked smashing them into a premature omelette, so B. G. L. H. kept what she called a 'cemetery' outside, where they stayed, half-buried in the sand, like little tombstones, till wanted.

A hope rises that we may yet see those people again, one day, if this joy of a station down there is granted.

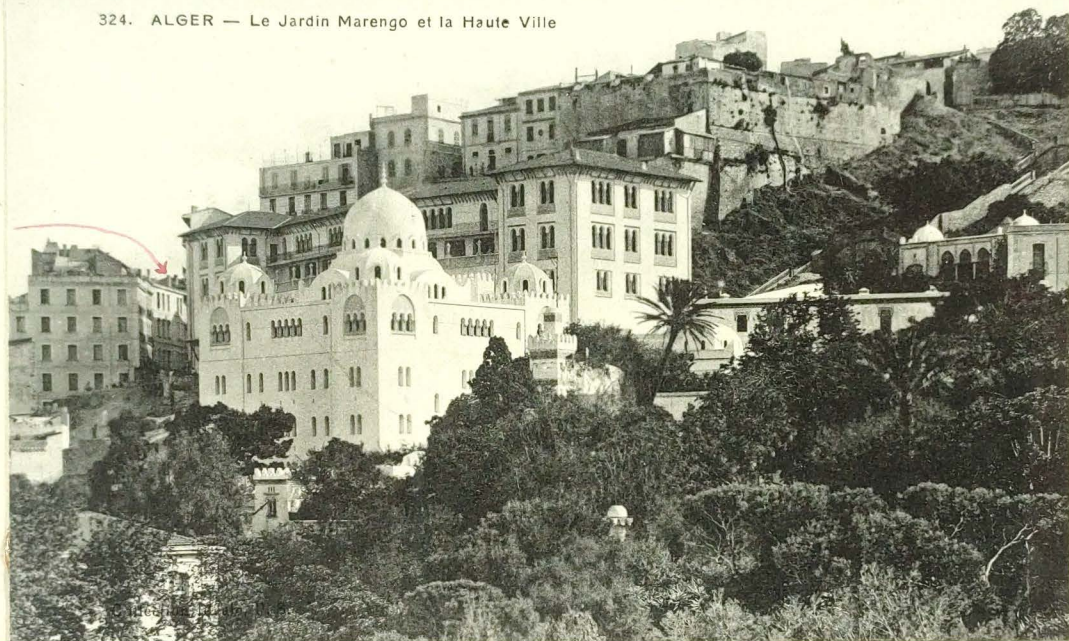
Feb. 13.

Another onward move has come into focus, which may mean more than shews at first sight.

It has grown out of the impossibility, with the growing band of children in this house, for securing quiet study for newcomers. Gradually the thought has shaped that, if that big empty house of Dr. Goinard's is still available, we might rent the ground floor room, and use it for a reading-room, where stillness and fresh air would help tired brains along.

This room proves however to be let to an officer, and the two other detached ones are small. So the matter is held over till Dr. Goinard can interview the officer as to how long he is staying.

324. ALGER — Le Jardin Marengo et la Haute Ville



2 Rue du
Criméant
just
below

} the new
house

We asked about the main building. It is not let yet; and there is a curious sense of late, that THERE lies the ultimate purpose of our negotiations over the reading-room.

Side by side with that, the longing has sprung up again afresh these last weeks, on the subject of getting girls of leisure out, as 'Short Service' helpers. It has come with that sense of kindling and burning that so often marks the opening of a new turn in God's road,--'all the night with a light of fire,' holds good still.

And now, suddenly, the two thoughts have coalesced into one. It looks as if here lies the purpose of that great airy house, close by us and absolutely adaptable. There is a strong sense of having been given a clue for following.

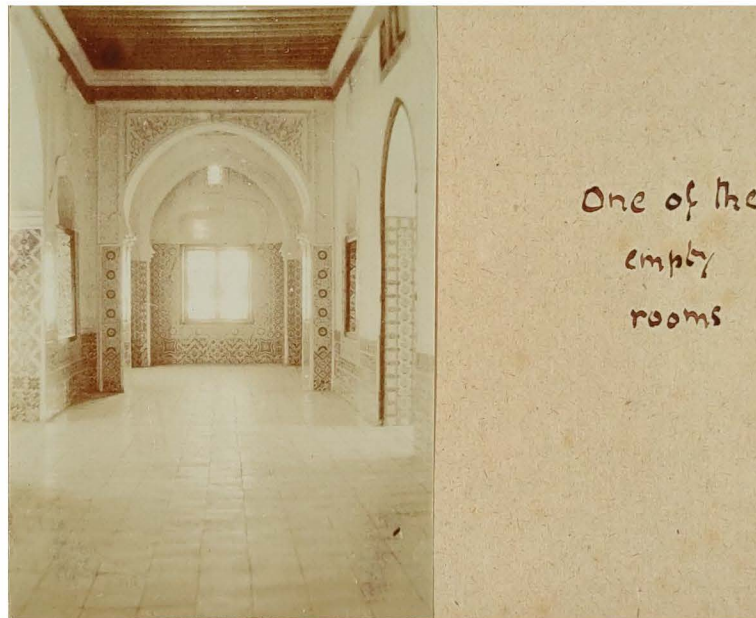
Feb. 16.

Back there to-day, to see what conclusion Dr. Goinard had reached. It seems that the officer offers to change into the little 'annexe,' leaving free the room we wanted. This made it clear to go ahead and offer for it. One more light has come incidentally. The main building is being enquired after, off and on, by a possible tenant, who, being an Arab, haggles long before he comes to terms, and at present all lies in abeyance. He is an Imam, therefore a

Moslem of the Moslems. This sends up one's faith with a bound, for it becomes a matter between Christ and Islam, who shall have the place; and any day may come God's "Go forward" as to the whole. Meanwhile, the downstairs rooms are ours from next Wednesday.

Feb. 26.

The "Go forward" is here. Yesterday seemed to bring a breath of its arrival, in the surprise of seeing, as we passed the place, that the great tree, of a nondescript kind, as it had seemed, in the walled garden behind, was a mass of creamy blossom. It is an almond, that these last days has rushed into life. It came as a presage that for us, too, the winter is over and gone, and that the "south wind" has indeed begun to blow at last. And to-day brings the sequel, in a letter from the Editor of "Time and Talents," asking that the paper on Short Service that has been waiting for over two years, with no sense of its time having come, may appear in their April Number. She sends a delightful story from Miss Dobson, to be issued alongside, called the "Stop-Gap"--telling how just such a girl as those for whom we long, was a blessed helper in their University Settlement at Bombay. And S. Perkin, here for a week-end, caps it with another from Dohnavar. A girl with



One of the
empty
rooms

means of her own, and no special ties, was stirred over 'Lotus Buds,' and longed to go and help with the Temple children. She felt she had no gifts for Evangelisation, or for language, so simply offered herself 'to nurse the babies.' By return came the acceptance, telling how just before, in a prayer meeting, the prayer was made, 'Send us someone who will only want to nurse the babies!' It comes as a threefold message that God's hour has struck. I have been again to Dr. Goinard, and he will tell the Imam that if he has not come to terms by next Tuesday, his offer will be cancelled.

March 4.

They have been days of holding on in faith that he will not be let stir in the matter, and so it has proved. Nothing has been heard of him, and we are free to go ahead with negotiations. Oh, praise God!

Meantime we have had our first tea party in the new Reading-room, furnished by two big native mats and a few old chairs and tables: but, oh, the air and the quiet and the wonderful sense of a cleared spiritual atmosphere, with its utter rest!

And as we go through the empty rooms above, to which we have been given, unasked, the key, the promise comes with

the freshness of the Voice of Christ in it--'an hundred-fold' more in this present life, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and fathers, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions. The 'hundredfold' is coming so literally true in the houses and lands--will He not as freely give all that lies between, and that is so far more precious for His kingdom?

March 7.

A treble arrival to-day. Beryl Handford (a loan from Mildmay to do 'Secretary') Kathleen Butler on a long waited-for visit, and Claire Mennell as a new helper at Dar Naama. Likewise a fourth arrival in the shape of a typewriter, just timing with a pile of new writing involved in a letter from Miss Van Sommer about the Continuation Work of the Lucknow Conference. This and the girls business will mean going over to Genoa for ten days to meet her on her way back from Egypt, a fortnight hence.

March 9.

F. H. Freeman is up for a few days from Relizane, and we have come for two nights to Dar Naama. One of the lights from the eternal shore flashed down at supper time. F. H. Freeman was telling with what strange swiftness Si Milond

is getting on--how he had asked for baptism, and how every market day he sends for gospels and tracts--controversial tracts that do not mince the matter of Moslem error--to give to those who come in to see him, and how the last relapse in his illness had been brought on by over-exerting himself in talking to them. And then A. McIlroy brought the clue: there is a young fellow in Edinburgh, imprisoned by spine complaint, lying month after month praying for him: and so, far apart, the life pulse beats.

March 11.

The Moulond Feast has been going on these days; Fata made us glad by saying 'I have told Fatima I will put no henna on her hands, and perhaps you will put some on for Christmas!' (Henna is a bright orange dye with which they decorate hands and feet on festive occasions). Christmas looks far off at ten years old, so I have promised henna for Easter, together with some of the blue-black hair dye which completes Kabyle adornment.

Fata's small niece, the dear Gurgoyle, has lately been promoted to be housemaid, at the wage of $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. a week. We asked what she was going to do with the franc a month which is its sum total. 'I shall give half to my mother for my bed, and half for my food, and with my embroidery money I

shall buy clothes,' was her grave answer. She is such a picture as she goes about with her little native broom, wild dark hair that will fly round her face, and poppy-coloured jelaba. We long to get a 'snap' of her, but, alas, a visitor tried to explain photography to her by saying she was going to shut her up in that black box and send her to her own country: and the howl of terror that resulted is repeated at every sight of a camera.

March 15.

To-day saw another opening, that of the slum-post: 'Beit Naama' is to be its name. For A. McIlroy and M. Madsen from Dar Naama are sufficiently 'on' with Arabic to make a beginning of gargaf classes and visiting, with occasional help for the Bible lessons. So sweet and pure it looked, as we all met to give it into the Hands of the Prince of Life and Love, to be a fresh dwelling-place for Him in the heart of the native town. An edging of bright head-gear and inquisitive faces appears round the neighbouring parapets when we go on the roof. It is a big gift from heaven.

And alongside it has come the other one, in great outward contrast, of Dr. Goinard's house--'Shushan the Palace' it has as yet been named! The final interview has taken place, and it is ours from June 15. There is a curious sense of

Sea ↗

street

Dr Poineard's House

Dr Poineard's garden

yard

And guest rooms

Court

cubicle
bed-room.

roofed in balcony

Cubicle
bedroom

cubicle

roofed in
Court

cubicle

high wall

Cubicle

Cubicle

Cubicle

cubicle
bed-room

Cubicle
bed-room

Dining-room

Bedroom

Path → bounded by

Front door

Kitchen

vestibule

kitchen

Garden

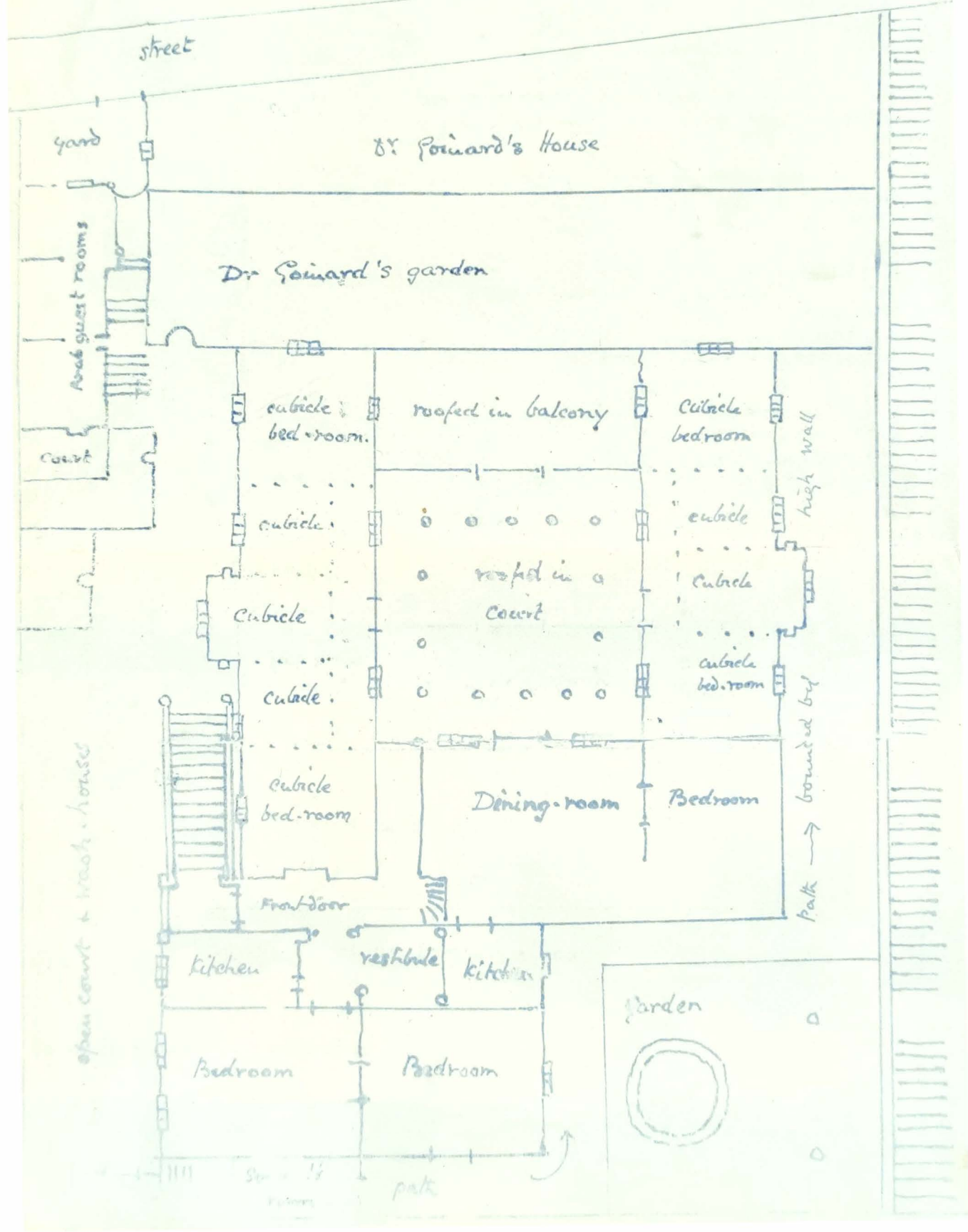
Bedroom

Bedroom

open court + wash-house

Stair
rooms

path



light-heartedness and irresponsibility over the act and all that it involves. I think it must be that 'the government shall be upon His shoulder' to steer through.

Part of the unfolding is that K. Butler has taken the whole matter keenly on her heart, and will be the very one that we need as an intermediary with girls at home; it is another beautiful bit of timing, that her visit should have come no sooner and no later.

March 22.

Other shafts of joy keep glinting in, day by day, with their sealing of the hope that last year's long winter-time of difficulty is over. One is that we have just seen A. Krebs off to meet Miss Cox for a month in Touzer, and the new quarters there should be taken into possession on Friday night--the first house for God in that great desert land.

Then, the Blida Well, which has always a curious linking with the eternal springs in our minds, has taken on a fresh phase. The old complicated machinery has got completely wrecked by native handling, and now they find they can get a pail of clear cold water every two minutes with a cord and wheel, and two buckets! It has been a fresh means of grace on the spiritual side, in the absolute simplicity of the thing. We hamper ourselves with spiritual machinery of a

complex kind in the way of 'experiences' and how to reach them, when all we need is to 'become as little children,' so to speak, with a bucket and a cord--willing just to go down and down and down till the Living Water closes round our souls and fills them--we in Him and He in us, like the vessel in the well-depths--'Filled full in Him'--it only needs to go low enough.

Rapallo, Genoa, March 27.

We arrived here to-day, B. G. L. H. and I,--a restful place of silver-grey water, with hills of twisted olives and fruit blossom, broken with cypress spires, and after an hour or two were hard at work with Miss Van Sommer over papers to be written and plans outlined for following up the 'Lucknow Continuation Committee' proposals, specially as they bear on women. A Moslem worker's prayer-cycle to cover a year's course--a Hostel for women-students at Cairo--the literature question for women, and that of sweeping in fresh recruits, especially for following up the openings for direct evangelisation made by schools and hospitals, are the foremost matters to be worked out.

April 2nd.

They have been beautiful days in their sense of being in the land of God's beginnings, with visions on ahead of

things that looked like dreams, dropping as we go on, to solid earth, if only a new great 'Volunteer Army of Christ's Evangelists' can be summoned.

Train to Relizane, April 17.

Starting for a long-promised fortnight with F. H. Freeman, with the purpose of seeing more of her Oranais people. The glory of Easter is lying along the land--the plain is shot, now with gold and silver, now with copper and purple, now with pale pink and sea-green, as the flower carpet changes, making ever fresh chords of colour, with the dark line of hills beyond. Our plan is a few days at Relizane, and then to go and stay with some warm-hearted French Colonists at Tizi, 50 or 60 miles further on.

Relizane, April 21.

New promise buds are opening here. The first was the 'farm-class' of native children, held at her own home by Sara Aluminos, F. H. F.'s new aide-de-camp. Such a sweet ring of girls in their pointed caps and gay draperies sat on the kitchen floor, and gravely sang their hymns, adapted with a native lilt in them, and repeated verse after verse of the Lord's sayings. A group of boys stood in the doorway, outlined in sunlight, and joined in, sotto voce.

The next was that the Chrira here, has spoken again of her wish to be baptized. This morning we went to see her and Si Milond about it. He was lying prone, with his face to the wall, and his mother was massaging hands and feet. F. H. F. began talking to her concerning it, saying she must tell her father, for that it must not be in secret. "I have told my father and my mother," she answered, "and they say nothing against it." . . . "And Si Milond?" asked F. H. F. A faint voice echoed back from the wall "I wish for it too," and he dragged himself round till his wan face was side by side with the rosy brown of Chrira's. F. H. F. went to ask the French pastor, who is an old friend of his, to see them. If Si Milond seems likely to last on yet awhile, it will wait till our return: of this they must judge.

Tizi, April 23.

We are lodged in this colonists' farm, in primitive surroundings and boundless hospitality.

Another door seems opening wide ahead: that of Mascara, the nearest town, with a large native quarter. It has been on our hearts lately as the next step in this direction, and this knot of Christian Colonists would further it with all their might. One of them, Mons. Blavy, has faithfully

followed up his chances among his Arab labourers for years, and has one from this place (Sahroui is his name) who has a touch of God's illuminating about him. We have driven there across the plain--a sea of gold and green meadows backed by pearly hills, and up the spur of one of them, that is crowned by the town--Sahroui was there to meet us, and took us off to his house in the native suburb and fed us with pancakes: he is a man of 30 or 35, with a grave, earnest face. Oh, the life-work that lies in each of these untouched places.

April 28.

Linked on with this again, comes a fresh possibility. Our hosts planned a picnic for us in at their outlying property down the gorge, a wild place in the bend of a river, with pasture and cornland, and moor and forest above. It came out that they were anxious to part with it, and F. H. Freeman has serious thoughts of investing in it, with a view to an industrial work there for men and boys in the future, for with a certain amount of outlay for irrigation and orange plantations, it ought to yield a good return, and, shut off away by miles of distance from any populated place, the hold on the native workers would be thorough. 'Houses and lands' again!--it is as if the pressed-back current of last year were breaking out in new ways all round.



The Tunis Cart

Relizane, April 30.

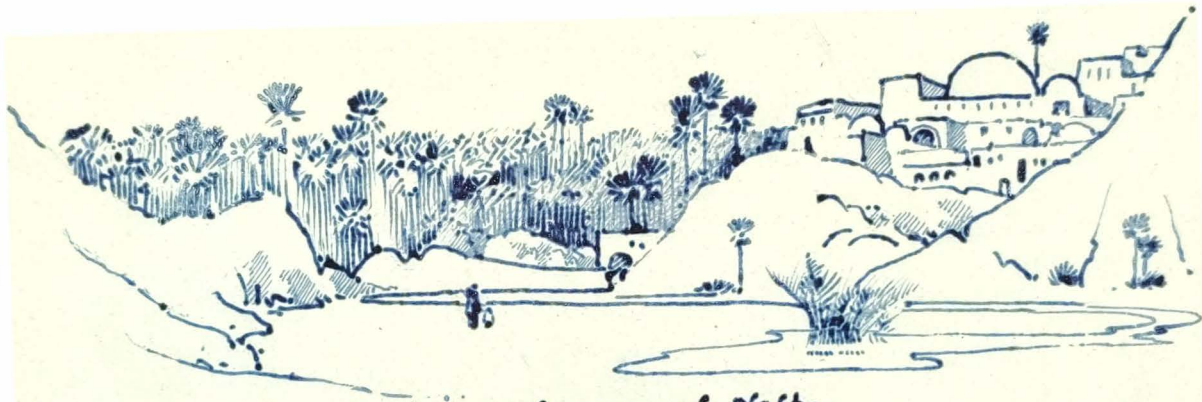
A sorrow shadowed the last days in Tizi, in a telegram that came saying that Si Milond had passed away. All the details are full of comfort--only it is sad that he just missed being baptized.

Mlle. Gayral was with him during the hours in which he suddenly sank. The room was full of people, and there were constant appeals to him to repeat the 'witness' to Mohammed. He met them all with silence, and would look now and again with a glance of recognition to the corner where Mlle. Gayral sat. The wail that told the end had come went up just as she left. Thank God for one more in the harbour.

May 10.

And now comes England, for I must be there early this time, for the furthering of 'Short Service' matters and other things, for which people must be caught before they scatter.

The last days have just timed with the return of A. Krebs from Touzer, with a fresh chronicle of God's goodness, from the time that the Tunis cart jolted them there across the sand track, to the day they left.



A corner of Nefta.
from "The Head of the Water"

The thing of all others that brought the highest tide of thanksgiving was over the days they had in Nefta. Nefta is a town 20 kilometres off--'beautiful for situation,' crowning an amphitheatre of hills, and hard as hard could be until now. It has stood in our minds for all that was cold and hostile.

But this time God had gone before. There was a clue to be followed in visiting a young bride who had just been taken by one of the well-to-do families, of the name of Ben Azouz. Crowds of women gathered round them there, soft-eyed and graceful, and listened untiringly. But nothing opened among the men, and the workers felt that they could not break the way themselves. At last the heavenly answer came, beautiful and clear. 'Will you come and read with us?' asked a young man in the market-place. 'I will shew you a place where you can gather the men.' He went on to a little tailor's shop, whose owner readily agreed to let it, and they arranged to return at two o'clock for the reading. Was it really Nefta? The small shop was packed full, and crowds stood outside the door, following in almost uninterrupted listening, the story of Christ's death for sinners. 'Don't you see,' a man went on, when a stir came over the words--'He did die in the flesh, but His spirit could not be kept in death, and He rose again.' And up to



Dar en Nour
Tozkur

the last, on the morning they left, the listening crowd was there, and moments came when God's Word was felt, cutting through all the darkness of Islam. That darkness has closed round the place again now--has it swallowed up those souls once more?

At Tozeur the crowning joy was getting into our own premises, "'Dar en Nour'"--"'the House of Light,'" as we have named it. It was anciently a fondouk, i.e., native inn, and has therefore several rooms ranged round an open court: there is the rare asset of an "'Aali,'" or second storey room, with a wide sweep of air and outlook. How good to know that this first foothold for Christ has been won in a desert town, after the long years of loving and longing over that South Land.

A. Whisler is back from her stay in Germany, to hold the reins here in Algiers till the Summer breaking-up. She is in great delight over the promised addition to our household of a baby girl a few weeks old, who is unwelcomed in her own home.

London, June 1.

Algiers letters have been all good tidings till now; the new baby is a success, and at last, after patient waiting,



The new baby

the Beit Naama children have begun to come. At first the two workers there from Dar Naama were almost boycotted, as the neighbourhood had evidently been warned against them by a taleb over the way. At last one girl came to learn, and listened cautiously; then, when it came to the hymn, her lips began day by day to form the words, but without sound. At last she actually sang. Then the taleb proved to be from Morocco, and thawed at the gift of a Testament in Moroccan dialect, lithographed from a copy made in exquisite calligraphy by one of the Sultan's scribes. Suddenly one morning, as the workers turned the big key in the door, a few children gathered round, and the taleb called across from his den, 'Be not afraid; enter.' From that day the tide has turned, and the learners now number ten.

Miliana writes that the spring's defeat in the closing of the Sherg district has been retrieved, and Relizane sends the joyful news that Chrira, Si Milond's widow, has been baptized by the French pastor. It had seemed than her husband's death would block the way, but, wonderful to tell, her fiery old father not only consented, but was present, although he understands that it means a break with Islam, Ramadan included.



Fata +
bent Fata

London, June 13.

It has been a sorrowful week, yet shot through with the rays of joy that always come when another native soul is safe in the Father's House. This time the joy and sorrow fight for the mastery, for the one to go in has been our dear Fata, who has lived under our roof and helped with the children for three years.

Her baby girl was born ten days ago: at first all went well, then fever set in and the baby died, and the old husband absolutely declined the necessary treatment for the mother, and it was clear that it would go hardly with her. Her patience and unselfishness were most beautiful, A. Whisler says, and so was her firmness that nothing should force the Sheheda from her. Then came the night when wandering began, and she thought she was in a little boat out at sea, and kept saying she would soon arrive. All next day two of them were with her, and consciousness was back--friends and neighbours were incessantly at work trying to wring from her the Moslem password. 'I have the better' came from her parched lips while they could speak--when they could no longer frame utterance, there came still the characteristic native negative, that is only an emphatic and indescribable sound. And so she passed in, faithful unto death, thank God. The two poor little motherless daughters, Fatima and Melha, will go, we hope, to Dar-el-Aine for the summer with their father.

Oxford, July 15.

Other bits have come from the outposts, that must go into the chronicle.

One is from Relizane. We had much prayer this spring over Bouzian, who was brought into the dawn through Si Milond--a rough country fellow with an honest face. He had been falsely accused of stealing a horse, and, as the native authorities were against him, it went hardly, and he was threatened with a year's imprisonment, which, his chest being far from strong, meant probable death. He appealed, and is free. F. H. Freeman writes--'Bouzian has been in with two friends to say he is entirely acquitted! It was good to see his joy and to hear him give all thanks to Sidna Aissa. He said as he sat there waiting to be called, he felt like one dead, and in his heart he said--'Sidna Aissa, when you were on earth you gave life to the dead, and healed the lame, and gave sight to the blind. Now I am just like them, and if you are truly in my heart deliver me as you delivered them, but if you are not truly in my heart, this judgment can come upon me--and He delivered me.' '

She--F. H. F., is securing that tract of land for making the orange plantation for industrial work in the future--a venture in many ways--that is nothing when God's 'Go forward' has come.



Two Miliana Visitors

Miliana is fighting bravely along, with many ups and downs from the fanatical counter-currents around. Just now the tide has turned against the daily classes: they write--
''The richer folk have passed the word round not to send their girls to the class, and the only regulars are two wee mites of seven, though odd ones drop in.

''Still, with 14, 15, or 20 callers a day, the time is well filled--it seems more and more at present to open out that way. They are so sweet: the wee ones; when we ask what they want, answer 'to see you only,' and then 'a picture' and then 'music.' We've a very weak place still for Abd-el-Cader--he's just waking up. He was more like an organ-grinder's monkey than ever the other morning--a short black woolly coat topping the tail of his little shirt was most effective, with bare legs and a red chachia. Abd-el-Cader's knock is unmistakable; it bumps low down on the door, as if a Newfoundland were swaying his big tail against it. Some day he'll reach up to the glass part of the door. Mabel is getting fairly regular--though smaller--classes of boys, and they seem to love coming.

''We've had such nice women in: they've such a convincing way of plumping themselves down in the dust and crying out about their aches and pains, and listening, like open-eyed children, to a simple message.''

London, August 6.

The English weeks have nearly run out: they have been marked by the furthering of God's continual help in the "Short Service" direction. All has opened like a flower, with never a need for a pull at the petals. Contact with workers among girls of leisure has sprung up unsought, and plenishings, unsought also, have come in for the Hostel. Then came the supply of the need on the Home side, where Mrs. Bannister, of "The Olives" Training Home, and K. Butler, will give just the balance of experience on the one hand and access to girls on the other. And now comes the last gift of the first two volunteers, and exactly the right one to head them: and the beauty of the gift is that all three are linked with that dear "Olives," and will bring to our start that inspiration for service of any and every kind, which was always one of its marked features.

(Space fails for going into detail here as to the lines we hope that this service will take, so I will put in the explanatory booklet which is circulating for this purpose.)

Dar Naama, El Biar, Aug. 26.

To-day finds us in the fight again, and in the thick of it inwardly, for last night we watched from the steamer deck

the faint crescent of the day-old Ramadan moon, sinking into its bed of opal and saffron as peacefully as if it had nothing to do with the fresh impact of contest that it rouses round the world, wherever souls have stepped out from the thrall of Islam.

Aug. 29.

Down to the town to 'salute' Fatima, Chrira her sister, and Belaid, and to make sure that they are standing free. How I longed, sitting there on the floor in Fatima's house, for the Short Service girls and the chances they will give us of following up the winning of the children: her two long-legged boys were tossing themselves about for want of something to do, Zineb and two other small girls vaguely playing on the doorstep, and two babies qualifying for a kindergarten--her's and Chrira's--her's came on my knee in the most confiding way, and tucked his downy head on my shoulder--oh, these little natives, there is nothing like them for sweetness.

Sept. 23.

A month of getting through summer arrears, and now comes the taste of villages, on which we always count before settling back. Blida villages this time, with S. Perkin,



A mountain graveyard.

making for a series among the foothills beyond the Chiffa gorge. This morning the land awoke with such a sunrise of old rose and pearl grey! the foot of the Chenoua in silver mist and her head a soft madder, intensifying the tints of the sky. It came to me how the earth had been turning in her darkness towards the sun for hours before that dawning came, and it brought a fresh hope for the villages to which we are going--that the 'drawing' of the Son of Man 'lifted up' may be felt and yielded to, even if it is in the darkness and through the darkness, that they turn from their false prophet to Him.

Sept. 29.

The first morning we wound up the tan-coloured hillside with its pathetic burying ground, to the land of boulders and ilex scrub, and at last to the two groups of huts that make up Oum Fouf.

One house, and one woman in it, stand out for prayer: the 'Aissha,' who, time after time, at the long intervals of hearing, has been so touching in her longing to understand. Many interruptions came before S. Perkin could patiently go over the old ground, and weave in bits of new light--Aissha sitting straight in front of her with eyes intent: at last they began to kindle, and her face to glow--

a fresh 'illumination' had come. Suddenly she bent forward and gave S. a fervent kiss on hands and cheek--such a spontaneous heart-welcome of the new ray.

Then the mule-driver insisted on a huge circuit to his own house. Thence we saw a whole string of other unknown villages below, which settled our minds that we must keep to this direction, instead of working up the Beni Hanes valley, which does get a visit every two years or so--(lay that on your hearts, dear English 'district visitors!') We settled to sleep at the muleteers next night but one, and see what could be done down below.

The day that lay between we spent in the valley of Ahl-el-Oued--'The People of the River' by interpretation--a long string of hamlets, with nests of houses among the old fig and olive trees, and everywhere groups of women in their cream and terracotta garb, and--(alas for the time it took!) everywhere a meal of some sort, for in the autumn even the poorest have something, and the courtyards are strewn with purple figs and golden maize cobs and flame-coloured tomatoes drying in the sun before storing in the earthen pots, by whose size and number the worldly estate of each house can be measured.



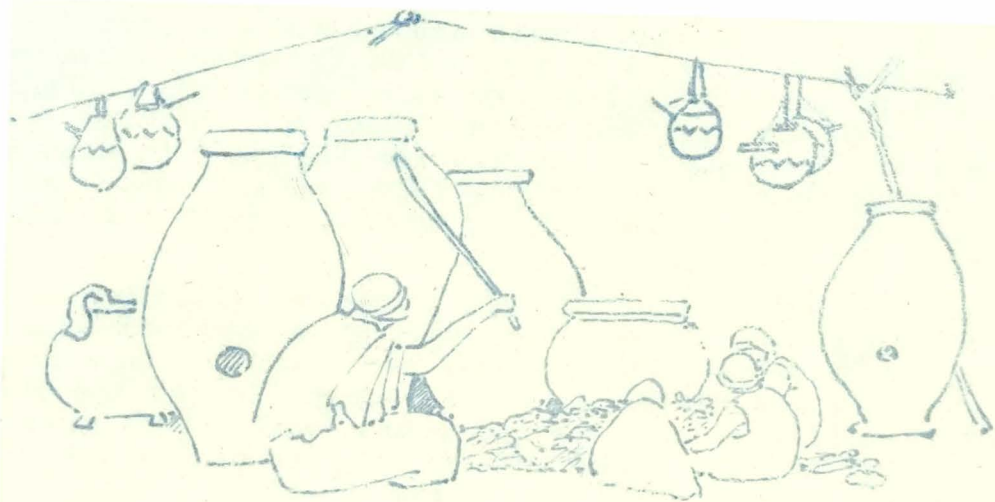
Student lads of the Zaouia

The first sight of a Gospel.

One dear old ungainly woman named Miriam stands out from the throng: she was intent on hearing and understanding. We left her repeating to herself the one fragment she had grasped, 'This is what I must say to Him--'O Lord Jesus, save me from my sins, and open to me the gate of heaven--I will say it every time I say my other prayers.'" Vainly we tried to explain that God did not need the 'other'--i.e., the Moslem 'sheheda.'" She was immovable--'it must be when I pray that I speak to the Lord Jesus.'" . . . We think He will understand, and will winnow the chaff from the wheat.

Next day was a fight through those new villages on the rim of the plain, for they belonged to a Marabout clan--the women were scornful for the most part, and the men civilly distant. It was worth the fight though, to get the bits of intelligent listening here and there, and better still the chances for leaving books, and the welcome of our promise of a big Bible for the College library.

At our night's lodging, at the mule-driver's house, we helped in maize-shelling till dark, and after supper we had the quiet gathering with the whole family, men and women, which makes a night spent with them so well worth while. Then all turned out except a woman and three or four



Our night's lodging: The hostess & family busy
shelling maize.

children, and we should have slept peacefully on our straw mat but for a scraggy yellow kitten, who insisted on walking over us at intervals. The sky had hardly begun to pale with dawning before our hostess was at her loom, and our host at his maize-shelling, and then came breakfast of a kind of warm poultice of sticky meal, with pools of oil on the top, and we were off again for two more villages, 'Baking Pans' and 'The Pilgrims,' by name.

They were further from the Zaouia centre, and therefore more open: space fails for telling of them. But the Zaouia fight had left its mark on the right side--a crowd of white-robed student lads and a few older men stood in a field on our homeward way: one of the latter, 'the Lord of ripeness,' asked us earnestly to come back with the big book of which he had heard, and the lads, headed by a leader, the young 'Lord of purity,' plunged upon the mule and the book-bag and took all we had left. So even that hardest ground of our four days' tramp shewed a thaw as the sun's rays drew near.

Dar Naama, Oct. 20.

This month has marked a fresh step in our corporate life: its early days saw the first meeting of our 'Home Council' in London, and last Saturday came our first 'Field

Committee' here, consisting of us three seniors and the three next in standing. It fills us with rest and hope that burdens, questions, aims, unfoldings, are taken up and shared henceforth by younger hearts and brains. Since then has come our first 'Two Days Rally.' All of us were there but three; and two newcomers filled up the ranks, E. Thorpe for the Short Service Hostel, and I. Nash from Mr. Howe's parish.

Our subject has been the Spirit of Apostleship in pioneer work, as shewn by St. Paul in the two Epistles to the Corinthians, crystallizing round the four opening sentences of I Cor. IX.

'Am I not an Apostle?' the life of conscious vocation.

'Am I not free?' the life of detachment.

'Have I not seen Christ Jesus the Lord?' the life of vision.

'Are not ye my work in the Lord?' the life of service.

And before us all dawned, I think, a new horizon of the glory of the task to which God has called us--a glory in its very hardness and in the sense that we are working for a coming day.

The last morning we were joined by the tiny band of natives who are following the light, and together we prayed that God would do 'a new thing' this year.

Algiers, Nov. 4.

A little budding 'new thing' has begun already: it began while we were still at Dar Naama. It seemed stupid just to miss the tram that night, and have half-an-hour's waiting. In the next tram a lank, tired native figure sat opposite, with a face that seemed familiar. Out of its sunken outline there dawned the likeness to a boy face of long ago, and a word with the man confirmed it. Si Mohammed ben Kaddour was his name: he belonged to our very first Sunday class, in the days when the three of us could together hardly spin out enough bungling Arabic to last for a quarter of an hour's talk. And our chief recollection of this member of it was that he had solemnly given his name for the register as 'Mohammed ben el Kelb'--'the son of a dog'--in the hope of seeing it go down in the book!

He has led a wild life since then, and now consumption has laid hold on him. From our first visit we could see that the seed of long ago, sown in such weakness, was springing, and soon, like a child, he came to Christ. 'I



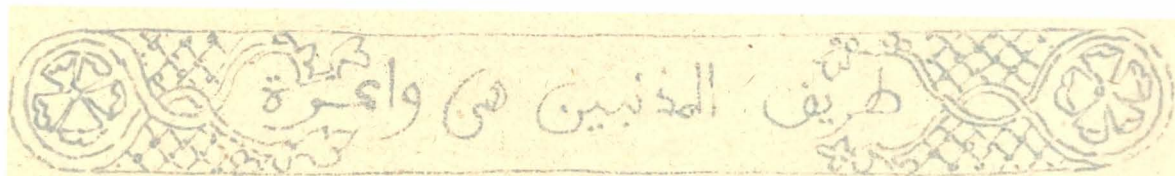
Bent: Fita
+ Melha

rest my soul on Him as I rest my body on this bed," he said, flinging himself back on his pillow, and the light on his face shewed that it was true. He has crept down once to our house, and wanted to hear the old harmonium again, and the hymns, one after another, of those early days. Since then he has failed fast. E. Thorpe has got a prayer-guard round him at Friedenheim, among those who, like himself, will soon be out of the shadows.

Nov. 27.

Meanwhile the winter work has started, with rather a dearth of girgaff children down here; we do not know why, unless that our dear Fata is no longer here to manage their mothers. At Beit Naama, being in the thick of its own quarter, they can come and go alone, and their number is steadily growing.

Fata's two poor little daughters have come back to us from the relatives to whom their father had taken them, very motherless-looking in spirit, and wretched in bodily condition. It is a joy to have them back to love and tend for her sake. Zahia, who was much touched at the time of her death, is here too all day, at her mother's request. She is such a dear thing, with her merry boyish face and honest brown eyes. The sturdiness of body and mind that has



A specimen text for painting. (much reduced)

come down from her Biskri ancestors makes her a great contrast to the lithe, excitable town children, and she works with a will. "I have made thy room as clean as the moon" she remarked to me this morning when she had finished swabbing the blue and white tiled floor.

Poor bent Fata has been troublesome, and, as usually accompanies that, among the children, exceedingly Moslem. "Jesus and Mohammed are friends," she says. I feel that thought is the root of much of the compromise around, and needs digging up unmercifully. We need special prayer for her, as she is such a leader among the younger girls.

The leader among the bigger boys is far more irrepressibly naughty--"the Baddach" of whom I have written with ups and downs of report in the past. Why he should be a leader we cannot tell, for he is somewhat weak and stupid, except for a knack of painting. This painting is the chief hold over him and his gang, for they are allowed to paint for an hour after the Sunday Bible Class if they have been fairly good--texts of a stern character in Arabic, copies of the blackboard designs that illustrated the lesson, etc. If anything displeases him, he marches the whole crew out at a signal, in perfect order: and in the week we have to be constantly on the qui vive from their desire to get into the



Central Court
Dar
el Feby

house and hide in the 'mosque,' just for mischievousness and a change from the streets. With all the small girls upstairs, it is forbidden ground to big boys, which makes it all the more delightful. We long to be able to have them off under charge of some man who could win and hold them, for there is a side of them that can be reached, and is reached now and then. All else in their surroundings is dead against them, and the down-tug of the stream of wickedness in the streets is terribly strong.

Dec. 3.

The main feature of our re-opening has been the unfolding of the 'Short Service' help and its Hostel ('Dar el Fedjr'--'the House of Dawn'--we have named it). Its furnishings duly arrived in port a full month before the first pair of volunteers were expected; but, such are customs delays, there were only three or four days left when we got hold of them, and the last touches were given with the boat in sight. Already it has meant such a bit of reinforcing: the small boys have had their long-lost and much-beloved brushwork class begun again, and the double row of red caps in the court on Thursday afternoons means friendly nods of recognition from their owners in the streets around, and a hold won for Christ before the whirlpool of

evil seizes them. Then the girls' girgaff class here at Rue du Croissant has been undertaken; and that in Beit Naama kept on its feet when M. Madsen, one of the two appointed to it, had to knock off work for six months under doctor's orders.

And now quite an unforeseen bit of development has come. There is a set of three little rooms on the outside staircase, for which we could see no use, though all else fitted as if built for us. They had to be taken with the rest, and stood empty and unfurnished. Then came a letter from F. H. Freeman, asking if we could take in blind Fatima from Relizane with her husband and little daughter, that she might try, as a last resource, the skill of an Algiers oculist. The purpose of those empty rooms stood clear as sunlight: they would make a perfect Arab guest-house, and the Short Service helpers could run it. A few days saw the complement of native plenishings, and the trio settled in, with hearts and spirits so responsive.

Responsiveness is marked around us as the year closes, even in villages round Algiers, so tough that we have left them alone for years: now they get visited in turn every Wednesday, mostly by M. Ridley and A. McIlroy, and almost always they come back tired and happy from their tramp.

Through the summer at Blida the Olivés have had as many as 80 and 100 to an open-air magic lantern in their garden, and the other day May Olivés wrote that she had been sent for in the evening to talk to a family from Colea, a fanatical place 12 or 14 miles off, and instead of an argument had earnest listening.

Dec. 5.

Si Mohammed ben Kaddour is failing fast, with times of great depression and weariness, and other times when dreams and half-waking visions from the shores of eternity cheer him on. And faithfully in his weakness he reads from the Gospels to his brother-in-law, Boualem, with whom he lives, and the men friends who come in the evenings to see him. We are definitely praying that God may give him a soul to win before he goes from us. We think it may be Boualem: he is a serious-faced man with a bright young wife, Chrira, Si Mohammed's only sister. At present both listen, but give no further sign.

Dec. 8.

The soul has been given him, and has already gone safely on before! It came to pass thus. Two nights ago a man, a connection by marriage, living on the floor below, sent for

him. He had been ailing for months, and Si Mohammed had often read with him. He was carried down the narrow stone stair, and the other sick man asked "What hast thou brought me?" "Just this book," answered Si Mohammed, and began talking to him. "I found here that the Lord Jesus had borne my sins. . . . I had many sins: I threw myself on Him. Thou hast many sins--throw thyself on Him too." They remained in silent prayer, and the sick man signified that the step had been taken. "We are brothers now," said Si Mohammed: "if thou dost enter first, keep me a place by thee." That same night, a few hours after, the man suddenly passed away. We rejoice in the swift reaping and garnering.

Dec. 27.

It has been a strange and shadowed Christmas. Ida Nash, after two months here, fell ill, a week ago, with what proved to be typhoid of a serious type, and Christmas night was spent in journeys backwards and forwards to secure her admission next morning to the English Hospital. She lies there in a state where God's touch alone can turn the balance and give back life. We believe that that life-giving touch will come.

And so, with intermingling lights and shadows, the old year goes out: and joy is the uppermost. Tozeur, Bou

Hanefia, Beit Naama, and Dar el Fedjr stand for God-given points of advance. More than ever we feel that the 'valley' is getting 'full of ditches,' though the only drops visible of the living water are the two in Relizane, one received into the Church militant and the other into the Church triumphant; and here, Si Mohammed and the baby soul given him as it crossed the bar. But these little drops shew that the channel is free, and the hour will strike when waters shall come 'from the way of the East.' Towards that East we look once more.

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