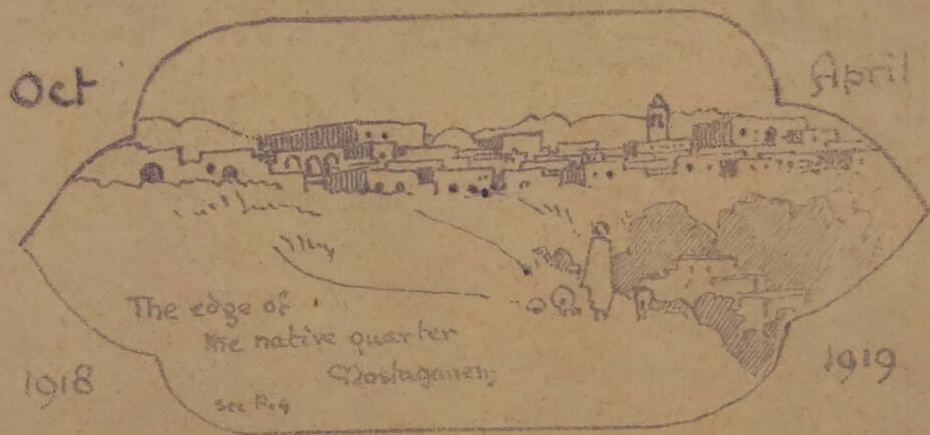


Algiers Mission Band



Winter Journal.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.
Stations, Winter 1918-1919.

Date of opening.	Algiers.	Country.
1888.	Headquarters.	1908. Blida.
1908.	Dar Naama.	1909. Relizane.
1909.	Beit Naama.	1909. Miliana.
		1912. Mascara
	1913.	Touzer.
	1917.	Monastir.

*** **

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.

*** **

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. - Winter 1918-1919.

Date of arrival.

1888.	I. Liliias Trotter.	1909.	Alice McIlroy.
1890.	F. Helen Freeman.	1911.	Ida Nash.
1906.	Sascha Perkin.	"	*Mary Freeman.
"	Alexandrine Gayral.	1912.	J. H. Smeeton.
1907.	Mabel Grautoff.	"	S. Soler.
"	May Ridley.	"	*Grace Russell.
1909.	F. K. Currie.	1914.	Mme Arnaud.
"	Millicent Roche.	"	A. M. Farmer.
"	Alma Krebs.	1915.	** Frances Brittle.
"	* Mary Watling.	1917.	Kathleen Butler.
	1919.		Monsieur & Madame Cook-Jalabert.

* on long furlough.

** Short Service Work.

Wednesday. Oct. 9th 1918.

The outposters such as belong to the committee, have waited on after the Rally till to-day to consider our ways. For this year's story brings a fresh realization to Helen Freeman & to me, that the time for serving our generation may be drawing to its close, & that among the forefront of things to be done, lies the putting all A.M.B. affairs on such a footing that we could drop out of it at any time without disturbing its equilibrium.

This is not the place for going into details of the matters talked out & decided, but we would like all who care about us at home to know that we are very definitely looking to Him who has provided a guided till now, so to lead us as to ensure an open door for His service here till such time as He shall come, & that He has begun to give the clues as to how all should be carried out.

Two new horizons have come into view these days: one through a letter from America telling how a fresh wave of interest & longing to help, has been stirred in their Buffalo Convention: the other, that with the nearing hope of peace, Mons. Cook-Jelabert thinks it will not be long before he & his wife can join us. He has been with us to-day, giving us the needed information from the French side, as to the different legal ways of leaving property: And already our hopes go out to the channels of work among men & boys that were blocked when the outbreak of the War called him off again to the Morocco front as Chaplain.

I heard another war story the other day - I think it was of Foch that it was told: anyway the Captain sent up word "We can hold on no longer" - the answer came back: "Then attack."

And so now, starting on our winter's fight, with weakened forces, where already we were weak enough, we know that such is the time for

God's "Go forward" & recklessly at His Word we go.

Down in Algiers Alice McIlroy is installed as second at Headquarters under Saïcha Perkin, doing "housemother" alongside all that this involves, & Madge Farmer will work Beit Naama single-handed, for even Short Service help is still afar off, except in the person of Frances Brittle, without whom, for all the "odd jobs" of Short Servicemen, we should be in a sorry plight.

Oct. 30th.

It really looks as if the poor world-hardened soul of Abdelkader were going to be given to Aïssa to win, he has been going after him since his Ramadhan step-forward, with a touching persistency. "I am too weak to change my ways" Abdelkader tells him, "but keep as thou art. I should like to repent but I should only go back."

Nov. 1st.

The longdrawn battle over the marriage of the girl Yamina at Beit Naama seems to have ended in defeat, though at the end her parents and brother tried to retract. It proved too late from the Cadi's standpoint, & the wedding has taken place. The girl goes pluckily on & has not lost faith that God will yet release her from the man.

Nov. 7th.

Is earth's nightmare of war over! The Vienna Armistice was signed on Friday.

At that very hour we were meeting for one of the best & tenderest & deepest times with God that we have ever had as a missionary body here. It raises our hope that He is getting us ready to use the peace time that is coming, be it long or short.

Nov. 11th.

Is it a dream! Yesterday came the news of the Kaiser's abdication; to-brought the signing of the German Armistice. It is an almost bewildering act of God's power. The first 12 days of August 1914 saw nation rise up against nation - the first 12 days of this November have brought His "Peace, still" - though last month it looked as if the storm might last through that year. Another of the strange parallels that mark the poetry of God's ways - one can hear in them a kind of heavenly rhythm & rhyme - was that soon after our first taste of defeat (though with the vision of the Angel guard to show we were not forgotten) and now Mons has been the last bit of land to be taken back by our armies.

Nov. 17th.

The new Chaplain told us at the Thanksgiving service to-day, a fact we had not known before - that in July, when all was at its darkest and the enemy only 50 kilometres from Paris, several of the churches in London had invited for a stream of intercession, night and day, before the Lord of Hosts. The 18th began the turn of the tide that has steadily moved on till it has flooded into victory from East to West. Once more "blessed are all they that wait for him."

Nov. 20th.

Helen Freeman has had good news of the convert girl of two years ago among the mascara Spaniards, Poura by name. She was only 16 then, and came right out for Christ with a great longing to help in the native work. She has married a Christian farmer and settled in another district, and has begun a class for native girls. She speaks Arabic like one of themselves. So that is dear bit of "Grandchild" development for Mascara.

Nov. 20th.

Of all the beautiful stories of this month I think the loveliest for us
watchers in Moslem lands, is that of the giving up of the German ships. For
our Fleet seemed to do little but watching - watching in cold and weariness,
with hardly a fight to stir its pulses: and yet all the time it was holding
back huge forces by its mere presence, and at last, without a struggle, these
forces came dropping silently "en masse" into its hands.

Years ago, at one of our Conferences, we were told that perhaps the mea-
sure of "well done" would be given to each Mission Station, not according to
the visible success achieved, but according to the invisible powers against
which it had held up. That is our North Sea Fleet lesson, translated into its
heavenly meaning.

Dec. 10th.

It is from out West again that another bit of cheer comes with the last
month of the year. Kathleen Tutler's settling in at Relizane has released
Mlle. Gayral for other work, and she is spending a month at Mostaganem (Reli-
zane's sea-port) getting entrance to the native quarter through Chrira, and
looking about for some sort of dwelling place to which she could go and come,
or that is the best beginning in a new place.

Her going was just in time to save Chrira from a snare into which she
might have slipped. - She had had the offer of a post as guardian at a shrine
with free lodging and a settled salary. With her still dim light she had not
realized the compromise involved. Mlle. Gayral wisely urged nothing, only said
to her "Think well whether you, as a Christian woman, would be in your right
place there:" and by the next day Chrira had thought, and had seen, and had
turned from the temptation, without any help but that which came straight
from heaven.

Dar Naama. Dec. 17th.

The days just now are busy with clearing out "Shushan", with all the ac-
tations of Short Service jobs in many stages of completion and incom-
on, as they were left when war overtook us. We are packing away the fur-
e into one of the stables here, until such time as Short Servicicers can
n, when it will be used for renovating the top story where they will be
lled. - "I will do better unto you than at your beginnings" were the
that came to comfort for the seeming closing down of our best hope of
orcements and leaving the beautiful place bare.

Dec. 24th.

A good New Year's gift from Heaven is being prepared for us, for Mons. &
e Cook join us on Jan. 1st, and this means even more to us now than when
s first proposed 4½ years ago. And more than ever we see that the work
men and boys which it brings within reach is one without which no true
ing out for Christ is possible, in a land like this, among the women and
, unless in very rare cases.

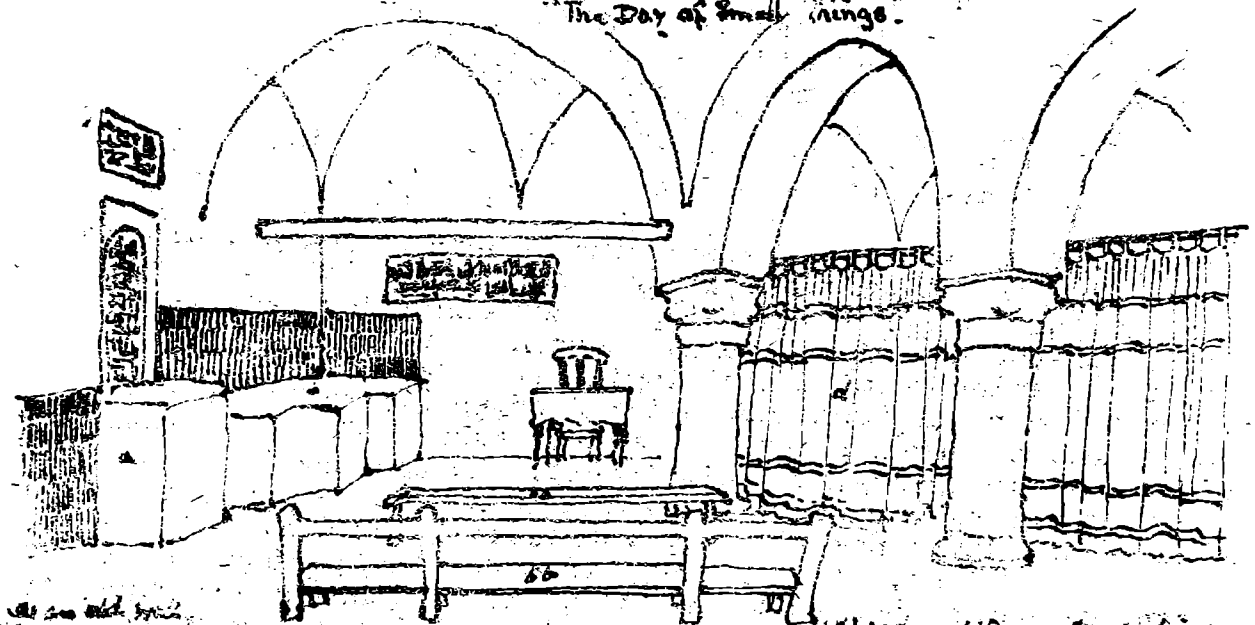
.....

s been a wonderful year of God's resources. In leaving it behind, more
all else is the sense of fathomless, shadowless light and love - to Him
aise for it.

Dar Naama. Jan. 7th.

The first event of the new year may herald fresh unfoldings, it is the
al here of milliana's special treasure, the girl Zuleikha, whose soul has
clearly into Christ's Kingdom during the past year. A dear, shy thing,
the deep light in her eyes in which one recognises the true "illuminating"
are well to do people, and her brother is a pupil teacher at the "Ecole
le" 3 miles off. Being fatherless, he is head of the family, and has de-

"The Day of Small Things"



the two old seats
covered in for safety's
Sake -

- (a) The seat of the blind man
- (b) The seat of the lame man & boys
- (c) Mary Set's chair & table.

(d) red & white patterned curtains.
which cover the windows
in the Baptistry on front of the altar
& the women's children, we by this
harmonious feeling here.

eed that his sister may come to us for the sea air ordered by her doctor - marked vote of confidence, as those of her age and station are always close-kept in. He brought her himself at his own expense, and Ida Nash is in charge of her and bent on turning to the very best account the precious weeks of her stay. He comes on Thursdays and Sundays to take her out, and is as unusually particular as brothers of his age are apt to be in England, as to his sister's costume being just right, down to a special twitch that gives the correct fold of "naut ton" to the enveloping haik!

Jan. 10th.

The last week has seen the incoming of Mons. Cook and his presence with us at the New Year's Committee. Among other things initiated there, came a little spring bud out of the closing of Shushan's day. For the closing there was the transference of the Sunday Morning meeting that we have held all along in its Reading Room, & in bringing it back to "Cue du Croissant" a new era opens. For the sort of "Cottage Meeting" which was all that was fitting for us men to hold, can develop into an orderly "service" now we have a Chaplain!

We are getting ready, to this intent, the old crypt in the basement, which we used during our first years in the house. We gave it up then, because it was dingy and damp: now with new ventilation and whitewash and a future hope of electric light, it is getting transformed into something very like a little church; the arches that run across it lengthways are hung with native curtains, within which the women sit - on and below the platform of the baptistry, - and on the other side are the seats for the men. All is in crimson and white, and even with petrol lighting its sombre look has vanished.

The box room next door has been emptied of its contents and turned into a Reading Room, the lower part for the blind, the dais above for the seeing: and a hole has been knocked through the wall into another vaulted room beyond

rich Aissa will care for his own den, instead of sharing his former one with the boxes. He is longing and praying for the time when he will bring his wife there! So bent is he on this, that Mr Smeeton is enquiring right and left in the mission stations for a possible orphan girl, to whom his kindness and his Christianity would not be hopeless obstacles.

His desire for a house of his own is rivalled just now by his craving for learning - in fact the latter seems uppermost - "if only ⁺ could have 3 months free - if ⁺ could read and write easily - if ⁺ could learn and understand and now, ⁺ should be able to help others." It is really an overmastering desire with him - and in vain we have sought a solution to meet it, with our limited numbers. He is just at the age when the brain longs to stretch itself in its profound capacities, and we fear, as he does, that if we do not find the outlet, the longing may wane and stultify.

Jan. 25th.

"Alors - attaquez" - that command sounds on, notwithstanding Mons. Cook's in correspondence with a possible native helper, who, if he proves free to come, might help the boy. Never before have we had so many openings for such a one. Mons. Cook is starting with magic lanterns for our red capped imps, & already "Mons. Cook, Mons. Cook" echoes after him in the native streets; only both among them and up at Dar Naama, where he has begun a weekly meeting for the Kabyles of the village (who strangely enough hail from his former parish in Kabylia) he needs a second, and now demobilization in the earthly armies means mobilization again for us, and power of reaching the outlying places from which military and civil regulations have excluded us during the war: so that van work and colporteur work are only waiting their men.

Meantime, the season's plans are expanding for those of us who are available. The cloud-barr'd sky shews spring time coming, and we are talking over

sibilities at Dar Naama, founded on last summer's start in the women's singing themselves up on their own account. Sooner or later I believe it will evolve into a Christian "Ziara" to counteract the hold that the Moslem fines maintain even on the convert and enquirer women, when they are their only means of getting out of their town prison houses into fresh air and country liberty. The great need again is someone up there who could maintain discipline and use the chances for Christ.

Dar Naama. Jan. 28th.

As it is at present, Zuleikha of Miliana is the only guest, and she is a darling. She drinks in all the teaching that Ida Nash can give her, mental & spiritual, and is so bent on making the best of it that every spare moment is given to laboriously writing down in her note book the things she wants to remember.

She is also spending hours a day on making a picture book to take back with her - the whole New Testament series of Nelson's reward cards, with a text or chorus written opposite each; and now she has set out to turn it into a sort of missal, by designs of her own evolving painted round each - no two alike, and some of them delightful.

And the bits that we get together in the evenings are a joy - that sweet depth in her eyes deepens when we talk of our Lord, and she is keen to know how to bring her people in. She is one of the weak things of the world - and it marking the first visible breach in Miliana's strong wall - others up here have met Christ in the valley of the shadow of death, and have gone through, fearing no evil.: - she is the first among the living to praise Him.

Feb. 3rd.

Blind Aissa is very exercised in mind over his education and our lack of

ative in the matter. The half measures which we suggest as a beginning do not meet his approval, and he is altogether in the doldrums. "I am quarrel- with my heart," so he expresses it, "I could stand up like a tree in the rains and pray, but it would not come from within." He was praying away by himself after Bascha left him: and he will come through all right.

Feb. 4th.

Helen Freeman writes from Kelizane:-

"I had a delightful talk with Si Habib this morning. I cannot but think he is saved, though I have no doubt he still goes to the mosque and reads the Sheheda. He seems so fully convinced that the Lord Jesus did die for him and is his Saviour. He is quite a stupid man in all earthly things, so alive to heavenly things, and loves to hear.

Feb. 8th.

The Beit Naama fight of last summer over Yamina's marriage, has begun at its sequel of deliverance. Bou Jemaa, her stepfather, came a week or two in a doleful state of mind "Her husband has not brought her a thing to eat, and only brings her beans to eat, and he earns 8 francs a day; we must force him."

"That is not reason enough with us" I answered. "The only thing is that perhaps it means that he has another household elsewhere; that would be a reason."

"If it were that, I would cut his throat" was the reply: an amusing ultimatum for the meek looking Bou Jemaa.

But now it is really coming to a climax, and there is every cause to believe that the Scriptural reason for divorce is there, and that the Cadi will bring it through.

And Yemina's happy, lighthearted girl-spirit has come back. There are indications to being a divorced woman at 15! The arrival of the first tiny "Ziara" the year at Dar Naama was announced by her bounding up through the place with sheer delight at finding herself there again after her mournful farewelling every room and passage at the end of the summer.

Feb. 20th.

Helen Freeman writes from Mascara!-

"We had a good day on Saturday - 24 women to see the lantern. I took the digital Son: the last batch of women came late, for one of them had tumbled to the river (as they call it) However, she bravely came on. Mons. Soler has not come from Saida: he had a meeting of 25 men Spaniards - the man has undertaken to supply the room and lighting, but if the room is not sufficient the others say they would make a subscription among themselves and hire a place... Solers are very happy over news of the young Spanish lad who was converted years ago. He has had much to struggle against in Spain, his father being opposed, though suddenly, in answer to prayer, he gave permission that he should be baptized. He is about 18, and is coming back soon: He and his sister are saffron-sellers by trade. I have wondered if he would be an evangelist in the future. The Arab girls class is increasing - 27 yesterday - they are learning to listen.

March 7th.

The spring days, with the liberation of the Armistice around, are bringing the "regions beyond" within reach. Before the month is out Alice McIlroy Madge Farmer will get off we hope to their beloved Dellys, (the seacoast for which camp furniture was just being got together when war broke out); I am hoping to start in a few days for a descent on Tozeur with Alma Krebs though people still answer uncertainly as to whether we shall be allowed to

t through; and Sascha Perkin and Mabel Grautoff are collecting information regarding a journey down to Laghouat, the chief desert town due south of us here, where links have come through two men missionaries on their way through a colportage journey: One specially attractive part of the invitation to them is that given by a Caid living in an oasis 40 kilometres off the main route, and purely native. It is like a breath of fresh air, spiritually, to breathe the hemming in of these war years disappear.

Alger March 12th.

The young native helper that we hoped for seems doubtful, as his military service is due to begin in the Autumn: another has come our way, a whole hearted young Swiss, Pierre Nicaud by name. He is working on a farm in Kabylia at present, the mission post for which he volunteered having fallen through. He will thankfully arrive for training as soon as he can get free - Another Swiss helper from the same region, Mlle. Butticaz, has come to give us a stop-gap aid, in any case, down here: for the supply of Miss Smeeton's place alongside her own mission work, proves more than is possible for Alice McIlroy.

March 15th.

Miliana is stepping out afresh - the way has opened for taking a room in the "Houma", as they call the wide stretch of native houses outside the town. The little tiled whitewashed houses set in thick orchards of cherry and plum and apple trees, far better in their surroundings than the Miliana streets, as a rendez-vous for the girls. Mabel writes to-day that it has been secured "It is just as you enter the Houma" she writes "attached to an Arab house - the Senoussi family. It is bigger than our class room here and has a niche in it where the Senoussi Saint used to pray. It was given to us I believe as a gift from God, and last Monday I paid the rent."

March 14th.

The chief puzzles left behind in starting next Thursday centre round the du Croissant trio, Aissa, Alamiya and Amar. Alamiya is getting too big for going backwards and forwards to school alone, and is a troublesome element in the house, though there is much that is good in her. - Aissa, under the combined weight of the want of prospects of education and of a wife, is sunk in gloom, and says he must go back to his mountains and find some clue to having a home of his own, though this would mean returning to the darkness "I rejoice that I am a Christian and I repent that I am a Christian: I wish to go forward and I wish to go back: these four." That is his summing up of his position and I understood these crosscurrents of our being when he spoke the promise "I will give them one heart and one way that they may know Me." - That is what we need for the lad.

March 21st.

Alice McIlroy, Madge Farmer and I set out together on Thursday on our divergent routes, and next day Alma Krebs joined my train a few hours from the Tunisian frontier. It was good to get to that frontier station and to see the lads with the long thick silk tassels that mark the Tunisian fez, dangling from their shoulders, and to hear the accent as distinctively their own. There is a great attraction about Tunisia, hard and dark though it is for the most part.

And the war barriers are down: Hallelujah - When we asked this morning the Police de Surete what further steps we should take for permits to Tourneur we were told "None at all: Tunisia is Tunisia - you may go where you please" - It is an almost unbelievable joy!

Tozeur, April 4th.

Our first week is over, and more to tell than can be concentrated into these pages. By another of God's "rhyming" touches, it was two years to the very day between that sorrowful morning when word came that our time was up, and the passing once more through the huge mountain walls of the gate of the desert.

I had asked for a token of good in coming in, and there it was. The first soul to set foot within our doors with the old cry "I want to read" was the one over whom we went away sad last time - the stalwart, bright-faced lad (M.A. I will call him) who had gone on so fearlessly at first, & then came no more.

He was back again next day, - (no, next day but one, for we had to hammer our hearts against visitors till we got the place cleaned and straightened as bible under his arm as of old: with him a crouching blind lad, huddled in a soiled burnous, who listened in silence to M.A.'s clear happy answers to Alma Krebs questions. Alas he has never been back since: has the net closed round him again? was the blind lad a spy? we can't tell.

Small boys, big boys, men, gathered quickly in groups. I will only keep the outstanding figures, for weal or woe - "For woe" seemed the first of them - Joseph - will call him; he was one who seemed, 2 years ago, one of the most hopeful of the lads, though hopefulness was not his natural characteristic: he always realised more than the others, the Way of the Cross that lies before a Moslem convert, and what it would mean to follow it in Tozeur. He curled up, the first time or two that he came in with the others, with a dark, almost scowling face. Towards the middle of the week he came alone. We thought we should find him all wrong in his soul, but he seems holding on to the fragment of God's truth that he has grasped, only terrified lest anyone

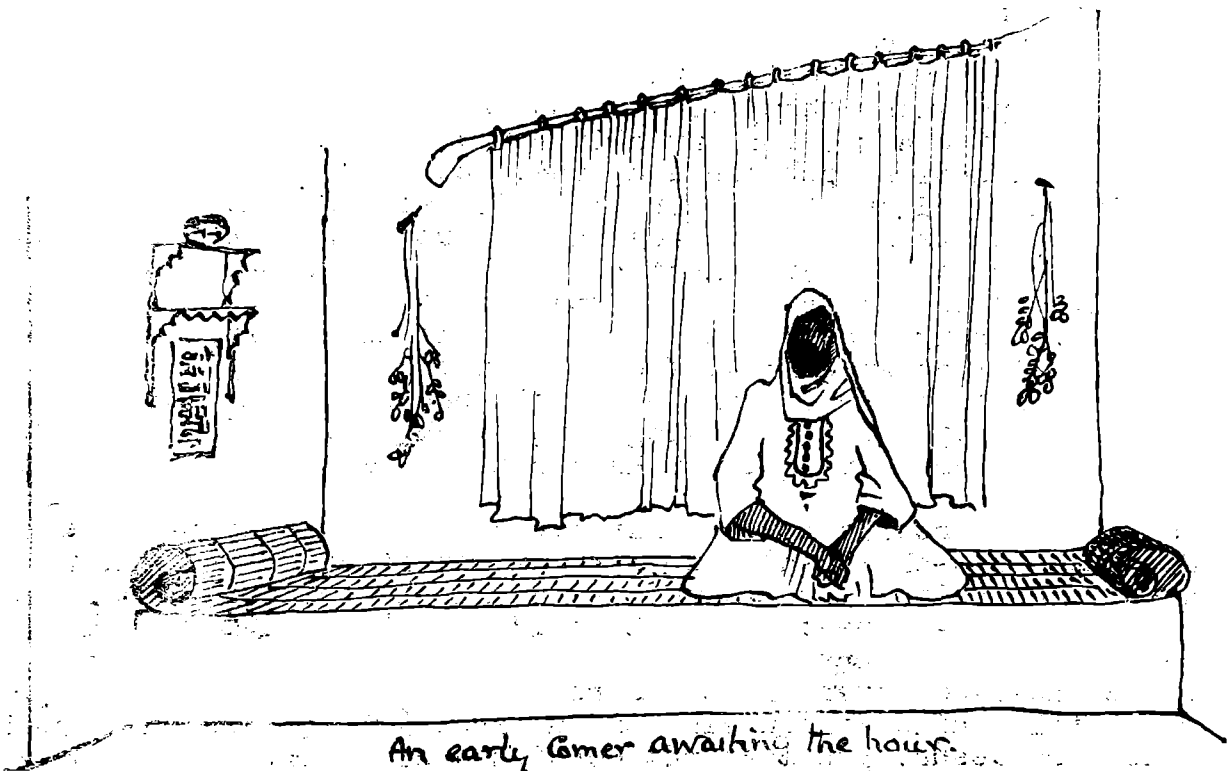
ould know it: "that is why, when I come with the others, I put my hand be-
my eyes and look like this" - and he imitated the wry sour expression
t he had worn on his former visits - one could so understand it!

A third of the grown lads of 2 years ago, "the Faithful" we will call
being the translation of his name, has also comforted us with the sense
t God's hand is still on him for good. He said earnestly to Alma, one of
first days, in answer to her questioning "I am not saved, & I am not ready
meet God" - and after a close talk with her next day when she urged him to
alone with God and settle the point of coming to Christ, he said as he
t "I will do it" and we believe that really and truly he did - praise be
his Name.

A day or two after, when Joseph was with us, he walked in - would they
off before each other? - Alma gave them their bible bit together and left
m alone. "Christ is splendid, is n't He?" "Yes, He is splendid" sounded
ough the passage door, and next day she drew them out to put themselves
record before one another that their trust for salvation is in the sacri-
e of Calvary. They need prayer sheltering, these lads, more than we can

For the powers of hell are mighty all around - Another of the souls
seemed deeply under God's power last time - a middle aged Taleb - is a
ck, to all appearance, hardly recognisable, so dissolute looking he has
ome; and the carpenter who was all eagerness has not been near us.

Of new-comers, or old-comers of Alma's time, returned with fresh eager-
s, the influx is unceasing. There are other lads, like the foregoing, who
e in her boys class 5 years ago. "The Feast" is one "Abraham" & his mate
e Good", & more, who need individual dealing: - but the greater part of
day goes in hours of close talks with groups of men of the Taleb class



An early Gmer awaiting the hour.

to sit in groups of 8 or 10 at a time, cross-legged on the golden matted
floors of the reading room in their flowing robes, and argue round in circles,
lifting their point whenever beaten, till at last there will come a lull
when a straight message from God's Word can be driven in, & the thirsty souls
that are almost always among them, lift up their heads and listen earnestly.
This is strenuous work for Alma, for any slip would be seized on instantly by
her opponents, and doubtless published around: God comes to her help wonder-
fully, in spirit and mind and body, for the daily strain. And towards evening
she locks the door with its huge brass key and goes out among the palms, where the
pale green new flower sheaths are shooting up above the copper coloured clus-
ters that remain, and around us lies the undergrowth of figs and apricot and
pomegranate in its spring tracery: the beauty of it all is full of rest.

Letters from Algiers and Blida. The work in the latter place was delayed
till Autumn, but all is in full swing now, children as usual plentiful as
blackberries, and a prayer battle waging round a Christian girl from Cherchelle
whose people in Blida are trying to bring about a re-marriage which might end
in much misery.

Algiers news is not really Algiers (that gives only the swaying of the diffi-
culties round the house-children) - so much as the story of the Dellys days.
It is 5 years since the two were there, and at first they were not recognised
the second day links re-formed: one woman told them "Many a time, when my heart
has been heavy I have sat here and wondered if you would ever return." In
another house a one-eyed woman planted herself before them, and after they had
gone on for a little while discoursing on the Prodigal Son she exclaimed "But
tell us of the Lord Jesus, you have not mentioned Him, sing of Him or speak of
Him." In another house, the mistress and a marabouta friend were in deep sor-
row over sons who had not returned from the war, and were given to fasting and

ayer over them for 3 months at a time, but despite the fanaticism that is usually strong in such surroundings, the household was insistent they should stay on and on, pulling Alice down twice over or more to her seat when she came to go.

And so it went on, day after day, till it was difficult to divide the time between the appeals "Come in" and "Come back" - "On Sunday afternoon," Alice writes "what joy - we had a boys class. As you may have noticed by the foregoing, we had groups of little boys following us from house to house. They usually listened well, and we gave them easy choruses. We were returning to say Goodbye to some women in a garden overlooking the sea, when, as if by magic, 25 boys turned up and followed us; with the consent of the people we quickly seated them in the garden and gave them a talk on the Wordless Book God has His plan for these dear souls in Dollys and for the reaping of many of them for His Kingdom."

I must tell no more, for this Journal has reached its war-time limit, and the rest of Tozeur's story must wait over for the next issue.

P. T. O.