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الوجعة



AMR

6, II + 2

1913

El Borrall.

Miliaga

كلام سيّدنا يسوع المسيح
شعاره من الجيل يوحنا

انا هو شجر الحياء كل من يميني ما ذاك شجر يجمع
ومن يا من بني ما يعطش شجر ابا
انا هو نور الدنيا من يقبلني ما يمشي شجره القلمه
لكن يكون له نور الحياه
انا هو الرب الذي
ويصيب ال
انا هو الراعي المليح والراعي المليح يسام في نعمه
على ظاهر الخرف
انا هو الفيامه والحياه الذي يامن بي يحيا
ولو كان
انا هو الهريف والحرف والحياه وبلا بس
حتر واحد ما يوصف
انا هو الذي وانتم الاعراب الذي يثبت جس
وانا فيه هذا يثمر كثير على ظاهر بلا بس
ما تفقدوا تعملوا حتى تشي

كلوا



EL COUFFA.

* * * * *

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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Editorial

From the East and from the West -

"On the little birds sang East and the little birds sang West"

And from each wide sundered shere their songs have reached us.
Words of solemn import from the far West, words of searching query
from the ruddy East. May our spirits be in tune to catch the music,
and in time to mete the rhythm of their song.

We are glad we can be the vibrating string, or "the Couffas" which
may gather the seed carried over sea and land by the singing birds.

We call special attention to the lines from Dr. Zwemer re the
"great cities". It should be a Trumpet note.

Ascensientide is upon us, let us in heart and mind thither
ascend where He has gone before, our Risen, Ascended, Coming Lord.

And,

While we walk the way before us
In the walk tho' much befall us
We onward press
For Jesus is our Righteousness.

• • • •
Though the way be lone and dreary
Tho' our feet grew slow and weary
We onward press
Straight on thro' all our wilderness.

• • • •
In the dawn there will be singing
Dawn, each day is nearer bringing
We onward press
For chang'd is then our pilgrim dress.

• • • •
We shall greet Him in the dawning
We shall meet Him on that morning
We onward press
To Jesus Christ our Righteousness.

* * * *

April 1915.

العبدون ربك يا نفوس
 يا ركبى الله القلوس
 اشكرى رحمة الخالف
 مولى جميع النفوس
 لا تنسن خيرات الله
 نعمة الرب الرحيم
 اللى يغفر كل ذنوبك
 ويشهر مرضك العشى



Questions from the East.

"Have you and I to-day
 Stood silent as with Christ, apart from joy or fray
 Of life, to see His face;
 To look, if but a moment, on its grace,
 And grow by brief companionship, more true,
 More nerved to lead, to dare to do
 For Him at any cost? Have we to-day
 Found time, in thought, our hand to lay
 In His, and thus compare
 His will with ours, and wear
 The impress of His wish? Be sure
 Such contact will endure
 Throughout the day; will help us walk erect
 Through storm and flood; detect
 Within the hidden life sin's dross, its stain;
 Revive a thought of love for Him again;
 Steady the steps which waver; help us see
 The footpath meant for you and me."

Geo: Klinge.

P E N T E C O S T .

God, who at sundry times in manners many
Spake to the fathers and is speaking still,
Eager to find if ever or if any
Souls will obey and hearken to His will,-

Who that one mement has the least descried Him,
Dimly and faintly, hidden and afar,
Deth not despise all excellence beside Him,
Pleasures and powers that are not and that are,-

* * * * *

Witness the hour when many saints assembled
Waited the Spirit, and the Spirit came;
Ay with hearts tremulous and house that trembled,
Ay with cleft tongues, and the Hely Ghest, and flame.

* * * * *

What is this psalm from pitiable places
Glad where the messengers of peace have trod?
Whose are these beautiful and holy faces
Lit with their loving and aflame with God?

* * * * *

Hark what a sound, and tee divine for hearing,
Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air!
Is it the thunder of the Lerd's appearing?
Is it the music of His peeple's prayer?

Surely He cometh, and a theusand voices
Sheut to the saints and to the deaf are dumb;
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoiices
Glad in His coming whe hath sworn, I come.

This hath He done and shall we not adere Him?
This shall He do and can we still despair?
Come let us quickly fling ourselves before Him,
Cast at His feet the burthen of our care.

Flash from our eyes the glew of our thanksgiving,
Glad and regretful, confident and calm,
Then thre' all life and what is after living
Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

* * * * *

Quick in a moment, infinite for ever,
Send an arcusal better than I pray,
Give me a grace upon the faint endeavour,
Souls for my hire and Pentecest to-day!

* * * * *

from St Paul.

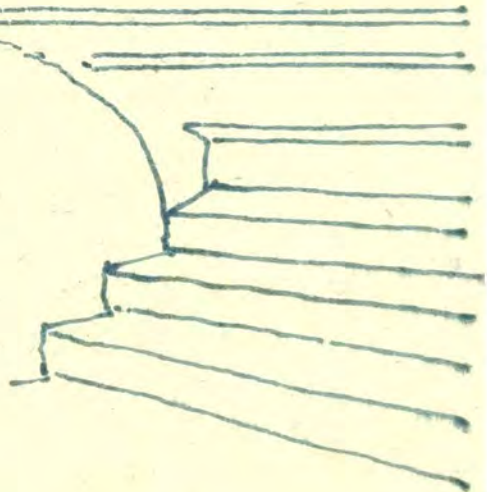


Pentecost.

✠ By Thy
Cross & Passion
By Thy Precious
Death & Burial
By Thy Glorious
Resurrection &
Ascension & By
the Coming of the
Holy Ghost **✠**

Good Lord deliver

us.





SILVER & GOLD.

This month has seen our silver wedding to the land.

Twenty five years ago on March 9th, we set feet in Algiers. And God has marked it here with two little silver streaks of dawn: in the anniversary week of our landing came the first double Baptism, and on Easter Day the inauguration of a regular Communion Service. Both were held in our old Mosque, which has taken on thus its long suspended ecclesiastical dignity: with its shining white-wash and sheaves of arum lilies it looked positively glorified, and the first using of our new embryo Prayerbook helped to mark the fresh era.

Two little streaks: it is for us to say how quickly they shall grow, and how soon the brothers admitted into the ranks of Christ's Church Militant shall prove to be only the fore-runners of a band of his faithful soldiers and servants, even in this stronghold of the powers of darkness.

The welling up of the light-tide in the eastern sky is waiting for us - "If we follow on.....His going forth is prepared as the morning"; just as surely as the midnight lands of earth find the sun ready to sear above the skyline as they "follow on" in their seeking.

"Seek Him.....that turneth the shadow of death into the morning the Lord is His Name". "If thou seek Him He will be found of thee" by a spiritual law as unswerving in its certainty as the natural law which causes the speed of the sunrise to be determined by the speed of the turning earth.

"Where the welf howls leud to night
Birds will sing when comes the light.

Where the sky is dark and celd
It will be white and blue and gold."

.....

Yes, they are only two little silver streaks: but the gold of God's sunrise lies behind them!

"When Thou saidst "Seek ye my Face", my heart said unto Thee
"Thy Face, Lord, will I seek".

* * * * *

"Come to me, Lord: I will not speculate how,
Ner think at which deer I would have thee appear,
Ner put off calling till my floors be swept,
But cry, "Come Lord, come any way, come now."
Deers, windows, I throw wide; my head I bow."

G. Macdonald.

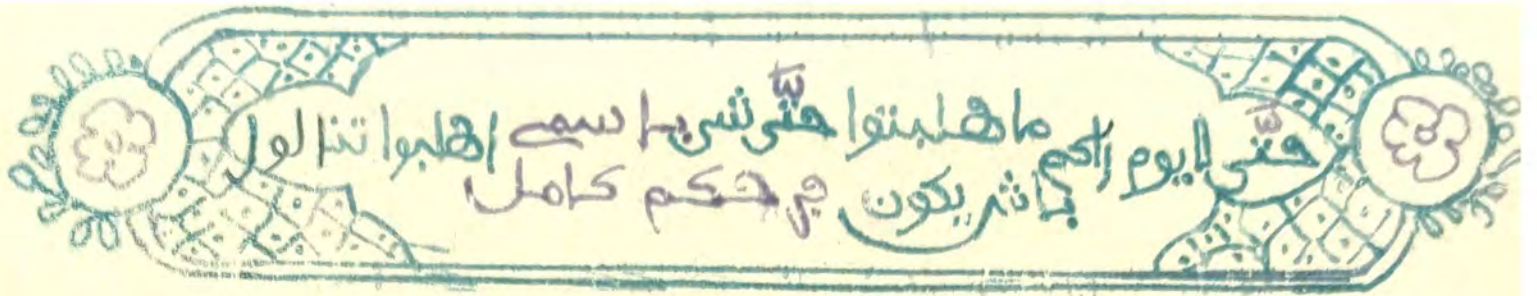
* * * * *

I spake: but God was nowhere seen;
Was His love too tired to wait?
Ah no! my own unsimple love
Has often made me late.

God was not gone: but He so longed
His sweetness to impart.
He too was seeking for a home,
And found it in my heart.

P. Faber.

* * * * *



P R A I S E R E C O R D S .

A L G E R .

1913.

- Jan. For the good spirit amongst the house Children during Christmas & Headquarters.
 For interested listeners in the villages & a sense of God's Hand on all parts of the town work. Dar Naama.
 For Christmas Day and all who came to the Aid. For answered prayer about the arrangements & Baiya bent Chira. Dar el Fedjr.
- Feb. For God's grace in Chira of Relizane & for His sustaining of the faith of Rabbah & Fatima in the death of little Bashir. Headquarters.
 For the hush of God in some new houses in town and village. Dar Naama.
 For Acri because her heart seems opening to the light. Dar el Fedjr.
- Mar. For the dawning of the Light in Amar's soul. For Boualem's steadfastness & industry. Headquarters.
 For Fatima's baby boy & for her speedy recovery from serious illness. Dar Naama.
 That Omar's mother & Hanifa his wife are more ready to listen. For Boualem, that he is working hard to pay his debts. Dar el Fedjr.

E L B A R R A .

- Jan. For the increasing number at the children's class; also for the start of the gargaff class for older girls. Blida.
 That God is keeping Chira & is giving her occasions to speak for His Son. Relizane.
 For earnest listening at Christmas fetes. Miliana.
- Feb. For openings into new houses & for a spirit of hearing. Blida.
 That the fetes went so well. That Pearl Brading has come to help. That the class of Arab boys has rather increased than diminished since their fete. Relizane.
 For sick man's eager listening. Miliana.
- Mar. That the marriage for Fatima Zohra (house child) has fallen through.
 For start of girls' reading class. Blida.
 For first beginnings at Mascara & Mostaganem. Relizane.
 For countless helps by the way. Miliana.

* * * * *

When the last Great Scorer comes

To write against your name

He 'll write not, that you won or lost

But how you played the game.

* * * * *

FROM THE DESERT.

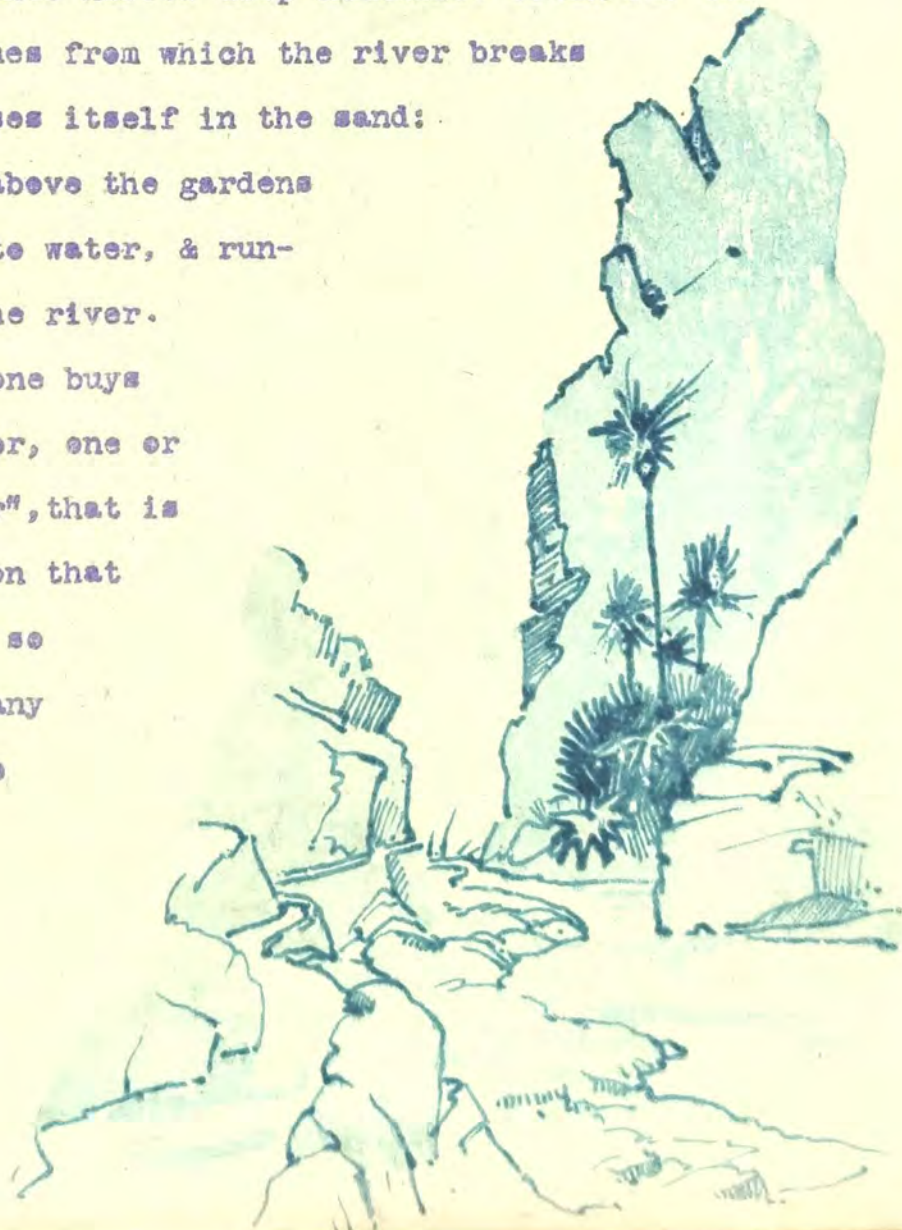
في الواحات

A River Oasis, that is our thought for to-day !

What is an oasis, but land reclaimed from the desert by the power of water: that is all. Within touch, and side by side they exist, these two extremities of nature, never to be one, though at any time one may become the other.

River oases, this is the first kind you meet when you "go down into the desert". Away up in the hills the river is tapped, and the water drained into narrow deep channels. Often far off in the lonely ravines from which the river breaks its way till it loses itself in the sand: you see them high above the gardens they are destined to water, & running parallel to the river.

There, no one buys land, they buy water, one or two "fists of water", that is the right to turn on that width of water for so many hours on so many days a week. No one has been known to exceed his right in this, to steal water where water is life, is to



take life. This system of irrigation tho' so old is so perfect, the moderns could not improve the way of the ancients. It also obtains in the Valais from the time of the Meers there. The supply is limited, for the waters of one river have often to pass on to many cases, the upper ones cannot take more than their share. And the rivers are not always full, far from it.



When the river is down it is a sight to see, "waters to swim in a river that cannot be passed over" And it can come down in a night. Sweeping all before it. The tiny trickle scarcely perceptible in its stony bed can become a torrent.

You can look up, and see as a silver line the thread of the river coming down, when the sources have completed their quota, faster and faster, gathering impetus as it comes, till it is rearing like a mill race at your feet. One such was called the "Bull", with mighty cliffs for its banks. You may have your tent in mid stream, a sheltered place, and not have time to strike it when the river comes down! So rapid, so powerful is the coming. These seemingly useless channels along its edge are needed now, they catch & hold the water, as the flood goes by, and keep it safe. Deep and dry, they now become life givers to the thirsty ground.

"Thou visitest the earth, waterest it, Thou greatly enriched it

with the river of God which is full of water". How glorious it sounds & this infinite fulness of supply. And we are to be the empty channels for the River of God. A perfect wealth of vegetation can spring up immediately when the river is "down".

"A watered garden", a garden flooded, would more literally express the fact, a garden in which water had a right of way before anything

else. I can see one now.

Fig trees were there breaking out from the death like paleness of bare branches into living green; and



almond trees bowed down with pink blossom and filling the air with fragrance, then as we sat there, the water began to come in and fill every hollow and low place.

For not by accident or casually is the garden watered, but guided by the hand of the gardener to every tree, with a short handled hoe opening the channel here and sifting it up there, the process is simple enough and the keeper of the garden walks



untiringly in and out of the sequias. Often knee deep in water, it is no light task, full of painfulness and weariness, often leading to sickness and death. Yet it is never neglected. Thus dimly shadowing to us as the Love of the great Husbandman who says:-

"I the Lord do keep it
I will water it every moment".

"If thou knewest the gift of God... thou wouldst have asked of Him & He would have given thee living water"

"For while the tired waves dumbly breaking
Seems here no painful inch to gain,
Far back by creeks and inlets making
Comes silent, flooding in the main."

"Such a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound or foam."

Keep your face always towards the sun & the shadows will fall behind you.

Whosoever takes it for his lead to do as he likes will not for long like what he does.

Folks who never do any more than they are paid for, never get paid for any more than they do.

Between the great things which we cannot do and the small things that we will not do the danger is that we shall do nothing.

Happiness is a great love and much serving.

In Africa I have long learnt, you must put up with a good deal if you would put down a great deal.

Love that has ends, quickly has an end.

We are not to be limited to ordinary joy when we are in prison of any kind; that is the time for the outpoured singing sort.

"Build thou more stately mansions
O my soul
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Thy being compass with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by time's
unresting sea!

Anon.

THE LETTER "M".

Chap. VI.

Missionaries and their Miseries.

How many of us have said and sung with all our hearts "Anywhere with Jesus", but at the time we did not realize all that it meant for us. Indeed at home, and surrounded by all that home means we could not know. When the test comes we must not forget that "Anywhere" means for missionaries something different from life in England, and let us take very good care not to make a misery of anything that "anywhere" brings us.

To us in Algeria it must mean sometime or other, Arab feed, Do we object to it? And mice, do we mind them? And mesquites, do we think them

dreadful? In some parts it means close contact with dirt and repulsive disease.

Yet if Jesus is there what have we possibly



to complain of? It means living among a stiff-necked and untrue people and struggling with a strange and difficult language. And yet let us evermore writs over all our miseries, big, and for the most part very little, these transforming words "With Jesus" And then the very breath of Heaven will breathe upon our whole being and we shall be glad.

I remember reading somewhere a most beautiful passage on 1 Cor. VII, 20-24- the writer described the transfiguring power with which the Apostles words "with God" must have fallen on the ears of the poor Christians slaves whose case he had been considering "therein

abide with God", "With God" in the midst of squalor and oppression and injustice, and sometimes cruelty unspeakable. "If thou mayst be made free, use it rather, not to escape discomfort but being the Lord's free man, but if thou art called being a slave care not for it, but slave or free let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God".

And what splendid examples of "Anywhere with Jesus" we meet with even in these earthworm days. How about that young married couple in China, who for six years never had a room not to say a house of their own but travelled constantly, and sometimes sleeping in an Inn with all the worse than discomfort than that meant, sometimes sharing a room with the family of some peer adherent, often hunted out of a town with stones and jibes, but never faltering, always returning again & again to the hardest places until even their enemies were vanquished by their faith and patience.

What are our miseries? Shall we make a list of them, and what shall we write opposite to them? Shall it be "this is very hard" or shall it be "with God"?

With Him in disappointments and troubled nights and much that perhaps we should shrink from if we had not meant it when we sang "Anywhere with Jesus".

"With God" these are the wonderful words, this is the wonderful fact that changes earth's sordid surroundings into the heavenly places where we are seated with Him.

A friend told me that she knew an old charwoman who lived in a little garret in great poverty. One day speaking of returning to her room after a day's work she said "And as I open the door I find the dear Lord waiting there for me, and I say to myself, "Can Heaven be better".



OTHERS CAN ! YOU CANNOT !

From the "Friends" of the Far West, we thank them.

If God has called you to be really like Jesus in all your spirit, He will draw you into a life of crucifixion and humility, and put on you such demands of obedience that He will not allow you to fellow other people, or measure yourselves by others Christians, and in many ways He will seem to let other good people do things which He will not let you do.

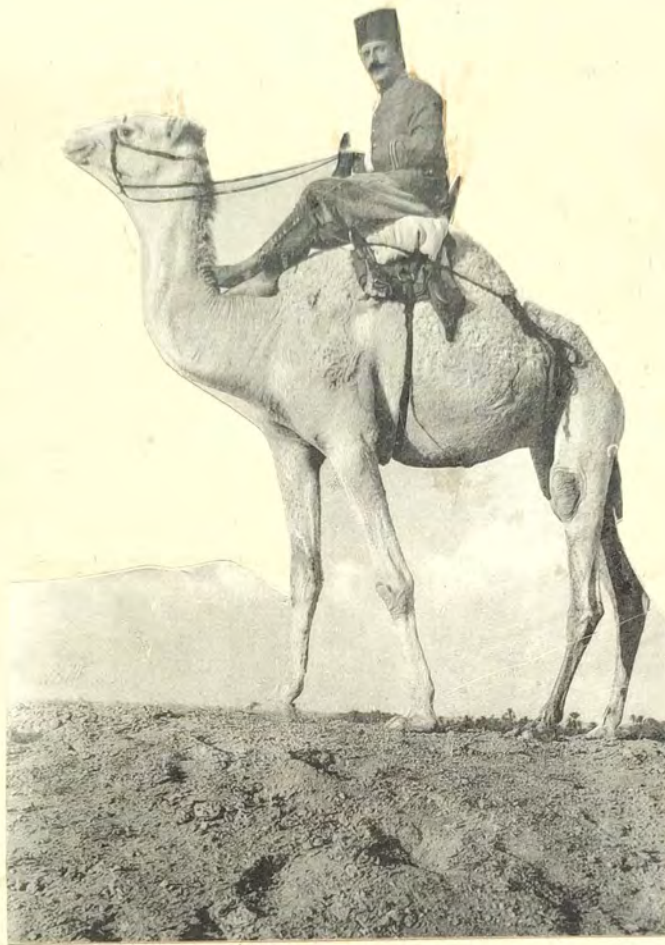
Other Christians (and ministers) who seem very religious and useful, may push themselves, pull wires, and work schemes to carry out their plans, but you can not do it; and if you attempt it, you will meet with such failure and rebuke from the Lord as to make you sorely penitent.

Others can brag on themselves, on their work, on their success on their writings, but the Holy Spirit will not allow you to do any such thing, and if you begin it, He will lead you into some deep mortification that will make you despise yourself and all your good works.

Others will be allowed to succeed in making money, or having a legacy left to them, or in having luxuries, but it is likely God will keep you poor, because He wants you to have something far better than gold, and that is a helpless dependence on Him. That He may have the privilege of supplying your needs day by day out of an unseen treasury

The Lord will let others be honored, and put forward, and keep you hid away in obscurity, because He wants to produce some choice, fragrant fruit for His coming glory, which can only be produced in the shade. He will let others be great, but keep you small. He will let others do a work for Him, and get the credit of it, but He will make you work and toil on without knowing how much you are doing; and then to make your work still more precious, He will let others get the credit for the work which you have done, and this will make your reward ten times greater when Jesus comes. The holy Spirit will put a strict watch over you, with a jealous love, and will rebuke for little words and feelings or for wasting of your time, which other Christians never seem distressed over. So make up your mind that God is an infinite Sovereign and has a right to do as He pleases with His own, and He will not explain to you a thousand things which may puzzle your reason in His dealings with you. He will take you at your word; and if you absolutely sell yourself to be His love slave, He will wrap you up in a jealous love, and let other people say and do many things that you cannot do or say.

Settle it forever that you are to deal directly with the Holy Spirit, and that He is to have the privilege of tying your tongue, or chaining your hand, or closing your eyes, in ways that He does not deal with others. Now when you are so possessed with the living God that you are, in your secret heart, pleased and delighted over this peculiar, personal, private, jealous guardianship and management of the Holy Spirit over your life, you will have found the vestibule of heaven.



(Lines written on
Gordon's statue
which looks over
the desert at
Khartoum.)

STILL I WAIT.

The strings of camels come in single file,
Bearing their burdens o'er the desert sand:
Swiftly the boats go plying on the Nile,
The needs of men are met on every hand.
But still I wait
For the messenger of God who cometh late.





I see the cloud of dust rise in the plain,
 The measured tread of troops fall on the ear;
 The soldier comes the Empire to maintain,
 Bringing the pomp of war, the reign of fear.
 But still I wait,
 The messenger of Peace he cometh late.

* * * * *

They set me looking o'er the desert drear,
 Where broodeth darkness as the deepest night,
 From many a mosque there comes the call to prayer;
 I hear no voice that calls on Christ for light.
 But still I wait
 For the messenger of Christ who cometh late.

* * * * *

Yet dawn is near: for all the hearts of men
 Look for the Prophet who has been foretold.
 After the Mahdi comes another One,
 The Prophet Jesus, so their moulvies hold.
 But still I wait,
 The messenger of Jesus cometh late.

* * * * *



We call him saint and hero; here he fell
 That England might possess that land for God.
 Died the heroic spirit on that day,
 When with his blood he soaked the thirsty soil?
 Must he for ever o'er the desert watch and wait
 For the soldier of the Cross who cometh late?



OUR DEBT TO THE SLAV.

The people of whom it was said that they find out the impossible and then go and do it.

It was a Slav named Copernicus who, in the early days of the 16th century gave us the theory of the sun and earth and skies that still bears his name.

It was a Slav named Comenius who, losing all his property and writings by persecution, fled in the 17th century to Poland and became the greatest educational pioneer and reformer of his age.

It was a Slav named John Huss who suffered as a martyr at the hands of merciless men a full century before Martin Luther began the Reformation.

Then again, it was a Slav named Sobieski who overthrew the Turkish army in front of Hapsburg in 1683, and so became a mighty stay against the flood of Mohammedanism that was forcing its way across Europe.

"Only a few of the great Slavs, but they place the world under a debt", so says a contemporary. A few of the people who find out what they cannot do and then go and do it, who "glory in the impossible".

There's a legion that never was listed,
 That carries no colours nor crest,
 But split in a thousand detachments
 Is breaking the road for the rest.

* * * * *

THE LIVINGSTONE CENTENARY.

Mar. 19th being the 100th anniversary of the birth of David Livingstone; of deepest interest to us in Africa.

.....

Perhaps even more valuable than the material results of his work is the example which he has left behind him. In devotion to duty and in tenacity of purpose he has had few equals. When he made his first march to the sea, and arrived at Leanda, broken with fever and dysentery and hardships of all kinds, he had not seen England for thirteen years, and had been separated for two years from his wife and children. In the harbour was a British ship ready to take him on board. The temptation was one which must have been hard to resist. But the natives who had come with him through the dangers of an unknown country could not, he thought, have got back to their own unless he led them. So he turned his face from the sea and all that it meant to him, and marched back, half across a continent, to restore them to their homes.

At the end of his last period of exploration, when Stanley found him, he had been for five years alone in the heart of Africa. By that time he was an old man, grey and bent and ill, "little more than a living skeleton".

He had no stores, no medicines, no comforts of any kind. For two years he had received no letters from his children, or news of the world. Yet Stanley, fearing to find in him a man embittered and morose was charmed not only by his kindness and modesty, and his simple faith, but by his "high spirits and inexhaustible humour.....". Every day I heard innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes". He was full of interest in all that was going on elsewhere, and in literature. Above all, he was full of determination to stick to his task. Pressed to come away for a time and recruit his health, he steadily refused, and Stanley had to leave him. Hardly a year later he had worn down the last remains of his strength, and was lying dead, unsuccessful in the task he had undertaken, but indomitable to the last. It was madness, perhaps, as some said, but it was a madness that stirred the world.

The effect upon his own countrymen was shown by the outburst of sorrow which the news of his death aroused, and by the great effort made to carry out the last wish of his heart, the abolition of the slave trade. Now, after forty years, his name is being honoured wherever English is spoken; and it may be safely predicted that men will think rather to-day of his character than of his successes, of what he was rather than of what he achieved".

From "the Times".

As a missionary he was the sincere and zealous servant of God. As an explorer he was the indefatigable servant of science. As a denouncer of the slave trade he was the fiery servant of humanity. His was the type of character and career that will always remain an inspiration for our race.

Born with no social advantages, possessing no prospects, backed by no powerful influence, this invincible Scotsman hewed his way through the world, and carved his name deep in the history of mankind, until in the end he was carried to his grave in Westminster Abbey amid the sorrowing admiration of an entire people, and bequeath

ed a name which has been, and will ever be, a light to his countrymen. How did he do it? By boldness of conception, by fertility and courage in execution, by a noble endurance in suffering and disappointment, by self sacrifice unto death, he wrested triumph even from failure, and in the darkness never failed to see the dawn."

Gurzen of Kedleston.



"Some one must die in this war & if its me no matter!"

B.P.R. 1891.

WHAT OF THAT?

Tired! Well, what of that?
 Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
 Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?
 Come, rouse thee! Work while it is called to-day!
 Coward! Arise! Go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
 Some must be lonely, 'Tis not given to all
 To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
 To blend another life into his own;
 Work may be done in loneliness; work on!

Dark! Well what of that?
 Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
 Dost fear to lose thy way? take courage yet!
 Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight
 Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, what of that?
 Didst fancy life one summer holiday?
 With lessons none to learn, and nought but play?
 Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer, or die!
 It must be learned! Then learn it patiently.

No help! Nay, it's not so!
 Though human help be far thy God is nigh;
 Who feeds the ravens, hears his children's cry;
 He's near thee, whereso'er the footsteps roam,
 And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

بنت
بليدي



ا
آب

Out-post Reading Lesson.



تمر

Perhaps 15 children came in, fr. 10 to 4 years old. They sat down in a heap, then they sorted them out & put the big ones on cushions with the little ones in front of them.....

ن

ت

It began by repeating texts in turn, each beginning by saying **فار** each one keen to say it before the others.

فار

هيننا ينعوع

Then came the letters of the alphabet.

"I never saw anything like it, & I think it was wonderful" said the one who was telling me.

This is the sort of things:-

The teacher would draw a picture say of a man, and say his name is Taleb for Taleb. But there, you can see it for yourselves in the alphabet that is above.

ح

ل

ن

س



ج

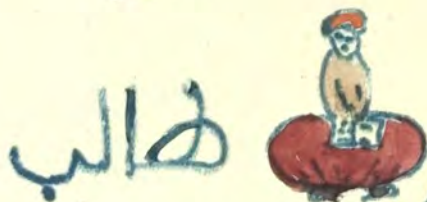
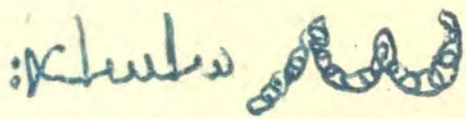
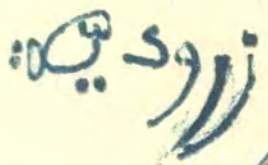
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ك

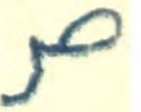
The letters they loved best were

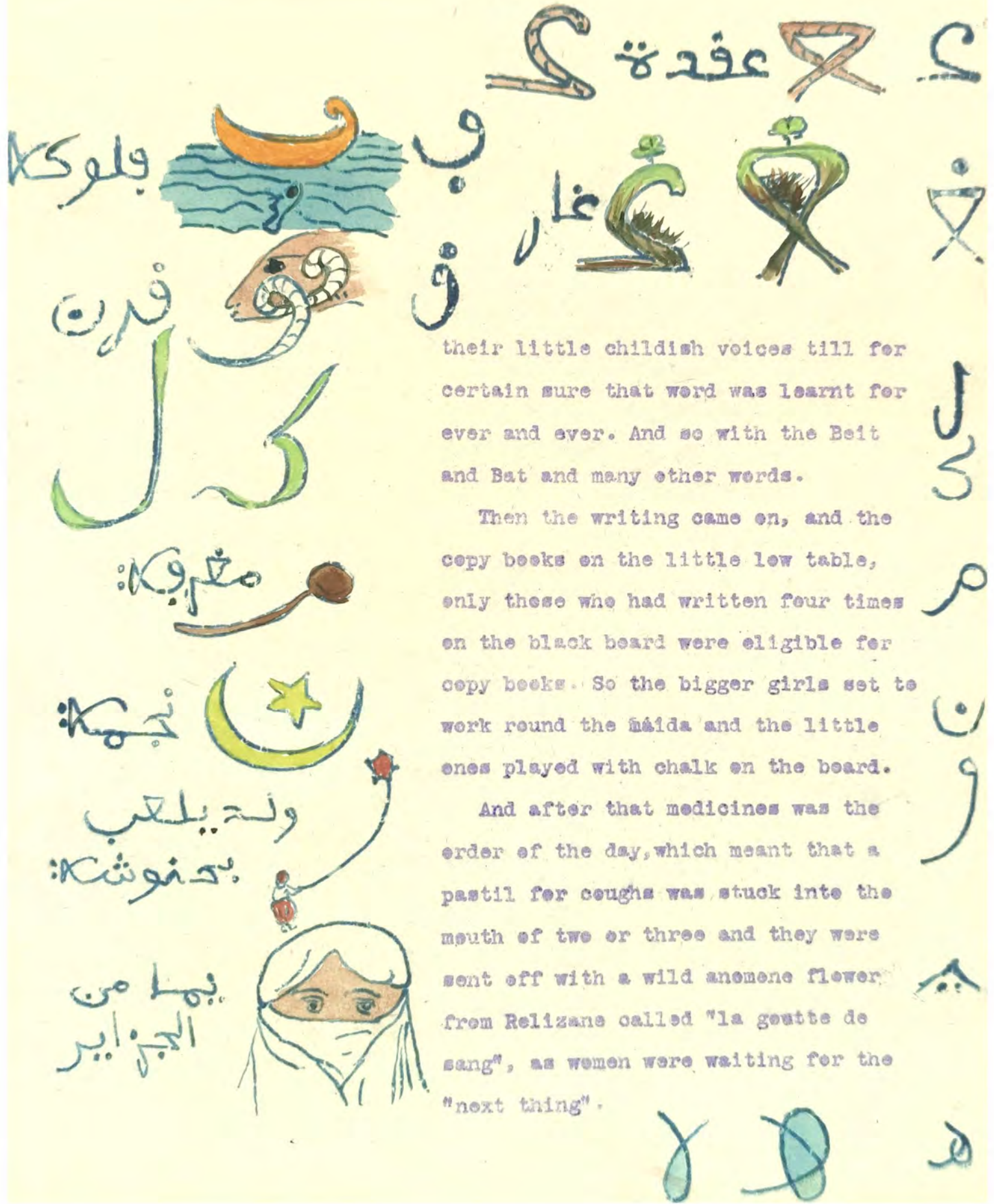
ا



for iemma, and they ended by saying eeeeee. And another one was ^سfor seisela, after which they did se se se se se se se after. And se with many others.

After the black beard exercise each child held a piece of black paper with a letter on it in its hand. Bah would be a small child and Alif would be a tall child, and when a word was called out the children with the letters came forward, the two holding hands when the letters joined. Thus the word Bab would be spelt by a small child holding on to a big one for the B-a-with a little lonely one by itself to show the last b was joined to nothing! So Beit and Bat were spelt, and they would sing out first the B all together, and then the B-a Ba and the B-a-b Bab ever and ever and ever in





their little childish voices till for certain sure that word was learnt for ever and ever. And so with the Beit and Bat and many other words.

Then the writing came on, and the copy beeks on the little low table, only these who had written four times on the black beard were eligible for copy beeks. So the bigger girls set to work round the maída and the little ones played with chalk on the beard.

And after that medicines was the order of the day, which meant that a pastil for coughs was stuck into the mouth of two or three and they were sent off with a wild anemone flower from Relizane called "la goutte de sang", as women were waiting for the "next thing".

THE ALL--INDIA CONFERENCE.

(From the Times. Jan. 31.1913.)

By Robert F. Horton. D.D.

" The famous Edinburgh World's Missionary Conference of 1910 appointed a Continuation Committee, the object of which was to carry out the suggestions and principles of the Conference in the Worlds Mission Field.....

On December 19-21 these conferences were brought to a focus and a climax by an All-India Conference..... The discussions of this body of experts have been intensely real and practical. The whole field has been surveyed. The unoccupied, or insufficiently occupied, areas are to be mapped out. The methods of education and the training of teachers, of pastors, of missionaries have been considered. The vital question of producing a native literature in the several vernaculars, to train the Christians, or to win the non-Christians, has been threshed out, and the most effective method of meeting the demand has been adopted.

The whole field surveyed, the task as a whole faced, the whole missionary force brought into line, the whole future considered, the deliberate and united effort, with the greatest economy of existing resources and agents, to offer the Christian Gospel, with all that it implies, to the whole Indian Empire -that is the main practical result of this unparalleled effort.....

Of course the crucial question is co-operation. It was recognized at Edinburgh that by effective co-operation of the Churches and societies the work might be doubled without increasing the missionaries by a single unity. Accordingly the central point of the whole conference was the report on co-operation. This was presented by Bishop Lefroy, whose appointment to the Bishopric of Calcutta makes him the Metropolitan of India. The report was a masterly and statesmanlike document, the gist of which has been outlined above, shewing how all Churches and societies may act in comity, may avoid overlapping may agree about payment of teachers, exercise of discipline, and reception of members from other missions, the questions which are apt to cause friction. It was a thrilling moment when the great charter of Christian unity was unanimously accepted, and the whole conclave rose to give thanks to God for the spirit of love and discipline and sanity which had made it possible. The unity was not forced or strained..... It seemed as if the Captain of the Host were present, and all arms fell into their proper places, to compose the one army of occupation for the deliverance of India.

For the events here recorded, we may well thank God & take courage.Ed:



My Object Lesson.

=====

يوحة النهار يوم من العشرة فمراود
يكره بالزاد باش يكمل فده منته ويروح
لافتشه * ختم كمل الكل فده منته
كفال له باب



يا وليد اعرض هذا الجور
في وسط الدوالي

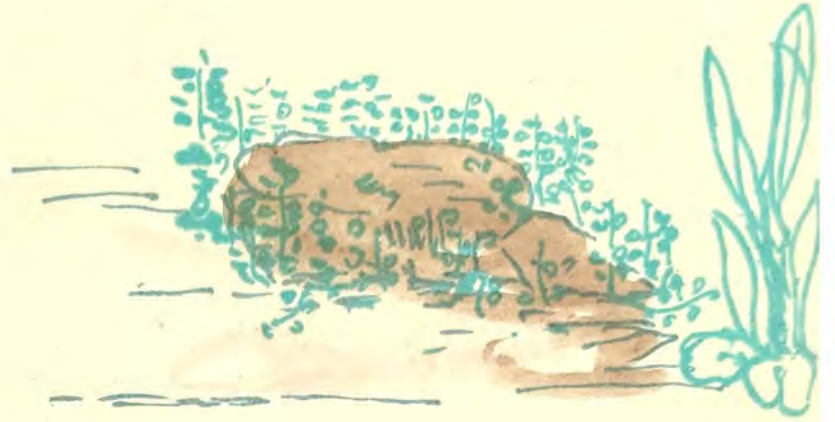


كان احده غضبان بالزاد
وهبة وهذه للجنان وحتم في نعب
هنا بابا ما نشونه نرجه هذا الجيرة
وتجود حرة وكده الجول بيها ونرح
الساعة العتشة *

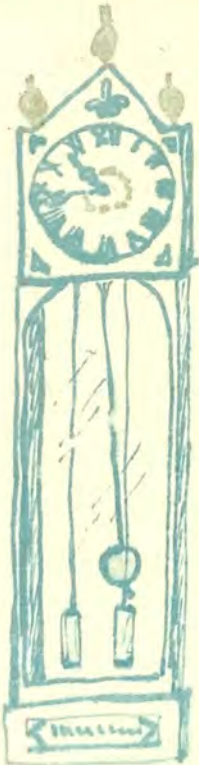


ولاكن ما تمتع نثر بها
على خاضر نهر كايصاء واشش
نقل لبابا به شان الجور *
والليل كج دخل اداه فزاله بابا ه
يا ولدي نخرست نك الجول كفلت
لك جاوية الولد وفال له نك بابا بابا *
وهذا ارض الخبز هركه ب لبابا ه

وكل يوم بابا راح يشوب
 الى الجور ايدبتواو كي ما يفدر نشي
 يصيبهم يختم الغرس ما تشي صلح
 وفي الاخر يزيدي يسفسي احمة
 غرست شر بلا شك هذا الجور في
 وسط الدوالي وهو يختم حتى
 واحد يعبرو جاوبه نعم يا سيدي *



لانه نبتوا الجور الى حسبتهم مخبيين طبع *
 وواحد النهار فتاب بابا هذه الحجرة مدورة
 بنبات الجور وفيهم ما عمل ولية الفبيج *
 وجاهه لا ضرب وقاله حسبت ذنبيك ما
 بيان تشي على حاضر ما كنت تشي حاضر احسن
 شاوبك الله تعالى وخرج ذنبيك *



MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

I was winding up the old grandfather's clock that stood on the gallery. It had been forgotten and had run down. And when a clock has run down I found there were just two things to do:

1. To wind it.
2. To set it going.

All the winding in the world would be quite useless without that living touch.

So it is with the inner life, we get run down, we set to work and we wind away and then we wind again. I remember a Swiss lady once told me, she went to a certain Christian Home periodically to get wound up. So we wind ourselves up and expect to be fine time-keepers for ever after, but we do not go on. It may be after the winding we have not waited for the Living Touch, which shall set us going, not for a week only, but for evermore. When my friend got that she did not need to go back for winding, rather she told others her story. So I tell it you.

* * * * *



representing 10,000 boys, being 65th part of boys of Algeria between ages of 5-14 years.

THE PLEA OF THE GREAT CITIES OF THE NON-CHRISTIAN WORLD.

"It has been my privilege since my return to Arabia to visit, either on my way to the field or in connection with the Lucknow Conference, several of the great cities of the non-Christian world. I think especially of Cairo, Bombay, Calcutta, Allahabad, Delhi and Lucknow; and, remembering what I saw and experienced even in this passing visit, and what I heard from the lips of the missionaries, I am reminded of nothing so much as of the lines by Cleland B. McAfee:

'It is great to be out where the fight is strong,
To be where the heaviest troops belong,
And to fight for man and God;
Oh, it seams the face, and it dries the brain,
It strains the arm till one's friend is pain,
In the fight for man and God.'

The net impression one gains of all these great centres of population is that they are frightfully undermanned; that every one of the missionaries is overworked, and that opportunities valuable beyond recall are being neglected for want of reinforcements...

There is no question in my mind that the plea of the great cities of the non-Christian world should be supreme in its strategic occupation. The evangelization of the Roman Empire took place by the evangelization of the great metropolitan centres. To neglect the great cities is to neglect the greatest opportunities."

S.M. Zwemer. D.D. The Intercollegian, October, 1911.

A. M. B. MATTERS.

In these last months many things have taken place. The marriage of the Chairman of the Revision Committee with our A.M.B. Member took place on March 5th. Many gathering after at Dar el Fedjr Two days later the Bride and Bridegroom left us for Spain, where all good wishes follow them.

.....

The day before the wedding was fixed the Baptism of two Arab men desiring as believers in Christ thus to confess HIM. At the time appointed no one appeared and we waited wondering. Later, one came, the other had been imprisoned by relatives but has since been liberated and baptized.

.....

On Easter Day the first Communion Service was inaugurated. Easter Monday saw the A.M.B. at "Dar Naama" with women and girls. Two days later a band of small boys, after kite making, kite flying, and kite breaking, called in for coffee and cakes. A square of red fezes looking picturesque enough in the orange court.

.....

Trade Notice. Delightful varieties have reached us for this department. As usual the out-posts are to the fore again with much ingenuity. Native dolls dressed on cross sticks by native children are a great attraction. Also queer coloured garments and Gargaff for cellars, and other new uses. - We welcome all, with the prospective visit of our American friends they are doubly valuable.

.....

St Paul.

Myers.

Music by

3

(Arranged for verses.
7-4 inclusive a last verse.)

L I T E R A R Y

S U P P L E M E N T .

* * *

L I T E R A T U R E N O T E S .

Colloquial Arabic.

The Hymn Book, though far from perfect, was issued to date and has proved useful.

I.

On Easter Day a little "Embryo Prayer Book" was used for the first time, containing the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Ten Commandments the Gloria in Excelsis, and some of the Chants. We trust this may soon be followed by other portions from that Book of Common Prayer which is the heritage, as it is the product of the Church of all ages. We subjoin a specimen page.



II.

A children's Tract is also being prepared for girls. This we hail with joy as a distinct step forward, a tiny bud which we trust shall ere long blossom into a "Literature for Women." Here is the title! And one or two of the illustrations.

المغزاة من الحكيم الكبير



III.

Two other tracts are written the names of which are,

"The Blood Fend of Hanouchi."

"The Law-suit that was lost."

And which will be lithographed as time allows.

Hymn sheets and other matter in the Vernacular are being issued in Arabic and Latin characters, side by side, an increasing number of readers, only knowing the latter. Here is a sample .

يا ابانا اللى في السمرة

Ia Abana elli fi essema

ON PROSODY.

By, Rev, Percy Smith. B.D.

"Any complete grammar of Literary Arabic will give the rules of Arabic Prosody. It is a very intricate subject to study a fond, but as in other poetry, one does not need to study prosody to enjoy it, so in Arabic.

As to rules of versification for Modern Spoken Arabic, no book exists as far as I know, on the subject, where they differ from Literary Arabic. The most important of these rules, in which there is any similarity of conditions between Literary and Modern would concern the rhyme. Others which would come more into vogue in Modern than in Literary will concern the quantity of syllable and accents. The reason of the greater prominence of this in Modern Arabic is the fact that the final vowels having fallen, the tone is thrown back and becomes more strong. Nothing but a sense, more or less delicate, of euphony, will save one from erring in this point. The best plan is to get an idea of the rhythm of the music and the rhythm of the piece must not clash.

I have found a few points in making hymns which have been useful to me. I would like to get them in order. One very important one is not to get a long, accented vowel to fall where there is a short, unaccented vowel in the rhythmical beat. It is not in trying to observe rules that I have avoided this. There is something that "choque" the inner sense.

I think, however, if you will try to regard the requirements of English poetry with regard to rhythm, you will get the best aid possible."

(Extract from letter to I.L.T.)

* * * * *

NOTES ON HYMN-TESTING.

By P.S.

1. Get the Schema of the metre of the original hymn, or which is the same thing, the rhythm of the tune, and see how far the hymn, with the natural accent of its words will fit in. These are not rules for making but for testing. If the ear cannot detect error without referring to rule, it is without an essential to making a good hymn. One may perceive an error, but not be able to find it at once. The Schema will then help.
2. Study the laws of metre and its permutation in English poetry, which is also rhythmical.

HINTS.

1. The law of liaison with Alif Wasla **الواو** must be rigorously observed. They are so in the speech as in Classical Arabic.
2. In composing a hymn to an European air, get the rhythm of the music in the ear, and compose to that, so that the accents of the words, and the beat of the rhythm accord, you cannot thus go far wrong.
3. Sometimes when three or more closed syllables (i.e. with djezm) in colloquial come together, there is a disagreeable want of flow. This can be remedied by putting in a helping vowel from the literary form. Thus in one of my hymns I have **يارب إبراهيم** the vowel in **ب** helps out rhythm and avoids the want of euphony in two closed syllables ending in **ب** coming together. Another example can

be seen in the following lines

ثالث يوم فامر يا سياد

which I have changed into

فامر في الثالث يا سياد

which runs easier.

4. Any one without a musical ear lacks an essential qualification for making good verse.

5. Give every syllable its vowel. In rapid speaking these vowels are sometimes slipped, as in **باطلة** which would generally be pronounced (ba't) ('la) But in verse it must be pronounced (ba) (t') (la) So **طريف** must not be regarded as one syllable (trik) but two ta-rik.

6. Aim at expressing a complete thought or complete phrase in each couplet. So that the sense is not carried on into the following lines. The parallelism of the Psalms may give guidance.

7. Arabic songs have given birth to, or have followed metres not known in the Classical poetry. Much might be learnt from observing these. N.B. Guard against any errors of pronunciation or metre in these, what may be passed over in a recitative or narrative style could not be pardoned in a hymn.

8. (cf.6.) a word may be divided between the two hemistichs of a line. e.g.

ومن بعد اقبلني في الـ ملكوت الباق

in these cases you must have the rhyme in the couplet (you cannot break the one where it rhymes)

9. All vowels at the end of a line are long thus:-

فوموا يا الناس واشكحوا
بضم الجاي واقرحوا
سئلتم حينئذ انفسه = نبتهم

In this triplet the rhyme is contained not only in the g sound at the end but in the preceding vowel thus:-

طكوا - 9- | 1- | 1- }
رحوا - 9- | 1- | 1- }
سهو = سه - 9- | 1- | 1- }

10. From this since the same word in two lines supposing to rhyme, cannot form the rhyme, or even the same syllable conveying grammatically the same meaning, the rhyme may go further back, thus

هكذا راءه قال لكم
فيسم حنيز واعطى لكم
ذمه فديته سال لكم

There the rhyme is found in the long vowel of **سال اعطى** with **قال** the two ر in **سال** coalesce with the ر of **لكم** so that we have as rhyme:

سا = لكم but the } are found
ط = لكم } in different
فا = لكم } verbs.

Syntax in St. Luke's Gospel.

I

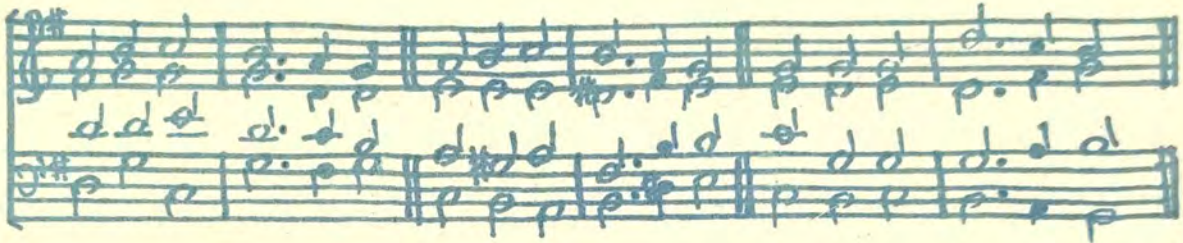
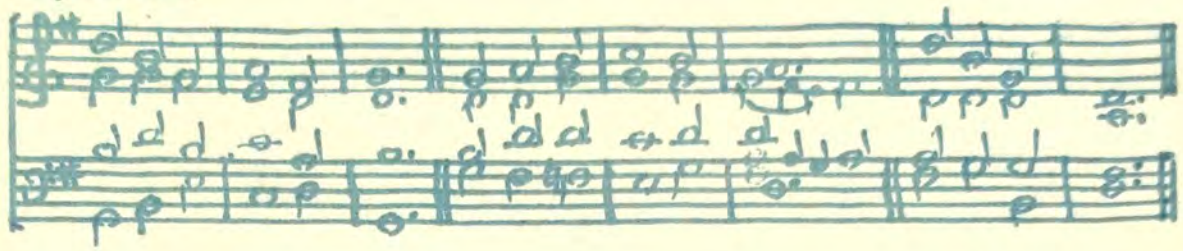
Being Miscellaneous Notes (Grammatical, Philological) Alg. Dialect

It is hoped that these notes may help to remove objections to the translation of the Scriptures into the Modern Dialects of Arabic, to do away with the reproach, as being unfounded, that the spoken Arabic is poor in words and expressions, and therefore unworthy as a vehicle of the "Word of God". It is claimed that an idiomatic translation in the Spoken Dialect has one immense advantage over the literary translations, in that it is instinct with life, a part of the nature of the people that speak it, whereas the Classical Arabic must ever be more or less an artificial, a learned tongue; but from which store much can be drawn in proportion to the progress of the people in the knowledge of their mother tongue in its historical progress up to the present time. It may be possible in a semi-artificial language to use such expressions as صنع حجة صعب فداء as a translation of the Hellenistic $\pi\omicron\sigma\epsilon\iota\nu \lambda\upsilon\tau\epsilon\omega\nu, \pi\omicron\upsilon\eta\sigma\alpha\iota \epsilon\lambda\epsilon\omicron\varsigma$ and many other such, but in translation into the spoken tongue, it would be violence to it to translate in this manner. Such idioms must be employed as are actual living expressions.

Title
Page.

الإبشش instead of البشش since this latter is used so frequently as a Proper Name, and is not used in Colloquial in the sense of مبشش
واحد من أصحابه Used in a loose way, not in the proper sense of أحد
 (that is انصار) but implying..... واحد من أوليئنا دين المسيح
 The proper sense would be incorrect, as the preface of Luke testifies
وهو حسن الجهد مترجم من اللغة اليونانية بلسان بجزاير
 This kind of حسن الجهد saving clause forestalls any objections as to any departure from a literal word for word translation, necessary if

Moscow.



الحمد لله هورب السيد
رحمته تفرح لا انتها

٣ يا وادينا الكريم
مخلصنا العظيم
انصر ليننا
استر عيوبنا
اصحح ذنوبنا
مسح قلوبنا
بارك وبننا
سنة

١ الحمد للرحيم
للخالق العظيم
سبحوا الله
رحمته واسعه
نعمته دائمه
حببه باي فنه
للا انهاء

٤ بروحك الفدوس
اهدنا للجر دوس
دار السلام
بمسيرة هاتيه
باعتمال الصالحه
تخذ موكدا ثمنا
على الدوام

٢ تجفدنا المسيح
نشكروه بالتسبيح
رب العدا
فج اننا يد ماه
لسلم نبوسه لله
يستنجي الحماة
قال النجاء