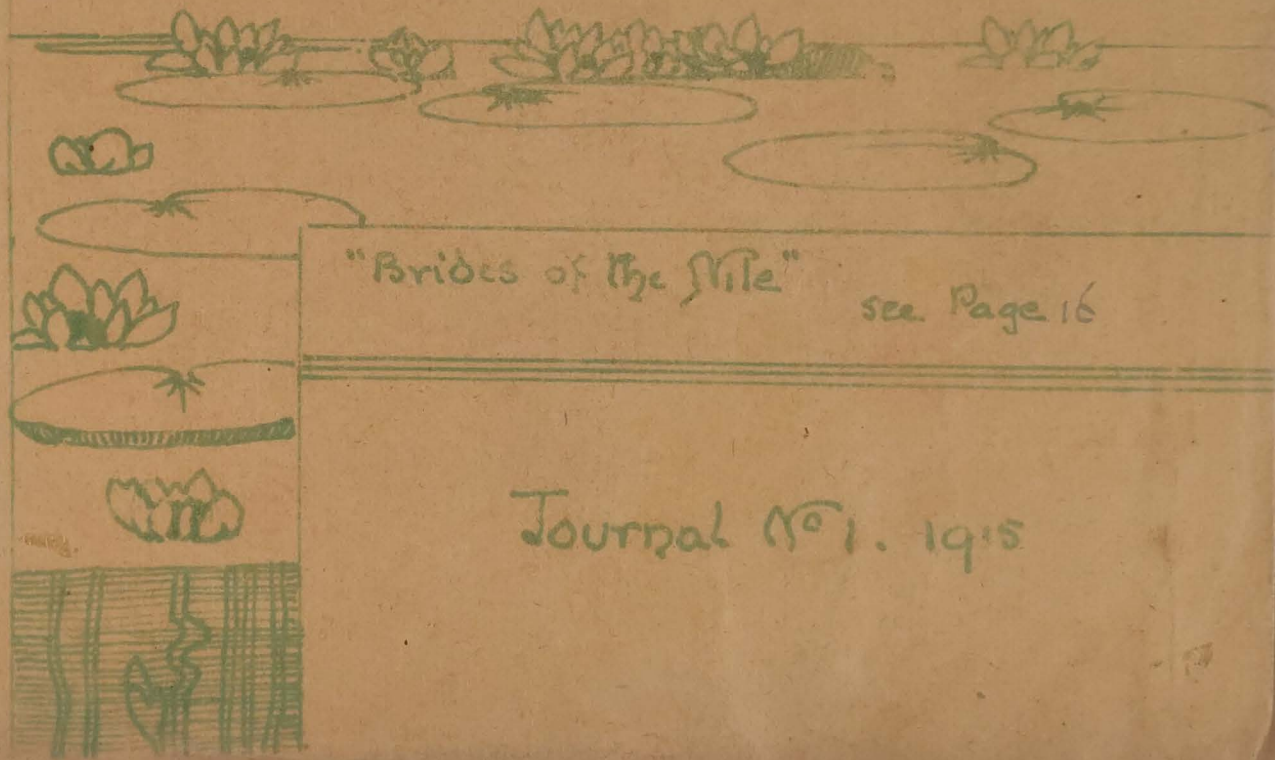


Algiers Mission Band

15



"Brides of the Nile" see Page 16

Journal No. 1. 1915

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Members on the Field - 1st Quarter of 1915.

of arrival.			
88	M. Lillias Trotter.	1909	Alice McIlroy.
"	B. G. L. Haworth.	1911	Clare Mennell
90	F. Helen Freeman.	"	Ida Nash.
06	Sascha Perkin.	"	Mary Freeman.
"	Alexandrine Gayral.	1912	J. H. Smeeton.
07	Mabel Grautoff.	"	Nellie Smeeton.
"	May Ridley.	"	Laura Carr.
09	F. K. Currie.	"	S. Soler.
"	Millicent Roche.	"	Grace Russell.
"	Alma Krebs.	1913	Fanny Hammon } pro
"	Mary Watling.	1914	Mme. Arnaud. (tem
		"	A. M. Farmer.

Short Service Hostel.

Miss Thorpe (1911) in Charge. Vera Stewart. Violet Barrow.
Beryl Handford.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.
Stations in 1915.

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.

* * * * *

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

Council of Reference. London.

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

* * * * *

Algerian Women's Mission Band. America.

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

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Jan. 1st.

Surely the strangest New Year that has ever dawned on this poor earth. It seems a clenching of the calculations that shew the "times of the Gentiles" to be running out, for the whole course of things seen, is rocking as if for a huge upheaval.

Jan. 3rd.

This last week with all of us together at El Biar, has brought among other things fresh helps in Literature preparation. We have appointed a contributor from each station, and a sheaf of ideas is being gleaned.

It is wonderful to watch the quiet unfolding, first that inward burning of "the pillar of fire by night" about those hosts of shepherdless and spirit-starved boys, then the unlocked for supply of funds in England, and of material for starting, & lastly the offer of help from America in printing here for local use. - It all clenches the assurance that the three months promised to the Nile Mission Press is in the way of God's steps. - It is impossible to concentrate to the degree required, with A.M.B. needs all round, and if the supply is to go to women & girls as well as boys, we need to get into touch with their varying conditions. - Boys are easier, being the one human species that seems the same all the world over.

Jan. 6th.

In the station work all is able to go on, at half speed anyway, notwithstanding the storms around, with the exception of the fringe of the unreachd that lies beyond; owing to difficulties of permits, that is practically "out of bounds". And our beloved Touzer, the furthest away on that darkness-fringe, is still awaiting A. Krebs return from Denmark to mark the "Go forward" for the winter's work. It hardly looks now as if she could be here before we leave, even if she has been able to start from Denmark, whence exit is becoming difficult, for we are due to leave for Egypt in little more than a week.

Our two Miliana "outposters" have just sent us a batch of material for taking there, in the way of patterns for title pages, etc.; they have a great faculty for Arab designs, a sort of sympathy with it in its curious complex, elusive turns, that is quite delightful. They collect and adapt from all sides. And S. Perkin's natural history instincts are finding their outlet in "visions", as the natives call them, of the fable kind, equally dear with form and colour to the oriental heart.

Jan. 9th.

She - S. Perkin - has gathered the mountain people round again. They squat on the floor of the Arab room in their dust

coloured draperies, combing the wool for Red Cross knitting into lovely fleecy masses that look like little clouds dropped down out of angel fingers rather than the handiwork of very earth-bound humanity. They love that wool, and handle it with tender touches; it seems to bring back to them their old days with the homesickness that lingers in all hill-people.

Her little Miriam has not yet been brought back. Her place as house-child is filled pro tem by a little maiden named "Khodra" ("Vegetables"!) who belongs to the same tribe, and whom they were pressing into begging for a livelihood.

Jan. 10th.

Outside developments go on, step by step. M. Ridley has gone off to her new post of helping H. Freeman at Relizane - & Boualem the elder (Si Boualem as we had better call him giving him his rightful dignity, to distinguish him from the boy Boualem) has got sufficiently started with his shoemaking to be able to take apprentices, and has begun with Mahfoud, whose future has been a problem, as he is not strong enough for work in the port, and the tobacco factory - the only alternative here for such - is unwholesome for body and soul. He, - Mahfoud, comes every night to E. Thorpe for a reading lesson with Boualem the younger and two or three more of that size. - A dear keen set they look. One of them,

Two little Red-Cross knitters.



ulliman, has just made us glad by refusing the penny offered to get him a new copybook. "No, you teach us, be it multiplied unto you, we must get our own books" - A tiny thing, yet shewing a new spirit among them, which is not a tiny thing.

Jan. 12th.

This evening brought a fresh bit of hope over Saad Saoud, the young mountain fellow who tramped so faithfully last summer as guide to his country when S. Perkin and A. McIlroy visited them. He has often been here, but always with the bedrock of self-righteousness underlying the stratum of good soil. Tonight while he was here for his reading Si Boualem came in, and a sense of touch sprang up between the two, so much so that we left them together, and in the talk that followed Saad Saoud went much further in confessing himself a sinner and Christ as his one hope than ever he had gone before.

Jan. 14th.

It has been what the "Iemma" would call "a beautiful and lowering day" for the last one, (for our boat goes tomorrow.) - It began by a bit with the new group of small Red Cross knitters in the Shushan reading room, eager over the swabs with which G. Russell is starting them. The hours went on with various good happenings, but the evening brought the crowning joy. We had told Si Boualem to prepare something to read to the lads Mahfoud and

Laradji, who have begun to come to the prayer meeting. Saad Saoud was there too with a beaming face.

Si Boualem spoke from the words of Caiaphas "It is expedient that one man should die for the people" - linked with our Lord's words "If therefore ye seek me let these go their way" - It was never this last that his soul kindled and his face glowed "He called the wrath on Himself that the others might go their way, it was a wonderful courage." - And he went on to open it out in its wider sense: we had never, that we know of, put the 2 passages together for him, or even noticed any connection, so it came with a breath of Spirit-light and real power. Saad Saoud squared round on his floor cushion and drank it in with shining eyes, and the same new shining was to be seen in Laradji's as he nodded now and then, and Mahfoud broke in eagerly at the end "That is about my verse" - Again a touch of understanding, for his newly learned verse about the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world had not been mentioned. - - It was so good to have this for our last bit of them all.

Jan. 22nd.

B.G.L.H. gave each of us for New Year's Day a diary which was to supply the lacks of my own journal in the compiling of this year's records. I will fill in blanks backwards from these as well as from the letters that come.

The Blida one is the fullest and shall therefore have the precedence.

Jan. 3rd.

"Such a crowd of children, who listened very well for the first time of coming - more than 60." - And a week later comes the description of "grading" them, (no easy work with only two available teachers & one or two natives ~~helpers~~ who are beginning to help) into various "maidas" down to the Cradle Rollers with lumps of plasticine, which they rubbed and pounded with infinite joy. - "We have had so many "gifts" lately" Millicent goes on, "varying from 5 sticky nuts produced one by one from the depths of a pocket in a pair of wee serouals, a mandarine, a big orange, a plateful of figs & dates, two eggs, one egg, two eggs, two bunches of flowers with short stalks tied round with bits of rag, a chestnut, an almond, a treasured jujube, roses etc.; it is so perfectly sweet, for they are all "treasures"

Jan. 26th.

May Ridley's new interests in Relizane are centred greatly in Hasseniya, the 14-year-old step-daughter of Chrira bent Si Mukhtar. "I am visiting her daily" she writes, "she is almost super-humanly intelligent, she knows her gospels almost by heart, and where our Algerian and the Moroccan ones differ, and the context of different subjects: She can read much better than I can."

F.H.F. adds: "She, Hasseniya, has been illustrating the Bible stories on her own account with penny chalks - the mustard tree with a large blue bird seated upon it - a woman with a French apron sweeping to find a large & obvious franc lying at her feet."

Cairo. Jan. 30th.

We landed a week ago to-day and set to work on Monday for the first essential of finding a flat. - After following various vain clues on many degrees of the social ladder, from malodorous back streets up to a regal suite abandoned by banished Austrians, we have come to a perfect solution in the untenanted rooms "au cinquieme" of a French officer gone to the front.

Feb. 2nd.

We are in our flat, with hearts full of joy and thankfulness over the pleasant places into which our lines have fallen. Every possible need is ready to our hand including cupboards and drawers innumerable, but the glory of it is its outlook over the whole of Cairo. - All its far back history lies in panorama before us. Dimly on the horizon stands the Sakkara pyramid, earliest of all to be built; nearer lies the site of the Jewish colony where the Holy Family almost surely lived, then the crowded Moslem city that has held sway for all these centuries and in the foreground is the O.M.S. House with its



The Citadel - Cairo - from our windows.

crypt-like church, telling of "the Stone cut out without hands" that will in God's time shatter at a touch all "rulers of the darkness of this world" and their spiritual realms.

Feb. 3rd.

Today woke with pale grey sweeps of cloud over a daffodil sky, against which the Mokattam hills stood purple brown with the needle shafts and dome of the Citadel silhouetted in a deeper tone. In the middle distance stretched, in shades of smoke grey, the masses of the native town, & out to the south it went as far as eye could see. These countless homes are inhabited by women and boys and girls as well as men, and if we have faith for God's promises to households may we not see them wrought on by His Grace. "It giveth light to all that are in the house" is the ideal for these "literature" developments.

Letters from Algiers to-day prove that they can go on at good speed without us. Mahfoud and Laradji are enquiring about baptism, and the Iemma and Si Boualem's wife Chakra have again "risen up" as he expresses it, on the subject.

It looks this time like a real casting off of their grave clothes, for without any outward urging they have stepped out in defiance of the Mouloud feast, telling Aïssa the elder that they do not mean to keep it. - He is wild with rage and threats,

the last being that he will shut up his mother in the prison of the mad, by the hand of the Cadi. Even little Allal has stood out and refused to put on his feast clothes, though Aissa the elder (Si Aissa we should call him), ordered him to do so. Si Boualem feels it would be the time now for his women-kind to make a clean sweep and come out for baptism, and they ask me to wire consent, which I have done.

Feb. 11th.

S. Perkin writes that a certain Fatima Zoura, a strong intelligent mountain woman from Miliana whom we have known some time, is staying with us, and that things look as if inwardly and outwardly, if she can stay on, she may be set free for God's service. She is aunt to the young El Miliani who was facing Christward last spring and then left Algiers.

Countless people are swarming in from Sascha's special mountain range beyond Aumale, but her special child Miriam is not among them as yet. - S.P. writes that one of the child's people has come, Brahim by name. "He has brought me" she writes, "the long promised boy, a refined looking little fellow of about 10 in a shabby many coloured burnous; he is to come every morning to be taught Forlorn dirty orphan boys and girls come & sit patiently in the "Mosque", thankful for a little bit of bread. - Among my visitors to-day were 15 Aumale people & 2

from Tablat, and Fatima Zoura had 15 on Friday from Affreville. Saad Saoud is reading as desperately as ever, and making great progress."

Feb. 13th.

It appears from later letters that the baptism question is held over for the present, for the Iomma fell ill with the strain and fear over Si Aissa's threats, and there is no sign yet of any fresh "elan" over it, though she and Chrira are holding on steadily. Si Aissa has just adopted a European baby boy, which may loose his grip of his nephew Allal as his heir.

"Saad Saoud declared emphatically tonight" says S.P. "that he was a Christian, not a Moslem, and that he had come to Christ for salvation. He said that next time there was a baptism he would like to be baptized. We spoke about breaking Ramadan. He said it meant death in the mountains, but that Christ could protect. "

Feb. 16th.

Among other news comes the sad story of the death at the front of the young French schoolmaster, for whom we were hoping as colporteur last autumn. He was killed in a sortie on Christmas Day. The other for whom we were hoping before the war broke out, is a prisoner in Saxony.

It is a quenching of our hopes for the time being as regards

advance among the outlying places.

The one bit of it where the glimmer of "things seen" remains, lies in the fact that at Cairo we are definitely getting ready for such advance as was impossible with the interruptions of headquarters, and the general inertness of Algiers air, very different from the wine-like crispness here that so eases brain work.

Feb. 19th.

M. Roche writes in the Blida record:-

"In visiting to-day I found an old woman with a high head-dress who is just returning south. She had never heard of Christ & listened very intelligently. She had one of the loveliest little girls with her I had ever seen. Her eyes were not the dark brown one generally sees, but clear brown like pools of light, & her mouth & teeth perfectly lovely. Two tattoo marks perpendicular on the forehead & chin only seemed to make her more charming. She was a thing of about 7, & as she sat gazing at me & listening to the hymns I longed to be able to paint her and send the picture home to ask prayer for herself and her little sisters, to whom she is going in the south land, very far away as it seems to them, but not so far but that one looks regretfully at the map and feels "how near & yet how far" - at present!

Beside my lovely little lady was sitting a boy, her cousin

in a strange many coloured kachaba. His poor face was awfully marred by smallpox, he was partially blind, and as I was telling of the coming of the Lord Jesus to be our Saviour I felt what a chance of life and hope could come to a boy like that, through the knowledge of Christ. - Absolutely the only chance - And he heard once for a few minutes, and then - back to his country swallowed up among the thousands who have never heard."

Feb. 26th.

Miliana is sending us a stream of designs and ideas. It is a real "power house" of originality among us - These are extracts from to-day's letter, accompanied by special sheets and booklets.

M. Grautoff writes:="

"Last week I gave my little fellows several texts & hymns in French spelling of Arabic, it is fun to see them singing from their own hymnbooks, they could read the enclosed off quite glibly, but at first it did not dawn on them it was Arabic.

M. Watling has been trying the same experiment of "romanizing" for her small girls - She writes - "This is the English translation of a baby Arabic toybook I got out last month for a little Arab girl who can only read French. I wrote the Arabic in Latin characters and it was quaint to watch the astonishment when she found herself reading her own language in French letters - - - (This experiment may have its bearing on our difficult problem of the

future concerning literature in the Algerian lands)

M. G. goes on:-

"Our next excitement is a service of song, 4 texts & 5 hymns, set to the pages of the wordless book. They open at the black page, and chant softly to the tune of "By the waters of Babylon" The text "God saw that the wickedness of man was great" and then the first verse of the hymn "I cannot take away my sins" and so through the four colours until they come to the gold page, and end with the lovely trumpet chorus of praise of the last Psalm and sing to it "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.".....
So on goes the letter, pages long of new suggestions for getting draughts of the living Water down to the level of child life. Another a little later is a booklet with 7 pictures illustrating the 7 fold "I am" of 8th John for another service of song.

March 1st.

Items of Algiers news from S. Perkin come by the same post.

Two sides of our little "Foursquare" of last summer are needing prayer, for the element of instability that marks them both has been evident again. Omar is in one of his touchy uncomfortable states, & keeps away, and Mustapha does the same because of an imaginary affront. "Si Boualem says that Mustapha's

heart is like a child's" S.P. writes, "He cannot get him to come to the meetings and he is concerned because he will read the Arabian Nights instead of the Scriptures!"

E. Thorpe, who is just back among them after a serious illness that has made us all very anxious, writes:-

"I feel as if the Devil is making a dead set to stop two things, the baptism of the women, and the work among the Boys. The Iemma is still ill, but she would like the baptism to be before Easter as Si Aissa generally rises up in wrath at the Church Feasts" - (Si Aissa is to my mind very like the Cat-fish which the North Sea fishermen put into the cod-fish tanks to whip them round and keep them from getting flabby! It may be that the powers of evil that he represents fulfil this same office for us all.)

"On the boys side Mahfoud is going with the Baddach gang" E. Thorpe continues, "and is thoroughly unsatisfactory: he has his furtive look back again - What an uphill fight it is, there is the sense of the battle arrayed against us with special power."

March 4th.

Here in Cairo my beloved Morning Star is shouting for joy every morning, poised above the shafts of the great Mohammed Ali Mosque of the Citadel. Its shouts seem to bring hope of that

The dawn that is breaking over the world of Islam that it figures. Oh a fresh pulse towards that dawn has come in the news, these days, of the attack on the Dardanelles - And the bewildering turn of earth's political kaleidoscope which makes us pull down as a nation that which we have been propping up so long (even giving a Russian boat the place of honour in the attack) makes it shine out fresh that above all the water flood God sits King.

March 7th.

In our little bit here all goes well, and there is a great sense of rest in being in the way of His steps.

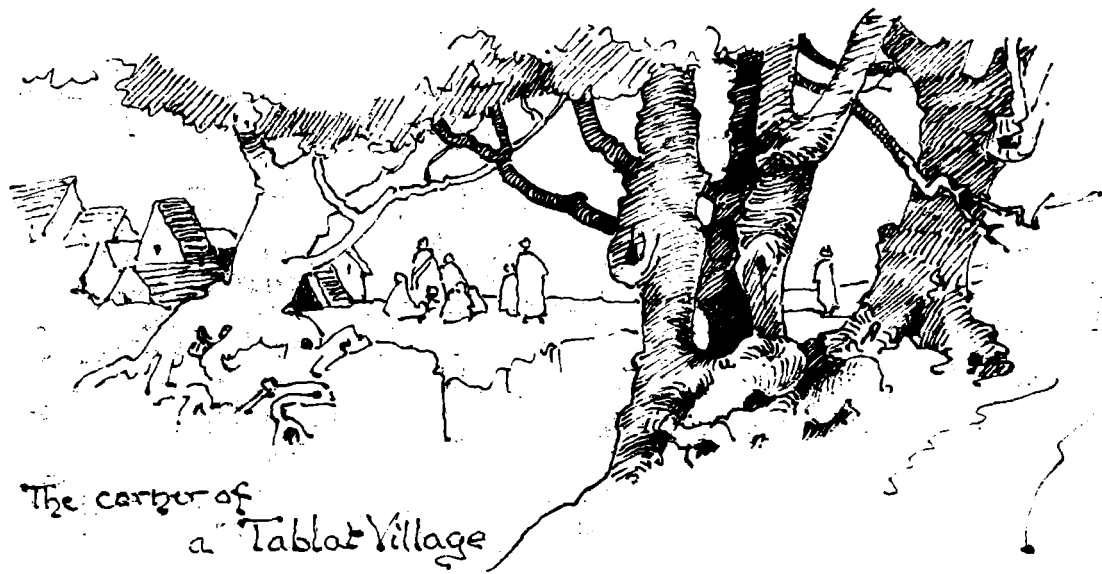
One of the special timings, all unknown, of our coming here, is that a whole band of Syrian missionaries are taking refuge here in their banishment for the time being from their posts. This brings us "en rapport" with them and their literature needs, as we could not have been otherwise on African soil. They feel as strongly as we do the need for papers & books that shall have an Eastern setting, not as hitherto, translated stories of "Jacks" & "Gobs" whose surroundings are as foreign to the children of the West as their names. There is more in the question than the outward fitness of things, this transplanting of material from the West that all goes to emphasizing the thought so far too widespread already, that Christianity is an English exotic, a thought that banishes the hope of a Church arising on native lines in the recog-

tion that its birthplace was the East.

We are getting into shape the first 3 tracts, one for women, one for girls and one for boys. The women's is called "Water Lilies" & great has been the labour expended at the N.M.P. to find the real Arabic name, though the flowers enamel every canal with their blue & white. "Grass of the Water" & various other names have been rejected, & finally they have discovered that "Brides of the Nile" is their right title.

The next point for these three & the others that are coming on behind them, is the search for a means of colour-printing. We feel sure that colour must be put into them for these colour-loving people. The Nile Mission Press, is always ready to respond to new departures, & quite ready to embark on it if we can see how (lithography is of course a distinct branch from their typography) Gen Stefanos Effendi, the Syrian convert in charge of their bookshop is keenly interested in the matter. He told us how two natives were buying a day or two ago, & declared that the book they wanted was too dear at a piastre. He shewed them the same bound in red or 3 piastres - "Ahmar! kouais kethir khales" - "Red - very beautiful indeed"! was the answer, & the three piastres were immediately forthcoming.

How to produce anything in Egypt at a price for broadcast distribution which shall not be an eyesore, is the problem now



The center of
a Tablat Village

War tariffs make production in England impossible. - We have not come to the solution yet.

March 11th.

In Mascara a "winterbud" that has lain dormant for long is stirring with the breath of springtime - An Arab, nearing middle age now, named Sahroui. He "learned Christ" in more senses than one, through a soul-loving French colonist at Tizi, and confessed Him at first, then drew back to some extent, though he was eager in his welcome of us. - Now the life pulse is manifesting itself and "he and his wife speak openly", F.H.F. writes, "of their trust in the Lord Jesus. She was very ill and declined all tolbas and shehedas, to the wrath of her neighbours. - He is starvingly poor and has a tiny shop where he sells vegetables that Noah left behind him in the ark - we are going to send him something fresher from Bou Hanifia, which I hope will be a little help."

March 16th.

S. Perkin has another woman in now from Tablat, a district at the nearer end of her special mountain range - a district where twisted olive trees hang on the ravines between the bare hills, and shelter stone huts where we have always found a strange readiness to hear. This woman's name is Zourha, she has been brought into touch through the Red Cross wool-spinning, and is listening intently. It is good to see how in this

shut-in year link after link is being forged with that region where prayer was centred last summer.

"Fatima Zourha, she writes, "is talking of going back to Miliana, but I am asking her to stay until you come. - She has such possibilities that I do not want to let her go" ... "Fourth" & "White" and "Peacock" and other forlorn bright-eyed little objects often find their way here. "Fourth" is the daughter of a learned Marabout"

She tells also of this Aumale friend Si Brahim, whose boys Khiar and Abdullah form the nucleus with Ali, of the little group who come morning by morning to Mr Smeeton. These all are from the same mountain range but to the south east.

March 26th.

The Blida pair have been busy pulling back their beloved little Khadoudjah from the gates of death, where she has been brought by bronchial pneumonia after measles. - They also are always evolving ~~new~~ methods for becoming children to the children that they may be all means win some. Their last plan is tiny blackboards, on which even the very small ones do "expression work" - "with beautiful daring" as Millicent defines it. Her letter brings also the outline of a tract for girls - it is so good to see one station after another rising to the

literature needs.

Here in Cairo the difficulties of production are melting wonderfully. Mr Swan of the E.G.M. has helped us to discover the very man we wanted, an Italian lithographer who has his own plant, and is extremely interested in this venture out of his usual lines of cigarette advertisements and lottery tickets! We hope now that before our 3 months are up - another month yet - we may get the first colour leaflets out - these to serve as specimens - for if they "take" our hope would be to issue them next year month by month for boys and girls. It is of course all published by the N.M.P. and the letterpress is set up there.

April 1st.

E. Thorpe writes from Algiers:-

"Ten of the women of the Church and their children have kept Easter with us at El Biar. They had been to the baths, & some of them had whitewashed their houses and done their hands with henna. Children arrived in full glory of their "Aid" clothes, the first time that these had been worn for a Christian Feast.

I have never seen such a spirit of unity among the women. There has been a linking together in the Friday meetings, it was most marked last Friday, when the inner circle drew together, and told out to me and to each other the things which

Drops from the Fayoum Stream.

(The colours are noted, to help you in visualizing it.)



made it hardest for them in their homes to stand out on Christ's
side"
.... One after another has spoken of the reverence and still-
ness - a heaven-sent stillness - of the Good Friday Meeting with
its reading, almost without comment, of the Story of the Cross.

Egypt. Apr. 3rd.

We have come to Fayoum for Easter as the Press is shut
for a few days - an oasis 2 or 3 hours south. It is most inte-
resting. As soon as you step out of the rambling Greek Hotel you
plunge into an atmosphere compared to which Cairo is as Europe,
it is so intensely native. - The yearly "Feast of Spring" is on,
and the streets are one endless stream of village people flow-
ing in, bright clad all but the women, who go about there too with
trailing black robes wound round them. - A wild zikr is going
on day and night 3 doors off, in honour they say of the Virgin
Mary - the dervish men ranged in an ellipse working themselves
towards frenzy in their swaying and chanting, and the black-
robed women sitting round a group of great palm fronds planted
in the earth. The Moslem legend is that the Nativity took place
under a palm tree.

Mr Swan has since told us that there is a tradition of the
Holy Family having stayed in this oasis. It would be strange if

the survival of the legend through changing creeds had crystallized thus.

Apr. 5th.

The Blida Journal says :-

"It was so sweet to-day - I was telling the girls that the Lord Jesus was really and truly in the room, because He had promised to be with us when we spoke of Him. I explained that our eyes could not see Him, but Yamina, a little Beni Salah girl of about 9, just gazed and gazed into the roof, it was very lovely to watch her - she seemed to feel she would surely see Him. - There was such a hush on them all - I think they felt His Presence."

Apr. 12th.

E. Thorpe writes from Algiers:-

"I have been asking Si Boualem if he could take young Boualem as a second apprentice. I was troubled about the latter as I have several times seen him with a bad gang when he ought to have been at school. The masters have gone to the War and they have only women to teach them and the boys are unruly. He has suddenly shot up into such a big lad and ought to get into some trade."

On Sunday his mother came to consult over his marriage! but it made an opening for talking of his future though the

proposed wedding is three years off."There was nothing she liked better"E. Thorpe goes on, "than that he should learn shoe-making with Si Boualem and come to us in the evenings to keep up his reading, French and Arabic.

Si Boualem beamed at the idea of bringing up another son, he really does father those boys in a beautiful way - he is very pleased with Mahfoud" (He has taken a good turn and is going short for his breakfast to save up and repay the money he stole).

About his third "Son" Mustapha we have also fresh hopes. - S. Perkin writes:-

"Mustapha came this afternoon and we have had a long reading using the literary Bible. He was just as eager as before he was perverse and indifferent. I found he specially wanted to trace the Messianic prophecies. As he went he said "I do want to understand."

The one still hanging back is Omar - "There is so much of the spoilt child about him," as S.P. says, "and he has not learnt some primary lessons yet. There may be some Divine reformatory through which his refractory soul must pass."

She goes on to tell how a loom has been borrowed and set up in Rue du Croissant for the using up of the superfluous coarse wool. "It seems that a loom is a sacred thing, and to

lend it brings blessing on the owner. When you set up the warp you are supposed to have couscous with beans, so we duly did that.- There are a great many superstitions connected with the loom which are interesting but have to be combatted. - The women have laboured unremittingly, and yesterday a heavy white blanket with grey and crimson stripes was cut off." (Spinning, dyeing & all done here).

April 16th.

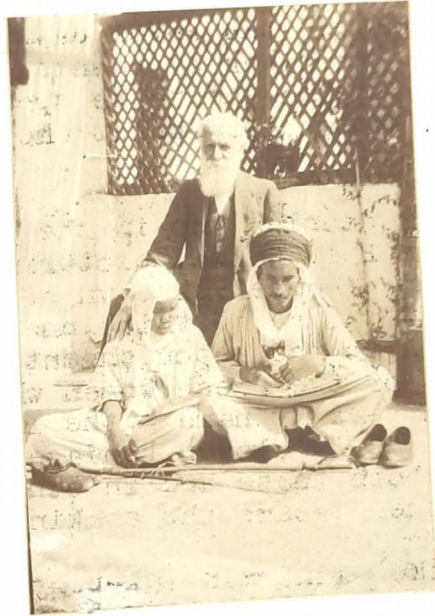
Two pages from M. Watling's Miliana journal shall come in here; with their touch of realism - "Khadoudja's dolls always get broken; someone (the someone was her prayer mother) sent a lovely one from England. Too lovely alas, & we had qualms, for Khadoudja had not been very good. We tried to find out why the old ones had such short lives. "Father breaks them" she explained patiently, "he says the angels of God don't like people to have dolls in their houses" so little "Geranium" - (the names are the same in Arabic) got another present, for we could not risk offending the angels!"

The next extract is anent the purloining of drawing materials that is apt to occur after chalking or painting. "After Mabel's class one inch of bright blue chalk is escorted back to our gates by five outraged righteousnesses. The five O.R. are three feet high, & their "he has stolen"!!! was too loud for a town under

martial law. The offender was two feet of dirty chubbiness, clad in one grubby shirt. One fat paw unrolled to my "Do me the kindness, O my son, to return what thou hast of ours," That little bit of blue chalk looked very pathetic as for his soul's good I took it back. But I revenged myself on the O.Rs by only saying mildly as a scolding to him "Go in peace, my little son, & do so no more." The O.Rs thought my moral sense had deteriorated, I could see!".....

Miliana writes again - "A dying, or nearly dying baby was brought to us by the little mother of 16 for a day's nursing. The doctor had to be called in, & we found it meant hourly remedies & but little hope - double pneumonia & a half starved body. So the father has been sent for & we have given up our Arab room to them. We fear the child may die each night, but to send her away would be death on the road, & it is a wonderful opportunity with these guests & the relatives who come to see them."

(Five days later). "She grew worse just when we were beginning to have hope that we had fought the weakness. She died in her mother's arms, the mother murmuring over her the sheheda, & saying "Go in peace - Go in peace," to the little soul. Then, when the lifeless body was placed with its head towards the south, she broke down & wept bitterly saying "My thirst, my thirst.



MC Smeaton with Abdelkader & the boy Aissa Me

They stayed the whole of the seven days of mourning, letting our household share in its rites of feasting on the days when the poor little spirit is thought to be specially hovering near, & to have many talks about the Christ who carries the lambs in His bosom."

April 22nd.

There are many stories too in the journal books about Algiers visiting - one from Beit Naama, picturing two of the small girls of the class sitting themselves down of their own accord on a sack in the middle of the house to which one of them had moved, & singing hymn after hymn to the astonishment of the new neighbours.

Another tells of two fresh women who are eagerly learning to read, Zalikha & Fatouma by name - the latter the European wife of an Arab who keeps her in closer bondage than even the average Moslem woman. In both these and in others of the mothers of the little knitters, there seems the awaking of true heart hunger.

April 28th.

Abdelkader, the blind man (ex-beggar from opposite the Mosque near by) for whose salvation, body & soul, S. Perkin & Mr Smeeton have been labouring for a year past, has been a fresh problem lately. He had got really on his feet at an Industrial Depot for the blind. Now that is closed on account of the War, & he had sunk back to the borders of despair, scarcely daring to go

to his lodging at night because of the outcry for his rent, & with no means of living except a return to his bagging.

A "Church Council" of a diminutive kind was called, & a months rent voted for him - 4/- with which Si Boualem undertook to silence his landlord, & then to Mr Smeeton's joy he found a fresh fruitage from the reading lessons in Braille that he had been giving him all the winter, i.e. that he proves able now to write it as easily as to read, & he has been set off, at a small wage, (provided for the time being by a gift from England) on making a copy of St. John's Gospel which will serve for others as well as himself. He has thrown himself into it with all his heart, working long overtime in his zeal, which means hard work for Mr Smeeton in preparing the material day by day for him to go by.

Cairo. Apr. 30th.

The first nine tracts of the new "colour series" are through at last, just as our three months stay expires, equally divided on subject matter among women, boys & girls. Faith has risen, in the N.H.P. to a large edition, of which a goodly portion has been taken by Mr Trowbridge, the newly appointed missionary of the "World's Sunday School Association."

So these first beginnings are awaiting the breath of life to be breathed into them, like the little clay sparrows of the

Moslem legend, which the boy Jesus told to fly!

There are a number more being prepared - among them several A.M.B. contributions, also other longer stories getting into readiness, mostly from B.G.L.H's pen. She has also got out in these weeks, pocket cards for our soldiers and sailors, to meet the great desire to be found in both Services, hearts being open as never before. It is hoped to get these cards out in the various languages of the Allies, in which Miss Kemp is helping. Pray for all these things.

There is still much to finish before our boat for Algiers leaves in a week's time, so that all may go on through the summer months, and be ready to gather up again next winter for fuller launching.

And here Vol. 1. for this years journal must end, that it may go its way before the summer if possible, & call for the prayer re-inforcements to come to our help in each place of need in the fight.

Specimen

Soldiers + Sailors Pocket cards For The Front

SOLDIER'S POCKET-CARD FOR 1915.

AM I READY P



For this purpose can be had of Curtis + Beamish
Coventry: @ 1/6 per 100.

A LITANY.

From evil and mischief; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from Thy wrath and everlasting damnation.

Good Lord, deliver us.

By Thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by Thy Cross and Passion, by Thy precious Death and Burial; by Thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost.

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the Day of Judgment.

Good Lord, deliver us.

AN INVITATION.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My Breast."

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

★ ★ ★ ★

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

AN ANSWER.

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that Life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

**"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you Rest."**

★ ★ ★

**"The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from
all sin."**

★ ★ ★

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

SAILOR'S POCKET-CARD FOR 1915

"WATCH"



PRAYER AT SEA.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."

★ ★ ★ ★

**Be pleased to receive into Thy Almighty and most gracious protection,
the persons of us Thy servants, and the Fleet in which we serve.**

Hear us, O Lord.

**Preserve us from the dangers of the sea, and from the violence of
the enemy.**

Save Lord, or else we perish.

**We confess, when we have been safe, and seen all things quiet about
us, we have forgot Thee our God, and refused to hearken to the still voice
of Thy Word, and to obey Thy commandments. But now,**

Help, Lord, and save us for Thy mercy's sake,

in Jesus Christ our Lord.

"A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM."

Jesus, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found;
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

★ ★ ★ ★

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou of Life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"They that go down to the sea in ships; and occupy their business in great waters. These men see the works of the Lord; and His wonders in the deep . . . They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep: their soul melteth away because of the trouble . . . So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivereth them out of their distress."

★ ★ ★ ★

"Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity . . . and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."

★ ★ ★ ★

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."