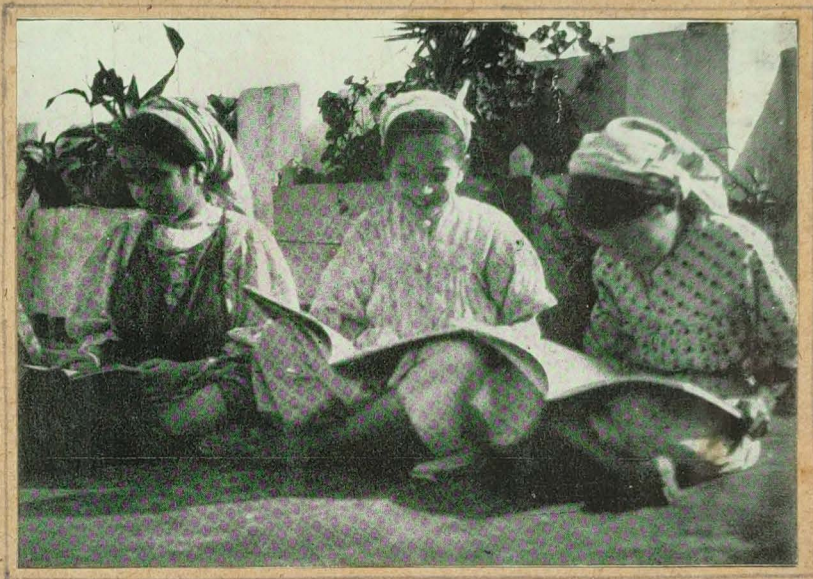


Algiers Mission Band



Journal Winter Number - 1915-16

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.
Stations in 1915.

| 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. | 16, Queens Gardens, Lancaster Gate. |
| 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.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Members on the Field - 3rd Quarter of 1915.

Date of arrival.

| | | | |
|------|---------------------|------|------------------------|
| 1888 | I. Lillias Trotter. | 1909 | Alice McIlroy. |
| " | B. G. L. Haworth. | 1911 | Clare Monnell. |
| 1890 | F. Helen Freeman. | " | Ida Nash. |
| 1906 | Sascha Perkin. | " | Mary Freeman. |
| " | Alexandrine Gayral. | 1912 | J. H. Smeeton. |
| 1907 | Mabel Grautoff. | " | Nellie Smeeton. |
| " | May Ridley. | " | Laura Carr. |
| 1909 | F. K. Kurrie. | " | S. Soler. |
| " | Millicent Roche. | " | Grace Russell. |
| " | Alma Krebs. | 1914 | Mme. Arnaud.) pro tem |
| " | Mary Watling. | " | A. M. Farmer. |

Short Service Hostel.

Alma Krebs (1909) in charge. Ethel Greenway. Ida Lepper.
Frances Brittle.



The time of tjs.

Ain Taya, Sept. 7th 1915.

We have come away, B.G.L.H. and I, to attack the matter of preparing more "copy" for Egypt. It is a dull seaside village where we can work undistractedly.

Whether it will be a case of going there again, or merely of sending material, is not yet certain. There is always much that is difficult to leave.

At the same time one feels increasingly, in the last decade of normal life, that to get things to go on just as well without one, is much to be desired. It is the thing that nature aims at when the ripening time comes for seed and fruit. These latter must get ready for independent action: and each human generation must find out likewise its own best ways of doing things, unhampered by trying to keep to the conditions of the generation that went before.

What a book could be written about old age in its possibilities, as seen in that same picture of ripening. It lies before us under our windows, visualised in an old fig tree, whose globes of fruit are turning blue purple: the crises of early days are gone by, there is only the need of abiding and letting inner and outer influences work together, for mellowing and detaching it. I have been thinking too how, not only all that is most beautiful in manhood and womanhood meet in "the Man Christ Jesus," but also the ideals of youth and age. He is "the Everlasting Son of the

Father." "His locks are bushy and black as a raven" in the symbolism of the Song of Songs; and yet in the visions of Daniel & St. John He is the Ancient of Days - "His head and His hair as white as snow." There is nothing in human life that does not find in Him its Crowned King!

Algiers. Oct. 27th.

"Rally days" at Dar Naama have come and gone, bringing the beginning of the winter's advance. Among much that has to lie low, the literature door opens further and further. We have established among ourselves a "Literature Committee," drawn from those whose gifts have been evolving, and its first act was to "pass" six boys' tracts in colours, with bilingual letterpress, to be issued here month by month.

"Shushan" is afloat once more, notwithstanding the moment when it seemed nearly stranded. - A. Krebs and G. Russell are in residence on the A.M.B. side, and three, from other missions, unable to get to their posts, are ready for Short Service work for the winter. Our hope was that A. Krebs' time of leadership there, while awaiting the chance for return to Touzer, might develop work among the men. The thought is coming to pass, but, as so often, "not as our thoughts." There is a slackness about our own men. Instead of their coming, as we hoped, for evening study, a new vein has been struck. Si el Yazeed of Tangiers, - who is still in his trade of manufacturing "afenges" (gilly sponges of batter),

has been bringing, on Sundays and Thursdays, Moorish Talebs, intelligent men and fair readers, who come in a really listening spirit. They are mostly named "Mohammed", so it is difficult to differentiate them. One is a wistful, silent old man; another middle-aged, square-set and sturdy; another young & half laughing, but wistful too between whiles, & yet another, a man of 30 or thereabouts, with a thin, intent face and quiet manner. - Nos 1, 2, 3, and 4 we had better call them here. Others join less regularly, and some elder schoolboys come three times a week in the late afternoon to A. Krebs.

Nov. 1st.

Si Boualem has not been with us, even on Sunday mornings, and now has fallen, like an actual blow, the news that he is keeping his shop open that day, thus dragging back Mustapha and young Boualem with him.

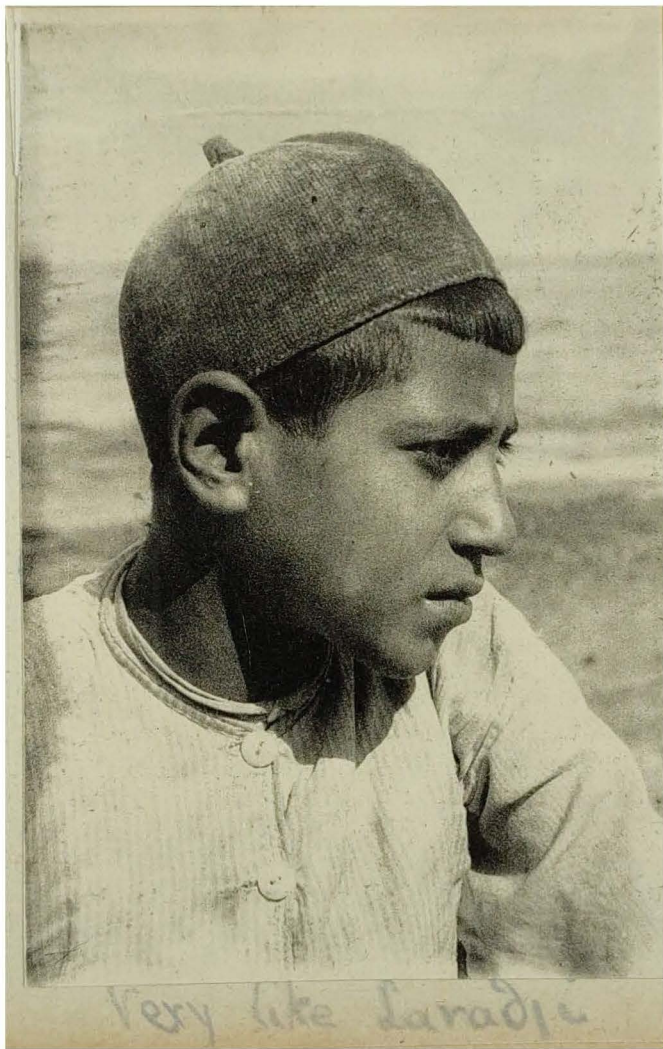
It means only just a needs be of fresh dealing with God. - Earthly armies when hard pressed fall back to some place where they can entrench and call for re-inforcements. They make for the highest point they can find, as a vantage ground; our entrenchments are best off on the lowest. It is there that we can take our stand and send the irresistible cry to the ear of the Captain of our Salvation.... "The dogs eat of the crumbs" was the appeal that broke His silence when He was proving how far the Syrophenician's faith would go. All Saints' day is not a day to despair.

Meantime the house here, at Rue du Croissant is gaining a few guests. A girl, Aïssha, who was long at Dar Naama as a child, has come, sweet and pale-faced, her hoyden spirits broken, to be nursed for a lame foot, and a sudden incursion of women in the tall swathed head-dress of the mountains, brought Sascha's beloved Miriam, dark-eyed and gentle, with her pure child face unchanged, only shot up taller in the two years' absence. Her uncle, Saad Saoud - "Happiness of Happinesses" by interpretation, - is lodged in the guest room below, with his bride - links for future welding together when God's time for the mountains returns.

Nov. 7th.

The history of Si Boualem's backward drift has transpired - He got a stock of leather (scarce now in war time) on credit from Si Aïssa, and the latter holds him in a leash till it is settled up, and taunts him with laziness about repayment if he catches him with the shop shut on Sundays. We feel no freedom to help him except by heaven, for he has had many a warning as to what befalls him when he gets into his brother's clutches, & he could extricate himself, though at a loss, this time. His soul life crumples up meanwhile.

The strife goes on over the elder lads. Of those who were living under our shelter last spring, Mahfouth and Mohammed Ouaganouni have found themselves regular employment, and Baradjil is



still working manfully for his exam. He was helping last night in translating one of S. Perkin's tracts where native misdoings are graphically described. Suddenly he broke out "We have many sins! I have sins that I sin every day. Sometimes the thought of them comes with a rush and frightens me: then I get to games with the other boys and forget, but they come back again." We went straight to the point of the only Sin-bearer, and he listened earnestly for a few minutes, then tossed it off with an "insh Allah" - "if God will" - drawled in the Moslem intonation that expresses the age-long fatalism that is wrapped up in it. God's ploughshare needs to go deeper into the fallow soil of his soul.

We are watching a steady gain in character in another of them - the blind boy Aissa, who was landed on us last winter. He has been a bit heavy in hand and wanting in initiative, so there was victory in the air when he told us to-day's achievement. The depot for the blind, where he goes to learn brush-making, is far away, and he has always said he could not go alone, which has often meant not going at all. But this evening he shewed S. Perkin a long string of wisps of muslin knotted together. He had spontaneously felt his way, making a tally knot for each of the seventeen terrifying crossings, full of the perils of unseen carts and motors, and now he would go by himself. It was a real advance for a mountain boy in his helplessness.

Boualem junior, now a tall, unusually handsome lad of 15

needs prayer around him too. He has left his work with Si Boualem, and loafes about, often with bad companions. He took, last week, to sleeping with some of them in a stable. His mother, "Little Fatima" ran him to earth and fetched him home: "I whipped him with the stick of my tongue till he wept" was the end of her story. ~ His heart cleaves still, underneath, to its heavenly attraction, and he spends hours in the evenings over his Gospels. One longs for someone who could give himself to winning these young fellows for Christ. They are ripe for leadership.

Dec. 12th.

The battle has closed round him, poor boy. An old woman, who had a grudge against his mother, has given him some drugged coffee, drugged with the brain drug that fires them till they are nearly wild. For several days it has taken its full and terrible effect, and he has been tearing about like a mad thing, and overturning and breaking the furniture. ~ We have had prayer with his mother that the Name of Jesus may vanquish the spell.

Apart from that, it has been a very joyful day, for there is a lovely hope that Taleb "No. 4" has crossed the threshold of the Kingdom. A. Krebs gave him lately a leaflet entitled "What think ye of Christ?" This morning he lingered after the Arab service and pulled it out from the folds of his burnous. "What can you answer to the question?" she asked. The fingers that held the pap

per were trembling, as he looked her straight in the face and said "I have accepted." Then he grasped her hand and left. A. Krebs asked Si el Tameed afterwards what he thought of him. "He is all right" he answered with a beaming smile. His own soul is getting back its freshness through seeking these other souls.

Dec. 14th.

Egypt has been definitely postponed by news from the N.M.P. that, apart from any travelling risks, it is not the best moment for going ahead there, and that we can get material ready on this side.

So to this end I have come down with B.G.L.H. to Blida for a week before Christmas things come on. A new Blida this time, with the orange trees in the glory of golden fruit, and the first jonquils flowering wild, and the snow almost to our doors.

Dec. 16th.

A joyful sight of child possibilities to-day: the long "Arab Room" seemed full of little red fez caps at 9 a.m. bent over their memorizing of Sunday's lesson in coloured chalks. An interlude of the bigger race of small girls (getting a bit troublesome with their growing years and therefore hived off) followed. And at 1 p.m. the floor was a carpet of girlies, over 60 of them, ranging from the toddlers in front, wrapped into gay bundles in their shawls, to the tall monitor girls at the back - rows and rows of

الدودة التي تبدلت طبيعتها

واحد النهار في الربيع رحلت في الجنان
نتعرج في الغرس والحضرة والعجين
كثير الكرنبيت بورقه الاخضر
والكره. وكان منه راس خشن اخضر
وكره اكثر من الكرنبيت الاخضر.
كي فعدينا نشوف فيه خرقت في وجة
صغيرة لونها ك لون الورق. عرفتها
فبيعتها بالزراف ولو كان صغيره وبال
رايح تكبر وتزيد كل يوم في فياحه اكثر
فتلتها على خاكر سمعت بالله الخالق

LA CHENILLE QUI CHANGE D'IDÉE

Un jour du printemps je vins au jardin pour voir comment poussaient les légumes. Les choux faisaient plaisir à voir avec leurs feuilles vertes et tendres, et l'un d'eux était bien plus vert et bien plus tendre que ses frères.

Comme je regardais, j'aperçus une toute petite chenille, verte comme les feuilles. Je savais que, malgré sa petite taille, cette chenille était très mal-faisante, et qu'elle le deviendrait de plus en plus chaque jour; mais je ne la tuai pas, sachant que Dieu, notre Créateur, peut accomplir des prodiges et transformer même des vers gourmands et laids en créatures

the dear dark-eyed faces and folded arms, -- it made one glad with the sense of the open door set before us in this one-time hard set town.

Dec. 17th.

Attack and Counter-attack again. Yesterday came the finished colour proof of the first of the boys' new tracts in Algerian colloquial and French. This morning comes a letter from A. Krebs, saying how she had found a bit of pink paper pushed under the door with the following letter (sic) from the boys who come to read

"Madame, bonjour.

"Tout les enfants qui sont marqué sur votre livre ne viens plus, parcequ'ils ne veuz pas nos parents.

"Zouani, Hocine, Lazina, Tamine, Ben Daoud, Omar, Guioi,

"Mchammed, etc....

"Pas besoine vous perdura du papier pour nous -- Jusicrét n'est pas bon.

"S'est le bon Dieux qu'est bon. Hocine."

It is a pathetic little letter after the eagerness of the boys over their coming, only two days before. Still -- Samuel Rutherford says somewhere -- "Since we are bound to have a devil in every church, I had rather have a roaring devil than a sleeping devil;" ... So would we!

Algiers again. Dec. 24th.

Our Taleb No. 4 has gone - Only two or three days after those few minutes with him last Sunday week, he came to say Goodbye to A. Krebs. As far as could be told, clear light was shining in his soul, and if he reaches Tangiers as he intends, he will have fellowship and help.

Prayer has been answered for the boy Bqualom: quietness came back within a few hours, and he kissed his father's hands and head, asking forgiveness. There are battles with restlessness still, but that is all.

Others of the Talebs seem drifting away and coming irregularly, their places being taken by one or two new ones. The men's side of the reed screen, that divides the room on Sunday mornings, has been reinforced by more blind men, for Mr Smeeton's little band of them is beginning to expand from the two "seed leaves" of last Spring, and he is often busy in our crypt at Rue du Croissant, with four or five mastering the mysteries of Braille, and copying out pages of Gospels or hymns. It is wonderful how he makes himself understood, and in spite of their want of eyes and his want of tongue, they are learning faster than we can teach ordinary adult pupils with no such drawbacks: we feel very sure that prayer power behind is making it possible.

A bit of a story the other day came with a touch of illumination over that prayer power and its outcome - "Bergine" the lit-

the five year-old daughter of Michel and May Olives had been staying some weeks at El Biar, and her Goodbye on the last night to B.G.L.H., whom she loves dearly, was "I'll not cry for you, Bunty, but I'll bless you every day."

She meant that she would include her in the long litany of "bless" everybody with whom her short life had come in contact. Its last refrain is always "Bless everybody, and all the peoples is very good, for Jesus' sake; Amen."

But the words have carried a meaning that goes on echoing. Do we believe that our intercessions do really "bless"? Are we acting as if we believed it?

And as the year slips out, all seems focussed on our need of that prevailing for our "little ships", that are left stranded by the tide that has ebbed away. - If prayer can bring it washing around them anew, the responsibility lies more with us than with them.

Dar Naama, Jan. 1. 1916.

Another of the years that are ten years.

"For life is measured by intensity,

Not by the 'how much' of the crawling clock."

Will it not be the same, only in better fashion, when we step over the bounds into the other world. "A day is as a thousand years" over there, "with the Lord" for all it holds. Eternity is not un-thinkable thus.

Jan. 4th.

To-day brings the scattering of the New Year's house-party up here - the best we have had in the close knitting up of stations and workers, with eager plans for advance evolving from the contact.

And a fresh breath of hope comes with the New Year's gift, - a colour print. It is a quiet golden sunset behind Swedish fir-woods and snow. The gold is reflected, clear and bright, in the centre of the stream, and dimly in the wet ice of the foreground. It is the spring thaw set in; and all the promise of the year lies behind that glistening ice-surface, that tells that the sun is gaining power over all the power of the frost, that has held so long and so firmly.

"It is the last hour" for these Moslem lands. But no matter if the day is waning, if only the ice is breaking too.

Epiphany. Jan. 6th.

"Behold He cometh with clouds": that seems the Epiphany word for to-day. "He maketh the clouds His chariot, & walketh upon the wings of the wind" - it is the stormy sunrises that are the beautiful ones. The wings of the wind were spread in confusion to-day over the indigo silhouette of the Kabyle mountains. From the heavenly side, this red storm of war cloud stretched out over earth's horizon, may be seen as His chariot preparing.

Jan. 17th.

The Mouloud feast is going on, with its challenge to the borderland souls as to which side of the borderline they will take.

The outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace given to the women and girls in the matter, lies in the aspect of their hands and feet - for the proper mark of rejoicing at feasts is to stain these to terracotta red with henna. This was carefully observed by most of our innercircle at Christmas (even so far, among the house-children, as staining the paws of the white cat!) - We were glad to see untinted hands these days, and to note the looks of enquiry anent them - "Are you Moslems or Christians?" asked little Beit Naama Yamira when she came to spend the afternoon, and she looked approvingly at the undyed fingers spread out before her. Little Miriam was the one to whom the steward sent something, for she definitely refused before her uncles came to the douira, to decorate her hands and feet in honour of Ishmael, and the elder one, Ali, made scathing remarks. "We hope they will not be repeated to the raising of his flag" said the new light.

We think Si Boualem's household and family hold the key over the matter of feasting: they do not seem as afraid of El Kassa as formerly. "He does not conquer us with his arm" his mother explained the other day, "we do not fear him but he gives to

this one rent and to another food and another clothes - that is how he conquers."

Jan. 25th.

We had a special time of prayer on Sunday for our stranded boats - and next day things began to move - and as in the case of bodily ill, if the trouble shifts from the place where it has settled, it is much.

The move took shape in the appearance of Chrira with the baby they have adopted - a long "thread" of a creature as the Arabs express it, shrunk to skin and bone, its dark eyes fixed pathetically on some far-off horizon.

"Boualem and I have been praying for her together," she said, "and last night at 3 in the morning as we watched by her, it was as if words struck me like a blow - 'Take her to the English' - so I am come." There were still several hours before the only available doctor could be seen, and they gave time for the quiet talk out of earshot, which has been so long impossible. Bit by bit all came out, that it was not by Boualem's will that he never came, even for translating, but that Si Aissa dogs his path continuously, coming three or four times a day to his shop, and, if he is not there, following him home. The workman, of whom we have always had a scunder, is in the plot, and denounces him if he is unaccountably absent.

Medicine for the baby made an undeniable reason for Boualem

to come tomorrow, with time between to "agree" for his loosing.

Jan. 26th.

I believe it has been granted - He saw that while he was toiling on to pay off his debt, his soul was in darkness, because there was a swifter way out of the tangle if he would count all loss for Christ in the transaction, and take the whole stock of precious leather back to his brother. We waited silently, and one knew his soul lay in the balance. Then the light came trembling into his face, and he said simply "I choose Christ." A moment more and he was pouring out his soul in confession and prayer, the "I am tired of being in the darkness" came from its depths. There was more of exhaustion than of triumph about him, as he went off to carry the goods straight away before the dinner hour, but to us the relief was unspeakable. It seemed the turn of the tide that will, as one of our prayer helpers expressed it in a letter the other day, float the stranded boats and carry those in the shallows out to sea.

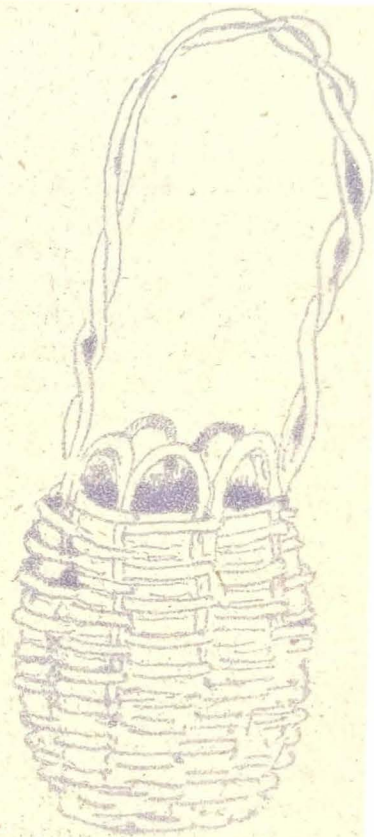
Feb. 3rd.

The tide is floating another of these boats. Omar has been very down-hearted this winter, haggard with ill health and over-work. When he came in to-day, I thought it was to get a small sum that I was "hiding" for him, as they express it, but he said, no, they were learning to do with much less and were not in need. I



A cradle roll Birthday.
Ainamert Boualem, Talimamert Rabbah,
& her baby girl Tamila.

The basket is the first of blind Aissa's
contributions: made from stalks of a
creeper in Dar Kaama garden.



in need. I waited to see what had brought him. He pulled out an old-fashioned little Pilgrim's Progress in French, that Mr Smeeton had given him. "I want to know what is the matter with this book" he said, "I never can read more than two or three pages without wanting to pray. I have to pray, all my sins come up before me. I am just like that man, I must get saved all through."

All through, despite his waywardness; there have been these pangs of real conviction of sin, which make one feel that God's Hand is on him all the time.

There is the same touch of melting on Si el Yazeed's spirit - such a tough unsensitive spirit it used to be - but now he speaks with a humility I have never found in a native, over the loss of his vocation. "I am spending my life for that which is worth nothing," he said the other day, "I am not worthy to be called a Christian. How I think and think of the day I sat with you down in the crypt before I went back to Tangiers, and how you warned me not to return to Algiers, and yet I came." - Here again we feel no liberty to set him free from the consequences of deliberately letting himself be ensnared, and that not for the first time. But the Lord, who is very pitiful, is loosening the thrall, for the partner who wove the net round him has gone off, and his business, single-handed, is failing.

The men whom he brought have been dropping off of late - stumbled it may be at "hard sayings" which revealed the diver-

gence of the ways. But one of them - he whom we called "No 1" - has crept, unknown to us, into the land where they need no candle neither light of the sun. A. Krebs asked after him the other day and found from Si el Yazeed that he had been taken ill and died in hospital. "How was it with him?" she asked, "He died believing" was the answer, with no uncertain ring.

Feb. 12th.

There has been, on the other hand, a distinct advance of late on the women's side of the reed screen, that separates them from the men on Sunday mornings. There have often, in the past, been but three or four present, and they inclined to whisper as of old in Corinth! But now the little "lady chapel," as Shukhan wits have dubbed it, is sometimes quite full, and with really listening faces.

One new development in the women's work has been through caring for the Cradle-roll babies - the little ones of "adherents" of various shades of enlightenment. E. Greenway, a Short Servicer of olden time, now an accepted C.E.S. candidate, awaiting her chance of getting out, has taken them as her special work. Birthday celebrations - a great feature of the Cradle-roll system in America - have to be kept according to our calendar, for the Moslem lunar reckoning does not adapt itself; they are hailed with a very great joy, though the gifts are strictly home-made - a fine Sunday occupation for the blind and the house-children.

Overleaf is the first attempt at a basket, made of the willow twigs of a Dar Naama creeper - I think it was blind Aissa's manufacture.

He is one of our growing points just now, the awakening is reflected even in his dull, plain face. It dates from the time, when, by faith and works combined, (the latter expressed by his knotted "tally") he began finding his way alone to his work. Since then his listening to the Gospel has turned to real receptivity. "I have found no salvation in my religion" was his first spontaneous utterance on the subject, a few weeks ago.

And now, the other day, he approached the matter again with S. Perkin - "I want to know," he said, "what I am to do. I believe in Christ to save me: last year I began to believe, but I had not much light: but I know now that I cannot walk in both ways. If I go back to the mountains this summer and break Ramadan, they will kill me and give me to the cats to eat."

S. Perkin and I explained to him that his freedom to follow the light that came to him depended on himself: that it was certain that, as a beggar, living by Moslem charity, he could never take his stand as a Christian, but that working now among the French, he could choose his own line as God shewed him: that we could not promise to support him, but that we could put in the way of maintaining himself, and that we should not forget him or forsake him. This seemed to satisfy him, "You will not throw

me away to the Arabs" was his ultimatum. One feels what his sense of helplessness must be, among unseen enemies: and he seems, as yet, free from the attitude of compromise, that has been a snare to many who have less cause to fear than he.

Sunday, Feb. 20th.

To-day has been gladdened by one of the little onward steps that are so precious when they mark ever so small a crystallizing of elements for the future. Fatima of Beit Naama has a new baby son, and held to it that she would have no Moslem feast on his seventh day in the world, but would bring him to the Sunday morning service to be given to God. So we kept back at the end, those who would understand, on both sides of the screen, Alice McIlroy, who has worked at Beit Naama from the first, sitting between the two. She took him from his mother's arms and put him into Belaid's, whose colossal figure rose to its full height - 6 ft. 4 of dark robed ebony, with the little white bundle in his arms, held out straight. - "It is a new beginning: we thank Thee, Lord. Let Jesus take him. He is Thine: he is Thine, he is Thine."

March 5th.

There has been a real gain in depth about him of late, our dear Belaid, and blessing has touched his house, in a way that has shamed our little faith: for his dense old negress wife, Rahma - i.e. "Mercy", - who never seemed to take the faintest in-

terest in anything in heaven or earth, was not inspiring to evangelise, and we left her to Belaid to make the best of. But now she has become very ill - creeping paralysis it seems like - and I. Nash and G. Mennell have been unwearied in their care for her. And at last the dormant spirit has awoke into response, and has, we think, met the High Priest who has compassion on the ignorant. Ignorant she is still, and will be till she sees "face to face" Someone was reading her Psalm xxiii and when it came to "Goodness and Mercy shall follow me" she exclaimed with delight, 'Mercy' - that is my name! Oh God be praised that my name is in His book; it must be that He has saved me!" No need to undeceive her, for doubtless it is there, though as after another fashion.

A few days ago we had a sudden incursion of three more mountain people as guests - Miriam's mother & grandmother, two younger sisters, L'Anes and Amra, and her bewitching little brother, Mousse, Sho. Miriam, was out with Sascha Perkin and the others, keeping the "Feast of Spring" (relic of Roman days) at Dar Naama, and came in with a sheaf of wild jonquils, celandine, and ruby vetch. After the first lighting of her face, it subsided into a weighted, anxious look. Does she fear she will be taken away? - Meantime we welcome every fresh linking for that mountain stretch of land, for days to come.

We are finding the boys' tracts could weave endless links over the town, if only we had time for following up. We steadfastly refuse to give them in the streets, but have got entrance by them into house after house, and at Milliana and Beit Naama the reading boys have been staying to study them together after the Thursday class. We are now getting out with the "Plex" a limited number for women and girls, and hoping that something new to read may spur the latter. The frontispiece shows three of them of past days, with new books, prepared by Pleasant Hurst, our earliest "Short Servicer."

Relizane, March 15th.

Over here, the keenness of the girls is a good deal in advance of Algiers; five can now read Arabic intelligently, who only began last year. The foremost in brightness really belongs to the women's meeting, such a really delightful girl of 18 or so, Sadia by name, She and Aissha, the mouedden's wife, who has taught her, brought a real atmosphere of light with them into the room, as they sat down in a purposeful way, with their Gospels and hymn books in their hands. Sadia has only had a few weeks of the new illuminating, and realizes little as yet of the complications that may ensue in her strictly Moslem household. Aissha has had nearly as many years of slow dawn, with an interlude of clouding, when she had a dream that the Lord Jesus said to her that He did not want her, and that she was to follow Ho-

hammed. She is now at the critical point of beginning to see where the daybreak may bring her. Her husband listens and assents, and chants the Psalms and hymns with her to weird native melodies, but he goes no further, and his voice rings out the prayer-call from the mosque opposite the Mission house, as unfalteringly as if no further Light had come into the world.

She came to see me, and spoke of these last months, and of the crux of Ramadhan - "I know not how to break it," she says, "all the rest is clear." She was full of another dream, where she had stood among a crowd near the gate of heaven, wondering if she could enter, and the Lord came out and drew her hand under the "wing" of His burnous and led her in. "Since then all has been joy" she said, "and His words like a field of flowers." There is always a lurking terror in the hearts of women converts that they will belong to nobody at the last, that Mohammed will cast them off, and maybe the Lord will not recognise them. I believe we ought to use it as a heaven-born instinct that His confession of them before the angels depends on their confession of Him down here.

March 21st.

Bou Hanefia to-day, in its rush of spring loveliness! The fields are ablaze with flame-coloured marigold, terra cotta speedwell, anemones, poppies, ranunculus in every shade of gold and scarlet, rose-coloured bistus and mauve stocks, blending

their heterogeneous colours into a flood of radiance. And in the inner world there is a sense of its having passed the worst of its long winter-time. No one who has not known the background history of hope deferred, can tell what has been F.H.F.'s fight of faith over the place. Droughts and locusts and bad harvests have been the smallest of the difficulties. Now a hard-working, sensible Spaniard has been found as farmer, and with the relieving in the spiritual atmosphere, she feels that evangelistic work can begin. A roomfull of the native labourers gathered tonight for a magic lantern - the parable of the wheat and tares. A young shepherd lad of sixteen or so, next to me, at each new slide slapped his knee for joy and turned round to me for fellowship; and "Ouah, ouah," the west country for "yes", was interjected at intervals round the room during the explanations.

March 23rd.

This morning it was the women's turn - a still wilder looking crew - and this evening the men came once more with a real thirst on them. "We did not even say 'ouah ouah'" they remarked at the end, "for fear of disturbing."

March 25th.

Mascara now, and the same blessed sense of a clearing atmosphere as at Bou Harofia. Sara Pelissier (the Sara Aluminos of former Relizane days) has come with her magnificent baby boy, to stay while her husband is at the front, and has done won-

Relizane



A small knitter + her (from little class - the last

work Sayral's



thing in knitting needles.

+ a small shepherd Bou Haoufa



Children from F.H.F's "Parish"



From the Mascara "flower garden"

blue brocade pink flowers

plum colour

gold

pea green with silver stripes



+ a Shepherdess



ders in getting the girls together and teaching them, in the few weeks since she arrived. Their gathering this afternoon, in their holiday costumes, to welcome F.H.F., was like a human edition of the Bou Hanefia flower meadows. I will only describe two specimens and you can imagine the other twenty. The nearest me had a peaked cap of cloth of gold, swathed in a drapery of turquoise blue, green and gold, broad stripes of old gold down her dress, stitched over a ground of a running pattern of pink and green, and crimson sleeves. The next had a deep blue head-handkerchief, with a flash of another, fringed pea-green below, a frimle (half yoke, half waistcoat) of peacock blue, over a long straight robe of brocade, orange and lemon blended! - and so on. They repeated their Psalms and hymns faultlessly, of course with no understanding yet of the parting of the ways. The boys may have more consciousness of it, for a counter-current has swept off the majority just now. It has set, with special violence, against Sahroui, who is having a difficult time. He came to see us to-day looking quietly happy. "I tell them I know this," he said, "I saw only darkness, now I see a light. I saw only a wall, now I see a door." It is so good that Bou Hanefia is getting ready to be a shelter to such as he, when they are cast out, as they must be, sooner or later, if they witness fearlessly to their new light. One feels that the place being provided is a pledge that those who will "leave all and follow," will yet be given us.

Miliani has come last on the round, and here too, there is the same consciousness of spring in the air, a stronghold of Islam though it be - and again it is among the older girls that we felt the chief leverage. Of them, Zehour, one of the first to come under their care, seems really over the line into Christ's Kingdom. She is living in the Mission house now, and giving good help with the younger girls; these older ones seem to have powers of monitorship that are well worth the training. That the first bit of budding life should break through in a place like this, means more than many an easier victory. So we thank God and take courage.