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EL COUFFA.

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"The Couffa" gives most grateful thanks to the amateurs- typists, who have worked very hard indeed, and begs all Readers will forgive any "amateurness", which may here and there appear in these pages.

Ed:

the wind of heaven, from South to North,
For joy or chastening blow;
The garden spices shall Spring forth
If Thou wilt bid them flow.



قوفة

Editorial.

Couffa again! It is surprising how the days go by!
But they received me pretty well last time, though I was cut down
to half my number, and rushed through at that. Shall I be any bet-
ter now? I wonder! I suppose they have taken me in for better or
worse, and its not in Couffa nature to be bettering itself all the
time. Ups and downs, and downs and ups, and not even a Couffa can
can rise for ever, and may be its most down when it is heaviest;
its a way things have! Its scum as well as cream that rises to the
top, so I've heard tell, and there are compensations in every lot.

If there is not much inside- they can tip me up and look for
it; and if I am pressed down and running over, then they can pick
up the overflow, and no trouble to anybody! And what is not picked
up, may be the wind will waft to another's door. Yes the wind,
for we want the wind to blow upon it, to purify to uplift and to
bear away.

Come Thou Wind, and breathe upon these dead bones, and they
shall live! They shall live, and speak and move, and have quick-
ening power of life.

For the words that Thou speakest O Master, they are Spirit
and they are life. Thou sayest it, therefore speak Thou unto us.

OUT-POST DUTY.



"On the hearth the fire is warm
and low,

"He sets his face to the wind
and snow,

"Where God calleth him he will go.

* * * * *

"They march to the battle field
brave and gay,

"They pass him by on their home-
ward way,

"Where God placeth him he will
stay.

* * * * *

"Oh well by the warm fireside to rest,

"For some God willeth a quiet rest,

"And what God willeth is always best.

* * * * *

"And well to struggle in eager fight,

"And sweep the foe from the leaguered height,

"For what God biddeth it must be right.

* * * * *

"And well alone on the bare hill,

"To watch the shadows come creeping chill,

"God's will is best - it is God's will."

* * * * *

"So
stand fast
in
the Lord"



"WHEN KEEP THEE." Deut. 23.9.

For two years, at Headquarters, we have had to hold ourselves on the defensive, only seeking to "stand" against the blows that have fallen heavily and fast.

Now with joy, we see that God is leading us out into a turn of the battles tide; and we want our whole band to be one with us in all that this means.

The turn began, like most of His working, at a very tiny point the getting into a tram with a young fellow, Si Mohammed ben Kaddour, who had been a rather tiresome and stupid boy in our very first classes, more than twenty years ago - classes when the united efforts of us three "grown-ups" could hardly extend to a quarter of an hour's instruction! The seed sown in such weakness in those early days, sprang up now at the first watering, and in a few weeks, was transplanted into heaven for blossoming.

Then, through a beautiful interweaving of God's ways, one of his family who had been visited from Beit Naama, and the sister with whom he had lived, with their husbands, & a mother as chaperone, came to stay for nearly a week at the Guest-house of Dar el Fedjr, on the ostensible reason that the first-named needed medical care.

They came into such heart hunger, that day by day we could watch God nearing them, till the last evening, over the story of the Cross, we believe He drew them all, according to His promise, unto Himself.

It is a "new thing" that He has done, even as we asked of Him

in our Autumn gathering, for we have never before seen seasonal work on a whole family simultaneously, and He is giving a daily contact with them through their desire to read, which is also "New", others of their house are likewise getting stirred. Praise be to His Name!

* * * * *

And now comes the warning to us all, as the aggressive fight begins again, "Then keep thee from every wicked thing." "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord".

For let us remember that God's beginnings are very tender in their nature as well as very small, and easily destroyed by rough handling - even a mighty force like fire takes only a touch to scatter it when newly lit. It is now, when the Holy Ghost is beginning to move among us, that it behoves each one of us to walk humbly with our God - to obey every inward call to prayer - to get the cleansing of the precious Blood from every thought or word wherein the taint of criticism or unfriendliness might make an atmosphere in which the Lord of purity and love would be grieved, and depart from our midst.

It is specially in this latter point that we should watch "lest Satan get an advantage over us, for we are not ignorant of his devices". Twice over, since we have been out here we have seen a sweep of God's blessing suddenly begin in adjoining work only to be as suddenly frustrated, and each time through the same craft of the enemy - just a little rift among the workers.

Let us remember that everything that has tended in this last year to bind us together as an organised Band, and to knit us in

Fellowship with the fight at each station, increases our interdependence on each.

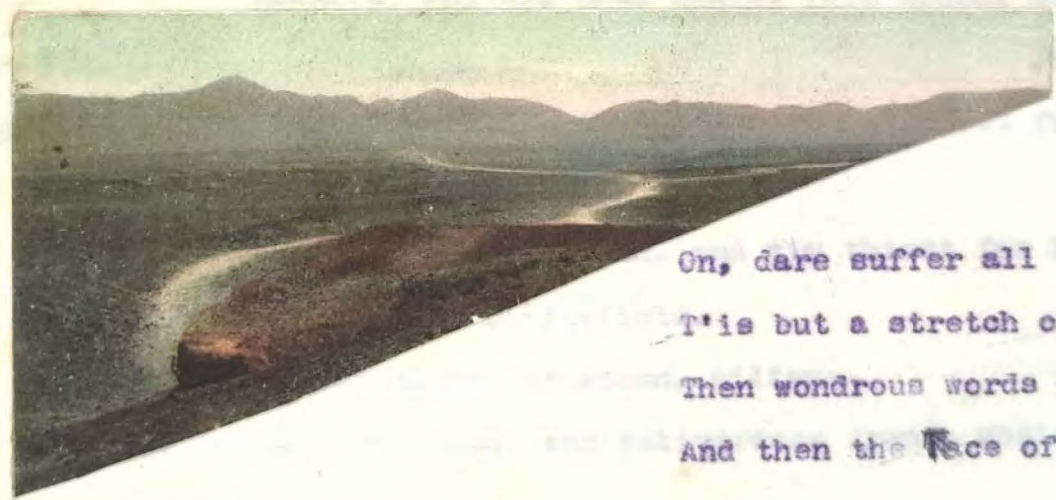
And let us see to it that we heed, each of us, the warning "Keep thy heart with all keeping, for out of it are the issues of life." "For their sakes I sanctify myself" said the Master. Let us follow His steps, for the sake of each other, and yet more for the sake of these souls who must be such a mark for the powers of darkness.

For their sakes I sanctify myself

For if His work continues in them, it will soon mean war: the enemy will not let it alone. Oh for the eternal issues at stake, let us stand shoulder to shoulder, and so "keep ourselves" that the eyes which are as a flame of fire may see no impurity in our camp and turn away! Who can say whereunto this thing may grow, if we have in our midst the ungrrieved Spirit of God.

* * * * *

My faith looks up, to claim that touch Divine
Which robs me of this fatal strength, of mine
And leaves me resting wholly Lord on Thee.



On, dare suffer all things,
T'is but a stretch of road,
Then wondrous words of welcome
And then the Face of God.

A stretch of Road.

 "Yea whiles I was still speaking in prayer,
 even the man Gabriel.....being caused to
 fly swiftly, came near." R.V.

1911. DEC. For girls at Beit Naama, Alger.
 " For God's mercies to Fatima, Dar el Ain, Bliday.
 " For girls' class developing into something regular, Miliana.
1912. JAN. For soul given to Si Mahommed, Alger.
 " For Ali the negro's return, Alger.
 " For blessing on the visit of the "three guests" to Alger.
 " For opening doors, Relizane.
- FEB. For God's touch of Life-giving on Si Mohammed's family, Alger.
 " For the new helpers to the A.M.E.
 " For God's working among the house children especially
 bent Fata, Alger.
 " For breath in streets round Beit Naama.
 " For quiet listening of people in Sidi Achour, and increased
 numbers, and new ones coming into touch, Blida. Reli
 " For Chira, holding on, & softening of her mother, Relizane,
- MAR. For Hanifa coming into the Light, we hope freed from a
 Moslem marriage. Alger.
 " For Oulad Djelal, away South, and its thirst for books.
 " For Hope about the Blidayfield.
 " For increased number of Women, Miliana.
 " For Chira's firmness, and deliverance from a Moslem marriage.
 Relizane.

"Now therefore our God we thank Thee & praise Thy glorious Name".
 "The Lord's Hand is not shortened that it cannot save nor His ear
 heavy that it cannot hear". Hallelujah.

ZOOLOGICAL "BACK-NUMBERS".

These five may be seen in rue Randon most afternoons about four o'clock.

Number 1. * * * * *

Very little to be seen beyond a grubby, but decidedly graceful haik hanging in long straight folds from a small head held high and with a background tilt. Such a proud poise and soft footfall, and a gentle edging away from other dirty haiks. A mixture of poverty pride and grace.

Number 2. * * * * *

An apologetic haik with no long lines or graceful curves. An occasional halt to pick up a lost shoe, or arrange something else that is trying to escape. A timid whine, a sudden flutter, a feverish grip on the hand and you know something alarming has come into sight half a mile away. @ habit of treading on somebody else's heels, or a clumsy bumping into their body in a frantic effort to avoid some imaginary danger. A curious mixture of timidity, sunshine and sulks.

Number 3. * * * * *

A queer little shirt, once white. Hair like a Golly-Wog. Thin brown little arms and legs swinging in time together. An aristocratic swift turn of the neck and a vision of dancing brown eyes. A succession of springing runs, a sudden stop and a girgle of pure joy. A mixture of pride, joy and timidity with the lightness of thistledown.

Number 4. * * * * *

A wholesome sturdy little figure, with a long brown tail, an intelligent unselfconscious air. no haik to 'makebelieve' or lend an air of mystery. An occasional backward glance from big honest eyes of interrogation or amusement. A mixture of childish reserve and loving confidence.

Number 5. * * * * *

Another haik, such a dirty one! Doing its best to melt into softness the sharp outlines of the thin little figure beneath. A step of assurance and quick shrewd glances around. A toss of the head reply to the taunt of some passer by. Then dignity suddenly thrown to the winds, a flutter of rags, a show of heels, and the last number "back-number" has gone.

WANDERING THOUGHTS :- THE JOY OF LIFE .

* * * * *

The dusky summer night is pearly into dawn; a thrush on the the spire of a Wellingtonia opens his eyes and plumes his breast feathers. It was past nine last night when he put his brown head under his wing, and now he is eager for another day of rapture.

Suddenly his glad notes ring out over the garden; they are taken up by a brother in the elm tree. A blackbird whistles and is silent; then a robin replies.

A nightingale begins & can't stop; now all the garden people are waking with chirp & twitter, and as the rising sun flushes the sky and "morning rises glorified" every bird whether he can sing or not, utters the joy that is in him, until the air vibrates with the ecstatic chorus of the dawn.



It is a June day, a day thrilling with life, when "Tho' you shut your eyes, you cannot help knowing,

That the trees are green, and the grass is growing."

Later on when the world is responding to the warm kisses of the sun by sweet undefinable smells of earth, mown grass & flowers, the thrush is hopping about on the lawn intent on finding grubs or worms for his four fat babies - his second brood this year - and

bursting the while into little gushes of song .

Suddenly he flops down on the grass, he releases every muscle and spreads out his wings and tail fan-wise, he raises every feather on body and head, opens his bill, and gives himself up to the pure physical bliss of a sun-bath.

So the thrush goes through his long busy day saturated with sun, overflowing with the joy of life. There were, it is true, occurrences that interrupted his joy, but did not diminish it; for instance, a blackbird announced that there was an owl in the lime tree; and the news raised a chorus as loud and harsh, as the chorus of the dawn was harmonious. The birds great and small, gathered round and on the trees, and peering at his sleepiness, screamed their opinion of him and his parents, and their anxieties about their own future, and not the least perturbed and vociferous was the thrush. However he sang the world that he had awakened to sleep, and no anxieties disturbed his brief night.

A wild living thing is frank and wholesome & sensible, he has no morbid sentiment; there may be much sentiment about him, but that is not his fault. The much wronged nightingale is an ordinary little bird with no pose at all; he is so full of joy that he cannot sing it all out in the day time, and so he stays up at night. He does not deserve to be called "sad Philomela" & "most sweet most melancholy"; and it is hard for him to be consigned with Houris & Peris and roses to the musky Paradise of the East.

Invidious comparisons between the nightingale and the peacock are misleading & are unfair to the peacock. The nightingale is by no means indifferent to personal appearance, no healthy bird is.



He is as well-groomed, & is as proud of his one little bit colour - the russet-red above his tail - as the peacock is of his iridescent glories. Ask his wife! Why the very first day they met, he drew her attention to it; he does



not go about his business with his wings meeting over his back. Oh no! He droops them so as to exhibit his bit of colour.

Baby things stand for the joy of Life in its simplest form. They know they are alive, and life is good. They have more life, & more joy than they can contain. Children, kittens, puppies, kids, bunnies, lambs, foals, & birds are daft with the sheer joy of existence - they can't do anything straight.

"A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A Fairy thing with red, round cheeks,
That always finds and never seeks."

Coleridge.

"Always finds and never seeks," that expresses the attitude of young things: in time each one finds himself, and then he finds another, and life takes a glow and thrill not known before.

* * * * *

(more to follow)

MISSIONARIES AND THEIR MAIDENS .

Chapter 2.

* * *

Some years ago there lived in Scotland two ladies, highly intelligent and very ferocious. When they were in good humour the flag on their castle turret would wave high, and neighbours knew that they could pay a very enjoyable visit: but when the dear ladies were in a bad temper the flag was only half mast high, and in all the country side there was not a soul who cared to brave the ill-humoured reception that awaited them.

There must have been something of the same spirit in the first maiden I hear of in Algiers, a young French girl. When she was in a bad temper, her whisk of hair was twisted into a defiant knot on the top of her head; as she felt gooder it gradually came lower & lower, on her best days it reposed on the nape of her neck.

After she left I joined my friends and our experiences were varied. Once we had nobody at all, and when the door bell rang we all ~~ran~~ three flew. What a pity we did not all three sit still and each one say & "I've been thinking that it is not my work to open doors," there was only one door but the plural is always more touch-
-ing. Then we had an old Arab woman & a Kabyle lad they got on very well together, & they spent their evenings, she in relating & he in listening to interminable & impossible tales of the olden time, when he grew too old for us. After a while we had two Kabyle lads, they worked well but were of different tribes, so not only did they fight but



Very like him!

their friends outside fought over their quarrels, & when we heard it was arranged that a pitched battle was to take place in an unfrequented part between their adherents it seemed better

that one of the lads was said, and after he his tribe came to away, for any fault?

They were quite said it was his home .

lazy and injustice more by diligence! he could



THE DEPUTATION !

should go. I think his name left a deputation of boys of know why we had sent him stealing? or such like ?

satisfied when we own wish to return

He was rather felt deeply the of having to pay train than by By the latter not travel , for

the drivers

had an uncomfort-

able habit of making the younger passengers walk up the hills, & as he mournfully remarked, "the son of Adam does not like to walk up hills"; which reminds me that these young gentlemen being 'sons of Adam' do not truthfully come under the title of 'Maidens', dear reader, please forgive!

Later we had a dignified old Arab lady named Zehour, & she was followed by a kind of kaleidoscope procession of Maidens, Swiss & French for the most part; one of the former was rather excitable & once 'in anger wild' she desired to mount on the ballustrade round the gallery of 2 Rue du Croissant - whether to address us from a superior height or not I cannot say - but as she was rather stout, and the ballustrade was , and is, rather ricketty, we were glad when she was induced to abandon the idea.

I think it was another Swiss girl who had an extraordinary gift for Arab pronunciation, even of words whose meaning she did not know. One day she nearly got us into trouble with an old Arab gentleman who had come to complain of something, and in reply to a voluble speech which she did not understand, she said to him what she had heard angry people say to one another in the street- 'ouach andi fik', to his almost speechless indignation.

These are all little ups and downs that come to my memory as I write, but there comes to me also a sense of many acts of unselfish kindness and thoughtfulness and highmindedness on the part of those who through all these years have come to help us in the house, and personally I have very pleasant and grateful recollections of Missionary Maidens.



Two of them!

.....
 "Usefulness is the rent we have to pay for room in the world."

 "And it is not the fact that you are hurt that counts,
 But only,- how did you take it?

 If your foot slip, you may recover your balance, but
 if your tongue slip, you cannot recal your words.

 Telugu.



O L D T E N E S .

* * * * *

It has a history, scraps of Roman wall, gateways with their round arches still most perfect & the ruin of the fort on the hill, witness there is a tale to tell. Just a position for those Roman settlers for formerly an arm of the sea swept in between mountain (Cape Tenes) and hill over what is now pasturage and farms, to the foot of the ledge on which the little town stands and must have formed a good harbour for galleys. While behind the town is the old fort commanding the mouth of the gorge, three kilometres of steep rock not so narrow or imposing as Ghiffa but beautiful with its winding river and strange rock-formations, the river may still be crossed by the Roman bridge though the river bed has far out grown its span, to reach this one must pass under a double arch.



here the women come down to wash their clothes, here we had a happy

little meeting of children, girls & boys who had come to play brought their water cruches to fill.

Now this little town is native, we understood no Europeans live inside the gates, the white mosque dominates one end & an equally white modern school completes the other, picturesque because of the entourage.

Inside the known old walls, were narrow Arab streets a few shops & cafes scattered among the ordinary box shaped houses, some of these we noticed, had massive doors, ~~on~~ entering ^{that} the first room was set apart as a night shelter for flocks & herds. Those flocks we saw driven through the gateway at sunrown as the Muezzin was calling to prayer.

We entered, through the canons heads downwards which formed the posts & walked steadily up the main street wondering how an opening could come to such a self contained little town. The women were all carefully veiled only a chink in haik made one hope they could direct their steps, the children some with peaked Oran caps made such pictures on doorsteps, though they utterly ignored us.

But the opening came wonderfully soon: for a young girl found us outside the mosque-

"It is shut to-day"
she said, "Come, I
will show you the

old fort on the hill

She proved an excellent guide, leading us from one ruined chamber to another, then down through



80 TÈNES (Algérie). — Le Vieux Tènes près des Gorges

byeways till she drew up outside a cave like entrance to an Arab house.

Such an answer, for the women who greeted us had spent the first 8 years of her life in Cherchelle and knew the Englissa there.

She was a widow with seven children. We made friends over knitting and were invited back three days running, the first day we met the Caid's niece; the 2nd time a Taleb's wife came to inspect us and the 3rd day a most beautiful Marabouta came in but.... would have no dealings with us.

"Why not come" they said, "and live in Tenes of the people and teach us?"

This to get prayer for little Tenes!

* * * * *
* * * * *

OUT-POSTS OUTPOSTING!

They are doing more, our out-posts! They are out-doing themselves! Millana has reached out to Tenes, and dropped a seed at Orleansville on its way back.

Relizane is spreading out to Beni-Macel, and douars near, and hopes for North and South/further afield.

And Blida is exceeding her days journey, now and again, and better still the out-places are stretching out their hands to the Light, rays that reach them.

But best of all from our beloved Desert Lands comes the cry, from among themselves, "Send us a hundred more copies of that life." which is the Life that is the Light of men! & again the cry comes for more.

Also on the material side there is growth. And though this may be a Martha thing, it has also something of Mary along with it; for it brings souls into touch through the crafts that their hands can learn.

From Miliana, we have a goodly supply of Native lace, in different widths and finenesses. We shall take in faith all that they can make, Will anyone want some!

From Blida the girgaff comes in a nice little pile and Trade says a hearty thank you to the workers.

Also little Beit Naama has sent in its first quata done in silk, by baby fingers.

* * * * *

HOW WE DIDN'T KEEP THE MOLOUD.

A Study in Prose and VERSE.

* * * * *

They invited themselves, several of the benats, because they heard it mooted that bent Fattah and Melha were to be taken out for the day. Zeneb's mother however, would not allow her to come, and two or three of the others had been staying away and knew nothing at all about it: in the end therefore,

Only five benats were with us,
So I can name them soon,
Zachia and the Gargoyle,
And Melha ohickiecoon,

And Fatima bent Fattah,
Who couldn't have been 'nayesher',
And a little new domestic (nicer)
Called Fatima bent Ayesha,

alias the wild Kitten, who

had joined the band of housemaidens just in the nick of time for this adventure. (Fatima bent Ayesha comes of the Spit-fire family, which by the way, has just been increased by a new brother, to the Wild Kitten's great delight.)

We were all naturally much excited, and all looked our very best, in new clothes of a gay description, and were all wonderfully clean (as things go). We got into a tram, and then into a train, which was a very interesting animal that ate lots of charbon, and shrieked dreadfully whenever it had to start. And so we all got to



THE SEASIDE.

There was a beautiful little bay just to hand, shallow and clear, and hidden away among the rocks; and with a little ordinary care we all got down in safety, even the Couffas and Melha. Here we were all seized with an overmastering desire to paddle, so we took off our shoes, (all except Melha and the Gargoyle who had left theirs at home) and took to the water which was very cold, and enjoyed ourselves (bessaf bessaf) something like X this. Though the pebbles were rough, and hurt our feet, (some of us), and made us hate civilization that



had made them so sensitive with shoes and stockings .

Most of us got very damp indeed, and the sunny rock in the middle of the bay was spread with gay garments, so that it looked quite like washing day. A kind soul however had brought changes of raiment, and we were able to sit down to dejeuner looking quite nice.

After that we managed to miss our tram to the Foret de Beinen, so we betook ourselves to the garden of a neighbouring Cafe, and where in spite of many delights, we got a little whiney and quarrelsome, and the kind soul so far forgot herself as to tell us so, and to propose that we should just go home, as we had had enough excitement for one day. The accusation however was emphatically denied, "WE have not quarrelled, Hamdullah!" and we were quite sure we did not want to go home, so we took the next train and made a fresh start, and were henceforward "as good as gold".

Space is running out alarmingly, so that it is just as well that there is not much to relate of our adventures in the forest, "Happy is the picnic that has no history." There was mimosa there and wild peppermint, which was collected carefully for cous-cous; and the first rock roses were blooming, with orchids also, & other delights. Then we finished up with tea and coffee, and a ride home all the way in the bus.

We met sundry holiday-makers as we got near home, and it was supposed by some that we were 'kidnapping', but these were ignorant people, and we went on our way in the proud consciousness of innocence. The Kind Soul however on escorting the Gargoyle later to her home, was really surrounded by an angry mob, who were quite sure she was kidnapping the Gargoyle. Proof positive it seemed was forthcoming, in the fact of the Gargoyle's having in her hand a hard-earned halfpenny, with which, according to these well-meaning people, the Kind Soul had basely bribed her. A deliverer happily turned up, in the person of Hamid, the Gargoyle's new brother-in-law & devoted admirer. Shrieking with laughter the Gargoyle explained the situation, and went off in triumph with her friend, the mob dispersed and the Kind Soul returned to her Dar in peace.

Talking of the evils of an effete civilization, while in the Forest the following verses occurred to me; but I have no idea of the verses which should precede or follow them, except the one line quoted below, and I would ask any reader who can throw light upon the subject, kindly to communicate with the Editor. I feel however that they make a fitting finish to this fantasia. The poet has been regretting, that by our habit of sleeping in doors

"We lose too much the nobleness of night,"
which he then goes on to describe:-

"Very



damp!"

and this is how he describes it:-

"To watch awhile the progress of the night,
The movements of the stars and moon,
Then tenderly to lose the sense of light,
And sink to slumber soon;

To dream those dreams that interwoven be
With forest sight and sound,
The breath of pine and eucalyptus tree,
And shut flowers on the ground."

*** **

FRAGMENTS .

.....

Though earth swing wide, from God's intent,

And though no men nor nation

Will move with full consent

In heavenly gravitation:

Yet by one sun is every orbit bent.

*** ** Lowell.

One ship drives East, one ship drives West,

By the selfsame wind that blows;

Its the set of the sails, and not the gales

Which determines the way it goes.

*** ** Anon.

The ship rolls in the wind,

But by the wind advances.

*** ** LYNCH.

Free man freely work,

Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.



FROM THE DESERT .

البيارات

Wells in the Desert! Here perhaps we learn more than anywhere of the preciousness of water! Lot knew it, when he chose plain he beheld that "it was well watered everywhere."

According to its presence or absence the routes are made and followed, or abandoned if anything happens to the wells. What are the wells? Often just a hole in a depression. Nothing more. A hole made in the sand, in a barren place, and nothing to show it; by the unaccustomed eye easily passed by unseen.

We came one morning to such a hollow, we saw no well, only the lower ground, where we gathered that there was one; as on one side we saw a herd of camels trooping down the sand-dune towards something, and on the other side a flock of sheep and goats coming up from the desert beyond.



But to our astonishment, both passed it and went on their way, we wondered, and asked, "Oh" they said, "for two years that well is stopped with sand." It had been "dug again" a little, but water there was none. The women who came to draw shook their heads. Had the Philistines filled it up? For oh in the time & labour it takes to dig out a well! Near the first desert I had seen, the rush for water was so great that our beasts had to wait from dawn to sundown, before our men could get near enough the well to draw for them, (or they could get near enough the splashing pools which surrounded it to drink). Hour after hour they were drawing water from the precious deep beneath, & still they draw as day was fast sinking into night, and still they wait!

So they were digging another well! We stood and looked down, they had dug for weeks, a depth of seventy metres, and all that came out was basketful after basketful of dry earth and sand, which could never quench anyone's thirst! "How long do you expect to dig?" we asked; they did not know, perhaps seven days, perhaps more; "any way till we get water" they said, and they did not grudge the time or toil either.

For water is life! In literal deserts it can mean literal death to be without: where wells are salt, or worse still, where they are dead, for wells can die! On one route we had chosen as the nearest of two between given points on our march, they told us "There is no water now - the well is dead!" So the road that way was becoming unused and will soon cease to exist.

But we elected to carry water for once, and went that way nevertheless, as we came up to the dead well, it seemed the same as any other, but it was "interré dedans" our guide told us, "dead and buried". A camel had fallen in, & now it was full of poisoned

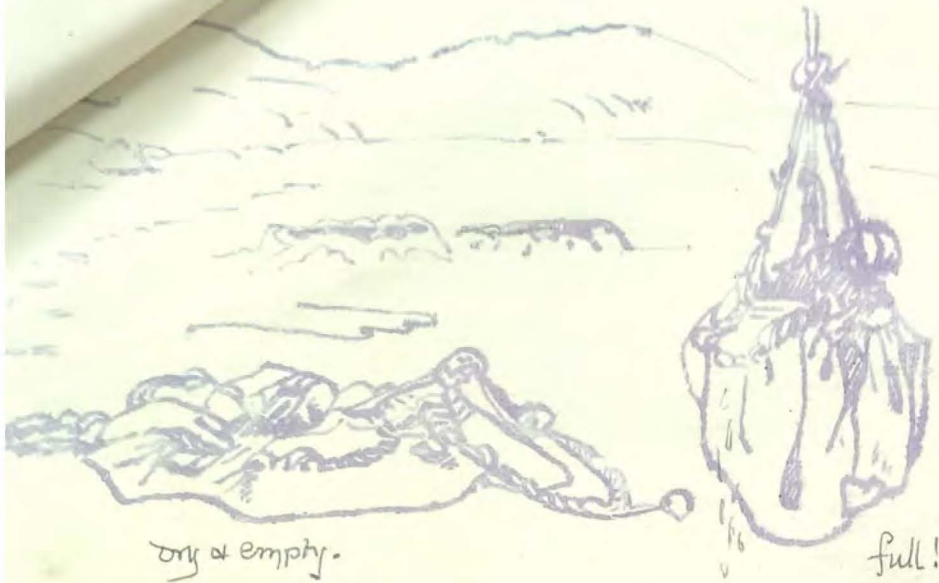
water, death and not life was in its cup. A camel, not a big grown camel, but a thin long creature, all legs and wool, head foremost it could easily slip down, and may be, before they had a rope long enough, death had done its work.

So the well was buried! that "no man drink of it again for ever." Huge stones & sand were thrown in to choke it so absolutely that no drop of deadly water could henceforth be drawn from it, a well still, but dead for evermore through death, because a forbidden thing, had remained in it, and had become corrupt.

"Well of
Sir Sou Aneb - the father of grapes" ~~well~~ - no longer!

But how could the instinct of any beast be so far astray as to make such a contingency possible? I will tell you: these wells are like two circles, that is, there is the circle for the well, the well hole, and a circle a foot or two away from it, which forms a trough, and sometimes this trough is but a hole two worn in the sand, beside the other. Sometimes they are both just edged round with a rim of hardened sand, ^{for the trough} the creatures make. For none can drink out of a well; and it might be a young thing mistook the well hole for the trough, and in the rush of watering hundreds of beasts it got pushed in, two troughs there ^{were} to all appearance alike, one the deep cool dripping well the other a shallow basin, empty and scorched and dry, one the source, the other the channel of supply. What a picture it was-





& what a parable! What if you have nothing to draw with? We found ourselves so, early one morning, the well we camped by was so deep; & when the man who worked it came & got us water, he drew it up with a skin pucked all round its edges like an inverted

mob cap, dry and cracked and leaking badly: its all they have to draw with, and so its a wondrous mighty treasure! Every day ~~that~~ it goes down and is lost in the well depths, and it brings up every time a richer fuller draught for it leaks less and less. There is the rim of silver sand, and the incoming water does the rest. The rush of emptying buckets deepens the trough, and in deepening forms its own highway of keeping power; day by day it will hold mere, but it will never stay full, there is too much thirst in the world for that. "He that is thirsty will come and drink." Camels will run to it before you know there is water at hand. The well is there, and the trough, and the thirst, and the leaky bucket of our poor faith shall not be wanting since it is all we have to draw with, and the well is deep." A well of water springing up unto everlasting life.



"If any man thirst, let him come unto ME."

THE DAUGHTER
OF AN
OUT-STATION.

* * *



"She came just when the burnous was finished and the whitewashing was done, Kebbi answered all my prayers;" and the mother of the Out-Station baby smiled thankfully at the tiny scrap of humanity who had been given her that morning in answer to her prayers and those of the A.S.S.

From the first Korea seemed to realize the proud importance of her position, and gazed at the dwellers in the Out-Station with an air of proprietorship, while by the end of her second month she held long conversations with them, but this is to anticipate.

The Out-Station took part in the washing of their daughter on the seventh day of her life. Under a woollen 'haik' in a small group they sat with a "nafr" in the middle, on which spices were burning, and their daughter for the first time had a bath, and a very nice bath it was, though not on strictly English nursery lines. The wee hands and feet were duly wrapped in cotton wool and henna, and the tiny eyebrows marked, and then, after the baby had been converted into a little mummy, she was shaken upside down and various gesticulations gone through which would make her grow tall, sleep well, etc.

The old fairy godmother who had washed Korea now took her in her arms together with a distaff of wool and some lumps of sugar. The Out-Station felt a little anxious as they saw their daughter carried into each corner of the court in turn, but were assured that all was well. "The wool is to make her work well with her hands, and the sugar to make her sweet and beautiful that all may love her;" and the seeds" said the Out-Station, "what about them?" for the fairy godmother had taken a mouthful of seeds and ejected them during round the court. "That is to protect her from the evil spirits, the dwellers in the earth, they fear those seeds."

And now back she came into her mother's room into the midst of a shower of blessings and good wishes called down upon her, and was put to sleep in state on the bed; in readiness for the arrival of the guests who were coming to eat "jous-cous" in her honor.

But all this is long ago and the daughter of an Out-Station

her wanderings

is now four months old and is a very lively and important person. In any conversation the Out-Station may hold with her mother she is always to be seen smiling broadly, thinking that it is an entertainment entirely for her benefit.

On Sunday afternoons the Out-Station always looks for its daughter to come and share in the hymns and Sunday Picture Talk, and she never fails to appear, smiling & cooing and making a most useful subject of conversation when needs be. She loves to hear the organ and gazes in round-eyed wonder during the singing. The opinion which the O.S. dogs have of Hourfa is not worth recording, though it is an extremely forcible one.



She is growing every day, this daughter of an Out-Station, and every day impressions are being made on her baby mind.

Will the A.M.B. pray that as she grows there may be such sunshine of Christ's love around her that the tiny flower bud of her life may expand in freshness and beauty, and may not be withered by the frost of Islam?

May the daughter of an Out-Station be "a little child" who "shall lead" into the Kingdom of God.

Ya Couffa!

The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

O Gift of God! O Perfect Day!

* * * * *

Whereon should no man work but play,

Those in lowly places,

Whereon it is enough for me

often do better service

Not to be doing but to be.

than they can estimate.

* * * * *

The little child digs his well in the sea shore sand, and the great Atlantic, miles deep, miles wide, is stirred all thro' and thro' to fill it for him.

Where A COUFFA WENT ONE MORNING.

"A DAWDLE."

Twas a blue blue day after a week of storms; so hastily bread and chocolate, pictures and boracic acid, oranges & Tolu-lozenges were flung into the couffa and off they started for a bit of way-side sowing, Churg way - Arab's New Year's Day - better day- better daed. The first friend they met was rather sad, "Ouledi fel hebus, - moskeen," so they heartened her up and told her where to get help, "For that sort of thing can't be borne alone"- and with New Year Greetings each passed on.

The next stop was a 'gourbi' the family carpet was walked off a neighbouring family bed across the court, between cocks, hens, and dogs, for them to sit on. Couffa produced a picture and a gospel and fourteen women and bairns more or less wriggley listened to the message. Then off to the other 'gourbi' they went, the carpet following sowers and bas basket. Some one was praying so when eight bairns begged a picture, eight baby faces got sweet and solemn as baby faces naturally do when they hear of the Big New Friend - Next came a hymn and the wild excitable mother crooned after them 'daiman Sidna Aissa mana' and for two minutes after there was a hush; oranges, figs and dates add to the Couffa's weight. The picture is put back, a scramble up the mule track brings them out onto the high road.

Another half mile brings them to Yamina's 'gourbi' - poor Yamina, nothing in the Couffa can heal her. when the first saw her she was sitting by the road side like a leper of old crying "Come and heal me". She is starting eleven of her friends off on their New Year's search for prosperity and happiness from the marabout away in the forest recesses. And a goodly place it seems to go to this bright morning, the mountains swim in golden light, it must be wonderful up there to day. But no dreaming - to sowing, to work, - A word on a New Year's joy that won't pass away, arrests their hurrying feet a moment or two. Did the seed get in? Did some of it find a crevice in that hard soil? Who knows? For the present they turn away from true happiness and continue their quest.



Yamina gets a few words and back the sowers and their Couffa turn along the zigzag road. Two tiny goat-herds and a boy passing on a donkey make the next congregation of three - Three only but One greater than all gave of His best to one woman at a well. Out of the Couffa come a few figs as the picture goes back.

Dear Arahia stopped them next - sweet and clean and smiling - her couscous for the marabout in a clean handkerchief at her side - she sat on a wall silhouetted against "a land of far distance".



She offered two thirds of the oranges she was eating, and they gave her chocolate from the Couffa and dropped in another seed before she continued her pilgrimage to the distant marabout.

Home by the mule track past two sacred trees where flutter pitiful morcels of rags; one has even a knot of grey hair tied round one of its twigs. As they looked up at one of the leaves of the second one they were startled to see the underside of its leaves were covered with rusty spots - suggesting the blood through which alone comes peace. An Arab husband gives them a "bon-jour" as they pass, but his wife and mother behind him give a friendly smile and twinkle greetings under their breath in a way which makes them sure they'll meet again soon.

Two more girls on their fruitless search - and another seed is sown. Then two dear old women get "All have sinned and come short" and are told how to have a Happy New Year, and of the Saviour for all Beni Adam which rather startles them - "We've no bread to give you" they say, "ours is all gone," "And so is ours" laughed the sowers, for Couffa was nearly empty by then. On and on they went, passing twos and threes, some stopping a few minutes to listen, and others pressing eagerly on to the little shrine. So sowers and Couffa get quickly home, and the seed is left to the care of the Lord of the Harvest.

Thou shalt bring the ransomed with Thee,
 They with songs shall come.
 As the golden sheaves of harvest
 Gathered Home.

"The heavens were all old-rose and pearly-grey. The world was surely turning to the light before the dawn, and as surely as it rolled on, would come into the BREAK of DAY."

- Gum Fonf. Aissha. "I will pray to him, but come again to remind me," and after three years, "I do not understand with my head, but with my heart I understand."
- Beni Merzoug. Khadoujah. "How shall I pray? Shall I say 'Save me, pluck away my sins, hold my tongue?'"
- Ahel-el-Oued. Miriam, old and ill. "O Lord Jesus save me, enter me into heaven," again and again.
- Cedar Ridge. A man. "Why don't you stay? You could go to the village
Hamlet. beyond - You are in such a hurry!"
- Timgras. Houaouch. "You can read, we only hear once a year, and the words slip from us." and that is four years ago! and they wait to hear!
- Fondouk. "Come and spend a night with us and you can visit all the women."
- Zeraimmi. A hunger for literature. "We find them good words."
- Beni-Messous. "We will pray every night that God will show us our sins."
- Lalela. "Tell us more, and come again." this after two hours talk.

RECIPES.

- CURRY. Cooked meat cut into small cubes, or cooked vegetables, carrots, cauliflower, peas etc., not potatoes, Fry an onion, an apple, a little ginger or marmalade till brown. Make a sauce of gravy thickened with flour, add a teaspoonful of curry powder, (more or less according to number), and pour into the pan, stir while it thickens, heat the meat or vegetables separately, & throw into the sauce, shake it not to break the vegetables on a hot dish with rice, ~~with~~ ^{to} cook latter, put rice, well washed, into cold water, enough to cover it well, bring to boil & pour off water, add cold, do this three times, let it drain over the hot water, and serve
- RISSOLLES. Mash remains of potatoes or rice, add pepper, salt & flavouring parsley, celery etc, mince meat, or great cheese, or bone fish, make a white sauce no egg or th balls will be dry & break, mix ingredients into it till firm enough to make balls, then dip them into beaten egg, & afterwards breadcrumbs. Fry in plenty of boiling fat or oil.

STATION REPORTS.

December 1911, January, February and March 1912;

We praise for a steady rise all along the line, though numbers in themselves are not every thing, yet they indicate movement, which when the spirit breaths means life.

ATTENDANCES.	Date.	Alger.	B.Naama.	Blida.	Miliana.	Relizane.	Totals.
Meetings.	Dec	182	34	23	89	392	740
"	Jan	14	31	24	128	(E207) 66	261
"	Feb	62	35	27	64	(E223) 140	328
"	Mar	122	22	28	46	(E115) 192	405
Industrial	Dec	234	151	7	110	279	781
"	Jan	141	114	12	94	420	751
"	Feb	206	161	25	113	475	990
"	Mar	289	124	34	102	438	987
Medical.	Dec	23	34	6	20	-	83
"	Jan	41	10	9	72	4	136
"	Feb	59	13	30	110	7	219
"	Mar	60	19	11	53	8	151
Other Visitors Men and Women	Dec	102	8	32	369	73	584
	Jan	56	30	23	139	99	374
	Feb	167	20	45	225	57	523
	Mar	178	28	70	238	127	641
Resident Guests.	Dec	3	-	-	-	-	3
"	Jan	5	-	-	-	-	5
"	Feb	6	-	2	-	4	12
"	Mar	11	-	3	-	1	15
Visits, Station Village and Itineration	Dec	72	45	48	35	-	200
	Jan	96	47	29	17	19	208
	Feb	97	69	36	39	38	279
	Mar	172	58	38	41	35	314
Distribution of Scriptures and Tracts	Dec	12	2	-	-	15	29
	Jan	2. 2.	-	-	-	6. 2.	6. 2.
	Feb	2. 6.	-	2. 0.	-	21. 26.	25. 32.
	Mar	147. 623.	-	-	2. 1.	5. 29.	154. 653.

"Jesus stand among us
In Thy Risen power."

وفى انت بيننا
يا ربنا عيسى
ببيض روح القيامة
وجماعتنا

وفى انت بيننا
انسف علينا
وروحك اعطينا
يا ربنا عيسى

وفى انت بيننا
شدنا بيدنا
وامبارك بيننا
يا ربنا عيسى

افعد انت معنا
يا ربنا عيسى
حشى شرف علينا
بجربنة

Easter-Day
1912



Au Revoir !