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*Challenge*  
and  
*Counter*  
*Challenge*



Vol. I. No. 1.

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## CHALLENGE AND COUNTER-CHALLENGE.

A Bi-monthly Magazine for Young People desirous of learning more about the challenge of Islam, and of helping to counter it by the proclamation of the Gospel.

Issued jointly by the following Societies :—

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Campfield, Great Barton, Bury St. Edmunds,  
Suffolk

### BRITISH SYRIAN MISSION

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## Editorial.

RINGING across the valley came the fearless voice of a youth counter-challenging his enemy. And what an enemy! A giant, clad from head to foot in apparently impregnable armour, brandishing a huge weapon. This attracted the special attention of the young man. "Thou comest to me with a sword . . . but I come in the Name ; . . ." A sword and a Name—what a contrast. But such a Name that inspired the utmost confidence, for it spoke of Omnipotence and Eternal Strength, and resulted in an absolute fearlessness which enraged the giant by its audacious boldness.

Surely we can find a parallel to this picture of the giant Goliath in the challenge of Islam. This false religion was founded by Mohammed 600 years after Christ died, in a small town in Arabia; but within fifty years had enveloped the whole of North Africa. By what means? The sword—"Kill your enemies, kill all the unbelievers wherever you find them"—says the Koran. And thus it grew until now its followers number over 300,000,000 people, who daily affirm that Mohammed is the Apostle of God, and deny the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ.

When Saul and his army heard the challenge of Goliath they were afraid and fled. Only David, the stripling, was left to utter his indignant protest at such defiance of the Living God. So, too, the Church Militant seems asleep to the advancing menace of Islam, whose enthusiastic missionaries are in all parts of the world. Some Christians who deplore the situation do very little about it because of the seeming impossibility of the task: while the few who are tackling the job are often beset by the temptation to fear as they catch glimpses of the very thinly veiled sword which might easily flash forth as it did of old.

Here, then, is the opportunity for you young people whose hearts are hot with zeal for the honour of your King. Will you not pick up this Moslem 'glove' and enter the lists on behalf of the Lord Jesus? Have you not already proved the efficacy of *your* weapon, that Name which is above every Name . . . that new best Name of Love? For it is Love, nothing less than Calvary Love, which is going to win the Moslem world. Our standing orders are well-known—not 'kill' but 'love your enemies'.

It is to help you equip yourselves more thoroughly for this task that this magazine is being published. For as you read about the Moslems you will learn to love them; and as you learn to love them, you will find yourself pouring out your heart in more fervent prayer on their behalf, urged by a passionate desire to remove this reproach of Islam from your Beloved Lord and Master.



## Farmer Beautiful.

HELLO, Everybody! Meet 'Beautiful'. No, I'm not joking; that's the meaning of his name, Hassan. Yes, it's true that one of his eyes doesn't function very well, and he could do with a clean up, but you should have seen him when we first met him. He was trailing along behind his blacksmith father—who is no oil-painting—carrying a hammer and a spanner and looking as uninterested in life as a camel. You've seen how bored camels look at the Zoo, of course? Well, that was how Hassan always looked, only you had to take it for granted that there was a flesh-and-blood face under the ever-present layer of dirt. His father is an ex-patient from Shebin hospital, and is always doing little jobs about the place, so we got to know Hassan quite well.

One day, the old man who used to mind the hospital car when we were out visiting, died ; and we asked Hassan (then about ten years old) to take his place. He used to ride in the boot of the car, and, when we arrived at a village, he stood on guard very importantly until we returned from visiting. About two months ago we wanted a boy to help look after the cows at the Farm Colony and we thought of Hassan. He was pleased at the idea of coming, and so was his father. So out he came. And this is the Hassan I want you to meet.



He is about eleven years old now. In spite of one bad eye, when he is pleased and smiles he really looks quite attractive. He wears brown overalls which in Egypt they call an "afrita". An afrita is anything mysterious, whether it be an evil spirit, a car jack, or a photograph negative ! I suppose they call overalls by that name because they make the wearer look strange and mysterious. However, Hassan is quite a real boy, even disguised in his afrita, and is as

pleased to receive presents as any boy. The weather is quite cold in Egypt now (we recently had frost!) and Hassan had no shoes or socks. So we found a pair of warm socks and some shoes that would fit him. How pleased he was! The day he received them he cheerfully worked all day in his bare feet and then put on his shoes and socks to keep his feet warm when he went to bed.

The next day I looked out of the window as Hassan was bringing out the cows to feed them. One of them was a little bit excited and I think must have trodden on his toes. At any rate, he lifted up his new-booted foot to kick her. I called out to him, and then very solemnly told him that since he did not know how to use his shoes he must give them back. It was a very crestfallen boy that undid his shoes and returned them. Later that day, when asked if he were really sorry for trying to kick the cows, he said he was. But when he was told that he could have his shoes back again, his wounded pride (and all Egyptians can be proud) refused. "I have plenty of shoes" he lied, "and I don't want them back". However, he took them, and I don't think he will kick the cows again.

Hassan has never been to school, so after the day's work is done he comes along for reading lessons. He is really doing quite well, and is awfully pleased with himself every time he recognizes a word. Sometimes he is tired and doesn't want to come along for a lesson. On such occasions he usually has one stock excuse, "I can't come to-night, I've eaten onions for my supper".

We are very hopeful about Hassan. We want to win him and train him to work for the Lord Jesus in this country. Won't you help us by your prayers?

**NOTES.** (1) **Sa-la-mi** = the Chinese way of saying "Salaam" meaning Peace. Chinese syllables nearly always end with vowels.

(2) **Qur'an** = the Moslem Scripture or Holy Book.

(3) **People of Han** = the majority of the Chinese who are heathen.  
**People of Hui** = The Chinese who are Moslem in religion. No one knows why this name came to be used. It means "to return" and some think that it was because the Moslems "returned" to God from heathendom.

(4) **Ersa** = The name the Moslem Chinese people give to the Lord Jesus.

(5) **Translated** = the Moslems think it is wrong to translate the Qur'an into any other language than Arabic, in which it was first given to Muhammad.

## Overseas Mail.

North-West China.

April, 1949.

My dear Egyptian Elder-Brother,  
Sa-la-mi<sup>1</sup> from your Chinese younger brother.

In your country, Egypt, I have heard you all speak Arabic. I can't imagine how you use this difficult Scripture language all day; you must be wonderful people. My uncle understands Arabic well, and can read the *Qur'an*<sup>2</sup>, but even he speaks Chinese in the common things of life.

My father is a baker in the west suburb of Sining. Most of the Chinese people of Han<sup>3</sup> live inside the walls of the city, but there are many of us Hui, people of the Pure-True doctrine, in the suburbs near the east and west gates, and, of course, we do not eat food prepared by idolatrous eaters of the unclean beast.





We have all kinds of bread here in the North-West. My schoolmaster at the Mosque has travelled to many parts of China. He says that in the south the people never see bread, but eat rice as their main dish at every meal. We have noodles but we don't make it our chief food like the Eastern Chinese do. Bread is our food and other things are extra.

You should see our big round flat goh-kwei—what do you call a cooking-pot in Arabic, I wonder? How strange to think of using the language of Heaven to talk of cooking-pots. I can't get over the strangeness of it. Yet my grandfather could talk to your people when he went on pilgrimage years before I was born.

To come back to our bread, we have a nice round spiced loaf which the Han people call "Hui-hui t'eo" because they think it looks like a man's head, and we are the only people who make that special kind. Then there are the flat ones; and the little steamed loaves, which are so nice if you peel the skin off and eat it, and then eat the inside while they are still hot. We have bread made of maize, too, and other grain, but wheat from the spring crop is the best.

I am named after the Prophet Ersa<sup>4</sup>, (Peace be upon Him) and I have been once to the Good News Hall, where all the people are His followers. My father says we are all the same because we none of us worship idols like the people of Han and the Tibetans who come to our city. My uncle wouldn't let his daughters go to the Good News Hall though, for he says they speak against the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him). Surely no one could think anyone greater than the Latest Prophet, the Seal of the prophets.

I mean to go again and find out what they say; our neighbours have a book from them which they say is Scripture, but how could Scripture be written in Chinese? The schoolmaster did say once that in Peking and in a big foreign city called Shanghai they had the *Qur'an* in Chinese; but my grandfather who is very old and wise says that it must be that they merely 'explained' the words in Chinese, not translated<sup>5</sup> them. Anyway they must be very stupid, because I hear that they pulled down the walls of their cities in the eastern and southern parts of China! We live outside the walls, but we could all go in if the Communists came again. Our Governor is a Moslem and he defended us and killed every Communist last year when they tried to conquer this province.

Please answer this letter, and tell me something about your ways of living.

Sa-la-mi A-li-ku-ma.

## Islam Quiz.



“Interested in work amongst the Moslems, are you? Whoever are they? Followers of Muhammad, do you say? Well, that does not get me much forrader. Never heard of the chap! Who was he?”

I wonder what you would say in answer to a challenge like that! How much do you really know about Muhammad? Suppose you test yourself by seeing if you can pick out the right answers from the Quiz below. Try not to look at the crib on page 3 of cover, till you have attempted all the questions; then you can mark yourself, and see if you pass with honours: that is, 80 per cent!

1. Muhammad was (a) a Persian. (b) an Egyptian.  
(c) an Arabian.
2. His mother's name was (a) Amina. (b) Fatima.  
(c) Khadija.
3. He was born in (a) Mecca. (b) Morocco. (c) Medina.  
(d) Madagascar.
4. His father died (a) when he was a baby.  
(b) before he was born.  
(c) long after Muhammad himself.
5. The date of his birth was (a) A.D. 33. (b) A.D. 600.  
(c) B.C. 10. (d) A.D. 570.
6. The Kaaba is (a) a holy carpet. (b) a temple. (c) a black stone.
7. When Muhammad was a boy he was (a) well behaved.  
(b) badly behaved.
8. He suffered from (a) epilepsy. (b) apoplexy.  
(c) insanity.
9. He convoyed caravans to (a) India. (b) Syria.  
(c) Persia.
10. In Muhammad's early days the people of his country were all (a) Jews. (b) Christians. (c) Idolators.

## The People Who Sit.



ON coming to Egypt, many are struck by the ability of the people to sit. On arrival one certainly could be misled by all the bustle, noise and excitement that meets one on the wharf; but don't be deceived by any appearance of activity! It is spurious and spasmodic.

Go to the station and there the people sit on the platforms, squatting patiently as they wait for a train; in the market they sit and chat, or bargain over some article or other; in the fields they rest under the trees or by the roadside. On the doorsteps the women sit, and on the rooftops; or round the door of the flour-mill waiting for their corn to be ground; or on the canal bank before carrying the heavy pots full of water back to their homes. Two women meet and promptly sink on to the ground to have a gossip; or merchants conclude their business over a cup of coffee on the chairs in the café.

In the wealthier homes the women sit and watch their servants work . . . sit and entertain their visitors . . . sit all morning, afternoon and evening indoors or on the balconies; or they 'take their exercise' sitting on the seat of the carriage which carries them to a friend's house for another session! Heels form a natural stool, so they make good use of that which Providence has so benevolently provided.

Some people sit because they see no reason why they should exert themselves. "Let's sit a little" is frequently on the lips of old and young. The daily grumble of one girl after doing a few jobs with the minimum of exertion was, "I haven't had any time to sit down yet" although she knew that everything could easily be finished by noon, and then she would be free to *sit* till evening!

So often a woman replies smilingly, when asked why she was not present at a meeting, or something of that sort, "Oh, I was lazy. I just sat at home." And one is desperately tempted to be exasperated with workers who spend all their spare time lolling on their beds, rather than put it to some useful purpose; for few have hobbies or interests wherewith to buy up the shining hours.

Some people sit because they are perfectly contented with what they have attained. When there is no sense of sin or failure, a placid belief that by a little judicious almsgiving and a not-too-rigorous observance of religious rites one will be all right is quite sufficient to lull mind and conscience to a comfortable state of drowsiness. Thus sitting gives the acme of satisfaction, and so . . . they sit!

Others sit because they feel no useful purpose can be served by getting up. What is coming will come, so why get up to meet it? This is what they feel even if they don't say it, and a kind of resigned hopelessness paralyses their activity.

But many people sit because they cannot see. "Why do you sit here so long, my uncle?" someone asked an old man propped against a wall. "I cannot see. I must wait till someone comes to take me home." All over the land of Egypt they are sitting like that, waiting to be shown the Way that leads Home. There are empty aching hearts (as well as the drugged complacent ones) carried in the breasts of the old and sorrowful, the neglected and the unloved. They are sitting in darkness and waiting for someone to take them by the hand and pilot them safely into the path which leads to light. Who is it that they wait for? Is it you? Is God's message to His servant of old again His Word to you to-day? "I have called you . . . to bring . . . them that sit in darkness . . . out"? Then His promise is also for you, "I have called thee . . . I will give thee for a light."

## **When Daddy does the Washing . . .**

I do want to tell you about three children and a wee babe who live quite near me here in Morocco, and who attend my children's class. They are poor mites, these four, especially the two sisters and the babe. I had said they must come cleaner.

The next morning I rang the bell, and a neighbour came to say their clothes were wet, they could not come. Their mother goes out to work from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. The father is a kind of hauler in the finer weather. He had washed their poor garments and they were not dry. However, I sent the neighbour back and said they were to come, as their coffee was hot. They came . . . much less grimy and

with less vermin, but each tied up in a cloth. I had one dress made and had to set to and make another to cover them; they were still cold but happy.

I love these little ones. The eldest has just changed two milk teeth; she is a perfect little mother to R—, about four, and H— about one year; but that wee girl is staunch and loyal to her father and mother and only speaks the good she can about them, otherwise shuts her little mouth.

She loves singing and has a clear treble voice, unlike most of these children. Her neighbours must be entertained as they hear her singing: "Jesus my Saviour to Bethlehem came, seeking for me, for me." She is our little soloist. All marvel at her memory and the way she keeps her tunes. We are turning into a tambourine band. I am trying to get them singing with expression and so we beat time, and it helps a lot!

## Missionary Mould.

### PART I. THE TELEGRAM.

"A telegram for you, Sir." The maid, dressed in black, wearing a starched white cap and apron, handed the orange envelope on a shining silver salver to the gentleman who was having dinner with his wife.

Eleanore was all agog to know what was in the wire. She was expecting to hear about the results of a music exam. True, such news was more likely to come through the medium of her music-teacher. But, then, you never know; she might have done so well that it was important enough to have to be wired to her parents. For she was of an optimistic nature, never more so than when estimating her own chances of success.

"Mother, isn't father going to open it?" she burst out, as her father calmly laid the envelope beside his plate, and went on with his dinner.

"Hush, dear, your father will open it when he is ready. There is no hurry; it is much too late for us to send an answer even if one is expected. I expect this is a business one that he is expecting.

Eleanore heaved a sigh of resignation over the casual ways of grown-ups. At twelve years old one's stock of patience is not very great even in the most phlegmatic children. And Eleanore certainly was not that type.

Witness the scene a few days before when she came slowly up the stairs bearing a tin full of hot, only-half-set toffee, her first efforts at sweet-making.

"Mother, mother, where are you?" One could not be long in the house without hearing that name on Eleanore's lips. She loved her mother with a passionate love that corresponded with her nature. "Mother, where are you? Look at the toffee I've made. It's for you. Do come and see it quickly."

Her mother appeared at the top of the stairs along with two big girls who were so absurdly alike that it was obvious they were twins.

"What?" said Gertrude, "do you mean to say that sticky mess is toffee?"

"Why didn't you call us to help you?" added Mabel, "we'd have shown you how to make it properly."

"Oh! Ah!" With a quick scream the twins jumped out of the way as the whole tin of hot liquid came hurtling towards them from the hands of the irate Eleanore. It missed them by a fraction of an inch and fell in a sticky stream on the balustrade and stairs.

"It's a pity you've done that, Eleanore," said the calming voice of her mother. "I was just going to say how very nice it looked. Now it won't taste nearly so nice mixed up with stair carpet and dust. Be quick, all three of you and get it cleaned up. Gertrude and Mabel, you must help her, you are as much to blame."

Eleanore remembered this incident as she sat with her eyes on that wire, trying to learn a new lesson in curbing her impatience. At last her father laid down his knife and fork and picked up the wire. He opened it and there was an ominous silence. Somehow or other Eleanore felt that this moment was going to be a momentous one in her life.

"The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

"Who is it, Rex?" asked Mrs. Thomson's anxious voice. "Who has died?"

"The Lord has called Maynard to his well-earned rest."

"Maynard? Did you know he was ill? Does it give any details?"

"No, this is the first I have heard. It simply says that he has died of cerebro-meningitis."

Their daughter listened with mixed feelings. Her chief thought was of her small cousin, whose father her parents were talking about. Margery was at a boarding school in Surrey, and all last holidays she had been talking of what she was going to do when her father came home. For he was a missionary doctor in Egypt, and his furlough was nearly due. It was he whose sudden death this telegram had announced. Silence fell again and then her father's voice broke it.

"Let us return thanks for the love and devotion of this servant to His Lord and Master, and for the inspiration which his life has been to us."

Eleanore was surprised at the emotion in his voice. As she listened to him pouring out his heart's gratitude to the Lord for the gift of this his friend she had her first glimpse of what real friendship could mean, something far bigger and higher than the school girl pashes of which she knew. But what was he saying now?

"Raise up, we pray Thee, O Lord, some soul to take his place; someone to fill the gap. Speak, Lord, to-night and call someone whom Thou wilt choose to carry on Thy work in this ancient land of Egypt."

The girl was awed; she seemed to have been transported far away from the dining-room to find herself standing midst a vast concourse of people around the Throne of God. But strangely enough everyone's gaze was directed, not towards the Throne, but downwards on to a battlefield where a fight was in progress. Eleanore looked too, and as she looked she saw a man fall, and the enemy making as if to take advantage of that gap to obtain the position for himself. She strained forward to watch. Would no one from the ranks of the Lord's army step forward and fill the gap? Surely someone would! But no one stirred; still the gap remained. Wasn't God going to send anyone? And suddenly she could hear it no longer. Impetuously, without waiting for a conscious call from the Lord, she pushed herself forward and cried, "Let me go!"

The tension passed; the prayer ended, and her parents began discussing Margery's future. Eleanore came back to earth with a bump, and interested in what they were saying, the vision faded from her mind. She forgot her offer of service.

But God had not forgotten. That impulsive cry had been registered in heaven. God had accepted her, and began forthwith to deal with His young gap-filler that she might be more perfectly moulded to fill it adequately according to His purpose.

*(To be continued).*

## ANSWERS TO ISLAM QUIZ.

1. Muhammad was a descendant of Abraham through Ishmael, and belonged to the Arabian tribe known as the Koreish.
2. { He was born a few months after the death of his father Abdullah, who died shortly after marrying his mother Amina. She died when he was six years old, and from thence onwards he was cared for by various relations.
3. {
4. {
5. { He was born about A.D. 570 in Mecca, a city of Arabia, situated some fifty miles inland from the Red Sea.
6. The Kaaba for which Mecca was famous at the time of Muhammad's birth was a rudely constructed idolatrous temple, containing a black stone venerated by the Arabs, to which pilgrimages were made from all parts of Arabia.
7. When Muhammad was a youth, he is credited with propriety of demeanour and purity of morals.
8. He suffered from a form of epilepsy.
9. In his younger days he undertook the important charge of convoying caravans to Syria and back.
10. The religious condition of Arabia at the time of Muhammad's birth was, generally speaking, superstitious and idolatrous. Heavenly bodies, idols, and stones were worshipped. Judaism and Christianity had but little influence on it.





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## Turning the World Upside Down.

**A**BOUT nineteen hundred years ago two Missionaries came to a town in Asia Minor, called Thessalonica, and began to preach. They did nobody any harm, and only talked about the love of Jesus Christ for sinners. A great number of people believed and attended their meetings, and for about three weeks the preaching went on unhindered. However, as soon as the enemies of the Gospel saw that Paul and Silas were meeting with success, they did their best to stir up trouble. A mob collected and, with a great deal of noise and shouting, pulled some of the new believers through the streets, crying, "These that have turned the world upside down, are come hither also!"

Just as it was in Thessalonica, so it has been in every place where the Gospel has been preached. The Word of God does turn the world upside down. When people are enjoying sinful pleasures they like to be left alone. A thief does not like the policeman's lantern! Supposing there was a country where all the people wore their clothes wrongside out, because they knew no better! When someone came wearing his clothes properly and tried to teach these ignorant people, would they not think him mad and say, why do you not turn your clothes inside out?

That is the way every Muslim regards the Missionary. They often tell them, "You are so good and kind; why don't you accept the true religion and become a believer?" You must not think that the Muslimeen are anxious as a rule to hear the Gospel. They do not know its value, and so they do not know what they are missing. Then when they hear that the Gospel of Jesus Christ commands that they must live a holy life, and forbids all swearing, lying and uncleanness they think the way is too difficult for them to follow. All these topsy-turvy ways and thoughts seem perfectly correct to themselves until God's Spirit enlightens them.

It is no wonder that there is always a lot of trouble when Missionaries preach this Gospel in Muslim lands. When you want to put a thing straight that is upside down, there is sure to be an overturning. The farmer is not sorry because his plough breaks that hard soil, cuts down the weeds, and turns the turf under. He does all this to make better things grow. He waits a few months, and then the whole field is covered with a waving harvest. Ploughing is pretty rough work on the weeds, and preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is pretty rough on Islam. And so we almost hear an echo of the old words "These that turn the world upside down are come hither also . . . saying there is another King, Jesus."



The king of all hearts in the Muslim world is Muhammed. They love his name and imitate his acts much more faithfully, I fear, than we imitate the Lord Jesus, our Example. Herein lies the Challenge of Islam to the Christian Church, the crowning of Muhammed as king instead of the Lord Jesus. And Muhammed has had it pretty much his own way for thirteen hundred years. Only comparatively lately has his right been disputed in those lands where for so long he has reigned. So we must expect a long and hard fight, with wounds and reverses to be faced, as well as victories to rejoice over. When you read of troubles and opposition, of colporteurs ill-treated, or missionaries expelled, of mission stations closed down, or other apparent calamities, you must not think the Gospel is being defeated. It is conquering, for our King goes forth

conquering and to conquer. What we see is only the dust which is left behind by the ploughman. God is turning the world of Islam upside down, that it may be right-side up when the King of Kings comes. We may not be able to see much harvest yet in the Muslim world, but furrow after furrow the soil is getting ready for the seed; the Seed is being dropped deep down into the earth and beginning to germinate; and the harvest is surely coming! Who wants to do a day's ploughing for the King?

Adapted from TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

### A Matter of Obedience.

“MARGARET and her Aunt” announced the maid this morning just before breakfast. The Principal's heart sank. She was expecting the visit, but she knew it would not be a pleasant one. “Show them into the office and I'll come immediately” was what she said as she paused for a hasty prayer (like Nehemiah's!) for wisdom. Margaret had been in school for two years. She was being brought up by her mother and aunt. There was never any sign of the father—whether he was dead or living elsewhere was not known. Margaret was utterly spoilt, rather backward, and very difficult.

When she first came to school, she was allowed to take Scripture, to attend prayers and join in hymn singing. Much prayer went up for her, and it was hoped that God's Word would find an entrance into her heart. She did seem to begin to show an interest, and just then, the Government stepped in forbidding the teaching of Scripture to Muslim-teen, forbidding them to enter the prayer hall for either hymn singing or prayers, and Margaret being a Muslim came under this new rule.

Last week there was trouble in Margaret's class in the Arithmetic lesson. Some simple rule had been forgotten by several girls, and they seemed to make no effort to remember or to re-learn it, so the teacher asked them to go to another class where the same rule was being taught. The other children went quietly, and came back having learnt it; but not so Margaret. She refused to enter a lower class—stood outside, tried to way-lay the Principal twice unsuccessfully.

and finally gained her attention, only to find that the Principal's pet theme was 'obedience' as the primary lesson for all pupils, so poor Margaret found the Principal siding with the teacher! Margaret was determined that nothing would induce her to lower her dignity by entering a lower class. What should she do now? To whom could she appeal? Ah! yes! her mother! When the Principal reminded her that the Arithmetic lesson was over for that day, asked her whether she was prepared to obey the following day, in which case she might return to her lessons as usual that day (for she was still standing outside), Margaret replied, "I will ask my mother." "What, ask your mother whether you are to obey? Of course she wants you to obey. She has sent you to school to be taught and trained, and character counts more than knowledge. Once again, are you prepared to obey?" "I'll ask my mother" reiterated Margaret persistently. "All right, you shall go home at once. The Monitress shall take you and give a letter to your mother from me. You may not come back till I have seen your mother and you are prepared to obey." Margaret was not at all concerned, unfortunately she knew her mother better than the school did. Now, here she was back again, but with her aunt, a much stronger personality than her mother.

The interview was all that the Principal feared it would be and more. The aunt was furious, and said so emphatically. *Her* niece go into a lower class? miss the lesson in her own class? It was preposterous. Wasn't the teacher paid to teach? Wasn't it her duty to see the children understood their lessons? How dare she send Margaret out of class, into a lower class? Yes! she wanted Margaret to learn to obey. Margaret was prepared to obey. She would apologise in front of the whole class.—"All right" said the Principal breaking in, She is prepared to obey? Then she is ready to go into the lower class for the one lesson?" "Of course not!—Margaret go down! Margaret enter a lower class! Never! Never! I will take her out of school. She is *quite* ready to obey—anything you like to ask her—but not THAT! It is the teacher's fault, she should never have asked her. I can't let her do it. Anything you like but not THAT."

But 'THAT' was the only thing the Principal wanted, and 'THAT' was the only key that could bring her back into school. The Principal and the Vice-Principal talked and prayed in vain; nothing would induce her to let the child obey, so she finally took Margaret away, leaving sad hearts behind her. How will Margaret ever learn discipline? What will she grow up into with such home training? Margaret seems further away from the Truth than ever now. First, no Scripture, now not even in a Christian school, but as the Principal knelt to pray the words of a well-known hymn came to her mind "Oh! Love that will not let me go!" Yes, that was it. There was a love that would not let Margaret go and she could claim that word in prayer and ask others to claim it too, for Margaret. So will you join in prayer that the Love—which is GOD Himself—will not let Margaret go but will seek after her until He bring her to Himself.



" The Vice-Principal of Margaret's School with some of her school-mates."

Most of Margaret's books are still in her desk so one day she may come back for them. Will she come soon? Will we have another opportunity to seek to persuade her to obey and to return? More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

IRIS C. NAISH  
(*British Syrian Mission*).

## Hassan and the Donkey.

**H**A—A, Ha—a, . . . Anaho, Anaho . . . Yiss! Yis!" That's Egyptian donkey language. All Egyptian donkeys seem to understand it and Hassan's donkey is no exception. He doesn't really belong to Hassan, but it is Hassan's job to ride him to the fields to bring clover for the animals, and to do any other carrying jobs. Yes I know you are anxious to know what that donkey language means so I'll tell you now and then we'll return to the story. The only words I can translate for you are the middle ones, but I can tell you the effect they all have on the donkey. The first two are the crank handle to get him started, the middle two are the accelerator to keep him moving and the last two are the brake to stop him. The middle two mean "Here I am": Here I am" and that generally means: "If you don't keep going, you'll know I'm here all right."



That is the language Hassan uses, but the donkey doesn't speak it of course. He has a language of his own. Have you ever heard a donkey bray? I think he must have the loudest voice of any animal—certainly louder than any as small as he. And the funny and amazing thing about a donkey is that he's like a gramophone record. Once he starts he doesn't stop until he's said all there is to say.



And he appears to say the same thing every time in just as loud a voice and for as long. I should think his speech lasts a full minute at least, and during that time nobody else who wants to talk can be heard. Yes, the donkey is a very rude animal, but it is usually to call attention to his own needs that he brays. Hassan's donkey is very jealous and he can't bear to think that other animals should eat the clover he brings home! so, as soon as he sees it being given to the cows he starts to protest. However, he is very easily satisfied and will be quite happy to eat what the cows leave and if he can't get that he will quite cheerfully go and chew the young saplings we are patiently trying to grow to provide shade. Up to date, amongst other things, he has eaten about six Eucalyptus and a similar number of Fir saplings. As a last resort he will eat straw.

Several times a day Hassan gets on the donkey and trots off on him to do some carrying job or other. There are no stirrups on the saddle Hassan uses, nor are there any reins to guide him. The saddle is for the donkey's comfort, not Hassan's—as you would find out if you rode it any distance with your legs dangling unsupported—and is really a thick pad of straw to protect the donkey's back from the heavy load he carries. To guide him Hassan carries a little stick and when he wants the donkey to turn left he taps him on the right side of his neck. The donkey immediately turns left away from the stick which struck him. It really is quite an effective way of driving.

One day when the donkey's saddle was worn out, we bought him a new one. That day after Hassan had brought back a load of clover from the fields, he mounted him again to go and get some more. Not long after he had left the farm gate, another boy came back leading the donkey. "Where is Hassan"? he was asked. "He fell off", the boy explained, "and is now lying outside Uncle Muhammed's house on the ground crying."

Quickly we went along to the place indicated, only a few yards from our gate and there we found Hassan on the ground as the boy said, crying. One look at him showed that he had broken his leg. We brought him back to the house and sent word to the hospital at Shebeen. Very soon one of the missionaries arrived in a car and Hassan was taken off to the hospital. It was three weeks before he

came back to work, with his leg in plaster, and another three or four weeks before he was able to ride his donkey again.

What happened was a very simple thing. Hassan had not properly fixed the new saddle and as he went along it slipped off—and so did Hassan. That was all. But it has taught him a lesson which we hope he will never forget—the danger of thinking everything is all right and not making sure. He's not the only one who does that of course. Thousands of grown-ups as well as boys and girls make the same mistake, thinking that everything is all right without investigating, and then some day having a painful accident or something even more serious. Some people even think that because they go to church now and then, they will go to heaven eventually, without bothering to find out what the Bible has to say about it, and making sure they are converted. Hassan had another chance to learn from his mistake, but many people who go through life thinking they're saved from sin, may never have a chance to make good their mistake. It's always best to make sure isn't it? and to help others to be sure too.

(next issue : Hassan and "Owleera").

A. W. WHITEHOUSE.

*Egypt General Mission.*



## Orthography.



HOW observant are you? Did you notice in the last copy of "Challenge and Counter-Challenge" that there was an inconsistency in the spelling of some of the Arabic words? Someone did! and it has been suggested we include in this number an explanation of some of these words and a help to the pronunciation of them.

To begin with, there is the name of the founder of the religion of Islam. Sometimes you see it written "Muhammed" and sometimes "Mohammed." Some years ago it was occasionally found spelt "Mohamet." It might even seem as if it were three persons, but they all really refer to the same man. Now which is correct? (By the way, that is the meaning of the fine word at the top . . . Orthography = correct spelling!)

The first style, Muhammed, is the nearest transliteration of the Arabic word, so we suggest that we keep to that form from now on, and try to pronounce it as it is written . . . like this "Moo-ham-med", being careful to sound both m's.

Then there are the words which speak of the followers of Muhammed. For many years they were described as Mohammedans but now it is more usual to use the word by which they call themselves, as it tells of what they consider they have done . . . surrendered, submitted, or obeyed. This verb in Arabic is made up of three consonants. . . S.L.M. and the past participle may be transliterated "muslim" (you can pick out the three consonants!) You find the same three consonants in the very name of their religion "Islam." So shall we use this word "Muslim" when talking about a man who has surrendered to Muhammed, and follows the religion of Islam, and thus come nearer to the Arabic than the more English rendering of "Moslem."

In order to keep up our high standard of orthography (you remember what that means, don't you?) shall we use the correct Arabic plural of the word "Muslim" when speaking of more than one believer in Muhammed? They do not add an "s" for the plural, but "een", so that the word will be "Muslimeen."

Finally, the name of the holy book of the Muslimeen (!) is written either as "Koran" or "Qur'an", but the latter is a better transliteration so we shall adopt it in future. In English the nearest pronunciation is "Caw-raan" ("aa" = "a" as in "farm").

There, it's a shame, in holiday time too, to give such a long lesson. All right, you may shut the book, and rush off for a swim, or game of tennis! But please don't forget!!

## Overseas Mail.

North-West China.

July, 1949.

To my dear Egyptian Elder-Brother your Chinese younger-brother sends greeting.

As my uncle is Chaplain to a regiment of the Muslim Forces I am able to send this with some of the dispatches out of China.

I have now been to the Fuh-in Tang (Gospel Hall) and they seem much less frightened there than most of the people are with the Communists coming so near. I find that one of my cousins is really a Christian, but of course he can't tell anyone.

Our great General Ma is now in command of the whole of the north-west as he is the only one able to face the Communists. It was a General of his Family who conquered this part, which used to belong to Tibet, for China. We feel sure that he will keep this part of the country safe, and yet I still think of those people at the Gospel Hall who seemed to feel safe, and didn't hate the Enemy as we do. I will tell you another time about my talks with my cousin.

General Chang, who was here before, was a Christian and he was brave, though he didn't tell us to hate our enemies—it is all very perplexing.

*Sa-la-mi.*



## Missionary Mould.

### Part 2. THE PICTURE.

THE picture hung in Eleanore's bedroom. It fascinated her and yet at the same time made her feel very uncomfortable. It was really four pictures in one, as it depicted four scenes in a girl's life. First, she was portrayed sitting up in bed as if having just awakened, frightened by something. Then, alongside was another little picture of the same girl still clad only in her night-clothes, standing by the bedside of her father, waking him up and urging him out of bed. The third scene was out-of-doors where the father was killing a lamb and the girl catching the blood in a basin; and finally one saw a little group gathered round the doorway, upon which the father was placing the blood on the lintel and posts.

It was of course an imaginary story of a Hebrew first-born daughter on the night of the Passover, whose father for some reason or other had neglected to put the blood on the door, which they had been told to do by Moses in order that the firstborn of the Hebrew people might be saved. This girl believed her very life depended on obedience to this act so she determined to make sure it was done.

Eleanore stood before it once again that evening as she had often done before, brushing her hair and thinking about it. Of course she knew the Bible story so well. Only that morning at her school Prize-Giving the Headmistress had made the following announcement. "Scripture prize, Eleanore Thomson." It had created no stir amongst the other girls. It was a foregone conclusion, they would only have been surprised if she had not won it. Not that she was intellectually brilliant but she got so much help from home. I don't mean that her parents helped her write her Scripture essays but they were the sort who believed in the Bible as the inspired Word of God. To them it was as necessary to give their children the unadulterated milk of the Word as it was to give them cow's milk. Eleanore had been soaked in a knowledge of the Bible since her babyhood. So she walked forward to receive the handsomely bound book with smug self-satisfaction. In her heart of hearts she would much rather it had been the Form Prize, still it

was better than nothing. And that lets you into the secret of the difference between Eleanore and her parents. For while she considered it 'better than nothing' they considered it The Best, better than anything else.

She was thinking of that difference as she stood before the picture. As she had sat with her parents while they ate their dessert after dinner that evening, the conversation had turned as it so often did to her father's favourite subject, the Coming Again of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was far from being Eleanore's favourite! On the contrary she hated it, for she knew she was not ready for that Coming. How different she was from the girl in the picture.

It was she who had urged her father into action, while in Eleanore's case the opposite was happening, her father seemed so anxious that she should make a decision. One similarity however became clear; one couldn't depend on one's father to save one; there had to be some definite step taken individually.

But that was what was troubling Eleanore; she wasn't sure how the step should be taken. What if the Lord Jesus came that night? How terrible it would be to wake up in the morning and find her parents gone, her sisters too, and even some of the maids. For she knew well that many of the household had a real believing faith in the Saviour. Tears began to roll down her cheeks. At that minute Nurse came in, as usual to scold "Miss Eleanore, not in bed yet? You are such a lazy girl. Hurry up. I'm going to turn out the light. You must finish in the dark!" And suiting the action to the words, she switched off the light, and flounced away grumbling at the way she always had to 'run after that child to see if she was being obedient or not.'

Eleanore was quite grateful for the darkness as it hid her tears, which she would have been ashamed for Nurse to see. She quickly got into bed, pulled the clothes up, and determined to forget her trouble in sleep. But sleep just didn't come. She tossed and turned again and again, but couldn't go off. After what seemed ages to her, she got up thinking it was the middle of the night. Going out on to the landing she was surprised to find the lights still on downstairs. Her parents were still up! She thought she might go and talk to them, but half way downstairs she felt

shy of her father, and decided not to. So she sat on the stairs, and again began to cry as she worried round her problem and found no way out.

Thus her mother found her as she came up to bed presently. "Whatever is the matter, Eleanore? Have you got earache?" Choking back her sobs, Eleanore shook her head. "Well, you can't sit there; you'll catch cold. Come back with me to the bedroom", and taking her by the hand she led the girl upstairs again. They went into the room, and Mrs. Thomson sat down on the bed, and drew the little shivering form to her, and kissed her. Then she said in a matter of fact voice "Go and have a drink of water, and come back and tell me what the matter is" Her daughter obeyed her, and then blurted out, "I'm frightened of being left behind when the Lord Jesus comes again. You are all so good you'll all go, and I shall be left behind because I'm so naughty."

"Eleanore, think again. You know better than that. When the Lord Jesus comes, who is He coming for?" questioned her mother's gentle voice.

"For those who love Him and belong to Him."

"Yes, that's right. And the way to 'belong' to Him is to ask Him to come into your heart, cleanse it from all sin in His precious blood, believe that He has done it because you have asked, and thank Him for taking possession of you. Why not settle this question tonight, Eleanore? Kneel down beside me, and do it now."

Again Eleanore obeyed, and kneeling beside her mother she said in her own words something of what Mrs. Thomson had told her, finishing with a heartfelt "Thank You." She rose from her knees, and without further words, her mother tucked her into bed, and she snuggled down with a big sigh of relief, and was asleep almost before the light was out, her difficulty solved and speedily forgotten.

But God had not forgotten! Her impulsive offer for missionary service three months previously had indeed been registered in heaven, and now He had enabled her to take the first step towards its fulfilment. He had claimed her heart, and got it. With His great patience and long-suffering He was to press forward His further claims till the whole was fully surrendered and made meet for the Master's use.

*Challenge*  
*and*  
*Counter*  
*Challenge*



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## CHALLENGE AND COUNTER-CHALLENGE

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What the



Garden said.

I WONDER if you like gardening? I do, and I spend a great deal of time alone in my garden. It is rather dull if there is no one to talk to for hours at a time, so I have got into the way of listening to what the garden has to say to me, and sometimes I talk back . . . not aloud of course, in case anyone should overhear. Our Lord Jesus told His disciples and others some of the lovely things the flowers and birds told Him : I expect you have read about them in the parables.

The other day I was doing a very dull job, one which I don't think anyone likes. I was weeding a lawn, and there were not even any flowers near it to talk to me. I was having a very boring time and getting more and more conscious of an aching back and lots and lots of lawn still to do. Presently I looked at the basket full of weeds I had taken out. There were such a lot that I couldn't help giving myself a pat on the back, so to speak, while I murmured, " Well, I have done a good job." Just then I heard a chuckling laugh. I looked around but there was no one there. The robin which had kept me company all winter was too busy building a nest to take any interest in my affairs, and my little neighbour Jennifer, aged two, who occasionally lends me a hand, had gone out with her mother. Who could it be who laughed?

I told myself I must have imagined it, and again looked complacently at my pile of weeds, when I heard quite a chorus of chuckles, coming right from the lawn where I was kneeling. I knelt forward to hear more clearly and I heard one cheeky little weed say to the others, " It's just too funny to see her so pleased about the things she has taken out ; she doesn't seem to realise that we who are left are the important ones." And of course when I thought it over, the little weeds were perfectly right. We like to judge our work by what we have done, but the real test is what we have left undone.

How many times have we tried to rid ourselves of bad habits? We have said, " I won't tell any lie : I won't use bad words : I won't lose my temper : I won't do this or that or the next thing," only to find that even if we have managed to do all we intended, lots of other wrong things have cropped up and we are really no better than we were. You see it's the things that are left behind that matter.

Of course it might be possible to take out every single weed from a little patch of lawn, though I have never managed to do it, but I am quite sure we can never get rid of every sin and bad habit by our own efforts. Only the Lord Jesus can do that for us, and He does it by giving us new hearts, made clean by His precious blood.

It was really this same lesson of the importance of what is left that the Lord taught His disciples one day in the temple. They were all watching the worshippers putting their gifts into the treasury. Some very rich men brought large gifts and the disciples were so impressed that they scarcely noticed a poor widow who timidly put in the smallest coin. But the Lord Jesus noticed her and said to the disciples, "She hath put in more than they all." You see, Jesus judges not by the amount people give but by the amount they have left after giving. The poor widow had given all she had, so she had nothing left, and therefore her gift was more precious than those of the rich men who had probably more left than they had ever given. Do you count the value of what you give to the Lord by the amount left?

The same lesson is taught by the trees in harvest time. How we love to have full baskets and of course we take them from the lowest branches. Then when we see the pile of fruit we are content with what we can reach easily and don't bother about the fruit still hanging from the top branches. That is what the Church has been doing all down the centuries in the harvest fields of the world. How we rejoice over the plentiful harvest which has been gathered in from the heathen lands; thousands and thousands of boys and girls in mission schools, learning daily of the Lord Jesus. But what of the Muslim children? Don't we say, "They are so difficult to reach!"—just like the apples on the topmost boughs—"and there are so many others ready to be gathered in?" Will not the Lord of the Harvest judge our success, not by the ones gathered in, but by the ones who are left? Remember the Lord's parable of the Lost Sheep: the Good Shepherd left the ninety and nine in the fold to go after the one in the wilderness. Does He not expect His followers to do the same?

B. Collinson.



## Burden-Bearers.

"**C**ARRY your bag, Miss?" sounds quite an English phrase, though not heard here so frequently today! Could I take you through the streets and markets of any town or village in Lebanon and Syria you would constantly hear (but of course in Arabic!) these words, or something like them. Everywhere you will see men and women, boys and girls carrying loads. Sometimes you can hardly tell if it be a man or a woman, so completely are they covered by the huge bundle of straw, or piles of kindling wood, piled on their head and roped to their body. Very often it is a poor Muslim woman



underneath this heavy load. But heavier still is the load of sorrow on her heart, for since her husband divorced her, she has had to part also with her beloved little son . . . the light of every Muslim woman's eyes. Muslim law decrees that he returns to his father.

But it is of a small section of the great army of burden-bearers about whom I want to tell you. We, who live in Beirut, call them the "porter-boys." There being no compulsory education in these lands, many parents send out their small sons to earn a few piastres . . . by fair means or foul . . . almost as soon as they can walk. For the most part they run the streets bare-footed, clad in filthy ragged clothes. Those who frequent the markets carry a tall basket, almost the height of the boy himself. Here he eagerly awaits the shopper, following a likely customer from shop to shop. If you succumb to his pleading charms all your goods are piled into his basket, then he deftly winds a long cord around the basket and around his head, and with a jerk he gets the basket on his back and trots off at a great pace !

Under the auspices of a certain organisation a large room has been obtained where these "porter-boys" can gather in the evenings when the day's work is done. Here some of the more enterprising learn to read and write their native tongue. Others play team-games organised by an efficient club-leader. They are medically examined regularly, and once a week those who attend consistently are given a good meal. Alas ! the rest of the week they exist largely by begging for food or stealing it.

Some Christians go to this club and give a Bible talk after the evening's games are over. There are few people who through the day have shown them any consideration, let alone love, for after all they are only beasts of burden to the majority: How almost unbelievable to their ears are those lovely words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden."

Our Lord Jesus must have often seen small boys and older ones too, bowed beneath the weight of heavy burdens. He saw too, what we cannot, the burden of sin and shame on the heart. It was that great burden with which He was loaded, as He bare our sins in His own body on the tree. He is the great Burden Bearer and He calls those who follow in His steps to "bear one another's burdens." Will you share in prayer and sacrifice the burdens of those who know not the Burden Bearer ?

J. Wakefield  
(*British Syrian Mission*).



## Salsa, the Girl Martyr.

**M**ANY, many centuries ago, while our British forefathers were still living in caves and knew little of the art of building, there were already towns of strength and beauty, with magnificent palaces and temples to be found in North Africa. The ruins of some of these towns, such as Carthage, can be seen to this day, and they bear the mark of the different religions which have held sway in that country. For the land was not always Muslim as now; at one time the people were pagans, worshipping idols; then Christianity was introduced by the Romans, and this in turn was swept utterly away when the Arabs conquered the land and brought it under the rule of Islam.



The Christians of those early days had no easy time; some were called to suffer persecution, and others even to give their lives for their beliefs. At Tipasa, some seventy miles along the coast from Algiers, built on the sheer cliffs overlooking the blue of the Mediterranean, there are to be seen the ruins of what must have been at one time an important township. It included a cathedral—of which some of the carved Roman pillars still remain—and also another smaller church. And with this little building is linked the name of Salsa, a girl, living in the fourth century who, in defiance of her pagan family, became a Christian.

Not only had she accepted Jesus Christ as her Lord and Saviour, but she had given Him also all the love and passionate loyalty of her young heart, and it was hard indeed for her to see her people worshipping, as they did, images made by man.

One day, when she was fourteen years old, an idol, in the image of a bronze dragon was set up, and all day and well into the night celebrations in its honour were carried on, with feasting and dancing and wild rioting. Salsa was a reluctant witness of the scene, for she was not allowed to stay away from the camp on the cliff that was its centre, and the horror of it all gripped her until she could scarce bear it.

At last, wearied by their orgy, the revellers, one by one, fell asleep; all but Salsa, who, burning with indignation and longing to show that she at least had no part in this idolatry, arose with a sudden determination, and creeping past the sleepers, seized the dragon's hideous head, wrenched it off and bore it to the cliff's edge, where she flung it over into the waters far below. Then, speeding back unnoticed, she next succeeded in dragging the heavy bronze body to the same spot. But her efforts must have disturbed the slumberers for as with a final gathering of her strength she sent it crashing down into the sea, the noise of its descent brought the populace rushing to the spot. Realising that their god had been dishonoured and assaulted, they were overcome with fury and fell upon Salsa, stoning her, piercing her with swords and trampling on her as she fell.

Finally they flung her body into the sea to follow that of the idol against which she had pitted her young strength and which, even by her very death, she had surely overcome. For her high courage and zeal for the cause of God could not but speak of Him Who had aroused it, and some time later the little Christian church was built upon the spot where she died, and engraved on an old stone in its chancel can be seen to this day the name of Salsa, the girl martyr.

## "Pink knees" comes to the Middle East

SOON after I was commissioned in the Army, I found I had been put on a draft for service in the Middle East. The war had been over for about a year, and all the soldiering that I knew had been learned on barrack squares and in secluded training areas in various parts of England. So off I went as a brand new second lieutenant to see what all the fuss in the Middle East, that we had been reading of in the newspapers, was really about.



The journey out was very pleasant as we travelled by train across France, and got a ship at Marseilles that took us to Port Said at the Mediterranean end of the Suez Canal. This view of the Canal was the first of very many before we sailed for home again, for a high proportion of the men on that troopship were later stationed in the Canal Zone.



Needless to say, I was wide-eyed at what was going on all around. Ports always are, to me at any rate, fascinating places, and all the coming and going in Port Said harbour made it no exception. However, we were not left long to gaze at other people working, as a troop of piratical-looking dockers came on board to get the heavy kit on to the quay. The strength of these men has to be seen to be believed ; they would pick up heavy crates and trunks and cart them off with as little concern as we would a suitcase. The result was that it was not long before we were trampling through the sand at the back of the dock, round behind warehouses, over cables and through fences to the railway siding, where a train was waiting to take us to Cairo.

By this time we had left behind the small boys swimming in the dock for coins thrown to them by the troops. Those other traders, however, who had come out to us in small rowing boats filled with bananas and oranges, dates and turkish delight, handbags, sandals, wallets, silk scarves and all manner of gaudy wares, were ashore as soon as we were, and were plying their trade at closer quarters.

Something that struck those of us who were new to the East, was that many of these traders were quite young boys. Running about in bare feet all over the railway track, wearing just a pair of grimy shorts and a shirt, these youngsters would come trotting along by the train yelling at the tops of their voices. They had picked up a fair smattering of English from the thousands of troops who had been that way during the war, and they delighted to produce some of the coster cries they had been taught. " Cheap at half the price," they would tell their prospective customers as they displayed their cases of rings and trinkets. This, of course, bewildered us still further, but the persistent efforts of the smaller ones were frequently rewarded.

This sense of humour hiding behind the grubby face and ragged clothes, but betrayed by twinkling eyes, is continually showing itself, though one rather elderly greengrocer did not think it very funny when a few of us borrowed one of his water melons to play rugby with. But that took place in another part of Egypt much later on, and does not really come in here at all.



At last all the troops were on the train, all the kit was packed away, and all the hundred and one details settled, when the engine gave a hoot, and we were off on the way to Cairo. We travelled southward with the Nile Delta on our right and the Suez Canal on the left, through country that was sometimes sandy and barren, and at other times beautifully green and highly cultivated. The cotton crop was fairly advanced, and in the fields graceful white egrets could be seen feeding.

As the sun began to go down, we drew into the station of the town that has surely one of the crookedest names there is. If it had been called Zigzag that would have been twisty enough, but this town has gone better still and calls itself Zagazig. It is really quite a large and important town to

which the peasants from the surrounding countryside bring their produce for sale. We stopped there only long enough for everybody to have a drink, as we were not used to the hot sunshine that had beaten down on us throughout the afternoon. Even so, it was quite dark by the time we set off again, because of the shortness of the period of twilight.

We dozed off as best we could until we saw the lights of Cairo itself, and after much coming and going, hooting and shunting, we arrived at a siding near the transit camp in a suburb some distance from the centre of the city. After the sea voyage, and the railway journey of a hundred-and-fifty miles, we were glad enough to be shown our beds, and to wait and see what the morning would bring.

ALAN EAST (*All Nations' Bible College*).



### A True Story.

SOME still remember how King Edward VII. was struck down on the eve of his coronation in June 1902. The arranged ceremonies were hastily converted into services of intercession for the king's recovery. A large congregation assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral, among them being a high native officer in the Indian Army. After the first prayer, this Muslim administrator remained kneeling. At the close he explained why he had not stood up, saying that he had been in a trance, and had seen One in white coming up the aisle blessing the people and saying, "The king will live."

Until his return to India, he kept part of his story to himself. Then he disclosed the rest to his own "Mullah" (sheikh) saying, "As He blessed the people I saw a pink scar in the centre of the palm of each hand. What were those scars?" The Mullah hedged, and merely said, "He must



have been throwing roses to His followers (an Indian custom), and thus pricked Himself." The officer was puzzled at this. Ultimately he visited a missionary and told him his story in detail. Of course the missionary explained that those scars were "the print of the nails in His hands."

The fine old officer exclaimed: "Then I have seen your Christ!"

A. T. UPSON (*From "The Christian"*).



**H**OW did you get on with the last Quiz ? Perhaps it would be better not to enquire too closely ! Well, here is another one, though in a slightly different form.

Can you attach one of the following eight words correctly to each of the statements underneath ?

GABRIEL. KOREISH. KHADIJA. MEDINA.  
MOUNT HIRA. HEJIRA. QUR'AN. ABU BAKR.

1. A wealthy widow woman who was attracted by Muhammed's handsome appearance, and the propriety of his behaviour and who married him when he was twenty-five years old.

2. A peculiarly barren and dreary place where there was a cave to which Muhammed frequently retired for meditation.

3. The alleged oracles or messages from God which Muhammed claimed to have received, and which, although much is clothed in beautiful and even sublime language, is a "jumble of fact and fancy, laws and legends, prayers and imprecations."

4. The angel whose voice Muhammed is said to have heard during the times when he was in a kind of swoon or trance; although, from the doctrines he preached and the moral effects produced by the system which he founded, it would appear that he was really under the influence of evil spirits at these times.

5. One of Muhammed's earliest converts, a wealthy merchant of strong character, who later succeeded him as ruler.

6. The tribe to which Muhammed belonged in Arabia.

7. A city 250 miles north of Mecca to which Muhammed fled for refuge when driven out of his home town by the hostility of the people.

8. The name given to Muhammed's flight from Mecca, and from which the Muslimeen date their years as Christians date theirs from the birth of our Lord.

CORRECT ORDER OF WORDS.

1. Khadija. 2. Mount Hira. 3. Qur'an. 4. Gabriel. 5. Abu Bakr. 6. Koreish. 7. Medina. 8. Hejira.

*Challenge*  
*and*  
*Counter*  
*Challenge*



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## CHALLENGE AND COUNTER-CHALLENGE

A Bi-monthly Magazine for Young People desirous of learning more about the challenge of Islam, and of helping to counter it by the proclamation of the Gospel.

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## “Is Thy God Able?”

This is a question which was on the lips of Darius, King of the Medes, as he hastened to the lions' den. He had spent a sleepless night thinking about Daniel. He respected Daniel, and he knew that he could trust him, but he had been tricked into signing a decree which had landed Daniel in the lions' den. He knew something about Daniel's God. He knew that He was not like the gods of the heathen, but, after all, lions were lions and they were used to eating human flesh. Could Daniel's God deliver him from these hungry beasts?

The night had seemed endless, but at last it was morning and he would soon know whether Daniel's God was able to deliver his servant. Perhaps, when he reached the den, it was still too dark to see and as he tried to peer into the gloom he cried with a lamentable voice, “O Daniel, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?” (Dan. 6 :20).

Suppose there had been no answer! Suppose that the light of day had revealed only the meagre remains of Daniel among those of other victims! Imagine the King's disappointment! Darius believed in Daniel's God. He had seen in the life of Daniel the evidence of His power. Would God disappoint Darius' faith? Never! More than Daniel's safety depended upon an affirmative answer to the King's cry. Darius' faith depended upon it, and the faith of many of his subjects, yea, and our faith also.

Darius heard the answer to his cry from Daniel's own lips, “O King, live for ever, My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me” (Dan. 6 :21, 22). What a relief! What assurance for budding faith! Now Darius knew that Daniel's God was the living God and he could safely confess his faith in Him, and



this he did in a royal decree unto all people, nations, and languages, that dwell in all the earth, saying, "Peace be multiplied unto you. I make a decree, That in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel: for He is the living God, and stedfast for ever, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and his dominion shall be even unto the end. He delivereth and rescueth, and He worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions" (Dan. 6:25-27).

"Is thy God . . . able?" This question is in the hearts of many today in Muslim lands. The creed of Islam sounds good, but many have come to realize that it cannot deliver the goods, it cannot save, and they are crying in their hearts to us, even though the cry may not be upon their lips, "Is thy God . . . able to deliver?" Have you Christians anything better to offer than our religion provides?"

This cry constitutes a challenge to all believers, both young and old. It constitutes a challenge which cannot be answered merely with words, or clever arguments. It calls for a demonstration of the truth and power of the Gospel to save. Such a demonstration requires two factors working together, the one human and the other divine, namely, genuine faith and implicit obedience on the one hand, and the unfailing faithfulness and power of God on the other. Both of these elements were active in the incident before us, and they must be active if we are to meet the challenge of this heart cry today.

The divine element is constant. God does not change. "I am Jehovah", says He, "I change not" (Mal. 3:6). "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and for ever" (Heb. 13:8).

It is the human element with which we need to be concerned. Do we believe God? It is not sufficient to subscribe to a creed no matter how orthodox. Is our faith in God genuine? Will it stand the test? What about our obedience? Are we determined to obey God at any cost? Or is our obedience limited by all kinds of "buts", and "ifs"? Daniel's faith was genuine, and his obedience implicit. When only a captive lad at the court of his captor he purposed in his heart that he would allow nothing, even in the way of food and drink, to come between him and his God. When most

of his companions were conforming to the life of the heathen court, Daniel and his three companions took their stand and refused to conform. God honoured their stand.

Through all the years of Daniel's long and successful career at the court of the kings of Babylon, Daniel held firmly to his course, and when, under Darius the Mede, he knew that that course was leading to the lions' den he never wavered. He who in his youth had not been tempted by the king's dainties, would not now be frightened by the king's decree. He knew only one Lord, the Lord his God; and he knew only one path, the path of obedience. Even when he knew that the writing was signed and his enemies were watching, he kept right on, and God honoured him with the conversion of a world monarch, whose confession of faith was a royal decree to all people, nations, and languages in all the earth.

Are we willing to meet the challenge of Islam today? Are we willing to be the material for a demonstration of God's power to save? Then we must choose the path that Daniel chose; we must follow that path without wavering; and even when we know that the writing has been signed which will excommunicate, ostracise, and outlaw us, we must not hesitate, but keep right on, even though it may mean death for us. If we do, God will do the rest.

"I beseech you therefore, . . . by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice . . . unto God . . . And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God" (Rom. 12:1, 2).

R. M. PIEPGRASS  
(Kaduna Jct., Nigeria).



## The Bedouin and His Camel

(This is the translation of a story written in Arabic and distributed as a tract amongst Muslimeen).

They say that a Bedouin tied up his camel in the twilight in front of his tent. Sleep came to him and he slept quietly and nothing disturbed him until it was midnight; in that hour his camel awakened him and said to him, "O my master, I have become very cold: do me the favour of allowing me to hide my nose in the tent". His master said to him "No matter", and covered himself again with his cloak and returned to rest.



*A Bedouin's Tent*

After a little while his camel awoke him again and said to him once more "May there be mercy upon thy parents O my master; my nose is now in a pleasant condition, it would not matter if I brought in my ears?" His master said "Very well, O camel, Good-night". The camel brought in his ears, but after a little while he began to shiver with cold till the tent shook, and awakened his master again, and when he awoke he said to him "What has taken thee?" for he was becoming weary of him. The camel said to him "Forgive me O my master, my neck is shaking with cold . . . add to

me a favour". The master said to him "Bring in thy neck and leave me in peace".

But the camel did not leave him in peace: with the rising of the moon he began again to cry out louder than at first and said to him roughly "Rise, O man". His master sighed and said to him "What wilt thou, O camel?" The camel said "Thou art warm, and I am dying of cold. If thou wilt get out of the way a little, I wish to bring in my forelegs". His master said "Bring them in for I have had enough of thee", but now he was obliged to crouch up in the side of the tent, and remained in much discomfort. Notwithstanding, sleep again came to him till he heard his camel call loudly to him "O my master". The Bedouin answered and said to him "What hast thou, O fool?" The camel said to him "O my master, my body is dying of cold, I must bring it in". His master said "Bring it in, O mule".

And as the camel entered he nearly overturned the tent, and at once it became so suffocating that its master became obliged to push his head out from under the tent's edge to breathe. And without asking leave the camel went on to bring in his legs and lay down in the midst. And now the poor master could not move him and could only drag his arms and legs without and sleep in the cold.

Who was master now in the tent? The true master had given up his place and could not take it again. His strength was not sufficient for turning out his camel, and he let him stay on at his ease.

#### THE INTERPRETATION.

O boy, I think thou wilt say in thy thoughts "That man was a fool to let his camel enter till he was master of his tent". It may be that thou thyself art like him, for thy heart is like the tent, and thou dost let sin like the camel gain possession bit by bit. And now I will shew thee how it happens to a boy who lets the camel of sin enter his heart. At the first when he is a little fellow and going to school, before the bell rings he plays with dice to gain sweetmeats or half-pence: then he goes on to gamble and rejoices much for he gains money. Now see how sin gradually comes in like the head and forelegs of the camel in the tent.

After a while he delights in card-playing, and runs off for several days from school and lies to his father and to

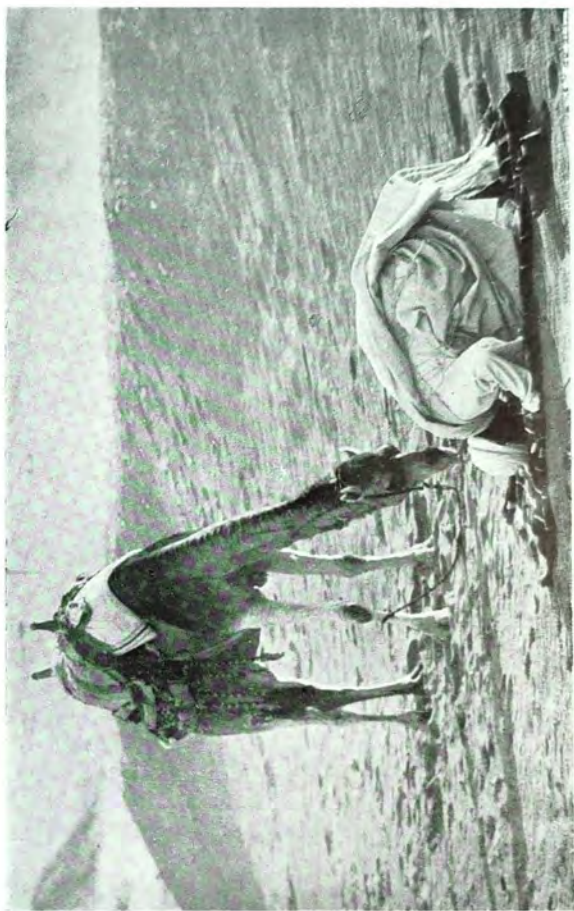
the master of the school to save himself from the stick. And when he runs away, he keeps company with boys who are big and bad and they smoke tobacco and keef, and drink and eat majouna and opium. And he follows them till sometimes he becomes foolish and his reason leaves him or he gets angry till he blasphemes and fights with the other boys, and the police take him to prison, and there he comes into company with wicked lads and they become his comrades and they go together to bad places, and then he steals in order to live, for he does not choose to work, and thus sin takes possession of his conduct and his character, as the body of the camel entered altogether into the tent of his master.

O boy, it may be that as yet thou hast not got so far as this, but the nose of the camel has entered thy tent, that is to say, if only one sin has entered thy heart, it must increase in its power every day. If thou hast begun to lie, or to quarrel, or to steal little things, this shows that sin has begun to enter thy heart, and then little by little it possesses thy heart altogether.

Thou hast no power to resist thy sins, and if thy heart is filled with sin and Satan, how will God receive thee in the pure heaven?

There was One in this world Who conquered Satan altogether and God has sent Him to save thee: He is our Lord Jesus Christ. He is able to turn out this camel of sin from the tent of thy heart, according as it is said of Him in the Gospel that he was "manifested to destroy the works of the devil". Let Him enter thy heart and He will turn out Satan and all his works. Call to Him to come and save thee before the time passes for thee.

The Late MISS LILIAS TROTTER  
(*Algiers Mission Band*).



## The Bible

The Islamic religion has six articles of faith. The Muslim believes :

- (1) in the unity of God.
- (2) in angels.
- (3) in God's books—104 of them, of which the Qur'an is the final and supreme in authority.
- (4) in God's prophets of which six are major—Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Muhammad, the last-named, according to them, surpassing all the rest.
- (5) in the Day of Judgment and Resurrection.
- (6) in the predestination of good and evil.

Let us take our Bibles and in six studies see what God teaches on these subjects and discover, too, how Satan has perverted truth for the followers of the False Prophet.

Our first study, then, is **The Unity of God**. Let us look at *Genesis 1.1*. This is, of course, the first mention of God in the Bible. What does it teach us? To get at its true meaning we must remember that the Bible was originally written in the Hebrew language. If the English words "He created" were translated literally they would read "He Gods created". How is this? Because the verb "He created" (one word in Hebrew) is singular, and it is followed (not preceded as in English) by its subject "Elohim", which means "Gods". Nearly all Hebrew verbs are made up of three root letters, so that each verb is a tri-unity; and the first person in Hebrew is not "I" but "he". Now in this verse the "he" is Elohim; but "im" is a plural ending, for example, cherub, singular, cherubim, plural; seraph, singular, seraphim, plural; Elah, singular, Elohim, plural. So we get the literal translation "He Gods created". Now let us look at *Genesis 1.26*. Here we read "Elohim said 'Let Us (plural) make man in our image'", which is followed in verse 27 by "So Elohim created man in His (singular) image". So we learn that God is both One and Plural, not a single unity but a plural unity.

## and Islam

For another example of this truth let us look at *Genesis 1.5*. It is instructive to note the first mention of the word "one", and see if that also teaches us anything. The word "one" is first used in this verse. We read "the first day", literally "day one". And we see that it is a plural unity made up of "evening and morning". And if you turn to the next chapter, *Genesis 2.24*, again we find that "one" is made up of a plural unity, "male and female". Now let us read *Deuteronomy 6.4*. "Hear, O Israel, Jehovah our Elohim is one Jehovah". These words are the great confession or witness uttered by Jews as they die. And we find that the word for God is Elohim, a plural one, while the word for "one" is "ahad", singular. In the Jewish Prayer Book they change the word "ahad" to "yacheed", which means "single", to get away from the truth of a plural unity. If you are still interested, look up

*Numbers 6.24-27*. The word "Lord" in Hebrew is "Jehovah". Here we find "Jehovah" mentioned three times, and then (in verse 27) it is followed by these words, "So shall they put *My name* (singular) upon the children of Israel".

*Isaiah 6.3*. You will notice the word "Holy" is here uttered three times, followed by the double call in verse 8, "Whom shall *I* (singular) send? Who will go for *Us*?" (plural) and, finally, if we turn to the New Testament, we find in *Matthew 28.20* that our Lord Jesus Christ bids His missionary servants baptize in the Name (singular) of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Three Persons but one God. Wondrous mystery. Yet we do not want to leave it at that. There is one further reference we should look up which will help us.

*1 John 4.8*. "God is Love". This being so, He must have had Someone to love from all eternity. Who but the Son? The Father has always loved the Son, and the Son has always loved the Father. A single unity like that of the Muslims is cold and loveless (cf. Hebrews 12.29).

So we conclude from our first study that where the Jews and the Muslims worship a single unity, the Bible reveals a Blessed One who is a triple unity, God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Spirit, for God is Love.



## Overseas Mail

North-West China.

December, 1949.

Dear Elder Brother,

You ask me why I call you "Elder" as you are the same age as myself? We Chinese should think it rude to call anyone young, at least we who have been brought up in the old ways. All the people coming from down-country (down near the mouths of our great rivers), who come here now, have very different ideas.

Now I must tell you about my visit to the Good News Hall. I find that they don't try to make us foreign, in fact the foreigners I saw wore ordinary Chinese clothes and looked quite respectable; some Chinese from down-country have foreign clothes—not only school uniform but other things.

The other thing I noticed was that they didn't say anything about who ought to rule the country; I asked if they wanted the Christians to rule and they said that anyone—ruler or ruled, scholar, farmer, artisan or tradesman—would do his work better and be happier if he knew that God so loved him that He sent Jesus Christ to die for him, so that his sins are forgiven.

I almost felt that it must be all true while I was there; then I came home, my father said again that we are all the same—we each get to Heaven in our own way as long as we don't worship idols like the people of Han. Then my uncle came in and he said that everyone who is not a Muslim will go to Hell. I asked about having our sins forgiven and he said, "You are already beginning to fall away from Islam—take care!" But that doesn't seem to answer the question, do you think it does? If God is really so great and holy we need some way to get good enough even to pray to Him.

I was allowed to go to help sell bread at the Tibetan Festival the next day as my father said I was not old enough to worry about religion. It was fun seeing them in all their queer robes falling down in front of those stupid idols; except that the Christians seem really sorry for them, and want them to be saved. It made me feel as if that made the Christians better than us. But I must say I enjoyed trying to get more than my father expected for the bread I

sold and spending the extra on sunflower seeds and malt toffee.

On the way home we stopped at a Saint's tomb to ask him to pray for us—I wonder if that is as good as trusting the Lord Jesus, somehow I don't think it is. We stuck sticks of burning incense in front of the tomb. My father says that is not at all the same as burning incense like the heathen. He was cross when I said, "But it gets burnt all the same", so I couldn't ask any more.

Salaam,

From your Younger Brother.

P.S. They seem to have found out about my cousin who is a Christian. My mother begged me this morning not to go to the Good News Hall any more; she seemed so afraid that I should go where my cousin has gone. I was told that he had gone to a school, but my mother and aunt seem very sad about it. When I asked why, mother said the school is a long way off, but it is not only that I am sure which makes them so sad. He looked so happy last time I saw him, saying that (because the Lord Jesus died and rose again) he can call God his Father, in Jesus' Name.



*A Saint's Tomb*

## Overheard in a Missionary's Study



"Hullo, and who is this coming in my door? Oh! of course, you are one of those Jackwanttoknows!"

"Say, Mr. Stalley, what's that book you've got on your table? It looks more like a chocolate box with all the red and gold patterns on it".

"That is the Qur'an. Have you ever heard of it before?"

"So that is the famous book of the Muslims we have heard about. What funny writing it is!"

"Yes, and I may tell you that the words you happen to be staring at just now, mean 'Let none but the cleansed ones touch it. It is a revelation sent down from the Lord of Heaven and Earth'".

"Really? Mustn't I touch it then?"

"Just put it down now and let me tell you something about it. The Muslim believes that that is the very last of God's revelations to man, and therefore it is very, very holy, and one must hold it very reverently. Before he takes it up to read he must go through a certain washing ceremony, just the same as he does before he says his prayers. Come here and stand by me a minute, and look out of my window into the street".

"Oh! I say, whatever are those two fellows across the way there playing at? One of them is holding a big black kettle, and the other is squatting down on his haunches in front of him and holding out his hands. There, now the other is pouring water into his hands and he is pretending to wash although he hasn't got any soap. Why, now he has taken his shoes off! He looks like a hen, balancing himself on one foot while he's rinsing the other. Now for his head! How different he looks with his high headgear off. Why his hair is close cropped. He is doing it all over with the water, in his ears and behind them too! My, even his nose comes in for it, inside I mean. Now his mouth, it looks as if he is cleaning his teeth and having a gargle at

the same time! What is he doing all that for, and out in the open street too?"

"That is just what I have been telling you about, the washing ceremony which every good Muslim must perform before he says his prayers and also that they are supposed to perform before taking up their sacred book to read. It is so holy that Muslims believe that the simple reading of the Qur'an, even though it is not understood, brings merit not only for the reader himself, but for his ancestors as well. A story is told of a Persian Iman, who one day saw a sinful man being tormented by angels. He became angry because the man was a Muslim. Later on a friend of his noticed that his anger had passed, and asked him why. "Oh!" said the Iman, "that man is no longer tormented but is forgiven and receiving the blessings of God". "And why?" asked the friend. "Because his small son had gone to school and had read one verse from the Qur'an!"

"Sounds more like a box of magic!"

"Yes, I suppose it would be true to say that a very great number of Muslims have more faith in its magic uses than they have understanding of what is written in it. Now tomorrow for example, when you go along some of the native streets, or to the market, you are almost sure to see a man sitting on the ground with a sand tray, one or two books, and paper and ink in front of him. He not only pretends to tell your fortune, but should you desire to assure yourself against sickness, danger from enemies, loss, or perhaps you would like to see somebody you don't like harmed, it's all very simple for him. Just tell him what you want, and he will write out certain verses from the Qur'an on a piece of paper. Then he will tell you either to wrap it up in a piece of cloth, or have a little leather sachet made for it, and then either have it sewn into your clothing or hang it round your neck or in your house. These fellows make quite a living out of their poor superstitious countrymen, and not only do they use their so-called 'holy book' for the purpose I have just mentioned, but for many others and more evil ones beside".

"Well, what is this queer sort of book exactly? What does it say, and who wrote it anyway?"

"Three questions all at once? Well, to answer the last one first. This book was written by Muhammed, the founder of the religion of Islam. One day as he was meditating in

a lonely cave away in the Arabian desert, he said he had a vision of an angel, who bade him recite certain words. Afterwards, he tried to obtain more of these visions, for he thought 'surely those words that the angel spoke must be the beginning of a new revelation such as was given to the prophets of the Hebrews and Christians of other times'. It was two years though before the visit was renewed, and after this they came quite frequently. Sometimes he declared that it was Gabriel, the archangel, who spoke to



*"A man . . . with a sandtray"*

him, and once he even said he heard the voice of God. Whenever he received words like these he would repeat them to his followers, who learned them by heart. Over a period of about twenty-one years, his messages numbered hundreds. As he gained more power, a secretary was appointed to write down whatever his master said. At first they were short and spoke against the idolatry of the Arabs, who had hundreds of gods. Here is an example:—'Say, God is one God; the eternal God; He begetteth not, neither is He

begotten; and there is not anyone like Him'. The Muslims hold this in great veneration, and believe it is equal in value to one-third part of the whole Qur'an. They use it as a retort when we talk about the Holy Trinity, God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. It seems hard for them to understand that our God is One even as the sun is, high above in the heavens, and yet who has shined upon us by sending Christ Jesus to bring us Light and Life, even as the sun sends forth its rays to give physical light and life to the earth; and even as it warms us and gives us strength as we live on earth, so God by the Holy Spirit lives in us as the Divine Comforter of whom we read in John, chapters 14 and 16".

Oh! all this is interesting. I wish I could stop and hear more, but the clock is striking and I must run home. May I come another day and hear some more about this book?"

"Yes, certainly. I am only too willing to tell you as much as you like to listen to. And in the meantime, suppose you read your Bible and see if you can find out what God does teach us there about the Holy Trinity. Goodbye, then, till next time".

H. W. STALLEY

(Algiers Mission Band).



*Studying to be teachers of the Qur'an*

## Missionary Mould

### PART 3. THE HYMN.

"And what are you going to be when you grow up?" someone asked Eleanore when she was still small.

"Oh, a medical missionary, of course. A really properly famous one", came the immediate answer, humility not being one of her scanty virtues.

But as she grew up Eleanore found her forecast to be utterly upset, and her plans continually miscarrying by unpredictable circumstances that landed her finally in a position poles apart from her audacious ambition.

She left school after matriculation, having achieved the coveted position of Head Girl, though the gilt was considerably taken off the gingerbread by the Headmistress's rather cutting affirmation that it was because she was the "least of the evils" available as possibilities for the post that particular term! Her desire to go straight to the university was frustrated by her mother whose very wise council was, that Eleanore should spend one year at home learning domestic ways and home-making (an indispensable part in the training of a missionary) before she plunged into her medical studies. But just as she was beginning to enquire concerning the obtaining of a scholarship towards the end of that year, another block occurred. Mrs. Thomson, her mother, got ill, and had to undergo a serious operation, which left her in such poor health that it was obvious she would need a daughter at home for some considerable time. It was a blow, but Eleanore's optimistic nature stood her in good stead and she determined she would work extra hard to catch up with the others of her age when the time did come for her to go to college.

But two years passed and still she was unable to leave her mother. Discontent and rebellion made life very bitter, and all the world seemed against her, even at times her adored mother. In a household where saintly missionaries and other grand servants of God were frequently entertained there were ample opportunities to learn the secret of a victorious life through a continual abiding in the Lord Jesus Christ. But Eleanore knew full well it could only be obtained by a complete surrender to Him as King, and this she was unprepared to do. Storms of temper were unfortunately quite common occurrences, but even so, the family

were utterly taken aback by a particularly violent outburst one morning.

Mrs. Thomson was going the rounds of her fowl-houses, and presently called out in an alarmed tone, "Oh! do come here, Eleanore. Look, one of the ducks is dead".

"Dead?" answered Eleanore, "it can't be; it was all right last night". "Are you sure, dear? Did you look at them carefully? It looks to me as if it may have been ill for a few days".

She handed it to her daughter, whose temper was rising at what she considered accusations on her management of the poultry. She took the bird roughly, and began walking away to the incinerator to have it burned. But Mrs. Thomson called after her, "Don't you think we ought to have a post mortem in case it is some infectious disease?" Eleanore, knowing only too well that her neglect of her work had quite probably been a contributory cause of the duck's death, was furious at the possibility of being found out, and so from where she stood, a few paces away from her mother, she threw the duck with all her force at Mrs. Thomson, shouting "Do it yourself!" Then aghast at the state to which her uncontrolled temper had brought her, she rushed off to her room, still unwilling to admit the true reason of her failure, but instead brooding over her supposed grievances.

But, unrealized as yet by Eleanore, the Lord of the Harvest was watching over His gap-filler and working out His process of moulding her as He wished. Her godly father was much in prayer for her, and one day felt led to suggest that she should have a short holiday. Eleanore was delighted and began making plans to go and stay with an old school friend, not quite sure whether the main attraction was the friend herself or her brother! This young man, although of Christian parentage, had thrown over the faith of his forebears, and was walking in worldly ways. Eleanore's parents knew of the danger but very wisely sought to counteract it by telling their Lord about it, rather than by speaking to the girl herself. No objection was made to her going to this house, but an invitation was given to Eleanore to accompany her father first to a conference at Swanwick for the deepening of spiritual life. As the invitation included her railway fare, and as it was near her friend's house, Eleanore thought the material advantages outweighed the possible tediousness of meetings.




How different it all was from what she had expected! The Lord her King was there waiting for her; He revealed Himself to her and spoke to her very heart. There was nothing Eleanore could do but abdicate quickly in the face of such Love that He poured down upon her. From henceforth she was not her own, to give to the Lord if she so chose, but she was His, for He had bought her, and by His Spirit He lived in her and must claim the right to her undivided allegiance. Bible study and prayer became almost new things, delights instead of drudgery, and her witness was from that time "The Joy of the Lord is your stronghold", such a change from the bad tempered, moody girl which she was temperamentally. But "to know Christ" in this way always involves "cost", and on the last day of the convention Eleanore suddenly realized that her friend's brother could have no place in this new-found union with her Lord. It was brought home in a flash during the singing of the hymn "Nearer still nearer, Lord to be Thine, Sin with its follies I gladly resign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but Jesus, my Lord crucified". Although the tears almost choked her, yet grace was given to make it a very real sacrifice of praise to her Lord as she sang.

The next day she went on to pay her visit, and though there was no change in her outward show of friendliness, Eleanore made it quite clear that her life had been re-adjusted to God which would leave no room for unions made solely on the earthly plane. And the wonderful thing about it all was that the "cost", which had seemed so great at the beginning, very soon seemed almost insignificant in the light of joyous satisfaction which her Lord Himself gave her now. Surely now she was ready at last to obey His command and "Go . . . and preach"? She had given her heart to Him a long time ago; her will was now absolutely His: what could hinder any longer? Unfortunately much! And several years more of disciplined training was necessary before this impetuous servant was considered by her Master fit to proceed to the Mission Field.



*Challenge*  
and  
*Counter*  
*Challenge*



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## CHALLENGE AND COUNTER-CHALLENGE

A Bi-monthly Magazine for Young People desirous of learning more about the challenge of Islam, and of helping to counter it by the proclamation of the Gospel.

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## “Lift Up Your Eyes and Look on the Fields”

“I don't see all those colours in the sky”, said a man to a Master-artist one day about his picture.

“No? But don't you wish you could?” was the reply.

Artists' eyes are trained to observe all the different shades of colourings which we pass over unnoticed. We can think, too, of other eyes which make ours seem almost blind in comparison—the hunter's, the sailor's, the detective's, all skilled in their varying professions to notice a hundred and one details which we could never see. Of course it takes time and practice and hard work to reach such a standard of seeing. And I think it was some such



implication that our Lord Jesus Christ meant when He said “Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest”. It is our job to have expert harvesters' eyes. We ought to know the condition of our “fields”, which ones are ready for cutting today; which should be carried tomorrow; and over which we must still exercise patience.

To improve our "harvesting" eyes is one of the objects of this magazine, so let us take a look at some of the fields about which we are going to read in this issue, and learn some facts which will help up to pray more intelligently.

SYRIA lies to the worth-west of Palestine. This name used to include Lebanon, but lately these two countries have become separate states. Syria is a republic and its capital is Damascus. It was the first country outside Arabia to which Islam spread after the death of Muhammed. The first Caliph (=successor) Abu Bekr sent an army against it in A.D. 632, and it was conquered two years later. Thirty years afterwards when a new family of caliphs rose to the supremacy they made Damascus their headquarters, from which city Islam ruled the world for nearly 100 years. Wouldn't it be grand if it could be the first Muslim country to become wholly Christian? Now we begin to see the advantage of trained eyes; this vision of Syria gives us quite a new incentive to pray for it. Let us concentrate on Margaret who lives in Damascus, and enable the Lord Jesus to gain a decisive victory in her heart.

NIGERIA. We are apt to think of Africa as peopled entirely by heathen. But it is not so, for the Muslims have been (and still are) most missionary-minded, and from 1100 A.D. onwards the traders and slave raiders penetrating across to the most western extremity of the continent have made many converts till today we find over 60 per cent. of the population of Northern Nigeria following the religion of Muhammed. But the chief point to remember when we think of Nigeria is that it is a British Crown Colony and Protectorate, therefore we are responsible in a special way for them as fellow-members of our Empire. They have a particular claim on our prayers, and we should continually be asking God that our Government may also realize that they can best promote the welfare of these people by giving the missionaries every help in presenting the Gospel Message.

CHINA. As our eyes look on this huge empire with its teeming millions of souls, it seems to present almost a hopeless problem—"the harvest so great . . . the labourers so few" what can we do about it? Well, I think a glance at history will help us here also. What was the beginning of Islamic influence in China? The son of a Persian ruler

fled to China from the onslaughts of the Muslim invaders of his country, and appealed to the Emperor for protection. The latter interceded for him with the Caliph, who then sent an envoy to the Chinese court. The thin end of the wedge, so quiet and peaceful, but the deadly leaven began its work, and today there are over 10 million Muslims in China. "An envoy"—here is our key. The Lord Jesus also has His envoys over there. Backed by our prayers, how much greater an influence can they not wield, even the dynamic power of God the Holy Spirit Himself? Let us pray, then, for these ambassadors with an ever-increasing realization that they are vested with the authority of the King of Kings and He must reign till all His enemies be made His footstool.

EGYPT. In a book on Islam telling of the rapid advance of the conquering Muslim forces we read "Christian Egypt fell in 640". Christian Egypt. Don't let us ever forget that fact, but rather claim its return to its Rightful Owner. Now Egypt is spoken of as the "head" of Islam as Arabia is its heart, because it has become the centre of Islamic learning, and thousands of students are trained and sent forth as missionaries from the University of El Azhar in Cairo. Ninety-three per cent. of the population are Muslims, and very accessible from a geographical point of view, because they are so closely packed into the comparatively small area of the Delta. But where are the workers? There are fewer missionaries in Egypt now than there were fifty years ago! Oh for more Davids to find the vulnerable spot in this giant's "head" and bring it down with a mighty crash!



## “A Matter of Obedience”

### Part II.

Margaret, you will remember, was taken out of school at the end of May. True, she had left her books behind her but day after day went by and she did not come back to fetch them. Two visits were paid to her home by some of those who were interested in her but still she did not come. The examinations were held, the term ended and Margaret had not returned. Was her Principal a little disappointed? Yes, very. But once again the comforting words came “LOVE that WILL NOT let her go”. Then one day, when the Principal was out, Margaret and her mother suddenly turned up and took her books and went away. There was no one present who knew the story, and girls often came to fetch their books if they had been away ill, so the books were given her without demur. The last hope had gone—there was nothing, now, to tie Margaret to the school or cause her to come back next year, nothing—except—“the LOVE that WOULD NOT let her go”.

But the fact that she and her mother had visited the school gave the Principal the opportunity to call and return their visit. Margaret’s teacher went with her. They did not see Margaret, but they saw her mother, who seemed delighted to see them and loudly proclaimed her intention of sending Margaret back next year. Then she piled their plates high with ice cream and—thinking it an opportune moment—made her request. “When Margaret goes back next year, of course you’ll let bygones be bygones and forget that little difference of opinion this year and all will be well is it not so?” The ice cream must have been too cold to melt their hard hearts! The Principal and the teacher still held to their former position—willingness to obey was the only way Margaret could get back into school.

The summer months went by all too quickly. The teachers re-gathered; the school re-opened; the pupils returned, many new ones amongst them, but Margaret did not come. Enquiries brought forth the facts—that Margaret had been seen wearing a *black* uniform (that of another school)—that she had definitely been *sent* to another school—that her people had said that the English school makes no distinction between its pupils, they treat all

alike. Margaret is an only child; they wanted her treated differently, they had sent her to a school that would do what they wanted. "O LOVE that will not let her go, what now?" "Ah!" Two days in another school was enough for Margaret! The atmosphere was different; the teachers were different. (Did she miss that LOVE that would not let her go?) She wanted her *own* school; she wanted her *own* Principal; she wanted her *own* teachers. Post haste she sent her mother back to intercede once more for her. She was ready to do anything to



*The courtyard of Margaret's OWN School*

get back. So it happened that two days after the Principal had sadly accepted the fact that Margaret had gone to another school and would not be coming back, her mother unexpectedly walked into the office! Her mother said nothing about the other school, so neither did the Principal. She simply said that Margaret was longing to come back and was prepared to obey—what would the fees be this year, and would she please register Margaret's name? Outwardly, the Principal received all this quite calmly, but inwardly, her heart was jumping for joy and as soon as the mother had left she ran to the teacher concerned and together they made a plan whereby Margaret, now *willing* to obey, after showing that willingness before her class



would be forgiven and need not actually do what she had been asked. Two days later Margaret herself appeared—in a blue uniform—smiles all over her face, so glad to be back at last. The smiles increased when she found that LOVE only asked her to be *willing* to obey and did not make her *do* what she had feared to do. The lesson learnt, Margaret has settled down happily again. She is definitely different. Her attitude to life is changed (could it ever be the same again?) The rule of no Scripture teaching for Moslem pupils still holds so she cannot be taught the Bible, but she has learnt that the very atmosphere of a school where God is honoured is LOVE—for GOD IS LOVE and His Love will NOT let her go. His Love is not yet satisfied. Margaret has come back. She has come a long way. But she is not yet where LOVE would have her be, so pray on that she may not only find an atmosphere of love but may find God Himself Who is love. Have you, *yourself*, found HIM yet?

IRIS C. NAISH  
(*British Syrian Mission*).

## **The Muslim Chief's Conversion**

One day not very long ago, in Nigeria, West Africa, a very important Muslim chief came to one of our Mission Stations and asked to see the white missionary in charge. When they met each other this is what the chief told the white missionary:—

The night before, the chief had had a dream, and as most of these people in Northern Nigeria are not able to read at all, this is often the way in which God speaks to them, as He did in Bible days long ago. In his dream, the chief saw a very long and narrow bush-path leading away into the distance, and on this bush-path there were several of his countrymen, pagan and Muslim, travelling to an unknown destination. There was nothing strange in this part of his dream, as he had often seen this happen, but what he saw made him afraid. As these people were walking along this path, he noticed that some of them slipped on the road and fell into what looked like a ditch on either side. As they disappeared he could hear them cry out for help, then he could see that they were falling into flames.

He became frightened at this, because he knew that he too, must also travel along this same road. What was he to do in order not to share the same fate as his travellers in the dream? He decided that he would take with him an object in each hand. In his right hand he held a fowl, such as is commonly used out here in sacrifice to the gods, and in his left hand he held a copy of the Qur'an. He thought to himself, "If pagan sacrifices will not help me, then Muslim prayers will".

So he proceeded on his journey very carefully, and balancing himself with the two objects mentioned above. However, as he was moving very slowly forward, he noticed a figure in white beckoning to him in the distance, in order to attract his attention. As he looked up towards this figure he heard Him (for it looked like the Christ) say, "What have you in your hands?" The chief answered, "I have a small offering for sacrifice, and the prayer-book of the Muslims to help me". Then he heard the Christ say, "Cast them away from thee, and stretch forth thine hands, and I will help thee, and save thee from eternal fires".

On hearing this, he readily cast them from him, stretched out his arms, and putting his hands in the Hands of the Christ, was taken safely to his destination and the end of the road.

This is the story related to the white missionary by the Muslim chief, and explained to the missionary that he now knew that Jesus Christ, and not Muhammed, was the only Saviour of men. Do you know that, too? If not, do trust Him now as you read these words, and He will save you, too.

WM. V. WILLIAMS  
(*Sudan Interior Mission*).

## The Bible

Second study ANGELS.

What a lovely revelation the Bible gives us of these wonderful beings! How spoilt the picture is when we come to the Muslim teaching!

Islam errs in details about their NATURE and their NAMES( here the Qur'an adds to what God has revealed) and their NOBILITY. Let us search our Bibles under these three headings.

1. THEIR NATURE. For this we turn to

- (a) *Hebrews 1.7.* "Who maketh his angels spirits and his ministers a flame of fire".
- (b) *Daniel 10.5,6* "A certain man . . . his body like the beryl and his face as the appearance of lightning and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and his feet like in colour to polished brass".
- (c) *Genesis 18.8.* "They did eat".
- (d) *Genesis 19.1.* "And there came two angels to Sodom at even . . . (verse 3) he did bake unleavened bread and they did eat".

We find how angels appear to mortals and how in the form of man they even eat with them. Muhammed denies that they eat or drink. Each human being, the Qur'an says, has an angel to intercede for him; and two recording angels, one to record his good deeds and the other his bad. So each Muslim after praying turns right and left to salute these recording angels. How different from the Christian's One Mediator (*1 Tim. 2.5*), whose Blood cleanses from ALL sin (*1 John 1.7*).

2. THEIR NAMES. Muhammed names four arch-angels: Gabriel, God's messenger; Michael; Israil, angel of death; and Israfil, who will, according to them, sound the trumpet on the last day. Thus he disobeys the warnings of *Deut. 4.2* and *12.32*, *Proverbs 30.6*, and *Rev. 22.18,19*.

The Bible gives first place to Michael; he alone is named as archangel. If we study the references we find his task is connected with Israel, and has much to do with resurrection:—

- (a) *Daniel 12.1,2.* "Michael . . . the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people . . . and

## and Islam

many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake . . . .”

(b) *1 Thess. 4.16.* “The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven . . . with the voice of the archangel . . . and the dead in Christ shall rise”.

(c) *Jude, verse 9.* Here Michael’s contest for the body of Moses suggests bodily resurrection at stake.

The Bible speaks of fallen angels (*2 Peter 2.4*) and in *Rev. 12.7* Michael leads God’s angel, against the enemy angels.

3. THEIR NOBILITY. The Bible shows they are linked with almost every step of the whole story of man’s salvation.

(a) *Genesis 3.24.* After Man’s Fall they guard the Tree of Life.

(b) *Deut. 33.2.* They are present at the giving of the Law.

(c) *Luke 1.26.* Gabriel announces the Saviour’s first coming.

(d) *Luke 2.13.* They herald the Saviour’s birth.

(e) *Luke 22.43.* They help Him in the Garden of Gethsemane.

(f) *Matt. 26.53.* And could have delivered Him altogether.

(g) *Matt. 28.5,6.* They announce His resurrection.

(h) *Acts 1.10.* They announce His second coming to earth.

(i) *Matt. 24.31.* They will reappear at His second coming, marshalled by Michael (cf. *1 Thess. 4.16* and *2 Thess. 17*).

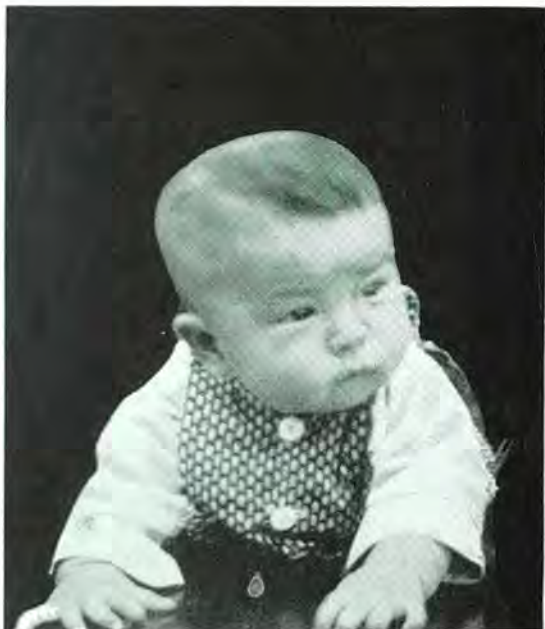
How great and wonderful they are, and yet how much greater and more wonderful the Lord Jesus Christ is, and so we close with “JESUS SO MUCH BETTER” (*Hebrews 1.4-6*), “being made so much better than the angels, as He hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they. For unto which of the angels said He at any time ‘Thou art my SON’ . . . and again when He bringeth in the first begotten into the world He said ‘Let all the angels of God worship Him’.” HALLELUJAH!

F. A. RAYNER, M.A., B.A.  
(*Brockenhurst Secondary School*).

## Our Baby

We've got the prettiest, sweetest, little baby sister you can imagine! Aysha and I (my name is Milian) were so pleased when we first saw her. Mother doesn't mind her being a girl—at least, not much—because we have two brothers, and it's not like being poor people who can't keep an extra "mouth" for nothing.

A foreign lady asked mother to stay with her and learn how foreigners manage to keep more babies alive than we do. When we went to see her she was so clean and pretty. Her eyes were the brightest black I ever saw; so often babies seem to have sore eyes when they are small. Her soft black hair had been brushed gently down. Oh, she looked like Fatima herself, I'm sure!



*Chinese Baby*

Her eyes and hair looked a clearer black than most babies, yet that funny foreign lady has brown hair, almost as if it had gone rusty, if you can imagine rusty hair! The other foreign lady who lives with our one, talks rather funnily and they make the queerest sounds when they are talking to each other. They say she hasn't learnt Chinese long. I never thought we *learnt* Chinese—we just talk it. We learn Arabic prayers, of course, and some of the boys learn English at school; they even say we shall all have to learn Russian soon now.

We thought this not-talking foreigner was the mother of ours; she has pale hair of a yellowish colour I never saw before. I thought perhaps foreigners' hair gradually faded into white instead of turning white a few hairs at a time like my mother's is doing. No, they say she is younger than our lady; her hair has always been pale-coloured! Aren't foreigners queer?

They wanted to tell us about their Prophet Jesus. We don't worship idols like the people of Han—nor do the followers of Jesus, so I suppose we are really all the same. Mother says we are *just* the same. They came to see us after mother came home again; of course we gave them tea, though we wouldn't eat or drink anything in their house in case it was polluted and not fit for a Muslim to swallow. They took our tea, which helps to prove that we are the same, only we have to be careful in case there is any difference, and we took mother's food to her in their house.

They have left some books; they say they are the Injeel (Gospel) so we think they must be all right to read. Some of the stories of the Prophet Jesus are beautiful, but they say we should say "Saving Lord" instead of just Prophet as the title of Jesus.

I don't know much about it, only my baby sister is a darling!



## Deep into the Atlas Mountains

### THE BERBERS.

Who are the Berbers? I made their acquaintance in Morocco, where I went expecting to find only the Arab. Until the present century had well launched itself, very little was known of Morocco generally. The people, both Arab and Berber, resented all intrusion from outside, and guarded their independence vigorously, and maintained their primitive way of life upon the very doorstep of the modern world. So the rather hazy knowledge of Morocco's inhabitants is not altogether surprising.

But attention is turning now in the missionary world to these long-neglected Berbers of the Atlas mountains. The most accepted theory concerning them is that they come of a white Mediterranean stock, related to the Celtic race. These, however, were joined by a people of Oriental Semitic origin, for side by side with the red-haired, light-eyed natives, are a wiry dark-eyed type reminding one of the pictures of the Assyrian of Old Testament days.

The Berbers are fundamentally different from the Arabs, who came into North Africa much later, about 700 A.D. A quotation from Mr. Walter Harris, F.R.G.S., will help to give an idea of these differences. This English gentleman had that innate sympathy which wins immediate access into the heart of these Berbers and he knew them as few Englishmen have had opportunity of doing. He says this: "While the Arab never possesses the European mental outlook, the Berber from the mountains has, to all intents and purposes, a European mind. His attitude to women, his sense of humour, his quickness of thought, his merry laugh, all render him an agreeable companion, and a firm and trustworthy friend. . . . So similar is his humour to our own, that it is difficult to realize that he comes from the great snow-capped peaks of the Atlas, and that in all probability he is talking to a European for the first time in his life".

And what of the Berber woman? Unlike the less fortunate Arab, she enjoys a liberty of living in the little cluster of pink clay dwellings tucked away in the folds of the Atlas. She may be seen walking the mountain paths unveiled and unmolested, with that easy grace of movement

not commonly seen among English women. She has a physical strength born of labour in the cornfields, and the lifting and carrying of heavy loads that her primitive cooking necessitates. At harvest time the women carry the corn from the field to the winnowing ground, sometimes a distance of two or three miles, singing in a question and answer form a little Berber air, invariably in a minor key. I once met a cortege of these walking stacks, and from



sheer curiosity persuaded a shifting of the load to my own back. With great delight they watched my complete inability to stand beneath the weight, or even to straighten myself one inch. The ready friendliness of these women to any real spirit of sympathy is a most endearing characteristic, but they are quick to detect and resent any attitude of patronage towards themselves, and while maintaining an outward courtesy will put up a reserve through which the missionary will make little headway. Mr. Walter Harris writes so truly of them: "The friendship which no system of the highest integrity can awaken will burst into existence at a kindly spoken word . . . deep behind the hard stern features, hidden in the secret places of the soul, is this intense desire for sympathy. It needs but a touch, but a





*A Berber Woman*

look, but a word to unlock the doors of the hearts of the people and it is well worth doing".

The Berber has a genius for argument, and an aptitude for drawing similes from everyday life. While walking through a piece of ground where primitive winnowing was in progress, my houseboy remarked one day, "See there, it is so with truth and lies; lies will disperse as this chaff in the wind, and truth will eventually settle as this good grain". To express a willingness to serve, or do a favour a vivid idiom is used "As with butter and honey".

Although Muslim, the fact that when so disposed to do, the Berber will permit his old pagan superstition to supersede his adherence to Koranic tenets, offers a hope to the

missionary that, with right handling the Berbers may become more yielding soil to the seed of truth as it is in Jesus Christ, For many years now the Gospel has been preached in Arabic in the large cities of Morocco and in the market places of the plains. God is raising up those who are translating that Gospel into the Berber tongue, a difficult task since there are so many dialects. These men and women, so long ignored shall handle the Word of Life for themselves. It may well be in Morocco these Berbers who were last, will be first, and shall be missionaries in North Africa, if and when we are removed.

MURIEL SWAN

(*Light of Africa Mission*).

(Reprinted by kind permission from the  
*C.A.W.G. Magazine*).

## “Pink-Knees” Visits Cairo

I wonder how many of you have been able to guess why I have dubbed myself “Pink-Knees”? Last year’s lovely hot summer may have given you the clue!

While we were waiting for our postings to the various Army units in the Middle East, most of the draft bought their khaki drill uniforms and rather self-consciously appeared in bush-jacket, shorts and knee-length woollen stockings. The bush-jacket is a cross between a shirt and a jacket, and is made of strong cotton material. Down as far as the waist it is just like a shirt but then it has the bottom half of a jacket with a large pocket on each side, and is worn outside the shorts. It is nice and cool to wear, fairly easy to wash and looks very smart.

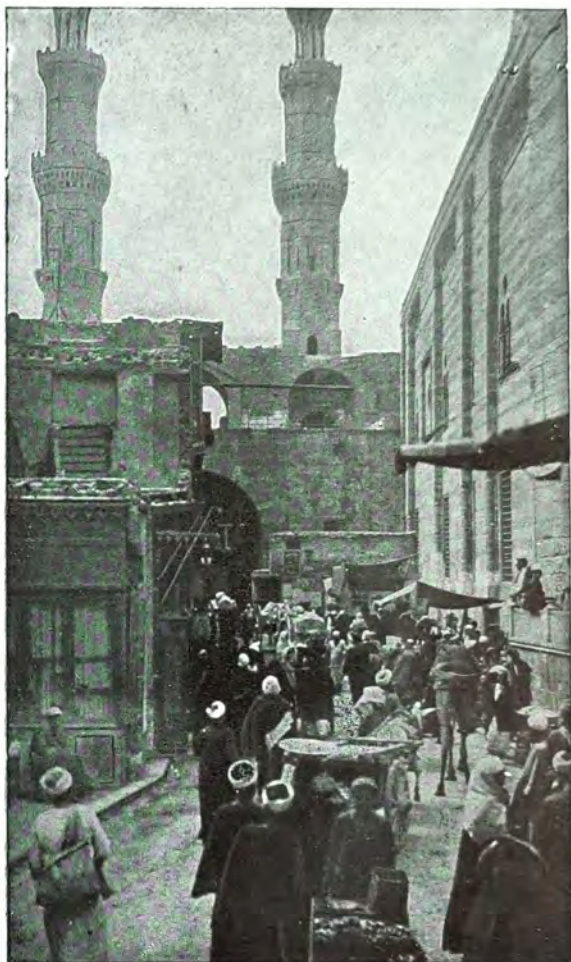
Apart from the newness of our clothes, nobody had to look at us twice to know that we had only recently arrived. Our knees were a sickly white colour in sharp contrast to the sunburned legs of the old soldiers, who did not fail to let us know of the years and years they had had to spend overseas! To be rash enough to voice an opinion before these pillars of the Empire was to invite the squashing retort of “Get your knees brown!” at which we were compelled to retire to the companionship of similarly pale-kneed arrivals. The first pair of long trousers may be a thrill in the life of

a young man and may herald in a period free from the fag of knee-washing, but it also marks the setting-in of that blanching of the skin whose effects are to be seen around the coasts and even in suburban gardens during the hot weather.

With this very "new-look" about us, it was something of an ordeal to go to Cairo. When two or three of us would decide to venture we usually had to wait for the bus just outside the camp, and to hang about was to invite hordes of small boys, hawking all manner of odds and ends, to flock around. These lads were full of hope as they tried to convince us of the wonderful bargains they were offering, though it was more often their persistence rather than the quality and cheapness of their goods that induced us, at last, to buy. It was but a short lived respite however, for while one boy was satisfied and allowed us a little peace, his innumerable friends seemed only to be encouraged at his success and clamoured round us the more.

At long last the bus would appear, and with a gasp and a splutter come to a standstill somewhere near the stop. Now here we had to be quick. Even though there were often three or four people standing on the steps, we had to get on and get in during the very brief pause while the bus was still. If there are rules against the boarding of moving vehicles in Egypt they are certainly not kept and nobody seems to worry. Once most of the passengers are on, the bus shoots away, and as, in the driver's opinion, there is no gear like top, we are jolted and rocked through the streets at a speed that seems anything but safe. To look where we are going is to be confronted with a scene enough to make the bravest quake, for all over the road are carts pulled by donkeys or mules mixed up with pedestrians, cabs, trucks and lorries; and here and there luxurious American cars that look anything but at home. This does not daunt the bus, however, which has been travelling in that sort of company for years, (by the rattling that accompanies most of them, too many years!) and somehow the driver, who really is a craftsman, brings his vehicle through into the centre of Cairo. There, in addition to the above mentioned turmoil which thickens as one approaches the centre, two sorts of trams come in to add variety.

Once in Cairo, we would do what shopping or sight-



*A Cairo Street*

seeing we had in mind and usually finished up in a hotel that had been taken over by the Army and turned into a club for junior officers. It was on one of these outings that I met another Second Lieutenant whom I had met in a training battalion back in England. Although he had been in a

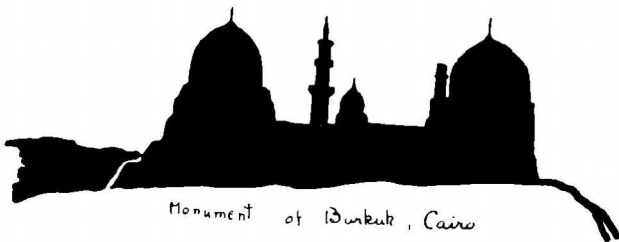
different company from mine, he used to come along to a Bible Study Class run by the second-in-command of my company which I also attended.

Ronald had been out there rather longer than I, and was living at the Junior Officers' Club right in the middle of Cairo. He had looked around for other Christians with whom to worship and had found a Forces' Canteen where a Bible Class and Prayer Meeting took place during the week, and on Sunday evenings a Gospel Service was held. Knowing that I was trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, it was not long before he invited me to come round one evening with him. I went, though at first I did not much want to, for although the Lord Jesus had called me to Himself when I was thirteen, just at that time I was content to follow Him "afar off" and I was not trying to please Him in all I did.

The meeting was very enjoyable after all, and when it was over I was introduced to the ladies in charge of the canteen. We had a good long talk that evening, and from that meeting began a series of friendships that affected my whole period of service overseas and is still affecting my life today.

In future issues of the magazine I want to tell you about some of the trips and experiences that those friends and I had together that made our time in the Middle East so happy and blessed.

ALAN EAST  
(*All Nations Bible College*).



Monument of Ibnul-Khatib, Cairo

*Challenge*  
and  
*Counter*  
*Challenge*

Vol. 1 No. 6.

May-June, 1950

## CHALLENGE AND COUNTER-CHALLENGE

Bi-monthly Magazine for Young People désirous of learning more about the challenge of Islam, and of helping to counter it by the proclamation of the Gospel.

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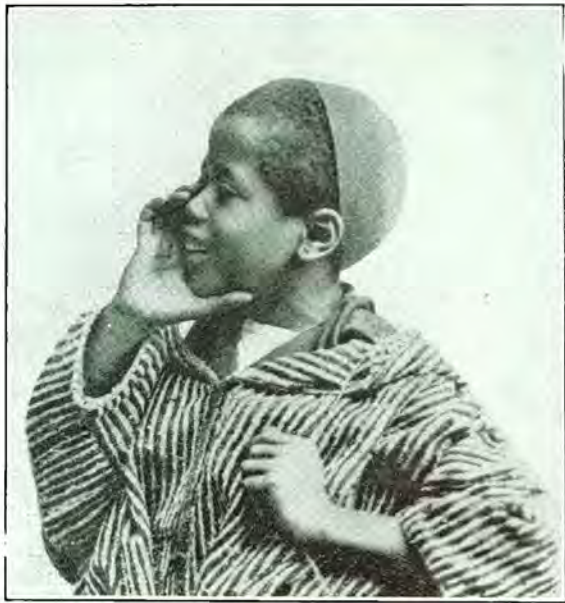
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## The Story of Geronimo

"A baby for sale, cheap. Who will buy a fine baby?" The streets of Oran in Western Algeria have echoed with many strange cries during the centuries, but none more strange than this. It was uttered by some Spanish soldiers many years ago. The baby offered for sale was a handsome Arab child. The bidding was slow but at last it fell into the hands of the Vicar of Oran, who was delighted with his purchase and brought the lad up in the Catholic faith. When



*An Algerian Boy*

Geronimo (as he was called), was eight years old, he was carried away by some Arab slaves into the interior, and restored to his parents. They received him gladly and tried to make him happy, but in vain. The seed of faith implanted in his heart had taken firm root, and neither spells, incantations, charms nor stormy intreaties could tear it out. So at twenty-five years of age he returned to Oran of his own



accord, and sought out his old friend and father in Christ, telling him "I desire to live forever in the faith and love of Jesus the Divine Saviour of men". He married a young Christian slave girl and for ten years they lived in the sunshine of blissful love.

Then came the first cloud which plunged them into despair. Geronimo had joined the Spanish Guard, where he had gained high honours by his feats of bravery. One day in performance of his duty he was in a small boat on the harbour. Moorish pirates chased and overtook them, and capturing Geronimo, took him to Algiers, where he was brought before Amir Ali, the Governor, who was a Spaniard who had turned Muslim. When it was discovered that the prisoner was an Arab who had become a Christian he was treated with great cruelty.

"Listen, O Geronimo", they said, "all thy heart's desires shall be accorded thee if only thou wilt return to the faith of thy people".

"I am a Christian" quietly responded Geronimo, "I am the servant of Jesus Christ. Not all the riches of the world could compensate for the peace and joy I have found in Him. Therefore keep your offers for those who will accept them".

In anger they loaded him with chains, and tortured him. For four months every day they devised fresh cruelties, but not an inch would he yield. Each time when he was nearly gone with exhaustion they gathered round and offered him liberty, power, riches, and honour. Sometimes too weak to answer he slowly shook his head, signifying his refusal. Once he managed to say "You think you will make me a Muslim. Never! Never, even though you may kill me".

Finally the Amir Ali demanded of the men if Geronimo had recanted. "Is the apostate still obstinate? Then he, the son of a dog, shall suffer as he deserves to suffer". He was at the time standing near a wall which was being built round a fort with big blocks of concrete. Huge empty moulds were used and the liquid concrete poured in and allowed to harden. The Amir decided that Geronimo should be put into one of these moulds and the concrete poured over him and he should then be built into the wall. He ordered the mason who was near him to go and tell Geronimo of his fate. This mason was also a Christian and with a heavy heart he went to the prison and spoke to him. "Brother", he said, "I have

to build you alive into the wall. It will break my heart, but I cannot do otherwise". "God's holy Will be done", responded the prisoner, "Let not those miserable men think they will be able to frighten me out of the faith of Christ by the idea of this cruel cruel death. I am not afraid, Jesus is with me".

He was dragged along the narrow streets of Algiers



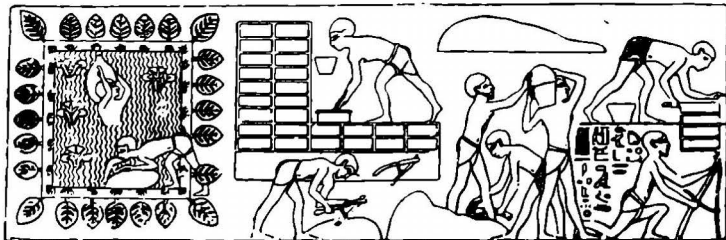
to the gate of Bab el Wad, where he stood near the wall, faint with the blows he had received from the hooting jeering crowd. Slowly and clearly the Amir explained to him the nature of the death he must die if he still held to the faith of Jesus Christ. Then Ali said "Thou son of an infidel, thou dog, dost thou still refuse to embrace the true religion of Islam?"

"Sir, I am a Christian and as a Christian I will die. I cannot deny my Lord. Do thine utmost. Death shall not make me abandon my Lord".

The soldiers came forward and bound him with ropes, then placed him face downwards in the huge cement mould.

The liquid plaster was poured over him. Then one man, more fanatical than the rest, jumped on Geronimo's body and crushed his ribs. What a martyrdom. Bleeding, suffering, slowly dying in the block of plaster as it hardened and suffocated him, amid the cruel taunts and bitter jeers of his enemies. Through the heat of a day, and the long watches of a night he lay there suffering, but as the next morning broke he entered the gates of the heavenly city and joined the noble army of martyrs.

Did it really happen? I can hear you asking. How do you know all this came to pass? For over 300 years the story was handed down from generation to generation until history became so familiar it was only regarded as romance. But in 1853 this wall in Bab el Wad was being demolished, and they discovered a hollow in the wall and in it a human skeleton. A plaster cast was made of the now empty mould, and when the shape was withdrawn it proved conclusively to be that of Geronimo. It may be seen today in a museum in Algiers. Three hundred years of silence, and then the stones as it were, cried out! Surely today they cry out to us "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" Remember that Geronimo's grand decision for Christ took place when he was a lad. It must have been somewhere in those years between being taken from the care of the Vicar of Oran and going back of his own accord that the choice was made, while surrounded by Muslims and with no one to help him. Does it not show that the love of Christ *can* take hold of the boys of this bigoted land and cause them to shine so brightly for Him? "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord" that jewels such as this may be found and won for our Saviour and Lord Jesus Christ?" (Adapted.)



## Somebody's Small Brother

Having travelled over a good bit of the earth's surface, I have come to the conclusion that small brothers—say two or three-year-olds, are very much the same everywhere. This is not counting the colour of eyes, hair, skin or suchlike unimportant things.



I once had a cardigan with a zip fastener right up the front; a small English boy in a bus stared for some time, then neither shyness nor politeness could keep back the request "May I pull it?"

More recently it was a Bible which delighted a small Pakistani brother. It too had a zip round three sides. This time it was not in a bus, but in the women's reception room of a Muslim Mission in London. It was the end of Ramadan. I scarcely think my small friend had fasted, but he enjoyed the feast at the end of the month. Perhaps he had done some fasting, taking his evening meal after sunset, or not eating for an hour or two. That would be

considered fasting by some of my English neighbours who are never seen without sweets, toffee-apples, icecream, chewing-gum, or what not in their mouths!

At least he had been taught to say his prayers; as in Islam fasting by day can always be followed by feasting at night, so prayers also have a purely formal meaning. When



*An Eastern Sweetie-Shop!*

Hassan—let's call him that—got tired of the zip, he looked for more interesting disclosures from the handbag which had held the Bible. He was not disappointed; out came single Gospels. He merely glanced at the one with pictures; he clutched the one with a plain black cover. Soon, holding it—upside-down it so happened—in front of him he was intoning, or rather droning baby language. Every now and then the word "Alla-hu" or "La-illah" came distinctly. How I longed to teach him a prayer he could understand, but his mother watched and called off his attention if she saw him listening to them.

This mother was English; she had once called herself a Christian. It may be that she first came into contact with Islam in the same way as did the Englishwoman on my left at the table. She found a Muslim so kind on the occasion of a slight accident, and then had an invitation to their Mission House (a Muslim Mission in London).

We Christians must all take our share of responsibility for the spread of Islam in England, each one, that is, who

obeys the command in Matthew's Gospel, Chapter 5, Verse 16. (Look it up if you have forgotten what it is!) We never know when our deeds are being watched. A Bengali Muslim told me the other day that he did not read our books because his English work-mate is "a funny man, he does not go to church". When I told his Christian work-mate that he must not stop others from hearing of the Lord Jesus Christ whatever he did himself, he answered that he was not hindering other people. Yet he *was* hindering this man from Bengal. I am glad to be able to tell you that the Muslim has now promised to read the Gospel of John which I have given him—perhaps the nice hot cups of tea which I made for them both helped to persuade him!

Just living "in the light" is what we need to do, so that we shall always see what God wants us to do—that is the way to help Muslims. He will bring us to them when we are able to give them a message from Him, if we watch and pray.

O. M. BOTHAM

*(Friends of the Moslems in China.)*



"Was it a Zip-fastener?"

## The Bible

Hullo, boys and girls! Have you got your Bibles ready?

Our study this time is to contrast the BIBLE with the QUR'AN. Let us deal with the latter first.

THE QUR'AN. Although the Muslims recognize the 'Tawrah' (i.e. the Five Books of Moses), the "Zaboor" or Psalms, and the "Injeel" or Gospel, they believe that these are all superseded by the Qur'an. This latter book is very "toilsome reading" and contradictory. For example it speaks of "the day of Christ's death and the day of His resurrection" in one place, and in another it declares "they neither killed Him nor crucified Him, but God made an exchange of body". There is no order of time or thought in it, and its meaning is difficult to understand. Yet it is learnt by heart and fanatically believed in by thousands of Muslims. It is the great counterfeit to the Real Book that God has given to the world. So now let us consider

THE BIBLE under five headings forming an anagram  
TRUTH.

I. First then, its TESTIMONY about itself—

(a) *Psalm 119.105* tells us "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path".

(b) *2 Tim. 3.15.16*. Paul tells us "the Scriptures are able to make us wise unto salvation" and "All scripture is given by inspiration of God".

(c) *2 Pet. 1.21*. Peter says about the Old Testament "Holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost".

(d) *Luke 1.70*. We read that God spake "by holy prophets since the world began".

R. It is a Book of REVELATION and REDEMPTION. It reveals that man has sinned (*Rom. 3.23* and *6.23*) and needs redeeming, buying back from Satan's slavery.

In it, all can hear the voice of Jesus Christ. "in Whom we have Redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins", *Eph. 1.7*.

It tells of Calvary.

## and Islam

U. Its UNITY. Many writers with one theme, the Glory of the Lord Jesus Christ—God's Lamb. Look up *Luke 24, 27 and 44*. He is the key which unlocks Old and New. So we read that—

Moses writes of The Lamb provided by God in *Genesis 22*, and of The Lamb selected, spotless and slain in *Exodus 12*.

Isaiah tells of The Lamb, silent and slaughtered in Chapter 53.

John shows The Lamb as substitute in Chapter 1.

Paul speaks of The Lamb sacrificed for us in *1 Cor. 5.7*.

Peter emphasises The Lamb shedding His precious Blood. *1 Pet. 1*.

And John again provides the crowning chords of harmony by revealing The Lamb worshipped as worthy in *Revelation 5 and 7*.

There is unity, too, when we discover that Jehovah of the Old Testament is the Lord Jesus of the New. "I and My Father are One". See also *Exodus 3.14*, and John's "I AM" *John 6.35, 9.5*, etc.

What unity of theme from many writers over many centuries!

T. Its TRIUMPH. The Jews counted every letter and the Lord Jesus said "Not one jot or tittle shall pass . . . till all be fulfilled" and so despite all attacks it endures. The *spade*, digging up old world secrets has never found anything to make us doubt it; and the *Jew*, scattered and persecuted, yet existing after 4,000 years is another proof. Its triumph too is seen in the countless *lives* changed and regenerated by its power.

H. Lastly, it speaks of a HEAVEN to gain and a HELL to shun.

It shows us a light beyond the grave. Look up *Matt. 25.41 and 46*, and *Heb. 9.27*, so "He that HEARETH My WORD and BELIEVETH on Him that sent ME HATH Everlasting Life", *John 5.24*.

HALLELUJAH!





## Overheard in a Missionary's Study

*Continued*

"Oh, I say, Sir, may I come in? Are you busy or can you spare the time to tell me any more about that book, the Qur'an?"

"So it's my young friend Jack Wantoknow again, is it? All right come in and sit down. What do you want to know this time?"

"Well, I've been thinking. That book was written a good long time ago wasn't it, before printing and all that sort of thing. What did it look like when it was first written?"

"Oh, so our first talk 'set you thinking'. I'm glad of that. There certainly was no printing press in Arabia when the Qur'an was first written. There wasn't even any nice cheap paper, but the friends of Muhammad wrote on almost any surface that would hold ink, bits of cloth, skin, leather, even bones! sheep shoulder blades for preference as they were nice and flat. No one possessed the whole of the book, but a lot of people had scraps".

"That's a funny way to write a book, don't you think?"

"You're right, Master Wantoknow, and you can guess Muhammad had some trouble with all these odds and ends of manuscript. For instance two fellows must have been comparing notes one day, and found that certain passages didn't agree at all, in fact flatly contradicted each other! Then how could they both be the truth? When Muhammad was spoken to about it, he soon settled that. He found another revelation which said 'Whatsoever verses we cancel or cause thee to forget we bring a better or its like'. And on another occasion 'Allah (God) may cancel or confirm as He pleases'. His followers seem to have been satisfied with that; they certainly are today".

"Well, when did they all become one book?"

"Not really till after Muhammad died. But towards the

end of his life when he had become a monarch, he began to put things together a bit. In some chapters, 'Suras', he called them, it looks as if he had strung a number of short passages together, and it makes a nice jumble of reading. If you could read it you would find it difficult to make head or tail of any meaning. But that does not matter to them, for they say that only Allah knows its meaning, and 'believers' must just accept it from Him! Well, after Muhammad's death, many of the men who had learnt the Qur'an direct from the prophet were being killed in the wars which they fought to spread their religion. So his successors decided to gather all the scattered pieces together and make a proper book of them. This they did, careful scribes collecting all that was written".

"Must have looked like a rag and bone shop when it all arrived!"

". . . . Hmmm, yes, and also all that was unwritten, and they put it down in a book. The only order to which they worked as far as I can see was to put the longest chapters first, and the shortest at the tail end".

"But still, doesn't their book show them what sin is and how they can be saved from it?"

"If you mean by sin the coming short of God's standard, missing the mark, no, it doesn't. Occasionally it denounces things like pride and covetousness, but it sets no standard for a man to measure himself by. It has quite a lot to say about what we would call ceremonial offences".

"What are ceremonial offences, please?"

"Well, for example, if you were to say your prayers without doing the washing that you saw from the window last time, that would be a ceremonial offence, a sin in their eyes. Or if you ate a crumb between sunrise and sunset during a certain month of the year, when they have to fast all day, that would be a really grave offence. Or if you ever dared to eat a piece of bacon, ham or pork".

"I see. And has it as strange an idea about salvation too?"

"Indeed, yes. Because there comes the question as to whether a man needs salvation at all? What is a man to be saved from? The Qur'an teaches that God made man of clay, weak and inconsistent. So that if he found himself in a difficulty and to lie was the easiest way out then he would

tell a lie. because God made him like that. It also teaches that man can't help himself, and only does what God wants him to do. that is, if he killed a person he does so because God willed it. Therefore man is sinful, not because his nature is bad, but just because God made him weak”.

“But how do they think they will get to heaven?”

“By performing five religious duties. The first, and the one on which they lay most stress, and by which even a criminal may continue his life of crime and enter heaven at the end, is what they call the ‘witness’. A man raises his hand, index finger pointing upward, and repeats ‘There is no god but God, and Muhammed is His Prophet’. Those words make him a Muslim, and according to the Qur’an he can never be lost, it is his passport to heaven. His other duties include prayers at set times, almsgiving, fasting at certain periods, and pilgrimage”.

“But don't they realize that ‘Nought that defileth can ever enter in?’”



“Prayer at Set Times”



*"Almsgiving"*

"No, although Muhammed declared that he came to confirm the Scriptures that God had already given, he hadn't much idea of what was in them for he couldn't read. So his book has nothing in it to compare with the Ten Commandments, as a standard of righteousness, nor anything like the Old Testament to show what God really thinks of sin, although there are many garbled versions of its stories. There is nothing like the spotless life and example and teaching of the Lord Jesus, nor His Gift or wondrous power to save even to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. Nothing whatever!"

"Then what do the Muslims of today who read our Bible and compare it with their Qur'an think about it all?"

"They of course don't agree with the Bible at all, and they turn to us and say 'You have changed the word and altered its meaning'".

"It must be very hard to convince them of the truth, very very, hard".

"It is indeed, Jack, but don't forget what the Lord Jesus said 'The things which are impossible with men, are possible with God', and if we believe and pray the Holy Spirit is able to work in their minds and hearts and to enlighten them. Now that's enough for today, run away, and don't forget to pray!"

"Thank you, Mr. Stalley, I'll try not to".

HAROLD W. STALLEY,

(Algiers Mission Band).



*Anti-Missionary Propaganda*  
"Beware of the Preachers of Good Tidings"

## Missionary Mould

### PART 4.—THE BOWLER HAT.

Eggs! Eggs!! Eggs!!! EGGS! Baskets of eggs, boxes of eggs, bowls of eggs, buckets of eggs. Eggs white, eggs cream-coloured, eggs brown, and eggs speckled! Endless eggs everywhere! Or at least so thought Eleanore as she vainly struggled to reduce them to order in the egg-room. Each one had to be washed, dried, polished, weighed, graded, and put carefully into the box waiting to go by train up to the large store in London which purchased them from Mrs. Thomson twice a week. For the war-time backyard poultry keeping had developed into a full-time money-making concern on a farm in the West Country. Five very happy years Eleanore spent down there, and at the time it all seemed completely remote from the missionary vision which had been vouchsafed to her. But it wasn't! It was all very much in The Plan, and many a lesson learnt there stood her in good stead when she finally reached the mission field. God knew exactly the type of training which she needed; He never makes any mistakes.

But it was all hidden from Eleanore as she settled down to adapt herself to this new life, so different from what she had previously been used to. There was so much to learn, milking cows, making butter, curing pigs, not to mention the intricacies of incubators, foster-mothers and the lamps belonging to them, which had an incurable habit of going out when one least expected it, in spite of having been cleaned trimmed and filled carefully every morning. However, it was all very good fun, and although the work was heavy, Eleanore did it with a will, and found plenty of time as well for hockey and Guiding, on both of which she was very keen. In fact it looked as if her life had been side-tracked into a pastoral setting, and she might end up as a prosperous farmer's wife!

The only thing which Eleanore didn't seem to have much time for was the nourishing of her own spiritual life. Over the weekend there was time for study and preparation of the talks she gave to her Guides; there was always time for church twice a Sunday, and Bible Class in the afternoon. But when one has to be out feeding hens before 7 a.m. it doesn't really give one much time for quiet waiting upon

God, unless of course you were like Eleanore's father, who seemed actually to like getting up terribly early! Surely God knew and understood the circumstances. After all, it was very seldom that she neglected to read her Daily Light, and even on those days, one could memorize the verse on the Text calendar which hung in the egg-room. These were her thoughts, but imperceptibly she was slipping back as she ceased to establish vital contact between herself and her Lord and Master day by day. But God had laid hold on this life for Himself, and He continued guiding its course in the direction which He had chosen, even though it must have grieved Him to see such a lack of active co-operation as there was at this period from Eleanore herself.

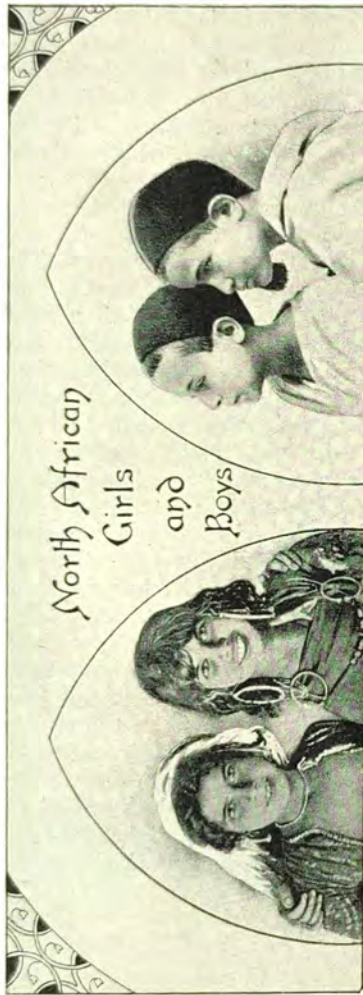
It was one of those days that can't seem to make up their minds whether they are winter or spring, and so resolve themselves into drizzling rain with a muggy atmosphere. Eleanore let the horse's reins fall on its back as it plodded sturdily up the steep little cart-track alongside the field leading over the knap. This lane finally emerged over the other side on to the main road to the large market town. But Eleanore was in no hurry to get there, in spite of the prospect of an exciting hockey match. For getting there also involved being prepared to give a plain answer "Yes" or "No", and that she was by no means ready to do yet. "Will you share my life?" ran the question in a letter she had received a few days previously from a young Devonshire farmer. He was certainly prosperous; an excellent farmer, he owned his own farm; a God-fearing young man and keen church-worker; and very much in love with her. It all seemed most suitable. But somehow Eleanore was conscious of a check every time she almost decided that "Yes" was to be the answer. Unfortunately, being out of direct touch with the Lord over the every day details of her life, she hadn't been able to "tune in" correctly over this vastly larger matter, and although God was graciously answering her prayer and going to make it clear to her, she hadn't the joy of knowing His Will in her heart and mind, and thereby enjoying peace and assurance as to the outcome of it all.

The horse jogged on, and brought her nearer and nearer to the moment when she would meet the young man and be confronted with the problem. All the advantages and disadvantages kept going through her mind; all the arguments

for and against, all of course from the purely human side. It hardly seemed necessary to bring the spiritual into it this time, for wasn't he a keen Christian? This time, surely, there could be nothing which God would object to? It was just a case of whether she loved him sufficiently or not! But there Eleanore made a big mistake. God had said "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with ALL thy heart . . . I, the Lord Thy God, am a Jealous God". Our heart's love may not be given to any human being, male or female, unless God Himself directs it so; even though they may be fellow-believers. We must never take anything for granted, but allow Him to choose for us all along the way.

The horse and trap were safely stabled in the yard. Eleanore walked very slowly up the street to the appointed meeting place. She looked in the shop-windows, anything to distract her mind, anything to avoid the crisis, with her mind still not made up. Suddenly she caught sight of him walking across the road. He hadn't yet seen her, but as she looked, she knew! The answer was to be "No". It came perfectly decisively, clearly, and without the shadow of doubt. But how? you say. It all sounds so silly and yet it was used of God to make plain His Will to Eleanore; to prevent her linking herself up to a life at home, when He had purposed one abroad for her. The young man was wearing a bowler hat; Eleanore hated bowler hats, and was annoyed because he had chosen to wear one when meeting her. A petty reason, do you say? Yes, but the very pettiness of it showed Eleanore that the feeling she felt for him was not pure love. True love would not have minded what the lover wore: it doesn't look on the external merely; but right down into the depths of the heart. And so it all proved. Their ways parted that day as regards a closer walking together along life's path, but God was in the divergence and kept both walking with HIM in the particular paths for each which He had marked out.





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*Challenge*



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## CHALLENGE AND COUNTER-CHALLENGE

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Issued by the Fellowship of Faith for the Moslems.

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**NOT WANTED  
ON  
VOYAGE**

S.S. \_\_\_\_\_

Passenger's  
Name ...

I wonder how many young people in England have any idea of what it means to be brought up in a Muslim land. Perhaps some of our boys at home would prefer it, since boys in Muslim lands are very spoiled and never punished! But girls—no, I don't think any of you girls would care to have been born a Muslim. In this country girls are definitely **NOT WANTED**. When a boy is born the news is hailed with joy, and the happy parents are greeted with congratulations on every side. But when a girl is born, her entrance into the world is met with a stony silence. Her birth is considered to be the will of Allah (God), and a misfortune which must be stoically borne! Of course, nowadays some Muslim folk are more enlightened and the advent of a daughter, especially after several sons, is greeted with joy; but this is not the general rule.

Then during childhood the girl naturally accepts her inferior position. She knows it is not her brother's place, but hers, to help with the work. She is entirely ignorant, and accepts that also as the natural condition of her sex, and has no ambition to be educated. Although her brothers may bathe in the river she certainly may not, and therefore she is indescribably filthy. The condition of the more wealthy Muslim girl is scarcely any better, for she is not free to wander about the countryside or play in the streets. Oh no, she must remain at home, and if she ventures outside, must be clad in a cloak called a "burka" which covers her from head to foot, with only two little windows, covered

by net, through which she can see the world, but no one can see her.

Then the next step is marriage. This usually takes place about the age of 14. How nervous the young girl must be as the great day approaches. She has never seen her husband before; she does not know whether he will be handsome or ugly, a youth or an old man who has already had several other wives. She does not know whether he will be kind to her or beat her. She just knows that she is to leave her home and become the property of a strange



*Miss Drew with some of her Kashmir friends*

man. I have seen several Muslim weddings, but never a happy bride. I remember being invited to a wedding next door to my home away up over the Himalayas. The bride, a girl of about 15, was arrayed in pretty silk clothes, with a veil hiding her usually handsome face. She and her lady friends were entertained to a lavish feast in one room, while the bridegroom and his men friends were entertained similarly in another room. All feasted heartily but the little bride ate nothing. People spoke to her but she answered in mono-syllables. One of the girls lifted her veil,

and such a face of misery I never saw. How many English brides look like that on their wedding day? Before the wedding the bridegroom's friends come to tear her away from her parents to take her to her new home. She weeps bitterly and struggles to go back. Of course this is mainly play-acting for it would show lack of filial duty for a young girl to leave home willingly. But nevertheless it must be a tremendous thing for a young girl to leave her parents and venture forth on the great unknown.

And for the rest of her life she is the "property" of her husband. Of course some husbands are kind to their wives, but the majority are not. Yes, she is literally his property, and he may and does beat, punish and divorce her, as he sees fit. We have frequently seen the results of the Muslim's idea of disciplining his wife, as a young woman has arrived all tears and bruises at our Mission dispensary.

And what is their shut-in home life like? What do these Muslim women talk about among themselves? The future political condition of Kashmir? The most exciting news in *The Times*? The advance of Communism in Asia? Atomic energy or the hydrogen bomb? No, they know nothing of any such matters, not even of their own religion. Their talk must be exclusively of their husband, and children, their neighbours and the latest local scandal. How blank their minds must be!

And yet we can help them. Oh yes, we can bring them the message of Christ's Gospel. We have to explain it so simply : just a story with the flannelgraph, expressed as for little children, telling why Christ came into the world. They are slow to respond, but through your prayers God can cause them to understand the wonderful story. And then as the Muslim people are won for Christ, the conditions of their women and girls will alter, and they will have the opportunities and freedom which girls at home enjoy because of the liberty which emanates from the Gospel of Christ.

MISS N. DREW,  
*Central Asian Mission,  
Bandipur, Kashmir.*



## Batting and Batmen

When you come to think of it, it is quite clear why the Army camps in Egypt were usually out in the deserts, well away from the very fertile parts of the country. The water that makes the land so productive often has to be brought by canal to places that it would not reach in the natural river channels. After going to all the expense and bother of digging canals and keeping them clear it would be wasteful to give up large areas of rich farm lands for Army camps which could just as well stay on the edges of the barren wilderness.



*Water . . . brought by Canal*

What I am getting at is that out there we were not able to have grass cricket pitches, but had to make do with a matting wicket laid out on a fairly flat stretch of desert. There was a grass cricket ground at the Gezira Sporting Club in the centre of Cairo, but that was kept for the big matches in which many well-known Test and County players took part. The only one of these who was ever in the same camp as myself however was the younger Graveney, who with his brother was often in the Gloucestershire 1st XI last season.

Matting wickets take some getting used to, although when they are set on hard sand that is free from stones the ball comes through very truly, the spin bowlers particularly getting little help from the pitch. Fast bowling is generally most effective though anything short of a length usually rises quite sharply and simply asks to be hooked.

This article is not meant to be an account of beautiful hot afternoons in the spring months, when we pretended we were playing cricket with the local club or village side. It is about batmen, not batsmen, that we are going to talk about! The idea behind having a batman is that an officer should always be a good example of smartness, for he is often too busy to take as much care of his appearance as he should. So the tradition has grown up that a batman is allotted to certain officers to help them always to be smartly turned out. In the United Kingdom and in active service units, the batmen are British troops, but in base camps abroad they are often native workers.

The first Egyptian batman who had the job of looking after me for some time, was a stocky man about 5ft. 4ins. tall, and used to answer when we called out "Ba-shir"! He had that deep bronze complexion that one expects of men whose life has been spent out in the sun and wind, though I doubt if he had been far away from Cairo for very long. His dark skin was deeply wrinkled, and though he was probably not much beyond middle age, his thick walrus moustache was turning grey. As it drooped somewhat, he had the air of being rather surly, but he was usually quite cheerful, and when he smiled a row of gold fillings glinted through the whiskers.

The poor man seemed to feel the cold first thing in the mornings for he would come in arrayed in a variety of pull-overs and scarves under his outsized jacket. In the colder weather particularly he preferred a pair of baggy trousers to his long galabiyya. On his head he usually wore a little round cap that I believe the girls call a Juliet cap. It was a little embroidered affair at any rate. With this in the middle he wound a length of white cloth round his head into a turban. The only other thing about him that is still clear in my mind is that he had a thin curtain ring through the upper part of his left ear. It looked rather as if he had been hanging curtains one day and not knowing what to do



with a spare ring he had over, had stuck it through his ear just as a busy grocer might lodge a pencil behind his ear when he wants both his hands free.



*A typical Egyptian servant wearing  
a long galabiyya*

There came a time, however, when Bashir had to be left behind, as, with his noble assistance, kit and stores were loaded into trucks and camp moved from the Cairo district out towards the Suez Canal. Later on he arrived in the new camp, but by that time the tent I was in had one, Mohammed, as batman.

This zealous upholder of Islam was tall, angular and silent, very different from quick little Bashir. He almost

always wore a flowing galabiyya reaching right down to his ankles, and on his head he wore a red tarboosh (or fez). Never a willing worker, it was not long before he saw in the fact that I prayed by my bedside a possible excuse for avoiding duties. He commented favourably on my action and quickly followed it up by pointing out that Friday was his sabbath so of course I should not expect him to do anything that day!

A devout Muslim, blind to spiritual truth, would sum up Mohammed's position. He had some kind of respect for Christianity, but he saw in it nothing more than Islam offers—a set of rules and a pious hope. There was no knowledge of deliverance from sin, nor of the great gift of freewill, far less any idea of a personal Saviour, Who gave Himself so that all who wanted to be free from sin could be saved through the worthiness of the Lord Jesus dying in their place. What irksome things religions other than Christianity must be! We have freedom from sin, and friendship with God Himself through the Lord Jesus Christ, while all they have is a lot of regulations which even if they keep perfectly can never give them eternal life such as we enjoy even now. Oh how these people need to be told of what has already been done for them on the Cross of Calvary.

ALAN EAST,  
*(All Nations Bible College).*



*Boys from Kargil (in best clothes)  
amongst whom Miss Drew works*

### No. 4. PROPHETS.

Islam has six major prophets with special titles for each :—

- Adam, the chosen of God.
- Noah, the preacher of God.
- Abraham, the friend of God.
- Moses, the spokesman of God.
- Jesus, the spirit of God.
- Muhammad, the Apostle of God (Rasul Allah).

The Qur'an also speaks of the last as Khatam Al Anbiyya—the Seal of the prophets. Before we turn to our Bibles we note :—

(1) The inferior and incorrect title given to the Lord Jesus Christ.

(2) The supreme position usurped by Muhammad.

The Lord Jesus is the First and the Last, the Alpha and Omega (*Rev. 1.8*).

NABI. The word prophet in Hebrew (NABI) is used 315 times in the Old Testament. Let us look up a few references and see what we can learn.

N. The NATURE of the office.

*Genesis 20.7.* He is a spokesman for God to men, and to God for men.

*Exodus 7.1 and 2.* Aaron is Moses' mouthpiece.

*Deut. 18.18.* Here it is perfectly expressed: "I will put My words in his mouth, and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him".

*Acts 3.20-26.* Peter declares this prophecy fulfilled in the Perfect Prophet the Lord Jesus Christ.

*John 12.50.* "Whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto Me, so I speak".

All the Lord Jesus said about Creation (*Matt. 19.4*) about Noah (*Matt. 24.38*) Lot (*Luke 17.28-32*) Jonah (*Matt. 12.40*) the Old Testament generally (*Matt. 5.18*) was the Father's Word. No wonder any soul who rejects the words of This Prophet is to be cut off (*Deut. 18.19. Acts 3.23*).

It is interesting to note in the Nature of this office that God has room for Women too; read *Exodus 15.20, Acts 21.9*. See also *Acts 2.17. 1 Cor. 11.5*.

## and Islam

- A. The ABUSE of God's plan for a prophet.  
Look up *Deut. 13.1-5*. There would be false prophets whose prophecies would come true but whose motives would be evil; to lead away from the Lord. They would prophesy smooth things—progress, worldly success, evolution.  
*1 Kings 18* tells us the lovely story of Elijah alone versus the false prophets of Baal.  
*1 Kings 22* the thrill of Micaiah, the true prophet first mimicking the false prophets, and then boldly declaring God's judgments on Ahab the sinner.  
*Jeremiah 14.14-15*. Jeremiah the true prophet who prophesies ruin for Jerusalem has much to say of the false prophets and their abuse of their high office.
- B. The BAPTISM of the Spirit.  
So we come to this that a real prophet must know the Baptism of the Spirit.  
*Numbers 11.25-29*. "When the Spirit rested upon them they prophesied.  
Look up also *Micah 3.8* and *Zechariah 4.6*.
- I. The INSISTENCE of God's prophets.  
With one voice they declare the glory of One Blessed Person, the Messiah Jesus . . . His Deity, His Death, and Glorious Resurrection.  
David (did you realise he was a prophet?) speaks of His Atoning Death in *Psalms 22.16* and of His Triumph over death *Psalms 16.10-11*.  
Daniel (is this another surprise?) also speaks of His Death in *chapter 9.26* of the book which bears his name.  
Isaiah, of course you all know that wonderful *chapter 53, verse 5*, speaks of His Death, and *verse 12* of His Triumph. But he also mentions it again in *chapter 25.8*.  
*Zechariah (12.10)* prophecies of His Death, and *Hosea (13.14)* of His Triumph, while *Jeremiah (23.6)*, *Micah (5.2)* and *Isaiah (7.14, 9.6)* emphasise His Deity.  
Finally, The Lord Jesus Himself tells us of this Insistent Theme of "all the prophets" (*Luke 24.27* and *44*) a glorious crucified and risen Saviour. Praise His Name.

## Hassan learns to De-horn Calves

Hassan was watching a baby calf being de-horned.

"It's a shame", he said. "They look much better with horns. I'm glad that the man who was supposed to have de-horned Subha didn't do a good job. Look at her lovely horns".

Hassan liked Subha. He had known her since she was a small calf and he thought that everything about Subha was a model for all cows. Still, work was work, and he helped hold the calf on which a man was working. The man rubbed what looked like a piece of chalk on the calf's head, just at the place where the horns would normally begin to appear in a short time. As this "chalk" burned the calf slightly she struggled a little and Hassan hadn't any more time to think. It was all over in a couple of minutes—less trouble than having a tooth out—and the calf was running around again.

A few days later the missionary met Hassan in the barn yard. He was looking at Subha with anger glinting through the tears in his eyes.

"What's up, Hassan?"

"Subha horned me", he burst out, more mortified at this betrayal of trust than at the physical pain.

"But surely such beautiful things as Subha's horns wouldn't hurt you, Hassan? You know yourself said only a few days ago that it was a shame not to let the calves' horns grow"!

"Yes, but I didn't know then how much horns can hurt. And she was only playing with me too. I'm glad she wasn't really angry".

"Well, do you think Subha would look better without her horns, Hassan?"

"No", thoughtfully, "I like her horns. But they're dangerous. I think perhaps it's best to de-horn baby calves after all. I'd rather have them safe; and, anyhow, they do look nice without them. Look at 'Owleera' over there. She's nice, and she hasn't any horns".

"Then you agree that it might be well to de-horn the next calf when it is born"?

"Yes, I think so".



*“I like her horns; but they’re dangerous”*

Shortly afterwards another calf was born and Hassan was shown how to rub the “chalk” on the right place and how to find the correct spot to do it, so that her horns would not grow. As they worked together Hassan learned a deeper lesson.

“You know, Hassan”, said the missionary, “we human beings are much like calves and cows”.

“Oh”, said Hassan, wondering what was coming next. The missionary had a strange habit of telling him he was like all sorts of things. He couldn’t think how he could possibly be like that little fluffy beast in front of them, but he supposed he’d soon learn.

“You remember how you said a little time ago when we de-horned the last calf that you thought horns were beautiful, and that it was a shame to stop them growing?”

“Yes”, he replied, rather annoyed that the subject should have been brought up again, “but don’t you remember that I have changed my views since then?”

"Well, perhaps you have—yes, I think you have. But let me tell you something else. You know there are lots of people in the world who like to hold on to some things in their lives which are just as dangerous as horns on a cow. They are even more dangerous, because they hurt themselves as well as others, but they hold on to them because they are attractive. Tell me, Hassan, what would you like to do, best of all, every day of your life?"

Hassan was but a little boy, only slowly learning to be obedient and he didn't wait long before replying. Looking up with a mischievous grin he said: "To do 'ala kefi'". This expression which Egyptians love means "to do exactly as I like".

"Just so", went on his companion, "and although that seems to you to be something as necessary to your happiness in life as you once thought Subha's horns were to her beauty, let me tell you it is just as dangerous".

"How so?" asked Hassan, genuinely puzzled.

"Well", continued the missionary, "you remember the story of the Prodigal Son, don't you? How he left home and ended up feeding pigs?"

"Served him right, too", agreed Hassan.

"Then tell me. Do you remember why he left home?"

Hassan thought for a while, then: "I suppose it was because he wasn't happy at home and wanted his money so as he could go away and do 'ala kefu'".

"Exactly. The start of all the trouble was that he wanted to do just as he liked. Most sin starts that way, Hassan. Do you remember too the story of Cain and Abel? Why wasn't Cain's sacrifice accepted? It probably cost him as much as Abel's. The point was he wanted to serve God as he pleased not as God required. So you see how harmful it can be to do just what we want to do—to be selfish".

"Yes", said Hassan, "but what can we do about it? We can take the calves's horns off before they start, but who can take selfishness out of us?"

"That's just the difficulty, Hassan. We can't do it ourselves any more than a calf can get rid of its horns, but we can let our Master, Jesus, do it. It hurts a bit at first, of course, just like it hurts to de-horn a calf, but its worth it. And really, don't you think these calves look just as nice

without horns? I'm sure they are quite happy too, because its not so easy for them to quarrel when they haven't got them. And boys, too, who have had selfishness taken out of their lives by our Master aren't as quarrelsome, and they are much happier, too. Don't you think so?"

"I guess you're right again", said Hassan.

A. WHITEHOUSE,

*Egypt General Mission.*



*Harvest Time*



## Customs in Bible Lands

The *Enterprise* carried us swiftly through beautiful country, giving us just sufficient time to glance at the hedgerows and streams that appear everywhere in the Emerald Isle. The abundance of green vegetation reminded the traveller of the barrenness of Eastern lands, especially Syria, and brought a song of praise to one heart at least, for had God not promised us "waters in the wilderness" and "streams in the desert"?



*The Barrenness of Eastern Lands*

Suddenly the train came to a standstill and everyone began to unstrap baggage. Several neatly dressed officers in navy blue uniform boarded the train and went from compartment to compartment. "Anything to declare, Madam?" Half an hour later the train gathered speed to make up for lost time. "What a bother customs are", exclaimed one passenger to another. "Yes, indeed; but what about the Customs in other lands? I do not mean places where officials charge duty on certain articles, but the customs of the people". "And what do you know of such customs?" "I

happen to know quite a lot about customs in Arab lands for I've lived for several years in Syria", answered the young missionary. "Please do tell me about them", pleaded the traveller becoming interested.

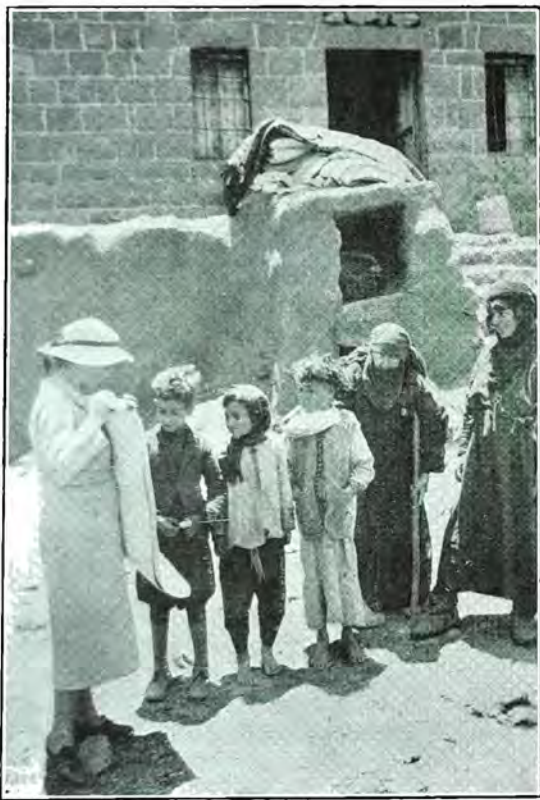
A missionary must know and understand the ways of the people among whom she works, for she is but a guest in their country and must act as such. In the Bible we have some very good advice given us about remembering to take the lowest place in case some more important person happens to come into the room. "How I wish the young people of today would remember that" interjected the listener, "they are so selfish". That may be so, but in Arab countries it is imperative that the visitor takes the seat nearest the door. It is their custom and some hostesses have almost to move Heaven and earth to get their guests to "come up higher". It reminds one of a verse in the Bible which says "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted".

Then there are customs with regard to visitors and especially men visitors, for the man in the East is the important person. Every woman must stand to attention when a male visitor arrives: he is, or will be in future, the honoured head of a house "Honour to whom honour is due" is in keeping with the Scriptures, is it not? and a very good motto for everyone.

Life in Syria is not so complicated as life here, for the guest-to-be does not send a postcard in advance to announce the possibility of his arrival. He simply arrives and every possible comfort is given him. He is never asked how long he is going to stay either, that would be most rude. He is entertained every moment of his stay and many friends are called in to meet the visitor. When the main meal is prepared the host goes forth to call his invited guests to partake. It is all rather nerve-racking for the poor hostess and often she has to go quickly to a neighbour's house and say: "Friend, lend me three loaves, for a visitor has come to us". She had good intentions of baking on the morrow and had just sufficient bread for the morning meal, but alas the need is now and she must borrow. "Are there no bakeries?" asked the listener. "Of course not. In the villages every woman bakes for her own family".

"It must be interesting noticing the ways of the people", remarked the listener. "Yes, very, but after the first few

months one forgets the newness of everything and is taken up with the spiritual need of the people. Let me tell you how one little girl spread the good news in her village. The going was hard there, the women were so busy washing the clothes. We became friendly with three small girls in one house while the busy mother sat on the floor washing some small garments. We talked of the One Who can make black hearts white, but, alas, there was no interest aroused.



We turned to the children. With the aid of a small picture of the Good Shepherd with the words written at the top in Arabic 'I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth

his life for the sheep' the message was clearly given. Then we popped the question: 'Who can say the verse without a mistake?' All had a try but only one succeeded and the small card became her very own. Later on we were sitting cross-legged on somebody's floor when about 15 youngsters in gay Arab dress descended upon us headed by this small girl carrying the little picture in great triumph. We soon discovered the reason for their coming, they had all been taught the verse by this small girlie. How true are the words of Scripture: 'A little child shall lead them'".

ELIZABETH MARTIN,  
*British Syrian Mission.*

## Overseas Mail

*North-West China.*  
June, 1950.

DEAR ELDER BROTHER,

Such changes since I last wrote! General Ma Pu-fang went to America because he had to have an operation done by a foreign surgeon—at least that's what we were told. Then in came the new Government. They say we can still worship as usual, and so can the Christians. People from other parts of China whisper (no one dare say these things aloud!) that freedom won't last long.

All my grown-up cousins, that is most of the ones over 14 years old, have joined the army. The new Government is like the Han people have always been in calling our private armies "Brigands". They take food and money, and guns if they can, from anyone who has them of course. How are they to get things if they don't? The Government uses the taxes.

My uncle is more against the Christians than ever; he says the new Government is ruled by Europeans, and all Europeans are Christians. I am going to the Good News Hall whenever I can, though. I find peace there, and I do really believe that it must be God's way to do something we couldn't have thought of to make us able to come to Him. We couldn't have thought of His Living Word becoming Man to die for us. It still seems wrong to say "The Son of God", though I have read a chapter that

explains it. I mean the first chapter of John's Good News. That uses so many names for the One we have always called the Prophet Ersa—Word, Light, Life, as well as Son. Anyhow, he shows God to my heart.

I mustn't write more, letters have to be very light in weight to go by air. We can only send by air now, and I am not allowed to have a whole letter to myself. I hope this note will be passed to you all right.

Greetings from

YOUR CHINESE YOUNGER BROTHER.



*“The Letter of Peace” a magazine carrying the Good News in Arabic to Moslem Lands*

*Challenge*  
*and*  
*Counter*  
*Challenge*



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## Catching Up?

It was a very hot day and I was in the garden once again, doing the dulllest of dull jobs, trimming ragged grass edges, clipping off dead flowers and forking up dusty beds. I was absolutely fed-up, browned off or whatever the current slang expression is for feeling very, very sorry for myself for having to do such an uninteresting job. Suddenly the gate clicked: it was only the milkman and he only spoke two words, but they worked a miracle. He just said "Catching up"? Somehow or other these two words brought before my mind another very hot day about a fortnight before. I had gone to Cambridge to watch the "May Bumps", which are races where boats from all the Colleges start off at brief intervals and try to bump the boat which has started off before them. I remembered these young men, all very hot and working harder than I had ever done, yet not thinking at all about the heat or how tired they were, but straining every nerve to catch up on the boat in front. Why were they not feeling as miserable as I was? Because it was a race: all along the banks of the river there were crowds of people, cheering on the winners, sympathising with the boats who were "bumped" and every oarsman was conscious of their presence.

I wonder whether you do these dull everyday jobs as I did mine in the garden that day—reluctantly, feeling very sorry for yourself and sure that everyone else is having a better time than you are—or if you are like the men in the boats, keen and excited and so thrilled with your job that you would not change places with anyone, unless it were with someone in the higher up boats where you would need to work still harder? It all depends, doesn't it, on how you look at your job. In a race there is all the excitement of an audience, of the chance of winning and of proving yourself strong enough to do something better than you have ever done it before. But in doing jobs at home there isn't any thrill; probably no one will notice that they are done, though they will be quick enough to scold if they are not



done, and tomorrow or next week we shall have to do the same old job all over again.

But if we are Christians then all we do is part of a race, and a race where there are crowds of spectators all intensely interested in how we are doing. You can read about it in Hebrews chapter 12, verses 1 and 2. Yes, we are all in this race and the best thing about it is that we can *all* win the prize, because we are not trying to do better than somebody else: we are trying to reach up to the standard which is set before us by the Lord Jesus Christ. No one can ever break the record in this race, but if we keep on to the end, we shall receive the crown of life, and better still, we shall be made like Him, who is Himself the image of God.

By the time I had thought about all this I had forgotten all about the heat and the dust and the tired back, and my mind went on to another picture suggested by the words "Catching up?"

Once again it was a very hot day and this time I was in a hot country. I was travelling in a car across the central plain of Morocco. Mile after mile, the road stretched before us, white and glaring in the sunshine, with never a tree to give us some shade. Suddenly there was a bang. What was that? A burst tyre, something broken in the engine?



*"Only a big stone"*

No it was only a big stone, thrown up by one of the wheels striking some part of the body of the car. So we relaxed again and travelled on. But surely it was getting hotter and hotter, it could not all be coming from the sun, for now we could smell hot metal and presently clouds of steam began to pour out of the radiator. Yes, it was only a stone, but it had punctured the radiator and now there was

no water circulating to cool the engine. We had many miles to go and there was no one en route who could repair the damage, so we had to slow down and crawl along at about 10 miles per hour, stopping at every place where we could get water to fill up.

This was very trying of course, but what made it serious was that we were making for Fez and we had to get there before nightfall. You see Fez is a walled city and even today the gates are closed at dusk and no one can enter the city after the gates are shut. So you can imagine as the sun began to set and the road began to climb (for Fez is set among hills) making the strain on the engine greater, our spirits fell lower and lower, as we faced the prospect of a night in the open. Still the driver kept going on for there was nothing else to do, and we all were praying that somehow or other the gate would be open when we got there.

And it was. It was quite dark and the hour for closing had come and gone, but as we crawled up to the walls, we could see by the light of our headlamps two figures standing out in the road, anxiously watching our approach. It was the gatekeeper and a missionary friend who knew we were arriving and who had persuaded the gatekeeper to wait just a little longer, then a little longer, and a little longer still, until our lights appeared and he knew we had arrived.

Today, all over the world and especially in the Moslem world doors are closing, doors that have stood wide open during the long hours of the Day, waiting for the messengers of the Cross. Now it seems to many of us that the Night is approaching, when the gates will be shut. Do you remember what the Lord Jesus said, "I must work . . . while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work", John 9.4. So it is very important that we should get in through these open doors with the message of the Gospel, before they shut.

What can you do about it? Most of you are too young to go out as missionaries yourselves. Remember our friend who kept the gate open for us. Your part may be like his—to keep the gate open by your prayers until the gospel messengers arrive.

B. H. COLLINSON,  
*Fellowship of Faith to the Moslems.*

## The Bible and Islam

### No. 5. RESURRECTION AND THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

Our fifth study has to consider Resurrection and the Day of Judgement. When you have considered Muhammad's teaching on this theme, I expect you will say "What a mixture!" His ideas seem to be gathered from Jewish, Persian and christian sources with a resulting hotch-potch which should make us turn with relief to the simple grandeur of Holy Scripture.

Well Muhammad starts his day of Judgement with the sounding of trumpets which may be an echo of *Matt. 24.31*, *1 Cor. 15.52*, *1 Thess. 4.16*. Look them up.

Muhammad is the first to rise and enter Paradise!

Others will have their deeds weighed in scales to see if the good outweigh the bad and each man has his record tied about his neck and faces the obligation of having to read it out!

The last ordeal the Qur'an promises is that each has to cross a narrow bridge from which the unbelievers will fall into hell. This place is fearsomely described as a place of torture with special compartments for Muslims, Christians, Jews, Sabaeans, Magi and a specially hot section for idol worshippers!

The "Jesus" or "Sidna Aisa" of the Mohammadans (another Jesus surely than our Lord Jesus Christ *2 Cor. 11.4*) is to reappear, destroy Antichrist, reign for 40 years and then die! forsooth and be buried! near Muhammad at Medina.

Paradise, the Muhammedan heaven, is just a place of fleshly pleasures, very different from the spiritual joys of the Father's House. (*John 14.1*.)

Now let us see "what saith the Scripture" about resurrection and judgement. In each case the theme becomes alive, for He, the Lord Jesus, is the Resurrection (*John 11.25*) and He is the Judge of all men (*Matt. 7.21.23* and *Acts 17.31*).

His bodily resurrection is clearly taught in Holy Writ. That Holy Body which suffered the full penalty of death for us "was buried" and rose the third day (*1 Cor. 15.4*).

Those two little words "was buried" imply forcibly that what was buried, rose, not a Spirit for "a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have" (*Luke 24.39*).

He was handled (*1 John 1.1*) and ate fish and honey (*Luke 24.43*) and with that live body ascended into Heaven and now is seated somewhere in the heavens, and one day "This same Jesus" shall rise up and come forth as Judge—not to die—for He is alive for evermore (*Rev. 1.18*) but to settle the final destiny of all.

Our Lord speaks of an hour when all in the graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the Resurrection of Life; and they that have done evil unto the Resurrection of damnation (*John 5.28-29*).

Paul's word in *Romans 2.5-10* gives the same picture (8). See also *Rom. 14.9-12* and *2 Cor. 5.10,11*. GOD's word plainly teaches a Day of Judgement (*Heb. 9.27*).

As we think of this solemn stirring event let us finally rest on the Scripture *Acts 17.31*. "He hath appointed a day in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom He hath ordained, whereof He hath given assurance to all men in that He hath raised Him from the dead".

HALLELUJAH!



## In a Corner

In the corner of a large city in the Valley of the Nile is a patch of pasture land not yet built over, and if you had walked across these fields with us the other day you would have come across a very little hamlet, consisting of five or six mud houses tucked away in the far corner of those fields. As we drew near, you would have seen a little girl come round the corner of one house, carrying a heavy tin of water on her head, and walking with great care for there had been heavy showers of rain in the night and the ground was very slippery. She clapped her hands crying "Iblity Hummusa, Iblity Hummusa (the best she could do with my name, prefacing it with the polite expression Elder Sister), so you have been able to come. I am so glad the rain hasn't kept you away". Then with exquisite courtesy she puts her heavy tin on the ground, though she would have to return for it, and helped us to balance along the top of a slippery slithery mud wall so as to avoid the slough in the yard.

In the corner of the yard we clear off as much mud as we can before entering the room where a corner is hastily being swept, a straw mat put down, and then father's brown blanket arranged for us to sit on. By the time we have kicked off our shoes (we cannot carry all that mud in) and our eyes have become accustomed to the dim light, we can recognise our pupils, and their mothers, all getting ready for their class. Ateyat, a big bouncing girl of eighteen or so, her sister Suaad, a little younger, quiet and shy, gay Rateeba, a third sister, the pretty one of the family, and the large stout woman who is their mother. Then there are Awatif and her sister, smaller girls from next door, little Aida and her mother and another woman who hasn't got a daughter so comes and brings her baby son. We all crowd on to the blanket and open the suitcase we have brought, each one eagerly grabs her piece of work, and soon all are supplied with needles, threads, etc., and are happily at work, while the chickens run in and out and have to be continually shooed away. One woman is cooking on a primus in the inner corner of the room, and there are various comings and goings.

After chatting for a while we begin to sing choruses which they are enchanted with, and we try to explain what they mean and thus the way is prepared for the Bible lesson to which they listen with interest, especially the mother of Ateyat who emphasises all the points which impress her and calls the girl's attention to them.

After the class and a little more friendly chat we make our way home across the fields again after putting our heads into most of the other doorways with a greeting for anyone



*An Egyptian Doorway*

who hasn't been at the class. The wind has dried the paths a little, but even as we slip and slither our shoes seem to have added pounds to their normal weight.

Such a very small hamlet and such a tiny class, but a light we pray is being lit in that dim corner, and who can tell how far its rays will penetrate into the outer gloom. Ateyat hopes to be married soon, she is busy sewing for her new home, and she may carry the light to another corner and so on. But they will only be like small rush

lights, and the draughts they encounter may be very strong so they must be "cupped" with care lest they be blown out. That "cupping" can be done by *prayer and caring* so don't forget this little corner of the field. *Think* about them until you begin to long that the light may be kindled in each single heart of that little group and when you care enough then prayer can bring the answer and the Light of the Glorious Gospel will shine out and others come too, led from afar by the gleam. All things are possible, *if ye believe*.

H. L. HOMES,

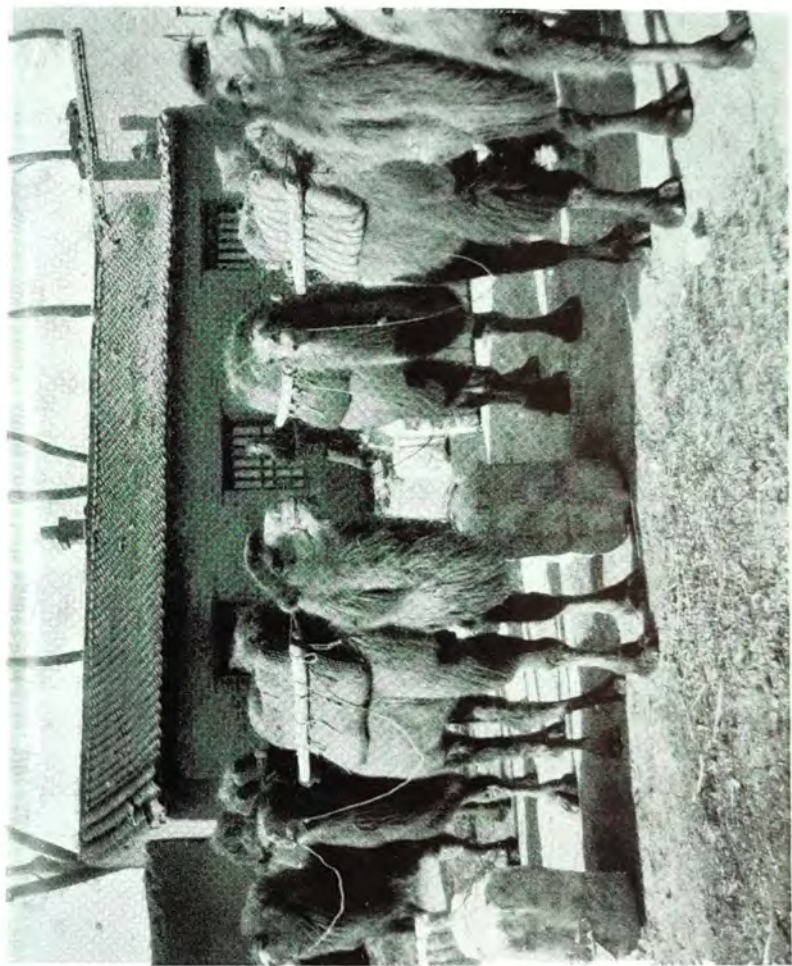
*Egypt General Mission.*

## **Humps**

Did you see the camel with two of them when you were at the Zoo? I mean two humps, of course. One boy liked it so much that, when he had said all the things he usually said to the Lord at night, he added "Thank God for the camel with two humps". It seems interesting to see two if you have always seen pictures of Camels with one, but they are quite ordinary in Bactria. Where's that? Well, Ahasuerus, the King in the Book of Esther, ruled over 127 Provinces; Bactria was one of the farthest eastern ones. Now the North part of what was called Bactria is in Turkistan the South in Afghanistan.

Bactrian Camels travel across Turkistan, the Gobi, Mongolia and North China. The Mother-camels tell their children—at least they might perhaps—"It's all very well for the camels in North Africa, Egypt, Syria, Persia and all those Muslim countries to have only one hump to store up food, they never meet Buddhists. Now we have to be careful not to offend anyone; when you are in the West and South of our district tell the Muslims that you only eat *their* food, and store up as much as you can in the front hump: when you go to Tibetan places, or to Mongolia, say you never worry about Muslims, and wouldn't kill a fly or a flea (Buddhists are not supposed to take life) and only eat *their* food, which you store in the back hump".

That's only a story about the camels but it is, truly, hard for Christian people in Muslim places, especially in Muslim families to say, boldly "I trust in the Lord Jesus



*Bactrian Camels*



Christ—'only in the Lord'—not in Muhammad's teaching".

Some people think dromedaries are ordinary two humped camels! Actually they are very fast thoroughbred camels, they can run faster than the fastest horse. We read about "laying aside every weight" for the race, and two humps might be too much weight, mightn't they? "Young dromedaries" helped to carry the message, "You are saved" to the Jews in Esther's day—it would be glorious to carry the message from the King of Kings that Muslims can be saved, wouldn't it?

The little boy who thanked God for the camel with two humps went, when he was grown-up, to be a "domedary" to tell the Good News to Muslims in North China. He wrote about the camels (who only travel at night there, so as not to frighten the mules and horses who travel by day).

... the tough cameleer in his sheepskin coat  
Sings the long song he has learned by rote,  
Plods on, come shine, come snow, come wind,  
From the railway's end to the north of Ind.

He treads alone in the pale moonlight,  
The desert sands his lordly right,  
On the long, long road that leads you  
From Peking to Kashgar.

He tried to tell the cameleers and other Muslims, how they could get Sunlight—from the Sun of Righteousness—instead of the "pale moonlight" of the Crescent of Islam: how they can leave the desert, or find it to "blossom as a rose". Most of them wouldn't listen then, but now some people are reaping the desert roses he sowed.

O. BOTHAM,

*Friends of the Moslems in China.*

## An Algerian Love-feast

In the Methodist Church they used to celebrate what were known as "love-feasts" and the other day we had one here in this Arab town of Relizane. It was an unusual one and it may have been unorthodox, but it was very sweet and this is how it came about.

One Sunday afternoon as I was going to my room, I encountered two little dancing figures in pale green, with



sparkling eyes, who seized me by the hand and said, "Come along, we want to talk to you". So I came along and when we had settled down they began. "We are so full of joy today that we just don't know what to do. Our hearts are all melted and running over and we must do something to show it, so tomorrow we want to have a little "feast". We have been praying about it in Mademoiselle May's room and she too is full of joy. We



*"Two little Arab Girls" (see page 14)*

think we would like to buy some little presents for our big sisters for they have been so good to us, and we must give Mademoiselle May something too because she has been so kind and loving and has taught us the way of Christ until now we do understand and we do really belong to Him and He has given us all this joy. Then there's Rosebud, she must have something too, for she's such a good little thing and does just what we tell her (this with the air of grandmothers!) and isn't a bit disobedient. Perhaps we will get her a hankie for her nose, because you know, she needs it sometimes. (It is a failing of Rosebud's to lose every hankie she possesses.) "But", I protested, "You know that Christmas is coming, hadn't you better wait. . ." "Oh, no", they said, "it must be tomorrow. You see we are so full of joy we must do something soon". What could one do but hug them and give in. "So tomorrow", they went on, "we will go to the Big Bazaar and choose our presents". (They were of course to come out of their own money.) So we decided that we would on the coming day celebrate the "spiritual birthdays" of those two dear little people who "really belong" to Him and whose own birthdays we do not know.

The visit to the Big Bazaar the next day was a great excitement and the shop assistants were very much amused over the little purchasers with their anxious and whispered consultations over the merits of the wonders displayed before them. The children themselves were so impressed by the kindness shown them that they insisted on shaking hands with the man at the desk before they left the shop. Then later the presents had to be wrapped up in coloured papers and suitable labels attached to each. "What shall I write?" asked Mademoiselle May. "Please put—To Rosebud from her little sisters—to show the love of Christ". And similar labels were put on each parcel. Then in great secrecy we prepared the Women's Room, putting cushions on the floor and placing two little low tables trimmed with pomegranates and leaves, for the gifts. Then after supper we all collected there and were regaled on Arab tea out of dainty glass tumblers, with biscuits and sweets. What an overflowing of joy at the opening of the little parcels, what surprises for the "big sisters" who knew nothing of all this and what hugging all round, with the added joy of knowing that it

was nothing but the love of Christ, Lover of the children, that had made this possible. Then we sat on the floor in a circle and sang all the joyful things we knew, beginning with "Oh happy day" in Arabic.

Two little Arab girls, full of His love and wanting to show it—and they gave . . . Isn't that just His way? "God so loved the world that He gave. . ." What are we who know so much of His love giving Him in response?

J. C. STALLEY,

*Algiers Mission Band.*

## Abraham and Mary

ABRAHAM was a Moslem schoolboy. In Arabic his name is pronounced Ib-ra-heem. MARY was a tiny Turkish girl. Her name in Arabic is pronounced Ma-ri-yam. Abraham's ancestors were Arabian, Persian and Afghan. He did not look like a Chinese boy. He walked with a swagger, held his head erect, and was full of fun. He was proud that he could attend the mosque school where he was taught about God, and the religion of his people. Mary's ancestors came into China hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America, and settled along a bend of the upper Yellow River.

Boys and girls in the homeland do not use slates in school as much as they formerly did. Abraham and Mary used slates of the queerest kind. Mary's slate was a piece of smoothed-off thin, carved board, with a handle at its base. Abraham's was just the bleached shoulder blade of a two-humped camel. So Mary's slate was wood, and Abraham's was bone.

The mosque school, being old-fashioned, had no desks. The teacher sat on a chair or bench, and the boys and little girls squatted about in the yard. Every day the teacher erased from the wooden pallet and bone slab what he had written the day before—Arabic letters or words from the Moslem's Bible which is called the Koran. All day long the pupil memorised the same letters or phrases saying them over thousands of times. If the previous day's lesson had not been learned, Abraham or Mary found that a whipping

was in store : so each tried hard to learn what was written. The teacher next dipped his brush in some red earth ink, and wrote a new lesson on the bone or wood.

My! what a din in the school! About eighty children—each chanting his own lesson at the top of his voice.



*Chinese Slates*

No two lessons were the same. Sometimes they found it hard to give entire attention to the lesson. One little girl was saying her words over as fast as she could with her hand on her forehead covering her eyes. Some seem to find it easy to learn in such a din.

One day Abraham's father gave him some old, ragged sheets of paper, yellow with age, to take to school. From them he was to learn verses which were in the Koran. He did not know that some of the sheets were more than five hundred years old, and the Arabic was written with a beautiful hand. Abraham's father did not want to lose the precious sheets, so he placed them between two boards, and tied them together with a piece of cord. His great ambition was to have a copy of the whole Koran with a wide flap, or a large book printed in western style.

Abraham and Mary think that our English method of reading is queer. We begin at the left cover of a book and read from left to right. They had never seen a book that

was not read from right to left until they saw us reading in English.

Both Abraham and Mary have one great lack. They have often heard about the great Prophet named Jesus, but no one has ever told them that Jesus, who is now alive in heaven, died on the cross for their sins. Our Bible says, "God so loved the world". That world includes Abraham and Mary, and millions and millions of other Moslem boys who are waiting in darkness for someone to go and tell them of the Saviour of the world.

REV. GEORGE K. HARRIS,

*By kind permission of the China Inland Mission.*

## Missionary Mould

### PART 5—THE STANDARD

It was a truly magnificent thing involving hours of work—that standard. Eleanore was making it for her Guide Company. It was six feet long and two feet wide, made of satin and the four various emblems applied or embroidered on both sides. There was the trefoil representing the Guide movement as a whole, the red dragon of the County of Somerset, a Golden Cherub's head which was the Divisional emblem and finally small ivy leaves and red crosses typifying the motto of St. Michael, the patron saint of the Company. Eleanore had spent many months over it and was now anxious to get it finished before Michaelmas that it might be presented that day to the Company and dedicated. There was still much to be done and every spare minute was devoted to it. This standard even went to Keswick with her! Morning by morning as the other spiritually hungry folk flocked to the tents Eleanore made her way down to the lake side and sat there stitching for dear life. It wasn't so much that she had lost all desire for spiritual things as a half unconscious rebellion against her Lord. She was filled with self pity and hurt pride. For by this time her two younger sisters were in training for the mission field and Eleanore felt it wasn't fair of God. She had offered herself to Him for His service abroad years ago. And yet apparently she had been rejected and others

chosen. Then with the inconsistency of human nature her thoughts flew to the other extreme. Suppose He still wanted her? Well that wouldn't be fair either. How could she leave her beloved mother whose health had not greatly improved with the passing years and whose heart at this time was in a very weak state? How could she be expected to drop all her Guide work into which she had put so much labour and toil? Above all how could she part with this standard? No, it was too late to permit of any violent changes in her life and she knew well enough that if one made too close contact with God some such upheaval might be the result. So it was better to steer clear of danger and not attend any of the tent meetings.

"Are you coming to the Missionary Meeting?" a friend asked Eleanore. "I don't know. It depends on how much work I've still got left to do on the standard", she replied.

"Oh you'd better not. If you do you're bound to be a missionary. They say no one can resist the speakers' appeal".

"How very absurd!" said Eleanore. "Of course one can resist. It's only a matter of controlling one's emotions; it's a sign of weakness just to be influenced by harrowing tales of heathendom. That doesn't constitute a call. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go to the meeting and sit in the very front row right under the speakers' noses and prove how little effect their words can have on me".

Her friend was a bit shocked at Eleanore's reaction to her question but felt it was better not to add fuel to the fire. So she did not pursue the matter any further. Actually her bravado shocked even Eleanore herself. Her conscience told her that even if she didn't want to be a missionary herself she ought not to put a stumbling block in any one else's way. But she wasn't going back on her word now—and presently she announced to her family her intention of being present at the meeting. One of the younger sisters was there and quietly slipped away to collect a few close friends and together they besought the Lord of Glory to step in now and save His blood-bought property from her own wilful self.

The missionary meeting began and, true to her word, Eleanore had established herself in the front row, but beside



her was the praying sister holding on to the Lord for a manifestation of His Power. There were four speakers that particular day and each one used an illustrative story in which the principal figure was a mother. Four mothers—ignorant, uncared for, unhappy, hopeless—Eleanore couldn't help contrasting them with her own mother's condition and all the love which surrounded her, coupled with the assurance of a full and free salvation which she possessed through a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. She was still pursuing these thoughts to their logical conclusion when a hymn was announced and she found herself singing "He expecteth, He expecteth. . . Watching till His royal banner floateth far and wide. . . "Eleanore which is it to be? Your mother or My mothers, bound in Islam's sway? Your standard or My banner, which shall your hands unfurl?" The unmistakable Voice of her Dearworthy Lord spoke direct to her heart. With a rush she capitulated unconditionally. "Thine Lord, only thine", and a flood of joy and gladness filled her whole being. Even the thought of facing up to her friends' teasing at the complete failure of her test only caused a happy laughter, after all she was not in a sense responding to the speakers' appeal. The Lord had spoken and how could she say Him nay? He had made her and loved her, redeemed her and sanctified her. She was His by every right, and oh! the delight of finding out that He still wanted her. She began dimly to realise that He had accepted her offer when it had been given years ago, but without a word—all through these silent years He had been patiently moulding the vessel till it was more adaptable to His use. This wasn't a new call to service or even a re-call but just her Lord's way of letting her know that His work on her in England was finished and He was ready for her co-operation in being sent abroad. That it was truly His time was very manifest when Eleanore reached the house where she and her mother were staying. She found that this Divine "posting abroad" had been revealed to Mrs. Thomson a whole month previously, and that she also had willingly acquiesced to the Lord's Will. And so out from the works went the new and, as yet, untried missionary, but confident that HE which had begun a good work would perform it until the Day of Jesus Christ.