

Algiers Mission Band



The old Mosque of 2 Rue du Crissant.

Journal 1913

Jan. 3rd.

New Year's Day found us together at "Dar Naama" -- twenty five of us have spent this week together there. "Three times in a year" seems to be the thought that is crystallizing now for gathering together, with the spring conference and autumn Rally and this winter house party. In between whiles the monthly prayer lists and quarterly Couffa do much to hold the linkings of thought and prayer afloat.

Jan. 4th.

The battle began again to-day, as soon as the first instalment of us settled in afresh in town, by finding that a list of petty pilferings had been going on among the house-children. It seems a nearly hopeless thing with natives to try to run these matters to earth -- they are deft and deep past belief, and voluntary confession is far beyond their horizon. It is impossible but for "the coming of the Holy Ghost"

Jan. 6th.

The first event of the year is the arrival this evening of Chira from Mostaganem. We went to get her out of the train, a swathed, high-peaked bundle, accompanied by her father, majestic looking in his native officer's uniform. She was gorgeous when we unrolled her mufflings -- and emerged like a

great flower out of its sheath, making a patch of gleaming jewel-like colour wherever she goes.

Jan. 9th.

Another answer to prayer has come in the shape of Aissa the younger and his wife and mother being suddenly installed again on a visit at "Dar el Fedjr". He and his wife have never yet fulfilled the promise of their first days of the new life; we believe it will come: they have not got their "second wind" yet.

Jan. 10th.

The Kelizane Chira is a dear simple soul, and withal far more grown up in a mental sense than the childish women here. She has simply a thirst for reading lessons, and collects 4 or 5 a day from different teachers besides the systematic hearing of the Gospels, hymn learning, and everything else she can catch hold of even from the children. "That will do for my women in Mostaganem" is the echo that rings through all. The only thing we have felt a *démur* about is the amount of her jewellery - heavy native pins and chains of silver gilt, rows of coins and massive ear-rings thickly set with seed pearls all a glimmer and a shimmer. Of course they are heir-looms and carried about for safety; only for a Bible woman of the future it does not look quite suitable. A word about this

and off they came one after another, all but the ear-rings, which were too securely embedded in her ears. These were muffled round in the white embroidered scarf that drapes the pointed cap of blood-red silk. -- We wish our other native helper were as satisfactory; we feel more and more disappointed over him. From the first there has been no touch with our men, though they welcomed him warmly. He has a little coterie of his own of solitary monks, and if we could but feel that his spiritual life was strong we could trust him to work on his own lines with them, even though the drinking of tea with much mint and sugar seems to play the principal part in it. Only alas there is so little response that there is reason to fear that not much is being done, and it becomes a grave question whether, if he is not helping us, and we can so little follow and superintend him apart from us, we ought to keep him: It is a grievous disappointment: we had hoped for such re-inforcing through him.

Jan. 17th.

The boys' classes have gone down this winter into the very dust of death: a good place from which to begin again! We have let them lie there until such time as Pons should return from his bit of training in Tangier. - The first move came last week in the shape of salaams from Boualem ben Ahmed

(Fatima's boy) saying he was sorry he could not come now on Sunday mornings as he has gone to work. It appeared that he could come by the middle of the afternoon, so I asked him to do so and to bring any good friend with him "I have but one good friend" was his answer. So last Sunday we began again with him and the one good friend, a twin pair of seed leaves again; and three little imps, small and good, have likewise re-appeared, just as Pons returns, to start again the class for Thursday boys. O the pitiful smallness of it! - We have just got through Mr Smeeton the statistics of child life in the land, and find that between the ages of 5 and 14 it stands at 649668 for the boys and 512735 for the girls. So it is time that life should rise again from the dead.

Jan. 23rd.

The fight has taken on a fresh phase. We have noticed for the last week or so a darkness and heaviness in the face of Boualem the elder that always tells of conflict. He is of a silent long-suffering nature, and does not readily speak out his troubles. Yesterday it came out - some was his own fault and some was not. The fault - more foolishness than fault - was that he had thought that he must honour Christmas by better clothes, so discarding the French working man's costume that he has to wear at his barrel factory, he had appeared in a

proper costume for an Arab "son of the people", full trousers and embroidered waistcoat of smoke-grey cloth. This it now seems had been partly borrowed, partly bought from Aissa the elder, who had now begun to dun for it; and other small debts incurred during these last months of illhealth had added to the burden. "But why do you not work at the leather work which we have given you?" "My hands are cold with trouble" (idiom for discouragement) "I begin to work but my heart is too heavy to go on." We propounded a possible plan, but before it could be carried out Aissa had stepped in and offered to sweep off all his debts at a stroke, and to give him the keeping of a shop that he had just opened for old furniture. We told him there was no harm in the work but to beware of any plot involved in it, for which the price of compromise would be asked.

Jan. 24th.

Another faith test has come for them all. By 7.30 this morning Rabbah was sitting in our Mosque, his head bowed on his hands and his shoulders heaving with sobs. His eleven months old boy, Bashir, heir of all the family, (for Aissa & Boualem are childless,) had died in the night - such a terrible blow to their six weeks' old faith. His little wife was so sweet when we went to see her. There was no wailing or tear-

ing her face, she just put down her head on E. Thorpe's shoulder and said "He was so beautiful that God wanted him: he was not like any other child and he did not die like other children, he did not struggle: it was just the breaking of a little silk thread when God lifted him from my side."

Feb. 3rd.

And now the storm centre here has veered round the children. All the winter we have had trouble with bad language - irrepressibly bad - breaking out at every point: and now more small thievings seem to lie at the door of that Kabyle family so long prayed for. It may be that the guilt of having connived at it is the cause of the darkness over Bent Fata's spirit. She is a problem: just at the most difficult age now, proud, dominant, clever. We are bound to fight through with her for her mother's sake as well as her own - yet she is throwing a Upas shadow meantime on the little child souls around.

Feb. 6th.

The crux has come in two directions. Boualem has come to the end of his tether with Aïssa, as the latter was very angry with his shutting the shop and coming to us on Sunday. So he has given him a week's notice and will be clear of him, which is a great relief. The other crisis has been more painful; such a spirit of insubordination among the house children that we have

had to disband them pro tem and transfer the girl children to "Dar el Fedjr". This seemed the only way to break the spell of Bent Fata's masterfulness.

The house seems so silent and sad without the patter and the chatter of our row of small housemaids. They are replaced by Ruquia, who being old and deaf is outside Bent Fata's sphere of influence.

It may be that out of this shadow of death over the girls' work may dawn the day for the boys. If the girls get a fresh, pure start in "Dar el Fedjr" and the coast is clear here for their brothers, it will be worth the upheaval. We cannot have them round the house door together as must be when both have the entree.

Feb. 10th.

Darkor shadows still are gathering over the house-children. When the money box was to be opened yesterday to put in the Sunday collection, the key at first would not work, then broke loose lock and all, and four gold pieces proved to have disappeared from under its tray. We can only trace it back to last Friday when Fateema and her family came to spend the day on the roof with Bent Fata and Molha. It must have been carried out with skill and cunning, for the box was locked up in one drawer and the key hidden in another.

arrange for it in our own, in the old mosque of Rue du Croissant.

Omar was spokesman this time - "Our house is the best - then it will always be in remembrance - all our remembrances are there" - and one could see that his mind went back to the days of boyish pranks on magic lantern nights, and to the evening when by the covered well head, he threw himself at the Saviour's feet.

Complications again - for our baptistery would need altering by a mason - it takes a huge supply of water to fill it; whether by our much needed cistern water or in copper cruches brought by the Biskri. And how to carry all this through unnoticed, with Ben Aissa and other weathercock spirits haunting the house continually, we did not see, more especially as the head Mufti of Algiers had just taken the house next door - and to take such a step under his very eyes seems almost to court trouble. And yet there is a sense that the "Go forward" lies this way, and it has been sealed by the spontaneous visit of a Christian mason, a Spaniard, asking for work, and understanding just the alterations needed to bring the baptistery into right dimensions.

Feb. 21st.

The Mouloud Feast is on these days - alas the Ali Medfa family are in it - all but Boualem, who has severed clean, thank God, with it all, and spent his whole days on into the evening

in the shelter of "Dar el Fedjr".

Feb. 23rd.

A sudden joy has sprung up to-day - sudden as an equatorial sunrise, as Sascha says. Amar ben el Hadj listened at this morning's meeting with a great response in his face: when it was over he said "I want to know what the death of Christ means: why had He to die?" We sat straight down at the maida with our Bibles, and one passage after another shone up, even to our own souls, in the living light that tells that the Holy Ghost is there. "O I did well to come this morning" he said - and again and again "I see - I see - I see - how was it I did not see before!" In the evening he was back "My heart is like a feast" he said - "I laugh for joy, tell me everything about the new life. I know I must not smoke or drink, tell me the other things" - We began with Mat. 5, but smoking seemed to be the uppermost point. "It may be a battle, but God is strong" he said - "I know He is strong - I have seen it to-day; ~~is~~ He has swept all the darkness out of my heart - out - out - it is a little thing to take the wish for tobacco out of my body."

Our hearts are singing for joy: it is such a sudden blossoming out of that long sleeping winter bud.

Feb. 28th.

This week has been a bit like the days of long ago, in the

case that has had to be taken over the preparation of the baptis-
tery, in guarding off inquisitive eyes, specially the very sharp
ones of Ben Aissa. - Fortunately he is in a subversive state, which
makes a good reason for not letting him in. And the absence of the
house-children, who would inevitably have got wind of it, is a-
nother of the shieldings.

Mar. 4th.

It has been a day! All of outward preparation went beautiful-
ly, and the mosque looked a picture in its fresh whitewash, with
banks of white heath and crimson anemones from the Algiers woods
& Relizane fields, in the recesses, and a sheaf of arums from "Dar
Naama" by the Koran stand that serves as lectern. - All was ready,
and those we had asked to join us beginning to come, but no Boua-
lem and no Omar. The latter we know might be delayed by his tram
work: our hearts misgave us over the former - for Aissa had been
after him since the morning over some mysterious charge concerning
this shop that he is keeping for him - - - time went on, and all
were there except the two. And then a prayer battle began which
would take no denial: we told God that we could not and would not
have defeat, although it stared us in the face as the time wore
on. It was such a wrestling as none of us will ever forget.

Then came a knock, but all that came in was a bewildered look-
ing shrimp of a boy, little Allal. "They have sent me to tell you

Boualem cannot come: they say he is in prison." - I left them praying with praise beginning, and went off to Ali Medfa to verify. They could tell no more than this rumour - Within 5 minutes came a messenger after me: "Omar is there" - and there he was, quite calm in his sangfroid - an hour or two out of reckoning for time is nothing to a native, he had been detained at his work, that was all! - And so the service went on, and as he came up out of the water, admitted into the ranks of Christ's Church Militant, came with a burst of triumph one of our new Coxologies, to the tune of "Fight the good fight" - It was a moment worth battling for!

Mar. 5th.

To-day was Queenie's wedding - all as bright and loving as it could be. We were proud of the achievements of "Short-Service": the whole of the entertainment at "Dar el Fedjr" was their handiwork, up to a faultless weddingcake - though the week before had seen them whitewashing the mosque and fashioning the baptismal garbents!

The prettiest part was one of the recesses curtained off, crowded with our special contingent of native women and children, in every colour of the rainbow, and when Queenie went off a burst of their wedding cry echoed after her.

The one shadow was the mysterious disappearance of Boualem

Mustapha Omar Belaid Boualem



His people have still no clue. Our dread was drugging, with its deadly entail of mental and spiritual darkness. - We have often warned him of this danger, always answered by a fearless "An Wah"!

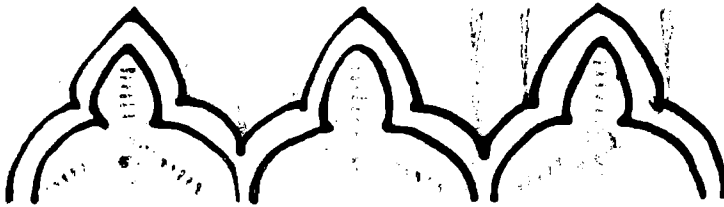
Oh the joy of it this evening - he is safe in the Cadi's prison, on a trumped up charge that he owes Aissa for the shop and its contents, concocted evidently as a means of catching him and keeping him out of harm's way.

Mar. 7th.

God is very wonderful!

We came to shore from seeing off the Summers and my niece Gunda - there stood Elsie - "Boualem is sitting in the kitchen reading St. John!" He had walked quietly in half an hour before, and when he heard he could still be baptized though Mr Summers was gone, he threw up his hands for joy. We sent for M. Cuendet's help, and by 6 p.m. all was ready, Belaid, Mustapha and Omar summoned without telling why - When the latter came in and saw his comrade sitting there in his baptismal white he exclaimed sotto voce "Thus hath God finished all things." Boualem was radiant, & again the "Fight the good fight" doxology rang out as he came up out of the water, pledged to that life in death and death in life for evermore. -

Chira looked him up and down when he got back: "Hast thou been baptized?" she asked: "Yes" answered Boualem, and broke, from



يا الارجاء السماء وقد سراسر

يصبغوا

ويأتى

والارض كما راه مضاعف

اعطينا كل قوتنا الكجا و

لنا ذنوبنا كما نسا هموا

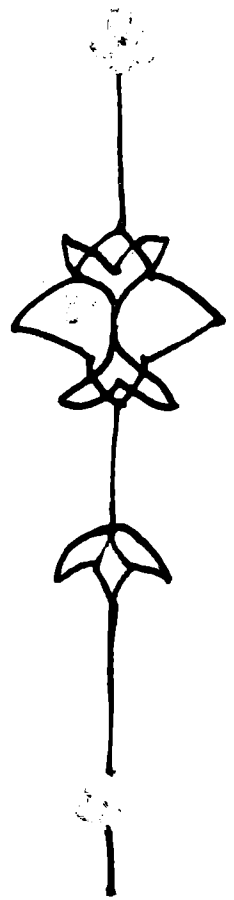
افنا جهيل من ياتيننا

وما تسلم شئ

لكن نسينا من كل شئ

على ظاهر

و على الامام امين



Mar. 23rd.

These weeks have seen ups and downs - Boualem is hiding at one time, and a good bit "haddën down" in spirit now and then - but a lull has come again, and the first communion service for several years was held to-day in our mosque, with all its means of joy over the tiny row of native brethren sitting in our midst. M. Cuen-det brought his Saïd with him - so the first fruits of the three races, Kabyle, Arab, Negro, were side by side.....

Another of the side-crystallizations of little "Church of the firstborn" among us is the issuing, for Easter Day, from "Dar Naama" of a tiny prayer book, containing the "Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the 10 commandments, the Te Deum, and a few other of the Canticles. We feel that with the limitations of the linkings with the saints of the present, the linking with those of past ages grows in its value for these ex-Moslems, to whom brotherhood means so much.

Mar. 26th.

I have been longing for some further touch with the small boys who are beginning to gather back on Sundays and Thursdays - it has come with a flash - kite-flying - The season for that begins with the March winds, and yesterday the court was full of tissue-paper.

and laths and eager heads and hands. - To-day came the climax of going to fly them at "Dar Naama", ending with the band having a coffee party on their very best behaviour in the Orange Court.

Mar. 28th.

Aissa is again dunning Boualem pseudo debt on the shop and its contents, bringing back the darkened look on the latter's face - the only alternative seems that he should go bankrupt and let it be seized. - He struck at that "I could not bear the shame of having the bell rung and hearing it called down the street that I am bankrupt"..... Soon after as we passed down the street we saw him reading his beloved St. John at his shop door with a group of two or three sitting round him, and knew that grace had conquered, even before he told us in the evening that he had come to the conclusion that the apostles had had to bear worse shame than that!

April 2nd.

Amar has been coming from time to time with comrades from the tram staff, in various stages of willingness to listen - in his eagerness over them he pokes them too hard, spiritually, and makes them writhe. - We are not altogether satisfied about him, his spiritual instincts are strong and quick, but there is a facility in expressing them that is almost too glib: we fear whether

the roots go deep.

Apr. 3rd.

Omar has thrown up his tram work and is wanting to get taken on at the post office and is getting a bit crestfallen in finding that work is easier lost than found. I asked him to-day if he would like to try a month's colportage while waiting - his face lighted with a great gleam - but he said "Not yet, I must be here when the summons comes. but when I can get leave later on, Pons & I could go together." It would be good if it can be, they would make a pair like M. Villon and M. Olives of old - Sails and ballast - and oh the need of those far off places, and the stacks of books and papers that cannot be got to the soil where they could be seed! Meantime he and Boualem have begun giving good help with the small boys.

Apr. 8th.

S. Perkin and A. McIlroy have been down for a week at Dellys, a seaport town on the borderland between Arab and Kabyle tribes. - It stands for a battle-post to us in the past: for the first visit there was in the teeth of the most violent time of opposition: Now all is wide open - 12 to 19 visits a day is their average, and memories of those early days linger through the nine years between. - Dellys women are a specially fine independent race, and we know a good many of them in Algiers - messages from these were hailed with

screams of joy.

The further onward move for which we have hoped all the winter, still hangs fire, for everyone out east has advised postponement for the opening of poor Touzer, on account of the war clouds around, that would make a new opening "mal vue" on the part of the authorities - So we can only stand and wait.

Bou Hanefia, Apr. 14th.

Here for a few days, hoping to get on to Mascara, but influenza has stopped that off, and limited me to creeping to the edge of the reservoir & back.

That reservoir is the crux at present - springs have been found as they dug, but only to subside again - they are "kittle cattle" as Helen expresses it - there is such a curious sensitiveness about them, which has its counterpart in the other world - And meantime the 13 hectares of baby orange trees begin to look wan and weary & so we feel it must be the Blida well story again, and that ~~ts~~ God of the fountains and depths must come to our help, for the slow oozing in the black mud does not go far when hundreds of cubic metres are needed to bring success.

Meantime Mascara, the native market town above, has been definitely opened by the Spanish evangelist Saler that F.H.F. engaged last winter, and a couple of rooms are taken to which she can go or send from time to time for the women's work. - Chira is back at

Moutaganem and has somewhat to go through about having come to us
in Algiers. It is reported to be because she had eaten a dog!

Another of the little onward steps has been in the villages
round Algiers which are being worked regularly once a week from El
Blar..... So tough they used to be: the stolid listening is giving
way now to a spirit of questioning and thirstiness to hear.

Apr. 18th.

In Alger Hanifa has had, last week, the gift of a long limbed,
black haired baby boy, over whom she and Hamdan have smoked the pi-
pe of peace. Hamdan is extremely proud of his son - "You must hold
him up and shake him and see how clever he looks" - exemplifying
the process! It is in answer to prayer they all feel, that child &
mother are living, for a fortnight ago she seemed at death's door
with inflammation of the lungs.

Poor Hamdan, his spirituality is still, as S. Perkin expresses
it, in a watertight compartment, and has not much to do with his dai-
ly life - and yet it is there in a queer way: he makes remarks now
and then that show a real understanding. For instance the other day
he was talking about Moslem teaching and he said "They tell you what
to do but not how to do it - Hamido, there, knows how to walk, but if
you told him to walk down to a certain point in the port he would not
know the way."

His brother-in-law, Aissa the younger, is much more real - he is ill just now, which gives the chance of reaching him. He said one of these days over a picture of the crucifixion "I think we are standing far off like those - I have been afraid of men, but God has sent this illness that I may come nearer and then I shall be baptized." This is a lovely new streak of light on the horizon.

Apr. 22nd.

The Miliara work has been in troubled waters this winter, for its workers have both been ill in a strange way with a poisoned hand each, and have had to spend weeks in Algiers for treatment. - Now they have got back into full swing at last again - M. Watling writes:

"There are about 40 girls and one or two young women coming to us about shebika (the native lace work which takes the place there of the Gargaf embroidery of other places) This seems to be the great link now.

Our Taleb wont come and read with us, he daront be seen coming in. I suppose it would spoil his business as writer of charms. The old big boys are called off, but we've a fine number of new little ones.

All the babies join in a simple prayer now, which is a big advance from the time they drew their haiks across their mouths when

we began to speak - We've some quaint ones ... The mothers are so lovely over the new babies - the standing joke is to show us a very small creature in swaddling bands and say "Here is a new pupil for you, she's coming" - They never find it a stale one. It is strange, the strong undercurrent against us in many ways and yet so many coming to the classes etc."

Apr. 27th.

Fresh moves and counter-moves go on all the time game between Aissa and Boualom - The former will now carry off Chira and lock the door, telling his brother he may come for the key if he wants it. Then he will taunt him for his poverty and his shabby clothes - then he will come and land down on him as an uninvited guest - and so on; all the time, threatening him for not having yet succeeded in paying off his debt on the shop. His last act has been to bring a Talob who read the burial service over him! That ought logically speaking to be the end!

Meantime poor Aissa is beginning to find that God's Hand is against him in his resistance and Yamina his wife, hitherto the picture of health and success, is taken with epileptic fits. It may be that this will prove the beginning of the breaking to them both.

May 3rd.

Our chief "Short Service" work this spring, after the shouldering of the girgaff classes, has been helping in the preparation for the Zurich delegates, who are coming at intervals these weeks. Charts, maps, photographs - anything that can stamp facts on eyes as well as ears in the few hours they will be here.

Another of the spring's businesses has been the putting down the outline Chronicle of the 25 years behind us, with its wonderful story of God's providings and expandings.

It all brings up the question, yet more urgently with this year's developments, as to the future and what it should hold. We can only say that God has not yet shown. But as we look at the lovely details of His thoughts for the past, it cannot be that He will leave the sequence of the whole unheeded ... rather it is just like keeping on the look-out to see how the last chapter will solve all the story - how the last chord will fall back into the keynote with its sense of rest, in that - "Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

May 12th.

Miliana again: M. Watling writes: "Just a wee bud has put forth up here, to open fully, we trust, in that other Garden. She is the daughter of that consumptive man, sent home by her husband at 18 to die. It seemed too late, for she would make no sign; we

could only sit and sing with her little sisters who have been coming for two years. We just prayed on at home, and told the children at home every day what to say to her: and one day when her mother was not looking she gave us the loveliest smile of comprehension. Two days after I went in to be met with a perfectly dazzling smile - that other-earthly kind. - We felt sure something had happened, for it could only come from a sense of His Presence, she was suffering so. Yesterday we found out she has been continually praying to our Lord. - The Moslem rites will all go on, she is unconscious now, but we feel sure she is "in"

May 23rd.

Amar ben el Hadj is a source of anxiety - Is he only a bit of stony ground in the quick springing up and quick fading? I do not think it can be so, for God's preparing has gone on so long, and the following feet of the Good Shepherd have sought him so patiently. - He has slackened off since his baby's birth, and we have had reason to fear over his veracity more than once - his facile nature and ready tongue expose him to temptation that way.

May 30th.

The American ships have been coming and going with such a rush for time that it does not look as if much had come of their visits. Instead of that God is we feel concentrating His answer to our prayers over them, on the 3 delegates who have come to stay with us on



The new Boys
Class

their way. One of them has been our correspondent for years as Sec. of the Band that helps us in the States. - Another is in touch with the 15.000 "State Conventions" of the S. School in America. - She has told already, two hundred times (!) the story of the Romanic's visit here six years ago, and is eagerly grasping the whole out-look now. - So it may well be that here lies the linking, in essence, that we thought to have found through the passing ships. - And on her side she is showing us all the newest Child-study Methods and developments in a way that is truly delightful.

- June 1st.

Out of the long death-waiting of the boy's work, dear green shoots are breaking - real love links are forging between them and E. Thorpe, who has definitely undertaken them now. - She can hardly walk down the street now without her basket being seized and carried for her, or a small soiled hand slipped into hers in a confiding way. The last point of contact has been in mending their clothes - a 20th Century form of washing the saints feet!

It makes one feel all the more the pressure of the untouched boy problem of the land - literature for them is a point that is coming to kindle with that sense of burning that tells of God's being in it.

Two or three side trends, point the same way - Mrs Walker's keenness to bring the matter forward in America - Letters from Mr Summers

and Mr Smith emphasizing the need of more broadcast literature for distribution here - and finally an invitation from Cairo to go to the Literature Committee there in November - all looks together as if God's hour were going to strike -

June 3rd.

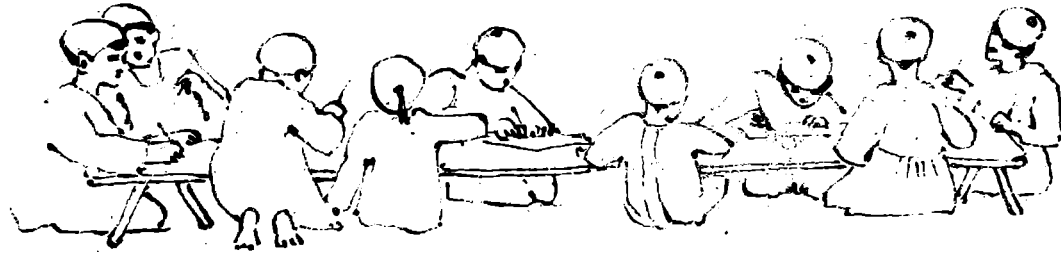
Off with our three American friends to Relizane - the land looked absolutely glorious as we came through it, with its golden corn and huge clusters of indigo globe thistles, and rosy oleander bushes, with the hills behind at hide and seek in a misty cloudland.

Down for the night dropped Chira bent Si Mukhtar and shared the "teachers study class" of nine people of 5 different nationalities!

She is very happy over her first really hopeful woman at Mos-taganem, a widow in the prime of life with two little daughters. "At first she would say "Yes, yes" to everything - then when she understood more, she would say "yes" to me - but it was a different kind of "yes" - and "No, it is not true" to the neighbours. Now she is coming on and has given up the Ziaras & the Marabouts and she is coming to me in Ramadan that we may eat together."

June 7th.

The morning group of small boys keeps on its visitation.



The list of their offerings this week has been: half a bit of chocolate cream, 9 Brazil nuts, 2 carnations (one quite dead) & a "sou". No gifts could be more precious when one realizes that this ~~st~~ house stands for all they have or know of the love of the Father of their spirits. He will count the bits of treasures as "Unto Him".

The other morning there were 5 little earnest faces looking at pictures and hearing the Story of the Cross. One of them was a boy called Deltoura, who used to be a sour faced cross grained spirit till he got thawed with being loved. A few days later he said to Elsie "I have somewhat to say which must not be heard by the ears of the sons of men": and he took her to his home and wanted all those pictures again. There was eager listening in that house - a house where no one had ever heard" and one tall, fine looking young married woman, Mahadia by name, looked at the picture of the scourging with tears in her eyes. Deltoura broke in "But wait - greater things He did for us": and when the picture of the Cross came, he told it beautifully and reverently.

That Mahadia is extremely intelligent, and longing to learn to read. She is one that should be prayed into the Kingdom.

June 12th.

Boualem is at last out of Aissa's clutches. He sold off,

somewhat at a loss, the contents of the shop, and some gifts that fell down from above for his help from home, settled the balance, which Michel Olives, who has acted as his legal adviser all through, helped him to get a proper receipt for this time!, and he is back at his old barrel-making trade, safe and sound, thank God, and we trust with a determination to have no more money dealings with his brother!

June 13th.

Omar is very happy over the sight of God's working in his little wife - - A childish, irresponsible creature she was, a year ago. Now she says right out "I want to walk with my husband", and her face tells of the waking soul beneath.

Mustapha is just now going through the worst time of them all. Ben Aissa has been getting at him with Moslem controversial pamphlets, of which a flood is being poured into the land just now; a grant from Constantinople - looking like a countermove in the unseen to our new plans for literature! Mustapha's poor face is darkened and sullen, "I want to know" he says - (the old Eden temptation) - I believed as a child believes: I am a man now, I need to understand both sides." Well and good if he would receive the added light from the Christian side of the contest: this he is refusing. He has quarrelled with his father too, and is living away from home. Our hearts are heavy for him.

June 17th.

Down to Llida for the last time before leaving, for the prize-giving, which ends the year's work.

It is good to see how the stirring up of our nest by the road-making has worked God's purpose - The classes are established now - 8 a week - and some of the attendances were very high - Such a dear host of butterflies the children looked, as they spread out into the court after the exam and hymn-singing were over.

We have talked over the village question, and hope now that "Dar er Rih" is furnished again, to use it in spring and autumn for the well defined weeks when the village season is at its best as regards the people's leisure - with a more systematic plan than heretofore. - Just now, though, the weather is perfect for getting about, the hamlets are empty - all the inhabitants being out harvesting.

The guest-advance has begun here too, and may mean much as the confidence of the village people increases. - More and more we feel that the atmosphere of a Christian home even for a few days means all the soul avenues opening to the dew and the sunlight - away from the cramped, poisoned, stifling of Moslem surroundings.



A Cradle Roll Baby

June 20th.

Two other souls in the Ali Medfa house have been "illuminated" this spring. One is a naturally dense country woman, named El Akri, who was reached first by doctoring her precious boy, the only survivor of her babies. Those dead babies were the first link between her and the Lord of Life - She was convinced that he was walking in Paradise with them both in His arms. Then the link grew closer, and her own soul crept into those blessed arms, and a great clearing of mental and spiritual vision began, and then a girl, formerly in the slum-post class over the way, began listening eagerly, and the two have been standing together, and praying together on the roof in the evenings.

June 22nd.

One of the new little growing points of the year is the forming, at the suggestion of our American friends, of the beginning of a Cradle Roll - Birthdays, an intrinsic part of it in America, are unknown in Arab life with its lunar month - otherwise the thought is received with delight, and we have six babies enrolled here and 3 in Blida, the parents being one or both Christians or enquirers. Four of the Algiers ones happened to be at the service this morning, and were brought in our arms round to the men's side of the screen and given to the Lord of the little

ones - Allal and Hamido are promoted already to the men's side, & stand by the harmonium, singing away like two little choristers.

June 24th.

Only a week more now and we are off. - The one still at a loose end is Omar, as his post office opening still is postponed. We use him in lesson giving and the illuminating of Arabic wall texts, in which he excels, and he works at them in the cafe alongside Pons and his carpentering, with two or three small creatures as often as not squatting alongside doing their paintings - or older ones coming in to read. He is gaining in character and purpose through his troubles; they have not been lost time - & in dependence on God "It is not our will that does it" he said the other day, "but our will leaning on His Will."

June 25th.

God is using the bringing in of El Akri & Fatima Zourha to give the fresh spur that we have longed for to the faith and courage of the other women of the house. I was saying to Zehour how I rejoiced that they were getting more fearless. "We were afraid" she answered, "because we were only ourselves: now that we see that God is bringing in more, the fear is going." A fresh incentive to faith that God will work in groups.

She and her husband, Aissa the younger, have been staying

The Guest-house Family



again in the Guest-room, and at last his soul is getting a fresh arousal. The nightly readings have centred on the Gift of the Holy Ghost, and once more we see proof that this is the truth needed, that He is not the Prize of the full-grown but the heritage of the baby souls "I have a thirst like the sea for the Word of God" he says, and facts prove it is true, for no matter how late or how tired he is his one thought is "the Book" - "I want to finish the way" was his conclusion the last night - "I and Zehour with me" (their expression for baptism!): and that last night the whole family, - 14 in number, including Aissa the elder and Yamina, came for a farewell supper-party!

One more step in Ali Medfa - the "Yimma" has been speaking to El Akri about breaking the fast - a point which we had not mooted yet to her. -

"We will stand hand in hand" she had said, so El Akri told us "If the others in the house are against it they can go!" One needs to know the careful way in which the Arab house mothers are wont to steer, to realize what such a stepping out into Christ's freedom means.

June 29th.

And now it has come to the last goodbyes, leaving Alma Krebs in charge during our absence, and Omar to do all he can for the boys, for Pons goes home to work on his farm for the summer months.

Tomorrow we three seniors start for Zurich, to be followed three days later by the four next in seniority. So here, full early, closes this season's campaign.