

"Thy brother

Algiers
Mission
Band.

Journal No 2
1913.



for whom Christ died"

ALGIERS MISSION BANF.

Stations in 1914.

Date of opening.	Algiers.	Country.
1888.	Headquarters.	1901. Blida.
1906.	Dar Naama.	1909. Relizane.
1909.	Beit Naama.	1909. Miliana.
1911.	Dar el Fedjr.	1912. Mascara.
	1913. Touzer.	

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Sec. for Prayer-helpers, J.H.Smeeton Esq, 77, Rue Rovigo, Algiers.

Council of Reference. London,

Mr. & Mrs Stuart Trotter.	Broomfield Lodge. Chelmsford.
Sir H. & Lady Proctor.	Norheim. Chislehurst.
Rev. S. W. & Mrs Howe.	St. Lukes Vicarage. C.E. Finchley.

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Algerian Woman's Mission Band. America.

Mrs T. A. Walker. S.S.Asso. 312 17th Street, Denver, Colorado.
U. S. A.

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ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Staff 1914. 1st. Quarter.

Date of arrival.

1888.	I. Lilius Trotter.	1909.	Alice Mc Ilroy.
"	B.G.L. Havorth.	1911.	Clare Mennell.
1890.	F. Helen Freeman.	"	Mme. Pelissier.
1905.	Annie Whisler (Absent)	"	Ida Nash.
1906.	Sascha Perkin.	1912.	J. H. Smeeton.
"	Alexandrine Gayral.	"	Nellie Smeeton.
1907.	Mabel Grautoff.	"	Esther Regojo.
"	May Ridley.	"	Laura Carr.
1909.	F.K. Currie.	"	Mary Freeman.
"	Millicent Roche.	"	S. Soler.
"	Alma Krebs.	1913.	Fanny Hammon. } pro tem.
"	Mary Watling.	1914.	Mme. Arnaud. }

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Short Service Hostel.

Elise Thorpe (1911) in Charge. Pleasant Hurst, Grace Russell, Frances Friend, Violet Barrow, Gwendolin Grimwood, Daisy Cross-thwaite, Beatrice Blaikie, Grace Pegg.

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July 1st.

Yesterday saw our start for Zurich:

In the quiet hours on the steamer I have been thinking over the matter of the general outlines of advance, of how we should keep to native lines socially, instead of losing power (for power leaks out in friction) by trying to run on European ones.

If we study the native lines of intercourse there would be:

1. For the men, the native cafe on a Christian footing.
2. The native story-teller or blind Christian with his tum-tum or its equivalent. Mr Smith is getting passage after passage of the Bible now into a rhythmical recitative in which one can almost hear the native lilt and swing.
3. For the women a Christian "Ziara" to take the place of the outings to shrines which are their only chance of fresh air.
4. The "Dar maalema" for the little girls to learn embroidery & needlecraft, as they have done from time immemorial in Moslem days.
5. The guest-house for men and women in families.

These are outline thoughts that have come, as trails on which they would move naturally, with no hampering of an un-

congenial setting. - Only they all need time & reinforcements to bring them to fruition.

July 5th.

Dr Lowther, who is travelling with us, was talking of the way in which in the Church's outlook on the mission-field, the view is still very general that the Moslems are a doomed race.

A doomed race of 230 millions! It does not sound very like "the God of hope" or the God of Love --- a doomed creed is nearer the mark, the husk that imprisons the seed is doomed, that is all - Hallelujah!

July 13th.

"Zurich" is over, and it has been good - - enriching in the way of suggestion and enterprise, as anything American is bound to be. And, what makes our hearts very glad, the Moslem cause has been to the fore-front.

The "prophet" of the Convention has been Dr Zwemer, and he has spoken like one inspired. I dont think any of us will forget the ring of his first words on "the Moslem Field, white to the harvest" "Fifteen years ago to have announced this subject would have been folly. Five years ago it would have been rash. To-day it simply enunciates a fact".....
".....

A sample "Prayer comrades" paper from Miliana

PRAYER COMRADES



"I publish this for
the hour - let us in!"

Sunday & Thursday
classes for boys.

Comrade to

NAME

Age Town

Correspond with

lowship with Him in it which will "make all things new". - No longer a weary wrestling to get access and an answer. but catching His thought, and simply asking alongside in His Name; His the upper tone, ours the undertone to fill in the harmony.

Praying down rather than praying up, that is the summing up, and that again bears on one of the things Dr Zwemer said at Zurich - How that the velocity and power of anything that comes down, gains in a ratio of high proportion with the height from which it drops: Even from an aeroplane a pencil falling will take on the force of a bullet. - What might not our prayer power be if it came down from the Throne of the Priest, linked with His.

"Prayer is the true lasting will of the soul united and fastened into the Will of our Lord by the sweet inward work of the Holy Ghost" - so was it defined by Mother Julian of Norwich 400 years ago.

Aug. 4th.

Algiers news has come again, and once more poor little Mustapha's tempest-tossed boat has come to anchor. He has determined to make it up with his father, taking his wages as a peace-offering. And his master himself has proposed that he should rest through Ramadan. This will free him to take such

writing work as we can give him and to break the fast if he will.

Omar's long waited for work at the Post-office has arrived too. At first I was a bit sorry that it should be this, rather than with Boualem, which would leave him free for taking colportage work when it offered. Only the discipline is good and he is still a young colt in everyway. And it will still be possible for him to get a bit off now and then by finding a "remplacant", and to have the Sunday boys, and I believe it is wiser to begin with to let them go backwards and forwards with the secular calling, as our Lord willed for the first disciples, rather than to take at once the plunge into spiritual work with all its flood of new temptations.

Aug. 7th.

Another letter from A. Krebs:

"I have just come up from a read with Mustapha, who is now working at the Journal. I feel such a deliverance has come to his spirit. He is reconciled with his father, and lives at home again. The last two days I have so felt God's touch on him during the reading.

"Sunday we had a beautiful time at the meeting. Only the 4 Christians came, but I am sure it was of God, it left one so free to give them God's message of strength and cheer for the

"coming month. There was intense listening and response. Boualem's face was just beautiful with the Spirit's Light.

"Omar came for a read Friday afternoon, but was so tired, poor boy, that he could scarcely keep his eyes open, so when we had finished, as he wanted to stay and see Mustapha, I told him to lie down and go to sleep, which he did at once. His work is changed about a good deal at present, but he hopes always to be free Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, and to be able to go on with the boys. P.S. Mustapha has been eating to-day, the first day of the fast."

Aug. 10th.

Later news still good thank God. Alma writes: "All is right about Mustapha, who comes regularly every day for work & a Bible reading. We are reading the Old Testament, which he seems to know very little of, and being able to read and understand the literary there is a wide field to explore. He has been greatly enjoying Daniel.

"The day before yesterday I went to Ali Medfaa and had a time first with Hamdan and Hanifa. They had evidently been eating, so I said "What about Ramsdan, are you keeping the Fast?" to which Hanifa answered: "We - we have nothing to do with Ramadan, we are eating every day." The Yimma was out, but I saw Zehour who was bright and sweet."

Aug. 11th.

To-day brings a letter from Ali Medfaa to E. Thorpe.

"The mother greets thee much and misses thee much and de-
"sires to see thee. We are going well and with strength. Pray
"for us, greeting from Aissa and Miriam and Zehour and Zubeida
"and Fatma. And our purpose is to eat in Ramadan and greetings
"to you all, and every day we read in the Book. And Fatma Zourha
"and El Akri and we are going well with you: And greet all thy house.
"And thy daughter nanifa salutes thee, and Rashid and Hamidou
"and Hamdan salute thy mother and thy sisters. And greetings from
"Chira and Fatma and Zehour. Peace be with you."

Aug. 15th.

Alger news again, and all to the good thank God. It is
such an intense joy when day after day of the month goes by,
with victory still in the air.

A. Krebs writes:

"Our hearts have been cheered these days with news from
"different parts of the field. Yesterday we heard from Djemaa
"that very many are breaking the fast. - From Miss Cox I had
"a little note to-day saying that one of the men had lunched
"with them, and that Si Abd el Ouahed who had started fasting
"was determined to break the fast. Here the three men seem to
"get on all right every day and the Ali Medfaa people are really

"eating daily. Mustapha's mother gives him his midday meal every day, but is dreadfully afraid, poor thing.

"I found Baddach in the street the other day and spoke a little to him: He looked dreadfully ill - we had to doctor him, as he had got a bad cut on his arm.

"I went to Omar's house this morning to tell Hanifa to send him along. She followed me to the door when I was leaving, and whispered - "I drink a little water now and again but my mother-in-law wont allow me to eat" She is so absolutely like a child, but I think she wants to grasp the thing, and there is indeed a marvellous change in her from last year.

"Here I was interrupted by the arrival of Omar, and a little after Boualem and Mustapha, and we had one of the most lovely times, they were just brimming over, every one of them, they talked and talked, told all their different happenings, rejoiced in the Lord. Mustapha said "I have seen a miracle to-night and my heart is glad"- Then he told how, leaving his house to-night he met his brother-in-law, who invited him to come and spend the night with others drinking coffee, but Mustapha knew it did not alone mean drinking coffee, but card-playing, so he said "No, I cannot do this;" but leaving him he did not know where to go and wondered how he could spend the whole evening in the street, and just at that moment Boualem came up to him and said "Come

"along with me to the Prayer-meeting." Mustapha's plain face "was shining when he told about the "miracle"! Boualem prayed "for courage to confess that he was not fasting when asked, & "the Spirit of God was so present that our hearts overflow with "thanksgiving. A. McIlroy had such a good time to-day with Meh-
"dia, the young woman who has begun to read. She and some young "girls listened most eagerly, and she is so keen on getting on "with her reading."

Klausenpass again. Aug. 21st.

I got up here once more for a month alone, on Monday, just in time to see the dear peaks before they wrapped their cloud sheets round them for another downpour. The perfect quietness is a great gift from God.

One of the joys of a wet season is that the Alpine flowers last on and on, unable to get their day's work done, and their seed ripened, and the jewels of blue and gold and mauve and pearly white shine out of the turf as if it were early summer still. One of the most lovely places is a great "Steinfall" from the rocks overhead; shattered rocks of dove-grey, with an old-rose tinted rhododendron that I never saw before, clustering in their crevices.

Aug. 24th.

More unfoldings have been coming in these weeks over the

boy question, with that sense of relief that comes when the pressure of a need begins to find its way into action. Miss Van Sommer wrote a week or two ago for a paper on Moslem children and how the Nile Press could help them, and such possibilities unrolled for the scope of boys' literature and the vocation that boy's colporteurs might have in spreading it: the outline booklets for them are pouring in faster than they can be set down.

Aug. 26th.

I was looking this morning at the grey slope of that Steinfall, and noticed how unbroken the tint was, it might have been laid on the mountain side with a great brush. The reason was that I stood in a line with the sun - - and with it flashed a truth unrealized till now - that the sun sees no shadows. It brings back that verse in Jeremiah "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou walkedst after me in the wilderness" that is the Old Testament illustration "Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations." that is the New Testament. They tell of a love that forgets all the half-heartedness and unfaithfulness and floods and drowns out the failures in its radiance. Hallelujah.

Aug. 27th.

The gladdest of the Algiers letters came to-day, gladdest

because it is a field retrieved.

"I wish you could have been here yesterday when I was vi-
"siting in the afternoon, your heart would have been glad. I
"went first to Chira mert Boualem, and Fatima, to read them your
"letter, and had such a lovely little time with them. Chira is
"absolutely changed, light breaking through; she told me that
"she has her coffee every morning with Boualem before he goes
"off, and then she and Fatima have their dinner every day together.
"One felt so that darkness had vanished from her soul, in the way
"she spoke and listened. From her I went on to Rue Giraffe and
"read your letter to Hanifa and Zehour, who were most delighted.
"The old mother was on the roof, but came down just as I was leav-
"ing, and as I asked her if she would like me to read it to her
"she said "Yes, you can come in here" pointing to a neighbour's
"door Not knowing if she would like the others to hear what you
"said about their breaking the fast, I first mentioned it to her,
"but with a big smile she said "Oh, but we are all one, we have
"nothing to do with Ramadan, they eat too every day" and the
"other two women just beamed, (Sherifa and her mother) and sat down
"and listened with great joy to your letter. Boualem was just
"radiant last night when he came to the meeting and he spoke about
"Chira. She is quite changed.

"Mustapha told me yesterday that the day before, when the

"heat of the three days sirocco reached the climax, more than
"half the Arabs in Algiers had broken the fast, quite wild with
"the heat, poor souls." That last is good news too, for though
"there is no spirit-freeing in it, it means a crumbling of the
"prison walls around. Omar too is rejoicing over a baby son."

The last gun goes to-night ending Ramadan with much to give
thanks for, though there is proof that the enemy is still awake.

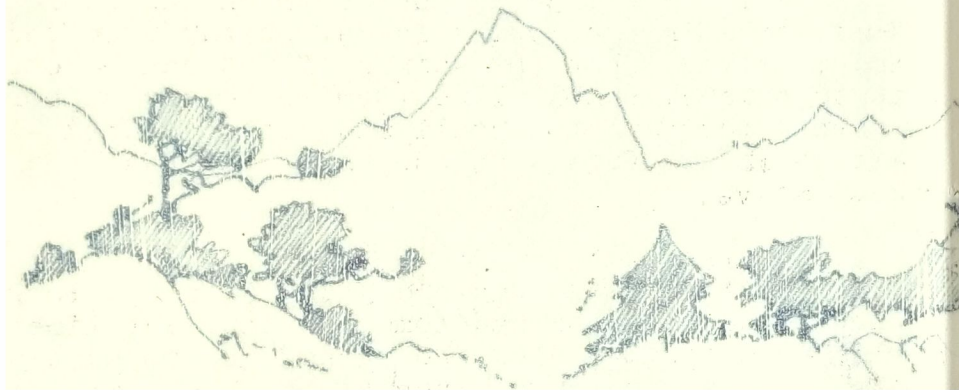
A long letter came yesterday from Mustapha, and this is
Alma's version of the matter by to-day's post. "He has found
"another man who wanted him in his shop to work, and as a sort
"of guardian. This man is a friend of his father's, and they seem
"to have arranged it between them, and M. seems very keen on it,
"this is the work he knows, and it will bring him more money.
"But what about your old master" I said. And to this he told me
"that Ben Aissa had gone to him and told him that Mustapha wasn't
"ill, but had left him to go to the English to break the fast,
"and that now the master was angry. Then came the question about
"Sunday. He said he would ask his new master if he would set him
"free, or if not, he would just sit in the shop without doing
"any work. But I told him that it did not make any difference,
"because in the eyes of the world he would be working and that
"it would prevent his being with us at the morning service. He

"said he wanted to be with us, but that what could he do,
"work he must, and besides, (this I have been expecting for
"a long time) Omar and Boualem were both working now on Sun-
"days. This is a most difficult point. I see humanly speaking
"the impossibility of changing the thing, Omar having just got
"into the Post Office, and Boualem no doubt losing his work if
"he refused just now at the busiest time of the year to work
"half day Sundays. But it must be a stumbling block to Mustapha.
"We go to see Omar's wife Hanifa every day. She is very weak
"and tired and suffering, the heat has for days been almost un-
"bearable, and there was no breath of air in the house. I made
"her some food, the old mother was ill and could do nothing and
"I could only sit with Hanifa, bathing her with eau Sedatif to
"give her a little relief. We were praying much last night for
"cooler weather for her sake, and a quarter of an hour later a
"breeze sprang up. Miss McIlroy went early this morning, and
"found her decidedly better. Now I am going to take her some
"food we have made for her Just come back, she was ever
"so much better to-night. Praise God."

Sept. 6th.

One of the things that touches one most among the glories

outpost fir-trees. Average 3 feet high.



of God here, are the baby trees of the tree-limit - Far below in the emerald of the pastures, lie the alder and beech woods. Then comes the solemn purple-green belt of pine, and above again, among the grey rocks, where they have hardly a foothold of soil, and where the snow buries them yards deep for a third of the year, are these little out-posts of the forest, tiny stunted strugglers, holding on and alive, that ~~is~~ all!

It is very much as must seem in the pathos of them, our dear souls in the Moslem lands, so far from being in stature and symmetry, what the saints of God can become in more sheltered places. Unable like them to be any support to each other - they are too small and too scattered - yet with a beauty all their own from what they have endured, and must endure, to keep alive.

Sept. 10th.

A. Krebs writes:

"Mustapha came yesterday and we had a long talk. Poor fellow he declared he had come for the last time: he had made up his mind to give back the books, not to have anything more to do with us, to forget everything. The persecution had been too much. He said it would soon come to this, that he should go from shop to shop seeking work without result, and then he must leave Alger and go to another town even if it meant begging in

"the streets. He said he had been so happy at the beginning
"of Ramaḍan, but now he must give up everything. He sent many
"salaams to you and could never forget all you had done for him.
"My heart so felt for the poor boy, because through all his
"words I realized how he really longed to be with us, and yet
"fear of man had perfectly laid hold of him. Boualem and Omar
"long to stand by him and help him, they have talked to him and
"are now praying with us."

Poor Mustapha, there is something so frail about him in spirit as well as body, he just crumples up under a contrary wind. I think it is very likely the nerve strain of the constant suffering with his leg, and the sense that he is absolutely unable to defend himself or run away even, should matters come to any extremity. He is a very bruised reed: and the promise is for such.

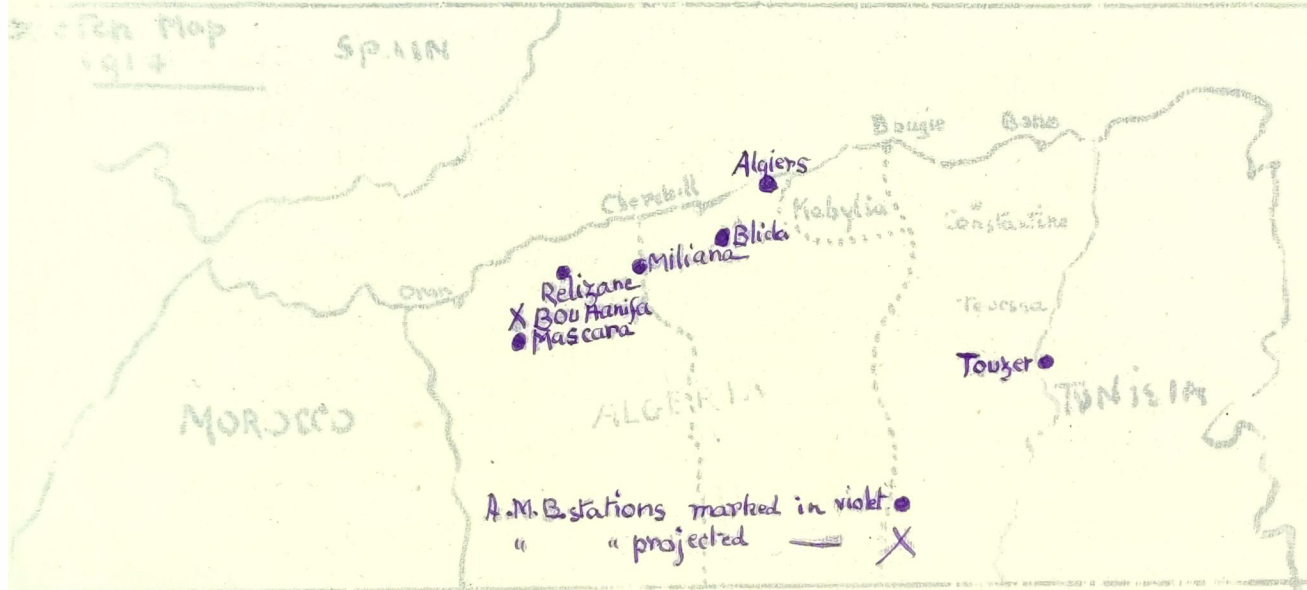
Sept. 19th.

Back to the battle-field to-day, though the battle in its full sense does not open till after the Rally, two or three weeks hence, until which time we are getting into working order from Dar el Fedjr, and sending Alma Krebs off to rest a bit before her next campaign, which is, thank God, starting for Touzer in a few weeks from now.

For at last the block has suddenly vanished, and there

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

From Map
1914



A.M.B. stations marked in violet ●
 " " projected — X

Population of Algeria.

Europeans	747 400
Berbers in Kabylie, Constantine	1,052 000
19265	3 807 000
	5 000 000

is the sense of "the full time" having come for the start. M. Grautoff and M. Watling will take three months each down there with her as second, and C. Mennell will be transferred from her slumpost work to do what she can to fill the gap at Miliana. It is so lovely, after longing and longing over Touzer for 15 years, to know that at last its day of grace has come, with the leverage it gives for the hinterland beyond. - "Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

Sept. 27th.

We are puzzled again over Amar ben el Hadj. He tells a long story about having got into trouble with his family for having broken the fast, and that his wife has been taken from him in consequence, only we cannot feel that his soul is in the satisfactory state which this would lead one to expect, & we fear there is another side to the matter somewhere out of sight.

Sept. 29th.

We have had visitors from morning till night, and among them several signs of prayer-answers. But the best was the last - Poor Si El Yazeed, who came this evening very down in his luck ... his native muffin business is on the verge of bankruptcy. If only it would quite topple over he would be free to go back to Tangier!

We read Jonah's story together and one felt how he read his own into it without any of the old "professional" attitude which sheered off all application to his own needs in former days. - It was the first real spirit touch since the beginning.

Sept. 20th.

Miliana moves tomorrow into the old house in the town, that they took before leaving in the summer, and which has been kept for them so strangely while every house there was at a premium, that we feel that it is the one of God's choice for them. M. Watling writes: "Our dear view here is most dreamlike more dreamlike than ever, we daren't think about leaving it... we are feeling the transplanting somewhat but every day has been bringing fresh seals as to the wisdom of the new step. There promises to be the same blessed linking on with the boys and girls."

Oct. 4th.

To-day has brought the joy of settling back into Rue du Croissant, for the others are beginning to gather. E. Thorpe and M. Freeman are here. The welcome that the former got from the dear red caps was really touching. They seized her basket and poured welcomes upon her. Best of all was that from Deltoura, the wild little son of Ishmael whose hand used

to be against every man - as "dour" as any north country lad at home ... he took her hands and kissed them with a silent reverence as if behind there lay a sort of homage to the unseen.

Aissa the younger is fulfilling the hopes that we had before we left, for a new start. He was as usual running over with parables to-day "You know when the sun is hot, that you get very thirsty, and you think of nothing but drinking. I am like that - there is as it were a great sun in my heart, and I am thirsting all the time for God's Words, and I want to be like a well that others will drink from. We must all pour out to each other like godets on a noria" - and he went on in such a quick rush of words and thoughts that we could hardly follow.

Oct. 10th.

To-day closes our Rally at "Dar Naama", the best we have ever had, praise God. Such bits of that stillness, thrilling with life, that marks His Presence. It sends us all out with great hopes for the winter's fight.

Oct. 11th.

A seeming blow has come to the boys' work in Pons' announcement that his brother is ill and that he feels he ought to give up his post with us and help him and his old father

on the farm. We can only hope that it means "Some better thing" to come. He is a dear steady fellow, but exceedingly slow in the workings of his mind, which native boys are not! I do long for a man for them who should have initiative and camaraderie & the heart of a soul-winner! The Lord of the Harvest has such by the score in England - oh for one here!

Yet while we see His own touch on one after another, we must and will trust Him that He is doing His best for them meanwhile. To-day Boualem ben Ahmed broke out at the end of the class "I want our Lord the Christ, money rolls away: I want good that will last." He is growing into such a tall pure faced lad, and is the joy and pride of his mother's heart.

Another of these boys is Ouled el Adjouza", such was his street nickname, i.e. "the son of the old woman" - a little wisp of a fellow, in olden times, clever with his fingers, shot up now into a boy of 14. He was lingering outside the door the other Thursday, too big to be admitted with the little fellows, and his heart was won by being allowed to help in getting the cafe door unlocked for something that was wanted, and has been every day since.

Oct. 17th.

M. Watling writes from the new Miliiana house:

"Of course all is feeling out as yet, but we had 46 boys to-day and could have had 56. They all spend the day in town, so, so many more of the 90 or 100 we know can run in to us here. We'd really good times too. Mabel & Mons. Juan took 30 to painting in the cellar, and Clare and I had 16 in the court. But we do need prayer that the Mosque may not stop us. The boys were so good and happy, one feels a fight must come somewhere. - The babies play they come to real school like the rest. I've a new young woman of 4 who says she's coming. She knows the Fatiha perfectly and has such a square jaw!"

The small boys are as fervent as ever in their desire to get in here in the mornings. One is coming for dressing to a crushed hand, and attendant imps have found other woes to give them a right to accompany him. Deltoura could only lay bare a perfectly sound little brown shoulder and say he had a pain in it. Another is reported to have scratched his hand on purpose to get the entree: they have to be assured that they will be admitted without wounds and bruises!

Oct. 19th.

"Ouled el Adjouza" has at last given his true name of Mah-foud, i.e. "The preserved one" and was admitted to the morning service to-day, with the charge that he must not bring in other boys. "I am nearly a man, and very good" he explained to would-be followers!

Oct. 20th.

These have been anxious days over the Relizane Chira. It looks as if at present, the fresh bits of prayer that have risen round her in Nova Scotia has done nothing but tighten her chains, like Moses' intervention of old. Evil tongues have been busy, & have resulted in another strong move on her father's side to get her married to a Moslem. F.H.F. is making a counter-move for getting her back to Algiers, at any rate till she can read and write with ease.

Oct. 21st.

A joy has come in the discovery of a Ramadan victory that we did not know had been scored, our house-child Zahia's mother, Fifi. I have told about her I think: she is a Spaniard by birth, brought up among the Arabs and to all intents one of them, only one can see in Zahia's sturdy independence, the heritage of the free in her veins. Her husband is a sternly rigid Biskri, who holds her in close seclusion. All alone she broke through and

kept to it and Zahia with her. Wonderful to say the husband did not interfere, and her neighbours only said "We shall leave you outside the door of heaven when we go in"

Oct. 22nd.

Small boys still on every pretext, wounds, clothes to be mended, reading lessons, a group of eager little listening faces round the table in the Bible talk that follows, and many bangs at our long-suffering and much battered door from the wilder spirits, specially from one illfavoured looking lad, El Arbi, who is a chronic disturber of the peace. They, the little boys, have decided that only those who have no mothers, or whose mothers are out at work, shall come to have their clothes mended. The climax was one day when a gandoura, the huge native shirt, needed mending and its owner and a mate disappeared into a remote corner of the mosque, and emerged both in one gandoura, with the torn one ready for manipulation!

There could be a levee of them from morning till night if any one were free for them. They will have to be condensed into an hour morning and evening when Dar el Fedjr starts next week.

Among the boys of a different class from this street crew, Allal stands out in hopefulness. Last spring he was in a distinctly Moslem frame of mind and used to look such a prim little Moslem figure with his long flowing coat and narrow intelligent face.

There is a great change now and a great softening, and a holding back from overtures on the part of Aissa the elder, who is wanting to get him under his hand. Quite incidentally it came out the other day that he means to be a preacher "in the Sahara and all about"!

Oct. 25th.

The chief business of these weeks has been getting through the preparation, with I. Nash's help as typist, of a set of tentative boys' booklets for Cairo. Miliana and S. Perkin have been contributing, and they have thrilling covers of lions, tadpoles, etc. We hope anyway to have them for local use this winter. We start tomorrow night, B. Haworth and I.

Oct. 26th.

To-day, within a few hours of our boat coming in, a sudden kaleidoscope move has shaken up all plans. Aissa, the elder, who has been quiet of late, has risen up again and says he will no longer help the Yimma or Allal, unless they will give up everything to do with us. It has taken the contrary effect of making her come right out to us. "If he will not keep me and Allal, I must work. I cannot go and find it like a Kabyle in strange houses, have you any place for me here?" It is indeed a step on her side, for she is of a very different position from those who go out daily to work. On ours we welcome it, for it supplies the

great need of help among the gargaf children that has been felt ever since our dear Fata went to heaven. Specially it is needed now that they are over at Dar el Fedjr, with the risk of underground mischief going on, bad language of lips and eyes that new comers cannot detect.

So it was settled that she should come daily for the mornings and early afternoons, mothering in the midday hours the little band of small children who stay to dejeuner now.

We were off that same evening, with just time between to welcome in the 3 new Daybreakers and Grace Russell, who came by the boat that took us on.

Another of the developements in Dar el Fedjr that has come up just as we were leaving, is that a certain Hanifa, of Blida, wants to come up with her 3 boys to stay there, so as to find safe shelter for Mohammed, the eldest, who has just got a bursary at the "Lycee" She counts him as "one born in our house" and his letters, from the time they were in big text hand; have always begun "Ma chere mre". So we are bound to see what we can do. She came to us 15 years ago or more, a wild, runaway young wife. We lodged her with a motherly woman and her heart opened dimly to Christ. When the baby boy was given her, he proved an unconscious peace-maker, and her husband received her back at Blida, where she proved one of the chief means of opening the

fast closed doors in those long ago days.

Fairhaven, Ramleh. November 4th.

In, yesterday afternoon, to a new world with long-robed men in every tint of rose and green and old gold and black swathed women, in their cosmopolitan setting of tramcars and European streets.

Out here there is a lovely sense of restfulness within and without, stretches of sand and palm right away to the sea, and the palm in its glory, clustered with terra-cotta fruit instead of copper-colour as with us. The sun is in his glory too. Such risings and settings as make our Algiers colours grey, alongside them.

Cairo. Nov. 6th.

A long Committee day in Dr Zwemer's study with a dozen or so from Egypt and Syria, all full of keen insight and purpose regarding the strategic points of advance all round the Moslem World, from the literature point of view! Our main objective, the boys cause, was well to the front, and a magazine was felt to be the best thing to start with. - the links which the Nile Mission Press is weaving through the different lands is such a basis for co-operation. - Another need that we hardly expected to see realized, was vividly felt, that of literature in French

for the whole rising generation along this coast, whose studies are carried on in that, almost to the exclusion of Arabic, till you get down to the desert reaches, where the Arabic schools predominate in influence.

One feels in the "power-house" here of all forward movements, and we have, unknowingly, arrived at the time of all times in the year: a fortnight's special lectures, 4 times a day, giving the cream of the "Study Course"; and a Converts Conference next week!

Nov. 8th.

The first Algiers letters are in; among them this of E. Thorpe's from Dar el Fedjr:

"All has gone well, and a great deal seems to have happened. On Monday Blida Hanifa and her 3 boys came to stay. Mons. Villon would like very much to take the boy, but they do not open the Hostel till after Christmas: he may be able to arrange to have him before, and is going to let us know. I like the boy so much, I am sure he is really a Christian, so far as he knows. I am teaching him to read in Arabic which he longed to learn, and he is so bright and intelligent and so responsive about Bible teaching, and Hanifa too: she is a dear.

"To-day the Yimma, Aissa the younger, Zehour, Miriam, Allal and Zubeida have come to stay, and Zineb is coming here because

"her mother is away, so we are extremely happy, with the place
"full of Arabs. This next week is bound to bring us into a tre-
"mendous fight (it is to get away from the great "Feast of Sacri-
"fice" that they have all come to stay) how one dreads these
"feast times"

From Relizane comes the same:

"I have a great sense of an unseen fight around us, which
"has to come, but the Lord will be the Breaker through as always."

Nov. 11th

We have plunged, grey hairs notwithstanding, into the Study
Course, taking three of the four series of lectures and writing
out into the night hours, notes of them for our younger genera-
tion - Apologetics by Dr Zwemer, Phonetics by Mr Gairdner and
Arab Mystics by Mr Swan, all of them splendid.

That matter of the Arab Mystics throws a new light on our
battle-field. It seems that they are by no means limited to cer-
tain sects in Persia and elsewhere, but that all these lands are
permeated by their teaching and that the brotherhoods whose in-
fluence we know is universal, have this for their basis. Much of
their language is that common to mystics of all lands and ages,
and their moral dangers, from emotionalism and reaction from the
long spirit strain, are the same.

It comes as a new strong call to bring them the true mysticism of the life hid with Christ in God, and a new possibility of access on a hitherto untried side: it is so different from combating the crude cold legalism of the aspect of Islam that comes uppermost. These mystic beliefs and longings are not generally spoken of, only now one knows of them one sees why "the Way" is always the word used by converts for salvation by Christ, a part of that phraseology transmuted "the Way to God" is what all these brotherhoods set themselves to teach, with elaborations of method according to the character of the seeker.

Nov. 14th.

We were admitted yesterday to the afternoon sitting of the Moslem Converts Conference, so as to give the messages that the Alger men sent to their brothers in Egypt. It was good to feel the handclasp across all the spaces between. They have promised to write to them.

Nov. 15th.

Algiers letters again, and the fight is on again in full swing. Aissa the elder gave out that he was the head of the family and the commander of them all, and that they should not absent themselves from the feast, and simply marched the Yimma & Zehour & the children off to his house. Aissa the younger was indignant,

and the Yimma pathetic - the worst was that Boualem got swept away into going too. We have been anxious about him lately: he has been under a cloud again, through Chira having run him into a fresh debt to Aissa, which, through trifling, is used of the latter as a halter to drag him by. Poor Boualem he says "I think she tempts me more than Satan"!

Oh when will God arise! This land of Egypt with its memories of the hosts of the Lord brought forth from under Pharoah's hand, make one cry that cry afresh.

Nov. 18th.

Young Aissa did not share the Aid, he said "Aissa said I was not to work on the Aid day, but to share it with him, and I said no "I am going to work - what have I to do with the Aid, and at night I came in late and quickly lay down to sleep in my own room and saw not the others ... Every time I have cried to God it has seemed as if a great wind blew the temptations away, as the wind blows the leaves away from our feet."

Nov. 20th.

Then comes joyful news that our beloved Touzer is open at last.

Mabel writes:

"I cannot attempt to write of all I have seen, it is so wonderful, that piece when one comes out of the sand cliff gorge, and

"on to the bare silent Alfaless desert. The dates are just being
"gathered and the oasis full of life. How people must hunger to
"be down in these desert towns when once they have seen the beauty
"of it all! the sunrises and sunsets and shell-coloured sand and
"the camels - one never tires of watching.

"Only there has been little time for watching, this poor old
"Fendouk needed much repair. We live in one upstairs room, cook a
"l'Arabe on the roof under a packing case and work our little Ibra-
"him, a willing but weak and wee little fellow. His little brother
"is most amusing. To-day I found a little cherub (a brown one) on
"the roof, he was tired of wearing clothes, so had a dance in the
"sunshine ... Men and boys have been already to ask about books &
"reading, but Miss K. has wisely said no, until their own room in-
"side the entrance is ready. The Muezzin with a most musical low
"voice wakes us each morning at dawn

Nov. 22nd

M. Roche writes from Blida.

"The babies class is very sweet. We are 12 now "on the books"
"and our average is about 10, at present we have only one gentle-
"man, but he does not feel at all "de trop". We have been working
"Couffas" on cardboard (I plexed them with spots for them to prick)
"one day we made tiny tiny scrapbooks, just 4 pages with a scrap on
"each. We have also each got a tiny garden, i.e. a peice of flannel

"4 or 5 inches square with the names stuck on each, and all nailed
"to a board. We sowed press-seed each on our own patch, and it is
"growing beautifully. The babies arrive sometimes demanding a class
"when they are not expected, this morning for instance at 8 o'clock
"they came in force, but departed in triumph with two figs each, to
"return to Sunday School at ones"

Nov. 24th.

Touzer again A Krebs writes:

"The day before yesterday I was able to start the first boys
"class and in the course of that day and the following, lots of
"little fellows came in to ask about the reading, then Sunday after-
"noon the first set of men came in. I must confess my heart went
"right down into my boots when I opened the door and saw 8 of them
"standing outside, one I knew from last year as a very difficult
"one. We had a read and a talk out of John 1 and that declared they
"were coming back and wanted to know We get such a welcome
"whenever we can get into the houses, and we have some very good
"opportunities. A little woollen lamb that I carry with me in my
"basket excites them more than words can tell, the women are just
"as delighted with it, if not more, than the children, and it has
"opened up the way for telling very simply the story of the lost
"sheep. The little girls look at us with wistful eyes, when we speak
"to them about coming to our house to learn to sew and to learn the

"words, but they shake their little heads and say in a sad voice "they wont let us" "They wont let us" We feel it is the going "round the walls of Jericho, these shut up houses - the men look "fiercely at us whenever they come across us there."

Nov. 26th.

From Relizane the best of the news is that the long ~~prayed~~ for springs of water for the Bou Hanefia resevoir have been found and are flowing freely: it makes the whole future of the place open out in practicableness, thank God.

Nov. 27th.

Here in Egypt it has been a play week, for we have raced up the Nile and down again, with a sight of the Mission stations along the way. The last stage, Luxor to Assouan and back, we did by boat, 3 days and nights, which was unspeakably lovely. Yesterday morning's sunrise will stand among life memories - the sky crystal clear shaded from apricot down to deepest rose-red, and hanging in it the morning star and the thinnest of moons. Below, the water grew so still that not only the palm tree banks were doubled but the paths of light from the moon and star drew up into a single reflection of each, as in a mirror.

In between at the stopping places there have been visions of the wonderful temples and tombs of the past with their great dumb cry after the unseen and the eternal - What a land it is!

MERENPTAH
The Pharaoh of the Exodus.



First seen when the mummy was unwrapped on 8th July 1907
about 3,400 years after his death.

from a photograph taken by Canon McInnes.

Now we are back in Cairo for the last full days of gathering up last links.

One beautiful bit of God's ways has come to light here - that so they say, Dr Zwemer owes his life call to Raymond Lull. It is beautiful that the martyr-life which seemed abiding alone in the grave so many centuries, should have sprung up as it were, before our eyes, and be bringing forth the results that he himself could only dream about!

Dec. 2nd.

Yesterday closed the sights of Egypt by the best of them all - the beak nose and pointed chin of Meremptah, the Pharaoh whose refusal to "let Israel go" has been to us of late such a picture of the power that holds the newborn people of God around us in bondage still!

Canon Mac Innes took us to the Cairo Museum and showed us many wonderful things, & that was the most wonderful, to look into the strong set face of that brown mummy who had, in his living days, withstood to his uttermost, and had to lie at last as lead in the mighty waters, while the hosts passed out into liberty. It brought one up once more to the inexhaustible resources of God.

Dec. 12th.

This morning dawned over the great amphitheatre of lights that encircle the Algiers bay, with the full moon setting

at the foot of the Bouzarea hills: and here we are in our battle-field again. Boualem and Chira have "arisen" as they express it, to pay off their debt to Aissa, and the rest of them are back at the Guest-house to finish the visit from which he marched them off. Hanifa and her boys are pro-tem in the lower rooms of the house above, and Mahfoud has been admitted into the family & is learning carpentry. It is only a tiding over of the boy problem: it looms large for the future, the more so that a third lad asks to be housed: like Mohammed Ouaganouni (Hanifa's boy) he has a bursary & his people live far away, in the Relizane direction.

Another new bit of hope is over a young fellow, El Miliiani by name, whom S. Perkin has visited while ill with rheumatism. He comes now every day to read, an intelligent, fragile looking man, with quick spiritual receptiveness.

Victory is so far gained about Chira bent Si El Mokhtar of Relizane, that we may expect her any day for a six months stay. The other Chira there, daughter of the blind Fatima who died in the faith last year, is slowly sinking under some obscure form of heart trouble, holding firmly on to her allegiance to Christ and so bright and sweet.

Oh this bed-rock of Islam! - Millicent writes to-day:

"I had been reading the two little girls a chapter of the "little Christians pilgrimage" & had finished the book and put it on the floor while we were going to sing a hymn. The picture on the cover is little Christian at the Cross, the burden tumbling off. Zohra has been so interested in this picture up till now, but to-night she turned the book over on its face. I said "Why do you do that?" and turned it over again. She just put her little finger on the Cross and said "I dont need this."

"Of course I know it is only a child's repetition of something others have said - but you know how it made my heart nearly stand still as the words came out - - it seemed the great power of Islam speaking through the lips of a little child."

Dar el Fedjr, Dec. 24th.

A big brood under our wings to keep Christmas - the "Yimma" and various children and grandchildren, Relizane Chira, who has just arrived for the six months' stay, Hanifa and her boys and Chira mert el Khalifa - 10 grown-ups and 8 children as house-guests, all carefully distributed to keep the needful barriers of native etiquette.

Dec. 25th.

A Christmas gift in the last letters from Touzer. A. Krebs writes:

"Some men came in the morning, but as it was not the men's day I had to ask them to come the next day at 2, but in the afternoon they turned up again and asked to come in just for a moment, and then explained they had come from Nefta & were going back the same evening, 4 of them, intelligent, very good readers, they so wanted to listen and to read. They said again and again, "We want you to come to Nefta and read with us there."

"These days I have had long talks with the men, specially with one who is rather difficult to make out; I cannot help feeling there is sincerity in spite of the thickest ignorance. He declares that he wants to follow the way of the Messiah, but wants me to dictate him all the works he has to do, and all the prayers he has to say, to walk in that way. We are trying to make him see God's free Gift to sinners in Jesus Christ, which makes us new creatures from within ... Some days are more quiet than others, but there are not many days when the reading room is not in use."

Dec. 30th.

And the year goes out with our New Year's House-Party" at

Dar Naama, filling it us as the "outposters" come in, (all but far - away Touzer). Such comparing of notes and new ideas goes on!

The fetes have all had the same sense of brightness, and of gladness over the growing tally of those in touch among the boys specially. It is a beginning of the answer to our cry for them when we see the number in regular attendance. Those at Beit Naama and at Miliana have doubled this year.

But the loveliest light on the new year that is coming is as we lift up our eyes above the earthly horizon, in the sense that is gathering, that the midnight cry "Behold the Bridegroom cometh" is beginning to echo! It is as if in the long slow welling up of the dawn, the first clouds were suddenly aflame with a jewel-radiance. Surely He will "make no long tarrying" now!