

"NEVERTHELESS



A.D.

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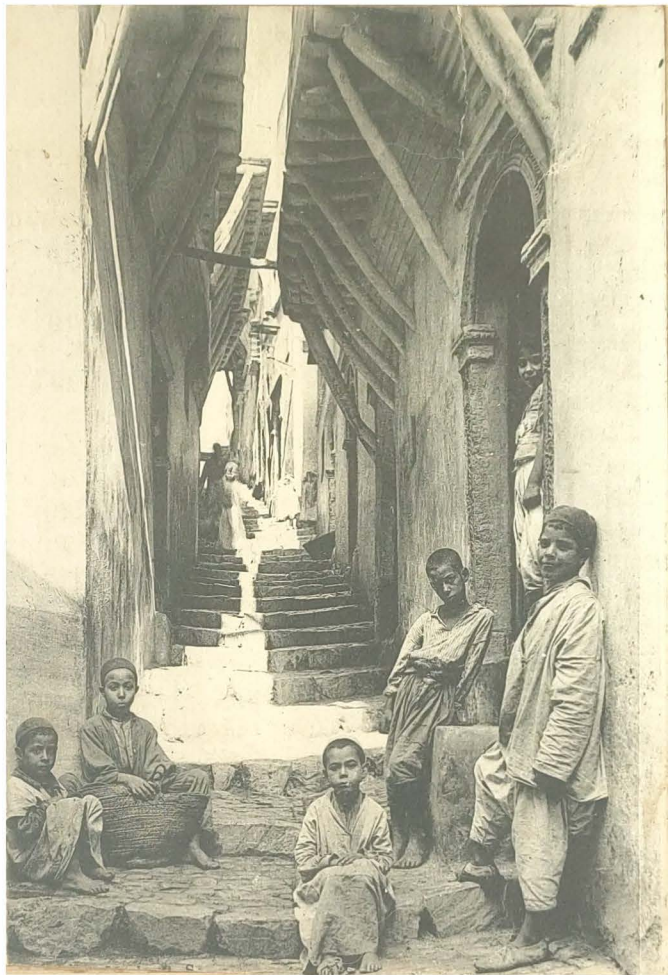
AT THY WORD I WILL LET DOWN THE NET"

January.1. 1910.

We are puzzled about the Blida well. The water supply is beautiful, but practically it seems for the time being, almost out of reach from its depth. Over & over they have given up drawing & gone down to Blida for water instead. The Arab lads have given up, & Michel Olives has worked it till he has given himself a bad strain. So we feel we have not yet full victory, & that when we get the water really available it will somehow mean a fresh setting free of the living water from the Eternal Hills of GOD.

The wire cable is giving from the strain, the axle is half worn through from the same cause, & the valve of one bucket hopelessly jammed. So it is time for something to happen.

Jan.2. A letter from Villon about their Christmas fêtes- the first keeping of the Lord's birthday down in the desert. Hallelujah! Opposition has begun to rise, as might be expected: some of the girls have dropped off saying it is 'haram.' A tiny thing named Ficha holds fast by M^{me}. Villon, saying "if the rest will not come so much the worse for them- I am coming." The same taking sides has begun among the boys & younger men. It is always a sign of a further stage when GOD divides between the light & the darkness, so we are glad. Villon has a room now for the lads & men near the market, rented at 4 francs the month, & he has got a big Bible into a fresh Zaouia which is always a joy!



Jan.3. The first onward step of the new year in Algiers has been that Laurent Olives has come definitely into the work. For the past six months he has been doing factotum at El Biar & here, gradually gaining hold of the little lads who are always round our doorstep. Now we feel at last that the hold is gained & that we have between the painting & the carpentering the clue to them that GOD has given with the girls by the embroidery. We think it is coming in the same unfolding, i.e. that the leverage lies in having them daily. Till we came back in October he has been nearly every afternoon in our native cafe adjoining the house, making or mending furniture for Miliana or Blida, & all the time there may be seen six or seven small fellows buzzing round under his heels, hammering, planing, working the carpenters benches with all their might- wonderfully good & docile, & marching up with him to the Bible Class with their precious little half-made tables & brackets etc. tucked under their arms.

So now that his first term of six months help has come to an end, we think there is this growing point to be tended, & that we must offer him to stay on. Dear fellow, he answered that he had offers lately for the renewal of his former work, but he felt if it were not too much 'sacrifice' for us he would like to stay on: & his eyes were full of tears when we said how glad we were.

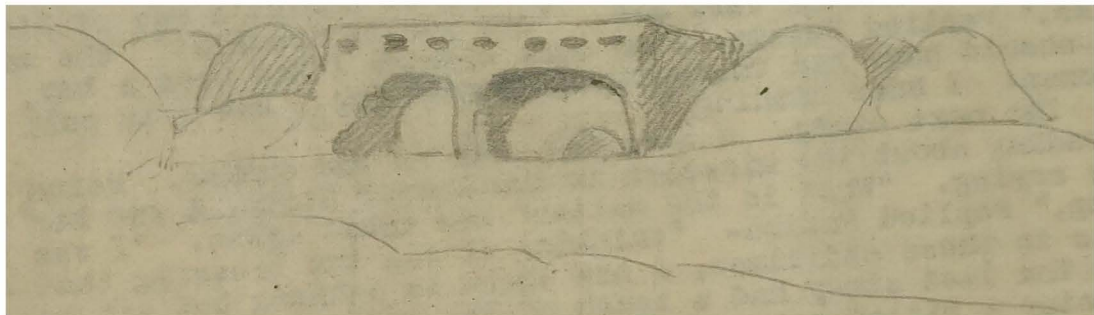
woke that strange burning longing that generally means some way of the Lord behind it, though one hardly sees how they are to be reached, distant as they lie from any European centre.

Jan.7. There is a Fatima here about whom Helen has often written: we went to see her to-day. The first story about her was last spring. Helen was talking of Christ's way of life, & saw her looking very sad. "Are you in trouble?" she asked. "No," replied Fatima, "I am only wishing I had been a boy, then I should have had wherewith to answer you. But I am only a woman: I know nothing."

The next story- a step on- was in the summer. Helen was reading about the miracles in the Gospel Story, & saw her quietly crying. "What is the matter" she asked again. "I was thinking," replied Fatima- "thinking of all the blessing that there was in those old times, & now there is nothing but sin around."

The last story had a touch of the comic. Helen offered her sister a bit of cake & told her there was no lard in it, so she need not fear. "I do not fear" was Fatima's answer, "Do you think you could speak to us as you do the words of GOD, if lard passed your lips! "

Now a great sorrow has fallen- sudden & almost total blindness after terrible pain in her head. She described the pain to-day. "It was at first like two knives twisting about in my



forehead, & then little crackling pains everywhere in my head like parched corn that dances in the pan! "

The dark eyes are clear & beautiful, but their light is quenched, & she sits beside her dying daughter of twelve, with a look of touching patience on her chiselled face. The youngest girl, an imp of six, frequents Helen daily, nimble & wide-awake as a dancing sprite.

Jan.9. To-day's post brought good news from El Oued. It runs thus- "The boys & girls have come back in good numbers, & the meeting room answers well.... I think of going on Monday to Amiche to see a man who is very interested. I think I told you of him in my last letter. He saw Miss Cox at Touzer. I have given him some tracts, & I saw him this morning at the market. He says there are several men who come to read with him in the evenings: "There are some who read the tracts," he says, "others who burn them." I have not had a chance of talking to him yet as it was at the market. Pray for him. His name is Mohammed El Mennai."

It is lovely to think of that day-dawn in a Souf village- the vision remains of them, through the years since we have seen them, half buried in their creamy sand-dunes, gloriously lit against the dead-blue sky, utterly dark as regards the True Light.

Opposite is the gate of one of them from a journal of long ago.



what would I do if I died because I have so many sins, & I ask Rebbi to forgive me." I never saw a boy in such earnestness- we had prayer & he prayed, naming his different sins one after the other, & took forgiveness in Christ; he was at once full of joy & to-day is quite another boy, praying gladly & naturally before the others at prayers,.... Kaddour too is different- poor Mohammed we believe was going forward when temptation conquered."

This is Belkassém's merry face caught by a visitor up there.

And oh Hallelujah, the well is working as never before. Laurent Olives spent Saturday there, & he & M.Michel worked till 7 at night- took everything to pieces, heated & straightened the parts that were bent, & slung it again, & it went so easily that May could work it. It comes with such a joyful seal in the sense that the living water is within our reach all around.

Jan.12. Here too at Relizane all seems to me full of hope- such a thawing in the spirit atmosphere- all the suspiciousness of last year gone, & there is an amusing friendliness of footing between Helen & her neighbours- in the week since we came we have had contributions as follows- mandarins, 18 eggs, couscous & meat (twice), raisins, sausages, sfendges (native pancake), dates & nuts, beans & stewed wheat, almonds monkey-nuts & dates, a pomegranate, & twice, a loaf of home-made bread!

Jan.13. And Alleluia again, & such an Alleluia this time, for the well has sprung up here. Since writing the above I went to see Chrira with Helen, & to-day went back alone with some message.

This Chrira is the young wife of Si Miloud, a well-to-do lawyer of whom I wrote when here last year. She is a handsome creature, queen of the household though only 17 or 18, & so full of exuberant life that her husband, who is not opposed, is glad that Helen should go constantly, to break the monotony of her days.

She has listened from the first with an open heart, & when we went to see her the other day one felt the true responsiveness, though she was in much distress over a bracelet belonging to her aunt- it had been left in her care, & now her mother-in-law had taken it & sold it, & she was held responsible.

But to-day the storm had blown over somewhat & her face was quiet & bright as she bent over the bit of girgaff I had brought her from Helen to pass the time.

Then she let the work drop & began to talk. "I have had a dream" she said, "it was the night after you were here. I saw two kanouns (fire-pots)- in the one was a very little fire, nearly going out- in the other was a bright strong fire that was increasing. Someone was standing by & he said, "Knowest thou what these two fires mean?" I said "No" He went on- "the little fire that is nearly out is the religion of the Arabs: they pray & they give alms & witness & fast & they say "Inshallah" we shall

go to heaven" But the bright fire is what your friend has told you about Jesus. There is no 'Inshallah' about that- You have to leave the old fire & come to the new."

"GOD has spoken to you now," I said, "it was He who sent that dream to your heart."

"Yes" she answered, "I believed before- I had never heard these things till she came, but I believed them. I believed," & with a ring in her voice, "now I know. I told them all about it in the morning: some said it was nonsense, & some said it was true."

"Yes, it is true" I answered. "The religion of the Arabs is a very little fire because there is very little love in it; they fast & they witness because those around do so; they give alms that people may praise them: they do good works, not because they love GOD, but so that they may win heaven.

It is a very little fire, & at the day of judgment you will see it has gone out. But the good news about Jesus lights a great fire in our hearts, because it tells how He loved us and suffered till He died for us.

And you see in your friend's heart that this fire is burning because she left her home in England to come out for the Arabs & then she left Alger & came to live here all alone because she loves you in Relizane; & if you leave the old fire that is going out & come to the new fire, it will burn in your heart too, and everything you bear or do or say for Jesus will be another bit

of charcoal to make it burn brighter."

She sat drinking it all in. "Yes, that is the meaning. I am one of you now. I am your sister & the sister of the others in the world- do they have dreams too? "

"Some of them have if they cannot read, because GOD wants to speak straight to them: He has spoken straight to you."

"Yes, He has spoken. I know it all now," & her face shone. "I have been wanting one of you to come, so as to tell you."

It was glad news to take back to Helen- the firstfruits of Relizane unto Christ.

Jan.31. This morning brings another happy letter from Blida. May Olives writes-

"To our surprise & joy yesterday Kaddour broke out at prayers "O Lord save me, save me from lying- Lord save me from insulting O Lord save me from all my sins for Christ's sake."

It was good as it came naturally from himself, & we believe he is trusting Christ as his Saviour. Little Belkassem is full of joy. I asked him at prayers what GOD had done for him, and he answered, "I gave Him my heart & He has given me joy & taken away my fear." His prayer was "Lord I praise Thee for Thou hast saved me with the Blood of Jesus."

Mohammed came back to-day softened a bit, but not yet as we long to see him."

These days have brought us two more Danish visitors; Miss Collet & Miss Wolff, from the Copenhagen Training Home that has sent us Alma Krebs & Ellen Dagenskolw- It is their first contact with the dark lands in which their lives are linked at home. I feel GOD must have some special ministry for us in being the nearest of all those dark lands- a visualizing point within such easy reach.

I must put in here a photograph by Kitty of the little house-maidens in their present band, including Melha in the middle. It is the best we have had yet.

Feb. 13th. Blow & counterblow have been coming these days over our negro element. Belaid has been bringing for the last two or three Sundays a great strapping new-comer named Rabbah, with an honest face & a child-like spirit, & our hopes have gone up over him- now comes a bad damping, in that an attempt is being made to get Belaid & Ali off to another of these exhibitions- Buenos Ayres this time, where they must get mixed up with much that is evil.

Belaid's little shop has run down ~~down~~ to the last ebb of emptiness & dishevelledness; & debt lies in front of him if not on him, so it is natural that he wants to take the chance of a dollar a day for four months, with the fresh chance it will

give- & our poor big Ali, with his lazy slave-nature, is always in straits.

The miracle of Cana has been shining out these days- "Fill the waterpots with water" has been their watchword- undiluted weakness transmuted into undiluted strength- It seems to me as if the first thing we expect of GOD is that He will tinge our water with the wine of His power- then when we learn a little better we look for His wine, but feel it must still have an admixture of our water- it is but slowly that we come to see that the mingling is not His way with us, it is all weakness, up to the brim, exchanged for His "all power."

Feb. 16th. We have had long talks with Belaid twice this week- & we hope the die is cast against Buenos Ayres. & fresh light came in the last talk. I said, "If you listen to what the Bible says, do you think it is right to stock your shop afresh by going into fellowship with things that belong to the darkness.

"If I listened to what the Bible says," he answered in his slow ponderous way, "I should give up my shop altogether & go & preach the Gospel."

Of course this freed us all the more to urge it on him- was not this GOD's break. We want to see. -There are things in him that do not seem consistent with being a declared worker

for GOD ...unless in this breaking free he made a clear sweep of all.

Feb. 18th. Down to Blida with Alma this afternoon for a week-end there with Miss Collet who came on two days before, to see how all is going on in the two houses before settling in for the Revision, & to investigate the room up on the hillside above at Mera Meritha, that sounds as if it would do for the next tiny out-post, to gather in the village children in that direction who cannot come as far as Ouled Sultane, & to be a rendez vous for the women.

The Mera Meritha room is simply perfect. A long strip of orchard reaches to the high road, full of figs & pomegranate & cherry trees, the grass under them is starred with huge golden celandines. Then comes an enclosure with 3 or 4 ghourbis, this one standing apart from the rest with arched doorway & thick plaited thatch of rushes- one longs for the day to come when we could camp up there away from all sights & sounds of civilization. Meanwhile we are going straight on with the bargain for a year's lease.

Such a terrible story of the Evil One's power was told me by Sascha to-day. A woman from a far away village was visiting in a house where she went & asked her help.

A horrible kind of nightmare seizure comes over her & her

husband.... no-.. I think I cannot write it down, it is so dreadful, but it gives one a fresh sight of the strongholds for Satan that lie in these innocent looking mountain hamlets where the evil of the great cities seems so far away- & the Mera Meritha room must be a battlefield, not a playground.

There is another district that is cheering us- Relai by name, an hour or two away in another direction among the hills. Relai was the one group of villages that in old days baffled all our attempts to reach it. Our mule-driver, Si Ali, never would take us there, saying that their district was at feud with them, & that they were a bad lot. Insistance would have meant a brawl, so we waited on.

All unknown to us, our master builder of last year came thence, & so at last the opening came. Personally he was a stiff Moslem, but a hold was gained among the workmen who came with him, & in one & another it has grown to a spirit of earnest listening.... "Blessed are all they that wait for Him"...

It is the most open now of any of the groups of villages around.

Feb. 24th. We are up here at El Biar for the three days of prayer for the Moslem world. Miss Collet & Miss Wolff have come up from Blida & are with us, having left Alma down



in Rue du Croissant 111. We are anxious about her- the fever runs higher than influenza should go - 104 & even 105. Yet influenza is all that the Doctor will allow it to be, though he did to-night suggest the fear of small-pox or typhus. Annie Whisler is nursing her, with Ellen's help.

Miss Collet took this snap on the roof the other day, of Ellen & some of her kindergarten babies- the two on her lap Melha, & Fatima's curly headed Abderrahman, have been promised each other in marriage by their respective mothers, and are quite aware of the fact. Melha stated the other day that she should require him to live with her mother, as she does not want to go to another house.

Feb. 27th. It has been such a Sunday! yesterday evening came the news that Alma's case was pronounced typhus, & all the morning & early afternoon was taken up in getting her transferred to the French Fever Hospital, as the English Hospital proved unable to take her, & no nurse was to be obtained. They were hours of terrible strain till she was safely lodged there, for one of the sudden falls of temperature in the morning reduced her to exhaustion, & it needed all her calm faith in GOD to carry her through.

Feb. 28th. Dar Naama still.

On the top of this came Mr Summers' arrival to-day, to start on a month's work up here at the revision of St. John in the Colloquial, which will mean 6 or 8 hours work a day.

Miss Collet & Miss Wolff were to have left for Biskra, but are staying on now, hoping to see the crisis past first.

March 4th. They have been terrible anxious days- it was a balance of life or death, we knew, in that room in the Fever Hospital- & the difficulty in getting letters has added to the tension. Finally we have been able to get communication through the Danish consul, & it would seem now that the worst is over- Oh, thank GOD.

The double tension is that the days of quarantine for the house below, cannot be over till Monday at the very soonest, & we look eagerly for the news that comes up twice a day. A fresh cry of thanksgiving goes to GOD for each pencil note that tells that all is still well with those who ran such a terrible risk in the nursing, for the infection in typhus is strong & subtle.

March 7th. To-day came the joy of bringing Annie & Ellen up here. Annie feels strongly, as I have felt, that it has

been an attack of the powers of darkness with the intent to stop the work. And there is something fiendish about the fever. "Smouldering" is the meaning of its name, & it seems as if it were indeed set on fire of hell in its suffering & its deadliness.

And yes, to-day brought two other rays of joy in the re-appearance of our two lost little Aissahas. "Rouiba Aissha" as we call the one who was taken away last summer, & who is now back in the town & half promised once ~~more~~ more to us, & the half Jewish child who has been given & taken two or three times from El Biar. The latter was brought by her father, very ailing- her round merry face sharpened to a hatchet expression that brings out all its Jewish characteristics. She has a heavy cough & only sits by the fire gazing into it with big eyes.

March 9th. The work over St. John's Gospel goes slowly- it is even more full of interest than the revision of St. Luke, & from the very nature of the truths taught in it, needs still more careful weighing. It is not the question of just giving a Gospel in words that the people can understand, but to give them the germ of a spiritual language in which the things that the Holy Ghost teaches

can be expressed- the dearth of this seems in the inverse ratio to the richness of the tongue for all secular purposes.

In one of the big dictionaries that we have there are five quarto columns, 296 verbs in all, describing physical walking- such as "walking with the feet turned in," "walking with a stick," "walking, swinging the arms," "walking with dragging steps," "walking bare-foot," etc., yet with all this wealth, not one word that expresses the righteousness in which the heavenly path must be walked.

These words for the spiritual realities have to be grafted on to the colloquial, waiting for the sap of the new life to weld them in & flow through them.

March 11th. The little Aissha here has been so ill, with high fever by night & drowsiness by day that we have sent her off to the French Hospital for native women and children, for more skilled care than we can give her, till she is better.

March 13th. A word in Job has come in Spirit & Life these days. "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field." The very things that are obstacles- stumbling blocks in the way, may, when the chastening of GOD (of

which the context tells) has had its way, be taken as helps instead of hindrances! We may take our very impediments into partnership in the work of our sanctification, praise be to His Name!

March 15th. Sunday closed the full fortnight which is the probable extent of typhus infection, so a new thanksgiving rises for the safety of Annie & Ellen. It has been a fresh proving of the power of claiming victory through the Blood of Christ from the "Fiery darts" for body as well as soul. I believe we have still much to learn about this.

Annie is more exhausted though, with the strain of the fight, than we knew at first, & the re-opening of the children's work below, which depends on her, (as I am kept fast by the Revision sittings), has still to be deferred. All seems to have fallen into such irregularity again, just as an orderly course of things seemed getting established. One comfort is that regularity is not the mark of a battlefield! "Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise!"

March 16th. The Mera Meritha room is ours for a year; that is one point gained. A great page of names of joint owners who at last with many palavers have settled themselves on their mutual rights, is signed by them, in con-

sideration of the sum of £4 for the year, part of which will be refunded by the orchard produce, which, with the grass, is let for the summer.

And with that step on for the villages, comes, as is so often the case, a fresh horizon beyond. Sascha writes that from Relai, that last won ground, an offer has come to Michel Olives that if he likes to build a house up there & teach the boys reading, the land would be given him, & if needful £4 a year! an offer that means something from a Moslem village, though one does not yet see its practical outcome.

March 21st. Two more bits of light along the skyline with which GOD so often helps us along when the foreground is rough.

One is that a visitor at the Oliyage, Mrs Howe, wife of a London clergyman, has come by a seeming chance across our path, & is full of helpfulness. She is specially keen on the thought of a camp for girls- English girls- that has been simmering for some time- & sees ways of futhering it at home.

The other, coming the very next day, was a sudden proposal from Helen that the time had come when she could carry

out another hope that has lain hidden in my heart of late, with only a cry now & then to GOD that it may be brought to pass. It is that of a van for reaching the places off the beat- Oh how I have longed for one as the only possible solution for those "douars" on the tablelands & plains, trending away & away far beyond reach from any European centre.

A couple of men, or a man & his wife, could use it for weeks together without any of the exertion of pitching and re-pitching a tent- the van could be left in charge of a native at the nearest accessible point, the mules unharnessed & used for riding to the huts or tents day after day, till it was time to drive on further- It is just the one light that has come on the problem of getting to them- a problem that has often brought an intense sense of longing with it. And now it seems as if the clue is there.

March 25th. We have been much weighed down in heart these last days over Belaid. We told him that we had a plan to propose to him, that would set him free to follow GOD's call, if it really were GOD's call to him to leave his shop; & we have asked him one Sunday after the other to come up & talk it over.

He said he had refused the Buenos Ayres offer, but he has never come to talk over the alternative, but has always

had some excuse.

Finally came a great sense of burden over him- & then the news, to our sorrow, that the offer, more pressing than ever, had been made him- (he is such a splendid looking fellow as to size, that he is in great request for these things) & that he had consented.

Villon has been backwards & forwards to see if there were any means of getting him off- it seems hopeless for he has signed the papers & we feel that at heart he wants to go..... The only thing that could be done, & that has, we hope, been affected, is that his post among the players & dancers has been changed to that of a camel-driver, in which there is far less contact with the evil side of the place.

March 27th. March has nearly gone, & still the Algiers work is in abeyance, for Annie is still too run down to be able to take up work again, & I am not yet free. It seems so like the work of the enemy that all should be broken up, for just before, all was opening like a flower- the mothers were beginning to ask that their girls should stay the whole day instead of the half, & had promised to let them come & sleep, two at a time, week about, & plans were ripening for getting hold of the elder lads by teaching them the Kabyle



chip-carving. Now all except Laurent Olives little carpenter-boys, has come to a dead-lock in the very heart of the spring, for Kitty & the other younger ones could do nothing alone, & have stayed on here to work at language study- & now Kitty herself is far from well.

March 29th. The links have been rivetting with Mrs Howe, & she has gone with Annie for a few days to Blida, specially to see the village people.

One story comes back thence that must be recorded, of Sascha's menage. Her latest houseboy comes for the wage of 50 centimes a week, & takes 3 hours to go to market & back, the market, at a boy's pace, being 10 minutes off. As a method of ensuring a quicker return, his bit of bread for breakfast now gets pared smaller & smaller the longer he delays- which is a master-stroke.

April 1st. To-day has brought the Inaugural Meetings of the Methodist Episcopal Mission. One felt one had been in a new world when the morning session was over- All was so keen, alert, far-sighted. It was good to hear the unwavering assertion that they had come to stay- that they never set their foot down in any land to take it off again. It is a sequel to the far back day when we wondered what we

could possibly do to use the opportunity of the visit of those two ships. GOD had His thought working out far back of our helplessness.

April 3rd. A curious new turn has come in our wheel. Annie went yesterday to meet Mrs Howe at Rue du Croissant where we were gathering the children to a coffee feast, with a view to rallying them once more for the daily classes next week. Just as they were beginning Mrs Howe was taken very ill, and no promise could be given them. Annie is nursing her there till to-morrow & then, if she can be moved will take her back to the Olivage, and care for her till her husband can come over to her. So once more all is deferred.

Another thing that points to the deferring still is that Kitty has been getting rapidly worse these last days, & the Doctor does not hide from us that he is anxious.

We are waiting from day to day for her admission to the Nursing Home at Mustapha, & her brother & sister have also been telegraphed for.

It has been most difficult to get her the care she needs for it has come in the busiest week of the year, with the Conference beginning here to-morrow. We felt like putting

it off, but Bishop Hartzell begged that we would not do so, & offered to come up himself to speak- so it seemed as if the way led right forward blindly, in hopes of furthering the welding between the old elements & the new, though (with the uncertainty to the last) it had to be without speakers settled, or even definite outline of subject.

April 6th. Kitty was carried off safely to the Nursing Home to-day, & we are so thankful to think that at last she can get full comfort.

It has been very hard to concentrate ourselves on the meetings with the flitting of telegrams and telephone messages, doctors visits & the anxious faces of her nurses, & even without these complications it would have been a difficult Conference in some ways. Still it has brought the welding & the rallying that we hoped for & that may mean more on ahead than appears as yet.

April 9th. To-day's event was the welcoming back of a very frail-looking Alma, tottering along the garden path at Dar Naama from the carriage that brought her from the Hospital, & only fit to be put to bed. It is a gladness to see her there! Ellen is mounting guard for a few more days of semi-isolation. Dear Alma, she could hardly sleep last

night, for the joy of her coming liberty!

April 11th. At last back at Rue du Croissant & its work. Ammie is still in charge of Mrs Howe, & Ellen must take care of Alma for weeks to come, so of all our staff of February, only Mdlle Gayral & I remain on the field here. Blanche has come down to see us started, and then we hope for Mary Watling from Miliana for a reinforcement.

Typhus is still rife all round, & we feel the need of a daily garrison of prayer that no harm may come from the daily gathering of the children from houses that may or may not be infected. Fata has woke up at last from her hereditary fatalism on the subject, and does her best to investigate doubtful cases. It is no easy matter as the natives are in terror now of being taken to the Hospital, & hide their sick accordingly.

April 13th. Another sorrow has fallen. That little half-Jewish Aissha has passed away. Her father took her out of the Children's Hospital where she was being cared for, & almost immediately the chest trouble that they were fighting there, must have taken an acute form- probably pneumonia, for in a very few days she was gone to a better

earing: we cannot doubt that, we who know the Saviour of the little ones. It was a soul that we always felt would have blossomed, baby soul though it was, if well out of its blighted atmosphere. It is well out for ever now!

April 14th. A beautiful sequence has come, the very next day. One of the dropped stitches of the past is being caught up and knitted in. Two years ago "Little Fatima's" elder sister Zehour, with three irrepressible baby girls, came to stay a fortnight down here in this house, so wild from the country as to be uncontrollable in town quarters. They were placed in Sascha's charge, & we called them her locusts, for they swarmed everywhere & ate up their day's food in one big meal. Finally they went back to their village, and their straits have been many, Zehour being lame & a widow.

Last autumn the question was mooted whether Blanche would receive them at Dar Naama, as the ghourbi where they lived was wanted for a stable. She assented & the day was fixed, but they never arrived.

Nothing more definite transpired till this week, when suddenly they all landed at Little Fatimas. We summoned them yesterday to be interviewed here by Blanche, & her heart ran out to them. The children were bundled up in clean

washed garments & came solemnly forward one by one to kiss her hand, their demure, swathed up country faces shewing how they felt the importance of the occasion, down to the three year old Zuleiha, who is the image of Henry the Eighth.

So they have gone off, under Mdlle Gayral's care, to be installed in the native court up there, where we had the children's camp last summer. We have a great hope that they have come to stay- for no one wants a crippled woman with three tiny girls. It has come as a doubly good gift when little Aissha had just gone out of our reach to the other shore.

April 17th. One more thinning of our ranks, for Kitty has started for England by doctors orders- a most difficult journey in her weak state and needing Millicent's help as well as her sisters, to get her through. They have gone bravely off, carrying our hearts with them in love & prayer.

April 18th. The van seems to have dropped down from the skies! Villon put in an advertisement last week- and three different people answered, all telling him of one & the same article. He went on Saturday to inspect it, and now off to secure it and to get it lodged at Dar Naama till it starts on its way.

It is there, & is another of those wonderful bits of supply to the need that each fresh opening has been.

It belonged to a lion-tamer & is painted red! All the fittings of a travelling bedroom are in perfect order, and the outside plannings are so perfect for the work- A platform that hooks on the shafts for speaking or magic lantern meetings- and slings on the sides for plank seats for the same- the platform goes like a shelf under the van, and makes a bed for a native servant. We just look at it and wonder. If we had had the devising of it we could not have invented anything better for its purpose.

April 29th. To-day brought its dedication. Mr Smeeton was with us for it- and we all mounted inside to give it, and its future, into GOD's Hands. Mr Smeeton had a bit out of Numbers 7. for it, that rejoiced us much. "They brought their offerings before the Lord... a wagon...^{for} the service of the tabernacle of the congregation!" May it be so.

Down below here, the children are coming back, with careful watching from Fata, to keep them away as far as possible when they come from infected houses, for typhus



gets more & more rampant. It is a day of small things at the best, for Mdlle Gayral and I are the only ones left of the staff down here. Annie has had to go away for a rest, and Ellen can only be spared from her care of Alma, to take the kindergarten babies in the mornings. Their hen-house on the roof has become a small oven, with the spring heat, so they have been promoted to the native Hammam (bath-room), that used to be Helen's den. It is cool all day long, & within a few steps of the court for a scamper round between their bits of lesson-play.

This is a scene I came on there just now, with Melha in a subdued state of mind in a corner, having just thrown something at Ellen's head, and informed her in forcible Arabic that she was an idiot! You need to know what an irrepressible monkey she is, to appreciate the sight of her, reduced to this state of humiliation.

April 28th. Overleaf is a "snap" of Alma under a prickly pear hedge, done by Ellen for her mother. It shews that the life-tide that had ebbed out so far is rising again. Thank GOD.

May 1st. Annie is able to settle in now, and Ellen can leave her patient, so it looks as if we could fight on now for a bit, though with crippled numbers.



Only as the girls gather, the boys are scattering, through another of the blows that have come with this spring. Our dear Laurent Olives is seriously ill. It was just before we settled back here in Algiers that Pata's old husband came toddling up one day to say "Belabbes is ill." After much wondering & questioning we found that it was his version of "Olives" & that he had been unable to come for the carpentering class. Since then instead of a rally it looks sadly as if his strength were ebbing away. He has suffered for two years with lung trouble & other complications, & now the course downhill seems swift. We miss him & his cheery helpfulness at every turn.

May 9th. To-day I asked Annie to go & see him. She took with her Badash, the worst & most troublesome of his carpentering lads. He came with a very clean shirt & some flowers -before he had got there the flowers had disappeared- he had thrown them away as not good enough- & stood looking at Laurent with big mournful eyes, so touched & changed.

May 10th. Is it a tiny bit of "the beginning of revenge upon the enemy" that has begun to-day- ? We have made a reason of the infection around, to say that those who do our housework must sleep here- so four are installed nightly



on their mats, & two or three more are keen to come as soon as their turn begins. It is good to see GOD turning the flank thus.

We are specially glad to have Fatima bent Fateema for any day her marriage may be arranged for. She is a dear tall beautiful thing now- like a big dog in her dumb caressing ways.

May 13th. We have come down, Blanche Haworth & I, for a few days with Sascha in Blida. All is so deliciously restful and dainty & sweet in the little "Dar er Rih"- "the house of wind" as we have named it, and Sascha is making her way in the village visiting that is always the nearest to her heart. The boys are much to the fore round about, & Lilo & Toustace as the twins call each other, are sturdily on their feet.

These are their backs, going on an independent tour through the barley field pathway.

May 16th. To-day was the boys day for Mera Meritha- a tremendous Fête at Blida would we knew cut down the numbers, but it was important that we should put in an appearance, and we longed to see it for the first time since it has been ours to hold for GOD. Blanche had not seen it at all, yet.



This was the boys class, instead of the dozen that should have been there. The centre figure was a creature of about four, in a pea-green vest & dirty white gandowra, who was so overcome with shyness that he could only turn his back for the most part. If taken no notice of, he would slowly veer round & show a little bronzed brown-eyed face, only to wheel back again, if he met a glance.

The place itself is perfectly delicious and with such capacities once more for expansion- We dreamt day-dreams of a native Cafe down at the end of the orchard, where it touches the high road from the mountains- shall we see them turn to fact some day?

May 16th. El Biar.

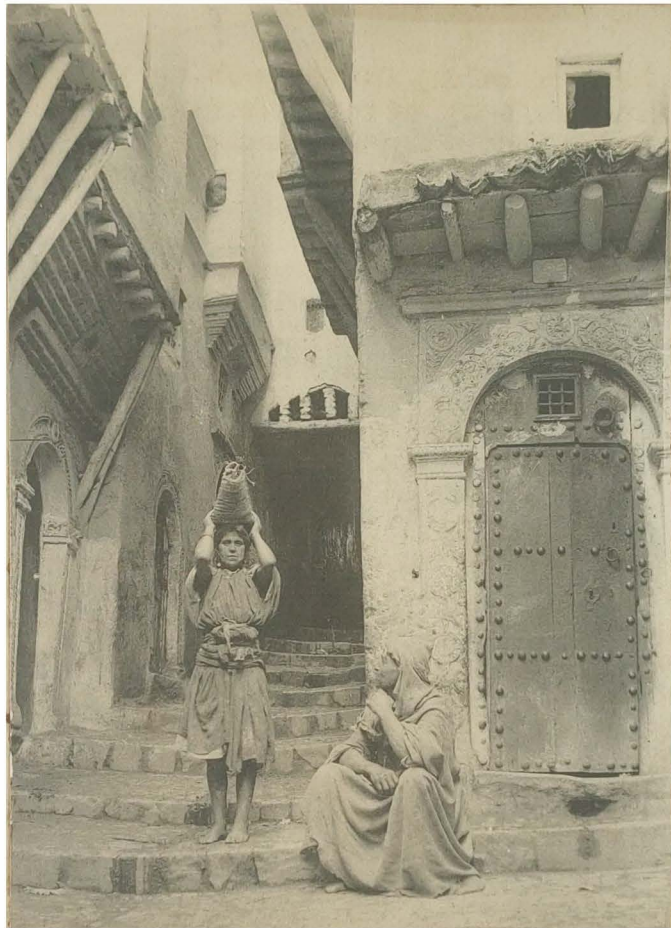
Such a rapturously happy line from Annie yesterday evening over the children's day up here on Monday. The best of it was that Areski had asked to say a word in Kabyle at prayers & Fateoma told her after that she had never understood it all like this before.

Influenza is still in the house below. So I am yielding to Annie's request that I should stay out of it another day or two, till it has cleared off.

May 19th. I have been reading to-day, with the sound of GOD's warning voice in it, the story of David's numbering the people- & have been seeing the danger of that same looking to numbers instead of to GOD alone, with the reinforcements that this last year has brought. Gideon's lesson again only intensified. Praise GOD that we also have our Mount Moriah with its sacrifice of infinite Price before which, the Angel of judgment must put his sword into its sheath.

May 20th. Such a new look of brightness on Fateema's face that I hardly recognised her at first sight!- the non-recognition may have been helped by a brilliant pink & white silk handkerchief, (most unbecoming to her brown skin) the achievement of her last wages! She has been so good, Annie says, these last days- sewing away, for love, at the garments for the children & even bringing her own dinner with her- a great sign of grace in a naturally somewhat grasping woman. Her face glows still when Areski's words are referred to.

May 25th. To-day brought a sorrowful summons to the farewell of Laurent Olives. A sudden change for the worse came in the night, & he was lying prone by the time I got there & hardly conscious except when the sound of the blessed Name of



Jesus brought back a rally in the ebbing powers.

He only lived an hour after I left. "Jesus- Vive Jesus!" were the last words the watchers caught.

It is the first death-break in our band, & it leaves a sense of personal loss: there was a gentle thoughtfulness in all his ways, rare in a great stalwart fellow such as he.

There is a hush of sorrow over the band of his carpenter lads, & Badash with a sober look has taken off a sheaf of flowers to the chamber where he lay, & has seen his face once more.... he & Areski have made friends at the funeral, & Blanche is taking him up on trial to Dar Naama as garden boy. The prayers that surrounded him when he was the worst pickle in Mabel Grautoff's class, are round him still.

May 28th. Anxious days again, for little Hawawach, who has been staying with us for the last fortnight has been taken ill with typhus, and the French woman-doctor whom we called in, says that it is getting worse rather than better, & is everywhere around: we know among the children who come it is in one house out of every three or four, & we therefore risk spreading it in bringing them together. One can imagine the difficulties for the authorities in dealing with an epidemic in airless alleys like these, where every man's house is his castle, jealously guarded from foreign eyes: It

June 10th. We have wanted for a long time a native who should be gifted for hymn writing- for our own hymns must be exotic to those whose mental make up is so widely apart from ours.

It is some while to wait, for Melha is not yet three, & at present very unregenerate, but she does show capacities in that direction on the lines of "Count your blessings!" Her hymnology began a year ago at the first Children's Camp, where she was heard singing to herself-

Hamdoullah
Jeloula.

i.e.

Praise be to GOD
A swing!

A few days ago, when it was a matter of their coming up here for the day, she was again overheard singing- a piecing of two hymns & an interpolation-

Hamdou louh be frah,
Hamdou louh be frah,
Nemshiou bel iman,
Nerouhou lel jenan,
Hamdou louh be frah!



Which being interpreted is as follows:-

Praise Him with joy,
Praise Him with joy,
We will walk by faith,
We will go to the country,
Praise Him with joy!"

I must put in one of this year's portraits of her that you may see her, dear little monkey!

June 15th. The days are going quickly here with the forging along at various things left undone in this strange spring, notably, just now, at the correspondence on the question of the Literature for Moslem Women, on which I have to write for the Women's section of the Lucknow Conference in January. I am trying to clear things up towards going over to North Italy with Helen for a month later on- the German boats that run to Genoa now make it our nearest place for fresh air, & then I hope there will come a bit inland here when the heat has cooled down a little.

June 24th. "Behold the fowls of the air" has come to me these days with another lesson beside that of their reckless trust- it is the abandonment of their obedience to

to the passion of their motherhood- Blanche Haworth's pigeons have taken to building their nests on her broad window-sill, & they preach many a sermon there- the restless activity vanished into a stillness that might be a thing carved in stone but for the intent watchfulness of the eye, the whole being absorbed in the fostering into life of those two eggs.

It speaks a reproach for all the possibilities that we leave unheeded, unprayed over till the germinating powers have died out of them.

June 27th. A rather curious thing has happened these last days. Going down to Rue du Croissant last week, we happened to see that a big old Arab house three minutes from ours, was to let. It was a house we know slightly as an Embroidery School, under government aid, had been held there for some years- and it was one that we have thought of as possible, if it should ever fall vacant, & our quarter should prove too airless as time goes on.

So we explored it, under the guidance of the old French doctor to whom it belongs- it is a palace of a place- too sumptuous for a Mission House, with its beautiful tiling & decorative Moorish stucco-work, and the rooms too large-

our Rue du Croissant rabbit-warren lends its-self far better to our housing. And yet there was the sense of something to dawn out of it, & this was reinforced by the old doctor finding out who we were, & coming up to El Biar to interview us, with an evidently strong desire to get us as tenants, and prepared to reduce his terms accordingly. We can only say, that we have no immediate need, but if he lets it temporarily, we will bear his offer in mind for later on. Some advance will come, we feel sure, after the recoil of these last months- it may be we could use it for sleeping in, if things expand in the direction of the work! But nothing looks open in that way at present, & with our reduced ranks we are overhoused now rather than underhoused... so it belongs to the future to shew any way forward about it. This year's bit is a lying low.

July 2nd. "As the feet of the priests... were dipped in the brim of the water"... has been the word of life these days.... one can picture that river brim, in the harvest overflow- just a crystal margin, lapping among the withered grass, so shallow that only "the soles of the feet of the priests" would "rest in the waters"- & yet that touch of the self same flood as rolled deep & swift & strong in the centre of the stream, was enough to send forth the power

that left the way for the people to pass over.

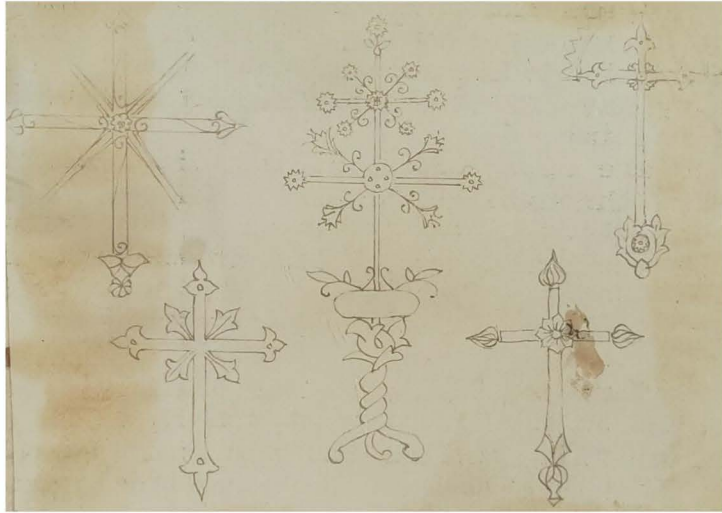
"Death worketh in us, but life in you"- "the dying of the Lord Jesus" in however faint a degree we can partake of it, means measureless power set free.

There is the seventh hour, completing the six hours of the Cross, in which His Church must "watch with Him"- in the filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ... It is only "the brim of the waters that for Him "came in unto His soul- the deep waters where the floods overflowed" Him- yet it is the very same stream, & therein lies the dynamic force, as the soles of our feet "rest" & "stand still" there.

"Dipped in the brim"- one touch of fellowship & no more. How often have we taken that first step, where it seemed that following on must land us inevitably into deep waters, only to find that the flood has sunk away before our eyes, & that we can "stand firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan," in the very place where it looked beforehand as if we must be overwhelmed- For Him were the waves & billows that went over Him, "laid in darkness in the deep"- for us there is only "the shadow of death"- the crystal "brim of the water."

Macugnaga. N. Italy.

July 30th. Just arrived here with Helen Freeman. Such



a strange dreamlike feeling in getting here again after the space of nearly 30 years...it lies out of the tourist whirlpool, so the changes are few.

Among the things that remain untouched is the old Church & the ironwork crosses that hang on its outer walls- golden brown with rust against the creamy plaster. I remember drawing some of them all those years ago for the joy of line and colour. How they have grown in meaning coming back to them after half a life-time.

Some of them are opposite- telling their stories of the light that breaks through the clouds- some of them illuminated with rays of glory- others bursting into flowers- the loveliest of all the great double one at the end of the apse. Has it a hint, as Helen suggested, of the double place on the true Cross- for the Lord & for him who would "come after?"

Aug. 12th. We got up to-day by rather slow degrees to the look-out point on the glacier at the head of the valley- so still and beautiful. And on the way back Monte Rosa was heavenly. She might have been the exceeding great and high mountain that bore the new Jerusalem- ethereal almost to transparency though so near- almost exactly the same in tone as the blue of the sky behind, only with a faint tinge

of violet to distinguish her, & the rocks a shade deeper in their tinting.

Aug. 13th. To-day's word from the other world has come as so often through things present- in a paper on the Spectator about 'Thunderstrokes.' It is a review of a book on them which says, "When a thunder storm occurs a stress is thrown on the air, either between two clouds or between a cloud & the earth, & when this stress has reached the pressure of about half a gramme weight to the square inch, smash goes the air- it is literally cracked. The line of the fracture is illuminated by the intense heat caused, rendering the air particles incandescent, & we see this & call it lightning!" When there is a flash of lightning the air is just as much 'struck' as the other objects through which the flash passes-- a church steeple for instance, or a tree, or a human being--

What happens in each case is the same: the lightning is finding its way by the path of least resistance. It runs through the weakest substance near, just as paper is torn at its weakest points, or as a river winds its way to the sea. The stronger substances withstand it, and the weaker substances give way. When the air is cracked, then the lightning makes its path by the weakest component parts of it, those parts for instance which contain moisture: that

the Lord shall make lightnings (margin) & give them showers of rain, to every one grass in his field." And again in Jer.10.13 "He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; He maketh lightnings for rain." (margin).

Both seem to imply that the rending of the air & the freeing of the pent up power sets free the showers too, as when of old in Elijah's day, "the fire of the Lord fell" & then "there was a great rain." It is true anyway in the unseen world.

Aug.28th. Back again on the battlefield. An attack of the enemy that was threatening before we left, is more than threatening now. Areski, whose joyful surrender to Christ was the crown of last year's gladness, has got under a strange cloud. It began with a dulness & vacancy gathering over his face & mind- and now the coldness has grown to something like opposition. Some of the features point to the fear that one of their brain-poisons has been used on him, and the change dates from a time in the early summer when he was taking an open stand (so we heard incidentally) in the town cafes. We are coming to the conclusion that five cases out of six among the apparent backslidings of the converts out here, are due to this terrible drugging. For them it minimises the responsibility- for us it increases

it; for nothing but prayer can protect them from it when the fears of their friends & families have been roused by an open confession.

With this poor Areski it seems the sadder because the dawn in his soul was so bright before this shadowing came. We can only hold on in faith that the Sun of Righteousness will rise behind it & scatter it again.

Sept.2nd. The story of the fall of Jericho is lit up afresh these days. The words struck me "thou shalt compass the city, all the men of war"- & I looked at the story of the last numbering in the plains of Moab, to see how many that would be. It was 601,730. That gives a different picture of it all from the band of a few score going before the trumpeting priests, that one sees in Bible printings.

Supposing the city was a mile across, & its wall 3 miles in circumference, it would mean marching 100 abreast at less than a yard between each rank, & even so making a ring round the whole without reckoning 'the gathering host' that followed.

And out of this dawned a thought of the inner meaning of the crumbling wall. May it not be that here, once more, the miracle lay in the line of GOD's natural working, with the power of the unseen brought to bear on its intensifying?



that Fatima, Boualim's mother, has plucked up heart again after last years defeat, & has asserted her liberty in Christ from the law of her husband that she should fast. Boualim holds with her- & wonderful to say, her husband lets her go her way, & has even allowed her to go down to Blida with her boys, for a few days, where they have, as she knows, while guests at Dar el Aine, every opportunity of breaking it openly. His other wife died of typhus in the summer- it may be that this has begun to work a softening in his tough heart.

Sept. 15th. Helen has gone back to Relizane, & next week I hope to start with Blanche for two or three weeks inland that are generally possible between the cooling of the summer blaze & settling down to autumn work.

We have two clues to follow: one is that Villon thinks that Khronchaba, a small town to the north of the Aures at the head of a pass frequented by the Souf people on their way north, would make a good summer station for him & his wife. The better-to-do among these desert tribes move up to this table land in great caravans for the hot season, so could be reached up there in their camps during the heat; & followed up in their homes among the sand-dunes when they move down again.

We want to look round at the lie of the land there, & then

to give a week or two to Msila & possibly Bousaada. With Msila we have a linking since I was there last with Annie; through its being the native town of our dear scapegrace Tamani, naughtiest, most repentant of all our girl flock! Her father is giving us a letter of introduction!

Sept. 18th. Hohen writes:- "I saw Miloud yesterday" (the husband of the Chrira whose dream of the firepots brought her such light in the winter)- "I took him that picture of the Lord knocking at the door- he asked me to give it to him that he might put it up on his wall. What his visitors will say I cannot think, but it seemed a kind of confession on his part, & he was much more responsive- he spoke again about the school- "because what you say is true & the people ought to know it"- he said, "I have clothes there for a 1000 francs, if I get well I will sell them all- I will live differently." His faith is still so very dim, but all this seems the working of the Spirit in him- at least he is a changed man- for the first time he wanted to give me something, & would have me take some dates that a friend had brought him."

Sept. 21st. We left Algiers by the night train, dropped Mollie at the junction for Constantine & took the winding

single line that trends south till it is stopped by the Aures. No sooner was the main line out of sight than douars began- stone huts & dark terra cotta tents, or a mingling of the two, scattered over the plain till they became faint dots in the distance. For the first time one can look at them without the old heartache, for the van brings them within reach as soon as GOD opens the way & shews His time to be "fully come."

Then came a waterless stretch, unpopulated- then the dimpled pink & blue hills of the south began to rise over the succulent blue green shrub on which camels love to browse- And there were the camels, in herds & herds, backed by their owners tents well away from the line.

At last one spur of the foothills stretched itself northward & round the edge of it lay Khrenchaba.

It is not to us, a specially attractive place, as the European element is more 'en evidence' than the native.

Still, for the purpose Villon has in view- for reaching the Soufs on their main throughfare north & as a centre for working among the camps of the tablelands- which I have longed over for years- & as a 'point d'appui' for reaching the Chawias in the Aures, it is perfect, and the European element in the town which make it possible to leave Môme

Villon without anxiety while he was away.

Sept.24th. The rains have begun early this year, & it is probably in result of this that the greater part of the caravans have already filed down south- the tents that remain seem to be mostly those of the local nomads.

A couple of days "scouting" as regards the chances of a summer station were all it seemed best to give, specially as our main object was Msila, & our reception there would be compromised, even in these days of the 'entente cordiale,' if we had attracted too much attention on the way.

Msila, Wod.Sept.26th.

We left Constantine by daybreak yesterday, & it was the small hours of the morning when we arrived, cramped by a good many hours in an 'ironclad' diligence: it is good to hear the tread of the soft footed camels under our windows & the scent of the tar-tanned water-skins that passes with them, brings a delightful sense of being down south again.

I weave in bits out of Blanche's journal, for time has been failing for keeping one, owing to much other writing. "It is a mud native town on the banks of the river- fringed



by the first oasis palms, & away south there is the glow of the desert beyond.

We wandered round the market place & along the winding streets seeking a clue to Tamani's unclo- we found him and his women folk- gay in the colouring of the south- like beautiful winged insects they fluttered in & out of the mud walls of their roof. But the real linking for the future lay with the native cook in the inn: he led us to his people, & with them there was a real hearing."

Beyond this, not much opening came- the feast that closes Ramadan was on, & all was excitement & feasting- but we felt what a post it would be, if we could hold it some day- for 30,000 natives is the number reckoned- & 200 Europeans. Only it would be a stronghold to attack- the domed marabouts at every turn tell that.

We have looked round for possible quarters in case a winter station should prove possible later on- but beyond that we could not push- & our eyes looked lovingly across the next southern reach of plain to Bousaada, & we found that by taking a night diligence each way we could get three days there without outstaying our limit from Algiers, & get hold of some of the links of three years ago when Annie Whisler & I ran down for a week. Blanco had been there too for a

few days, many years before.

So we started about 11 p.m. in the veriest rattle-trap of a conveyance whose doors would barely shut, & on & on we went through the southern night, & by early morning we were lumbering over the sand into the city.

There was much of sorrow in the days there. & of the sense of how our chances are slipping away, for typhus has been devastating these south lands too- 500 have died of it this summer in Bousaada alone, among them 3 or 4 of those who had listened the most earnestly- the woman whose heart was so open in the "pomegranate house" whose master had warned us so lovingly & earnestly of our danger in rejecting Islam- & the Marabout whose "go in peace" had been our farewell last time.

They were all new people in his house & they cared to listen- one lad specially awoke to the Good Shepherd story. He walked home with us, taking a copy of the colloquial St. Luke with great joy. "I can't read," he said, "but I know a boy who can, & when you come again I will kill a sheep for you!"..... no greater welcome can be given by a desert Arab.

As we reached the gateway we met the "boy who can read," who was at once pressed into service by the other, & they two went off together, & the precious gospel with them.

Later in the day we went round, feeling for places where to

leave our books- for the men (not the women, dear wild child-
ish things for the most part) are the ones to make for in
these far off places when time is short.

In many of them the chance for the book did not come with
the first opening for talk, so we went round again next day,
& in each the chance came for letting the treasure pass into
the hands of those who were on our hearts, unnoticed by those
who might have hindered, for this too is a most fanatical
town. The shop might be empty for the moment, and full the
next, but the moment was always given us. It was the first
time that the Gospel in the colloquial had come this way.

Monday. Oct.3rd. Our third day came to its end & we
took the night service back to Msila- another rickety
mailcoach. At the halfway house as we were drinking our
hot black native coffee, we noticed by the dim lamp-light
the grave earnest face of the Arab who served us through
the window. We asked him if he could read but there was no
response- & many on-lookers were around, dismounted, from
the diligence roof where the natives travel.

Still the man hung round- & still we prayed for a chance-
we felt we could not go on and leave nothing. The men were
climbing up & the start was imminent. Then came loudly "have
you the coffee cups?" sotto voce "have you still those books?"

& a brown hand was swiftly thrust through the window & as swiftly filled & emptied again into the depths of his burnous, while the coffee cups carried off were all the outer world know of the transaction, for we were alone inside.

Oct.6th. Then came a day or two more at Msila, with a growing sense of its possibilities as a centre & a stepping stone to Bousaada- & then our last night journey up to the plateaux & the railway line. & the halfway halt we had a chance of shewing we had books- it was probably a man of influence who took the first, so giving confidence to the rest, for there was a rush on them this time, & being market day & every corner crammed that meant a scattering far and wide. Then they all got up in their places & the steep bit of the pull up began: presently we stuck fast, and nothing would get the coach started again, & at last some great heavy men on the roof had to come down, muttering between their teeth, "Its all because of those blaspheming books that we've got up there." At last we groaned out of the rut & on & up till early morning saw us again on the table land, with the desert & the little lifeseeds far below- will some pray for a heavenly dew on them?"

Oct.15th. M.Grautoff writes from Miliana:- "Can you put into

your next journal sore call to prayer against this false faith in the Marabout water & blessings. Marabou-ism is the religion round here- if all that simple wasted faith could be centred on "the Trustworthy One". Do people in England realize that we outstations at least have to combat a religion of superstition that is not found in the Koran?"

Oct.17th. Relizane.

Ten days in Alger for the starting of the winter's business, & now B.Haworth & I have come out here for a few days, to see a possible little house for H.Freeman's next move forward. Her present one- two rooms & a kitchen- is growing impossible as work increases & is in a street too European for the taste of native visitors, the women kind especially.

The new possibility is on the very edge of the Arab quarter- a cottage standing alone in a little garden with orange & lemon trees- and a great shed where the Spanish children's meeting can grow unhindered.

Mlle Gayral is settling in as a permanent helper with her & all is growing- among the rest & not the least, the light in the soul of Si Miloud- His expression has so changed- all the pride & selfsatisfaction turned to a wistfulness that is very touching. He probably knows that his life tide is ebbing out in its prime, for consumption has laid hold of him.

Another matter than the quest of the new house, & a sadder one, has brought us together. It is that a further break in our ranks seems imminent, if not more- for both the Olives & the Villons are speaking of leaving us in those coming months- leaving us only, not the native work, thank GOD- and if they can, as they think, do more settled work than ours, with a more solid outcome, now that the initial steps of breaking up the ground have been passed, we cannot try to hold them. To us however, & in its personal aspect as regards our own bit of the field, it is another north wind blast.

Oct.21st. Back to Algiers for settling in- thank GOD the typhus is over & not one of our band of children have been taken- it seems to pass over the children much more lightly- our little Hawawach for whom we feared it so, with her frail constitution, went through it from first to last hidden under the counter of her father's shop, (nice for his customers)! while we were told she was safe in the Fever Hospital, & the authorities of the same were shewn, when they came to transfer her there, another child of the same age & name quite well in health, thereby mystifying them considerably as to the diagnosis of the woman doctor who had reported her when she was taken ill in our house & carried off by her mother.

Oct.24th. Two more letters have come from Dr Goinard, the

owner of that native house round the corner, asking if we have come to any decision, & still further abating his price, till it has come down to a very low sum, for an Algiers rental.

There is still the feeling that something will come of it- & still the sense that we cannot absolutely refuse the offer- only defer it.

I have answered that if he can get an intermediate lot, we may be able to accept his offer next year. This post card gives it from below- i.e. the frontage towards the sea is shown where the cross marks it.

Nov.1st. One little ray has come, for which we thank GOD. Areski had got so strange and daft that it was impossible to keep him longer. We tried to get him to return to his own village, where he would be cared for, but he refused to go. Now a sudden softening has come & he is safely home there- & back of the softening lies some vision of the Lord that came to him, told in a wild & incoherent way to Villon a few days ago.

Nov.2nd. M. Watling writes from Miliana- "Our poor little list of beginnings is enclosed. We have been living in a weary-
ing round of Fêtes & Pilgrimages which keeps everyone still

unsettled. Do please ask everybody to pray for Zehour & Khadowdj. Each day they come we feel a day snatched from the enemy, before they are taken away & shut up... we have had very few grown up visitors, but an increasing number of little things from 5 to 9 dropping in by twos & threes for music and a picture & a wee wee talk.... I think Mabel told you about the fashionable wedding we were taken to.

The atmosphere seemed almost to have a body, it was so thick & material. Forming a sort of frame round the three sides of the small court nothing but figures wrapped in white haicks, out of the midst of which shewed up the brilliant colouring of the bride & her entourage. The poor child had a horribly drugged look, & kept her eyes down in most orthodox style- those 8 or 10 gorgeously dressed women looked so like wax work figures in the dim light."

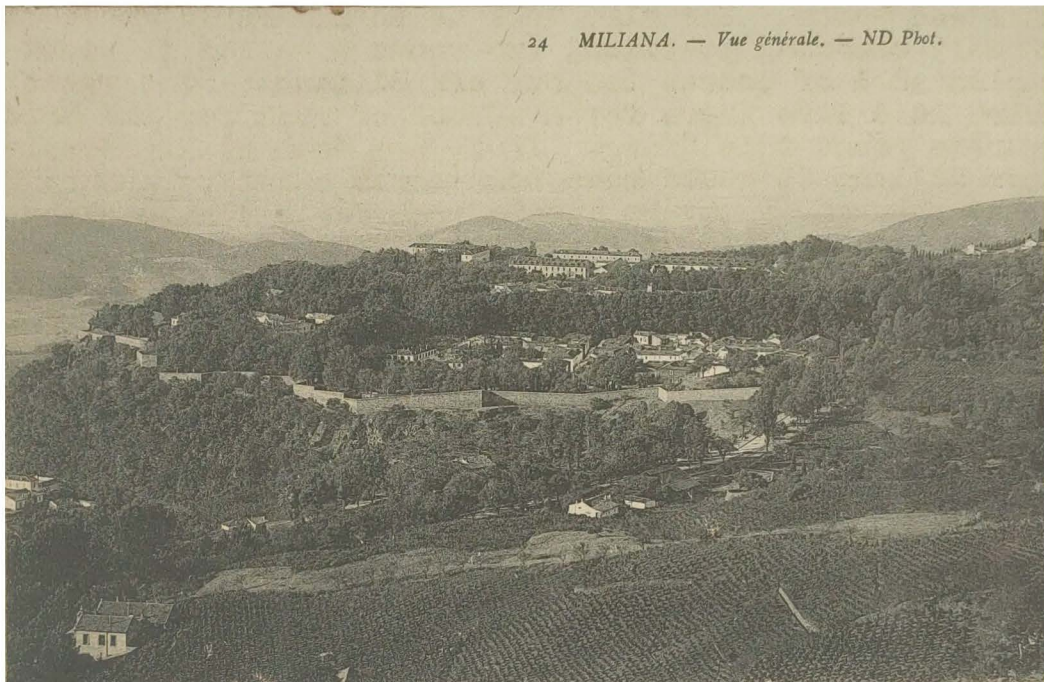
Nov.5th. Mabel's, a week later, tells of other bits of Miliana news, She writes:-

"I feel quite excited, so must write to you of possibilities that last week's road has opened. We wish we had flying machines to run over & ask your thought about it all.

Chirra took us to her home in the Sherg- a district lying about 4 kilometres along the main road.

First she led us to some friends living near in caves or

24 MILIANA. — Vue générale. — ND Phot.



holes in the rocks during the summer, a perfect goat's scramble to get to them- & they had two nice little Arab girls & 2 rather sad women. She also took us to an Arab's house 'to let'- perfectly charming position, two rooms & walled in court but dilapidated & of course too far off Miliana. She wants us to hire it & live there for a school of work for the houses & gourbis round this Shorg. If it had been $2\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres nearer Miliana it would have been worth thinking about. Still the thought came we might find a room for a weekly class if there were many children there wanting to learn.... I asked Chrira's mother if there were ten who would come regularly? She told me names of 8 living near & in her group & shewed me an unused room (sadly needing repair but big & fairly light), where if we would provide whitewash etc. & do it up they would keep it for us & gather the children in.

Miliana is just dreadful for Fêtes- 400 Algiers pilgrims came to this shrine, they say, & 800 from Blida, trains from other places have come loaded with pilgrims, and to-day on a field close by 80 goats & sheep have been killed to sound of drum & procession with banners...such a noise. Such crowds of imps running & turning somersaults on the earth in excitement. Two have just been in to us & had a picture of angels & shepherds & a hymn, & now have gone on to the slaughter-ground.

We have to visit the bride's 8th day cutting of the lock to-morrow, because we hope it means two new houses open to us, though such waste of time, these uncanny feasts!"

Nov.8th. Another of the strange blows of this strange year- We hear from Blida that a new public road is going to be made, that will cut right across our field, sundering the two houses & making both in full view of all passers by.

The road will lead up to the Glaciere & be full of Sunday holiday makers, motors & general noise- there seems to be no appeal to the authorities, & the preliminary footpath is to be made in the spring. The only right left us is to choose within certain limits, where the road shall lie! But we can make appeal to the "Higher than they," that His banner up-lifted there, shall not suffer loss.

Nov.10th. There is no sign yet of Annie's being able to come back, & Mdlle.Gayral has left for Relizane so our girgaf crew has had to shake down into a new regime- not facilitated by the strong native element that pervades the house with only Fateema in the kitchen- inconsequent, irresponsible & irrational as an ill-trained child & like a child in her affectionateness between-whiles: a problem to deal with for Queenie Pfäiffer, who has been sent us by Mrs Howe

to take the household superintendence! Millicent has undertaken the drilling of the half dozen small housemaids, & we wrestle along day by day, cheered by tiny signs of grace in one & another- wintry blossoms that get nipped again by the frost- only shewing that life is there and ready to spring when the south wind begins to blow.

It is at Relizane that the little wafts of that breath are coming. This is the translation of a letter Helen sends from Si Miloud- or rather an account written down by him, of a dream that he has had:-

"I was dreaming on Friday night the 28th of October 1910, and I was sad with sickness. I became aware of three men standing by me, one was tall and two were short of stature, clothed in long white tunics. I turned and asked them "who are ye?" The tall one answered, "I am the Christ," but the others were silent. And I began to weep and to lament to the Lord Christ that He would heal me of my sickness. And He answered, "I cannot heal thee now, but in the time of the future I will deliver thee from torment. Then He caused me to enter a little garden & said to me, "Work this garden, & eat of its fruits, & of a truth thou art my disciple." And He struck me with His right Hand between my shoulders, and

thereupon I rose from my dream & found no one." He has been much impressed with this dream. Helen says, "it has seemed, as we have noticed in so many other cases, to have brought a Divine touch with it. He seems to feel that the little garden in which he is to work is the short life-span that still remains to him. Chrira nurses him day & night."

Nov.15th. Another letter from Helen says:- "Such scores of small boys come wanting to come in & read! It goes to my heart to refuse them- I think when we have tried our plan of having them by courts, we might be able to enlarge our borders."

Sara Alaminos (the grown up daughter of a Christian farmer near by- a Spaniard) is beginning to give her good help. She can speak Arabic like a native & is beginning to get together the children in the courts to little classes, with real zest.

It seems as if Michel Olives lot were being finally cast in with the new Baptist Society that is being started among the three French-speaking lands, France, Belgium, & Switzerland- he strongly desires to remain still in Blida, on the same lines as of old only under the new direction- & for the present they are staying on & working alongside as before.

Villon is leaving for two months in the Souf district- & will not know his final decision till February or March when

Bishop Hartzell pays his next visit. It seems the closing of such hopes down south if it is his last tour there, for at present the posts of the American Methodist Episcopal Church are confined to the principle towns, & for country work, Kabylia is the next field before them.

Dec. 2nd. Helen writes:- "It is all well that I have not been free to go to Tiaret I think- Miloud is slowly sinking, though he has most wonderful rallying power & force of will. I do believe he has really come to the Lord Jesus. For some time past he has always asked me to pray, & at his own request M. Reboul (the French pastor) pays him ministerial visits daily, & prays with him. The other day in saying goodbye to M. Reboul Miloud took his hand & said "we are brothers now." Mdlle Gayral who was there said "brothers in Jesus Christ".... & Miloud answered "Yes- Amen-" Yesterday I was sent for for they thought he was dying- he could hardly speak but he whispered "Pray," There were Arabs there, men & women- As I came away one of the men invoked so many blessings on my head- I rather wondered, but my mind was full of Miloud. Afterwards when Mdlle Gayral was there, Chrira said "that man is like us- he believes in Sidna Aissa." The man looked rather shy, but he said "Yes," & Miloud said "in his village he gets his friends together & gives them coffee & they read the Gospel," & he

added "if only I were well again I would take a shop- then I would work only for Sidna Aissa." As this was said before everybody, I think the Lord will accept it as confessing His Name- & it would be lovely if the Lord gave him that young man's soul before he went hence. The young man (Bou zian by name) was here this morning & took off a Moroccan testament (not complete) with great joy. He only knows the Lord Jesus as a prophet, but seems to feel his need of Him. He said that at Mecca where he had been on pilgrimago, all the talk was so wicked it must be that Sidna Aissa was coming soon to put everything right."

Dec. 18th. Villon has got to the Oued Souf- there too, typhus has been raging, & among those who have fallen in it is Sheikh Bolkassem of Kouinine, the young chieftan in whose heart we have long hoped lay hidden the Pearl of great price, though he had never yet come to the selling all that he had for the full winning of the heavenly- When we remember the gentle earnestness with which he listened and assented, time after time, we cannot but hope that he too

"All the Love of Christ shall learn
At His Feet in Paradise."

It may have been he would have turned back in the path on earth when he found that it led to Calvary.

Dec. 25th. A good Christmas gift is more news from El Oued. Villon says, "all is prospering, thank GOD. The lantern meetings are going well- we have many every evening. Yesterday we had about 70 boys & 40 men, & all listened. We have one again to-night & then we go on to Kouinine where we hope to get the same house as last winter, for it is empty.

Here we have again visited the Zaouia (i.e. native college), & the Shoikh has asked us for a big Bible, for they have a little one only. I brought him one at once, and he showed us his little one, well preserved, & other Gospels. There was a Sheikh there from a Touzer Zaouia, on his journey, & we offered him another, which he accepted."

We rejoice so over each of these Bibles placed in their colleges- it is like lodging dynamite in the crannies of the fortress that seems to stand so strong.

And so, though even the joys of this strange year are touched with sorrow, they look like the dusky clouds of dawn that may kindle up, any moment, & next year may bring the south wind & the spring-time. For the GOD of Hope is with us still.