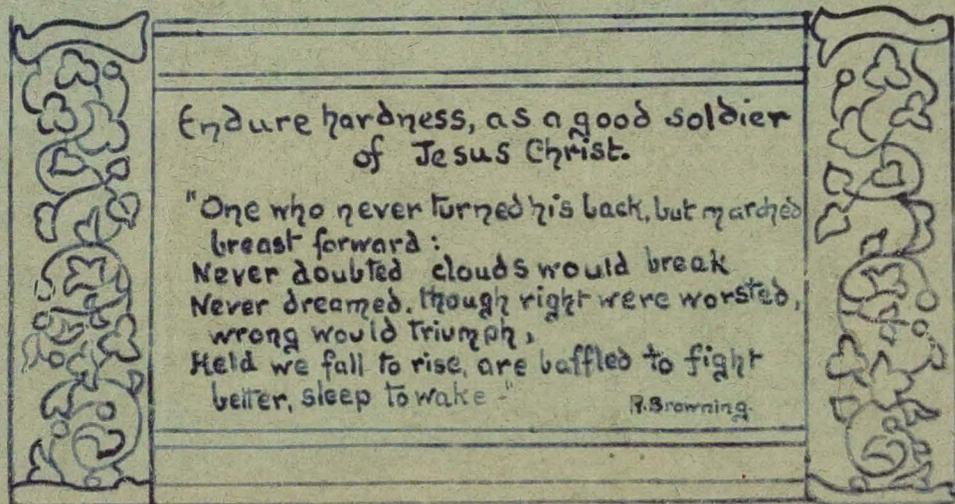


Algiers Mission Band



Journal No. 2. 1914.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Members on the Field - 2nd Quarter of 1914.

Date of arrival

1888	L. Lilius Trotter.	1909	Alice McIlroy.
"	B. G. L. Haworth.	1911	Clare Mennell.
1890	F. Helen Freeman.	"	Ida Nash
1906	Sascha Perkin.	"	Mary Freeman.
"	Alexandrine Gayral.	1912	J. H. Smeeton.
1907	Mabel Grautoff	"	Nellie Smeeton.
"	May Ridley	"	Esther Regojo.
1909	F. K. Currie.	"	Laura Carr.
"	Millicent Roche.	"	S. Soler.
"	Alma Krebs.	"	Grace Russell.
"	Mary Watling.	1913	Fanny Hammon) pro
		1914	Mme. Arnaud. (tem

Short Service Hostel.

Elsie Thorpe (1911) in Charge. Vera Stewart. Violet Barrow.
Beryl Handford.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.
Stations in 1914.

Date of opening.	Algiers.	Country.
1888.	Headquarters.	1901. Blida.
1906.	Dar Naama.	1909. Relizane.
1909.	Beit Naama.	1909. Miliana.
1911.	Dar el Fedjr.	1912. Mascara.
	1913. Touzer.	

* * * * *

Sec. for Prayer-helpers, Mr J. H. Smeeton, 2, Rue du Croissant, Algiers.

Council of Reference. London:

Mr. & Mrs Stuart Trotter.	Broomfield Lodge, Chelmsford.
Sir H. & Lady Proctor.	Norheim: Chislehurst.
Rev. S. W. & Mrs Howe.	St. Lukes Vicarage: C.E. Finchley.

* * * * *

Algerian Women's Mission Band. America.

Mrs T. A. Walker. S.S.Asso. 312 17th Street, Denver, Colorado. U.S.A.

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"The Touzer Student."

May 1st.

It is only a week since that meeting of Dr Zwemer's that ended the Conference, and already it looks as if a fresh hour had struck. -

It was the very next morning after seeing in his hand that schedule of the Christian College of the future in Cairo, that a letter came from Touzer telling of the first dawning hope of a lad to send there when the time comes.

"I feel like one who has been asleep since his childhood and as if I am waking up to-day" he said after their first reading, and next time he lingered till the others had left, and then said earnestly "Yesterday this thing came into my life - I received and believed" - And after talk and prayer he said "Must I go and tell the others now - I don't feel I can?" - It made A.Krebs feel the more that it was real and I think so too.

Will he be the first one for future training, getting ready at once? Things are beginning to go with what is almost speed compared to the old days of dead-lock. - Anyway we have to do with a God to Whom time is as boundless as space in it's elasticity!

This is something of the type of the south land student - lean, unkempt, shrewd-witted. If only we could make you see

one face to face you would realize the possibilities for weal or woe that are wrapped up in him!

May 6th.

We three seniors, F.H.F., B.G.L.H. & I have been having a talk with Mr Inwood before he leaves, on our outlook as a Band. He was very comforting over the main problem, which has been getting more and more accentuated as the years go on, i.e. that no supply is within sight for guiding the little dawning native community, or for developing the many points of latent growth in work among men and boys, or for welding the various elements among the band of workers as time goes on and we seniors have to slacken our pace rather than quicken it. Mr Inwood voiced very positively the assurance that lay in the depths of our own hearts, that when God's supply comes, we shall see it unmistakably, and meantime it is only to go on in faith, believing that He is getting ready the right one, out of sight, and putting him through it may be, many a preparatory test, such as those called to lead have to endure.

That half hour over the question has left a sense of unspeakable peace, in accepting this walk in the dark as part of His ways. He who has supplied every need in such marvellous fashion these 26 years, will not leave the main issue uncared for.

May 2th.

The first of our local committees over Dr Mott's coming Conference was held to-day. It lasted five hours and there was not a discordant note as we went into one point after another of the syllabus to be dealt with, covering every phase of the Moslem question: that means a promise of good things to come!

May 9th.

Is it possible that within three days of our full acquiescence in God's veiling of the future, the veil has begun to lift?

Mons. & Madame Cook-Jalabert, among our oldest friends in the country, who were up for the Conference, came last night to say goodbye. They proved to have been stirred to their very depths by a fresh call to Moslem work through Dr Zwemer's meeting.

They have had 17 years of pioneer fight up in a Kabyle village, under the French Methodist Mission. Then, with five children to educate, they had to move nearer to civilization, and for a while he helped Miss Freeman in her work among French colonists. Out of that grow an insistant call to the soldiers of the Foreign Legion, and for three years he has been Chaplain to that regiment in Morocco. His term of service there ends in Oc-

tober and they have now to decide on the next step. There is a strange sense that God's Hand is working to a convergence of our ways and we wait to see the outcome.

May 12th.

A promise of 20 years ago and more, is returning with new meaning these days. - It was the word that came to me as we drove down bag and baggage, from the French quarter, to take possession of 2 Rue du Croissant, our first start in a native dwelling. "Upon his house shall there be peace for ever from the Lord" - that was the promise, and the words went weaving in and out of that day's work in a subconscious way. They were a bit disappointing, I remember, at the time, we felt so warlike, taking possession of that old fortress in the heart of the Moslem town. But they come back with a new interpreting. - The peace of a house in Jewish days meant its stability - its element of continuance,, the heavenly seal on obedience to its calling. - Oh that He may give us such "grace to be faithful" that we may win it here!

May 14th.

A fresh link for next winter has come out of the visit of Chrira bent Si Mokhtar's people (we must differentiate the many Chriras by their surnames) to fetch her from her six months stay at Far el Fedjr. - They were so proud of her reading and writing

achievements and so delighted with her surroundings that they have offered her younger sister to come back with her when Short Service starts again. It is not only another step in the work among families which is one of God's new ways of late, but a fresh advance for the "Short Servicicers" themselves. Living with these upper class native girls is the best and quickest way for getting "en rapport" with Arab character and thought as well as language.

Another new hope that is springing for next season's work is that of village outposts. These are much on the heart of A. McIlroy, and her 5 years in "Faith Mission" work in Scotch and Irish villages has specially fitted her for putting it to the test of experiment.

The Faith Mission outline of method is to go, two of you, to a country centre and stay there, on a kind of prolonged "Mission" till there are signs of the seed having taken such a definite rooting as to have a chance of growing alone, with a bit of watering now and then. This, if it comes to pass, will be a great advance on the desultoriness of old time itinerating.

May 16th.

We have waited and prayed over the question of laying our proposals before the Cook-Jalaberts, and have taken into con-

sultation the seniors of our Band as well as those who from the Committee. And it has finally come clear that we should put the matter to the test, inviting him to join us under some such title as "Field Superintendant" for the term of 3 years, that being the extent to which we can forecast the financial responsibility. The side of spiritual qualification I will not dwell on, only saying it is all one would wish, but I can put down some of the outward things that confirm his being the one we need for the present moment of advance, when Dr Mott's meetings are likely to give such opportunities for focussing an extending advance. His position as a Frenchman is one of these, for it gives him a basis of full liberty - and another is his connection with the French Methodist Church, thus being in "organic unity" as they call it now a days with the only other organized church out here in Mission work, the Methodists of America, and yet, as he is not now working under their committee he is free to develop on any lines he will.

The one drawback is that his native language is Kabyle, not Arabic. A few years ago that would have been insuperable, now there is more than enough to do in which Arabic is not needed; and for where it is needed there is the chance of a colporteur-interpreter alongside. One such is already we believe available if funds allow: So the letter has gone off to



The new Mission House at Mascara."

Morocco and we wait and pray again.

May 18th.

A hope of advance among the women seems withering again, as so often before. Boualem's Chrira has been really facing towards baptism, in consequence of a dream that much impressed her. Now she is backing out again, saying she must consult Aissa the elder, as head of the family, and to that there can but be one result. Poor little soul, she plays fast and loose with her conscience in a dangerous way. She has the best chance of any Arab woman in the town for going straight on, if she would be true. Her husband is grievously disappointed about it. - "Now - in this time - Sisters" - when will it come true?

May 19th.

I am on the last visit of the spring to Relizane, Oran (to see Mme Cook and this possible colporteur of the future who is finishing his military service there) and back by Bou Hanefia and Mascara. The new Mission House at Mascara is delightful. One side is inhabited by Soler and his family, and F.H.F.'s two women helpers have the other half. Such a crowd of bright hued girls, 60 or so of them, came in across the gully that separates the house from the native town. They are only just getting into order and are held with a very tight hand by Fanny, the younger helper. Soler has begun gathering their brothers, toiling carefully through his preparation for each class, for

his Arabic comes haltingly still. - It is good to see the doors opened here as everywhere by the little hands of the children.

I have been reading on these various railway journeys a book that is wonderfully full of new clues - "St. Paul's Missionary Methods and Ours" by Roland Allen. It deals with his strategy, his methods on entering new places, his training of converts, and the marvellous results in establishing Churches. It is most illuminating, and it comes now at the crucial moment, when, as it seems, much that has been lying in solution is about to crystallise, as a voice from God.

May 21st.

Tozer is clearly the centre of this year's fight; the letters are full of the sense of its battling. I can only give names by their interpretation, but they will be understood in heaven as they call for prayer - "The Slave of God", the first one touched, is having a bad time, money tangles and a want of straightness about them seems at the bottom of it: and another lad who came often to read, "the Faithful" by name, is in prison for theft! On the other hand there are such manifest touches of God on other souls that one hardly likes to write about them. - One, a mystic, who has been for years seeking a clue to the way of God, appears to have found it in Christ. He is very ill and almost dying it seems, and he is one of those weary, tangled souls for whom the

best one can wish is that they

"All the love of Christ shall learn
At His Feet in Paradise"

- - The other one, the student lad of three weeks ago, goes on with an "elan" that almost makes one tremble for him - "the Pure" is his name by interpretation, he is one that needs a very special prayer garrison round his soul - it cannot go along unchallenged, and it has come to the time when all must be closed for the summer there, when we can only leave them to God and to the Word of His Grace for months to come.

One more bit of next winter's outlook has brought much need for light this month, Dr Zwemer told how the side of women and children's literature in the Nile Mission Press had come to a standstill through the worker entrusted with it having had to leave, and he put the question would I go and help - Another inward question came; was this the meaning of the burning of boy needs in that direction on heart and mind for a year or more? - - - At first the time and the distance made Cairo look nearly impossible but it has grown apparent that a 3 months visit there for the next couple of years could be offered. With that much time, free of interruption, as it cannot be on one's own field, an output for the coming year might be got together. - So another letter has gone, putting this too to the test.

May 25th.

Mr Cook's answer has come. They are considering the matter, and weighing all before God. Our letter came simultaneously with an offer from France which, if the Moslem pull were not on their hearts, would be all they could wish.

May 26th.

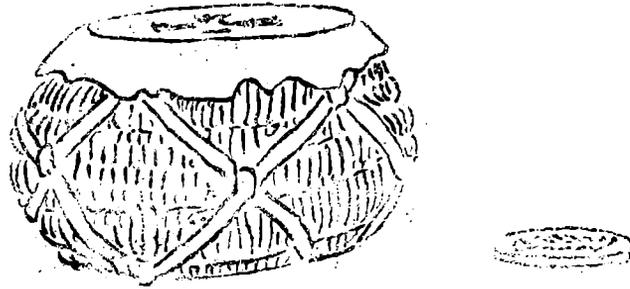
Summer plans are growing into focus. It is curious how they look as if all seniors must be away for part of the time, leaving an interregnum from the latter part of July till the early days of September.

There has come a flash of meaning into the puzzle of it. - May it not be God's plan that the methods of St. Paul should come into practice, and the little group of converts be thrown on their own responsibility for that time, even though it includes the crucial weeks of Ramadan?

It is a new departure, for we have given them extra shepherding of late during these summer months. Yet we are distinctly gathering that it is the appointed way.

May 30th.

We ought to have been much shocked I suppose, over a confession of Boualem's on Thursday, but somehow we were not! His wife Chrira had taken herself off against his will to Aïssa the elder and his wife, and refused again and again to come back



The "Offering" Basket + its first
coin from Tozeur.

when he sent for her. "At last she came" he said, "and I boiled, and I beat her. I beat her hard, it was very wrong, I have asked God to forgive me!" His great fault lies in being weak with that coquettish little wife, letting her have the upper hand for peace sake, so we privately thought this display of authority was rather a sign of grace, and she does not in the least resent it, so it appears. "It is all because she will not listen to God's voice about baptism that she is naughty" he went on - "Do you think I ought to make her listen & be baptised? - I would not beat her to make her obey!" - - - but we did not think his domestic discipline should go as far as that, even subtracting the beating!

June 1st.

From illness and other causes there was but a small muster for the Whitsuntide service yesterday morning, but the last moment brought its crown of joy, for A. Krebs, who with M. Watling is just back from Touzer, handed up the collection of 2 francs from the pennies of the baby church there. It was a fresh breath of the coming spring.

On the woman's side of the curtain was another dear little vision. - Sascha's mountain child, Miriam (following all unknowingly the custom of the ages) sat in new draperies that she had bought out of her savings, and the last three pennies of her hoard went spontaneously into the collection basket.

It is good to have the Touzer pair back and to hear more than letters could tell of the developments and hopes of these last weeks. - They are very beautiful.

One of the points that interests me most deeply down there is the contact with these mystics, offspring of the countless brotherhoods of the desert. They recognise Christianity as another species of mysticism and St. John's writings appeal to them strongly. By a seeming contradiction, but in reality consistently with the framing of their religious orders, they want to have an exact rule laid down. "You must tell me how to get up and how to lie down - you must tell me everything" they say with touching earnestness. To them it is all part of their restless search after the true god.

We have broached the matter of summer plans to Belaid and Boualem. Belaid greeted them benevolently, with a broad black smile. Boualem threw himself in fervently. We told him that Mr Inwood had said that he had seen in his experience of Mission Stations that wherever the converts themselves get together to pray for the Spirit, He comes. "Yes, answered Boualem with a gleam, where the people of the land ask for themselves, God will send the Spirit. We are the people of the land, we can ask for ourselves."

June 5th.

S. Perkin and A. McIlroy are off on Monday, to take back little Miriam to her mountain home. It is another of the votes of confidence that make us glad, that her people should have left her behind under Sascha's care when they went back a month ago: all the more that, child as she is, she is already promised in marriage, and therefore, according to native etiquette, to be guarded closely.

It is a far-away hamlet, beyond Tablat, that hill country where each visit has brought a sense of the Spirit's brooding over the darkness, in a line, as far as we can make out, with Meila, another of the strategic centres for the "some day" on ahead.

June 8th.

Aissa the younger was here yesterday after a long fit of absence from us. "My soul is very damp" he said - "You know when wood is damp it does not light up.. my soul is like that?"

It is quite true, he has only gone smouldering on this spring. We cannot but think there is some unconfessed untruthness at the bottom of it that needs bringing to light.

June 9th.

Boualem has started for himself in a small way at his old trade of shoemaking, the doctor having forbidden his return to

the barrel factory, and Mustapha has doggedly determined that he shall be taken on by him. It is no trifle for Boualem to shoulder, for the lad's crippled frame and twisty temper make him difficult to deal with. Yet it seems a true instinct for his soul's safety that makes him set on it, and so be sheltered from the bad companions and the Sunday work that have dragged him down so often.

We were amused to hear the sequel, which is that, without waiting for Boualem's answer, he has taken the matter into his own hands - "When I have asked God for a thing and He gives it I do not throw it back at Him" was his explanation. So he brought his tools, sat down stolidly in the tiny shop, threaded his needles, and waited for work to be bestowed. Boualem with some amusement gave it, and the partnership was established.

June 12th.

The beginning of the summer break up has come, in the leaving of the dear "Shortservicers" - Their Hostel has been full this spring, for the first time - full just for a few overlapping weeks, that is, for there have been many goings and comings. - The chief markings of this year's work there has been in the overflowing number of native guests, and the rooting of the little girls after their upheaval from Rue du Croissant.

Then there has been a promoting of the first two with whom

the Hostel opened. - P. Hurst has found I think a real vocation in the study of the needs of the mystics, and is beginning to write for them, and M. Freeman has gone as a permanent third to Blida. - Then of the newer comers, D. von Berchem is doing translation work in Switzerland (into French for boys tracts) and this year's Band will furnish another candidate, G. Grimwood for C.M.S. and G. Russell, whose 2nd year closes now, hopes to come back in the autumn as A.M.B. - And no one knows how far even the bits of Short Service that are the most transitory, may reach. - F. Friend came and went this spring without prospect of more, but her helping tend the suffering eyes of a woman in S. Perkin's mountain family was the beginning of that far off hamlet getting its first rays of light.

The Sunday morning meeting, which is held always now at the Hostel, has been developing of late. We have a Psalm, read responsively from the new Psalter, and Belaid reads the old Testament passage in the literary Arabic and Boualem the new Testament one in the colloquial; while Boualem's prayer does for a Litany, for it travels round the Moslem world as far as he knows its needs. His face lit up with joy to-day as he saw his first bit of shepherding, in the person of Mustapha, limp past the window and come in.

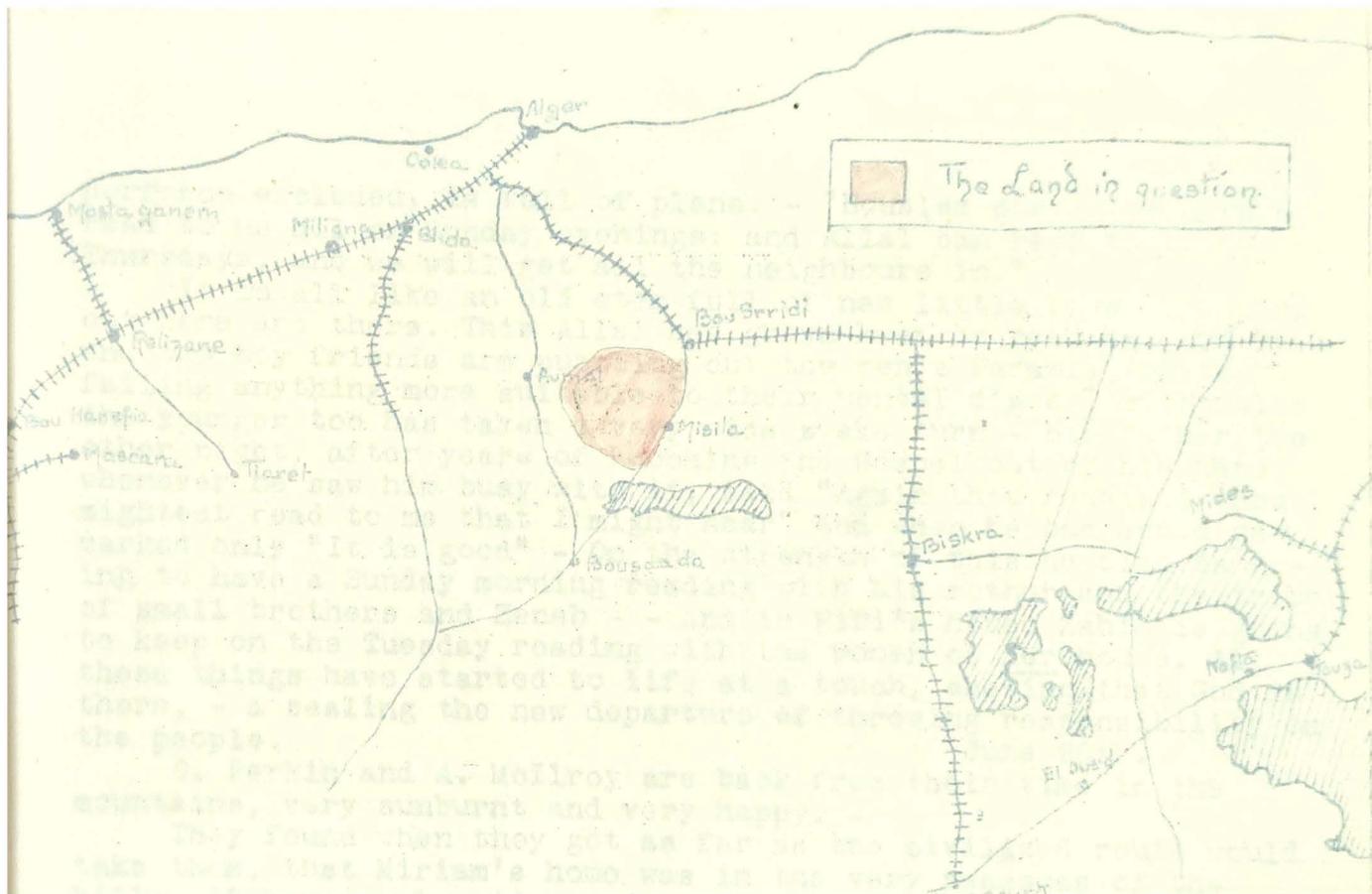
At the end of the meeting we took the four "Church Members",

Belaid, Boualem, Omar and Mustapha, down to the guest room douira, which is to be given over to them for their meetings this summer, and dedicated it together to its new use.

We talked over the best times for the Sunday meeting and the Thursday prayer meeting - "You must clear out this furniture and leave us just the cushions to sit on" said Boualem. "We may be many before you come back: the harvest may be beginning." Then we got to the subject of Ramadan. They proposed meeting daily at noon if they can, to break the fast together and to have prayer. At any rate they will change the prayer meeting hour on Thursdays to mid-day, and break Ramadan then. - Omar, whose postman's duties leave his mornings free now, offered to get the meal ready. "You must stand together" I said - "Yes" answered Boualem gravely, "it will be a fighting month, we must close the square" - - - Such a tiny battle square, just those four souls, and yet in it lies the rudiment of the church militant among the Arabs of this town, and the pathos of the weakness must touch the watchers up in heaven. Will they stand when the tests come?

The keynote of it all is from Mr Allen's book. It is not that we have to trust the converts, but we have to trust the Holy Spirit in the converts: the difference between the two is as the heavens and the earth.

Boualem's mother who, with the few women who come on Sundays is



perforce excluded, is full of plans. - "Boualem must come here & read to us all on Sunday evenings: and Allal can read to us on Thursdays, and we will get all the neighbours in."

It is all like an old stem full of new little buds, breaking out here and there. This Allal has grown keen on reading, and he and two boy friends are puzzling out the men's Parable tracts, failing anything more suitable to their mental digestion. Boualem the younger too has taken a very wide awake turn - his father the other night, after years of knocking the Gospel out of his hand whenever he saw him busy with it, said "Again thou readest! thou mightest read to me that I might hear" and when he had ended remarked only "It is good" - On the strength of this he also is going to have a Sunday morning reading with his mother and the tribe of small brothers and Zeneb - - And in Fifi's house Zahia is going to keep on the Tuesday reading with the women of her house. All these things have started to life at a touch, shewing that God is there, - & sealing the new departure of throwing responsibility on the people.

June 20th.

S. Perkin and A. McIlroy are back from their time in the mountains, very sunburnt and very happy. -

They found when they got as far as the civilized route would take them, that Miriam's home was in the very recesses of the hills, 10 hours mule ride, and not a mule to be had! The child's

uncle, Saad Saoud by name, who had gone with them as guide, was splendid. He tramped a 50 mile tramp before he could get mules for them and at last landed them triumphantly. The whole tribe of "the Sons of Yieldedness," for that is their name, was at Saucha's feet. It was a strange new bit of the country, with spacious houses instead of the stone huts of the Blida hills. Here is a part of her story:-

"We left Dar Es Sheikh about 5 a.m. As we rode up the hillside to Miriam's home the women in the tents on the slopes peeped out at the European women, the first that some of them had ever seen. Fat'ma and the children came down the path to welcome us, and led us triumphantly to their large rough doorless hut. There Fat'ma treated us with a simple, understanding hospitality that gave a sense of rest through the long eventful day. Groups of people came incessantly to see us & hear us, many bringing presents.

"The Sheikh, who was absent when we were at his home, came to supper that night, and then came the strategic moment of our visit. Luke 15 gripped the men as it never fails to grip mountain folk. The talk that arose from the reading had to be straight, even at the risk of offending the Sheikh, by whose favour we were there. But the Sheikh and his men listened with their very souls sometimes saying "Thou hast the truth", when challenged as to the truth of some strong statement that they, as Moslems, might well

"have contested.

"Finally the Sheikh, perhaps thinking he had gone too far, "became argumentative on the Moslem side. Then Miriam, who, un-noticed had been an interested listener broke in:-

"Dont mind what he says Lalla Sascha, it is only talk, it "is from his mouth only, it is not from his heart, he knows you "are right!" The Sheikh laughed. Afterwards he apologised to his "hosts for being so argumentative, saying he did not mean it "seriously."

When the day came for leaving the Sheikh of the village sent Sascha back on his own mule, caparisoned as for a queen with a gorgeous carpet. The opening of that countryside comes as a beautiful "good measure pressed down" for all the loving service she has showered on that stranded family through the spring, and we have dreams of another temporary post out there in days to come, with Msila in touch beyond it.

June 26th.

Boualem's mother came to report on their first meeting yesterday. "God gave us a beautiful and flowering meeting" she said. "There were the 15 women of the house and 3 women from other houses, and 7 children, 3 of them big, who sat outside on the gallery. Allal read them three hymns and repeated the story of the lost sheep and we drank coffee and were all very happy!" That

coffee-drinking is a doubtful element to our minds, as we are asked to supply it as a means of bringing them together. That is not quite an apostolic method!

Subsequent investigation shows that Allal also reads them St. John 3 - rather an incoherent medley - that is nothing to native women's minds, however. He is a shrewd monkey, that Allal, his diagnosis of his family the other day was perfect - "My Aunt Zehour does not want much to walk in the Way. Aissa, her husband, wants to walk, but he does not walk much. The "Iemma" loves the Way, but she has some things of the old way still - she fasts on Mondays and Thursdays. Didi Boualem loves the Way and walks in it: I want to go with Didi Boualem.

June 29th.

It was a beautiful going off yesterday! We were on the boat with a few of the younger ones who had come to see the last of us, when one more followed with a letter. It had just arrived from Lions. Cook-Jalabert. What would it hold, that official looking envelope, with its stamping of the military outpost in Morocco? A moment's suspense, and then a wave of thanksgiving! For it was "Yes"

There was just time to write him a word of joyful welcome for October, and to gather ourselves for a few minutes of prayer and praise, and then we watched their little boat dance back over

the harbour water with the letter to post, clenching this, the greatest advance perhaps as regards the far future that has come yet. We are to meet him in England in a fortnight's time for the settling of details. It makes our going forth a song of joy!

July 13th.

Early days in England are busy with getting off our first official A.M.B. report, to supplement these amateur-looking journals. I think people read them because they are so amateur and hand-made, only they cannot be produced in any amount that can keep pace with the ever growing number who have taken our needs on their hearts here and in America and many a far-off place. Mr Smeeton's list alone of praying people, many of them praying centres, amounts to over 200. This is the true inwardness of the expansion of our opportunities.

July 14th.

The latest expansion, that of welcoming Mons. Cook Jalabert into our ranks has been sealed by a talk with him over details. All seems clear for him to join us in October; and at Morges Convention, where he hopes to be present between this and then, he thinks that it is likely that he could get help for the Colportage question. The three months between October and leaving for Egypt will give time to take up all the needful threads together.

S.Perkin & Madge Farmer have been up in the mountains behind Rovigo in the attempt to meet once more with the Chaou-taya Marabout whose heart has seemed to open to the light - alas once more he was away - "However" S.P. writes, "we saw the sons, "the elder one, whom they call the Sheikh, is a thoughtful-looking man. The young men fell on my books, and I told them I had "brought them books from Egypt to choose what they liked, and they "listened breathlessly to the Parable of the Prodigal Son. They "asked for our address so that they might come to see us".... Will some one take this spark of caring in that mountain olive-wood and its shrine, to fan into fire? The response in their father was of no ordinary kind.

July 24th.

Letters from Algiers tell of progress. Sascha Perkin writes "Boy Boualem came the last 2 days, seeming very good. He has meetings every Sunday, he is taking the Old Testament, Joseph etc; & his family, even Mohammed, seems to listen with due solemnity. It is wonderful how the boy takes almost parental responsibility, & seems to try to shield his mother from worry.

I told Saad Es Saoud that we thought of going to his mountains in the autumn. Would he hire a room from the Sheikh? He snorted - in his country they didn't have such transactions..."

July 26th Malvern.

A strange new tide of prayer has been gathering these last few days for the setting free of a great Moslem host, the kind of prayer that prays itself, so to speak, without an effort on our part, and one knows that God is in it.

July 30th.

Can that prayer cry of last week have its linking with the sudden looming up since then of the huge war-cloud in Europe. If once the clash of arms comes, where will be the end of the issues involved?

August 3rd.

It has come, and before nightfall we as a nation may be in it. God grant that it may be so, with all it involves, for the path of national integrity lies that way.

Such a strange Bank Holiday, in its tension. A word really from God came in the afternoon at a tent meeting for the people, it was as follows :-

"The ship was full, & all sailors know that when a ship is full the next thing is that it goes to the bottom. But it was "little faith" to wake Christ in the storm: it would have been a greater faith to let Him sleep. For He had said, "Let us go over to the other side" - to the other side, not to the bottom." And that "other side" with Him lies beyond this storm too!

August 4th.

Yes, England is in it, thank God. The next point is, where does our own bit of the path open. All came with such a rush that there was no way of getting off in front of the whirlwind! people tell us now, that with all means of communication upheaved, we shall not get back till the war is over, but that I do not believe, having seen so many impossible paths open wide before now. Meanwhile there is the comfort that our little crew in Algiers are well protected, as May Olives & her children will be in residence with them this month, which means the presence of Michel Olives also, should any emergency arise.

"I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come", that is the cry of hope that rings through it all...."THEN LOOK UP" - there is such an unearthly swiftness about everything these days; is it not that the age is swirling to its vortex?

August 6th.

It was a wonderful thing this morning to wake up under martial law - to feel that every lesser right in the land was merged in the one right to serve our country. "Not your own" is scored across the claims of property, of time, of relationship: and the nation responds as one man. "Whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do" can be subservient to the one cause, the smallest economy in foodstuffs and fuel has its bearing on the war and is part of it. All of daily

life passes into the mint, and is stamped as current coin. "Under the law", the martial law, "to Christ", that stands illuminated by the passion of loyalty that has swept through the land, laying all barriers low.

* * *

August 7th.

The great view over half-a-dozen countries at our feet here, has been God's voice to-day. For a week past it has been veiled in low hanging mist. To-day it stands clear with its scores of miles of outlook. Flakes of gold are lying among the stretches of blue-green trees and the paler fields, gold that is burnished into light as the sunbeams catch it here and there. The trees and the grass are living to themselves, the cornlands are yielding their life for the life of the world.

August 9th.

Just as we have seen the dying turn their eyes at the very last to Calvary, may it not be that in this that seems like the dying hour of the age, a great swift turning to the Cross may come, and bring, before He returns, a last ingathering to be with Him in Paradise.

And all the cries for help and mercy that must be going up in these first battle-days, from so many hearts that have been careless till now, must be finding their way to the Throne, even the

ignorant cries from the dark lands involved. They say that as you stand under the dome in Pisa Cathedral, the faintest utterance even if discordant, is taken up by echo after echo in ever increasing volume overhead, and rained down again like the song of Angels: will the vault of heaven do less?

August 15th.

As regards the work in Algiers, it looks as if the storm that is crashing everywhere would sweep into wreckage the promised advance of nextwinter. So many dreams are vanishing; the village outposts of Alice McIlroy's vision, the opening among the "sons of yieldedness" in S. Perkin's mountains. All has gone down under the ban of martial law: a safe conduct must be obtained even for the $\frac{1}{4}$ hr tram-ride from El Biar into Algiers! And the two Colporteurs - young Frenchmen who seemed available for this autumn, are probably by now on the fighting line, if not passed beyond it into the unseen.

Our present concern is whether there is any available means of getting out to stand alongside the little band we left behind to hold the threads at Dar Naama, and the natives in their fear. Nothing has come yet with the sense of its being the heavenly time and way; when it does come God surely will not fail to tell us so! And while we wait, we see His working of much quiet faith and courage in the disentangling of the many problems, financial and otherwise that

have arisen over there. The younger ones are holding all together: they will have had as much training for emergencies in these few weeks as in years of ordinary life.

August 18th.

The first letter has come in from the "brethren" in Algiers written just before war broke out. It runs as follows :-
"In the name of the one God, the Father, and the Son and the Holy
"Ghost. To the presence of our beloved sisters Miss Trotter and Miss
"Freeman, & all brothers and sisters in our Lord the Christ, greetings
"unto you and the mercy of God and His blessing. And now, how much
"we remember you and make mention of you before God, and pray Him for
"you and for all the Massihine and we want you not to forget us
"and pray for us in the Name of our Lord that He may strengthen us.
"And we have read thy letter and rejoiced in it greatly, and there
"greet you Belaid and Boualem and Mustapha, and God has brought us
"one named Said and he has come among us and has entered with all his
"heart and pray that God may add others behind him, and He knows the
"hearts, and He is always showing me that I must walk alone, and yet
"never alone, and Mustapha says he is going to Blida. And greeting
"to you from your brothers.
"Belaid ben Salem.
"and Boualem.
"and Mustapha.

"and Said.

"and the blind man says he is coming back.

"written by the hand of your brother in Christ.

"Belaid ben Salem, in the date of the 29th July, year 1914."

Omar's name is not there which makes one a bit anxious about him. - The Said spoken of must be Sascha Perkin's guide lad, who had promised her before she left for England, that he would go to them.

September 4th.

Back again in London, and to office after office of all shipping and railway agencies as to means of conveying us - any of us - to our posts, hitherto in vain.

The urgency does not however seem as great as at first, the Goeben and Breslau which we feared in the early days would bombard Algiers, are safely run in, and the Olives were able to stay with those in Dar Naama all through the mobilization time, including the two days when soldiers were quartered there.

And now, just as the Olives have to return to Blida, Helen Freeman and the two who were with her in Switzerland are able to make their way back thence, so that there will be again a senior on that side. This is a great relief.

September 6th.

Another "Foursquare" letter, which is comforting, the more so that it is really foursquare this time, in that below stands

Omar's name signed with the other three. It is Mustapha's writing this time, not quite so phonetically spelt as Belaid's and tinged with the smattering of literary Arabic that he picked up in Morocco. It runs thus :-

"Praise be to God the Praised One, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost."

"To the presence of the Lady Lili our sister in Christ. I inform thee that thy good letters have arrived, we have read them and rejoiced with great joy for the grace of God and the power of the Holy Spirit that is sown in all lands, and we rejoiced with great joy that you are remembering us at all times and now O brothers, O sisters, we are waiting patiently, we and ye, for the work of God, and we are praising His grace, and we are at all times together, praying for you to God that He will open to you the way to be with us soon. And if you ask after our state we are in a difficult moment as regards the things of earth, but in the things of God we are depending on the Good Shepherd and we know without a doubt that He will not give us up. And greetings to all the brothers and the sisters and God bless you every one."

Then follow the four names and its date is Rue Amfreville, i.e. Boualem's shop, also the wording of both letters sounds like his; he has not attained to writing them yet, though his reading has gained much in fluency this year.

September 29th.

Amidst all the throw-back of the work, one point of advance remains steadily to the fore - the matter of boy-literature. On one of the first Sundays in England it kindled, so to speak, in the Kilburn Bible Class, and ever since, the outcome in gifts great and small has gone on till it has become a real fund to carry back.

And this, with the Egypt path still open, points to its being a matter on which to concentrate in these waiting days, so as to have a stock prepared against the time when all is free again. And one feels that with the end drawing near, the printed message is the one that may reach the furthest and the swiftest with the "witness" that will bring in the Consummation.

September 30th.

A Story in the papers the other day tells what earthly soldiers will dare in getting the message of warning to their brothers in danger. It reads as a silent rebuke to us in our terrible laxness. "In one of our fights," so the story goes, "orders had to be given to a battalion in danger to withdraw to a new position. The only way was to send a man with orders through a murderous fire. Volunteers were asked for from an Irish regiment. All wanted to go, but by tossing for it a selection was made.

"He was a shockheaded lad who didn't look as if there were much in him, but he had grit. Ducking his head in a way that made us laugh

"he rushed into the hail of shot and shell.

"He cleared the first hundred yards without being hit, but in the second lap they brought him down. He rose again and struggled on for a few minutes, was hit once more, and then staggered a bit before finally collapsing.

"Two more men dashed into the fire and rushed across. One picked up the wounded man and started back to the trenches with him, while the other took the despatch and ran ahead with it. Just as the wounded man and his mate were within a few yards of our trenches there came another hail of bullets and both went down.

"Meanwhile the man with the despatch was racing for all he was worth. He got through all right till in the last lap he was brought down. He was seen from the other trenches and half a dozen men rushed out to his aid.

"They were all shot down, but he was now crawling towards the trenches with his message. With help he reached them, and the battalion was withdrawn to its new stand before the enemy succeeded in their plan of cutting it off."

Is the need less urgent for summoning our Moslem brothers to a new position, warning them of the danger of the old one. Is the call less clear to carry the message, and to carry it till it reaches ?

October 15th.

Our exit is within sight at last. We had felt that it ought to be this month, and now, after various illusive hopes on one side and another, we are able to secure berths for eight of us in the first passenger boat that has decided to call at Algiers, leaving about the 26th. There is an intense rapt in feeling certain that God's "go forward" rings through the opportunity. October 29th.

Off at last, with such thankful hearts. The final bit of Algerian news is good. It is from F.H.F. at Mascara. She had gone there for the baptism of the first three Spanish converts, the womenkind of a colonist outside the town. One of the brothers says that he will be the next. All this lies in the line of advance for which she, F.H.F., has been making for long, i.e. getting a nucleus from among European colonists who will care for the souls of their native workpeople and make a shield for them as they come out for Christ.

November 4th.

Gibraltar to-day, bristling with search lights, one of which was turned full on us all night because we had got in after sunset. It was strange to see ourselves guarded by French warships: it made the bonds of allied warfare seem very close, and a wonderful sequel to the political difficulties of bygone years.

It is a beautiful answer to an only half uttered prayer, that we are arriving by the time Turkey takes action. I longed so to be in "our place" bytthen. Strange that the news of its joining the struggle should reach us on our way back, as the news of the match that set all ablaze in the Archduke's murder reached us on our outward voyage.

November 8th.

Back at last, thank God; and we thank Him too from our hearts for the first greeting this afternoon from the "Foursquare" - There they were, safe and sound, sitting on a mat in the court when I got down from Dar Naama, where I have come for the first few nights. They had already had their own meeting in the morning. "We did miss three times, said Boualem penitently, two Sundays and a Thursday. Satan conquered, but we began again." and in this we see a true victory. The collection box and money basket with its collection of coppers were solemnly handed back by him and there is a great sense of his having developed with the responsibility of steering through this difficult summer.

November 11th.

A cheery visit from young Boualem and Mahfoud. They have been trying to keep a hold on the younger boys and report them, "not so bad," which is true, for we have had great peace about our much battered door. They have been holding an embryo Sunday school of 5

or 6 on the school doorstep just above our closed cafe-workshop, showing pictures and reading stories to them.

His mother told me another bit of cheer about this Boualem the younger. A little mountain fellow came on a visit to neighbours in the house, a week's visit I think: and the boy Boualem took him greatly on his heart, and was always reading and explaining to him; and before he left, he had copied out for him all the hymns he knew in Romanized character.

November 12th.

We took to-night at the men's prayer meeting the passages that tell us to lift up our heads when the wars and rumours of wars increase. Boualem gravely said, "We see the signs in the sky beginning with these aeroplanes!"... yet there may be a true inwardness in the child thought. This modern warfare, carried on no longer in the simple fashion of the surface of the earth and sea, but through the ocean depths that seal "the abyss", & through the air which is given not to man, but to the devil for his dominion, may be preparing the day of God.

November 16th.

We have been in correspondence with Mons. Cook-Jelabert over the changes that have come over the horizon since the day when all ~~was fixed for his joining us in October. It looks now as if his~~

path may be to stay in his military chaplaincy till the war is over. It is best so, all round, for all has to go quietly, and there is no scope for the aggressive work for which we needed him, till all is free again. Meanwhile he is studying Arabic and his wife & children move here at Christmas, so his home will be among us.

November 17th.

The hope of a hostel for the student boys has gone back again into the distance, and we have had to refuse Mohammed Ouagenouni of Blida, as being too unrestrainable to be placed alone in lodgings under our responsibility, and Mr & Miss Smeeton, who lodged him before, will now be with us in Rue du Croissant. Laradji is different, as steady and trustworthy and hardworking as a boy could be made. He is pinching himself in a way worthy of any Scotch student, to live in a room with another lad, on his bursary, & is most grateful for translation work whereby to pay his share of the rent. He is much interested in the matter of boy literature, & has brought some grist to the mill with his suggestions, and he comes regularly to the Sunday morning meeting. He is a soul who will be worth Chrstit's winning.

November 27th.

Another of the smaller boys who has hitherto been an imp of wickedness is shewing signs of grace! the next brother to Boualem the younger, Mohammed by name. A great spirit of tenderness and helpfulness at home has woke up in him. The other night his mother

was ill, and every hour till the candle went out he thrust it in her face to see how she was faring, and when that failed repeated his experiment with matches. In the morning he took baby Abderrahman and swaddled him afresh, and put on the coffee. "When Boualem cries for my troubles he goes away and hides" his mother finished. "Mohammed will cry before anybody - he is a child still."

Nov. 30th.

The children's work has taken a new phase this winter. It is useless to start embroidery classes, for in war time purchasers would be too scarce. So we are deep in the problem of wool buying, and washing, and spinning, so as to set the girls to work with Red Cross knitting. The older women are delighted over this and stroke and pat the fleece in a loving way which tells how it recalls their country homes. The small girls are keen to learn, the only difficulty being the dearth of knitting needles in this land. In Algiers we are using long nails, in Relizane more ingeniously, they have devised them from old umbrella ribs!

Dec. 1st.

The boys' classes are waiting for E. Thorpe's return at Christmas time to begin again. Meantime we are working away at "Literature" material for them for the future. The outline of a monthly tract story with an inset of some kind to increase its attractions has been coming into focus these days, it might become the germ of a magazine

if it expanded, only it will all have to wait till after Egypt to get into shape. More help again is offered on the financial side for children's Literature from America - another seal that God's time has come.

Dec. 24th.

Christmas week is seeing us all gathered back, except Mary Freeman, Alice McIlroy and Alma Krebs. The former's path seems at home this winter, & that of the latter we are hoping from week to week will clear as to the way from Denmark, which is complicated. Alice McIlroy comes by the boat that takes us on to Egypt, &, with her, two or three "Short Serviciers" who, war time notwithstanding, are coming to our help. The first of them came with E. Thorpe a week ago.

Touzer's prospects have been dim, for we had too see how Turkey's move would touch these far-off native places before opening there. All seems quiet enough to justify it now, and we long greatly to know how the souls there are faring, for no letter breaks the silence.

Dec. 27th.

This strange year's last Sunday has brought a touch of gladness. We are all up at Dar Naama for the long deferred Rally Days, & were a bit puzzled how to provide for the Sunday morning meeting, when the clue came with a sense of rest, "Let the man have it to themselves."

They took to the thought quite naturally when it was proposed. Unpremeditatedly at the last, Mr Smeeton walked down, and went to the guest-room, and found all going as it should be. It is not in outward seeming a great advance, and yet in the inwardness of things, it shews a point round which the little native Church could crystallise, and that is no small gain.

And when one watches, in those terrible battle-fields of Europe the infinite patience and courage poured out over each strategic point however small, a farm, a canal, a trench, it makes these days of small things take their true value. If, with those millions in contest, every few yards gained on this side or on that, is counted worth recording just because of the odds involved, the chronicling of Heaven will measure gain and loss with no careless hand.

Dec. 31st.

I have been looking back at the entry for Jan. 1st. with which this year began, and the gald hope that it records over the cry that was beginning to echo that "the Bridegroom Cometh" With all that it has brought of storm and darkness, that cry sounds all the nearer now!