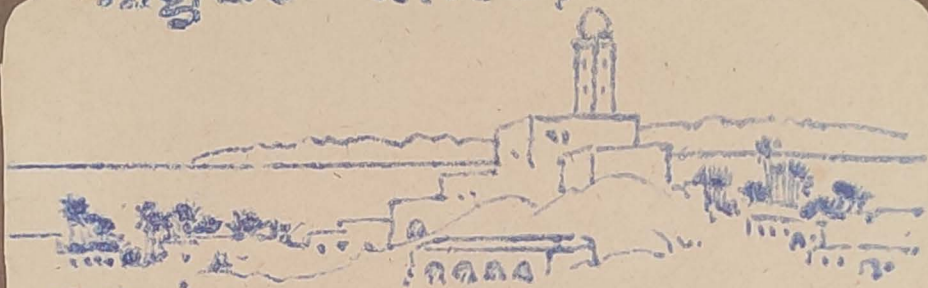


Algiers Mission Band.



Messiah

see P.P. 8-9.

Summer Journal 1919

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Stations, Summer, 1919.

<u>Date of opening.</u>	<u>Algiers.</u>		<u>Country.</u>
1888.	Headquarters.	1908.	Blida.
1908.	Dar Naama.	1909.	Relizane.
1909.	Beit Naama.	1909.	Miliana.
		1912.	Mascara.
	1917.	Tozeur.	
	1917.	Monastir. Rest house.	
	***	***	***

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

Council of Reference. London.

Mr & Mrs Stuart Trotter.	Broomfield Lodge, Chelmsford.
Sir H. & Lady Proctor.	Ware Hill, Ware, Herts.
Rev. S.W. & Mrs Howe.	St Luke's Vicarage, C.E. Finchley.
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***	***

Algerian Women's Mission Band, America.

Mrs T.A.Walker, S.S.Assoc. 2300 Dexter Street, Denver, Colorado. U.S.A.

ALGIERS MISSION BAND.

Members on the Field. - Summer 1929.

Date of Arrival.

1888.	I.Lillias Trotter.	1909.	Alice McIlroy.
1890.	F.Helen Freeman.	1911.	Ida Nash.
1906.	Sascha Perkin.	"	*Mary Freeman.
"	Alexandrine Gayral.	1912.	J.H.Smeeton.
1907.	Mabel Grautoff.	"	S.Soler.
"	May Ridley.	"	*Grace Russell.
1909.	F.K.Currie.	1914.	Mme Arnaud.
"	Millicent Roche.	"	A.M.Farmer.
"	Alma Krebs.	1915.	** Frances Brittle.
"	Mary Watling.	1916	Kathleen Butler.
1919.	Monsieur & Madame Cook Jelabert.		

* on long furlough.

** Short Service work.

To your, April 7th. 1919

Joseph has been away several days. He was back to-day with a troubled look. I think its clue came at the end when he asked how long we would be staying. "Till the end of the month" we answered. "Not through Ramadhan?" "No, not through Ramadhan", and we felt his poor lonely heart bank within him. It is hard to be able to do so little for them in their fight - one would not dare help them over the top of their trenches but for Him Who is able to save them to the uttermost, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. Of M.A. the "Bible boy" of other days, we see absolutely nothing just now. I think the dull blind boy who forced his way in with him that last day he came was very likely a protégé of the zaouai family to which M.A.'s family belongs, and that he reported on him without delay.

April 9th.

Some tremendous afternoons again. One-thirty to ~~four~~ thirty without stopping is now frequent - two or three going out and two or three coming in at intervals with an average of eight or nine all the time. A new comer whom we name "The Terror" has arrived on the scene - a conceited young scribe, who bawls his objections in a voice that could be heard across the market, and will not wait for them to be answered. The quieter men shift their standpoint like so many Balaks, when they see their aim is being frustrated, and it is really quite beautiful when they accept anything as proved (unless when alone). Yet it is well worth while despite the exhaustion of the long hours at a stretch, for a chance always comes, and is taken unfailingly for a straight talk on sin, and salvation, and with that comes nearly unfailingly a bit of that hush in which one knows that the Spirit of God is brooding over their chaos. Nevertheless we feel that there is far more resistance this time, and the old cry "Give us books" is no longer heard. But it is not discouraging, - only a new phase of the fight.

April 12th.

On Thursday we tried to get off somewhere to write our letters. The "somewhere" is usually under the shade of a Roman tower a little way off, though we are told it is haunted by jinns who take the shape of cows and frighten people to death. The last time, by a series of linkings, we were called thence by a so-called nephew of the Mubriks of former days to her home on the edge of the oasis - passing one straggling village after another on the way till the palms thinned off, showing the straight sea-line of the shott, and letting in the tang of its fresh salt breath. A rabble of women there, and a big household in a Sheikh's compound, of hearers of an intelligent order made us feel how endless would be the work in the outskirts if our staff allowed it. At present the only really responsive soul among the women is one named Halima who lives in a palm garden comparatively near. A quaint sort of jodel of delight came more than once last time and a fervent "My heart is opening". Poor souls, these first hearings of God's good news are such a simple delight to many of them before the counter-blast has arisen.

April 19th.

Si Saduq, alias Si Abdullah of old times, is back. He is the first soul here who gave evidence of having closed with Christ during A.K.'s last visit. Towards the end of that six months' work there was reason to fear that with his half negro nature there was a good deal that was plausible in his talk. It is a problem how to take him now, for he insists that he is holding on, and he wants to go to Tobessa to be baptised. He said this straight out before our dear round eyed Ahmed who is working with him. He talks of everything in a curious business-like way, and we feel only very rarely a real light and ring about him. Yet we cannot see any reason for double motives. He works his way, and asks for nothing, and comes with a fair regularity to read. Time must show.

South Country Sads



who need a Shepherd

A strong ~~sting~~ of opposition still holds sway all round, and we are beset by unruly mocking little lads in the street, evidently egged on by their elders and during these last days, only boys and lads have come in for the most part. Among them there are two or three young boys who listen eagerly, and a rather touching pair of Arab lads of sixteen or so. These are the nice, rugged, grave Ibrihim of former days, and his mate Si Salah who is developing into a foolish drowsy, half-idiot, through keef smoking, and is only held back from wreckage by Ibrihim's brotherly hand. Yet another, El Aid, is struggling to get free from the whirl-pool of temptation of all kinds that is around him. He is a well-educated boy, clad in a long sage-green garment with a curious Madonna-like veil of the Djerid draped round his head and shoulders. How one longs for a man-worker here who can help shelter these growing-up lads into the true haven

April 21st.

We have come away for the three Easter days to a quaint resting-place five miles off - a room that we have rented in the caravanserie of some native baths. Our bed and kitchen utensils were roped to the bottom of a truck slung on two wheels, and we sat up on our mattresses and pillows, and so arrived. Our room is a lofty palm-roofed place with the desert sand for its floor. Outside is one of the most lovely cases I have ever seen - all undulations of cream-coloured sand dotted with groups of palms, and the hot streams running through their gulleys. We were to-day greeted by the mason Ali to whom Isa. 53 brought such illumination two years ago. It was a joy to come across him again, but his curious Tartar-like face looked dull and puzzled. It was clear that he was still holding on to the death of Christ for salvation, and had left his foot-hold in Islam, but gradually it came out that his idea of salvation was limited to the future. The Saviour Who saves from sinning and saves now is still unknown to him, and we fear that he is under the thrall of drink. Oh the prayer power that is needed behind them! - those souls that get a ray of light and

are plunged with it back into the darkness. May God deliver us from blood-guiltiness concerning them!

The Mufti's son puzzles us too, yet there is a reality about his life. A.K. has discovered whom his grotesque face resembles. It is the mummy of the 'Pharaoh of Moses' day in the Cairo museum, the same aquiline nose, and the slit of a mouth. But the dawn-light on the queer features is brightening.

April 27th.

The tide of listeners is rising again. The golden dais of the reading-room is never unoccupied for long together. It is mostly lads of sixteen or eighteen who arrive just now. They sit with their big Testaments on their knees, and follow every word; lads to whom in Christian lands long theological discussions would be boredom itself. They never seem to tire of it here.

Si Saduq came along to-day, and A.K. was able to get the straight talk that she wanted with him as to his position with regard to Islam. Which book did he now rest his faith on? she asked, the Koran or the Bible?

"Five years ago I would have said the Koran, now I say the Bible".

"And when the two contradict each other, as for instance 'They did not kill Him, they did not crucify Him but one like Him' how do you take it?"

"I have nothing to do with it".

"Do you believe that Jesus was crucified in the person of another?"

"No it was His own Self".

"On whom do you rely? Has Mohammed anything to do with your salvation?"

"No, my spirit rests on Christ alone, and on His sacrifice".

And so on, clear and true and definite and with a glow in his face that has been kindling these last days. Our misgivings are melting away, and the touches of caution he shows about others all help to prove that he is true. He has fasted one Ramadhan out of the four. The others he has taken himself off to a place where he is not known and could break it in safety, and this he means to do again.

May 3rd.

The talk outside the windows still continues until late every night upon the endless topics of "books", "reading", "the words changed". The cavillers keep outside to our joy, for we hardly get through talks with those who want to hear. As for housekeeping, we can barely run out to the meat-stall, seize a vague bit of goat, put it on to boil, and partake when a lull comes. Yesterday tea was made at 2-30, and remained untouched until it was exchanged for supper at 6-30.

The best of all the visitors these days has been a Taleb from El Hamma. He came alone, and sat for four hours in close talk. It was a systematic questioning on his part of the truth of the Scriptures, and the outstanding point was that he belonged to a brother-hood which acknowledges that our Lord really died - an exceedingly rare admission. A.K. asked "Why did He die?" He answered "That I cannot tell you", and this opened the door wide for God's light to be poured in. When, at last, A.K. asked to be excused on the ground that it was meal-time, he answered "Yes, go, I will wait for you!"

May 6th.

More and more precious get these interviews as our days draw to their end. Yesterday was our last Sunday, and we kept it by trying to get together those who have begun to confess Christ before each other. Our planned-out meeting resolved itself into the first hymn-singing together, to their great joy, - they came native-wise, too regardless of the hour for the orderly little service that A.K. had planned. Out they went when it was over, "into the midst of wolves" so it seemed, for we heard snarling and howling growing apace, and Si Saduq's voice above it all "I believe, I believe." Joseph came late, weak and haggard-looking. There is something that always touches me to the depths of my heart about that boy. He is such a lonely soul, and so realises the path of the cross that lies before him.

M.A. has ventured back again, with his old beaming smiles, and says that his elder brother has withdrawn his opposition that has held him back these weeks. Saduq has had a dream about baptism in which the Lord led him through the waters of the river that runs through the palms, and this seems to have laid hold of him. So it is with a new sense of hope that we are leaving them to the good Shepherd's care for the long months that must come before we see them again. But, oh, how good this time to be able to feel that all is open to returning next autumn.

The remaining point to be cleared before we leave concerns the buying of this house. Three is the minimum for the needed staff - our visitors have numbered 550 these five weeks, mostly men and grown lads. This involves the need of two constantly free for the reading room, and one to see to household matters. Of course, the proper complement would be a married colporteur and two women workers alongside, with the whole house at their disposal as I have explained before, and the back entrance available for women and girl visitors. All stands ready built for us, and (if obtainable) for a less sum than that represented by our present half. But Designi who rents it from an absentee landlord in France, cannot be brought to any point in handing him on our offer.

So off we set, no nearer any compact - past the frosted silver of the shot past the dim line that marks the way across to the regions beyond where we long to go - away to the coast town of Sfax, whence we turn North again.

And here at Sfax has come one of God's touches of guidance in bringing us across Mr Leadbetter, the Scotch merchant who befriends every missionary he comes across, in the most brotherly way. And he shouldered our burden of helpless inability to deal with either landlord or Designi, and took over the whole responsibility of acting for us.

A few days of rest in hard beautiful Monastier followed. The Aali there is a joy to behold. The rooms and patio all lined with old mellowed tiling

of dull blue and orange in high dados with ceilings of painted beams that tone in exactly - such a contrast to our dear Tozeur with its palm logs over head and floors of so-called cement that turn to dust if you sweep them, and to mud if you wash them.

This restfulness within, and the outer land of olive groves and turquoise sea, make us feel that it is a pied-a-terre not to be given up, for it can serve as a rest-house to other missionaries while we are not wanting it. An outlet with cool air must be had somewhere as an adjunct to Tozeur later on. We have taken this week for a breathing-time, only following up any souls definitely brought across our way. The aggressive rudeness of last year has vanished and the tone is friendly rather than otherwise. God be praised!

Algiers. May 24th.

Arrived after thirty hours run from Tunis yesterday, and already news is gathering round us. Pierre Nicaud, the new candidate for men's work arrived to-day, a nice young Swiss who will give at present his mornings to study and his afternoons to the Dar Kaama land, which needs oversight badly if it is to be as productive for us all as it should be in these hard times.

Blind Aissa's matrimonial prospects are in the balance. Alamiya the little bride-elect came with her brother for to-day's stage in the proceedings, swallowing down her sobs at having been deprived by him of a china doll with a huge hat - a long desired possession which had just reached her. He is a master-rogue, this brother, and how we shall ever get to the end of his craftiness I do not know.

May 25th.

Meantime, while we have been south east a new line of glimmering dawn has crept away down almost due south of Algiers; our nearest desert point and yet the least visited hitherto. Saïcha Perkin and Mabel Grautoff have been there for part of April, having had some good linkings in that direction as a clue.

Laghaout was their first point - the chief town of the district, somewhat rigid as chief towns are apt to be. Great avidity existed among the boys for books and tracts as is also a frequent matter before they are put under the ban. It is good to take this tide, even if curiosity bears it along for one never knows where some treasure of truth may be safely lodged before the current ebbs under the counter-pull of their seniors. Their best bit, and that holding the most hope of future expansion was a village, Messad by name, off the beat of the highway that stretches on to the limit of French colonising. Mabel's story begins in their approach to it, and I give the following extract;

"It was a glorious colouring of deep blue, with the sunset colour above, with purple and shell tints on hills and rocks. Dominating all, long before the little sand-stone town came in view, could be seen the old mosque with its slender minaret, and the bordj of the Kaid built into it - standing out like a beautiful white swan in a vast sea of wilderness.

"In the bordj lives the Kaid in state, with his retainers in the alcove outside, ready to do his bidding, and finish his dishes (specially of grilled 'meat') He received us with true Oriental simplicity and hospitality, but he did not let us see his women or house. We were given a room and a weather-beaten serving man was told off as our escort.

"Behind the beautiful little town is a broad belt of oases, and this makes another colour scheme - the gray green palms overhead, brilliant fruit trees beneath, threaded by a labyrinth of sand lanes between the gardens, the whole picture enlivened by a further escort of ten or twelve little lads mostly in white cotton gandouras and red chachias. They frolic like puppies in the sand and come round prattling away about the story tract that we have given them, giving wondrous accounts in their turns of scorpions, vipers, snake-jackals, etc. They were so full of spirits, and so friendly. What possibilities among them.

Seventy-five little lads attend school, and we found them quick to learn texts and hymns.

The third colour scheme was an interior. The yard was surrounded by mud walls and beautifully woven carpets were spread for us on the sand. Then the women grouped on the ground with their barbaric heavy silver jewellery, and great black plaits in front, and over each ear. They are far more intelligent than the Tozur women, some of them with strong, capable faces. One of the senior wives specially attracted us. She had a son of about sixteen who was keen over books and seemed really hungry to hear - he received several tracts for himself, and one to read to his little sister of twelve, an intelligent girl who can read Arabic - we felt so attracted by her quiet grace and simplicity of manner.

Another home was that of a Talcb, exceedingly fanatical, with a wealth of books. A cupboard was full of them, great manuscript ones beautifully illuminated. I longed to copy even one page, but it was forbidden unless I came and sat at the table, (for the hands of unbelievers may not touch them). I see in them the opportunity of bringing out portionettes, illuminated, and attractive to reading Arabs.

If only the Kaid will give us a house for a month next time - he seemed interested when we talked of it, and said "Yes" he would find us a house - but he was reserved and quite non-committal."

Pray for Messad. It is only one among the numberless little towns and villages where the people are seeking to still their souls' hunger with the empty chaff of imitation truth, while we who have the true living grain in limitless supply are keeping it for ourselves,

May 26th.

A bit of comforting has come to-day for the pitifully small results of Moslem work, to outward sight, in the story of David's three mighty men.

It was not even "a parcel of ground full of barley" that they gained - let alone victory over lions and giants and hundreds of slain as recorded of the other conquerors in that chapter. It was only a cup of water that they won, but it was for the quenching of the King's own thirst, and that counted as the highest ministry of all. And if, fighting through the ranks, and fighting back (a far harder task) with the precious cupful we can answer the call of Jesus "I thirst", it is a ministry unto Him - for He has had from these millions of the house of Islam no living draught as yet whereby He may be satisfied. And if He chooses us for this, all we can say is "Glory be to His Name" for the honour of our calling.

May 27th. Dar Naama.

The first bit of Pierre Nicoud's work up here is the taking hold of a budding Boy Scout patrol among the lads of the French Protestant community. It is with the hope of drafting in later on and drafting out as a separate patrol, when they have been got into shape, some of the native boys who are getting too old for the Sunday and Thursday classes. This has been a dream for years back - one of the dreams that died out with the war, and now from three different directions the thought has crystallized again - one loves to watch these trends focus and point to God's hour being about to strike.

June 2nd.

A sad visit to Chira and Boualem. They are deep in debt to Si Aïssa, and heavy at heart - yet living in a room with good furnishings, including a gramophone, unfailing mark in Algiers of the upper ten! One so fears that this long choking of the word by "other things entering in" will cause it to die down utterly in time. Their manifest trouble of heart shows that it has not died yet.

June 4th.

Miliana's turn has come now for a visit. It is good to get a sight of Zuleikha, and the new mission room in the cherry orchards outside the town,

and the hours in the house have been busy over putting together and illustrating a new tract of Label's on Charcoal Making and its lessons.

The new room and its surroundings take one's heart back with thankfulness to the early days when entrance could only be gained slowly and carefully into one and another of the little homes, so jealously and suspiciously were they guarded. Now days are all too short and labourers all too few, for the endless work and endless openings.

I think of all our stations this is the one whose hall-mark is love - there is the welcoming of everybody, and everybody's needs that is the true outflow from the Lord's heart of compassion. Blida, on the other hand, stands for joy - there is a perennial sense of cheerfulness about Dar el Aine and its presiding spirits - and more than that, for the joy breasts bravely many an uphill bit of the road where natural cheerfulness would flag. Bou Hanefia is peace, at any rate for its visitors! and Mascara is long-suffering among countless tests there. And passing over others not yet focussed into any special grace, Algiers is faithfulness in its steady holding on through its long "day of small things".

Mascara is a special point of advance this spring, for Helen Freeman has taken up residence here and has her own room and guest-room in the little mission house, and this breathes a new spirit into the whole tone and standard of the station. She is alone, with Fanny Hamon for a helper, apart from the Seler family in the other half of the house. From her great camaraderie with the native women and her self-sacrifice in looking after them when they are ill or in trouble, Fanny Hamon has gained entrance in the Arab suburb, and there is work on all sides to be followed up.

A few days followed at Bou Hanefia - the excitement of locust fighting or rather war against their swarms of crickets is on again as last spring. Day by day they make for various points in the orange plantation or melon fields, and the Arabs look such pictures flogging them back with long branches

of oleander in full flower. Behind them unseen, we think the angels are keeping back the threatened devastation.

June 3rd.

Ramadhan begins to-day, and the word that has come with special comforting for the contest is in the story of Exodus. "The children of Israel had light in their dwellings". I had always vaguely thought that the sun shone yet over the land of Goshen, but that could not have been without bringing a twilight glimmer over the rest of the country. Besides, it was "in their dwellings", so it must have been a mystic 'Shekinah' glow, and they needed no candle neither light of the sun for the Lord God gave them light. It is lovely to think of their little common earthly tasks being done in that holy radiance "as the days of heaven upon earth". And we can pray that the same heavenly light may glow in the hearts of the converts in the midst of the weight of darkness all around them that Ramadhan brings.

The chief Rue du Croissant tangles centre as usual over Aissa and Alamiya. Aissa has had a dream in which his sister away in the mountains offered to help him. So he is off to see if it comes true. We demur at his going in Ramadhan. He is old enough however to settle his own ways.

June 24th.

We have been holding our summer committee before we scatter. One important point in it was that of the possible recruits that may be heard of by those who are off home on furlough. I still feel with regard to women's work that the lines that we have followed all these years are those that God still indicates, that the bulk of our women workers should be honorary - and there is always the hope when "Short Service" re-opens that we shall have more such.

The present openings for advance, however, are on the side of men and boys, and the colporteurs whom we specially need are of the breadwinner class.

So development on this line must mean a new departure, for mission funds as they stand, do not admit of going further for extension, and we shall need clear light from God as to how it is to be pursued. We could only say to those going to England, "Keep to our old ways - do not ask for anything - but if it is offered, take it with thankfulness for extension work." Alice McLroy is going full of special faith for recruits, and is planning out the bulk of her long-deferred furlough into visits all over the kingdom, where she has linkings that will enable her to tell of our needs out here.

Dar Naama, July 9th.

Our first summer visitor is a native lad from Bougie, a Kabyle convert, Malik by name, who needs shielding from his people - a quiet, delicate, gentle young fellow. He is awaiting Mess. Cook's return from France, to see his future. The next to arrive were Boualer and Khiera for a week. Is it a dawn of deliverance, or again only a flickering aurora in their long chilly night? Any way, it is good to have them within reach, and the slumber in their souls is not "the sleep of death". Of that I am sure.

Next came Helen Freeman from her long lonely fight of six months at Mascara, then missionaries, one after the other, till the house is as full as it will hold, -sometimes even the pine-wood too, when the Boy Scouts come to camp out. The Ali medfa family have likewise passed a week or two in the Arab court, bringing Allal who has been at death's door with fever - a strange little figure with his girlish face, and wasted limbs. They are all of them as ready as ever to listen, including Aissa the younger, but in a facile, glib spirit that reminds one of the ground that gave birth so quickly to the seed only to deliver it up as swiftly to be scorched.

July 26th.

The first fulfilment of Alice's hopes of recruits has come in the offer of a secretary for the winter's work, the eldest daughter of Mr Govan of the

Faith Mission - a bright, wholehearted girl who wants to use her gifts for God. A joyful welcome has gone to her as all may imagine.

August 7rd.

Aissa re-appeared from his mountains a few days ago. He seems to have fought a good fight, praise God! and has refused his people's coaxings and promises, including a girl-cousin to wife. Finally he ran away i.e. escaped on a passing motor bus from their clutches when he guessed that they were taking him off to a fanatical uncle in the recesses of the hills instead of putting him on his route for Alger. He got a chill on the way back, which has developed into double pneumonia, and he is lying between life and death in a little hospital up here. He is very miserable, poor lad, for he is sure he will die of starvation.

Aug. 19th.

The fight is through and Aissa is on the mend. Something he said this afternoon has stayed by me with a sense of blessing - "I have learnt these days that nothing is far off with God". Everything is near - sickness is near - healing is near - all is near to God.

Aug 20th.

Our present native guests are aristocratic - not guests either, for they are camping out "on their own" in the Arab Court as they do at their Moslem marabouts. The head of the house is a clever argumentative and excessively polite lawyer. Then comes his mother, an erect and very Moslem dame, his Tunisian wife, a beautiful young thing with a brain full of thoughts and questionings, two hanger-on-relations, a servant girl in bright draperies, a much spoilt baby-boy heir, and finally Luisa, a special friend of K. Butler's. Her dark hollow eyes and wan cheeks tell plainly how near the verge of chest trouble she is. She and her girl cousin Fatima dart about like butterflies and then settle down as eagerly to the talks and readings and hymn singing for

high A.Krebs 's always ready, and from an unseen corner they drink in every bit of the French "culte" held daily by Mons. Cook at midday.

Aug. 22nd.

The clouds that are the dust of God's Feet are thick around us now, for our dear Madame Cook was taken suddenly ill on the very day she was to leave us for France, and is helpless, needing tending day and night. They are so brave and cheery and unselfish both of them....Our hearts are knit as never before.

Luiza followed me about yesterday evening as if there were something she wanted. Then she broke out "I am your sister and you are mine. I wanted to tell you - I accepted Jesus last night and my heart is full of joy and all is light. I felt I must not wait, but I dare not tell my Mother: she would try to take me away", and her shining eyes justified her words. Praise be to His Name!

Aug. 26th.

Her little bark is getting out already into troubled water. "What am I to do with Mohammed?" was the first question, and then she talked of the future, the ways of Islam and the prayers and fasting that are not "the road of Christ" "What am I to do? I cannot live as a Christian at home". Oh, if they would give her to us. They leave us these days for their Alger rooms.

Aissa leaves the hospital on Sunday. We were glad to learn incidentally that out of the precious pence given him to buy sugar he had given a coffee party to half-a-dozen of the native convalescents, and had followed it up by a daily reading with them under a remote tree in the grounds from his Braille St John.

Sept. 6th.

With the September days, winter plans begin to take shape. Mattie Watling is the only one of our war absentees likely to get back, for Grace Russell has signed on for police work till February which will be too late for Tozeur, so it looks as if Alice McIlroy would be the one to put in the winter bit there

Spaza is a land of "old waste places". These are the ruins of one of the early Christian churches. They stand in golden brown against the



torquoise sea. It is a good place in which to listen for God's "Yes forward". These ruins challenge His power to retrieve His lost heritage.

with Alma Krabs. Mrs Walker of the U.S.A. comes to us for a year's help, so she hopes, in the furtherance of the childrens' work, and many other things are in the air. The only one of them that has floated to earth is Aissa's definite betrothal to Alariya, to the great relieving of his mind.

Tipaza, Sept. 12th.

That was the last act of the last day before coming here for two or three weeks of rest and solitude before we all gather up again for the winter's start. A new cry has been going up these quiet days over the need we felt already in June for fresh men workers for the Arab speaking race of Algeria. We have been facing the statistics of need and supply. At the lowest estimate, two million men and boys to be reached - at the highest estimate, between Tunis on the one side and Tangiers on the other, four European men-missionaries sufficiently qualified in Arabic to deal with them in their own tongue. It comes as a solemn crisis. Will we or will we not go forward?

Sept 19th.

A whole flood of joy to-day over two letters from Tezeur, one from our dear sunny "Bible-boy" ending with a hymn he has written in praise of Christ, with a p.s. of strong assertion that he had written it his own self, the other from Joseph, the lad of the sad eyes and square chin, who follows grimly on.

Sept. 21st.

A cheque from a fresh giver was posted on the very day that our faith out hence launched adrift on God, seeking it seems, His "Go forward".....But here we must stop in the story. By now, as this Journal goes on its way, it is growing into a long and beautiful one! "And the end is not yet, praise the Lord".....That is a chorus that we are singing in these February days, and it is true. Glory be to His Name!