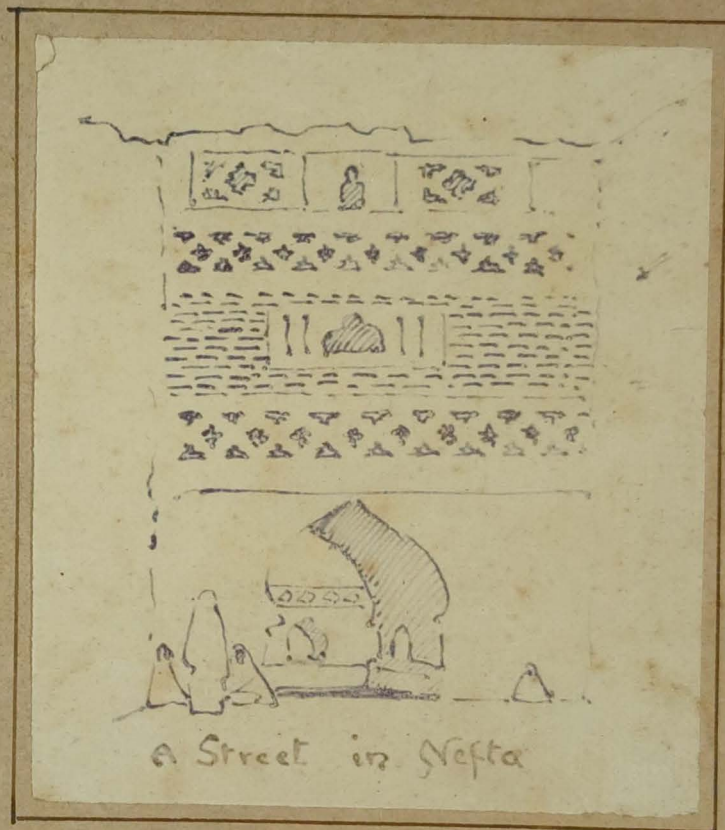


Algiers
Mission Band

Journal No 1

1914.



ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

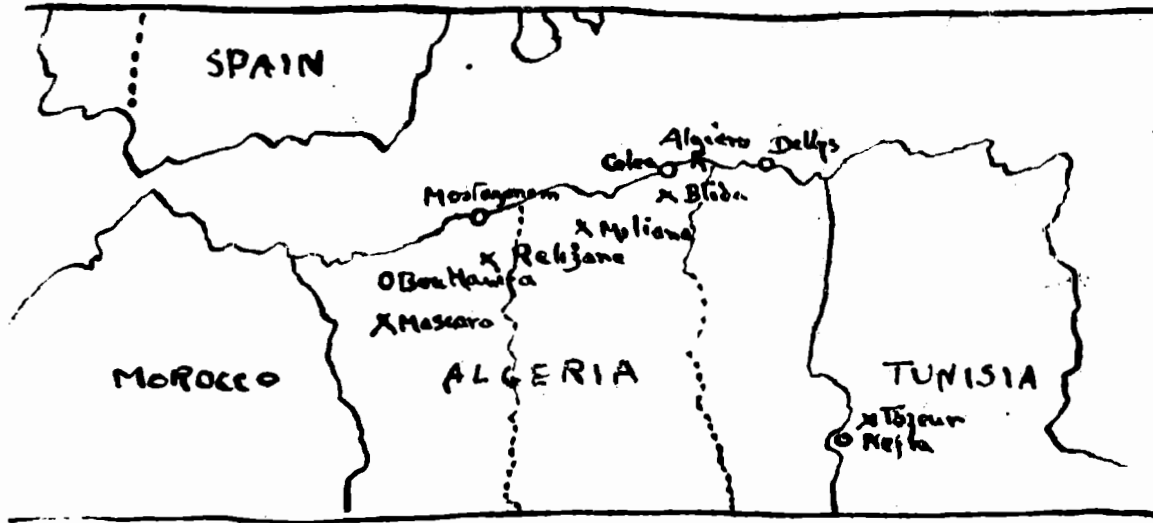
Members on the Field - 1st Quarter of 1914.

Date of arrival.			
1888	I. Lillias Trotter.	1908	Alice Kellroy.
"	E. G. L. Haworth.	1911	Clare Kennell.
1890	F. Helen Freeman.	"	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
"	Mary Watling.	1914.	Eime. Arnaud.) tem

Short Service Hostel.

Elsie Thorpe (1911) in Charge. Pleasant Hurst, Grace Russell,
Frances Friend, Violet Barrow, Gwendolin Grimwood, Daisy Grossthaite,
Beatrice Blaikie, Grace Pegg.

Sketch Map showing relative positions of A.M.B. Stations



Stations marked by a Cross X

Outlying points of advance O

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.
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. Teuzer.	

* * * * *

Sec. for Prayer-helpers, Mr J. H. Smeeton, 2, Rue du Croisaant, Algiers

Council of Reference. London.

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

* * * * *

Algerian Woman's Mission Band. America.

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

* * * * *

January 1st 1914.

The year opens with a glow and a glory in its dawn, with the thought of that other dawn that may be just beyond the sky-line. I remember when I was a child the strange joy that used to come around a wonder that was just out of sight - the sea on the other side of a raised beach, or the moonshine flooding the clouds behind the mountains. Something of that mystic, exultant joy is growing, with the whisper on all sides "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

Jan. 9th.

Here in Algiers it is still the pressing problem of the big lads. For Mohammed Ouguenouni's chum, whose name we do not yet know and therefore call the 'Silver River' boy, (such is the name of his home by interpretation) has again put in an appeal to be taken in - and he seems a lad of such purpose and character that we cannot turn away.

Mr Smeeton has again come to the rescue, and is making him a place to sleep in his house. For the day-time we are rigging him a den out of a little unused outhouse in the Shushan courtyard. Hanifa of Blida with her two younger boys have come for a month to mother her own boy and Mahfoud.

Jan. 11th.

The first of this years "little ships" has got into port. Chira bent Si Harreth of Relizane, elder daughter of the blind Fatima who went Home from thence a year or more ago.

F.H.F. writes - "Last night Chira passed away. About "10 o'clock the neighbours heard her talking with a strong "voice, as if she was not ill at all, with her husband, and "saying "No, it is not so, that is not the right road," "A few minutes after the husband called them, and they found "her dying. She looked round on them all and said, "I am not "here, I am in Heaven, walk in the right road," and she was "gone. The night before she had a dream (but she said she "was sure she was not asleep) and she found herself in a "most beautiful place with the Lord Jesus, and she said to "Him" Can I stay here or must I go back to my illness?" "He said "You must go back, but only for a little, little "time." Now she is safe and glad for ever!"

Jan. 15th.

Another of the growing buds of this year is a delightful set of mountain women and children who come daily to S. Perkin, often arriving before she is down in



The first group of boys

the morning. They must number 10 or 12 now, and make a dear group in their mountain draperies. She attends to bad eyes, and washes the baby and teaches needlework to the small girls and gives a Bible talk, and they bring touching bits of presents in return. Some of the men of the family have come up this week to meet returning pilgrims and escort them home, and gospels and tracts have gone with them.

Jan. 18th

Laradji, the 'Silver River' boy, is safely installed on his little mattress in a tiny corner-room at Mr Smeeton's. He seems such a nice fellow, keen, ambitious, hard-working, one with whom grace will have a hard fight before he is done with, and so worth the fight. At present he is eager and responsive, bless him!

Jan. 21st.

More news from Touzer about the man concerning whom their hopes have been rising. A.K. says to-day that "he has accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour : he is the same that I told you about who wanted me to give him the laws and rules for the new Way. He does seem to have

"grasped now that it is 'by grace'. Last time I asked him several questions 'Why did God let Jesus die?' and his answer came straight. "That He might carry my sins." "And when I asked 'How can we know that our sins are forgiven?' he said "Some time ago I should have said "through prayer, reading, fasting and good deeds, but now "I know in my heart it is through the ransom in Jesus "Christ." He seems sincere and we can only take his word "and pray for him, and try to lead him on to fuller knowledge. I had three new bigger lads in this morning, "all students. - We had an enormous dish of couscous sent "us last night from our teacher's house."

Jan. 23rd.

Another sign of that working of God in families, as a step beyond individuals, is cropping up in the Dar el Fedjr group from Blida. The father, Said, has come up for a night or two, and yesterday evening in the reading with us, his wife and two boys, our 'Ouguenouni' and the next youngest 'Hamid' aged 7 or 8, were helping to explain, so clearly and on the Christian side, and the father listened gravely and responsively. He the father is the strategic point for the lads liberty to follow the light.

The same blessed collective working is to be traced in the family of the house-guardian at the slumpost, Boujemaa by name. He has been during the two years or more of their residence, well-disposed but dense, and his wife Fatima neutral - now, gradually, the light and liberty of the new life are thrusting out little green shoots of promise, and the ten-year-old daughter who used to be a poor half blind creature, blinking and miserable, is a sunny hearted little Christian according to the full measure of her child-heart.

This action of the Spirit of Grace on families rather than on individuals, seems a real precursor of the spring-time. For not only does it give the sense of backing that these timid spirits so sorely need, but it deals with a great problem of Moslem work, i.e. that interweaving of the social and the religious elements, which is one of the secrets of the tenacity of Islam. When husband and wife stand together, the question of feasts and fasts, and many other tangles, are solved: at any rate can be solved.

Jan. 28th.

Joyful news from Mascara, where F.H.F.'s Spanish Evangelist Soler has plodded on for a year and a half, with good openings among the Spaniards, a little group of enquirers

from them coming constantly to read with him, (also what F.H.F. describes as "a small dispirited meeting of Arab men!") But now the waft of spring has come, and "four of the Spaniards seem to be truly converted and are asking for baptism, " and four others seem to be on the way." All that will so help to warm and lighten the spiritual atmosphere for the further back Moslem souls.

Feb. 1st.

The last new developement is blind men! The first of them, Abdelkader, is one who had attracted the notice of Sascha Perkin this winter among the beggars that haunt the shrine of Sidi Abderrahman in the street above us: his refined face, spotless drapery and taper fingers marked him out as a being apart from them, and one who ought not to be allowed to drift down. With much toil she has got him and two of his mates into basket-making work at a French "oeuvre" for the blind, and he and the more intelligent mate, Ali by name, are coming regularly to learn Braille type reading in the evenings, under the superintendance of Mr Smeeton, with little Boualem ben Ahmed as monitor. Ali is a ragged looking fellow, a Kabyle by birth; he seems to have the more spiritual perception of the two.

Feb. 4th,

It is young Aissa now who has got into a tangle with Aissa the elder - debts as usual - "He has got me into a cage, and I can only hop backwards and forwards, and now & then he pulls out a feather" so he expresses it: and he is in a state of mind over it because the Mouloud feast is imminent and Aissa the elder says he will make him keep it if he does not pay up. Oh these feasts, how we dread them!

Feb. 6th.

A.K. writes: "It gave us a great joy when our man came to-day to read, that he asked me "Can I have anything to do with the feast?" (the Mouloud) I had never mentioned it. "I asked him "Since the day you believed have you counted yourself a Moslem?" and he said "No, I am no Moslem, I am a Christian, and I felt I could not celebrate the Aid in the mosque, so I came to-day to ask you about it." Then he told me he had given up his prayers in the mosque, and that people began asking him why he did not come there anymore.

"We mentioned Ramadan, and he said he did not know what would happen to him if he broke the Fast. But I just said he need not trouble his soul now about it, as it was still a long way off, and that God could strengthen and

"preserve His own in time of need."

Here in Alger the battle over the Mouloud is closing in. Aissa the elder and his wife have gone to stay at the Ali Medfa house for it, so as to hold the reins. We were there to-day over a fresh attack of his on Hamdan and Hanifa. Aissa the elder sat there pulling his long moustache and looking pale and fierce and sad, and saying he meant to put a stop to the whole goings on of the family. His wife Yamina pranced about, trying to make a show of keeping the Mouloud: she brought a little taper and lighted it and put it ostentatiously on a cupboard over our heads, hoping to make a scene, but it fell very flat, and as soon as her back was turned, the "Iemma" put it out. There was no sign of decoration or feast about the room, so we think they are holding their own.

Young Aissa too is wrestling through. - We felt that debt or no debt he must assert his freedom and must not be propped up with help. He nearly toppled over with discouragement, flinging away and saying it was no use trying to resist Aissa. But yesterday he came back with the light on his face again. "I was very cold last night" he said, "I have come to get warm again." He has pawned some smart embroidered clothes and gone off to a friends instead of joining in Aissa the elder's feast,

and Boualem also has gone back to his house to sleep, so as to be out of it.

Fifi too, who stood out last Ramadan, has, thank God, kept that stand. M. Ridley went on Sunday evening to see what was happening and found her room bare of all Mouloud wreathings and lights, and one egg being cooked for supper, this was the more joyful that it was a lonely protest, and that but for the chance visit, all unlooked for by her, we should not have known it.

Feb. 14th.

The best bit of this week's battle has been in Omar's house. He was here one morning really broken down with the sense of his failure and his need. We had been troubled over his apathy of late, the result partly of overwork. He has a sensitive, self-sufficient nature that needs these ploughings up of conscience; it was good to hear the torrent of confession and prayer for Grace.

The atmosphere of his house has been lightened too by a touch of that Grace on a new soul, Fatma Zourha by name. Mary Freeman had had a bit of talk with her when visiting Omar's wife, and she had absorbed a few more rays of dawn from the latter, on the strength of which she came to A. McIlroy this week at Beit Naama and said she had come to our Lord. I think

there had been a dream in it too. Anyway she took her stand boldly out before the other women in the meeting there. She is a young married woman with a fine strong face. We like the look of her

Feb. 16th.

Saturday saw the filling up of "Dar el Fedjr" to the brim, with the incoming of the last two "Daybreakers" of the season.... to say nothing of the Guest-rooms, 5 or 4 in number now, containing Chira of Relizano and her mother, Hanifa of Blida with her husband and her 3 boys, Mahfoud on a shakedown in the reading room and Boualem and Chira, Rabbah and Fatma in the old Guest house outside.

Feb. 17th.

The filling up of the "Daybreakers" ranks, times in with its first overflow. M. Freeman leaves to-day with M. Ridley for the spell of village work at Blida by which we have planned to supplement the station work at "Dar el Ain" in the best "villaging" weeks of spring and autumn.

I am off too, for the inside of this week, for a sight of them there and at Miliana, before Touzer is too close.

More Blida Babies



Miliane, Feb. 18th.

It is good to be sleeping in the new house and to see how, like all our others, it might have been built for the needs. - An inner shell of native rooms looking into the court and an outer shell of bedrooms with the outer air and light... The girls love it for its sheltered feeling. In the children's room, 22 of them I have courted this morning, the babies knitting odds and ends of wool. They are so keen on that new accomplishment that they knit in their own houses with nails and bits of stick! The elder ones promoted to "Shebika" dribez & "thikas", and it ended with a sort of drill on the "Wordless Book"

Feb. 20th.

Now it is Bliša's turn - We began at 8 o'clock with a batch of delightful babies, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to get to work with pricking pictures. Then came hymns and a graphic description by the senior baby of the healing of the man full of leprosy. Then came a troop of bigger girls who had to be sorted out into their various avocations, and then a band of bigger still - dear stalwart brown-faced things, so different from the agile spirits of Algiers. The tallest of them, Bent el Tradi, who has been in and out with us since childhood, is almost a woman now.

We have had a long talk this afternoon with the teacher, a grave middle-aged Arab who ponders deeply, and seems glad to get an answer to the questions that throng through his mind.... When will Blida get ~~the~~ its harvest among these who have heard so much?

But our special quest now is after the great horizon of darkness that lies round the tiny circle where the light has fallen. We went through the list of over 100 villages that are open, to see where the need was the most urgent. Those that had heard once since last summer were counted well off!

Feb. 27th.

Fresh developments over Boualem. The doctor of his barrel factory tells him he will never be well while working there, because of the dust that brings on his cough again incessantly when he gets back to his post. The only solution seems that he should go back to shoe-making: and it looks as if this may include his coming to live with Chira in the Dar el Fedjr Guest house, which we have felt for long was the break-off that they both needed from the old ground. It would be a cutting down of the bridge behind them. It is Chira who has always stood out against this, now she has been swept round by another of the

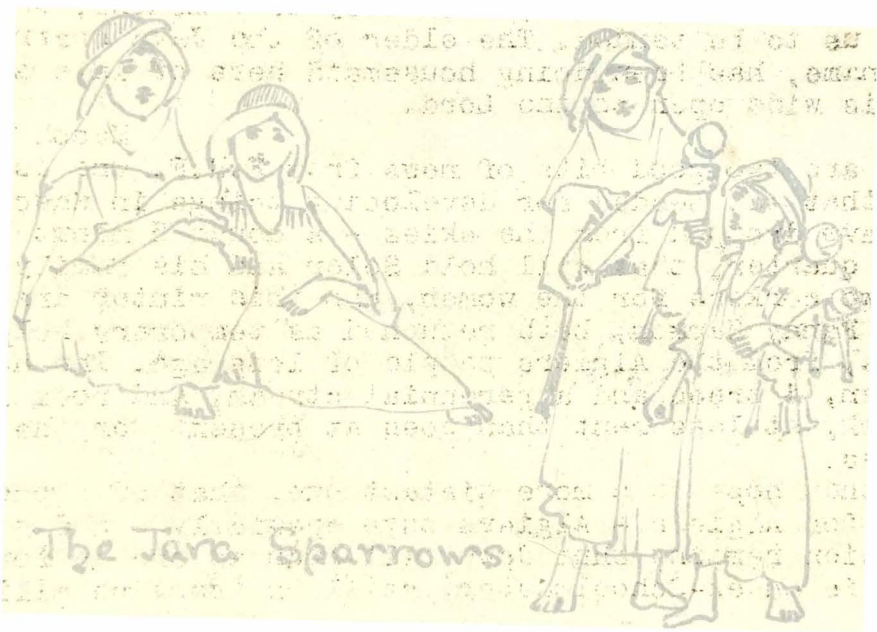
life impulses that come to her, and it looks as if it were on its way. "I do not know what has come to her" Yamina said the other day, "I can do nothing with her now"..... long may it continue! . It looks as if the long delayed answer to our cry that they may be delivered from their fear of her and her husband were really on its way. - "I have been as one walking on a plank that was always swaying" Boualem says, "& when it swayed under me I let go overhead....now I am walking on a rock & my hands can hold."

March 6th.

One more Algiers developement is a weekly meeting that M. Ridley is starting in Fifi's house. The women themselves want to help in providing the coffee, which is a sine quoe non in receiving guests. There seems a great spirit of readiness in that house, and a great freeing on Fifi's part in going forward.

March 7th.

Guests are in the order of God's working, we feel more & more, and we are fitting up the house-douira, where Fata's old husband has never settled down again, as the guest room of 2 Rue du Croissant. In the house just now we have two darling girl visitors, whose mother is ill. They belong to S. Perkin's mountain family, and sit perched side by side



The Jara Sparrows

like a pair of Java sparrows, such pictures in their bright inland drapery..At present they are very meek, and kiss our hands humbly for greeting, instead of throwing their arms round our necks like the town children. The last addition is their smallest sister, a very sick baby of 7 months, who has been given us to be tended. The elder of the Java sparrows, Miriam by name, has been doing housemaid here of late and her heart is wide open to the Lord.

March 9th.

There are two good bits of news from F.H.F. One is that the house that was needed for developing things in Mascara seems to have dropped from the skies - a house 5 minutes from the native quarter, that will hold Soler and his family, and also the two workers for the women, who this winter are Mme Arnaud and Fanny Hammon, both returned as temporary helpers at any rate, from the Algiers people of long ago. The house has a garden, 4 trees and a perennial stream, and room for all the work, at less rent than goes at present for the double lodgings.

The other hope is a more distant one, that of a possible French man for Algiers - Algiers boys specially - and so much expansion remains shut down till such an one is forthcoming. He is an ex-Schoolmaster, still on "service militaire."

The only point on which we can expand is the getting literature ready, and our first bi-lingual tract for boys, a nature parable about tadpoles by S. Perkin, is out this week: We have been trying our first experiments too in getting native help over stories. Aissa the youngor has been giving good translation help, and he told us he had a story of his own making up. "It is like a gandoura that is out out but not sewn yet"! as he graphically expressed it.

We have been following up, too, a thought of Miss Van Somerá, that of seeing whether native writing powers can be developed by offering small prizes among the elder boys. We made the start a month ago by giving the beginning of a story outline of a boy finding a treasure-tomb in the sandhills of Egypt, leaving them to complete it and make the interpretation. We had 4 good results, including an attempt by our dear 8 year-old Ahmed (Ouaganouni's brother).

Then "Short Service" is enlisting... P. Hurst with a tract for Mystics that is full, we foél, of promise, & D. Van Bercham, a last year's "daybreaker" has offered help not only with French translation work, but with the issuing and its cost. Outlines and suggestions come crowding in on all sides from one and another in a way that makes one feel that the Lord and Giver of Life is behind the onward move.

March 18th.

Yesterday morning saw our start for Touzer. We crept up the gable end of the plateau, M. Watling and I, and have come along the roof ridge of the country for two days - Desolation itself marks that roof ridge the first day, with its unreached and nearly unreachable hamlets lying stark and bare against the bleak sky-line. To-day the land has been rosy in its loneliness, only because the shepherdless human element has been out of sight, and ones eyes could feast on the miles of meadow and mountain, carpeted with creamy jonquils and flame coloured marigolds.

It was wonderful to leave the main line and face south once more. To do so without the sense of running the gauntlet would have seemed in past days a marvel. But to go down, with a mission house of our own in the south land, with settled work begun and the firstfruits to Christ already gathered, goes out of the region of marvel into that of miracle... So anyway it would have looked in those by-gone days: and yet it all lay there in God's "next time" ... How glad the heart of the Father must have been over His secret when He saw us turning our backs sadly on Touzer long ago, and leaving it to its darkness.

"With all confidence, no man forbidding him" - that was

the end of the antagonism in the Acts long ago. He has made it true again, against all odds.

March 21st.

Today has marked an era in life with its vision of God's way.

It began at 3 in the morning with the joy of asking for tickets for Touzer - the sleepy station master had to hunt up the fare, so lately has the line been open.

Sunrise came with great scarab-wings of dusky red behind the purple mountains. On the other side the hills stood in madder against a sky of cloisonee blue.

By that time we were turned out - a joy again - into a white painted double roofed train that looked as if it meant to get to the Soudan before its days were done. A bit longer and the scarab-wings had got glorified into the white pinions of all the hosts of heaven. As M. Watling remarked "from Gabriel to the crowd of baby cherubims" all against a sky of tenderest shades of turquoise, melting to indescribable green and mauve as it neared the horizon.

And then came the climax... the hills closed round us and we plunged down into a deep, winding canyon, that almost took ones breath with its beauty as it folded and unfolded. On it went between towering cliffs, fluted and castellated,

till at last, through the rift of a lateral valley, gleamed for one moment the sunny sea-line of the desert. Three minutes more and we were out in it. - How it brought back the day, 12 years ago, when we went up coastwards through that other gorge at El Kantara, literally banished from the desert lands, and all those 12 years we had never seen that sea-line again, only had clung to the word that came to us that day "He openeth & no man shutteth." We knew that the desert gate would be kept open by His hand, no matter who might will to close it against us. And here He brought us back through another of these entrance ways, to which El Kantara seemed like a child's toy, so grand was this "Gate of the Lord" through which we returned. And it shut behind us so completely that when we looked back, 5 minutes after, there was no sign of the ~~chasm~~ through which we had come. It brought one into the presence of the true worshipping hosts of angels, and of their King.

An hour more, and the long line of dark peacock green lay along the maize coloured sand and grew, (so quickly now, compared with the long drawn camel marches of the past,) into the feathery line of palms with their brown villages alongside.

Was it Touzer with a railway station? - we had hardly time to think, with the sight of two white figures among the

white robed Arabs. - They were there, our own two, with a whole group of their boys round them, stretching out welcoming hands "Ma Negedshe" among them in a new bright blue jelab for the occasion, and a most bewitching and confiding smile.

And then came the getting to the dear house. - White-washed walls and ceilings of palm wood, and its leaf stalks instead of brass rods, and uneven native brick floors. - crocks and draperies, native also, gold and green.

In and out came boys and men in the afternoon, among them the new "brother"; and an open faced fellow, with a frank, business-like manner.

Now it is Sunday. We began with a double row of small boys at 8, bright eyed creatures who repeated texts and hymns as if years of Sundays lay behind instead of weeks.

Then the Sunday morning meeting with the "brother" down on his mat, then a group of big lads to read..... It seems still all like a dream.

Monday.

Here as in Algiers, it is the tall lads to whom ones heart goes out beyond all other of the visitors. One - Yusuf, with dark wistful eyes and a firm chin, and another, Abderrahman, an upper class boy, intelligent and eager, both of them needing special prayer help just now because both have been manifestly

put back by those around, and are not beginning to gather up courage to come again to hear. Will the new buds survive the frost?

Tuesday.....

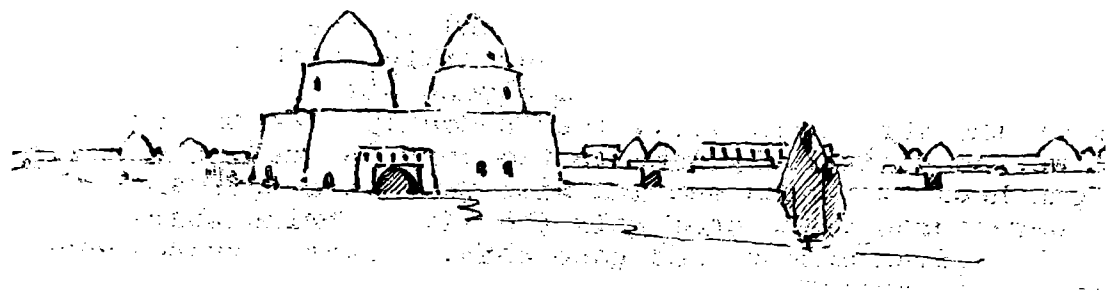
and that means the day for the reading men; there were 17 or 18 of them in, in groups this afternoon, beginning with a middle-aged man brought yesterday by A. and who in his turn brought in two sets. - A thoughtful man he is, who winces when he is hit hard, and does not try to answer back when he has no answer ready. - Half a dozen big lads were relegated to M.G. in the boys room, somewhat to their displeasure...

Next, Wednesday.

Sunrise saw us en route here - oh the joy of it! and the same canopy of white wings was over us as on Saturday. "The hosts of God going forth to war" M.G. calls them. Our conveyance was a "carita" i.e. a large wooden shovel without seats slung on two great wheels, and slung on such a tilt that our efforts, for the 5 hours transit, were concentrated on keeping ourselves from sliding off the shovel edge.

We passed out westward by the sand dune behind which we had camped years ago. What memories it woke, and what praise for the changed outlook now!

The heavenly overshadowing has been very marked. We gave



Shang City

ourselves to God and went out in the afternoon to see how & where He would lead, and within 5 minutes we had come across one of the three Nefta men through whom the call to the place had come two months ago. So he will give news of our arrival without delay.

It was a joy to find the great beautiful town unmarred still by a touch of the European element. Down through the outskirts of the date groves we went, and up the hill beyond, crested, as are all the eight other hills, with its citadel of mosques and houses. - Such "a strong city" it looked in the glow of the afternoon..... Then suddenly A.Krebs recognised that we had unwittingly come to the very "houma", where stood the one house to which she and Miss Cox had access when they were here three years ago; only the little bride whose coming there had given access, had gone away. It was a grand house belonging to one of the chief families - Should we venture?

The inner light seemed "Yes" - We would go up to it & see if entrance came... Close by an indigo-swathed girl was holding a poor sand bird on its tightly bound wings & while Alma gave her a sound scolding and cut its tethering, a band of men, young and old, gathered round. Some of them passed through a side entrance and met us again at the door of the great house, asking for books, and before we knew it we were

in the long vestibule, with eager hands outstretched for them.

The little bride proved to be there after all, and we were taken on from one court to another, courts wide enough to hold three or four ordinary house courts, and each peopled by a different throng of many hued women of all ages, negress servants, girls, boys and babies, all clustering round to listen, (except the babies!) quietly and intelligently. So different from the wild screaming crowds of the back streets, where alone, for the most part, we had access in past days. It was sunset before we had done.

Thursday.

This morning started with the turning up of the second of the three men who had asked A. Krebs to come to Nefta, a tall, thoughtful looking man, Si Tayeb by name, who proves to be the guide of the Hotel. To sit there in its court, one of us reading with the man, the other in colloquial with a boy from yesterday's house who had come for a book, "no man forbidding" was another of these daily miracles. The landlord came up and looked enquiringly. He proved to be an R.C. a "croyant" as he expressed it, an earnest soul and groping for freer light, and he had tried with what he had, to help his native friends around, a rare thing to meet out here in the wilds.

The rest of the morning was spent in going about the streets

with the loveliest sense of God's leading and weaving links among the various sellers with whom we talked. At last the point began to be mooted, would we not take a shop where we could read with them? Si Tayeb echoed it next time we came across him, and said he would look for one. - Meantime we had come across a Tebessa man who recognised A.Krebs & asked her to come and see his wife, who was leaving next day. And so this afternoon from 4 till 6 was spent in going from court to court of another of these palace houses, where the wife was a guest; strange to say cousins of yesterday's house owners, though in a far away quarter, and both houses of the family of Si Taher, whose heart was so open to the light in the tenting days of long ago. He himself seems to be no longer here, but it is as if the prayers that went up for him had come down like the dew on his kith and kin. One of the boys I can see still, he follows us silently all the time, a tall erect little fellow of 10 or 12, clothed in a long loose gandoura of eggshell blue, with a resolute face and a droop of sadness about the mouth. How they plead for books, most of these boys, and how little we have that is of any use for them!

I wish I could make people see all these Nefta streets with their deep recessed horse-shoe arches and the play of light and shade on the bas-reliefs of their brick-work pat-

terns. Such a colour too, that brick-work is, or rather such a range of changing tones, ashy grey in the dawn, old ivory in the afternoon, copper gold at sunset, and a strange pale lemon yellow afterwards against the dead blue of the eastern sky, and each new colour note strikes a fresh chord with the deep blue green of the palms.

As we came back, out came Si Tayeb "We have found you a shop, here it is" And there in the market place corner it stood, a small place with two doors, straw mats, and two wooden footstools for seats, at 2 francs a day, furnishings included, and with it a request from the men that they might meet us there at 8 next morning.

In they came, in a string, till the little room was lined two or three deep, while a crowd of lads perched outside on a table in front of the door.

We had a tough time: one, a thin, keen faced fellow, whom we called "the Stony" was bent on interrupting, and drowning everything with his long harangues. The other tolbas for the most part stalked out when they came to the words in St. John "to them gave He power to become the sons of God" others dropped in in their places, and we had a roomful for the whole . two hours, only not the sense of much done, which made us sad.

The afternoon reading was better, chiefly for the sense

that in the Sermon on the Mount came arrow thrusts of conviction as we read it, specially to Si Tayeb, who broke out with the impossibility of living at such a standard.

M. G. & M. W. had arrived by now, in the carita that will take us back tomorrow, for 3½ days is as much as is wise to put in. It is a university town, so to speak, and a turn of the tide against the light here would re-act on Touzer. So the side of wisdom is to throw in a handful of living dynamic truth, and disappear again. Even tonight, going back to say good-bye to the first set of houses, there was an uneasy feeling among the women, as if they were relieved when we were safely out. As yet among the men they seem to want us to stay - "Why dont you take a larger shop so that more could come?" "Would not you stop a month?" But it is best to leave while they are still hungry, And thank God for the hungry souls, Touzer is within reach.

One sight in a side street to-day was two tiny creatures in their "birthday suit" of smooth brown skin having a sand bath and a sun bath in one, rolling over and over in glee, in the sheer abandonment of joy at being alive!

Touzer. Saturday.

We gathered this morning for the last time. The "Stony" was there again, and the softening that had begun yesterday afternoon was very marked to-day. We felt quite drawn to him as he

sat there looking quietly puzzled. Again and again came the hush in which God's Word is with power, and we saw signs that several of the men felt a shaking of their foundations, and looked at each other in doubt and perplexity, and the meeting broke up in quietness and order.

And as a back-ground lies the last men's gathering of the olden days in the south land, the men of Beni Ferah sitting in a huge semi-circle round our tent, just out of earshot, not daring to come nearer, or to take the books, under fear of fines and imprisonment. We look at that day and at this, and we say once more "Blessed are all they that wait for Him"!..... In a back street later came the "Stony", and another hard-headed student with him, anxious to hear more. And the "Stony" ended by giving his address to have a Bible sent to him from Algiers. - More dynamite for the future!

The way home from 2 till 7 - oh that one can speak of Touzer as "home"! - was beautiful beyond words. The air was like hot wine, and the Shott was like a great silent sea-shore with the tide far out, barred to the horizon in deep cobalt and palest cream colour, as sand and water, light and shadow, alternated. And as we neared Touzer, the eastern hills took on their evening amethyst, with sapphire shadows, like a bit of the walls of the New Jerusalem let down, and the sun sank

in a blaze of copper and mulberry purple, with the faintest baby new moon hung above it in the blue.

March 31st

and so March ends: it was for many years a curiously marked battle-month; it is so like our Lord to time it as the month of seeing the beginning of His sequel. - The doubling over of that sequel comes in that while we have been down here, another of our storm centres of the past, where the battle for liberty of utterance was hard - fought by Mme Arnaud and Ray Eustace, is having its next stage of advance. Dellys is being worked these weeks as a "temporary post" by A. McIlroy and C. Kennell. The former's 5 years of experience in the "Pilgrim Mission" has given her special training for this line of pioneering; a line that can be pushed further as our available tongues are set free.

Down here too as ever, each new foothold means power to pass one step further into untrodden ground.

We have been talking over next winter's plans... all dim as yet for want of knowing what available strength we can put into the field.

This much is clear, that Nefta ought to be the next onward move. - It is also clear that we have no one qualified at present, for work among men there, and that probably therefore the deal-

ing with these should be confined to Touzer; while in Nefta, where such work would bring an upheaval, it may well be that it is the little soft hands of the children that will hold the doors open. Already in the 24 hours that our Lilitiana out-posters were with us there, they found that boys and girls gathered round and wanted to make friends, and the houses seemed relatively easy of access; - a contrast to Touzer, where the fact of a score or so of resident Europeans make the people much more cautious. It looks as if it might be possible to try a month's visit there next winter, specially with women and children for the goal.

The future for the women and girls here in Touzer involves the question of house room. Our present house is perfect for the boys and men, but with its door opening on the market-place it could never lend itself to the veiledness they need.

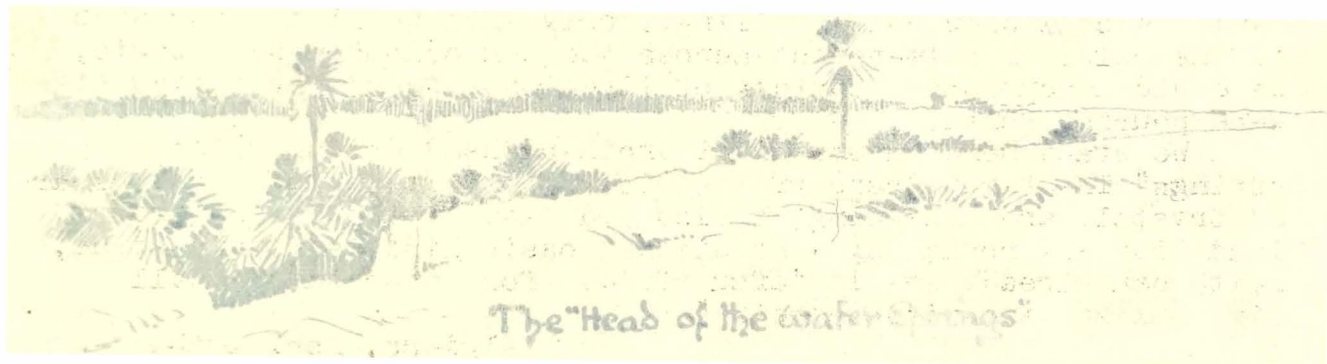
We are meditating on the chance there seems to be of buying this present house with next door thrown in, and next door would be as perfect for the women kind as this for the others, for it has a second entrance from a blind alley leading out of the labyrinth of native streets behind. It has also a tiny shop facing the street which, in the farther future, would be ideal for a book-depot. In that farther future it looks as if God must send us a man-worker for the men's side. It has been proved before now elsewhere, that quiet reading with

little groups of students is as good as can be for the thin end of the wedge. The other end will need stronger blows before it is driven in. We can only watch and wonder at the entrance given thus far.

The boys are delightful from "Ma-negeddshe" upward. His blue gandoura is getting mellowed already by dust into a dusky harmony with the brown skin over which it is draped. There is something soft and elusive about him, reminding one of a baby mouse; one is afraid of stepping on him!

They are such friendly hearted fellows, every one, and that they should be so friendly proves that no serious counter-current has arisen yet; its first symptom would be that they would all disappear.

The house-boys have been bringing offerings of palm-flower buds, like ivory carvings in their huge sheaths, and the first roses. I proceeded to put these latter into water, notwithstanding their stalks being hardly an inch long. "That is not the way" remarked the giver, and took them from my hand and plunged them head downwards in the bowl. And true enough we found their desert natures required this fashion of drinking to keep them alive: they were fresh and sweet for days thus. I secretly experimented our northern fashion and found they withered in a few hours!



The "Head of the Water Springs"

Apr. 4th.

We have taken one day off, from those whose constant visitors leave hardly a free hour anywhere, for a breath of rest & fresh air. We went out a mile or two, to "the head of the water springs." The path struck across from the oasis edge instead of following the winding line of palms that edge the water course to its source.

It was good to reach the furthest pool among the blue-green fronds, & to watch the crystal supply welling up through the sand - such a slow quiet welling.. only when we lifted our eyes to the miles of palm-forest across the tan coloured sand waste, we could measure the fountain of life that the gathered rivulets were pouring forth.

We stand here in Touzer at another "head of the water springs" The first drops of the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, are beginning to rise and flow, & though the thirsty land lies all round us, & no distant oasis line is within sight, faith can already see it "afar off"... for "everything shall live whither the river cometh."

Algiers. Apr. 10th.

The last days were full to the brim with readers: how I wish I could give outline sketches of some of them - the two lads whom we called "the Pharisee & the Publican" from the decision they each took before coming to the end of the parable

as to which of the two would be acceptable before God - the groups of other tall lads who come in the train of any leading spirit, & are argumentative, or silent with the inscrutable depths of the East in their eyes, according to temperament - the man whom we named 'Agrippa' from the half-frightened "Almost thou persuadest me" of his attitude. Another 'The Slave of the Keeper' is his name by translation, who had been trying to get on the track of the Missionaries, & hear more than the one verse "Create in me a clean heart O God, & renew a right spirit within me" which was his one ray of truth, gained we know not where. All these need much prayer-force behind them, to set working the spiritual momentum that alone can bring them from darkness to light, & from the power of Satan unto God.

April 10th.

Tuesday was the last morning before starting northward with M. Grautoff, leaving M. Watling in her place - both of them have lost their hearts to this land of El Djerid - the Arabic name for the district.

We had a beautiful farewelling from the boys; one little band after another stood in the porch in their long white garments, with dusky outstretched hands & sunny faces. Who at home will take the boys of Islam, with all their possibilities, upon their hearts?

But this farewelling from the Desert was so joyful compared

with past goodbyes, when we had to leave all the seed uncared for, & with such uncertain chances of revisiting. God has His little "head of the water springs" set flowing now, praise be to His Name. Oh pray that it may grow till it becomes a river indeed for these south lands.

Tuesday April 14th. Dar Naama,
El Biar.

Algiers news has not been of any very exciting kind. I think the best of it has been two little marks of growing confidence - one a child brought to Dar el Ain as 'inpatient' for the tending of a wound under the French doctor, & a new baby girl born at Dar el Fedjr, daughter of the first of the Chiras - Chira mert el Khalifa - who was out housemaid as a girl. But I have not been able to hear much yet of detail, for I have collapsed on reaching Algiers, and am here, hoping to get pulled together for next week, which brings the Conference, with Mr Inwood for its leader & Dr Zwemer for its ^{last} voice.

April 16th.

It was sad not to join in the Easter Feast. The bits of news that filter through, concerning "the brethren" are good on the whole, especially concerning Boualem, who seems to have grown much in manliness & fearlessness of late. He has not as yet moved down to Dar el Fedjr, but as he is paying his way with the double rent



Our guest from Relizane

of room and little shop on his hands, there is no immediate hurry.

Chira of Relizane shared in that Easter Feast for the first time. She has had all these months since Christmas at Dar el Fedjr, undisturbed by her father, and steadily working away at her reading and writing and general training for future work, so far as the shut-in life of a young native woman here in Algiers will allow.

April 25th.

The Conference has come and gone, and has marked a fresh epoch, as we felt it would. It was a time of gentle deep welding together under God's touch - rather a collective dealing, so it seemed, than an individual, and as such with a fuller trend.

And when we came to last night's meeting, we saw how it was all working out to that further stretch of His purposes. The outlook for that meeting had been doubtful in the extreme; Dr Zwemer's boat, that should have been in by midday, sent a wireless message that they could not reach Algiers till 9 p.m., and would then be in port only a couple of hours or so.

We went down, 50 or more of us, to meet him on the quay, and that couple of hours spent in an hotel room close by was a wonderful time. First came the sketched outline of Dr Mott's Conference, to be held here next January, and then a wider outline of all the great forces that are making for the downfall of Islam, and telling

that the hour for victory draws near. His journey to America had brought one more step towards that victory in securing the funds for starting the Christian College of Cairo, that is to raise Christ's standard against the Azhar. He held the printed schedule already in his hand.

It is all throbbing with life and movement out there in Egypt, and there is a sense that our

"Still, salt pool locked in by bars of sand" has begun, through that night's meeting, to be drawn into the great tide beyond, by the very fact that it is rising and must rise. The sense of fellowship that God has been working in the Conference meetings all the week through, knit itself into a unity for shoulder to shoulder advance toward the new horizon. We have never known before such a sense of a new thrill of inspiration as "one body in Christ" out here.

It was past eleven when we broke up, and saw Dr Zwemer down to the port. The early morning trains would be taking off the greater part of our number to their stations. If the boat had been even an hour or two longer on its way from New York, this collective drawing into the onward sweep of the tide would have been impossible. Thus does God work for us as we wait for Him!