



Algiers Mission  
Band

Journal Summer of 1918

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.  
Stations, Summer 1918.

Date of opening.	Algiers.	Country.
1888.	Headquarters.	1908. Blida.
1908.	Dar Naama.	1909. Relizane.
1909.	Beit Naama.	1909. Miliana.
1911.	Dar el Fedjr.	1913. Mascara.
	1913. Touzer.	
	1917. Monastir.	

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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.	Ware Hill, Ware, Herts.
Rev. S. W. & Mrs Howe.	St. Luke's Vicarage, C. E. Finchley.

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Algerian Women's Mission Band, America.

Mrs T. A. Walker, S.S.Asso. 2300 Dexter Street, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

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ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Members on the Field. - Summer 1918.

Date of arrival.

1888.	I. Lilius Trotter.	1909.	Alma Krebs.
1890.	M. Helen Freeman.	"	Alice McIlroy.
1906.	Sascha Perkin.	1911.	Ida Wash.
"	Alexandrine Gayral.	"	*Mary Freeman.
1907.	Mabel Groutoff.	1912.	J. H. Smeeton.
"	May Ridley.	"	S. Soler.
1909.	E. K. Currie.	"	*Grace Russell.
"	Millicent Roche.	1914.	Eme Arnaud.
"	*Mary Watling.	"	A. S. Farmer.
	1916.	Kathleen Butler.	
		* on long furlough.	

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Short Service Hostel.  
Kathleen Butler (1916) in charge. Frances Brittle.

A Bousaada  
Woman.

We have visited that  
town 3 times in 30  
years.

How shall they  
believe?



prayer and confession had come freely, and Miliana tells the story equally good in its present stage of the conflict, of how that day happened to be the fête of the great local saint, but that all the same, in spite of the counter-excitements of sheep-killing, Mosque celebrations and all the attendant delights of tom-toming and meeting friends, their Mission House had been full from morning till night of little groups in butterfly costume, many of them from barely opened doors in the town in the valley below, besides bright excited boys and "babies" of their own classes whom the other attractions had not drawn off. One bright swathed woman came from as far as a tribe near Bou Saada, where she had heard of the English marabouts - and so sparks were sent flying far and wide through the clanking of the devil's anvil.

May 25th.

Away and beyond again, those first light-shafts are going just now, for Alma Krebs is helping Miss Cox on a "tournee" south of Tebessa, on the southern edge of the Aures range. - She writes:- "People have come to hear and bought books and tracts as I have never seen before. Yesterday both morning and afternoon Miss Cox and I spent hours in the market place, the streets and the shops, selling our literature. The Sheikh of the place has given his own medjeles for us to put up our books and have the readings and talks." Albina Cox adds:- "How I wish you could see with your eyes and hear with your ears what is going on here these days. - It is an inspiration to continue at the hardest tasks 'Until He come'."

Dar Naama, May 28th.

There has been a sudden influx of native guests up here of

late. It began with the usual "days" for batches of them - girls, women, babies in the garden and woods - the children packed like a bunch of flowers into the old donkey cart to be brought up, for trams like all things else are rare and expensive now. Then began the sign of "a new thing" here and there. First it was that a set of better class women from one of Kathleen Butler's houses came up, (the lawyer's family of whom I told in the last journal,) and they asked if they might come again with some friends bringing their food with them. - Then Si El Yazeed, who has lately married a shy lustrous-eyed gentle creature from the mountains, asked if he might bring her up, together with the family of his new partner, and picnic in the Arab court. - Then an Aisha of former days, whose little daughters used to come to the Gargaf classes in their earliest beginnings, asked if she might bring them and their husbands up for a week on the same lines - i.e. - being lent the rooms and finding their own food.

I am so very glad about this because it is on the lines of their own "Ziaran" - i.e. - visits to their marabouts, and we have always wanted to see these transferred to a Christian setting, for they are an important factor in the lives of the women.

This first beginning has been full of promise. Night after night when the two young husbands came back from their work we have been able to get the whole seven visitors, (they included a smaller sister Malika, i.e. Angel, who listened intently, and an adopted boy) for a straight Bible reading and talk, a chance impossible in ordinary life, as visiting hours are over by the time the men come home.

It seems that this last month before Ramadhan is the special

time for such outings with them, a fact to be remembered as the thin end of our wedge.

Yes, another month now and Ramadhan with its conflict will be on us, its shadow seems falling already. Sascha Perkin writes: "Aissa seems depressed or "travaillé", whether spiritually or temporarily I cannot tell: he says only God knows what is in his heart and that God does not answer his prayers. He has not spoken of Ramadhan yet.

June 3rd.

There is a sense of relieving in the air. To begin with Sascha Perkin got to close quarters with Aissa last night, and he spoke out clearly as never before on the subject of our Lord's Divinity: and then he gave some hints that he is up against the Ramadhan question once more instead of letting it slide as last year.

The second good happening what that of falling on the right moment for a few words with Boualem on the subject of an invitation we had had from his wife, Sascha and I, to spend a night with them. The shop of the special neighbour who spies on him happened to be bolted and barred. On the step of his own shop sat a man and a boy, but after the first look of convulsive shyness there was accessibility on his face.

"I come to see what thou thinkest of the conversation I had with thy house" I said guardedly. "Let it be when thou wilt", he answered, "It is for thee to say" - "When wilt thou?" "Tomorrow?" interrogatively - "Yes, tomorrow in the evening" I answered, and the way stood free.

The third good thing was the coming in of another new batch

of Egypt tracts, two of our colour leaflets for children, and two of Blanche Haworth's dear legacy ones, in book form with pictures. That gives another chance for her "yet speaking" in the far away places she loved, and still loves, so well.

June 6th.

We have had our night out at Boualem's cottage on the hill - the most luxurious night that we have ever spent in native visiting, for we had two mattresses on a clean floor, and not even cocks and hens for fellow-lodgers. It was touching to note how they did all in their power for our welcome, to the very last, when Boualem slipped out and returned with an enormous cabbage for us to take away, the only one that had thriven in his garden.

We feared at first that there would be scanty chance of direct talk, for a neighbour and her daughter had also come to spend the night, but Chrira got them to supper with her, and served Boualem's with ours on the little vine-covered terrace overlooking the sea, so we could speak freely; and as soon as the guests were got off to bed they both came to our room for the evident purpose of reading and prayer. Beyond that I cannot say much: there seems as yet no sense of trouble in their souls such as one would say there ought to be, for they are far from being hard: they seem to have acquiesced in their position of semi-dependance on Si Aissa for keeping the shop open, as inevitable while war prices remain as they are.

June 9th.

Our dear Mrs Walker of Colorado writes ever more definitely of her hope of coming out to us for a long stay as soon as travelling becomes possible. The W.S.S.A. are arranging that she should have a year



for this purpose. When we think of the love and labour that she put into the month that she spent with us in 1913, and all it meant of fresh impetus in the children's work here, and of fresh caring roused in America, we thank God for having put this fresh journey to us on her heart.

Other changes seem coming into focus as the year goes on. - It looks as though, with the growing need of Helen Freeman's large parish, Kathleen Butler's help ought to be given there, if she feels a call to it when she has seen it; and this would give the final clinching of the decision to give up the Short Service House in town - "Shughan, the Palace", as it was dubbed from the first, and transfer the "Short Serviciers", when peace-time brings them back again, to the top story of Dar Naama. That is a reversion to our first thought concerning them, when this house was still only evolving out of its rabbit-warren of dismantled rooms. -

There are many pros and cons in the matter of relative advantages below and above, but the outweighing is with the latter, and the English mothers would back this decision.

Relizane, June 17th.

It is getting towards mid-Ramadhan, and I am on a ten-days' tour to Relizane, Miliane and Blida. Relizane is all alive as usual: there is a good spirit of helpfulness about the place, down to the small children who go about energetically placing and replacing their benches, rolling and unrolling their mats, and generally tidying. - There is a real cheer in Maema, their mistress, having refused of late any payment for her help. She used to have 3 francs a month, but she says that now she has her husband's "allocation" she can do without it, though

the needs of her numerous family, mother, brothers and sisters, must absorb it all. She is one who seems in this last year to have really stepped out into the light. - With the women the spirit of helpfulness has taken the new and very practical turn of providing from among themselves the petroleum for the magic lantern, their own idea when they heard that the much-beloved lantern services of this month might be impossible from the scarcity of oil. - Tonight was the night for it, and it was a sight to see the big entrance shed with its crowd of 70 women and children.

I always think these Ramadhan meetings, (bringing as they do the best hearing of the whole year among women and boys) are among the little foretastes of the time when Christ will divide the spoil with the strong. They are such a turning of the Enemy's tactics against himself!

On the men's side too, it is the same, in so far as we can get Gospels and literature into their hands, for they spend hours in reading during the time that precedes their meal in the small hours.

June 21st.

Miliana too was having its lantern meeting tonight - not on the mission premises, but the little Church Army lantern carried round to a friendly house, (where one girl bride from Cherchelle is a secret believer,) and shewn in the arcade into which the rooms open.

Ramadhan feeling runs high here, for it is, I suppose, the most superstitious and dense of all our stations. But the living faith of its two outposts is sure to win - it fastens on each soul that shews any response. Just now it is concentrating over a middle-aged man who has lost his sight this year and welcomes a reading every day.

A letter from Sascha Perkin fills us with joy and hope: she writes from Algiers:- "Blind Fatima is actually breaking the fast, she has had a dream. She found herself holding to a pillar, and a man came and told her to take hold of another pillar, She did so without letting go of the first. The man said 'You must leave that pillar and hold to the one only.' Ali told Fatima that the meaning was that she was going to become a Christian and leave the pillar of Mohammed for that of Christ. Fatima welcomed the interpretation and said she was going to become a Messia" - And she proceeded forthwith to break the fast on her own initiative. She listened wistfully and understandingly to the story of the death of Christ, and Sascha believes that in her weakness she has touched the hem of His Garment.

June 21th.

Blida has come last in the spring round: the summer fête for the children is on, Ramadhan notwithstanding, but of course eating and drinking have to be eliminated. Their Ramadhan lantern of this week was out of doors too, and a picturesque sight under the colonade of Dar el Aine, and we have had some good visits, very specially one in a house where the old mother is, they think, a believer in Christ, and the girl bride is near the line if not over it. Her young soldier husband is at the front, an open-minded fellow who does not oppose them.

June 25th.

Hallelujah - a breath from God is reaching even our poor dimly-burning Alger. - Sascha's letters have been bringing a hope of it, and now, in the very middle of Ramadhan, Blind Aissa has, we believe, as well as Blind Fatima, come clearly into God's Salvation: such

Two Visions of the Night that brought God's Message - see page 44.



In all Moslem lands, his want is to send light by dreams —  
therefore we can pray for the seeking souls by night as well as by day.

a crowning grace from Him that it should be in this hardest month, for it was only at its beginning that I was thinking sadly that there had been no real passing from death into life amongst us yet, this year, in Alger. That both should be from among the blind comes as a seal on all the love and labour that Sascha and Mr Smeeton have showered on them.

Her first letter about the boy, last week, told how he had been working and fasting steadfastly, in a weary depressed way. At last he burst out "What do you all mean about following Christ. I do believe in Him and that He saves me, but I cannot live the life and I cannot preach." Then he told a dream that had come to him in which he saw himself leading a crowd of white-robed boys, and so some had said to him "For whom do you work?" and he had replied "We are servants of Jesus Christ" This seems to have made a great impression on him and to have helped him to hold on. For a great struggle is evidently in process. He says he is always considering how he can get free from the shop and be able to go about selling or working and teaching at the same time, but that he cannot break the fast yet. He acknowledges that he is fasting from fear not from his heart..... All that was in last week's letter, now here is the blessed sequel. It was on Saturday night that he came in with the news that suddenly strength had come to him, and that he had drunk water at the street tap before whoever might see him doing it - and that "whoever" with all it means of unseen, unknown danger around, must make such a stepping out, a bit of real heroism to the blind. A man was killed in the street the other day for eating a few minutes before the cannon sounded.

He quite realizes that trouble will come of it. "I know there is mocking and spitting in the road" he says, but he goes quietly on, one little step after another, first eating down in the crypt with Ali and his wife, then taking his dinner with him to the workshop, then eating a pear in Rue Randon (the Oxford Street so to speak of the Arab town) That was a bit more than his fellows would stand, it was knocked out of his hand and he received a blow in his face and had his shirt torn. Abdelkader pluckily took his part, and after some trouble they got away.

"I told him" Sasoha says, "that if there were a street row because of him it would hinder our work and his, but he said that whoever asked him he would confess straight out, and go right through Rue Randon and face them all. He is quite a new kind of problem, and it is difficult to advise caution without suggesting compromise."

I am back in Alger now and we have had a talk on Sunday night, there is such a sense of "lift" in the heaviness of his soul. He just poured it all out - "Yes, it was two months ago that I had that dream, it always came back when I was very troubled. I feared to step out. I feared that I should go back, that is all I am now afraid of, going back. I must go slowly and with sure steps." The thought of those other boys in his dream whom God would give him to lead on if he is faithful, seems to bring a sense of vocation that will be an immense help to him.

June 30th.

Today brought another step. He deliberately drank a cup of water before Awawash, so as to cut down the bridge behind him: for he has always had a special fear of her tongue. And that deed done, he came

and helped with the boys' class. He needed a bit of prompting at first, then suddenly - "I will tell them again" - and he stood holding the corner of the picture of the Ascension and gave a bit of straight talk about the Lord being the Saviour and the need to follow. It seemed like the beginning of the fulfilment of his dream of leading the white-robed lads along the path to the City.

Blind Fatima is going along a somewhat stormy bit of the way: her soul keeps allright even when the winds are contrary, and the light in it illuminates her dull inanimate face. Sascha is tending her in body and soul. - The harassing person just now is poor naughty little Alamiya, who has been thieving in a very hardened way - it is just the street training of the past asserting itself.

Another strategic point just now centres in the future of the girl Yamina of Beit Naana. We have been trying to fend off her marriage till a Christian lad could be found for her. However, her step-father was in a hurry for her purchase money, and her mother, who we hoped would stand with us, has been obstructive from her eagerness to find a home for her daughter close at hand. They have forced on the matter till now she is engaged to a young fellow of about 30, who looks like a brigand. Being more Kabyle than Arab in family, he has been allowed to come to the house, and Yamina has stood up to him! "I said to him, our ways are not the same, I go to the right, thou goest to the left: we cannot keep together more than about two months. I shall not go thy way with thee - thou wilt have to see whether thou wilt come my way with me, if not we must separate." What answer he made history does not tell.

Dar Naama, July 9th.

I have come up here to settle in for the summer and all it is likely to bring of visitors. Of course no one can get away this year, and it is so good that all that Blanche has prepared can find its utmost use. Mr Smeeton's cottage at Sidi Ferruch will be a haven once more for our younger workers, till they arrive here for a reading party in September.

Aissa is likewise here for the summer, going down daily for his work. He besought not to be left alone among the Moslems, which was reasonable. Alamiya and Amar are with the Beit Naama family in the Arab Court.

July 18th.

A verse in Cant. 2. has lit up with beauty these days: "The Voice of my Beloved - behold he cometh - He standeth behind our wall, He looketh in at the windows (R.V.) shewing Himself through the lattice." - It is "our wall" - His and ours - that barrier of things visible that separate us - He on the radiant side of it, we on the dark side. - And the breaches that came through sorrow and love are windows through which that light and love stream in... windows to look out by - not doors as yet. And through them we catch glimpses of His face looking in. And even the multiplied little rifts - the lattice - shew Him too, though more dimly. All the breaks that give an outlook through the seen to the unseen are infinitely worth while, for those passing visions of the Son of God on the other side!

July 21st.

Mabel and Sascha are spending a quasi holiday in a place where the former found good openings in the spring. Teniet el Haad by



name, on the crest of the ridge that lies a bit south of Miliana and trends down to the desert beyond, a good centre for literature distribution among the caravans that pass to and fro.

Boys and girls are coming round them already "Some of the boys are quite good readers" Habel says, "each day almost I have a class of three or four. They read your story tracts quite well, though slowly, and the vowelled classical even better. Of an afternoon Sascha has a class of girls, and after I give them hymns on the auto-harp to their joy, and they go off singing the words: The time goes all too fast."

They tell too of visiting in the negro village adjoining, and in the mountain huts beyond I will give bits of one word-photograph of Sascha's entitled "Saadia" - I must condense it.

"She is a mountain girl of about 14 or 15, nothing much to distinguish her from other girls except her limped hazel eyes, which arrested attention. She came to fill her goatskin at the icy spring where we were resting, and sitting beside us H.G. told her of One who came from heaven. Saadia seemed interested, but confessed that she did not understand, it was more than she could take in." Then S.P. tried to teach her from the Wordless Book, that all were sinners including herself; even this simple fact bewildered her, but she set her mind to understand with an undaunted persistence and quaint questions. Slowly the Light dawned, and she repeated "O God for the Messiah's sake give me a new heart and enter me into heaven, and seemed filled with a glad wonder when told that God heard her. - "And if I lose anything" she asked, "will He help me to find it?" She was given the book to help her to remember. "Shall I keep it al-

ways on me?" she asked, "When shall I pray, at night or in the morning?" She repeated the petition over and over for fear of forgetting, also the few little concrete personal lessons. "And if I lose things I can tell Him, and I will find them? And if people anger me He will make me patient?" In a final talk Saadia's soul seemed to rise in quick response to the question suggestion that not only might she seek victory over evil, but might influence the other girls and tell them her good news.

It came to her just in time, for they were on their way to a farm further up the mountains, and perched on a large mule were soon lost to sight.

Dar Naama, Aug. 8th.

The days are full with our big household. Its tug of war wavers round Yamina of Beit Naama: Sometimes it looks as if the man wanted to be off his bargain, then it gets clenched again. The poor child dreads much going among strangers: after her sheltered childhood in the Mission House.

"I think & think" she says, "till my head falls off and rolls before me. How am I to close my ears to all they will say to me?" - Aissa has been ill and obliged to stay away from his work a bit. He sits in the gardener's kitchen and plods away at his Braille. He has a great thirst on him for more teaching of various sorts, and if only we had someone free to take him in hand it would be well worth while, for he has a real gift for imparting all he knows.

August 23rd.

The Beit Naama party have left and the wedding will be soon, apparently Yamina's courage is rising to it "I will trust Thee" was

her prayer last night. "I will shut my eyes and trust Thee. Throw me where Thou wilt, I will trust Thee."

September 4th.

The visitor missionaries have gone too now, and for this month we are keeping the house for our own Band, who, now that the hottest of the summer is over, can give themselves to study. Alma Krebs is heading two reading parties, for the seniors the first half of the month and for the juniors the second half: to the great joy of all, for she is a born teacher.

September 16th.

Autumn plans are beginning to take shape, preparatory to the Rally in the early days of next month. Alma Krebs goes back with Miss Cox to Tobessa to await the day when the way across to Tozeur will open once more. Helen Freeman, at the other end of the line, is giving herself this winter to developing things at Mascara, where want of help has kept work in abeyance: a lonely post for her, for she is many hours distant up there, from Relizane, where alone, in all the province, English missionaries are installed. It is only made possible for her to undertake this, and also to pursue the Mostaganem opening, by Kathleen Butler taking up the Relizane station alongside May Ridley.

Alice Mollroy takes up the place of second at 2 Rue du Croissant instead of the pilgrim life among the stations in which she spent last year.

Rally thoughts have crystallized this year around the words "twelve stones" in their four-fold bearing.

The twelve stones of the Breastplate our "one accord" in catch-

ing and giving forth the light of the Urim and Thummim "as every one hath received the gift."

The twelve stones in Jordan and on its banks our "one accord" in going all lengths with Christ in His death and resurrection.

The twelve stones of Elijah's altar - our "one accord" in waiting, drenched with weakness and impossibility on the human side, for the fire of God.

The 12 stones of the foundations of the New Jerusalem, repeating the jewel beauty on a heavenly scale, of the High Priest's Breast plate - our "one accord" in the future in forming the foundation on which God can rear wondrous works, beyond our powers of imagining now. And Blanche Haworth's hymn, written for the Rally two years ago, with its refrain:

"With one accord  
For Christ our Lord."

chimed in and linked her with us still.

The "one accord" on earth's battle-front is carrying all before it these weeks. Oh that we may see what it can bring of power set free in the heavenly fight!

To be forwarded to  
Mrs Hugh Egerton - 14 St. Giles - Oxford - Angleterre.  
Mrs F. Bishop. Welwyn. Northwood. Middlesex  
Mrs Edward Trotter - Wexwell - Peninsular  
Miss Duff - 10 Gunton Road - Clapton - London. N.

back to Mrs Egerton

see over.

P.S. - March - 1919:

We would ask special prayer for Blind Aissa.  
He is just now in such a storm of temptation through  
the wickedness of Alger surroundings that he has  
been feeling there is no escape but by going back to  
his mountain village, where he must live as a Moslem.  
Help win the fight round by Heaven . . . I.L.T.