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Algiers  
Mission Band

Journal  
No 7



Embroidery.

A school of

Journal  
No 7

Jan +  
Feb.  
1908



Embroidery.

# Algiers Mission Band

1908

1 Date of Arrival

1888. L. L. Trotter

" B. C. L. Haworth

1890. F. H. Freeman

1901. Paul Villon

" P. Villon

1902. Michel Olives

1896. A. M. Olives, nee Eustace

1906 - A. Whistler

" M. Grautoff

" A. Cayral

" S. Perkins

1909. M. Ridley

at language study

Helpers to B. C. L. Haworth at Dar Naama

1906. L. Rolland

1907. W. A. Hyde

Thursday, Jan 2<sup>nd</sup>

The small boys began their first brush-work class today — three of them — they set round a maïda (the native table, about a foot high) in a corner of the court, with great solemnity & importance, & really did it wonder-fully well. Dear motherless Yahia, it is good to have a hold on him again: he has seemed so lost & forlorn since the love that wrapped his babyhood round went home to God.

Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup>

To day was the new moon, & the crisis as to whether Mustapha would hold out against taking the post of

sweeper in the mosque, that was to fall vacant "when the moon died" as the Arabs say. To our great relief he was sitting safe & serene in his room: & he has promised to go to the Spaniards shoemaking on Monday. This is a great relief to our minds.

Jan. 7<sup>th</sup>

Down at Bliida again to superintend the renovation of the cottage, for the wedding day of May & Michel Olive is fixed for next week, & they are due back the first week in February. The addition they will love the best is a little "Arab room" at the back, where the first classes can be started, & the natives can be

made at home, as they never can be in European surroundings - the dignity of sitting on a chair may be great, but it is a very uncomfortable luxury when you have sat on the floor all your life.

Things go slowly, for we are in the thick of the long delayed rains. The people are so thankful for them - Mr Grimm was telling us yesterday how the seed, if kept waiting too long in the hard soil that it cannot germinate, grows mouldy & perishes. I wonder if that is a risk that is being run by some of these souls around us, whose development seems arrested - "Their debtors we are" to bring down the showers!

Jan. 8<sup>th</sup>

Alas for Mustapha - it seems of no use trying to get him into European work - Michel Olivé deposited him safely at the Spaniards on Monday morning but five minutes later, so the Spaniard says, he bolted. The worst part is that his own account of the matter to Helen did not exactly tally.

It is evidently no use forcing the attempt to bring him into line with the Western world. This is the third essay if not the fourth, & each one is more shortlived than the last. The only remaining outlook is that he should get someone to teach him

enough of native shoemaking to enable him to do the easier parts at home.

————— Jan. 15

There is a beautiful thing in the "Illustrated London News" of this week: it is on growth by retardation— The idea occurred to the experimenter when studying the retardation caused by cold spring winds. He kept the roots of lily of the valley dormant in a refrigerator for months, & then exposed these frozen roots to the mild temperature of a hot house & obtained perfect bloom in eighteen days— The tracings overleaf are from the photographs given to show the



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1 year

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speed at which growth went. Helen was saying  
anent it, that she had read that in Siberia spring  
takes about 5 days to do its work.

It helps our faith that these hard frozen Moslem  
lands may be working towards some such concentra-  
-tion of Gods power & glory in the days that are to  
come. There is a mighty leverage in repression. Hallelujah!

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Jan. 16.

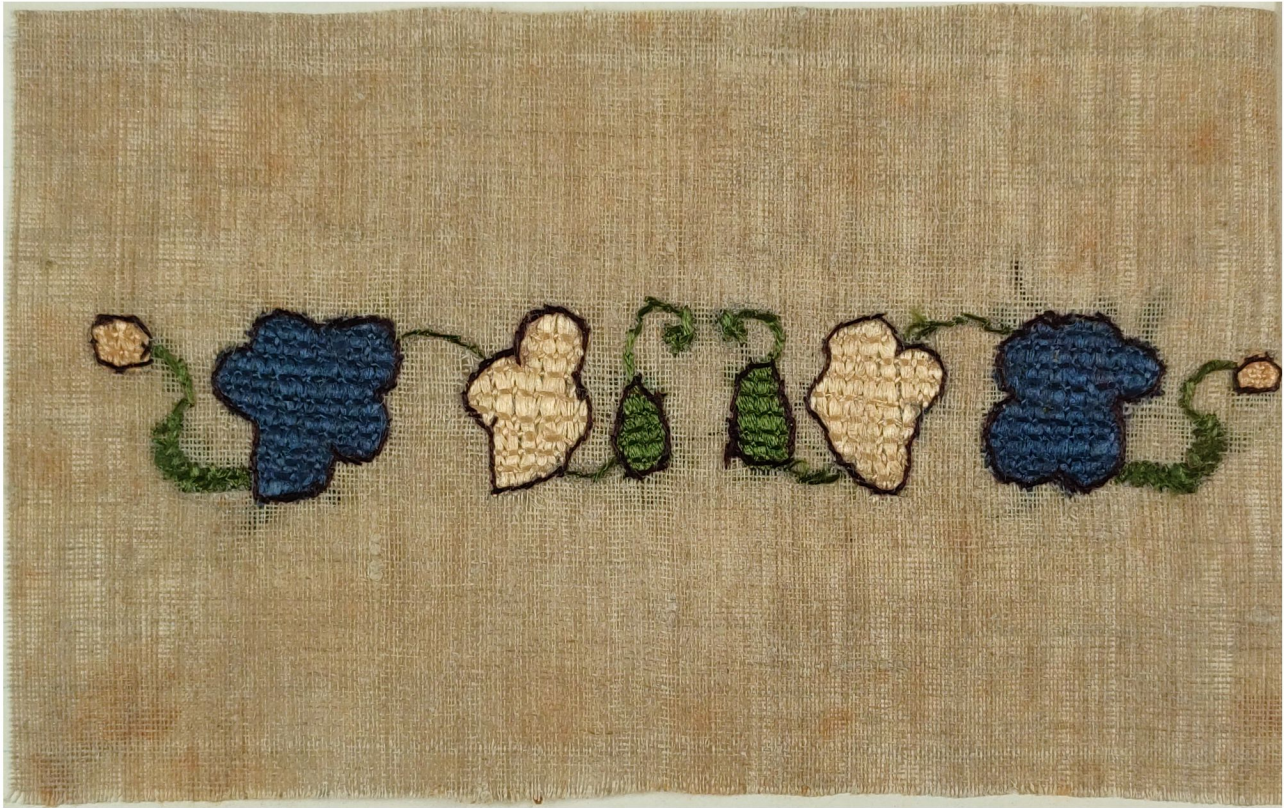
We have had a joy over the little girls, in that all  
these days of the Aid el Kebir - the greatest feast  
of the Moslem year, they have trooped in, morning

after morning to their gargas with their dear shining faces.

God has given more hold over this little band than over all the former girls classes - We feel it is His clue at last, having them for the half day & putting all we can into it of brightness & love, & letting them go back in faith to the homes atmosphere such as it is, for that is, as far as now appears, the future into which their lot is cast. And bit by bit we have good reason to hope that the Good Shepherd is finding time enough in those morning hours, for stretching out His Hands to the

budding souls: one by one there is a direct response to Him going on among them, though they are far from being saints.

The title page card gives an idea of them & their surroundings in our court, only ours are somewhat smaller - most of them between 7 & 10, & they have not yet been promoted to the embroidery frames; whence the ~~word~~ "girgaf" takes its name, but sit in a ring in a corner with the hoops used by beginners - The stitch they use is an old one used by Arab women from time immemorial - I will fasten in a bit from



the pile of their first efforts, to shew what it is like.

M<sup>rs</sup> Gayral teaches them this, & the greater part of the morning is given to it, as it is the 'raison d'être' of in the eyes of the mothers, who know it to be a future means of livelihood -

Annie Whisler for the most part has their bit of Bible talk, May Ridley their drill, & Mabel Grantoff a "kindergarten" time with the two who stay on, turn about to dinner (which means a native "mess of pottage" shared with Lohira, into which they dip their bread). They are such darlings, full of love & fun, strongly spiced with human nature

of an unregenerate order — only in the two or three  
 on whom we see God's touch — the little black  
 sheep Tamani among them, there is an instant  
 response to "What would Jesus like?"

Jan 24<sup>th</sup>

It is a wonderful thing that this week should  
 be the first week of prayer ever given to the Moslem  
 world — The fact must make a stir in the Unseen  
 world & the ripple of the Spiritual wave will reach  
 the shores of the visible before it is spent —

We have been meeting here on the three days of the

Devonshire House prayer-meetings in London, all the Moslem workers of Algiers & some from the interior & a few from the European missions of the neighbourhood.

Many of us Moslem workers felt that it is we ourselves who need praying for at present, more than the people - if only there were a power of the Holy Ghost among us, that would make an atmosphere of God around them!

a memory comes of the far-off years when I was a child at the children's lectures that used to be given by Tyndall at the Royal Institution in the



Christmas holidays - I can see the great darkened Lecture Hall with tier upon tier of boy & girl faces, & in its centre the table with a lighted candle & a jar of oxygen alongside — & then the transfiguration of the dull yellow flame when plunged into the new element — instantly it was a great radiant star.

We have "the dimly burning flax" here - all it wants is the intensity around, that will make it, in its turn, intense.

. . . . . Jan 31<sup>st</sup>

There is one bit specially, of this same "dimly lighted

flasc" for whom, meantime, I would ask a prayer-fanning - He is a south country lad of twenty or so, Abbasby name.

Last time Blanche Haworth & I were at Tolga six years ago, he was one of the pupils of the blind talib, Sidi Ibrahim, whose heart was so open Christward at that time, & when his master used to come for long talks & readings after the arguing set had dispersed, this boy was always the one chosen to bring him. We used to notice his face, strangely keen & absorbed for one of his age, & in the last days

of our stay he took to coming in the evenings on his own account, in company with our house boy Bashir, who was a chum of his - & on the last night of all when our hearts were aching sorely over our enforced departure, we had a very straight talk with them both, & it seemed as if the soul of Abbas took a distinct step out towards the light -

About Christmas time he came twice to ~~the~~ house to see me - both times I was out, & the second time Annie had a bit

with him - "I want to understand the things they talked about" he said.

He was to come back to see me on the following ~~day~~ Monday. - I stayed in all day for him - & he never came - & days passed into weeks without a sight of him: at last he came, the ghost of his former self - he had been ill all the time with fever & it was his first day out - his money had come to an end & he was nearly starving. So at present he is giving Annie reading lessons 3 times a week to keep his head just above water till he can find work & there is a

true ring about him - His testing time is yet to come. Will someone take him on their heart to pray him through it - These souls need another to "lash himself alongside" as the Bishop of Ripon expressed it once.

Jan. 30<sup>th</sup>

The seedling plant of the brush-work class for small boys has developed from its seed leaves of Yabica & his mate, into a row of eight or ten, who as yet are on a good behaviour that is quite pre ter natural, Mr. Dillon comes for their Bible talk, & they have begun coming back to reinforce his Sunday class - the one

one over which may toiled so many years

Feb. 8

It seems as if in more than one direction, the grasp of the enemy were tightening rather than loosening - Is it that the first effect of the prayers of last month is making him feel in danger of having the souls wrested from his grasp? If so we may well take courage as we see the clutch.

One sees once & again in times past how the first approach of deliverance was met just in that same way: even when it was deliverance brought by Christ Himself,

the devils would cast their prey on the ground on the way to Him -

The story of the Escodas too, has grown into new light in the reflex of the contest around us - God has souls here who are as truly His people, we cannot doubt, as Israel was then, & the bondage in which they live as yet is as "cruel bondage" as theirs - the bondage of fear that is withering their lives. There too, the first intervention of Moses brought a rivetting of the chain, & the fight was long before the sweep of deliverance came - Will those who pray for us remember that prayer - real prayer is

bound to make a stir in hell as well as in heaven—  
whence the need of "supplication" as well as prayer,  
to carry us through to victory

The two most in my mind in writing this are  
Mustapha & Jouhera. Mustapha has drifted into the  
thing he said he never would do, & is selling vegetables  
for an Arab in one of the stalls near the synagogue,  
which means Sunday work again—worse than this,  
he has again not been true about it. Jouhera—you  
remember her? the soul who got such a sudden  
illuminating last spring, has also gone under, on the  
very point where she seemed strongest—her frank out-  
spokenness.



22.

A new set of lodgers have come into the house, & it may be true that the counter current lies. Anyway the house has gone back to its old antagonism, & for her soul is suffering under the oppression of it.

What wonder? if we feel a spiritual suffocation after half an hour in such a house, what must it be to live in it without respite - Will you hold on for her?

Meanwhile other bits of the fight are going forward. We have been backwards & forwards at Elida, Blanche Haworth & I getting things ready. She is there still, finishing up, & has transformed

with some additions & much cleaning & whitewashing the dismal looking cottage, into a dear little home.

May & Michel Olives arrived on Tuesday & will go down to settle in after Sunday. Helen Freeman & I have just waited to see them before going off to Sherchelle: We must give 10 days or so with one of the missionaries there, to comparing various translations of St Luke, so as to have all in readiness for the final revision committee next month, which will mean, we trust its final launching at last. The difficulties & delays that have beset its issue can only mean that the powers

of darkness dread the flooding in of light that will come when the people will no longer have to puzzle out the Classical Arabic that is so far above their comprehension.

Fascha Perkin will be back with us before we return, & May Adams has come again on a long visit to free the big household from "secular" cares — a blessed freeing to the Arabic learners.

Cherchelle. Feb. 11

Dear Blida has had Christo's banner set floating at last — for May & Michel Olivés slept there last night in the new cottage, picnic fashion on campbeds.

& to day their furniture goes up there, as best it can  
 on backs of man or beast as the case may be,  
 for no sort of cart can get up their Arab lane.

Feb. 18<sup>th</sup>

Here we are hard at work from morning till night  
 & thankful for such lovely air to work in - it is  
 a quaint place, with a turquoise sea & great clustering  
 sunburnt caves - a Roman post of olden days,  
 half buried now by the encroaching of the waves  
 - on a clear day ruins can be seen through  
 the water, & one tide will bring up coins &  
 rings, & another bits of mosaic -

The spiritual treasure trove should be among the children, for they have classes wonderful to see for size & order, & a carpet school to keep a hold on the girls,

Alger letters tell of the small boys coming "thick & fast" & of their spirits rising somewhat beyond bounds, specially when they are told to go — of course the tug will be in keeping them when the novelty has worn off — Last time there were not so many & order was easier to keep — Mabel writes "for nearly half an hour they sat & learned new hymns & verses, & had a simple little

" message from Mons. Vilton on the man without the  
 " wedding garment - We were so pleased with the way  
 " Moussa & one of the 7 Mohammeds listened - & from  
 " several I could see they looked forward to Thursdays  
 " & Sundays - on Sunday 10 came & we had one hymn  
 " on the organ - they all clustered round, & I love to feel  
 " that any moment the living power behind God's word  
 " may pierce through all the love of mischief & other  
 " motives which bring them. May & I are just  
 " watching for that time".

" Did Annie tell you of last Sundays girls  
 " class & the wonderful stillness over those five, & how

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" in the end, when Annie said we would pray silently  
" we could hear that big Fatima whispering earnestly  
" some words to the listening Lord "

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That tiny Sunday class for girls is one for which  
I think we have not yet asked your prayer-  
help. The Algiers streets on Sundays are such  
that we cannot encourage girls to come through  
them - only these are little maidens who  
would never spend the day indoors, for they  
work at the embroidery school on the frontispieu  
or at the carpet factory overleaf as the case may

At the Carpet



J. Geiser, Alger

Factory -



30.

be, to the limit of the age when a native girl may leave her house: a wide awake, independent set, this new race of working girls, with temptations raining round them thick & fast: so we count them well worth having, though we get but a handful

Cherchelle Feb 24

Here we are still, for our work is taking twice as long as we think thought - So Algiers news can still only be given through letters -

The last happening is that Ehrira has been getting into her first bit of rough water - into it & through it quickly, as is God's wont with the

newly launched souls. It seems that at the Baths on Friday a woman set on her because she had not said the Sheheda for her little Zehour when she was dying & her answers seem to have been wise Annie says & yet very true & fearless. The woman made mischief & stirred up Ghirra's brother, who brought down on her the child's father, who had divorced her when it was a mere baby, because of his mother's jealousy of her. He - Ghirra's former husband, summoned her at the Baths on the false charge of not having heard of the child's death, & she went off with little Fatima her newborn faith holding good that the Christ in her

greater than the Cadi. An hour later they returned radiant - God had undertaken it all & the Cadi had given the right to Ehrira, & called the man a fool, & locked him up in his own prison till next day = So it all ended in a very joyful praise-meeting.

Feb 29

Yesterday brought the winding up of our bit of revising, & we are stopping at Isilda for Sunday on our way home - in our old rooms, which we are keeping on till the new native house gets built.

It was lovely to get in, & feel that the day of grace is really dawning - & the few hours that we have had already, bear streaks of the dayspring.

The first bit, I think, was that May has had news of Haoua - news which looks as if she may have been brought within reach again, for she is said to be divorced, & living with her mother.

A shade of mystery hangs over the matter, as over all that concerns her. She is spoken of with a bating of breath that makes one feel that questions are better not asked.

They let drop the name of the district in the town

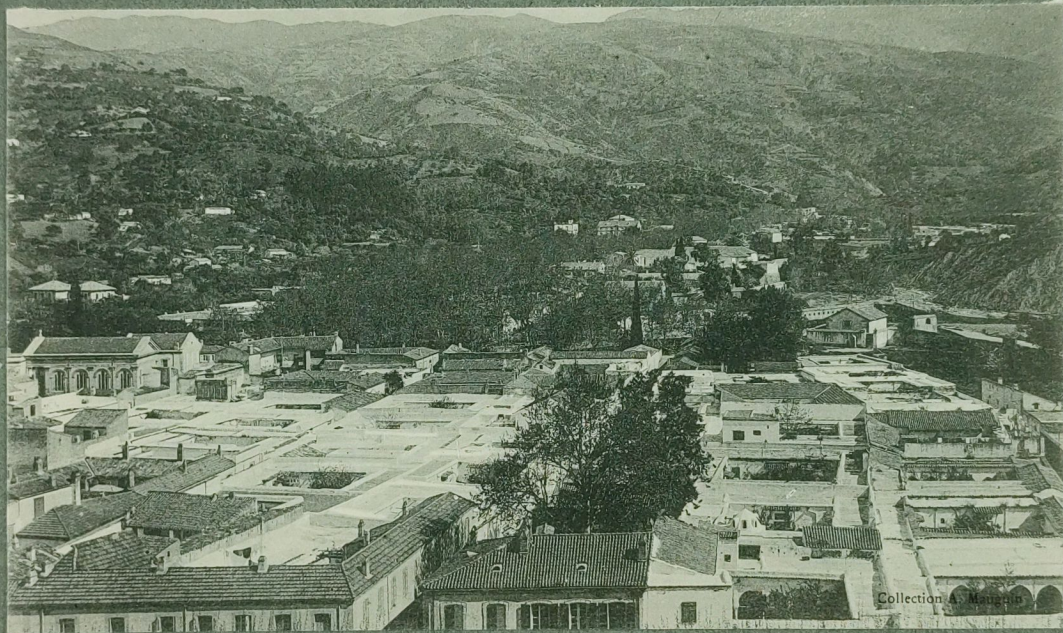
where she has gone to live — I have found a post-card that shows the very patch of white-roofed houses that hide her somewhere among them — "Djoun" is the native name for those two or three streets — May will keep eyes & ears open when she visits there, without directly enquiring for her, & we believe another chapter in her story is to come.

The second happening was that one of Michel Olive's lads, a specially beloved one, turned up last week on a visit to some of his people.

Abd El Kader is his name — "the slave of the

The Djoun district

Oulad es  
Sultane  
lies out  
this way



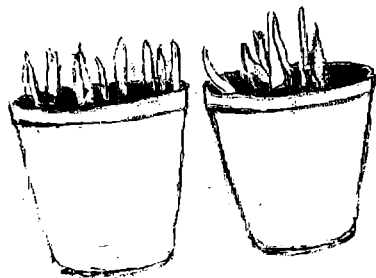
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Blida.

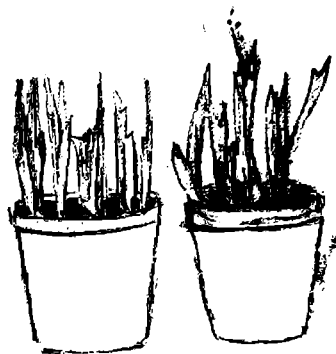
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"mighty one" is its interpretation. His father who died a couple of months ago, was master of the native school under the mosque near our Book Depot - its minaret figured on the postcard of the Depot corner in one of the last journals. It must be nearly 2 years since Villon & Olive's made friends with him there - a vehement young opposer he was then & so clever withal that the Arabs nick name him "El Affrite" - which means a kind of uncanny spirit.

At last he took a gospel on loan to read through - then a Testament - & under the power of the living

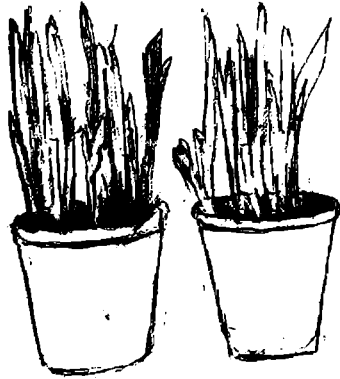


The third day



The seventh day

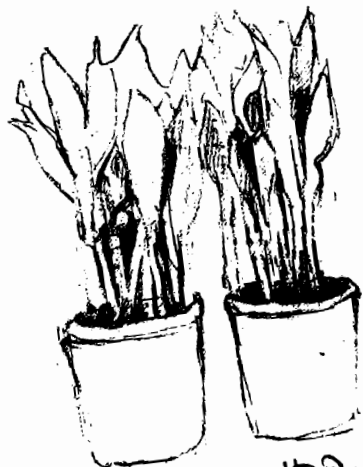




The ninth day.



The eleventh day



The thirteenth day



The eighteenth day -

word, heart & mind opened & night after night he would go to them, torn in mind between the grasp of the old faith & the drawing of the new.-

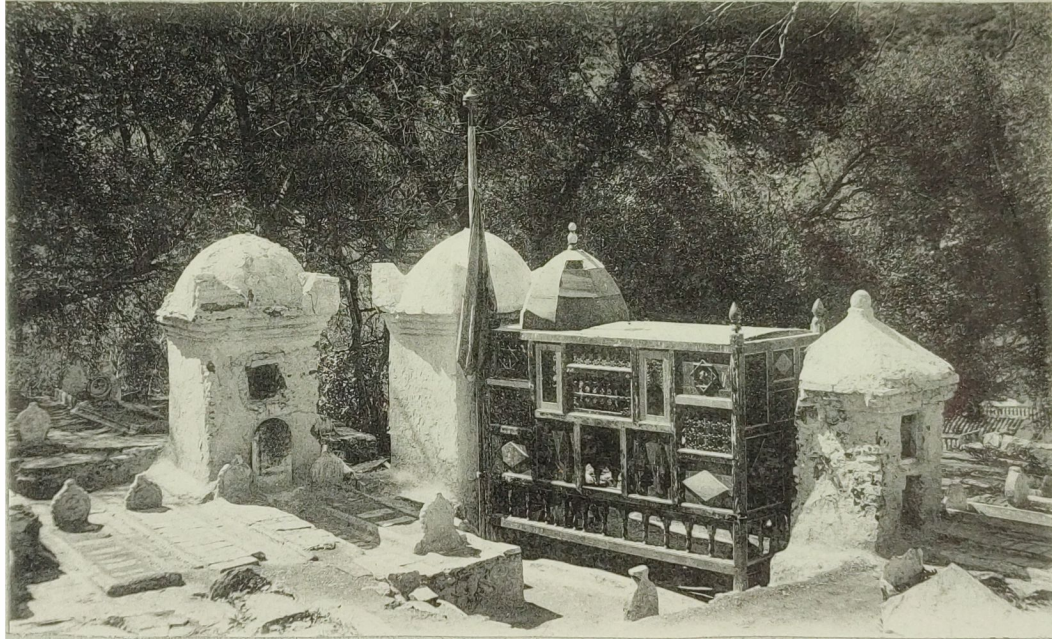
That grasp is terribly tight on him, poor fellow, for his livelihood is wrapped up in it, & lad as he is - (18 or 20 at the outside), he is married & has two children. The school where, now his father is dead he helps his brother, being a native one, consists of drumming the Koran into the tribe of small boys who still, in these schools, sit in rows on the floor, swaying their bodies to & fro to help in the recitation which is the sum total of their Education. His other

duties are to go to the dying, to help them pass the sheheda as their passport into heaven, & to read aloud the Koran & other holy books during the night-watches by the dead.

Here, at Blida, the relations that he has come to visit are at the very focus of the power of Islam - in the marabout village of Bidi el Kebir, crowned by the chief cemetery of the neighbour-hood - you can just see some of its roofs in the right hand corner of the pictured tombs opposite

But up in the shelter of the new little home of the Olivés, he felt well out of earshot & eyeshot.

The Cemetery



of Sidi el Kebir - Blida

& opened out - "If I could only go to London I could be a Christian" he said - "how can I be one here?" & he talked over bit after bit of his daily work, realizing how, if he gave in his allegiance to Christ, it would all be a lie.

Poor "slave of the mighty one" - nothing can deliver him but becoming the slave of the "Stronger than he" - Will you make a prayer chain round his soul? We have had sad lessons in the past as to how short a time the waverers can stay on the borderline.

To-day, Sunday, we have been up for the afternoon in the Blida domain, talking over many things - it all looks so fresh & simple & sweet with its new plenishings.

They had just had a boys class in the lean-to that has been built at the back, & which serves as the "Arab room" - one little fellow, when asked where Satan is, had answered "Wherever he can get in" - which shewed considerable discernment!

On the other side of the back porch, Michel Olivier is fitting up the half of a large shed as a meeting place for the men: not much fitting is

needed here, as they are still primitive enough to prefer mats on the floor to the benches required in Algiers. They have promised to come & see him on Sunday afternoons, & May will be "at home" for the women on Fridays.

We had been on the lookout for a name for the little place & it has fallen at our feet - For the district of Arab houses that lies just below is known as "Oulad es Sultane" - "Children of the King" - in memory of some old tradition of its being royal property ages ago. It is Royal property again, this bit of it, now that it is



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dedicated to the service of the King of Heaven. So "Bulad  
es Sultane" it shall be called. May its dwellers walk  
worthy of the title & live in the power of it in the  
fighting days to come.

They have thrown down the gauntlet in the  
illuminated text that greets one coming in at the  
door, & there could be no better one where with to  
end this journal.

*Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken  
away & the prey of the terrible shall be delivered.*

May He who has promised it, fulfil it in His time

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List of Names for Forwarding.  
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Miss G. Targott.	March	27 <sup>th</sup>	March	30 <sup>th</sup>
Mr. Custace	March	31 <sup>st</sup> Evening	April 3 <sup>rd</sup>	3 <sup>rd</sup>
J. H. Smeeton Esq	April 4	4 <sup>th</sup>	May	1 <sup>st</sup> -
J. Smith and Esq	May 2	2	May 6	with apologies for delay
Miss Mac James.	May 12 <sup>th</sup>	May 12 <sup>th</sup>	May 1 <sup>st</sup>	
Mr. Constantine	May	14 <sup>th</sup>	May	14 <sup>th</sup>
Mr. Tottenham	May	15 <sup>th</sup>	May	18 <sup>th</sup>
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Mr. St John Dick	May	21	May	23
Miss Morley	May	23 <sup>rd</sup>	May	29 <sup>th</sup>
Mr. Whading	May	29 <sup>th</sup>	June	1 <sup>st</sup>
Miss P. Ditmas	June	2 <sup>nd</sup>	June	8 <sup>th</sup>
Miss Willmot	June	10 <sup>th</sup>	June	11 <sup>th</sup>
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Miss Visick	June	15	June	19 <sup>th</sup>