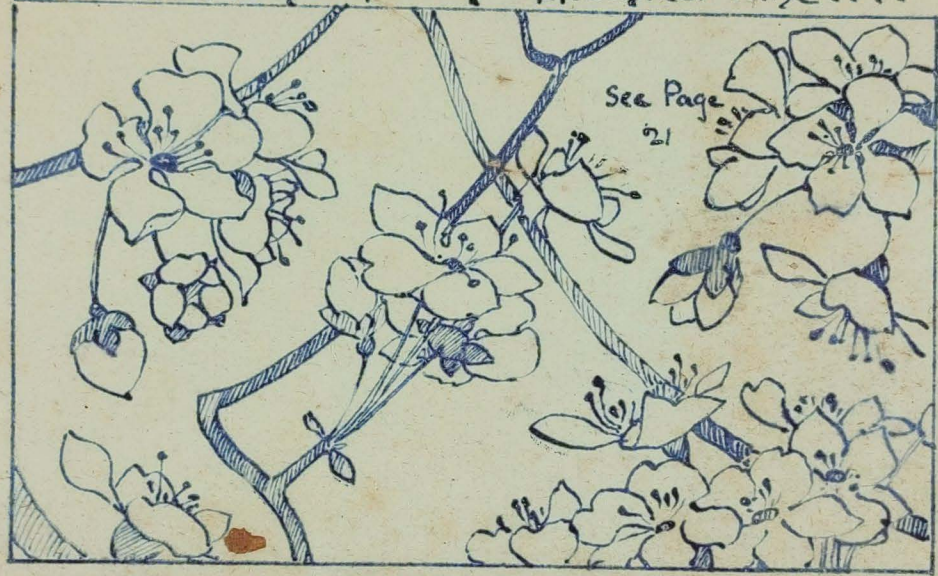


1912

The vision is yet for an appointed time....



though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come."

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

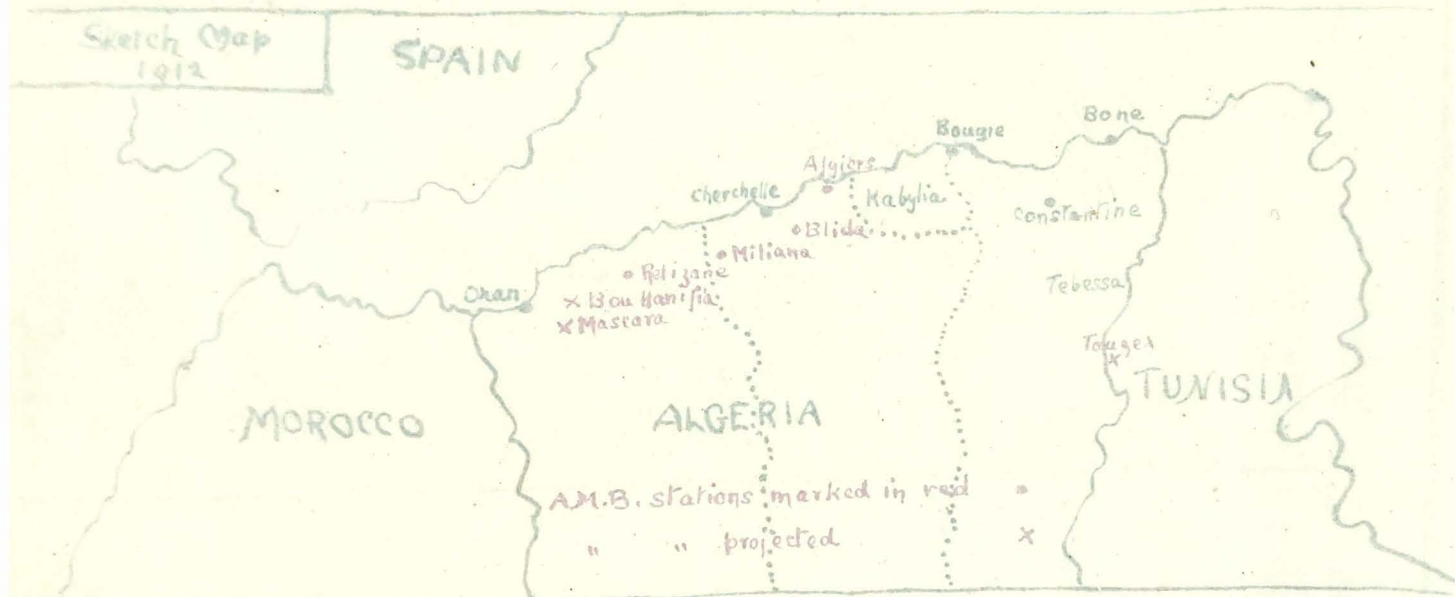
Staff and Locations. January, 1912.

(The Locations are marked in order of their opening;
the Staff in each in order of arrival).

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <u>ALGIERS.</u> Opened 1888. | <u>BLIDA.</u> Opened 1901. |
| 1888. I.Lilias Trotter. | 1909. F.K.Currie. |
| 1888. *B.G.L.Haworth. | 1909. Millicent Roche. |
| 1905. Annie Whisler (absent) | |
| 1906. Sascha Perkin. | <u>RELIZANE.</u> Opened 1909. |
| 1907. May Ridley. | 1890. F.Helen Freeman. |
| 1909. *Miriam Madsen. | 1906. Alexandrine Gayral. |
| 1909. *Alice McIlroy. | 1911. Sara Aluminos. |
| 1909. Alma Krebs. | |
| 1910. Queenie Pfeiffer. | <u>MILIANA.</u> Opened 1909. |
| 1911. *Claire Mennell. | |
| 1911. Ida Nash. | 1907. Mabel Grautoff. |
| (*At Dar Naama.) | 1909. Mary Watling. |

Dar El Fedjr:Short Service Helpers--
Elsie Thorpe (in charge). Pleasant Hurst. Mary Freeman.

Mission Stations for Arab work in Algeria (exclusive of Morocco & Tunisia)



Population of Algeria

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| European | 747 000 |
| Berbers, i.e. Kabyles, Chawias, etc. | 1052 000 |
| Arabs | 3207 000 |
| | <u>5006 000</u> |

Jan. 5, 1912.

The New Year begins with a rift in the cloud that darkened the close of the old one. The worst is over in I. Nash's illness: such a gift from the Father of Mercies, and such an untold relief! And relief always seems to me a little bit of Heaven let down. It is the only thing I think that we can fully realize down here, among the "all things new" of the first days of the next life.

The "outposters" have come up after their Christmas fetes were over, to spend New Year's time together at Dar Naama. One of its features has been the first issue of our A.M.B. Quarterly Magazine. It is "for Private Circulation," and B. G. L. H. is the Editor: it has brought out already a deal of latent writing capacity, and will be a fresh linking all round. It is called "El Couffa"--a couffa being a native palm-leaf basket: we are said never to go out without carrying one, whence it stands on the title-page as our ensign!

One more of the thanksgivings of the New Year is over the first balance-sheet of Dar el Fedjr. It has turned its corner in a way far beyond our hopes with this winter's tiny number. Tiny as it is, it has already been the saving

of the girgaff classes at Headquarters and at Beit Naama-- (the 'slumpost'), one of whose workers, M. Madsen, has been ordered six months off duty: and, as we hoped, it has been the fresh starting point for getting hold of small boys.

Jan. 11.

Boys, big and small, are our crux just now. They are as good as gold in the classes, and as troublesome as monkeys out of them: not I think from a wish per se to be naughty, but from an incessant and consuming desire to be admitted to the house on any pretext. This is manifestly impossible where girls' work is carried on, and the only solution seems to be to get hold of a man worker, who would take them as his main objective, and lay himself out to win them for Christ. If only we could find one with tact and camaraderie and a turn for arts and crafts, how we should rejoice! The only one we can hear of is a Spanish convert lad, big and gentle and quite uneducated: he has come to-day to be interviewed--a shy creature who studies his boots. We have engaged him from Feb. 1 on two months' trial, to spend his mornings in study and carpentering and the afternoons with the boys. Joachin Pons is his name.

Jan. 15.

Si Mohammed ben Kaddour is very 'down' these days, and oppressed with his weakness. He still tries to read, with struggling breath, to those who go in to him in the evenings. I asked him to-day how his brother-in-law, Boualem, is going on. 'He is in the tajine (baking-pan),' answered Si Mohammed, 'but he is not baked yet!'

Relizane, Jan. 16.

Here I am with F. H. F. a fortnight later than my usual winter visit . . . and that means, in this land, which winter hardly touches, spring in the air already, though earth has only just begun to answer back. The jagged hills along the horizon, as we came along, were china-blue against a pale sky, with cypresses silhouetted darkly, and broken with touches of almond blossom: the ploughed fields in every shade of terra-cotta, chocolate brown, and purple, shot with palest emerald in the tracts where rain has fallen.

There are new souls again since last summer under God's touch: one of them is the elder daughter of blind Fatima--a common-place sort of girl she seemed last year. Her spirit has wakened now, and the heavy face shines. 'We were like the dry ground that has no rain,' she said to-day, 'but

now the little white flowers of Heaven have begun to come''; and it seems to be true.

The other, whose soul is turning to God, is the Bouzian, who was a friend of Si Milond's, and brought into the dawn through him. His face, too, has the glimmer of an inward illumination breaking through heavy sorrow that is on him through the death this week of his twelve-year-old son.

Another new thing is the hearing among the boys. I have by me a letter from F. H. F. about the first beginning of it six months ago. 'I think we might begin an informal class among them,' she wrote. 'I began to-day by shewing a colour top to Aouda's boy--a most intelligent young person.' . . . Now on Friday afternoons they are let in here on their exit from school, and come flying straight across from door to door, like a flight of pigeons, in their anxiety to get the front places. About 60 can be seated, and when the room is full the rest are relentlessly sent back.

Jan. 24

News came from Algiers to-day that Si Mohammed has passed away. E. Thorpe has been troubled about him lately, because, though holding on, his bodily condition seemed

weighing his spirit down. We know little of detail yet, only that he kept true.

Jan. 29.

Back in Alger, and up to see Chrira, Si Mohammed's sister, to-day. She and Boualem were alone with him for the most part, all the last hours, and have been so far won that they evidently did not press the question of the "sheheda" as his passport to Heaven. He was conscious to the last, Chrira says. "I am very happy, very happy," he repeated. "I am not vexed at dying--Jesus is at my head"--and he gave a gesture of looking up, as if to catch sight of one standing behind his pillow. Chrira seems to be greatly softened, and to have a clear sense that it was true that our Lord was there. Boualem is within reach, too, for he has been ill ever since Si Mohammed's death. To-day he listened very seriously.

Feb. 1.

A. Krebs is off to Tebessa for her final language study before going on to Touzer in the autumn. Poor Dar en Nour has as yet had to stand empty, without even ranking, as we hoped, as a visiting station this winter, for the interior of Tunisia is unsettled from its proximity to the seat of

war in Tripoli. Meantime A. Krebs will have time to work at her literary Arabic, which is advisable for a place where the scope is largely among reading men.

Feb. 2.

Joachin Pons has made his start in its preliminary stage of beginning to put into order the boys' workshop in the native café adjoining us, disused since the death of Laurent Olives. He seems a nice steady fellow, and now that its shyness is wearing off, his dark Spanish face lights up with a radiant smile. Whether he will be a match for the Algiers scamps remains to be proved!

* * * * *

And now comes a very different reinforcement in the person of Mr. Smeeton, who has prayed and cared for years for the work out here, and has come to put it to the test whether with his white hairs he can get enough language freedom to take a personal share in the fight among boys and men. If God's seal comes on the step, his sister hopes to join him in the autumn. We feel that any way, by his love and prayer, his presence among them will be a gain.

Feb. 7.

Another soul of long ago has come within reach anew, Omar by name. He came for years off and on to the boys' classes, a lank, keen-faced creature, in a long white gandoura like a surplice, who used to be lifted out occasionally by the nape of his neck by Villon, when too officious. He was much 'en evidence' again later on at the time when there was a move among the elder lads about five years ago: again as a disturber of the peace after a worse fashion, for he set himself in violent opposition on Moslem grounds, and dragged back one of his mates, Mustapha ben El Hadj, who had confessed Christ a few weeks before. . . . Now he has a wife and a little girl, and is coming afresh out of gratitude for medical care that he has asked for the former.

Feb. 12.

The Relizane house has passed at last, after many vicissitudes, into F. H. F.'s possession--it is beautiful to have one more solid foothold for God. It might have been built expressly for the needs, just on the edge of the Arab town, and with the full complement of rooms required for the work, including a huge barn-like entrance room, which holds the big classes of Spanish boys and girls on Sundays.

Feb. 13.

The dear guest-rooms are full again, here at Dar el Fedjr. E. Thorpe has been going daily to Boualem's sister, Zehour, who lives opposite Beit Naama, and is a friend of A. McIlroy's. She has been suffering from a bad abscess and has needed constant care, and her heart has been opening. She really needs now, medically speaking, two visits daily--so this made a good reason for asking her to come and stay with us--and, to our joy, Boualem and Chrira consented to come too, and so, with Zehour's husband Aissa, the old mother, Fatima, as chaperone, and her eight-year-old grandson with her, they make a dear band of them. Zehour had noticed that when helping her to dress, Elsie never put back on her neck her string of leather charms, and now of her own accord she has laid them aside. She and Chrira are listening earnestly to their daily readings, and at night, when the men come in, we have the whole group together. Such listening we get from the men! We are going steadily through the Lord's life, in a rapid way, to get all we can of a vision of Him before their eyes in the few days that they can stay.

Feb. 18.

It has been a wonderful week--a sudden little shower of the Spirit has fallen on the family at the guest-house.

Night after night we have felt the earnestness increasing, and to-night, the last night, it came to the story of the Crucifixion.

A great hush of God's presence was over them, in which we felt that He was, according to His promise, using the power of that Cross as His drawing force--it was wonderful to feel the intentness of each soul of the five (the boy Allal was asleep)--there was a sort of gasp of relief when it came to the Resurrection. And as far as we could tell, in the time of prayer that followed, everyone of them came simply like little children to His feet.

We are 'like them that dream'--it is the first time that we have seen anything like a collective work of the Spirit--and, oh, if He keeps them true, it will mean 'a new thing' in being able to stand by each other instead of hindering one another, as has so often happened when the wife only, or the husband only, was touched.

Feb. 21.

They are all athirst to learn to read, so as to be able to read for themselves. Aissa is unable through working too late, but his wife, and Chrira and Boualem, have all set to it with a will--the two first at their houses, the latter

coming straight to us after his work; and this gives a chance of daily soul-teaching for each.

Feb. 22.

The Relizane Chrira--widow of the Si Miloud who went to be with Christ last year, has been in sore temptation and difficulty. Her father has taken her off to Mostaganem, the seaport three or four hours away, and is trying to re-marry her to a rich Arab. F. H. F. says, "She has gone through a great deal in refusing it. Beaten and turned out of doors, and all the rest. Yesterday she arrived, escorted by her father, as he had promised. She had said, "My father, if you tell me to go into the sea I will obey you, or into the fire, but I cannot marry this man since I have been baptised."

"She said to us, "I think that it was God Who arranged that I should be baptised after my husband's death, for no one can say I did it under his influence." But she was bewildered and alone and not sure if she was right in refusing. Her father is leaving her here for two or three days while he goes to Belil Hacel.

Feb. 23.

We had a very anxious day over Chrira, and reports kept coming to her that her father was arranging everything with

the elderly bridegroom, but last night, to her great joy, she heard that her father had said to the man, 'No'--if it were my younger daughter I would give her to you, but this one has been married, and I cannot.'

'Oh, we were thankful! We believe that Chrira would have held true, but I feared much suffering for her, now it seems as if the battle is won.'

March 3.

Our hearts are burdened over our dear new family, for the Mouloud--(the birthday festival of Mohammed) is on, this week. Dare we tell them, on a fortnight's experience, to venture out and break with the past? Yet a compromise at the beginning would mean weakness all through. We wait on God to shew us before Friday comes.

March 4.

To-day I broached the matter to Boualem, had he thought what this Mouloud means? Would he ask God to shew him what to do about it? That I had rather he took God's counsel than mine, &c. 'But if you know, I think you had better tell me,' was his very practical answer--so I explained that it was a feast in honour of the prophet in whom he no longer believed. Did he want to do him honour still?

'No, I want to keep the feast of Jesus--that is my feast,' was his reply, clear and ready, thank God!

March 5.

Baddach, in his leadership of the boys, is kicking a bit at the new authority in the shape of Pons--especially, very likely, as the latter is not much more than a boy himself. He--Baddach--marched in on Sunday to the class with 25 followers. Half-way through he wanted to go out. We said if he went out he must stay out. He gave a quiet word of command, and out walked the whole gang in perfect order. He is a problem, for he is king of the whole boy world around, and if we could only uphold his authority we could get them all to come and stay and listen. Yet this would be compromising, when in the streets, that authority is on the side of unrighteousness.

March 6.

The atmosphere is heavy to-day. Zehour seems 'hadden doun,' and Chrira had a little Mouloud candle in her room. We felt Boualem was the one to make for. So we asked in the evening had he been thinking any more about the Mouloud? Promptly came the answer, 'I think it is the feast of those whose eyes are blinded; I am going to wait for our feast of Easter.'

“Therefore you will not share with them, and burn candles?” “There will be no candles in my room. You can come and see.” “But Chrira had one to-day--you must explain to her.” “I did try to explain to her yesterday when I found the world all upside down with cleaning; you see it is difficult for the women, because they are among their neighbours all day long. If I do not get on with a man in my café I go and sit in another corner, but they cannot get away;” and he went on talking so fearlessly about the stand a man can take, that, with all our gladness, I felt we must warn him, and told him the story of St. Peter. Then he learned, “I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me,” and got it written out on a card, for, wonderful to say, with ten days learning he had not only laid hold of the Arabic alphabet in its triple form, but has begun to spell out words.

Friday, March 8.

To our joy, in marched the whole family this afternoon to spend it with us, including another sister of Boualem's, Hanifa by name, widow of the man who was brought in by Si Mohammed, on the former's last night on earth--a thin, sweet, wistful-faced woman, with very black lashed eyes. Another new one came with them, Yamina, a sister-in-law, strong and

handsome and gay. They had coffee on the roof, and hymn-singing at the big organ, and settled to come and spend to-morrow afternoon at Dar el Fedjr. So this keeps them beautifully away from the Mouloud excitement of their own houses.

March 10.

F. H. F. is spreading her borders by getting to the outlying villages around Relizane, over which we have longed. She writes:--'Mlle. Gayral and Sara came back delighted with their expedition to Bel Hacel, much welcomed, and the people listened well. They were invited to open an embroidery class and promised a room and any number of girls; they brought back with them five live fowls and many eggs. Mlle. Gayral was told that the marabout there, who had wanted to marry Chrira, had been told by the Sheikh that since she has changed her religion it could not be.'

March 12.

Omar goes on coming every three or four nights. His face is towards the light, praise God, and we think the work is going deep, for he has such a very vivid idea of what a Christian ought to be, and such a clear conviction that it is of no use to become one unless he makes a complete break

with the past, which past seems to have been a somewhat wild one. 'Idji el oukt'--'the hour is coming'--is the utmost we can get out of him when we try to bring matters to the point.

March 15.

We have good hope that Boualem's sister Hanifa came over the line to-day. We were going up for Chrira's reading lesson and passed her door, and she called us in. 'I was thinking of last Friday,' she said, 'a great joy came in my heart there, and I longed to be back, and now God has brought you here. I want to learn to read too. I want to know, the world is very empty, I want the other life,' and before we left her she came, as far as we could tell, to the Lord's feet for pardon and peace.

It is a new thing, this thirst for reading that is awaking--till now not the faintest desire to learn has ever shewn itself. Hamid said to-day, 'I want to read. Fatima (his little wife, a house-child) knows, and I do not know--I want to understand too.' It fills us with hope, for it was the means of building up solid work in Madagascar and in Uganda, and it is a joy if it is to be a part of God's fresh beginnings here.

We are going to see whether Boualem will teach him, notwithstanding the natural aloofness of their races, for Hamid is a Kabyle.

March 17.

The war wages backwards and forwards with the Sunday boys; it was forwards again to-day, with a breath of real listening. They hold on them as far as outward things go is painting. They have the lesson's central text now, printed off on a gelatine auto-copiest in outline, and the elder ones set to work on these when the class is over (the smaller ones do their painting on Thursdays). I wish I could give specimens of what they produce--they put such strange, weird blendings with a dash of poetry in them, and that out of the poorest of paints. One boy will work out his text in pale green and orange and a brown purple--next to him you will see it produced in a blend of mauve, straw colour and grey--the next will have a wallflower-like scheme of dusky red and golden browns and so on, all wrought out in absolute silence and peace. The only time for heedfulness is at the end, to see that no paints or brushes are stolen. This needs considerable watchfulness when seven or eight expert little thieves are present. We have known a lost cake of blue paint to be found in a boy's cheek!

Pons is a good help. He stands and looks at them in a laconic way with an inscrutable expression, when they try to force an entrance, and Mr. Smeeton shews them the door in such a gentlemanly fashion when they decline to go out, that, taken by surprise, their exit is quite polite.

March 20.

A joyful letter came this morning from down South. An old water-carrier, El Hadj ben El Saih, who had served us with his great copper "cruche" for years, heavy, unawake, and very deaf, went back to his desert home before Christmas, we thought to die. Just at the last before he left, a bit of response came, and he asked for two dozen Gospels to take with him. Now he has sent for 100 more. How to get them to him was a puzzle; but we have run to earth a man who acts as occasional carrier to those parts, taking chachias, coffee and sugar, etc., from the water-carrier tribe to their homes, whenever he has collected a camel load from Biskra onwards, --he will go next Monday. So joyfully the whole 100 books, with a layer of tracts on the top, are starting off.

March 21.

The old man's son came for them to-night, with another water-carrier from the same place, Ali by name.

I was shewing them a picture of the Annunciation, and telling them how our Lord came down from Heaven to shew us the way there, and that we could go in with Him without fear, just as without fear I could go with them to their village, because they knew the way and had the entrance. The metaphor was lost in the prospect! 'Oh, will you come,' said Ali, 'it is a beautiful country--the water melons are as large as this' (making a circle with his arms), 'and the turnips are as big as this boy's head--and the dates! What you have here are but Beni Mzab dates' (with an expression of great contempt). 'You should see our dates. When will you come?'

It does not need these attractions to make us want to follow the path of the books! it may yet be in the way 'prepared for us to walk in.'

March 24.

Hanifa has had a dream in which our Lord appeared to her, and told her that her name had been written alongside ours in a book, long ago.

She is much on our minds, for her people want to marry her to a brother of her dead husband's. She is averse to it, for he drinks, and we long that she should be kept free for

Christ and His cause. She learned girgaff long ago, and is picking it up again beautifully. If only they would give her to us, and let us have her as a teacher of the children!

Alas, there is a brother older than Boualem, Aissa by name (not Aissa the husband of Zehour, who is only a brother-in-law), and he is Hanifa's guardian; not a very approachable man. We got a bit with him to-day, when we went to see Aissa the younger at his dinner hour, for we do not seem able to get him in the evenings. He is a dear eager fellow, Aissa the younger, and seems holding on all right, so far as we can tell.

March 27.

Omar goes on coming constantly in the evenings, deeply "travaille," as the French call it, and unable to take the final step of throwing himself on Christ. "It is no use," he says, "I know I should go right back to my old ways and my old companions to-morrow." We tried the other night to get him and Boualem together (knowing their tendency, these Arab men, to shut up before each other, we have read with them hitherto in separate rooms). They both "shied" a bit and did not get very near together, and Boualem's words about Christ being able to keep, came out with an effort. Still they did come.

Miliana, March 28.

And such a Miliana this time, for just this week the cherry orchards have broken into blossom, and the trees are massed with clusters like frozen snow that stand shining against the happy morning sky in its clear blue, or in more subdued tones against the pink and mauve of the evening; they are enough to make one shout for joy.

March 29.

Things here are going just now through a bit of fresh difficulty and suspicion, and visitors have slackened off, though even now there are few hours that do not bring some one, a group of women for medicine, or of boys who tumble in on their way to school with no particular purpose, or sober-faced girlies with bunches of wild flowers or fruit blossom, or to leave their dolls to be taken care of while they go an errand! and none ever go away without a hymn-verse on the baby organ or the sight of a picture, and as soon as the embargo gets slackened they will be in by troops again from 6.30 a.m. on till dusk.

March 30.

To-day was what they call here a 'dawdle,' in the 'Sherg' district, four or five kilometres off. The men

out there seem to have laid down the law that no one is to ask us in, but for the sake of the household remedies that can be obtained, intercourse of a more distant kind is allowed. So the way is to go slowly along and sit just off the road near each succeeding cluster of huts, and soon a little group will gather, till an average morning will bring a hearing to 40 or so, as it did to-day.

March 31.

The cherry blossom has been preaching a sermon this morning. "The thing was done suddenly"--no sign of flowers till Monday, I think it was, on Tuesday two or three precursors, and then the whole snowstorm on Wednesday. Does it not tell how out of the infinite of His untried resources our God can bring the same swift rush of life among the grey boughs of the Moslem world!

Algiers, April 3.

In the course of reading with Boualem, we came to something about Satan's power which suggested a note of warning. He looked up with a shining face, "But I can turn out Satan!" "Take care what you say," I replied, "Satan is very strong!" "I know he is very strong," was his answer, "but I am stronger than he." Again I inwardly

gasped! '‘You must take care--if you think you are strong, you are in great danger.’’ ‘‘But I am strong, I am stronger than Satan. I can conquer him.’’ And he felt in his breast-pocket for the old slip of card, and held it out for me to see. ‘‘I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.’’ So my unbelief was rebuked!

I think he really has ‘‘the gift of faith.’’ Every time that we come to anything about the mighty works that the Lord did and will enable His followers to do, one feels that it lives and glows deep down. Oh, that no low standards on our side may damp and choke it!

The other thing that always brings an instant response from him is the thought of sacrifice--it never fails to strike a chord. ‘‘Thou and I must be disciples unto death for the sake of men,’’ he said the other day, when he had heard St. Paul's story; there is a spirit-taughtness that makes us believe that he has, according to the measure of his new-born light, ‘‘received the Holy Ghost.’’

April 6.

Our Touzer ways are opening for next autumn. The problem hitherto has been whom to spare to be with A. Krebs there: now has come an offer from a trained nurse, Laura Carr. In

the past we have not felt it was right to accept such, as we have so little scope for medical work; but for the getting access in a new place like that, it will be invaluable. Her certificate came just an hour before our quarterly committee met this morning, and all is straight sailing for her coming out this spring.

Easter Day, April 7.

We have had a joyful keeping of the Feast.

Boualem and all his family, Hanifa included, came to the guest-room last night, and this morning we had our Easter Service in the Central Court of Dar El Fedjr, curtained down the middle to divide the men and boys from the women and girls, and bright with flowers. It looked really like a tiny beginning of the Church of the future, for all possible ones had mustered, some of them those still on the wrong side of the border line, but most of them we think are over it. The afternoon meeting was for these last, with the mid-day meal between the gatherings for those who could stay.

Easter Monday.

The bit of falling flat, was that suddenly the guest-room family decided to go in the afternoon instead of staying for the night, as arranged. Is some counter-current setting

in? The old mother put in a pathetic little 'and Yamina,' sotto voce, when we were praying for the others of them . . . and to-day, when we had counted on a day altogether at Dar Naama (as the men are not working), it was wet, and not wholly satisfactory, though they all came finally. Aissa the younger is the one we are anxious about: he keeps away more than he needs.

April 9.

K. Butler has brought us a delightful gift which wraps up many new possibilities. It is a 'Plex,' a kind of clay multicopier, from which a few dozen copies of M.S. Arabic, writings, drawings, music, etc., may be taken off in an hour. Already visions have come of readers for the women and children, an Arabic hymn-book, journal illustrations, and, best of all, the possibility of sending out calls for prayer-help when emergencies arise. Those emergencies generally eat out the heart of any letter-writing time the day may hold!

April 11.

Another great and deep joy. We believe that Omar is over the border. S. Perkin sat down by him in the mosque below, not knowing what to say, for all the ground had been gone over again and again. He had reached a certain point,

and seemed unable to get any further. He was utterly miserable, deeply convicted of sin. "I am not a Moslem, I am not a Christian, I am a dog," he said the other day.

She read him the last chapter of St. Luke without comment, and felt he was not attending; then he broke out:

"What shall I say to Him?"

"Say to Him what is in your heart," she answered.

There was a pause, and then came the words: "O Jesus, our Lord, save me from all my sin--send Satan far from me, and hold me till death."

Another pause, and he sat straight up and exclaimed-- "Smoking is not good! I will never smoke again." With that he took his cigarettes from his pocket, tore them to pieces, and threw them as far from him as he could. Then he told how, while she was reading to him, a great struggle was going on in his soul: the Lord was calling to him, and he was afraid to obey.

By the time she came to me to share the good news his face was shining, and he had already settled to write to Michel Olives to tell him he was saved. Such a joyfully swift and clear passing from darkness to light, oh thank God!

April 20.

A step comes toward the Conference at last, after it had seemed almost hopeless to get any one for this season; now, when hope was ebbing low, comes a 'Yes' from Mr. Hamilton, of Bath, that sends it up with a spring.

April 23.

A Blida gift has come in the shape of a little Zourha, over whom Millicent is greatly rejoicing. She is sister of Ali the house-boy, and almost 'deficient' in her backwardness, and Millicent has put much toil into developing the latent powers. She seems really given to us unconditionally, probably on their side as having not much money value in prospect. She sleeps under Millicent's table, and follows her like a little dog.

Sascha has gone over there for a few days. She writes that the Olives have been down to a long-left cluster of villages in the valley on the other side of the cedar ridge--Kerratch by name. One woman said to them, 'We have looked for you spring and autumn, spring and autumn, and you never came,' and she told May what she had spoken about when she had been there six years ago with Annie. They stayed the night and had such a time, the people all competing for the honour of

entertaining them, and each having large gatherings of eager, simple-hearted men and women all the time, right into the night. They had great difficulty in getting away the next day. The people said they must come again and stay a week.

April 25.

I have come off for a bit of 'prospecting' with F. H. Freeman in her new venture out westward, staying with her farmer friends at Tizi--so as to get to know the new French pastor at Mascara, and see the next step forward there.

April 26.

E. Thorpe writes:--'I told Hanifa that Marabouts and charms were not in the path of Jesus, and she said so earnestly, 'I did not know about it, I don't want to do anything that is not in His path, I want to be told everything that I may know.' Zehour had such a wistful look in her eyes. I am sure she wants to be strong for Him.

'Still no chance of seeing the Yimma. I am so afraid for her, and for Aissa too, and am praying so that God will make him so hungry, he must come to be taught.

'Night School has gone so well. Omar was full of eagerness to learn each night, and so understanding. Last

night Miss Grautoff had Mohammed and Omar, Miss Watling and Mr. Smeeton had Kakour, and, to my great joy, I had Boualem. I gave him the Lord's prayer to learn, and tried to explain a little about the Kingdom, and he talked beautifully about it, and was perfectly thrilled about Jesus coming again. He said, bubbling over with joy, 'One day when I am in the middle of my work, will He come? any day? perhaps one day soon?' I told him I was going to write out something for him to learn every day in a little note-book, and he said, 'Yes, I must have the words in my heart and in my head, then, when Satan comes, at once I can hit him!' and he banged his fist down on the maïda.'

April 29.

On Saturday we went for the day to the orange plantation on which Bou Hanifia is to be modelled. Jean Roque's eldest brother is the manager. Some of the last trees were still hung with great golden globes of fruit--the daily sending off, for four months in the year, to about 35,000, and the crops are ordered nine years in advance!

To-day we went to Bou Hanifia itself, and sleep to-night in the rather tumbledown farm there. The first beginning has been made in the reservoir for irrigation, on which all depends. But for that, all is still in the future--a river

rushing among tamarisks and oleanders, sweeps of great cornfields and rugged hills above, covered with boulders and lignum vitae trees.

One presage for the spiritual future came on the way there, where we stopped to dine with some Arabs (on a sheep grilled whole, or rather divided in two, and brought in on the pole on which it was turned over the fire). The host's brother came up after. 'Are you those who work among the books?' he asked, with such a grave, earnest look that one felt sure he understood and cared. He lit up over the promise of a new one. Mme. Roque told us afterwards that the neighbours looked on him as hardly 'all there,' and call him 'the Dreamer,' because he takes so little heed of earthly gain, and that once he spent a whole day with her asking questions over what he had read. We went on to view Helen's land--glad at the thought that there may lie a bit white already to harvest close at hand.

May 1.

Good news from Relizane. Mlle. Gayral writes--'The following was told to Sara Aluminos by Chrira, blind Fatima's daughter. A cousin of blind Fatima went to see them while they were at Mostaganem, and took her (Chrira) apart and asked her, 'Is it true that your father and mother

on to both, etc. There was an awful struggle, and then each spoke up and of her own accord rejected Christ--except little Melha, who said, with her baby smile, 'I love Sidna Aissa.' Hawawach and Bent Fata began the usual Moslem arguments. I sat on and prayed only, when suddenly little Zahia, with a shake as if shaking off a serpent, said loudly and determinedly before them all, 'I follow Christ and Him only.' Then Zineb said in the same bold way, 'and I follow Him till I die.' The others sat on, looking bad and sullen, and we left them for prayer in my room. As we came out the other three came with their faces radiant, and said they also had prayed, and they each one had decided to follow Christ only. Then each one boldly prayed to Christ, and told Him that they chose to follow Him till death. I can't tell you all in a letter, but I know it was all true as well as I know that God called me out here. Zineb is a sentimental child, but she spoke without sentiment and not in her usual timid voice. Fatima bent Aissha has never pretended to follow Christ, or to love Him, and for her to pray aloud is a wonderful thing.'

Alger again, May 6.

A shock came at the Rue Palmier house in seeing Hanifa resplendent in a lace-like vest and gold chains and a delicately-tinted pink silk scarf twisted round her head.

We knew at once that the marriage with her brother-in-law, Hamdan, had taken place. She looks quite young again, and seems really to care for him, and he has said, 'I will not prevent thee in thy road; if it is a good road I will come in it.' He used to listen, it seems, when Si Mohammed read the Gospels to his brother in the evenings.

May 8.

It may be that God is going to answer our prayers for Hanifa's deliverance in another way, by giving Hamdan in as well. We found him at home when we went this afternoon, and the first thing he said was, 'I want that book explained,' reaching for us a green linen-covered volume on the shelf above his head. It was such a seal on 'that book,' which had only been given to Hanifa yesterday--the outcome of much Short Service toil. . . . A book of New Testament picture-cards, with a verse or a hymn opposite each, printed on the 'Plex.,' each linked on with the picture, so that the latter can help the memorising. Hamdan had been studying the picture part last night, and was keen to hear.

May 10.

Another new institution of these weeks has been the class of 'wild elephants' that May Ridley and Pleasant Hurst have started together for the little waifs that run wild in

the streets. They are supposed to be entertained and generally assisted by the house children band; only such is their awe at being actually admitted, they behave at present quite as well or better than the habitués.

May 12.

There is a curious movement of listening among the big boys, good and bad. The bad are still headed by Baddach. He brought a troop of them to the Sunday class to-day. Mr. Smeeton took their names as they came in; two of the names given, in all solemnity, were, 'Turnip, the son of an Artichoke stalk,' and 'Boiled Beans!' in Arabic equivalents.

The good ones are headed by another leader, who has only appeared on the scenes in this last week or two, Ben Aissa by name--a small boy, long since forgotten among the throng of former days, now shot up into a tall, intelligent fellow of 16. He has been coming to read in the evenings, and to the Sunday Morning Meetings, and is now beginning carpentering with Pons. It looks as if the hold that we hoped to win through Baddach may be gained through him.

May 13.

Omar comes every few nights. I must tell about to-night's reading. He had been comparing the two accounts in St. Matthew and St. John of Peter's denial, and brought (in no

carping spirit but really wanting to understand it) the puzzle that one spoke of two men and a maid as servant questioning Peter, and the other of two women servants and a man. E. Thorpe answered him that probably the whole crowd of servants were questioning, and that one had doubtless heard one part of the group and the other another. This satisfied him, and we went on to explain how each told just what they had seen and heard. "Yes," he answered, "I see how they would not all be the same. If I and some of my comrades were listening to our Lord, and I went out to drink some water, I should have missed a bit, and my account would not be the same as the others!" His spirit is so marvellously changed--the same keenness, but his will is on the believing side.

May 15.

To-night I was telling him a bit of the path of separation which lay before him when Jesus should call him "out," and telling him that, for the sake of others, he must walk in it boldly. "Yes," said he, "I remember when I was a boy we were away in the country, and several of us were going barefoot. We came to a rough prickly bit of ground, and began to go thus (shewing hesitating, tentative steps with his hand), but our leader said, 'That's

not the way--rush it, it will not hurt thee,' and we hardly felt the thorns,' and his face glowed as he swung his arms to shew the 'elan.'

May 17.

Prayer has been so really answered for bent Fata. She gave us a deal of trouble in the winter personally, though all the time she was doing 'Mother' beautifully to poor little Melha, who has behaved like an angel. Now a real softening has come, and a big hope for what she may be in the future, for she is far ahead of the rest in brain power, and P. Hurst has given a deal of time to her reading and writing, and has many thoughts and hopes about her possible developments.

May 18.

It is wonderful about these dear Short Service helpers. We had many warnings beforehand, and slight misgivings as to whether they would be 'hanging round' in a dilatory way, and whether to get them to work and keep them at it would be more labour than the equivalent of burdens lifted. All these fears melted in less than a week from their arrival! It was everything to have had the 'Olives' nucleus, with its training all round, and now K. Butler is here too, keen

to the hilt over everything--and E. Thorpe, though she has language study, and visiting, and 'night school' work thrown in, has so managed the secular side that there has never been a thought or a care needed concerning it. We only wonder what we shall do when all their dear helpfulness ends for this season with the Tuesday's steamer of next week.

May 20.

This morning came the welcoming in of the Simpsons and their Ali--a big Moor in a black jelab and white head-gear and yellow slippers and a dark beaming face. They have two fragile-looking little children, and look worn out themselves, and yet with such a radiant calm and loving heartedness about them.

May 21.

One joy of these last days has been over the coming back of Mustapha, the lame lad who was baptised four or five years ago, and then relapsed into unsatisfactoriness. At intervals we have been able to get at him, when ill, always with the same heavy-heartedness over the shallowness of his assent and of his repentance. Now this time he has sought us out spontaneously. Another bit of blossom promise in the winter-bound land.

Dar Naama, May 22.

The Conference Meetings up here began yesterday with a lovely sense of a clear sky and a 'Dew from the Lord' distilling all around. More gathered than we have ever yet had, and a sense of deep down, spirit-wrought unity as never before.

To-day came the sense of a bit of 'kick'--just enough to remind us to keep fast hold of God.

May 24.

Such a melting again yesterday, through and through, and the Praise Meeting this morning was one long stream of definite thanksgivings on our knees, hardly one silent, I think. And from Algiers comes the news of a beautiful softening in our dear old Hawawach. Mrs. Simpson believes her to be really over the line after all these years of halting on the threshold. They hope Hamdan and Ben Aissa are over the line too, and Mustapha comes to Ali every day, with all his old brightness back.

May 25.

Down again in Alger, preparing for the last phase of this Conference Week--the native day to-morrow, the first start, we think, for the Arab Conference of the future here. Two

women and a lad have come over from Cherchelle, and are being lodged till Tuesday, so as to go up with our people to spend Whit-Monday at Dar Naama.

Whit-Sunday, May 26.

Yes, we think it has been a 'beginning of days;' besides the two Cherchelle women, there was one from the Americans, and, on the other side of the curtain, three convert lads from the Kabyles and their two evangelists. All ours were there except our poor Aissa the younger.

Ali spoke splendidly from his own experience--it was a new beginning for him, too, for in Morocco to speak freely in an open meeting is not yet possible--and it was such a joy to him. It proves once more the power of interchange, which one has felt is still an unused storage.

May 27.

Ali is keen on getting Mustapha to the Tangier Hospital for a time; he says it would be the making of him in body and spirit. Mustapha's face glows at the possibility. Mr. Simpson and Ali are very hopeful, too, about Hamdan, and they feel he would be worth training in the future. He is full of learning to read, and seems to take a clear stand out before the others.

May 28.

The last of the 'Short Service' people are off--God bless them--together with Mr. Hamilton. We had one more bit of praise after another till the very last meal, before they all went on board.

It is joyful that, though they are gone, the 'House of Dawn' is open still, for the Simpsons can stay another month, and we hardly ever go past the door guest-house without seeing a little group there round Ali. It is such well-timed help from God.

May 29.

We have been talking to Mr. Simpson about the future, and how much, now that a stir is beginning among the boys and men, they need a man to lead them on, and how a native would be better than anything at this juncture. But they do not seem to have anyone to spare. They feel though how doors are opening here on every side, and specially that F.H.F.'s 'farm colony' should be such a wonderful thing if the right man were found to head it, for from Egypt to Morocco there is no such place. Surely He Who is giving all these things will, with them, give the labourers into His Harvest!

May 31.

A great sorrow has come about Zehour and Fatima, Rabbah's wife, in their deliberately saying, what we had guessed before, that they have been terrorized by the eldest brother, Aissa, Yamina's husband, into definite withdrawal. "We may not walk in that road," they said to-day; "we may not give up the old paths!" In one way it is better out--yet, oh, the grief of it! Aissa the younger is undoubtedly involved, for he never comes near us now.

Back of Aissa the elder in opposition, is his wife Yamina. She sits there with her handsome, scornful face, withering the other souls like a Upas tree.

June 1.

M. Ridley is off to-day to Relizane, so as to let Mlle. Gayral free for a "reconnaissance" at Mascara--with a view to opening it as an outpost from Relizane in the autumn. The summer and autumn are drawing into focus with the beginning of June, and another unlooked-for joy is coming out of Dar el Fedjr, in that, being cool and in good air, we shall be able to stay on there, some of us, turn about, and thus keep the Alger work open, with a rallying point for Christ through the Ramadan fast.

June 2.

One who got a real lift last Sunday was our housemaid Chrira. We saw she was very happy with the two Cherchelle women, but it went deeper than that, and her beaming face and hearty work are like the Chrira of old days, only with the deeper light of those who have fought through their first battles and have overcome.

June 3.

Mrs. Simpson thinks that all this spring God's work of preparation has been going on in Hawawach. She told her how day after day she had thought of asking for a clean heart. E. Thorpe thinks the thought must have started months ago, when she said our house must be clean, because it was for God, and that she knew Heaven was so clean that only clean hearts could go there, and that she wanted a clean heart.

Light has come to her, that is sure; she said, the other day, "the kitchen is full of darkness, but all the shadows have gone from my heart." Will the light drive out all the Moslem shadows? that is the crux with her.

June 4.

It is a week of fighting for foothold. Zehour and Rabbah's wife, Fatima, sat in the middle of a group of

scornfully opposed women, and deliberately said that they had turned back to the old path. Aissa and Yamina, having wrought their will there, have set themselves down to conquer at the Birjebaa house, where Boualem, Chrira, Hamdan, Hanifa, Rabbah and Fatima live. A taleb uncle of Yamina's backs her, and between them they never leave us alone with Chrira. And Chrira is not in a good state spiritually for fighting, for there is always a tendency to self-confidence and self-satisfaction in her spirit.

June 6.

Hamdan and Hanifa came to Dar el Fedjr for the Whitsuntide Meetings, and are staying on still--such a dear pair they are; he is a great boyish-looking fellow with a frank face, and she is like a flower.

We look at the end of the reading-room which we screened off as a room for Hanifa, in which she could take refuge from the marriage with Hamdan, and there are the two, sitting side by side in it, learning to read out of the same book, or he doing laborious writing with his clumsy fingers, while her deft ones are filling in exquisite stitches in her embroidery frame.

The problem is, that all our efforts to get him work fail, and his own are equally futile. He believes it to be the result of a spell, worked on him four years ago by a man whose daughter he refused to marry!

June 9.

Mrs. Simpson and I spent a good two hours at Boualem's to-day, waiting in vain for the chance of a moment alone with him. He is ill and sad. Chrira followed us down the stairs for a word, and even then Mrs. Simpson caught a glimpse of Yamina's pink serouals through the little staircase window, showing that she had followed us to listen.

June 10.

Mr. Simpson and Ali are hard at work with the men in the douira. It is an old dream, come at last to working days, that those of other stations should come to reap; and we have a sense of such absolute fellowship with the Simpsons over every detail of the needs.

June 11.

Hamdan has gone off after a job, and Hanifa and her little Hamido are staying with us here. He is such a perfect darling. His manners are "very much converted," as E. Thorpe expresses it, and occasionally his spirit too,

when he listens like an angel to music, or bows his curly head (its hair is more like astrachan than anything) between his toes for prayer. We tried to investigate the subject of these prayers, and find that they are that Hamdan may find work and buy him sweets!

To-day his dear sunny face was turned up to mine with the remark, 'I am going to kill myself dead till the blood comes.' 'I shall leave all my toys.' 'Why will you do it?' 'Hakdha'--i.e. 'just so,' the usual ambiguous native answer when questions go too far.

June 12.

It is such a battle on all sides that I've felt we must send a prayer circular (by means of our blessed new 'Plex') to those who can help us round by heaven--giving a genealogical table of our complicated new family, that they may be able to follow the ins and outs. Aissa the elder has opened fire on Hamdan now, and told him that he had not married his sister to a Christian, and will take her back to live with him and look out for another husband for her.

Boualem has got him alone and told him to hold on, and not to bring her back to that house. 'It is full of little devils,' so he expressed it, and both he and Chrira know

that they are running a risk of poisoning any day as long as Aissa and Yamina stay on. There is a thought that we may send Boualem and Chrira to Tangier for a bit, that he might get some teaching and training from the Colporteurs there. Boualem would thankfully go, for he does not see how they are going to spend Ramadan in that house, as break the fast they must. But Chrira is the difficulty. For it is much easier to put up a single man there than a couple, and she does not see being left. "I have been married to him ever since I was a girl," she says, "and we have never been separated. I have no one but him. I know I should cry, and get ill."

June 15.

The Miliana pair have gone a long excursion to the tablelands down south of them, where a link with Giannazza, formerly gardener at Dar Naama, gave hopes of reaching the tent people on and around his brother's farm. Mary Watling writes, "The whole long journey would have been well worth while only to have had the Affreville gatherings"(Affreville is a neighbouring town in the valley). "It was almost too wonderful how just in the two hours at our disposal there, three new groups of houses were opened to us. Two small boys were the guiding angels! wealthy, respectable, "unco

guid'' houses they were too. They really listened wonderfully, next to no time was wasted on introductions and trivial questions, so over forty got a real talk in those two hours. It has been such a long time to wait. Everybody will pray, won't they, that the seed will bring forth fruit, and that Affreville may never be shut up again.'

June 17.

The point where we have expected God's working this spring--i.e., among the boys--is exactly the point where, instead of progress, there has been retrogression. I think the root of this, as far as 'the things that are seen' go, is that Baddach is jealous of Pons having come on the scene, and has determined that neither he, or his workshop in the café, shall succeed; and so the boys leave him sublimely alone in his carpentering hours there, or get in in a band intent on mischief. Even the little painting boys on Thursdays, though longing to come, hardly dare to venture, except a small group of half-a-dozen or so.

June 18.

Instead of that, it is the men that God is seeking. Ali sits in the douira, in his yellow robe and snowy turban, his dark face glowing as he talks to them. Hamdan and Mustapha in the daytime, Boualem, Omar and others at night,

gather round his foot-high table. One thing that is a joy is their brotherly confidence in each other, instead of the suspicious aloofness that prevented the old generation of enquirers from being of any help to each other. Ali charges them to keep together and to get hold of others, and to work in with us, for we need them and they need us.

But it is not discourses but real solid Bible reading that draws them; that also is 'a new thing,' in this new generation, and one that fills us with hope.

June 19.

Another long talk with Chrira of Birjebaa this morning. I felt so that God's word, 'Come ye out from among them and be ye separate,' would set her free if she would let it, and the Exodus story of the Red Sea following straight on that of the sprinkled blood. The thing that brought most response was that if she went out free it would make the way for other women, and she spoke of the opposition in the house in a way that shewed that she has not been drawn on to that side, thank God. It is mostly the inert driftiness of the Arab mind that we have to fear with them when any big step comes. Their fatalism makes them so slow to act, unless under the prod of anger, as Sascha said to-day.

June 20.

Down to Blida to wind up before the present pair are replaced by others for the summer.

Little buds are growing again, and they are full of hope for fresh expansion next winter.

One of the objects in coming down was to see whether any arrangements could be made for work here for Hamdan, for the dock strike in Algiers paralyses all business there, and idleness is so bad for him. There is good hope, through May Olives' house boy, of work for him in a wood yard, and they can be given a room in Dar El Ain, with entrance through the stable yard.

Blida, June 21.

There was a great sense of rest yesterday about the Tangier plan, therefore it was no surprise to hear from Sascha that Chrira had suddenly withdrawn her objections, and was ready to go with Boualem. How glad he will be.

June 22.

Alix started yesterday, at her own wish, to spend the summer in Marseilles, work being slack here. It was sad to let her go again 'without Christ.'

The Simpsons are much with us over her, for they see the power she could be; they feel that the solution is that she is a backslider, and that nothing else can account for the mingling of resistance and pathetic sorrowfulness and restlessness, and it tallies with the conviction that B. G. L. H. has always had, that, as a child, she really came to our Lord. It makes one the more sure of final victory

June 23

Such a wonderful gift from Heaven to-day. We had, instead of our usual Sunday afternoon Bible reading, a long talk round the tea-table with the Simpsons on various matters, such as the tests for baptism, and finally returned to the question which has arisen two or three times before, but has been met with silence, had they any convert who could come to the help of the men here, even on a visit from time to time? . . . and now the whole thing opened into blossom-- they had just the man, and it would be also the solution for him, but they had not mentioned him, as they thought his physical infirmity of being club-footed would prevent his acceptance. But it seems to have been no hindrance physically or morally to his usefulness for many years there. He is a born teacher and a genial man with much tact and 'established in grace,' . . . and he would not find

any difficulty in working under the direction of women, as he came out for Christ in Miss Herdman's days in Fez.

There is a dawning hope that here is the reason of our French men-helpers having been withdrawn, that native help may come to the front: it may be that God has plans to unfold thus, unthought of by us, which could never have come to fruition while they had a European on whom to lean.

June 25.

A big disappointment for Mustapha to-day in a complete failure in his application for permission to go with the Simpsons back to Tangier. It seems that the passport is extremely difficult to obtain. Boualem wants to go off on a 'tramp' boat without one, and Chrira has expressed her willingness for this, even disguised as a man! Of course, we cannot recommend this course. The Simpsons leave to-morrow, God bless them!

Hamdan is back from Blida, alas--no work to be had in the wood yard where it had been half-promised him--so patience again.

June 26.

God's ways are very wonderful. The Simpsons were still in the harbour this afternoon when a crisis came. Hamdan

had just come up from seeing them off when in walked the 'iemma' (his mother-in-law) and Zehour and a powerful-looking country man. They summoned Hanifa down, and unsummoned, in walked Hamdan.

Then they began with strident voices, saying 'tourne-tou,' a combination of the French verb and Arab termination (for to become a renegade is so rare that no Arab verb exists for it here), and that Hanifa must put on her haik and come. They both stood firmly and quietly together, saying they were in the road they had found right. At last, in a lull produced by coffee, Hamdan walked the uncle off, and the 'iemma' tried every alternative of wrath and sorrow, saying she was fasting and praying that Hanifa might die. We could only dumbly hold on to God, and at last they left to go. On the stairs I said, 'Where is the mother of old days, I want her back!' The beautiful old face softened, and she said, 'May it please God!'

An hour or two later back came Hamdan; the uncle and Aissa the elder had taken him down to the Cadi with the intent of getting him thrown into prison. Aissa was so sure of having him that he had already paid a deposit of ten douros to feed him while there! The Cadi, however, said that if he fulfils the marriage contract, he has a right to

live where he pleases with his wife, and by night-fall they were safe back in the douira, joyful and loving together as we have never seen them yet. Thereby hangs a tale that we have since heard--that the sparring of Hanifa's side has been the result of a 'seher' (philtre) that Yamina had given before she came to us, to make them quarrel. The spell of it seemed to break as they stood together for Christ, and all is sunny now.

June 30.

Yes! God is working: that uncle, it seems, had been fetched by Yamina, with the message that Hanifa was worshipping the Cross and eating pig and drinking wine! and he had come up with the intention of carrying her right off and marrying her to a relation in the country. Meanwhile, last night, while the family were at the Ali Medfa house, expecting him to settle what to do next, he was sitting till 10 p.m. in the douira with Hamdan, hearing and asking questions, which Hamdan answered to the best of his power, out of his month-old knowledge. 'This is a good road,' was the uncle's reply, 'and I shall tell them, that ye do well to walk in it!' So once more the weapons forged against us have not prospered, praise be to His Name.

| | When read kindly | forward to | Forwarded |
|------------------|---|------------------------------|---------------------|
| Miss Smith | 12 North Road. Clapham | ^{Recd} April 18. | ap. 20 |
| Mrs Evitt | 68 The Chase. Clapham Common | April 20. | |
| Miss Edith Evitt | | — — — | ap 28. |
| Miss Jelf | Ivanhoe Chaucer Road Worthing | April 29 | May 2 nd |
| Mrs Beanlands | Wickhurst Manor Weald | | |
| Miss Grantoff | Sevenoaks. Hatherleigh 4, Park Hill Clapham London. | | |