

Algiers  
Mission  
Band

Journal no.  
{ Double  
Number }

1908



P. 3. Confere.

p. 9. Awaika

24. 80 Kup. Habib. dual w/whippers

p. 31. Possessive of Falimo - Clida?

Relizane - our next "skyline" - Suke's Gospel.

p. 33. Chimo + duno.

51. Saki'wa.

58. Sherifa's defectum

62. abdikadun's diat' - a broun' / red.



See Page 65

2 Rue du Croissant Algiers  
Dec. 23. 1906.

Dear friends.

The year has come to its ebb, & you have had no journal since the early summer - It is not for want of news, but for want of time to put it down, let alone the getting it into journal shape.

But before the turn of the year's tide I must collect the outline from pencilled notes & send them round with their calls for fellowships in "prayer & supplication with thanksgiving" - I will

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go back through the pages & take one here & there with a few lines to bring them together.

Another proof that the Good Shepherd is not <sup>any 2.</sup> forgetting the waifs & strays of His "little flock." Haoua of Blida has been found in one of those very same white-roofed houses of the post card, living safely with her mother & little boy & girl, & May Olive's "ink" the "incorruptible Seed" is still alive in her heart. Her people seem to think they have got her safely back & so they do not shut the door against us: whether they will let her go & see May alone remains to be proved.

The days are full again with getting ready for <sup>our Maama & Bess May 3.</sup>

the Conference week, & the farthest off guests are beginning to gather, from Cherchelle on the west to Bizerte on the east, representing the whole line of the north coast from Sousse to Tunis - such a thin fighting line! All seem one in the feeling that we have come to a critical point, where the Church of the future seems about to crystallize so to speak & the standard to be formed. Blanche Haworth's invitation to rally here was followed by these questions that we had drawn up for our consideration together.

1.

Are the converts growing towards the standard that we should wish for the Church of the future? Christ's Command

is to "make disciples of all nations." (Matt 28-28) See His definition of discipleship - Luke 14-25-35.

2.

Is the aim of our ministry to them measured by the pattern laid down in St Paul's epistles?

In caring Gal 4-19 1Thess 2-8-12.

In sacrifice 2Cor. 6-4-10. 2Tim. 2-10

In intercession 1Thess 3-10 Eph 1-15-19 &  
3-14-20 Phil 1-9-11 Col 1-9-12.

3

Are we fulfilling in our own souls the conditions laid down in Thal. 3-10?

If so the conditions of the next verse (ver. 11) will be

set free.

"I will rebuke the devourer for your sake, & he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground."

May 8.

They have been beautiful days - the whole atmosphere has been full of God. - From the first there was a welding together of all the different elements such as we have never had before, & every word of the Bible as it was read started into light & life. There was no flicker of excitement but a sense of liberty in which a ready unrestrained confession of failure was spontaneous specially as the second day went on, & God showed us how the faultlines

6

of the Convertis was infinitely more on our heads than on their own.



a corner of the  
Central Court

In the Central Court where the meetings were held - in the open Court below, fragrant with its orange blossoms where the long tables were spread for meals in the fir wood where the conventional meetings gathered in the midday hour, in all the touch of His Presence came & blessed us.

May 22

The days have gone by & more unfoldings have



Come. Miss Ericson, a Swedish missionary from Bizjate had it strongly on her mind as our conference ended, to gather another in their house on the same lines for the missionaries of Tunisia. She wanted a promise from Blanche Haworth & me that we would go & help: it had to be fenced with sundry "ifs" for the things strong that should be settled before summer. Still there was the sense that it was of God & would lead to more, so she sent off the invitations & came for a few days to Mhida while awaiting the answers.

The rounding figs & scarlet pomegranate blossom in the orchards of the native villages make one realize how near those summer days have come, & so little seems to have been

got through this spring, though never were so many "growing points" visible, praise God. Even the chief village expedition that we had planned for these days, with a night on the other side of the cedar ridge, had to be left through a belated downpour that set in. We found after, as so often in the past, that it was God's withholding, for spees are about just now.

Two or three visits paid between the storms, showed traces of God's working in various souls who had sheered off - just to tiny buds in the withered stocks, showing that life of a dormant kind is there. One of these was to Isaacua - frightened still - listening with one ear to us, with the other to the "asides" of the two stiff-looking

elderly women in the corner. Miss Ericsson tried to get into talk with them, but they were more interested in mounting guard over my conversation with Haoua.

She followed us, alone at last, to the outer door. There was only time for a "be faithful, fear not" & a quick earnest "Yes" & she had to be left again to her lonely path.

The last journal left off with the turning up of another waif - the child Anis ha whose father had taken her away from our care two years before. He & her step mother made peace again & came to see her just before we left for Ulidah. Their dignity as to leaving her was saved by Blanche Harworth engaging her as servant at a franc a month! A real bona fide transaction

for her powers of work are wonderful for such a scrap!

And Blanche says a bit of Paul Shaw appeared yesterday - A Bible picture was brought out, & instead of turning away in disdain, she remarked "Gubeida would like to come" - Gubeida is a hideous doll, who appeared in a state of stiff & staring & Aisha in a  
 insupportable expression that occasions, & was wan - Those who read her story



sat alongside with the she puts on upon these - gelized by Proxy  
 two years ago will remember that a doll was always the stalking horse when she wanted to hear, & that we had to accept the situation in all gravity. This determined little face has just a look of her.

It seems strange if we get the summons east, for these very days Helen Freeman is meditating an exploring tour to the west, in the province of Oran. This province is the 3<sup>rd</sup> part of the whole of Algeria & therefore nearly the size of England, & has not a single mission any to the natives. Years ago 4 of its towns were occupied for short periods by the N. A. M. From two they were requested to withdraw during the time of political difficulties: the other two were abandoned for want of workers; & it must be 10 years since a ray of light has reached the Kab's except through Colportage, & that leaves out the women & children & the bulk of the men.

Villon & Olive's went through the land & down far south, two years ago, & came back full of the openings they found: Since then the war in Morocco has closed that side again, & the only clue to a breach lay in the fact that M. Reboul, the French pastor at Relizane, a town in the centre of the province, had said how glad he would be if missionaries would go there.

The link on this side has been Helen's great heart-yearning over that desolate stretch of country, & she feels that the time has come to take some French friend & see how things develop. M<sup>me</sup> Loup, of Rhida, proves willing to go on this first exploration with her, & she is the best one that could be, being well known in the French Protestant community.

Today the final telegram from Bizerte tells that the Little Conference is fixed for next week. So Blanche & I start east on Thursday night, & Helen & M<sup>rs</sup> Gory go west on Friday morning.

I feel more lies behind that Conference = there is an inland city not far off, kept by name, where one of the men converts from Bizerte, Habib, went home to live while we were at Bizerte last year. He had been brought up there among the Kadariyas - a sect who come near being devil worshippers, & one's heart went out after the poor lad & his dark city - a city that had had a curious attraction for us for years! Our way back may lead there, & home by Tebessa where Miss Cox of the A. S. M. has lately opened a new

station.

Another thought has come on the horizon since the Conference at Das Naama. Miss Ericsson wants Blanche to join her in Stockholm, where her Furlough takes her this summer, for meetings there. It seemed a wild idea at first, then, crossing her letter suggesting it, came one back from Miss Hammar, the secretary of her society, proposing the same thing. That looks as if God were in it: we wait to see.

Björk. June 3.

The Conference has been going on its way & bringing new points to light, over & above the Algiers one & a still stronger insistence that there must come somewhere the Head - the sending of heart & life - or else we shall have no proper foundations



for the Church of the future

Another thing that has come to the front is the danger that lies around the converts in the use against them of brain poisons & sorcery, & the probability that much that has been put down to backsliding has had its origin in these.

Lastly came to the front the need of prayers that out of every station one at least should be given by God as a native worker, to form the link between ourselves & the people & help us in our difficulties of understanding their character & thought method. And then before we ended came down His touch of melting & blessing in a marked way.

Ed Keef. June 6.

Next morning I told Miss Ericsson of the longing over Keef &

16.

put it to her. Could we not look at it with a view to a possible  
outstation for them, & see how it fared with Habit. She had been there  
once for a fortnight & willingly said 'Yes' - & we left for Tunis that  
night & came on here today. - It was a clear hot morning,  
in a toddling train along a newly opened line - past the Tunis  
lagoons with their buildings & ships doubled on the still surface -  
through old olive groves, away & away, & then into the open  
country. The mountains were dreamy grey, with a prettily coloured  
foreground of sunburnt grass, broken with  
ultramarine thistles -

all ultramarine, stalks  
leaves & flowers except



where they have a shimmer of peacock interwoven.

In one place a huge Roman aqueduct spanned the plain, yet came with a new meaning - such an amount of labour wasted for want of knowing the bearing of the fact that water seeks to its own level! I wonder if the angels smile sadly at the trouble we take that might all be spared if we understood better the laws of the spiritual realm!

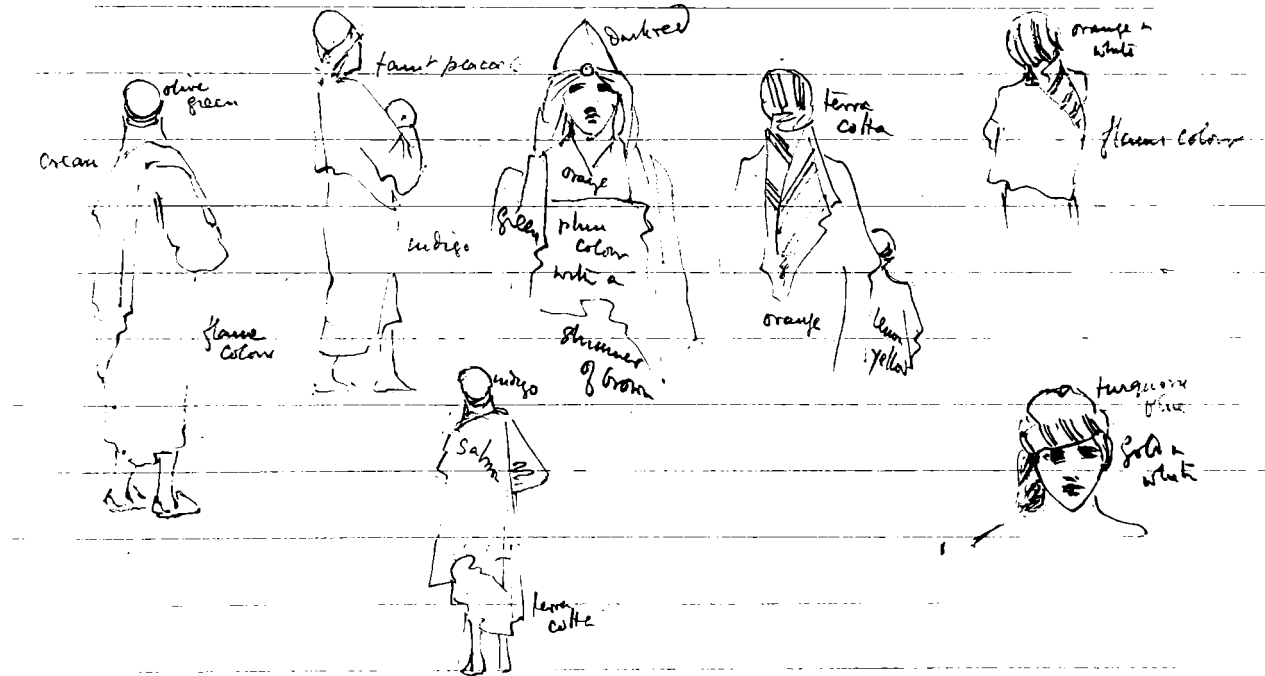
Then the land changed to a more desolate type - withered grass of the most delicate lemon yellow with islands of steel grey thorns & groups of brown camels or darker brown tents & at last in the afternoon a fretted grey cliff came into sight & grew into the town that was on our hearts. It was good to set foot in

it, after the strange sense of beckoning that it has had.

It is far back in civilization, with an aim of the lowest order. Once out & in the native streets, this same lack of civilization makes its fascination, for all is untouched by the European blurr - what strikes one most in the outward life of them is their sense of colour - they strike colour-chords that I have never seen before - the south land folk are crude in comparison - almost discordant - I will put a few overleaf for people to exert their imaginations upon.

The first thing was to go & find Habib. His people were perfectly polite & perfectly impenetrable as to his whereabouts. Were they hiding him or was he hiding? We only saw that they

flatly stopped the small brother when he was inadvertently beginning to tell the truth!



Then we went up along the half ruined walls of the quarter overleaf to the great Gacua. - we had heard they had a pilgrimage going on which would bring outsiders there. It was over & only the residents remained. A group of keen faced lads & men in the cloisters gathered round in hopes of books. The leader, with the narrow type of a bigot's face, came up & charged them not to listen & turned on his heel disdainfully, but a couple of lads had already tracts hidden in the folds of their burnous.

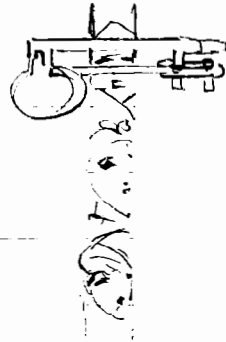
Then, mostly through children, we began getting in the houses - too long a story to go into in detail in this condensed journal. In many the people were shy of us.

21--Le KEF. Quartier Nord Est; Les Bastions



Cliché Hameux.

— in one I remember the women wanted us, but the master of the house had gone out & had locked the great nail studded door on the outside with a padlock like this — The slit of the gateway could only open a chink & shew a chain of women-faces in their glittering colours, peering at us in vain.



In others the buying of eggs got us an entrance — it gives a *raison d'être* for letting us in — but oh! how these stray visits of a scouting time like this makes one ache for the darkness that one leaves behind! They proved the place to be open, not much more, unless by some miracle of God's grace.



as far as the souls go.



Arissowas

and

the

Kadarnias —

And here more than in most places the sense of the darkness behind all the outward beauty is terrible. The town used to be split up into such fiefs in former days, that a man could not stray out of his own quarter without risk of his life.

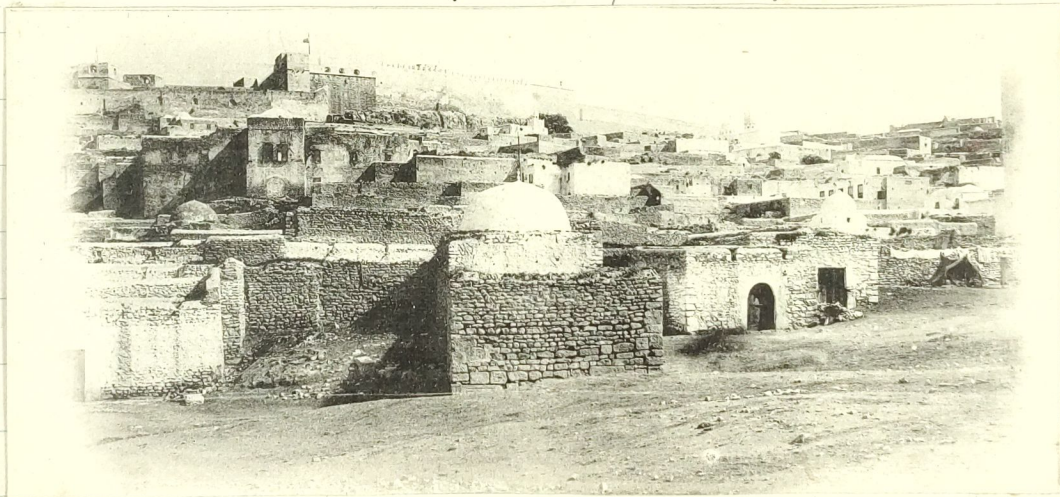
The relic of these factions exists still in its being split up into two antagonistic sets of devil worshippers, for such they practically are, the

Miss Briscoe saw one of the assemblies of the latter when she was here before, & says that it was unspeakably dreadful. An old man with a sweet face was presiding, & as he fixed his eyes on one after another of the brotherhood, there seemed at first to come a horror over them, then a fight with some mesmeric power - then a yielding which transformed them into the semblance of beasts, leaving them at last when the old man gave the sign of release absolutely exhausted.

It was worth coming though, to bring a few draughts of heavenly water to the one living soul in the hell-infested city - & we believe - Habib to be that, though weak & timid.

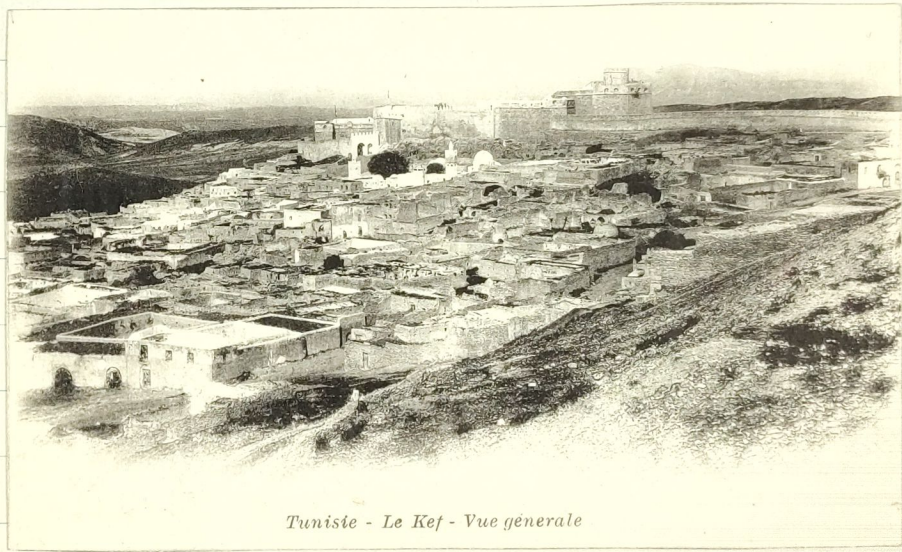
He got news somehow that we were there & came the

evening of our first day & each day after - in his working clothes & evidently straight from his work. He stayed always for reading & told Jim's Grierson frankly about the unsatisfactory episode he had been through. This, I think, is the street where he lives & the arched doorway in the right hand front may well be his house.



26.

Pray for him here. This was our last sight of him as the diligence trundled us off - & our last sight of the town -



Tunisie - Le Kef - Vue générale

Then came a wild bit of cross country tract to get to the nearest station westward - & that only just opened - again too long a story for detail now. It would be a beautiful centre from which to make for Younger & the villages around it, without having to go round by Bistra. We studied maps with Miss Bx & looked longingly at the gap in the mountain range where the road goes down. Oh! the joy it would be to be free for it!



Algiers June 19.

And now we are back again, gathering up the threads for the last time before the summer.

Fatima has been staying with Shay at Blida, & has been met & blessed by God there. The hardness we have noticed of late was the woman's heart in her, steeling itself against cruel wrong from her husband - - away there with Shay, the secret came out & her whole soul melted.

"I found her with her face shining." "a window has opened in your heart" I said "No - not a window, a shop door" was her answer.

And a shop door means with them an opening from right to left, without so much as a wall to frame it in.

all open everywhere - & her happy eyes bore witness that it was true.

June 23.

Today the marabout from Rovigo turned up - his tall spare figure in its Country garb was such a contrast to our town visitors.

He was very shy, & sat with his back to the door, that no passers up the stairs might recognize him.

Oriental politeness & generalities took up the first bit of the time - then - on the subject of the good barley harvest I think - he went on "God gives us all good - & we" - was the true Moslem refrain coming - " & we give Him back good?"

No - Hallelujah - "we only sin" that was how the sentence ended.

He tried to follow up the conclusion, but he sheered off afraid to commit himself farther. Then our talk went on to the Bible <sup>that</sup> Annie & Sascha had taken him, & its two parts - the part that shows the sinner, & the part that shows the saviour. A gleam of assent passed over the grave face - then he looked at his watch & rose & flung his mantle over his shoulder - gave us his address that we might let him know beforehand when we were coming & was gone.

Blida, June 26

I have come down for a last visit to Blida before



The summer - May has been telling me more about little Fatima - We have known that the wife of the owner of the house where she has been lately (the "moulla" in Arab parlance) had been dead against her - now it appears she is a sorceress & that 2 attempts have been made on Fatima - One was through her husband, & discovered by Mohammed her second boy. He came running in saying "O! mother eat not of thy food - father has been putting something in it - The last, a fortnight before she went to Blida, was poisoned food given her by the moulla herself, causing several days of intense suffering - Dear soul! it must have been a weary fight for her, what with the devil oppression outside & the heart bitterness darkening her spirit sky.

The utter rest of being away from it all & at peace again, just sent her to sleep & she slept & slept the greater part of the three days of her stay.

June 29.

We are anxious about Christa - all was settled for her going to Cherchelle for the summer where the missionaries would have looked after her. Now, at the last, her father, who is ill, wants her home in his village, 2 or 3 hours to the other side of Algiers - we fear it is with the intention of marrying her again. She has grown in spiritual perception & has had many bits of victory this spring & to outward appearance she is now free to follow her own way.

having been divorced. The Arab Law is that a girl must be married, whether she will or no: but that once married <sup>in free spirit</sup> she has the right of refusal. We are coming to the conclusion that this right is but a nominal matter, & that the will of her masculine relations can override it at any time, by force or fraud. And a young Arab woman always belongs to a man of some sort - to her father first, then her husband. If he fails she is back under her father's control - failing him her brothers - failing them her uncles & so on: & no appeal seems really to release her: it is part of the iron yoke of Islam that will not snap but by the touch of God's hand.

This is Christa overleaf. done these days by Habel Grantoff

She is standing on the gallery, outside one of the bedrooms windows: the sun in her eyes makes her frown, & takes away her merry look.

Helen Freeman is back from Pelizane & feels that it has had seals from God as being the place for her to begin in next winter.

It certainly looks by the map to be a



good strategic point, at the crossing of a line running north to the coast & south to the edge of the desert plateau with the main line between Africa & Iran - in latitude it is about  $\frac{1}{2}$  way between us & Morocco - This is the edge



of the Arab town - It runs down the hills behind, to the plain

Aug 4. Pamberley, England.

The last days in Algeria were too full for much writing & England bids fair to be a mosaic of close-fitting visits, for all has to go into 6 weeks as Sweden has come clearly into line as God's plan for the latter part of the summer. We are due to start the second week in next month, so as to be at Soderhelge near Stockholm, before the last day of their Swedish Keswick, which is held there.

Aug. 11.

"Shake & sing, ye that dwell in the dust: for thy dew is as the dew of dawn, & the earth shall cast forth her dead" (R.V.)

That is what we want in our Moslem lands - not that the dead souls should struggle out of their graves with painful effort - but be "cast forth" with the mighty power of God's resurrection.

And the happenings of these last weeks show a step that may any day usher in that out-casting. At Keswick on the Tuesday, Dr. Green of Arabia gave an address that was like a trumpet call to the Church to awake from her apathy over Islam, & the whole place was bowed with shame over that apathy. Was it a coincidence that three days after, Turkey took to find herself free!

Aug 28.

Today has brought the spiritual "happening" of the summer, <sup>personally speaking</sup> in a long talk with Evan Roberts which has brought a fresh outlook on prayer.

I was telling him of the weight of the spiritual atmosphere in Algiers & of the very fact of the endless things to pray over bringing the danger of being desultory & unconcentrated.

He gave great light on the way God will focus our prayer if we wait on Him - & that then we can quietly say "I want this done" with the assurance "he shall have whatsoever he saith." And he said if we could get 2 or 3 who understood how to follow



these laws of prayer & would pray through, the atmosphere would clear & blessing could come down. The whole talk has brought floods of light on the whole question.

Sept 9.

A letter from May Olive's about well-digging at Blida - a problem that needs solving before the hopes for native houses so needful for the work there, can be built. The old well runs dry in summer. It is an ikat one, built in a bottle shape of loose stones & everyone is afraid of meddling with it & our second attempt at a new one has failed.

After writing about pros & cons May goes on -  
 "I have been interrupted in this by a visit from  
 Abdelkad.

"from Algiers - you know the one you asked special  
 "prayer for in one of the journals - He has been very ill with  
 "haemorrhage from his lungs & is just a wreck of his former  
 "self - it is sad to see him like this. If we can we shall  
 "keep him for the night & get him to come on a visit: we feel  
 "it might be a time now for God to deal deeply with him,  
 "when he must be facing a time of likely weakness &  
 "suffering, so different to what had seemed his career."

Sept 12.

And now comes Sweden - we start on Monday night -  
 Whatever is done there God must do, for I never felt more  
 utterly at sea in my life. One can only plunge out in  
 Faith

on the long series of meetings down on the list sent us.

Oct 12.

I must pack the month into a few pages. For today we have crossed to Copenhagen, & have left Sweden behind.

We flew straight through, (but for a night in Hamburg) from London to Stockholm & awoke the 3<sup>rd</sup> day to find ourselves going through a world of steel coloured lakes & boulder-strewn fields & blue green pine forests, repeating each other in endless succession. An hour or two at Stockholm & then off again to the seaside town where the Swedish "Kildwick" is held.

It was in full swing & suddenly we were in a new family - dear friendly people who seized on us & made us welcome & conducted us forthwith to a most original meal, where everybody seemed feeding for themselves, as is the fashion here, collecting what they will on their plates from a huge table with numberless dishes.

There was a lovely sense of the unity of Christ's body, in the instant feeling of at-home-ness amid all the strange surroundings. The meeting there on the last day of the conference - the missionary day - was the first one of our list - then followed ten days or so in Stockholm - then 2 or 3 days rest & then other Swedish towns.

Of the whole land, the ones who drew one's heart out once for all were the young girls - the students in Upsala & the elder ones of the High Schools everywhere. There are such possibilities for God in their fair faces, sweet & strong:

And in every place without exception where we came in touch with them (& it was almost everywhere) there was such a sense of response. In each place too, there was some High School teacher whose heart kindled. One longed that some should give themselves altogether to taking God's Call to whole hearted consecration round among them "while He is near."

44



KØBENHAVN

Højbroplads

And now we have landed across the strip of land-locked water into another world - such a different world from the quiet undemonstrative Sweden; here all is alert, wide awake keen.

Oct 15.

We are lodged in a large house of 4 flats, filled from top to bottom with its hives of workers belonging to the Danish K. M. S. (Women's Missionary Society) - a branch of the Swedish K. M. S. who had invited us there.

Our Chief "rapport" lies with the top flat, where there are 16 girl students in training - we have Bible readings with them in the mornings & little missionary gatherings in the evenings & we feel that among them & their leaders

God has brought us it may be to the mine He has  
 Chosen from which workers can be drawn for this land.  
 It is a spiritual atmosphere of the truest type & yet  
 practical, natural, even merry - warm through & through  
 & sunny with love & fellowship. We watch God drawing  
 one & another towards the field He has given us & those over them only  
 rejoicing.

Oct-17.

A strange turn has come in the path that seemed  
 leading us south - a call to go back to Sweden & see  
 if the time has come to do anything more in missionary  
 meetings among the school girls - It so coincides  
 with the heart cry for them that has increased with



every contact, that there is God's seal over turning north <sup>again</sup>.

The story of the pillar of fire & cloud comes with fresh meaning in this happening. "All the night with a light of fire." While God's plan is as yet dark there is the beacon light of the inexplicable burning in one's heart in the direction toward which He would have us go: then when we begin to see His path, the day dawn brings the other guiding - the "Cloud for a covering" takes us under its canopy of rest all along so we can "go by day & by night".

Nov. 14

Nearly 3 weeks have gone since then, with plenty of proofs that it was God's pillar going before, though

His purpose seems to have been more in starting little currents for the future here & there than in following them up ourselves: it may be that to have launched on that would have taken us too long & too far now.

And here we are back in Copenhagen with fresh heart knitings that have the sense of a future about them rather than a past, as we leave them for Germany - each week seems to have been richer with God's enriching than the last, of late.

Freienwalde am Oder Nov. 10.

Another fresh welcome among the warm-hearted people here. It is a training home again - much larger than the last -

& they would gladly send us some of them: only being Germans it would not do. One long that Germany should arise for the Eastern Lands where God has given her liberty & influence just now.

We have had a spur to faith for the Blida well. When they built their third house here, water became scarce. They dug & dug & prayed & prayed. Then they came to a spring, but it proved unwholesome. They went on & came to rock. All seemed hopeless; it was too near the house for blasting & the day came when foreman & workmen threw down their tools & went away in dejection, saying all was useless & they would not return. - An hour or two after, one of the girls came running in,

saying "there is water in the well." And so there was & it  
 rose into a supply so abundant that the old well is now  
 superseded. The new one has the words carved above it  
 "Gottes Brunnem hat Wasser in der Fülle".

The dear leaders here, finding nothing else to give us,  
 have made us a costly & valuable contribution - a fine  
 plate press which was standing dis-used. It may have  
 a beautiful future for Arabic tracts & papers. Another  
 of the widening hopes that are growing from these weeks.

Miechowitz Nov. 18.

And God, as is His wont, has kept to the Past His  
"best wine."

The beginning of this final Chapter in our wanderings  
goes back to the bit when we returned to Sweden on the  
school girl's quest. He spent 3 or 4 of those days with a  
Baroness Kuxck whose heart ( & it is a big one ) God is  
kindling for the Holsten Cause.

She was full of thoughts as to whether we could get  
to see, on our way back, a great friend of hers in Saxton Germany.

He knew her by name having heard of her 3  
years ago

at Keswick - God used the silver clasps she tore off her Bible there. & sent up to the table, to raise a tide of giving to His Cause. She is at the head of one of these great German "anstalts," & Baroness Kurek longed that the needs of Moslem women should have a pleading there.

But it seemed a huge way off - on the very edge of Russia - & though Helen Freeman who takes my place in Algiers, sets us free for as long as we need, the weeks are turning into months.

But at Berlin came a pressing invitation from Sister Pova herself, who was passing through - By a chain of little goodings we came across her in the one half-hour she had

free there - our hearts were knit instantly, & we settled to wait till Saturday & come back with her.

She is unlike anyone I have ever met - a medieval saint stepped out into fullest light & freedom, with the special type of inward illumination that seems a heritage in all ages of the German "Friends of God."

Outwardly the place we have landed in is the ugliest & bleakest I have ever seen - a great mining district on a spur of the Carpathians, with the winds of all the Russias blowing across it & the thermometers at 27 degrees of frost.

Inwardly it is all aglow - just on fire with a spirit of sacrifice that does not even know itself to be sacrifice, it is so the <sup>natural</sup>

expression of love.

It was a small work with deep roots till the time of the Welsh revival. Sister Eva brought back thence a tide of God's blessing that flooded Meichowty. Since then all has grown at an amazing rate: before there were 24 sisters, now there are 150, & the household numbers 300 souls including orphans, students, infirm villagers, crèche babies, servant girls in training, & tramps in the night shelter - to say nothing of outposts, prison work & I know not what besides.

We are lodged in rooms off The Central Hall & before daylight the chorales begin there softly, like the singing



of birds in the dawn, & all day long there is a ripple of gladness everywhere, though the necessaries of life are reduced to their minimum, & that minimum made in its turn to cover the fresh calls that come incessantly.

Even the children have drunk in the passion for joining dear baby tots came in last night in a string, singing a hymn & bringing armful of their very best toys for the shut children - among them a precious Bavarian top that had been given for someone's birthday 2 days before. The whole place has been an inspiration.

Genoa. Dec. 2.

We came back via Switzerland, where we had our last

meeting in Berno a week ago. The score had run up to over 60 & I want first to tell those at home who helped in prayer for them, how faithful God was in the supply of the need, for He gave some fresh outline from His word for everyone. For that last one came the "benediction" in its missionary light - an echo from Niechojitz -

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ  
And the love of God.

And the fellowship of the Holy Ghost  
be with you."

We have so often listened to it as the soothing ending of a quiet service. In its full meaning it is a battle cry!

Algiers Dec. 4.

I have left the Algiers news to be given in retrospect. We are back again, with joyful thankful hearts, & much fresh hope in God.

It has had its lights & shadows - lights through the shadows would be more the truth.

The first shadow was before we left for Sweden, in the news that confirmed our fears over Chris's stay at her home - she was taken off to Ain Bessem, a Country place far in the interior, & married then to a well-to-do Cadi.

We do not hold her guilty, poor child - she probably could not resist the pressure on the human side, & half of her Craved

a home of her own - only we think if she had been quite true to her light, the way of escape would have been made for her until such time as a Christian marriage would have been possible. It is sad that she is so far off: probably it was arranged on purpose - Thank God it is not far off to the Great Shepherd of the Sheep & she seem hold in true.

The next shadow was far darker, & as yet is unrelieved, with the first days of October, when work was re-opened, came doubt over Sherifa: there was a strange unresponsiveness about her. Then came a bit when she seemed frightened, as Abd es Salaam was expected back - frightened & sad for the Lad Pucien died & she was not there. Then suddenly came the news that she

had been married the day before to a Kabyle grocer.  
 The saddest of the sadness was that she had been untrue  
 over it—so untrue as to make us feel there had been reason in  
 the misgivings over her that have come from time to time,  
 though whenever we put anything to the test our fears had proved groundless.  
 We had hoped so much for her: we hope still. Every thing is  
 against her on the side of human heredity—swindling, intrigue,  
 sorcery, have surrounded her from infancy: only the strongest inflow  
 of the Divine heredity can set her fully & finally free. At present  
 her husband keeps her close & no one has seen her.

Then the husbands of Fatma & Fata made a dead set on  
 their wives this Ramadan to force them to fast. Fatma was taken

before the Cadi on the subject & ordered to obey. She answered that she would yield obedience to his law & her husband's command, but that the fast was a forced one & not in her heart - Whereupon the Cadi spat at her & said to the husband "This is no true fast."

Blida too has had a hard bit of Ramadan fight, with much opposition to the lantern services, ending triumphantly in the decision of the Commissaire that they should be allowed to receive the boys who had been threatened & libelled for coming - & the last weeks meetings brought a better victory in the hush of God's Presence coming down on them. There & here they have felt

such a backing of prayer & fellowships through the days that Mr. Smetton of Anmerley passed with them the early part of November. He "ministered grace" - may God bless him for it.

So far for retrospect. It is now Dec. 12 & today has brought us a beautiful gift: up at the English Cottage Hospital at Mustapha dear twins have come to May & Michel Olive - boy & girl. We are so glad with them & feel a sense of joint possession!

Dec. 14.

Michel Olive has of course been much up & down these last days between Algiers & Blida & has watched with us the ebbing of another young life - that of Abdel Kader - "the slave of the

mighty one" - of whom I wrote in the spring.

He has failed very quickly, as these natives do when Consumption sets in: he is glad to see us when we get him by himself. Today I said to him "I believe your heart's trust is in Christ alone, but it is a hidden secret between you & God." There came a pathetic smile over his shadowy face at being understood - then a quick French "aisez-vous" as his sister in law passed the doorway - It is but a reed & a bruised reed - yet we think the Lord will get music out of it in heaven if not on earth.

Dec 18.

The little "Sargaf" girls have gone on growing in numbers



This autumn - a queer hostess spirit was on them for a time - now it has broken again, & we feel the time has come for promoting some of them to learning household work which would bring them for longer hours about the house. The first of them is Fatma bent Yaba, who is to begin her new duties tomorrow. Here she is that you may love her



& pray for her. It may be some solution will come thus in the future to the problem of servants: never have we been brought to such a death in that direction as in these last weeks. We are definitely praying that the turn of the year may bring a relieving

Dec. 20.

Abdel Kader is gone. We remember how last spring he said that if only he could go to England he could be a Christian. Now he has found "a better country" where he can be free - so we believe -

Ever since our return we have been watching, Helen

Greenman + I for the moment of going off to Relizane to look for rooms there for her, for her hope is to begin there with the New Year. Hitherto we have been hindered through her being disabled with a sprained foot so it must wait on now till Christmas, with its extra work, is over.

The Cover shows the outskirts of its native town; - it lies as the "skyline" of horizon for us just now, with the dark province of Oran behind it.

Dec. 24

God's Christmas present has come to the land with

Christmas Eve. Today has brought us the first package of finished copies of St Luke's Gospel - a real "day spring from on High" has visited us in this.

The wonders that He can do with a single fragment of His word has been proved out here this year once more. During the spring a Kabyle sheikh suddenly began preaching Christ as the Saviour of the world, going from village to village in the mountains of Kabylia with a few disciples. His light may be deficient, it is not yet clear what line he has taken with regard to Islam, yet his influence is strong Christward & he preaches Him as the Lamb of God & the Sin bearer,

is beginning to have a following among the young men of those districts. It was through a Gospel given in Algiers to his secretary by M. Crenet that God met him.

We have heard last summer of a similar case in Central Africa - The native preacher there, <sup>was</sup> brought to God likewise without any direct human instrumentality from Islam - He has gone further than the Kabyle sheikh for his work has extended, all unknown, over several years, little scattered groups of converts are springing up, linked together by his visits & by a gospel paper that he issues. It may be that with miracle touches such as these God will deal with the Jericho walls of Moslem opposition, crumbling

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them from within "He shall be broken without hand."

So this first gospel that will be understood from  
Cover to Cover by the Kings of Algeria goes out on a  
flood-tide of hope in "the same Lord over all, rich  
unto all that call upon Him."

Will you join in the Call?

J. Elias Trotter  
2 Rue du Croissant - Algiers

Addresses for forwarding

Please note the  
alterations

- Miss E. Targett - The Grange, Idmeston - Salisbury  
 Miss Colclister - Mrs. A. Springburn House, Postgate St. Blackburn  
 Miss Webster - <sup>42, Brompton Road, Edgbaston - Birmingham</sup> ~~All Souls Rectory, Westminster London W~~  
 Lady Perkins - The Chestnuts, Sudbury, Middlesex  
 Mrs Shaw - <sup>12, Pillville Villas, Cheltenham</sup> ~~Oak Manor - Bathdown - Cheltenham~~  
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 Mrs Arthur Prior - The Mornings - Key Ferry Road - Northwood  
 Mrs Mabel Kirkpatrick - The Grange - ~~Northwood~~  
 Miss Irving - Inverness House - 80 Highbury New Park - N.  
 Miss Mabel Rickard - Elvaston, Thurston Park St. <sup>West End Church</sup> } to be returned to Miss Trotter  
 20 Brompton Road, London N.W.



name Target	received	received	forwarded
Min Winstler	Mar 10 <sup>th</sup>		Mar 13 <sup>th</sup>
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Lady Perkins	Mar. 19		Mar 22
Mrs Shaw	March 24		" 30
Min Solken	" 31 <sup>st</sup>		Apr 5 <sup>th</sup>
Min Williams	6		" 30
Mrs Mack	April 30 <sup>th</sup>		May 5 <sup>th</sup>
Min Druce	waited for delivery		
Lady Bodmote	May 6		
S. L. Dwyer Sr	May 11 <sup>th</sup>		May 14 <sup>th</sup>
Mrs Kirkpatrick	" 15		" 18
Mrs A. Prior			
Min W. Kirkpatrick			
Min Irving	May 24 <sup>th</sup>		May 29 <sup>th</sup>
Min Dickard			