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الفوتة



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هذا هو الخبر أنَّ الله نور

هذا هو الوعد الحيوة الابدية.

وَهَذِهِ هِيَ وَصِيَّتُهُ أَنْ نُؤْمِنُوا وَنُحِبُّوا بَعْضُنَا بَعْضًا

وَهَذِهِ هِيَ الْغَلْبَةُ الَّتِي تَغْلِبُ الْعَالَمَ إِيمَانُنَا
مَنْ هُوَ الَّذِي يَغْلِبُ الْعَالَمَ إِلَّا أَنِّي يُؤْمِنُ أَنَّ
يَسُوعَ هُوَ ابْنُ اللَّهِ

وَهَذِهِ هِيَ الشَّهَادَةُ أَنَّ اللَّهَ أَعْطَانَا حَيَوَةَ أَبَدِيَّةٍ
وَهَذِهِ الْحَيَوَةُ هِيَ فِي ابْنِهِ

وَرَأَيْنَا نَعْرِفُوا كَيْفَ نَطْلُبُوا هُوَ يَسْمَعُ

وَشَرَكْنَا فِيهِ مَعَ الْآبِ وَمَعَ ابْنِهِ يَسُوعَ الْمَسِيحِ

هذا هو الإله الحَقُّ وَالحَيوة الأَبَدِيَّة.

EL COUFFA .

* * * * *

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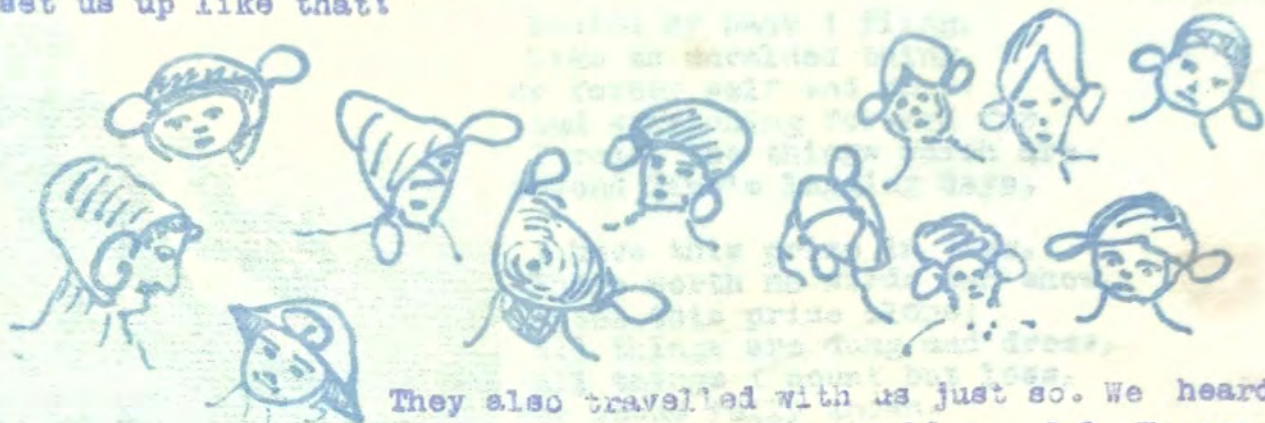
Please forgive the vagaries of "Flex", who has had a bad
Climatic attack. Ed.

* * * * *

الفقرة

Editorial.

Its the New Year! and here we are all again. The more the merrier! Its a far cry, but we are back, in force-, one, two, three and more. Do "they say", we are getting to frivol too much! Very sorry! but we are so adaptable. The last we heard was that certain sober minded persons were making headgear out of us, and doing it well too. So what would you have? How are we to steady down when they set us up like that!



They also travelled with us just so. We heard it with our ears. What would you do? We are open to suggestions. Another time if we saw this with our eyes, and not far from here.



This is the way we eat our corn, eat our corn, eat our corns!

This is the way we eat our corn.

So early in the Year O!

Useful, and ornamental it is. Good works, plenty of them, and overlaid thick with comeliness. All is beauty in Nature, and there is also something written about the Beauty of Holiness. A child prayed God to make "bad people good and good people nice." It was a wholesome prayer. Goodness is often unlovely, was the comment.

May the new year bring us into this Good Land of niceness

Dec: 1912

When we stand before the Throne
We shall see what we might have been.
No. 219.

"WORTHY IS THE LAMB."

"At noon, and noon and night,
Through days o'ercast and bright
My purpose still is set;
I have one end in view,
Only "One Thing" I do,
Until my object's won.

Behind my back I fling,
Like an unvalued thing,
My former self and ways;
and stretching forward far,
I reach the things which are
Beyond Time's lagging days.

I have this prize in view,
Whose worth no words can show,
I seek this prize alone;
All things are dung and dross,
All things I count but loss,
For Jesus fully known.

Oh may I follow still,
Faith's pilgrimage fulfil,
With steps both sure and fleet;
The long'd for goal I see,
Jesus waits there for me,
Haste, haste, my weary feet!"

"Lest Coming Suddenly
He find you Sleeping"

THE GOLDEN STAIR.

"Climbing up the Golden Stair",
the words have repeated themselves
over and over, and they bring to mind
a scene in memory's picture book.

It was evening, our last evening at
home, and we went up into the night
nursery where two little beds
side by side. Slowly a childish
voice was reading out the words:-

"I am climbing in the light
I am climbing day and night
I am climbing up the Golden Stair".





The Golden Stair

Oh, I'm climb-ing up the gold-en stair to Glo - ry

Oh, I'm climb-ing with my gold-en crown be-fore me

I am climb-ing in the light, I am climb-ing day & night

I am climb-ing up the gold-en stair,

نطاع درجة فوق درجة حتى باب السماء
 نطاع نفا القاج متاع الحياة
 ربي يعلمني قوة
 لكل خطوة جديدة
 حتى نواصل عنده في الجنة
 آمين

And then two little faces looked up & two eager voices demanded many kisses for "its the last night."

And as we turned away leaving the two to sleep their untroubled sleep a vision came of that golden stairway leading up to Heaven, & of the love and the prayers, and the hands stretched out to guide those little feet into the upward climbing. & the song has lived on,

"Climbing up the Golden Stair"

A fortnight later we were far away in a small low roofed room in the midst of a crowd of chattering women. There was a buzz of excitement and preparation and then another picture in the memory picture book. A dressed up doll sitting enthroned on a pile of cushions, her eyes fixed on the ground! She is a child in years, no older than the free innocent English children, & yet it is her wedding day with all that it means.

"Climbing up the Golden Stair," poor little ones how can they climb? The stair to which they are guided and whose rough steps those tender feet must tread leads down into the shadow & the gloom.

And still the golden stair is set and other pattering footsteps are reaching ever up and on into the fresh air & the sunshine. The Lord of the Children is listening for the little feet as they climb.

May it be in this New Year that has dawned His heart will rejoice as He hears among the footsteps, those of many from among the Children of Islam, who from out their Darkness have come on to the Golden Stair of Light, that leadeth ever Upward into the Glory!



"UNTO THE END."

* * *

"Unto the End" those three words give the lesson of these Majorcan Olives.

They were ranged in their terraces on the mountain sides, by scores & hundreds, each more quaint than his fellow, till one could hardly choose which should be put on paper; & that one message echoed from them all.



They had outlasted, some of them, to men's knowledge, five hundred years of scorching drought & winter storm: branches that had seemed so needful for symmetry had been pruned off, one after another, to concentrate the life current in those that remained: there were many whose very foothold had been almost swept away, and yet they reared themselves on their stilt-like roots, immoveable. The writhe and the wrestle had penetrated every fibre and muscle, and told its own story in silence; and now they stood against the Autumn blue of the sea below, their silvery crowns shimmering in a great peace, intent only on fruit-bearing to the last remnant of their days.

"Unto the End" - How much that means in our lives; for it is near the close in each of our battles, that the crux is apt to come. And many a contest has been lost that was nearly fought through, for the Enemy is wont to rally his forces for his last attack, or his last resistance.

"Unto the End" in each trial of our patience; "Unto the End" in each bit of enduring hardness & loneliness; "Unto the End" with each strain of nerve tension, of jar in our surroundings, of assaulting

tation, of testing in our faith. "Unto the End" in each prayer-fight where it maybe we often fail when the prize is almost at our finger tips and we let it go again to the foe for want of heeding those three short words.

And as we stand fast in the Lord through these phases of endurance, we are training for the last strife of which their context speaks, the strife that may be close upon us even now. Since our Rally Days, matters in the East have been hurrying on at an astounding pace; all the world's trend seems rushing faster and faster to some unseen climax: may not that climax be the Coming of the Day of God? And if we are nearing that Day, we whom He has called to the front must be prepared for the brunt of the Adversary's onset, as he rises to resist, knowing that he hath but a short time.

So let us go steadfastly through each bit of enduring, great and small, that we may be able to withstand in the Evil Day, and having done all to stand like those Olive Trees, intent on yielding Him, poor though it be, our last bit of fruitage. So shall we be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless.

His beauty shall be as the Olive tree
 The Lord called thy name a green Olive tree
 fair + of goodly fruit.
 They shall still bring forth fruit in old age,
 they shall be fat + flourishing.

"The trunk too of the Olive tree gnarled and wrinkled, often hollow and scathed, yet yielding abundant crops to the extreme old age, and renewing its life from the inside, suggests the idea of perpetual youth. The old stem begins thus to restore its growth, when apparently held together by the bark alone."

Tristram.

"IN THE DARK"



I read the other day the story of a child who asked her mother if Jesus could really see in the dark.

"Certainly, darling," answered her mother, "What makes you ask that?"

"Well mother, I thought He could. I woke in the night, and I smiled at Him in the dark."

We get dark times, whiles, out here: darkened with perplexity or disappointment in the work; darkened on the home side, it may be, by troubles there which we can no longer help to lift; darkened by "the thick darkness" of the spiritual atmosphere around; darkened with a yet deeper shadow if that darkness has crept inside, and we discover that we have to turn back in our souls lesson-books and learn over again pages that we thought we knew quite well.

Have we smiled at Jesus in the dark? If so He has seen it. The darkness is no darkness with Him, but the night shineth as the day. And I think He has smiled back.

* * * * *

O our Father, Heavenly Father
See us one in Thy dear Son,
Evermore defend us, tend us
Who in Jesus have begun.

O our Jesus, Heavenly Jesus
How with Thine our lives entwine.
Round Thy Cross behold us, fold us,
Branches in the Heavenly Vine.



Wind of Heaven, Heavenly Spirit,
Day by day our spirits sway
Till Thy fruit completely, sweetly,
Ripen on the Eternal Day.

Set to "Sunset"

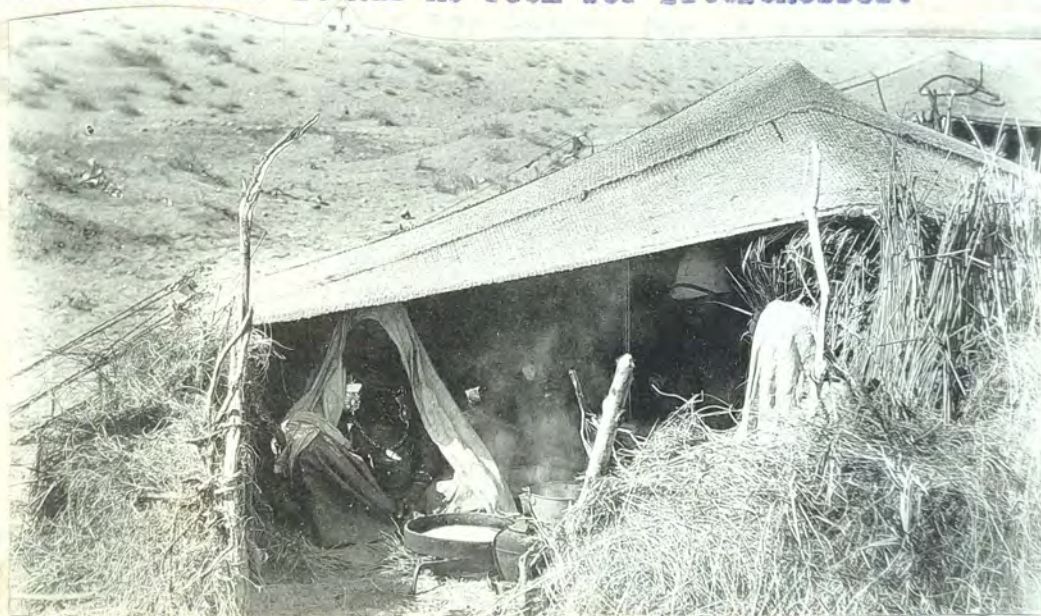
THE LETTER "M"

Chap. V

Missionaries and their Mates

"First gave their own selves to the Lord and unto us by the Will of God". A beautiful description of Christian fellowship. Weymouth translates the Apostle's words a little differently and not less vividly "First of all in obedience to the Will of God they gave themselves to the Will of God and to us".

Do we think as we ought of the Divine Gift of our personal friendships? All that is of God must of necessity have in it an element of nobility and largeness, not to say boundlessness: So large so boundless that it has no room for littlenesses.

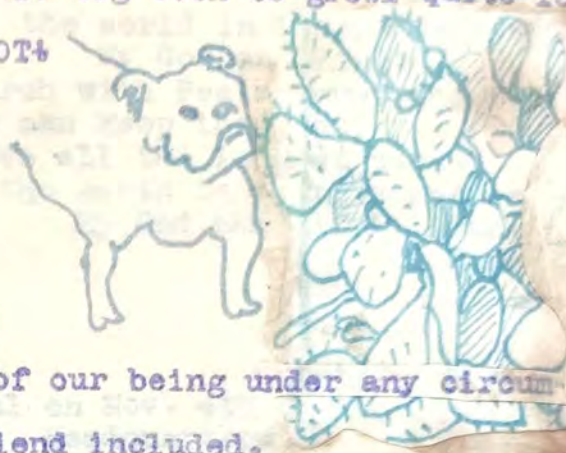


I have seen friendships which reminded me of the little gourbis one sees on the Chelif plain, each one surrounded with a hedge of thorns and for further protection against any possible intrusion each little gourbi has a very large dog, whose sole duty it is to bark wildly at any one who happens to stray near, as if they were thieves, the thorny hedge keeps in as well as keeps out, and what cramped and stunted lives are lived behind those hedges!



We have never known anything like this in our own friendships? no thorny exclusiveness, no tiny little dog even to growl quite low but not very pleasantly? OF COURSE NOT!

So let us rather turn to look at the lovely large description of the friendship that God gives.



First, we have given ourselves to Him, never to take back any portion of our being under any circumstance for anybody, our God-given friend included. And then, it is blessed to think of it in obedience to Him, we give ourselves to the friends His loving Providence has brought to us.

I write purposely of "friends", for it is very noticeable that the noblest friendships are those that are many-sided. We may indeed thank our Heavenly Father that even our poor human love is inexhaustible, like the Norse drinking cup of old that none could empty, for its base was open and reached to the sea. So the love we have to give to those among whom our Lord has placed us, if it is the true heavenly gift and not a shabby human imitation, is inexhaustible, for it too reaches a sea truly more "boundless than Ocean's tide".

So let us see to it that our love to our special mate keeps the door wide open for all that is pure and noble and of good report in every one we meet, and let that love be to each one of us a pattern traced by the Hand of God to set before our hearts the ideal of the close link between all those that love the Lord in sincerity.

* * * * *

"Where Thou art most
Beloved, is room for all! The heart grows wide
That holdeth Thee, a heaven where none doth press
Upon the other."

* * *

P R A I S E .

* * *

Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and King!	Let all the world in every corner sing! My God and King!
The heav'ns are not too high, His praise may thither fly;	The Church with Psalms must shout, No door can keep them out;
The earth is not too low, His praises there may grow,	But above all the longest part. Let all the earth in every corner sing.
Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and King!	My God and King! Amen. G. Herbert.

A L G E R . .

- Oct. For the prospect of Si El Yazeed's arrival on Nov. 4th & the re-inforcement of three new "Short Service" Helpers. Headquarters.
For Boualem's steadfast following on to know the Lord". Dar-el-Fedjr.
That the Gargaff class has gathered happily. Beit Naama.
- Nov. For God's work in Fatima & her good influence over her sister, and for the earnest spirit in the Women's Friday Meeting. Headquarters.
For the Arab visitors whom God has sent us, & for His guidance in difficult places. Dar-el-Fedjr.
For villages opening & interest among the town women. Beit Naama.
- Dec. For the good Spirit among the house children during Christmas. H.Q.
For Christmas Day, & all who came to the Aid. Answered prayer about the arrangements and Baiya bent Chira. Dar-el-Fedjr.
For interested listeners in the village & a sense of God's Hand on all parts of the town work. Beit Naama.

E L B A R R A .

- Oct. That Fatima Zohra has come to live at the Mission House. Blida.
For good numbers & welcome back. Miliana.
That Yamina seems truly changed, see summer prayer list. Relizane.
- Nov. For number of children coming to Sunday Class. Blida.
For the way the little girls listen and learn. Miliana.
For the spirit of attention in the boys & girls. Relizane.
- Dec. For the increasing number at the children's class; also the gargaff class started for elder girls. Blida.
For earnest listening at Christmas fetes. Miliana.
That God is keeping Chira & is giving her occasions to speak for His Son. Relizane.

* * * * *

Thou shalt tell me in the Glory
All that thou hast done
Setting forth alone, returning
Not alone.

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

* * * * *

A REMINISCENCE.



It was Switzerland. It was ever so long ago, yet I can feel now the scrunch of the pine needles as I trod, and smell the fragrance of the fir-



trees. Here and there the Fungi were out, cream-coloured daisies, and terracottas on long stalks, and fat mauve ones pear-shaped. Brown Trumpets too were there and a curly bit of very orange peel was strewn across our path! All full of outside beauty & inside decay. For rotten moist things they were, yet withal so beautiful, and full of parables by the way.



The cream Daisies will cover a dung heap in a night and the next, nothing will be left but a black spot where each white cap has been. White only on the outside! The mauve Pears are full of a poisonous powder, which can injure the sight if it touches the eye, - and the Orange Peel, such a perfect imitation, you could have been sure an orange had been peeled just there. But - it was all a slimy delusion, not a bit of real fruit had ever come that way.



On I went and the wind soughed overhead
 with that wondrous mysterious soughing
 that it does in the tops of forest
 trees, and now and again the pine cones
 came rattling down at my feet, loosened



by that self same wind, when they had emptied themselves out of
 all their store. The store which they had hoarded
 so tightly in days gone by, that it seemed as if
 it never could get free yet it was all gone, and
 the very wood
 it so fast



their empty hands to
 ing it was all given
 wood was richer &
 fuller, because
 utter emptiness!



petals that held
 turned up
 heaven, show-
 away. And the
 the world was
 of their

Then down I sat me under the pines, and I laid my head back on
 the pine needles and looked up and up and up through the green
 tree-tops, watching the wonderful tracery of their branches
 against the dead blue sky, and the game of light & shade the sun
 was playing with the clouds! Then a wood pigeon flew out, and I
 knew I was in the place of countless homes, under the Shadow of
 the Great Father without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground!

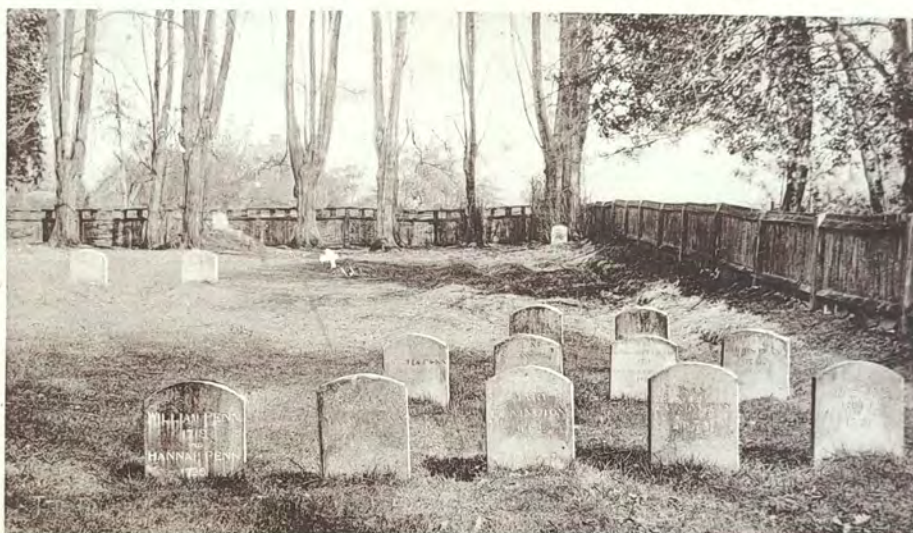
Happy birds that sing & fly
 Round Thy altars O Most High;
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a Heavenly Father's breast."

* * * * *

Two Burying Grounds.

There are two Burying Grounds alike in their naked simplicity and their remoteness, yet the one breathes "peace" not as the world giveth" and the other lies blankly under the sky in dumb appeal to God the Compassionate and Merciful.

The first Burying Ground is an oblong field, surrounded with a low oak fence, and shaded with lime trees. There are a few headstones near the gate; the remainder of the graves are small undulations in the grass. That is all.



The Burial Ground Jordans.

Let us look at the Stones. Each records the name, and the year of death. Nothing more. Yet even simple memorials like these were not permitted to those who lie beneath them, and they were put up fairly recently..

"They did not plant the grave with flowers
Nor dress the funeral sod,
Where, with a love as deep as ours
They left their dead with God"

Near the little gateway we read the names of Isaac and Mary Pennington and their daughter Gulielma, then William Penn and behind Thomas Ellwood - the names of men and women who dared to take Christ's teaching literally, and proved how unpopular that teaching was, even in the days of the Commonwealth. They proved too, to a scoffing and still unconvinced world the "unresistible might of meekness" - In times of persecution the Covenanters, Puritans, Lutherans have taken arms, the Quakers never raised a hand in self-defence. Insults, blows, imprisonment did not crush them, and today they are still a living power in England and America making for National righteousness.

Ellwood records the charms of Gulielma, "Mary Pennington's fair daughter", and how she was sought by many of every rank and condition. She, however, bore herself with such reserve and discretion as to give neither encouragement nor just cause of offence to any, "till he at length came for whom she was reserved" -

Many a maiden fluttering round the Court of Charles II would have been eager to encourage the attentions of the handsome courtly son of the great and wealthy Admiral, Sir William Penn, but at the time that Gulielma's life touched his, he was a social outcast, and disinherited by his father. There is little doubt, however, that Guli realised almost at first sight that William Penn was "he for whom she was reserved" - He married her in 1672 and spent some restful, happy months with her in their home at Rickmansworth before again taking up the threads of his strenuous life work.

* * * * *

One is tempted to linger at those headstones, and tell the stirring stories of those who lie beneath them. In turning to go one glances again at the name of William Penn and one's heart warms to him as the Friend of the Red Man.

Penn dreamed of a state which should prove to an unbelieving world that government may be successfully conducted on the basis of the Sermon on the Mount. His dream crystallised into fact, Charles II granted him land in America, and called it Pennsylvania.

Penn recognised the Indians as the rightful owners of the soil, and the treaties, unlike those usually made with ignorant native races, were fair, and were scrupulously observed. Penn and his colleagues met the Indians on their own territory, and had a grand palaver, which resulted in a Treaty of Peace and Friendship. Any differences that might arise were to be settled by arbitration, six of the arbitrators were to be English and six Indian. The Redmen made stately and eloquent speeches and pledged themselves "to live in love with Penn and his children so long as the Sun and Moon should endure".

When the account of this Treaty reached Europe, it was greeted with sneers, and the politicians prophesied speedy extermination for the foolhardy enthusiasts. But while the surrounding colonists were ever and anon at war with the Indians, the scalping-knife and tomahawk brought fear and panic to many a home, the Redman's warpath never led to the Quaker State, the settlers and their possessions were unmolested and the treaty was kept inviolate. Of this Treaty Voltaire remarked that "it was the only one that was ever made without an oath, and the only one that was never broken".

We are told that William Penn, when visiting the Indians, always tried to make them as innocently happy as possible. He entered into whatever was going on among them, and partook of their hominy, venison, or roasted acorns. When they tried their strength and skill in athletic games he used to join them, and in his earlier days is said to have been a full match for any of them. From the Red Indians one's thoughts wander away to the other Burying Ground away on an African hillside.



A Mountain Graveyard.



FROM THE DESERT.

هـ نخل العميون

As far as we came across them in our desert wanderings we found three kinds of oases. That is to say three ways in which the element that transformed desert land into fruitfulness was supplied. There were Spring Oases, and River Oases, and Underground River Oases. We will look a little at the first to-day.

Spring Oases. I have in my mind a desert place, a town or rather a series of towns built in a vast semi-circle, some on rising ground. Through them, in the crack of the valley, ran a narrow thread of palm trees, at last stretching out into a mighty oasis, making a dull blue line on the horizon. Gardens of palms! And hiding in their depths of shade were trees of Orange and Lemon, laden with their golden clusters, and Pomegranates, and Figs too were there in their season. "It would take a month to walk through those gardens", they told us. Anyway to compass two, took us the best part of a long morning, before we could reach the huge crystal Chott, spread out beyond. A months walking through the most wondrous vegetation, torn from the very wilderness, bordering the salt land of which it is written "that it is not sown,

nor beareth nor any grass groweth therein."

How was it? How could it be?

The ~~slab~~ The head of the water is up there beyond the town they said. Just above the highest point. Would we go? And we went on under a burning sun, that seemed almost to strike us down. We went, and when riding was no longer possible, and a scrambling down the sandy hill side was the only way really to see, we got down and scrambled. We toiled on in a broiling sun-heat of which we were almost afraid, for shadow there was none; we must needs see the very spot, the source of such miracle working power. The "head of the waters," and what was it, but

A little sandy pool, surrounded by a semi-circle of pure sand hills yet in it rising out of the very sand was the spring of living water.



A corner of Nefta.
from "The Head of the Waters"

There seemed no outward earthly reason why it should rise there except the will of nature, but there it was, and with its first little palm tree, and then the next, and the next. Thus it widened and widened that belt of palms till like a vast sea it stretched away to the Chott giving birth to nine towns along its shore.

As we looked down, we saw only the sandy pool, but in it was the

Source of Life.

What if they had not thought it worth while to cherish it, to nurse it, that tiny drop of life which was trickling from the bosom of the sand? If they had not troubled to plant something by it, to live on it, not considering where unto it would grow?

How great had been their loss!

There were several such springs, & these were watched & welcomed, & treasured, and presently their waters meet. They are gathered together in one place, and from thence are sent forth to water the Palms the power of the central force determining the limit of the oasis. "Then said He, ... these waters...go down into the desert". So

"He turneth the wilderness into standing water
And dry ground into water springs".

And these massed waters become a double torrent, "two rivers", able to turn to the right or the left, to go either way and water every garden in turn. Day and Night unceasingly it floweth, watering "every moment". To some the stream comes at night, little they reckon of that, of weary hours in the darkness, if only the flood may reach them it matters nothing when. "And everything shall live where the River cometh".

"The water that I shall give him" said JESUS "shall be in him a well of water springing up..."

What if the springing up has been choked down because the Spring has not been treasured, because that wonderful choice of us by the Master has not been welcomed, because, it may be, we have not realized the far reaching un-ending possibilities of the coming of the Holy Ghost into a human soul; unlet, & unhindered.-





THE SENSE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

From very ancient Times God has linked together in a wonderful way the lands bordering on the "Middle Sea". Three Continents impinged upon it. Three great factors in the moulding of the race were at work upon its shores; the spiritual factor, as represented by the Hebrews; the intellectual factor, as represented by the Greeks, and the governing factor, as represented by the Romans. "The world" itself, "the inhabited earth" centred here. Far away in the East, China hugged tightly to herself the title of "the Middle Kingdom"; but here, nearer to the true centre of gravity, the differences between nation and nation were less marked, in view of that which they had in common, the Mediterranean, das Mittelmeer.

Is it, just at present, in the same sense, the Middle Sea? Surely not, nor has it been so for many centuries back. For Jerusalem was trodden down by the Gentiles, and Rome overrun by the barbarians, and North Africa was laid waste by the armies of Islam, while the Greek language, the common medium of the highest thought, has been superseded by an Arabic, which is no longer fertile in science, in philosophy or romance.

The centre of gravity, indeed, seems to have shifted to the north.

London, Paris & Berlin are holding the balance of power, in the place of ancient Rome and Athens. But see now, how each of these powers have crept southwards, and, crossing the blue waters of the Mediterranean, is making history repeat itself by again imposing a European civilization along their African and Asiatic shores.

See how, within a single lifetime, England has laid hold of Egypt, and France of Algeria and Morocco, and Italy of Tripoli; how the German influence is strong in Syria and Palestine; and even now the Balkan power is in deadly grip with Turkey, that hybrid land of Asia in Europe, "where the waves of East and West meet and throw up their scum".

What does it mean to us in this thrilling year of 1912? It means, for one thing, that now, when from all over the Christian world has gone up the cry, "Come, Lord Jesus" the conditions governing this most significant part of the world are approximating to the conditions under which He found it at His first Advent. Oh, what a time of crisis this is, around the Middle Sea! What a time for prayer! What a time for lifting up our eyes, and looking beyond our own borders, and watching the trend of events in these "Bible lands", and the lands immediately surrounding them!

And it means this, that the Kingdom of God, which was taken from the Jews, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof, is come nigh unto us, whose sphere of labour is the Mediterranean lands. Officially, at least, each of these encroaching European powers brings its religion with it; and more than that, the true messengers of the Gospel French, Spanish, American and English, whatever they may be, are pressing the claims of the Kingdom that is to come, upon those over whom Mahomet has usurped the place of Christ.

It is not enough that Turkey should fall. It is not enough that these Mediterranean countries should be brought under the sway of Euro-

pean civilization and so-called Christianity. It is not enough that the Jews should be re-peopling Palestine, preparatory to the time when Jerusalem shall again be the spiritual centre of the world. The true linking up of all these countries can only be accomplished by means of the Church of Christ.

As the sun sinks in the "farthest west", behind the Atlas mountains, all along the Mediterranean coasts, town after town comes out of the gathering darkness, in groups of sparkling lights. So may it be in the spiritual realm around us, as the cry draws nearer, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!"

"Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps..... and they that were ready went in with Him to the marriage."



* * * * *

It has been written concerning the Bulgarians that they have manifested a Spartan spirit in their moral discipline, in the singleness of their purpose, and the concentration of their patriotism; and they have shown something else, the achievement, of the paradoxical maxim.

"TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU CANNOT DO, AND THEN TO GO AND DO IT."



Extract

He went so blithely on his way
Which people call the Road of Life,
That good folks who had stopped to pray
Shaking their heads would look and say
It was not right to be so gay
Upon that weary Road of Life.

He whistled as he went and still
He bore the young where streams were deep
And helped the feeble up the hill.
He seemed to go with heart a-thrill
Careless of deed & wild of will,-
He whistled that he might not weep.

The Tournee Itself.
(Concluded.)



June 25. 1912. arrived at Victor-Hugo: The distances are far in this scorching sun.

Wednesday. 27. We are glad to be up and out early before the day is warmed: About 7, G. and his dog-cart turned up and we started for his farm. There are three tents in the different enclosures in which no outsider is allowed to penetrate, and we have at last the joy of giving a message to the tent people. It is difficult, for they are so ignorant and have such a different vocabulary but they are dear souls, and we spend the morning between them. The heat was intense, the flies literally swarmed and buzzed round us, but some careless girls, two or three young mothers and several old women, a stately Sheikh Kebir, and a very fanatical man all listened to us in spite of the incessant barking of the dogs. After lunch two boys asked to hear of the Trig Sidna Aissa, the men were keen and we should have been glad to have come in only for them, and the gospel they took. But G. shows us something that interests us more than anything else. Away to the south about 27 miles away he points to us a gap in the hills from the horizon line. "C'est la porte du Sud".

And on the other side of these hills lies the desert. Through this door we hear will come from the end of July to September long



lines of camels
the Sersen. He
a month hence.
tily sort out a
His best to
once more brought
from our new

and their drivers to carry the corn of
says hundreds of camels come up, about
All this, and all we can do is to has-
big pile of tracts and beg him to do
use them then. The little dog-cart is
out. we get warm parting greetings
friends and drive off to Victor-Hugo.

Thursday 28. Up at 2 am. and off
through the strong cold air in a small
open cart. We

are all very sleepy,
but the plain by moon
and star-light is a
memory to brood over
in its solemn still-
ness.



Pray the Books may speak to these.

Teniet el Haad. June 20, to July 3.



Collection Idéale P. S.

The contrast is pitiful between the pastoral surrounding of this place, the Down like hills that sweep round it, and the lives of the people. Our work has lain chiefly among the outcasts of the so called negro village, the negroes are too respectable for us! We have

spoken to little groups under the marabout tree or in the corn-fields, catching the women as they come down, bent nearly double under a load of wood. Another time it is in the stubble, keeping one eye on the goats lest they should stray too far, while their little guardians drink in the truth. If we approach the "East End" of village we are asked to sit on something very like a dust heap and slowly from under piles of sticks and mud crawl out our audience. These apparent heaps of mud and stick roof in the holes of the ground in which they live. They are pitiful specimens of marred humanity that gather round us, the older ones especially in their scanty rags. A great yearning comes over us as we look round the little circles. A few listen hungrily to a talk of the purity and happiness of another world and their interest quickens, as, slowly the thought penetrates, that it is possible for them too to enter there.

And
other

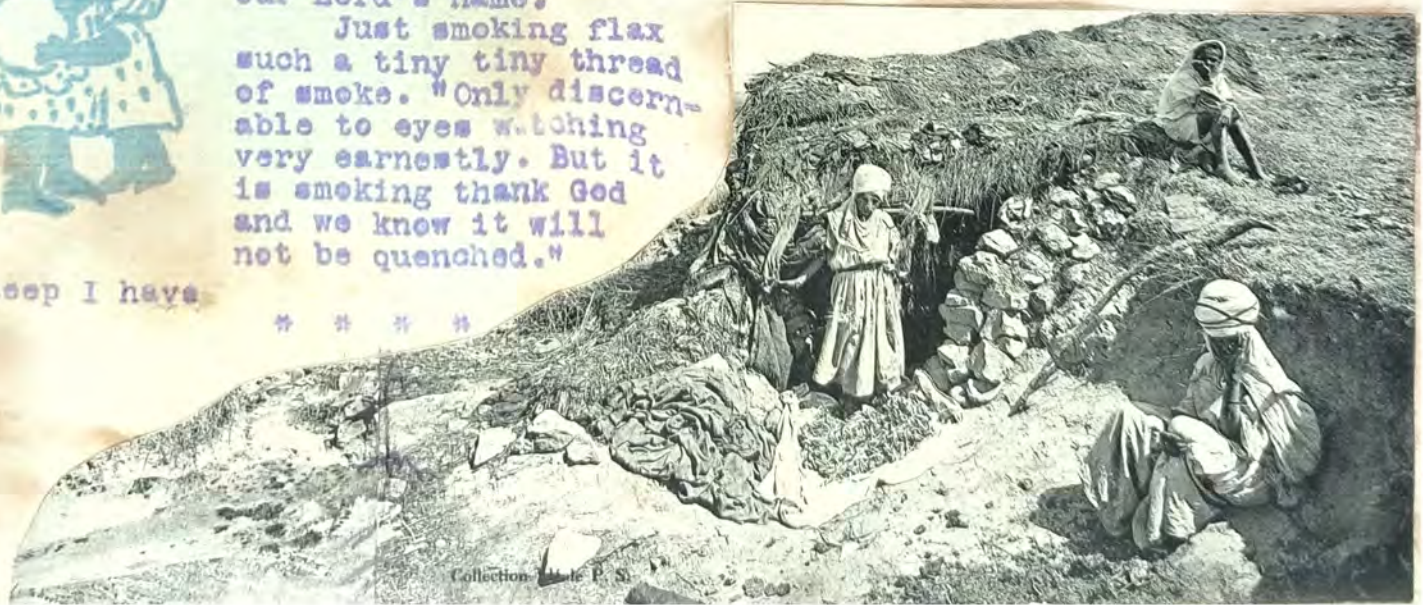


Impatiently they check the interruptions of the children in their eagerness to hear a few words of simple prayer in our Lord's name.

Just smoking flax such a tiny tiny thread of smoke. "Only discernable to eyes watching very earnestly. But it is smoking thank God and we know it will not be quenched."

sheep I have

* * * *



Collection Idéale P. S.

* * *

O that the winds of grace would blow that we might sail more swiftly ever this broad sea to our eternal home! Another day is gone, another week is passed, another year is told. Blessed be God then, we are nearer to the end. It comes swiftly; yet it comes slowly, too. Come it must, and then it will all be but a dream to look back upon. But there are stern things to pass through; & to the getting well through them, there goes more than we can say.

And one thing we knew, that personal love of God is the only thing which reaches God at last. Other things, -they look wise, they begin well, they sound good- but they wander; they are on no path; they go aside, or they fall behind, but home they never come.

To love, the way is; neither hard to find, nor hard to tread; for so it is that love never comes home tired. It gets to God through the longest life more fresh, more eager, more venturesome, more full of youth, more brimming with expectation, than the day it started amid the excesses and in-experiences of its first conversion.

There have been times on earth when we have caught our own hearts loving God, and there was a flash of light, and then a tear, and after that we lay down to rest. O happy that we were! Worlds could not purchase from us even the memory of those moments. And yet when we think of heaven, we may own that we know not yet what manner of thing it is to love the Lord our God.

We are obliged without fault of ours to tread God's common mercies underfoot, because He has so profusely strewn the whole earth with them, that there is not room to move.

* * * * * Faber.

THE PILOT.

Each man is Captain of his soul,
And each man his own crew,
But the Pilot knows the unknown
And He will bring us through.

We break new seas to-day, --
Our eager Keels quest unaccustomed waters,
And, from the vast uncharted waste in front
The mystic circles leap
To greet our prows with mightiest possibilities
Bringing us.....
Dread shoals and drifting banks,
And calms and storms,
And clouds and biting gales,.....
And, maybe, life, -life on a bounding tide,
And chance of glorious deeds:.....
Of mighty service to all needy souls.

So, - he for the Pilot's orders,
Whatever course He makes!
For He sees beyond the sky-line.
And He never makes mistakes.

And, maybe, Golden Days,
Full freighted with delight!
& wide free seas of unimagined bliss,
& Treasure Isles, & Kingdoms to be won,
& undiscovered countries and new kin.

For each man Captains his own soul,
And chooses his own crew,
But the Pilot knows the unknown seas
And He will bring us through



Christmas.

A Baby is a harmless thing
 And wins our hearts with one accord,
 And Flower of Babies was their King,
 Jesus Christ our Lord:

E. Rossetti

* * * * *



Love came down at Christmas,
 Love all lovely, Love Divine;
 Love was born at Christmas,
 Star and Angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,
 Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
 Worship we our Jesus:
 But wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token,
 Love be yours and love be mine,
 Love to God and all men,
 Love for plea and gift and sign.

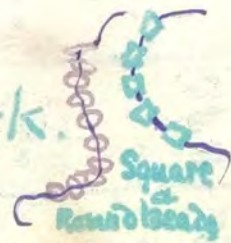
* * *

Kindergarten Bead Work.

MATERIAL NEEDED.

Glass beads and fine wire suitable for threading through the beads.

OBJECT. To teach Counting, Colour, Arrangement and Order.



Base of Basket



Handle of Basket
 2 strings of Beads
 twisted together

oved of Egyptian little ones. (Ismailia)

JOYFULNESS.

Every time would have its song
 If the heart were right:
 Seeing Love, all tender, strong,
 Fills the day and night.

*** * ***

Weary drop the hands of prayer
 Calling out for peace;
 Love always and everywhere
 Sings and does not cease.

*** ***

Yea, Love singeth in the vault,
 Singeth on the stair;
 Even for sorrow will not halt,
 Singeth everywhere.

*** ***

For the Great Love everywhere
 Over all doth glow;
 Draws His birds up thro' the air,
 Tends His birds below.

*** ***

Therefore if my heart were right,
 I should sing out clear,
 Sing aloud both day and night
 Every day in th' year.

G. Macdonald.

STATION REPORTS.

25.

Oct. Nov. Dec. 1912.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And whose suffers most has most to give.

* * * * *

ALGER.

EL BARRA.

ATTENDANCE	DATE	H.Q.	D.F.	D&A.	B.N.	BLI:	REL:	MIL:	MAS:	TOU:	TOTALS
Meetings	Oct.	4	15	-	4	-	-	18	-	-	41
"	Nov.	25	36	110	35	61	182	57	-	-	506
"	Dec.	-	100	175	86	162	194	60	-	-	777
											1324
Industrial	Oct.	95	-	-	40	-	134	57	-	-	326
"	Nov.	326	4	-	168	7	451	177	-	-	1133
"	Dec.	306	-	-	153	51	425	145	-	-	1080
											2539
Medical	Oct.	15	11	-	3	3	-	25	-	-	57
"	Nov.	30	15	-	6	48	5	60	-	-	164
"	Dec.	25	8	-	5	56	4	55	-	-	153
											374
Other	Oct.	37	37	-	7	9	15	121	-	-	226
Visitors	Nov.	62	78	-	-	102	50	299	-	-	591
	Dec.	90	61	-	8	124	72	413	-	-	768
											1585
Resident	Oct.	5	2	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7
Guests	Nov.	4	11	-	-	1	-	-	-	-	16
	Dec.	91	12	-	-	3	-	-	-	-	106
											129
Visits	Oct.	18	27	-	42	-	12	14	-	-	113
Station	Nov.	61	41	-	67	13	15	20	-	-	217
Villages	Dec.	60	52	-	26	20	2	24	-	-	164
											514
Distri-	Oct.	5	-	-	4	-	-	1	-	-	10
ution	Nov.	-	-	-	13	-	1	-	-	-	14
Scriptures	Dec.	15	-	6	-	-	-	-	-	-	21
											45
Distri-	Oct.	41	2	-	12	-	5	-	-	-	60
ution	Nov.	-	-	1	15	-	2	-	-	-	18
tracts	Dec.	9	-	4	10	-	-	-	-	-	23
											101

H.Q. Headquarters.
D.F. Dar El Fedjr.
D&A. Depot & Annexe.
B.N. Beit Naama.

Not as solitary soldiers
Fighting for an absent King
But as one united army
Pledged to venture anything.

* * * * *

THE NEW LEAF.

* * * * *

He came to my desk with a quivering lip,
The lesson was done.
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf", he said
"I have spoiled this one",
Instead of the leaf so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled,
"Do better now, my child".

* * * * *

I went to the throne with a quivering soul,
The Old Year was done.
Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one!
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled,
"Do better now my child".

* * * * *

THE NEW YEAR.

"The time is short"
Too short for useless grieving
The days are fleeting fast
Do thou God's Will to-day, for ever leaving
Humbly to Him the past.

"The time is short"
Too short for vain regretting
To shadow heart & mind;
Go forward in the strength of Christ forgetting
The things that are behind.

"The time is short"
Too short for listless dreaming
O'er vanished fancies fair;
Around hearts are breaking, tears are streaming
Thou'rt needed everywhere.

* * * * *

"This one thing I do,

Forgetting those things which are behind
& reaching forth to those things which are before.

I press towards the mark."

Paul of Tarsus. A.D.64

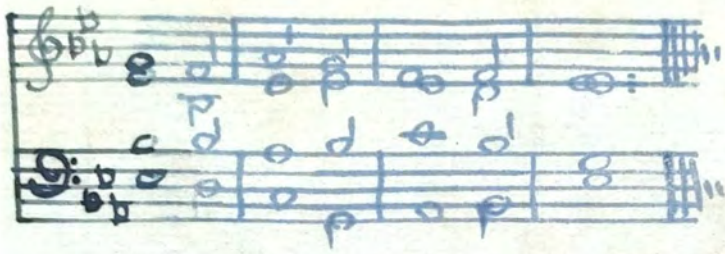
A QUESTION OF POLICY.

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I would like to record my firm conviction, to be confirmed or confuted by future developments, I almost tremble at my temerity in daring to express it in this "City of Learning". I believe that when Christianity lays hold of the populations of Tunisia & Algeria as a whole, it will find its expression & vehicle, not in the Classical Arabic, but in the Modern Language, I thank God that Islam as a doctrine is shut up in the former, but Christianity as a living religion will, I believe, appropriate the living tongue as its medium of expression, both in its worship & in its propagation. The New Testament was written in the colloquial Greek of its time, & it, too, had its literary despisers. But the classical Greek never became again the language of the people. The French language & literature were not produced from the classical Latin, but developed slowly out of the Low Latin spoken by colonists & soldiers in the Province & in Gaul. But I forbear further analogies. The whole history of language development is on the same side. There is, and will be for a long time, a wide field for the classical Arabic, as there was for the Latin in the middle ages. But this will not stop the evolution of language, & the nearest way to the heart of a people is through its living speech. The majority cannot be sacrificed to the fastidious tastes of the few, & Christianity cannot tie itself up to a language that is the privilege of the few, to a form of the Arabic that will never regain its hold of the people as a whole. The moral is plain. It is sure wisdom to cultivate the Modern Spoken Arabic in a literary fashion, & redeem it from the unjust reproach of being a barbarous lingo. I believe that the Methodist Episcopal Church has a great future before it in North Africa, & great is our privilege & responsibility in having any part in laying its foundations and giving any direction to its forces.

Percy Smith.

Tune: LORD in this Thy Mercy's day.



This Hymn of
Native origin
is of special interest.

يا يسوع عندك نبي
راك فاعر تسلكني
و بروحك صوبيني

بيك ورائنا نندينا
يا ربنا ارحم بسنا
وروح الله اعطينا

يدهك تغسلنا
انت فاعر في الدنيا
من طرف ابليس اجعلنا

انتا هو مخاضنا
حيث لك احنا جملة
في جنتك ارجعنا

