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# الفوتة



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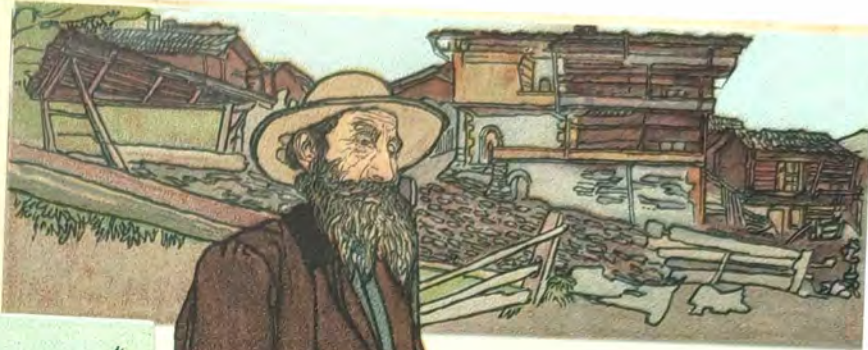
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1913

El Barra 1

Blida. —————

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought  
to ask;



RAPHY DALLES

RAPHY DALLES

Room to deny ourselves;  
To bring us daily <sup>a road</sup> nearer  
GOD.

E L G O U F F A .

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

\* \* \* \* \*

Editorial.

"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:--"

"And is speaking still." "The streams have been God" voice born  
of the snow, and the sun, and only seeking the lowest, barest places  
wherein to flow.--" And the mountains and the ways have all spoken: and  
the words of His people gathering up the stores of Time, have touched  
us. Fragments of a "Supreme Passion" we have set down, that it may  
fire our souls anew. Again, we have heard a Message of no uncertain  
sound, across our own battlefield. One note from whose Clarion-call  
we repeat that it may find an echo in every heart among us:

it is this:

"You may throw something in the air, and it is a known scientific  
fact, it comes down again with multiplied force; and shall not the  
prayer we send up to the Throne of God come down with the omnipotent  
power of Deity." Shall it not.?

Napoleon was inspired once, when he told his gunners to  
"Fire upwards". And more things are wrought by prayer than the  
world wets of. Let us believe it, and then let us act faith.

You in your small corner  
And I in mine.

And the impossible will become possible, and the invisible  
will come into sight.

Oct: 1913.

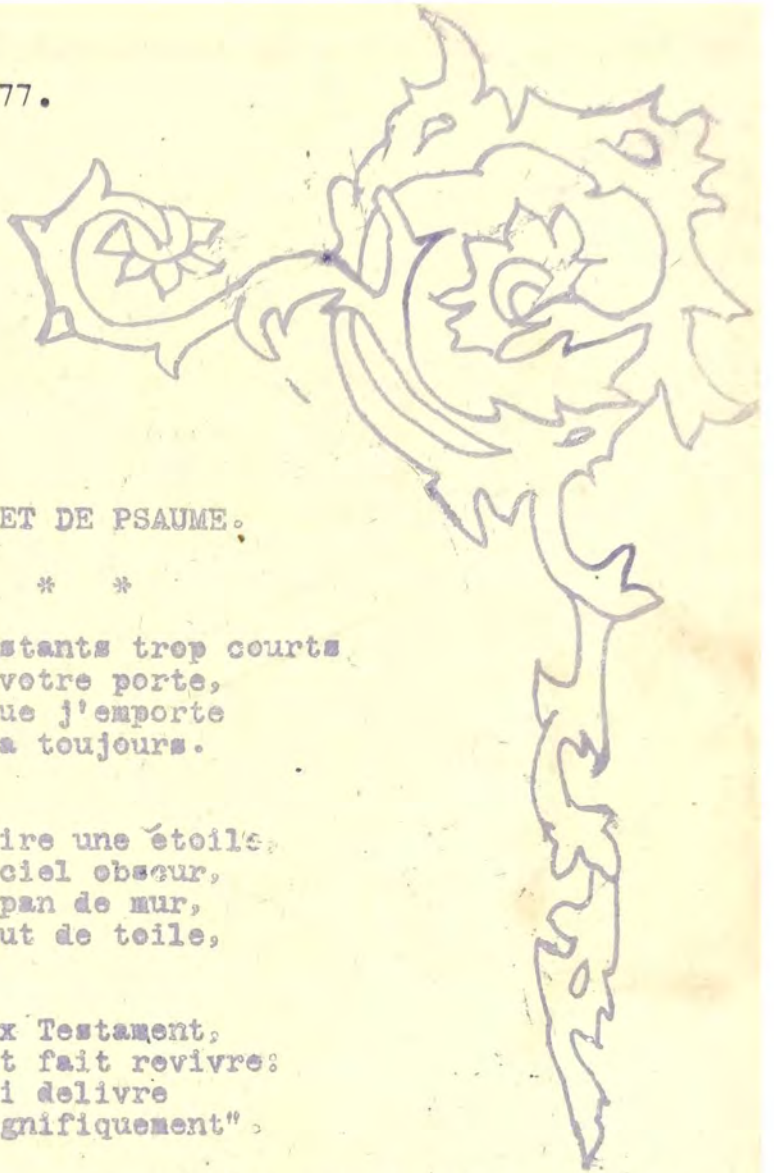
المزمور الثامن  
وهو لإمام الغنّاية على الجتية (واحد من آلات الحرب)  
من مزامير داود

1 يا ربّ يا سيّدنا ما اعظم اسمك في كل الارض  
2 انت الّذي بيّنت جلالتك بوزن السموات  
3 حتى على لسان الصغار واليهير ضعوا اشست عنك  
بسبب الّذي يماريون باس تسكت الماعاء والغالمين

3 حين تنظر لاسماء ونشوب خدمة يدريك  
4 الفخر والنجوم الّذي خلقت  
5 واشهر الانسبان حتى تتوقف  
6 وابن ادم حتى تتوقف  
7 خلفته بدرجه اقل من الهلايكه  
8 عقيته بتاج الجن والاعز  
9 جعلته سلطان على جميع اعمالك  
شكرت له كل شي تحت ارجلك  
7 مثل الغنم والبقر وهو ايش البر كلها  
8 وهير السبا وحوت البحر وكل ما يمشي  
9 في وسط البحر  
يا ربّ يا سيّدنا فد اش اسمك عظيم  
في كل الارض

Psalm VIII. Not yet revised.

بسم



## UN VERSET DE PSAUME.

\* \* \*

Pour quelques instants trop courts  
 J'avais franchi votre porte,  
 Mais le trésor que j'emporte  
 Me reste à toujours.

Comme on voit luire une étoile,  
 Blanche dans le ciel obscur,  
 J'ai vu, sur un pan de mur,  
 Sur un beut de teile,

Ces mots du Vieux Testament,  
 Qui soudain m'ont fait revivre:  
 "Il est Celui qui délivre  
 Magnifiquement".

Envoyé à Rue du Croissant. Alger.  
 25 Mars 1901. Par Theo: Menod.



## THE LETTER "M"

## CONCLUSION.

Missionaries and their "Might have beens".

When I mentioned to a friend the title of this my last "M", she said: "Oh! what a sad subject". And there is indeed a sad side to it. It may be that during these weeks of rest the Holy Spirit has been so showing us what we might have been as to give new depth to the heart's cry. "Forgive us all that is past". But it is not of that side that I am going to speak except to quote some lines that I came across in Scotland.



"Give strength for this stern drama, Lord of Lords,  
Elast in each heart the craven wish to yield,  
Aye, let us burnish new our battered shield  
That it may lack no lustre to the hordes  
Which stand opposing us with tireless swords;  
Safe are we only while our arms we wield".



The "Might have beens" which are in my thoughts just now, are the loss, and misery, and sin, from which our Lord in His ever watchful love and grace has again and again saved us. Do we not know it? What would have happened to us but for His Upholding when we walked amid the precipices in the thick darkness, when the enemy came in upon us like a flood, and we well nigh sunk under his buffetings; when discouragement nearly made us yield, when the subtle poison of unbelief threatened to sap our true life. When the bitter word that might have wrought untold harm was on our lips, when we took up our pen to write a letter of cowardly complaint, in what ruin of our lives it might have ended, but for the restraining, guiding, upholding of our redeeming Lord. And then on the physical side-journeys, illnesses, fears, how different they might



have been! Through all He has brought us body, soul, and spirit, let us go forward into the new season of work with a glad trust. An old monk writing to a troubled soul said: "Did you ever see a mother carry her child for a certain distance to let him fall at last? and has your Heavenly Father brought you to the present moment in order in the end to cast you to the ground?"

Down here we shall never know all the "Might have beens" from which we have been saved, but as we think over what we do know, may the Holy Spirit fill us afresh with a steadfast loving confidence in such a God, and shall we not go forward with a stronger freer step, knowing that He will never leave us nor forsake.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### HARVEST DAYS THAT BREAK THE ROUND OF SOLITARY TOIL.

A Fragment.

"Lift up your eyes, & look upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

It is only at harvest times, when every hand is needed to gather in the crop without delay, that labourers work side by side in and around the village, and the sound of the human voice is heard about the lanes. But for these brief breaks in the round of solitary labour once or twice in every year, an almost unbroken silence lies upon the fields; and except for the stirring at daybreak, and the evening homecoming with its hints of weariness, even the village lacks movement for many hours every day.....

Neither man nor beast moves hurriedly. They seem to have learned some secret beyond the ken of city crowds, and in watching them one feels that in such surroundings life must be sweeter, and that one might oftener receive,

News from the inner courts of things.....

And hear the bubbling of the springs

That feed the world.

The season is quickly passing when countrymen work much in company. The last great harvest will soon be over. Then the labourers will return to their solitary tasks in widely separated fields, and a deeper silence will settle over the land.

"Only at Harvest time!" And harvest is not all the year in any place. It cannot be so. Ploughing, harrowing, seed sowing, all go before, must go before, in solitary toil often if the harvest is to come, but they are all for the harvest, or else they are nothing at all. One planteth, another watereth, but God giveth the increase. So, let us lift up our eyes & look.....

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He would send forth labourers into His Harvest!

\* \* \* \* \*

## C L I M B I N G.

\* \* \*

"We do not know ourselves truly till we have lived in the valley, but the heights are always ours if we will climb."  
M.P.

\* \* \*

If you want to get higher, you must go up; there is no other way. It may not be easy, perhaps not pleasant, possibly dangerous, but there is no other way.

So you start, you see the picture of a snow capped mountains at the end of your valley, and you long to get in touch with the snow, and you begin, and go briskly forward, you think, very soon you will be at the end, but as you follow the stream which now roars as a torrent at your feet, you find spur after spur of the hills have to be rounded corner after corner negotiated, always more difficult the higher you go, and this happens over and over again at different levels.

And in this going on, you get separated from your fellows. The path is narrow, and some lag behind, and many who are pursuing get hidden by those turns and twists of the track: often all are out of sight of one another, as of old they "are separated upon the wall one far from another."

From the beginning of the valley you see the goal, the picture is spread out before you; you lose this as you go on, all is fore-shortened. You have to carry in your



heart what you have once seen, you have to encourage yourself by the

vision you have had; and know by its very loss you are nearing its realisation. First the sight of possibilities attainable revealed to a soul; then the daily "following after", not having attained, but pressing "toward the mark of the prize."



Looking back! It is good to see where you are, to take your bearings, but too long and too often hinders progress. We read "HE steadfastly set His face, and then we know He said soon after, - "No man having put his hand to the

plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom." Hard though it may be and rough; the roughest crags catch ever the tenderest clouds!

"It is wonderful what a little rest and food will do," a climber said, as she toiled onward; rest from care, from burdens having "rolled" all on our Guide; and "fed with the finest of the wheat," from the Seed which is the Word of God.

The goal. The spirit of mountaineering is born among the mountains! The higher you are, the higher you must go, there is an insatiable desire to reach the highest point. This in earthly climbing when attained only means utter disappointment. The man who gained the summit of Mont Blanc, and looked down on all Europe, had no view, all was flat as a map before his sorrowing gaze! For nothing is so depressing as to see everything beneath you.

In Heavenly regions, it is not so. In Heaven only, heaven can be reached; and even there how little may it be the goal! For there it is most surely Excelsior for ever and for ever. Amen.

"THE SUPREME PASSION."

Extracts. Jowett.

Ps: xxvii, 4.- Phil. iiii, 13.

Here are two men with intervening centuries stretching between them, but the same radiant, burning purpose, pursuing the same end. It is as if the mist of time were to be divided for a moment, and we see the pilgrim way, and on that pilgrim way a solitary pilgrim striding out towards the city whose towers and minarets gleam upon the distant horizon. And then the shrouding mist closes again, and the pilgrim and the pilgrim way are lost within the rolling centuries until the mist is lifted again, and we see the same road, but with another pilgrim upon it; and this pilgrim too, strides out towards the same city shining upon the horizon with beckoning gleams. Two pilgrims dividing centuries between them, and yet one in the kinship of a common experience. The sundering years come and go, and yet they are kinmen in the communion of a common purpose, glorious friends and acquaintances in a common cause. Nothing entices them into retreat, nothing lures them into a subterfuge by the way, nothing attracts them into a premature satisfaction. These two pilgrims with centuries between them on one road march forward, march onward, with unfailing constant vision, and with one purpose, to pass the gates of the city by night-fall before the curfew rings the knell of parting day.

And as I watch the first pilgrim stride along the pilgrim way, I hear him sing, "One thing I have desired of the Lord, that will I seek after."

And then the centuries have come and gone, and I see the other pilgrim coming along the road, and as he strides in the ministry of his quest, I hear him singing, and what is he singing? "This one thing I do. . . . They are treading life's ways after years have come and gone, but they are one in the passionate quest for the communion and likeness of God. "One thing I desire." "One thing I do."

First of all, the uplifting of an end, and then the registering of a decision, and then, and surely consequently, a supreme devotion. I could use all the rest of my time in the Word of God, just giving you examples of the superlative devotion of fellow-pilgrims who have seen a radiant goal, and who have resolutely decided to attain unto it. . . . I want you to see the burning devotion that filled the old pilgrims when they followed the end they had chosen. I take figures of speech like this: "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." These men followed their goal, their end, their quest, with all the intensity of thirst. I wonder if in our own personal life we have ever had an experience of a thirst which will enable us to understand the figure. . . .

And so I make my way with undeviating aim through the book of the Psalms and through the Prophets, and see with what intensity and earnestness of devotion these men followed their quest. . . .

As it is with a passion for drink and a passion for learning, so it is with a passion for the Lord. It burns its way, it blazes its trail through opposing circumstances, through worldly hindrances, through obstacles and insidious temptations. The man of glorious passion burns his way through them as a white-hot implement burns its way through a beam. And "our God is a consuming fire," and the man who is in pursuit of God becomes endowed with the same devouring flame.

And one other thing I want to say about the driving-power of the passion, and will give it you in a quotation from one of Browning's poems; a sentence that has often helped me and given me many an in-

aspiration. Says Browning:- "Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve." The passionate quest of one supreme end draws everything into it, as an express train draws all loose things into its own track; bits of loose stick, paper, straw, go whirling along in the direction of its own motion. A passion in life which is of the intensity of an express train draws things into it, laughter, tears, comedy, tragedy, heavy-footed woe, and nimble-footed jest, success, failure, music, literature, art.

"Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve." Your humour, your tenderness, your wit, all your gaiety are made to serve. "Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve." "All things are ours when we are bondslaves of a supreme passion for God. If I can say "One thing I desire," and if I can add "One thing I do," then all the energies of my life are concentrated in such driving quest that my daily labour and my daily play, leisure, difficulty, are all made to pay homage to God in the glorious retinue of my supreme quest for God.

Because there is no passion in our religion, there is no go in our goings, and there is no vision in our lookings, and there is no pleading in our prayings, and there is no driving in our doings, and there is no belief in our word and in our work. Because there is no passion, we get nowhere; and life, I say, is a vagrancy, never a grand crusade. . . . Because religion is not the one thing it is nothing. "One thing have I desired of the Lord." And we lack the supremacy of its passion. "One thing I do," and we lack the supremacy of its quest. . . . If this has been the supreme passion of the pilgrims of the Old Testament, and if these have been their characteristics, and they are actually taking the kingdom of heaven by storm, how shall we get it? How shall we get a passion if our hearts are dull and cold; how can they become enthusiastic? First, we must take the holy fire, we must take the fire from another fire, even from the altar fire of God. . . . If you want this fire you will have to be beggars, suppliants; you will have to crave it from the One Who has the fire. You will have to beg it as a live coal from the altar of God. The way of getting the fire of holy desire is to beg it. . . . The only way in which we can get the holy fire of desire is by begging it, begging it from the God Who has it to give. . . .

And the holy fire of life, how are we going to get that? By begging it. I say we have got to beg this kind of fire, and the only way to possess it is to go upon our knees. . . . Yes, we must beg the holy fire, and then feed it. . . .

I will tell you how to feed it with one kind of fuel. We can feed it with the strength of abandoned interests. We can drop a dozen things and take the fuel and feed this, the supreme passion for God. I say we can feed the holy fire by the strength of our abandoned quests. . . .

"Hear me, O Lord, hear me." There is the beggar, the suppliant; and the fire of the Lord fell. And if I beg, supplicate, intercede, with God near the altar fire where the flame is burning, the fire of the Lord will come. And then, if I feed it by reasonableness, by human providences, by discipline, ambitions, endeavours and services, I shall keep the fire burning, and the fire will be mine. One supreme passion will be enthroned, holy fire will enthuse our life. One thing we shall desire, and one thing we shall do. And, blessed be God, one thing we shall at last attain. And when the unutterable glory of the Lord is revealed, we shall find that we are His kinsfolk, we shall be like Him, and we shall know Him and we shall see Him as He is.

## WHENCE CAME THEY?

\* \* \*

"Whence came they?" (Rev. vii. 13) They came from earth, and time, and common human life, from scenes the most common, concrete, familiar; from all that makes up the poor annals of our mortality from the cradle to the grave.

"Whence came they" to the city of the Hereafter? From precisely the things which we, their successors, find around us in the ordinary daylight here.

They came from discoveries of Jesus as their own, not in mere ecstasies of fitful emotion, but with an indescribable harmony of seriousness and wonder, and so as to see that in the act of being embraced by Him they passed into His absolute possession, to be His servants for ever.

They came from a life given up humbly to do the next right thing rightly, in the Lord's strength, for His dear sake. They came from rising up in the morning not to try to be heroic, but to pray to be faithful, and most faithful in the most common hour; from living out the ordinary day as those who were indeed not ashamed to be known to love their Redeemer, and who could be seen to find in Him a law and a power which sweetened and uplifted the whole action of life, producing that great result, the Christian character, full-orbed in humbleness, light, and strength. They reached the summit a step at a time.

Dunelm.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rosy Dawn of a new truth, as it breaks on our horizon is often full of glory, do not think later it has fled from you. The Dawn may have passed, but you still have the Day, & it is in quiet daylight that most labour is done.

You do not work in the light of Dawn, you watch it & worship, and go forth until the evening.

Neither in Nature or Grace is Dawn continuous, but it is re-current.

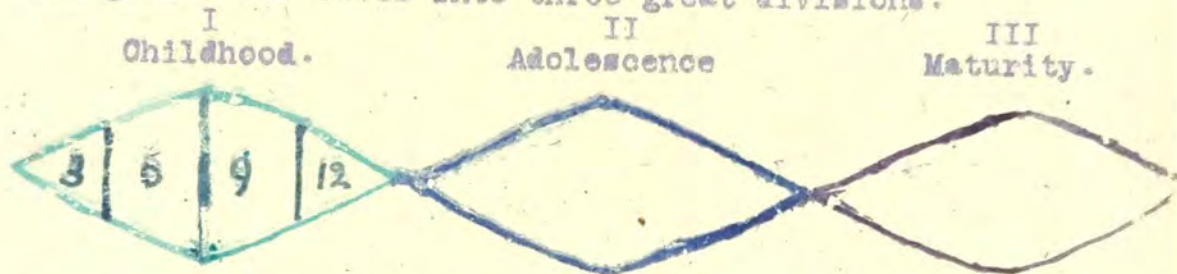
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The west-winds blew, and, singing low,	And so the shadows fall apart,
I hear the glad streams run;	And so the west-winds play,
The windows of my soul I throw	And all the windows of my heart
Wide open to the sun.	I open to the day.

Whittier.

## GRADED LESSONS.

Grading is working in harmony with God.  
 We grade our work because God grades His.  
 God grades life, and we grade the things to fit the life.  
 He is the great Leader, where He leads we will follow.  
 God grades our lives into three great divisions.



If the childlife is compared to a tree we have

1. Root.            2. Trunk.            3. Fruit.

If to a building, we have

1. Foundation.    2. Structure.    3. Furnishing.

## I Childhood.

In the I division, we lay foundations. The younger you begin the stronger the foundation. In this Period the child has not much to do its the fathers and mothers and teachers. We have Cradle, Beginners, and Juniors. We do not get final results, till the end. Maturity is the result of the first two divisions. We can help our children, we cannot do all for them. Jesus we read grew in wisdom and stature; in favor with God and man.

- 1 in stature, physically.
- 2 in wisdom, mentally.
- 3 in favor with man, socially.
- 4 - - - - God, spiritually.

A fourfold growth. God has put certain things into children's lives which will help us as teachers.

1 Curiosity. From 3 years to 6 years. Use it to hold children long enough to put in a spiritual truth.

2 Enquiry. From 6 years to 9 years. They ask questions. Teach in question and answer. When you have taught your lesson, ask for the story back again.

3 Investigation. From 9 years to 16 years. Teaching must be very plain, very direct, nothing hap-hazard. Teach them here that every one is a sinner. That they need to have conviction of sin, so as to realize their need of a Saviour. Strong lessons! because they are thinking things out for themselves.

4 Memory period. From 3 years to 16 years. When we remember all, and nothing is forgotten, use this God-given opportunity to plant seeds in their hearts and lives.

5 Imagination which God has put into the heart of a child. They see the real thing behind slips of paper and a few strokes of the pen e.g. Black board, or Sand-tray. From 6 years to 12 years you will no-

tice all these things. They are God's helps to you and us.  
There is also:

6 Imitation. Children in their play plan things they expect to do, when grown up. Play is the preparation for work. They will imitate you.

7 Comes the gift of Reason, from 9-12, and not only Reason a little bit of judgment too. Though now some come to the Lord Christy, between the ages of 13-15 years, there seems to come into every one's life the desire to be a Christian. Let me give you the ratio, out of every 1000 souls: of decision.

128 between ages. 8-12 years.

392 " " 12-16 "

322 " " 16-20 "

118 " " 20-24 "

40 only after 24 years. 760 before the age of 20. This is the age, 13-15. Where reason begins to develop, and decisions are made. Conversion dwindles after 16 years. Nearly all in our prisons have committed their first offence about 16 years old. Let us win them first.

From the years of 1-6 children grow very fast.

From 7-12 they slow down, and the spiritual part has an opportunity to express itself.

From 12-14 they again grow very fast, and the heart beats twice as fast as any other time, then they rest, and up to 16 years is the high tide of conversion.

## II Adolescence.

The second period, is the "I" period. Up to now it is, we, our, from now it is "I, my," all interest centres round themselves.

1 I am.

3 I see.

2 I can.

4 I ought.

5 I will.

It is the vision period. They need to be kept busy, plenty of handiworks, fill the desire they have to do something. They are looking towards business life, or towards home life. Every child has to make a decision for itself, many say "I ought to be a Christian." Now to get the decision, not of loving Jesus, but acknowledging it. There is a determination not to yield, from 3-9 to fight it out, from 9-13 there is more calm, spiritual awakening, desire to cover up, retire into themselves, they are older in feeling, we must be older in expression; fit our words and songs accordingly.

Its a time of doubt when reason begins. We must meet it, e.g. God is Creator: a Creator cares for what He has made. Jesus is God: Jesus did many wonderful things only God can do.

## III Maturity.

The result of other periods:- the gathering of what has been put in before. If we have a strong Foundation, we shall have a strong Structure; here we have the Furnishing, the things we put into it, to make it a Home.



4025 Gr. Aletschgletscher - Pavillon Concordia (2870 m)  
gegen Jungfrau (4166 m) und Trugberg (3933 m)



A NIGHT AT THE CONCORDIA.

\* \* \* \*

It was six o'clock as we scrambled off the Aletsch glacier on to the rocky moraine and clambered wearily up the rough track to the Concordia six o'clock of a perfect July afternoon, with the sun beating down out of a cloudless sky turning the surface of the ice into snow pulp, soft and treacherous.

No mountain lover can be ignorant of the Hut, perched high on the rocky shoulder of the Wennehorn above the vast sweep of the Aletsch glacier, the outpost of civilisation in the heart of the ice world of the Bernese Oberland. Sitting round the doorway of the Hut on any evening in July or August you will find a little group of men, and sometimes of women-bronzed and vigorous and happily neglectful of convention-with stockinged feet, whilst their boots are drying in the sun; sitting and gossiping of the Alps, the tales of to-day or of yesterday or of a hundred yesterdays; with their eyes set on that amphitheatre of snow and rock and ice which has been the scene of so many seasons of adventurous enjoyment. . . .

They have their mountains, solitudes where none but the faithful may set foot, and in the stillness of this evening sunshine they can afford to forget the fatigues and difficulties of the day; their kingdom is above the snow-line, and their contact is with the mighty elements.

A sudden shadow falls across the Plateau, the sun has dipped behind the ridge of the Jungfrau, and a chill breathblows softly up from the glacier basin as the after-glow reddens upon the peaks...

By half-past seven guides have been interviewed and plans discussed and settled, and it is time to go to bed, you do not go to sleep in such circumstances. Getting to bed is a fine art with six feet square of room space, already encumbered with two beds, a chair, and basin, and a couple of bulky rucksacks, the whole lit by one small candle! Above my head was a small skylight, opened to prevent suffocation, and somewhere underneath lay the kitchen and guides' quarters. Cold blasts came down and hot air and noise oozed up between the floorboards, and we lay directly between whiles and listened to the vocalism of a party of Swiss students and the steady accompaniment of the washing of pots and pans!

However hard it may be to close one's eyes, it is infinitely harder to make up one's mind to open them again. The bed clothes are not soft but they harbour warmth, and at two or three a.m. it is freezing hard outside and a howling wind plays round the Hut, and the matches get lost, and essential articles of clothing are nowhere to be found. The water in the basin, numbs the fingers, boots won't go on, and laces break unexpectedly, and food and drink look and taste unappetising.

But once up and out on the glacier things are different. The crispness of the morning air invigorates, the scrunch of the new frozen snow gives elasticity to the tread, and the endless slither-

ing of chipped ice makes pleasant music in the ear. And always there is the Dawn! It is still moonlight at four a.m., as we descend to the gla-

cier, and plunge at once into a sea of silvery phosphorescence, unreal & fairylike.

4039.

Gr. Aletschgletscher, Concordiaplatz (2870 m.) mit Blick auf Eggishorn (2934 m.)



Above us, on the left, glimmers the huge ice wall of the Aletschhorn, and to the right rises the humpy ridge of the Jungfrau, clear cut against the violet sky.

A pale streak of orange light hangs over the Grunhornlucke, & a fleck of rosy cloud sails slowly into the Eastern horizon. The Dawn is breaking! The sky flushes, the violet pall of star-spangled night rolls ever westward, and suddenly the red glow of the rushing morn catches the topmost pinnacle of the Aletsch and runs from peak to peak, the Jungfrau first, then the Monch, and the sharp spurs of the Gletscherhorn and the graceful saddle of the Ebnefluh. Down and down creeps the gold red radiance, till in a moment we are bathed in a dazzling brightness and the huge basin of the Aletschfirn flashes back the glory of the morning sun.

Day has broken on the Lotschenlucke, but far below, in the Lotschental, the mist wreaths eddy, and the cowbells are silent. A delicious freshness is wafted up to us, laden with the full fragrance of the valley perfumes, and we breakfast in the sunshine-poised for a moment on the roof-tree of the world!

D.W.C.

## MEMORIAL TO PILGRIM

## FATHERS.

Southampton. England.

The monument erected to commemorate the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers from Southampton on August 15, 1620, was unveiled by the American Ambassador.

Mr. Page said; we are met to celebrate one of the most fruitful voyages that men ever made. When the Mayflower set forth from this port 293 years ago a new chapter in human history was begun. The vast changes wrought in the world as a result of that migration are so obvious, and the history of this historic group has so many times been told, that it becomes us to-day less to rehearse their stirring adventures than to remind ourselves of their great qualities of soul to recall what it was that made them such dauntless adventurers into new paths of human freedom.

They differed from all other colonists in this that to use Lowell's fine phrase they were the only colony that went in search of God and not of gold. They made the Deity a partner in their enterprise. In this fact you strike the true note of their greatness; for to men who know that God guides them, misfortunes become invitations to renewed effort. To them there is no such thing as discouragement. Untoward events are merely ordered acts of discipline, and every failure becomes a step towards ultimate success. When success is thus made inevitable, when men thus link themselves to destiny, they take on heroic conditions; they clothe themselves with immortality.

What were their other qualities? Add to this God-directed inevitableness of spirit one other quality and you have a kind of man that did not exist in the world before our era of mastery. They were not only God-led; they were God-led Englishmen.

In the simple, barren life of the English folk a great spirit of adventure stirred, and there were no bolder adventurers than these men that linked themselves with the Deity.

What this meant can be measured only by the vast results that followed.

These adventurers into untried experiences in freedom hitched their wagon to a star, and no other mode of travel has since been permissible in the Republic's high-roads. It is destiny yet, destiny born of English character, that still regards failures as invitations to renewed effort....

This monument, then, is one of the pillars of the hope of mankind. The sons of those men whose immortal achievement it commemorates are drawn nearer to you by this tribute to their fathers and they give you their reverent thanks; and to-day this is their message. The old impulse of our destiny-led race, whatever new forms it may take with the changing years, is not yet spent. The high, grim spirit of the Pilgrim still lives.

Times. Aug: 1913.

\* \* \* \* \*



PESTALOZZI.

Produced here through the kindness of Ed. of "Blessed be Egypt." Ed.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS SUMMARY.

THE WORLD'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Seventy Countries Represented by 2600 Delegates at Zurich.

The Missionary emphasis has been the dominant note of the convention, and the reports of the six great commissions, appointed many months ago to study the present conditions, needs and opportunities of Sunday School work among all people, and on every continent, have been presented in a manner that has thrilled every member of the Convention, and have proven a great incentive to the planning of marked advances in the work during the coming triennium.

The Convention has been held in the stately Tonhalle, which is located in the midst of a beautiful garden overlooking the picturesque Lake Zurich.

One of the most helpful features of the Convention period has been the daily morning "message from God's Word", presented by Dr. F.B. Meyer of London.

In addition to the Tonhalle, sessions and conferences have been held in State and Free churches including the Grossmünster, where Zwingli preached; the Fraumünster, St. Jakob, St. Anna, the Methodist, Baptist, French & Kreuzkirche.

The Sunday School army of 28,700,000 in 298,000 Sunday Schools is the largest Christian army in the world marching under one banner.

The End of the Convention is the beginning of effort.

\* \* \* \*



2788. Zürich. Rotes Schloß und Tondhalle.

## ZURICH S.S. CONVENTION.

July 8-15-1913.

The days at Zurich were up lifting. Through the kindness of friends a good number of the A.M.B. was able to be present. The chief things that we marked, were first the exceeding kindness of welcome extended to the delegates, the brotherliness of all who wore a badge, and next the strength of united forces: the Home and the Foreign field coalescing. The strong and the weak, making common cause together, and lastly the power of inspiration of numbers.

The two notes that were struck and vibrated the strongest and longest in our hearts— were Dr. Zwemer's address, in the Tondhalle on "the Moslem field ripe to the Harvest," which was a shout of Triumph through God, and showed the Moslem fight is going on with leaps and bounds to victory and the Moslem problem to the fore at last. The other word which touched us, to the quick was Mr. Erickson's plea for Albania in the Frauminster, with its personal note of loss and suffering, it left an impress which can never be forgotten by those who heard it, we sub-join some memoranda of the Lectures on elementary classes: from one who heard them.

\* \* \* \* \*

## NOTES ON ELEMENTARY DIVISION-CONFERENCES.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We for our children seek Thy heart,  
For them the Father's eyes;  
Lord when their hopes in us depart  
Let hopes in Thee arise.

When childhood's visions them forsake,  
To women grown and men,  
Thou to Thy heart their hearts wilt take;  
And bid them dream again.

\* \* \* \* \*



"You cannot teach what you do not know, you cannot lead where you do not go!"



The Elementary Division comprises.  
 Cradle Roll department. Birth to 4 years  
 Beginners " 4 " 5 years  
 Primary " 5 " 8 years  
 Junior " 8 " 12 years

\* \* \* \* \*

### I. The Ministry of Music In the life of a Child.

(Mrs. Carey Bonner Gt. Britain.)

(a) Through music we train the child's spirit.

Soft and beautiful music played at the very beginning of a class hushes and prepares the spirits of the children for what is to follow.

We must make song a sacrament.

Our hymns must therefore be beautiful and suitable.

(b) We train as we awaken.

Song and music are most potent factors in awakening the child's spirit, heart, mind and body.

(c) Song and music awaken reverence in worship.

Only a reverent teacher can have reverent scholars.

If ever we need to practice the presence of God it is before a class of little children.

Unreality is the death knell of devotion.

(d) Music and song will awaken intelligent interest.

(f) Music and song will awaken a glad response.

Let there be smiles and gladness "all winsomeness in your religion."

(f) Music and song will awaken the imagination.

Imagination is the golden Key unlocking the gates of Paradise and music will place this Key in the child's hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

### II. Teachers and Teacher-training.

(Miss E. Huntley Gt. Britain.)

We are very responsible concerning the environment which we bring to bear upon a little child.

Every time a child makes a right choice it is a help towards the time of adolescence, when great choices are made. Adolescence is the time of decisions.

The choice made rightly leads at once to a desire for service.

i.e. I. I have found the path, I have found my Master.

II. I want to serve.

The demand of adolescence for service is a challenge to the Christian Church.

To get continuity of service in adolescence is difficult, therefore the teachers training class offers to adolescence "the grace of keeping on." We are discovering that the youth of the present day is just as ready as ever to respond to the call of Christ.



Service among little children has a close relationship to the period of adolescence. A class of three or five little children every week and a Bible story to tell has the very closest relationship to the adolescent's dreams of service and it brings with it system, grounding, continuity, systematic work, and study.

The training class has a grip about it that no other class has, for they study that they may tell. Attendance at the weekly training class should be compulsory, i.e. the condition of teaching. Adolescence is the time of self-sacrifice and adolescents are willing to make sacrifices for this weekly attendance.

The centre of all their study is that they may tell a Bible story well.

The strongest power of adolescence is the great pulsing power of imagination and this finds outlet in teaching the children. Adolescence is the period of introspection, of facing problems of morality etc; and the relationship of children to adolescence is what is needed. The touch of the child on adolescence is one of the finest bits of training.

The young teacher of 17 was telling the story of a martyr to his little class of boys, and the wee boy of 7 looked up in his face with utter confidence and said, "You would have done that wouldn't you?" and the answer of adolescence to the trust of childhood was "the child believes it of me, I will live up to it."

"The Primary Principle in education is not teaching, but love."

\* \* \* \* \*

### III. Atmosphere.

(Miss Pelton. Gt. Britain.)

The sum total of all influences at any one time make atmosphere. All that is most beautiful in home and in Church should be brought into the Sunday School.

We must bring the children into an atmosphere of Joy. The room must be clean, sunny bright and beautiful. We who teach the children must bring this atmosphere of joy and beauty. An atmosphere of alertness and attention is essential. How can we get it?

(a) The children must all feel "in it." They must all be seated comfortably and be able to see and hear well. There must not be any interruptions from outside. The form of service must be one for children and not for grown ups.

Periods of activity and rest, Expression and Impression must alternate.

i.e. Singing would be followed by a Bible Story, repeating a verse, by looking at a picture, etc:

We must give the children beautiful pictures. Even though they may like crude pictures they are not good for them, any more than Green apples, which are also liked!

If there is disorder always ignore the cause of it and focus the attention of the children on something new. If an element of restlessness is present change the order of the service, have a little talk about something.

We who teach must control our manner our voice, and our thoughts, and behind all interruptions we must be conscious of the strong power backing us.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A CALL TO PRAYER.

THE LUCKNOW CONFERENCE CONTINUATION  
COMMITTEE,

Invites all Christians, especially the evangelical churches in Moslem lands, to observe November 9th (on which falls the great Moslem Feast of Sacrifice) as a Day of Prayer for our Moslem brethren and sisters: that God may turn their hearts at this crisis in Moslem history and on this great day in their calendar, to Jesus Christ the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; and that we may love and help them.

Will you on our behalf give this invitation adequate publicity, also in the vernacular Christian press.

CAIRO,  
September 24th 1913.

S. M. ZWEMER, Chairman,  
R. S. McCLENAHAN, Secretary,  
CANON R. MAC INNES, Treasurer

## LITERATURE COMMITTEE

We want prayer-help, & if God gives it, Co-operation of thought, over the Cairo Conference on Literature for Moslems, on Nov. 6 and following days, our part, from the Algiers side, seems to evolve into bringing forward the need of literature for boys, and preparing some specimen leaflets and booklets as suggestions. The rough copies will be on view at the Rally. Further topics or outlines from any of our Band will be welcome.

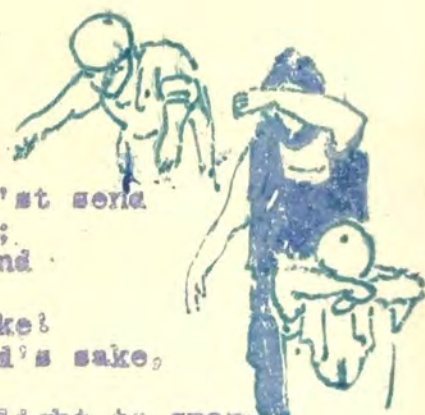
I. L. T.

## Children of Islam

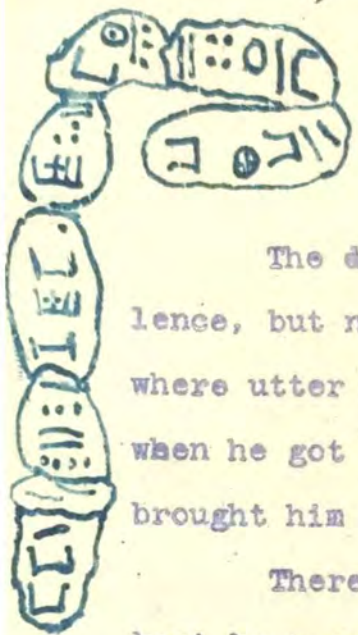
I hear the children crying in the night  
The little children "God of stars & sun,  
We do not like the darkness; send down light  
From where there is so much to where there is none  
Fireflies & flowers we love & all things bright  
But in our hearts its dark; dear God send, light!

A little child we 've heard Thou once did'st send  
Light to the heart of all the world to be;  
And so we think dear God Thou did'st intend  
Some light for children, such as we.  
For what a child can bring a child can take!  
Then give us light dear God for that Child's sake,

And if it be there is no light to spare,  
Dear God forgive if what we ask is wrong,  
We are only Moslem children is it fair  
What others should have all the light so long?  
We would not wish that they should have our night  
But when will our turn come to have the light?!



## FROM THE DESERT.



The desert! Holding perhaps with the ice fields the palm of silence, but not of death. The only place in the world left to pray in where utter stillness reigns. No wonder St Paul stayed three years when he got there, only the soul passion that possessed him ever brought him out!

There is a legend, that a wonderful secret of the desert is kept by a certain tribe, whose origin is still a mystery, and whose ways are little known; whose men veil, and whose women hold the keys of literature, and even sit in their councils. The legend says, these people have a secret which it is death to them to reveal, and which no man has been able to discover, the secret of finding water in those waste pathless tracks which surround their native fastnesses and thus they alone can penetrate into the Great Beyond. Let the legend be as it may. Is there not here a truth for the "Church" which is still "in the desert."?

Was not something like it revealed to that great Leader, when "the princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it by the direction of the Lawgiver with their slaves." In the soft silver sand. And "Israel sang unto it,

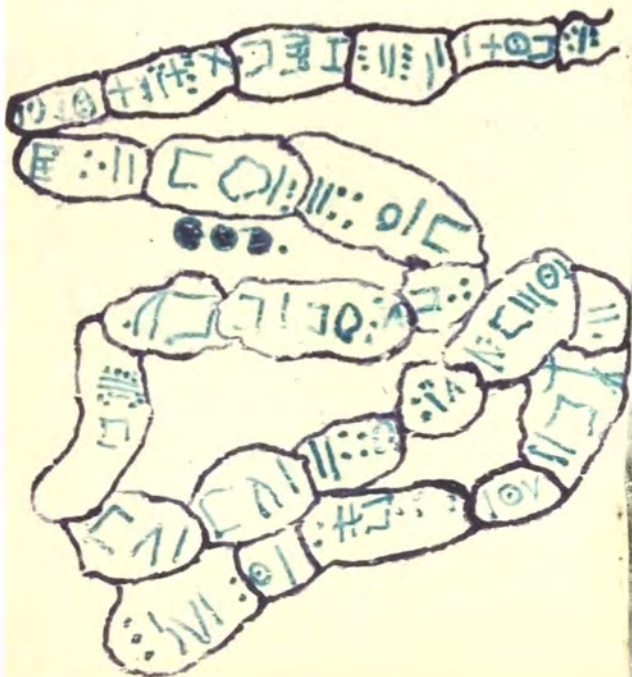
Spring up O Well, and sing ye unto it."

Or when, earlier still "Hagar, had cast the child under one of the shrubs." And God who knew, "opened her eyes and she saw a well of water." Therefore said the prophet, "the Lord is our Lawgiver, He will save us." No matter for the great howling wilderness, while the secret of the desert is His, we can walk through its valley in peace.

And these strange people, have also another secret of power, when they are on the war path. They sit loose to all else save the war. They ride light, their camel trappings are of the simplest, just their seat and the straps for their weapons, a wallet for their dates, all can be adjusted in a moment and they are off! One meal a day, of utmost frugality suffices them, water they know where to find. They are independent of their surroundings, they do not entangle themselves, being soldiers! For "no man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life," said Paul, who "fought a good fight," "for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God."

Away down in the Souf-land, once we met one of this very tribe! Shall we ever forget it!

Seventeen days swift camel-ride south of the most Southern of the French outposts he had come, and we had speech with him; veiled in his black desert veil, speaking strange sounds that we could not understand, but our hands touched his, our faces looked into his.



Collection Bégon - A. L. 501, Alger

We gave him what we had to give, the Word of Life, and asked if he would take more to sell to his people, for he was a merchant and traded in ostrich feathers.

"No," he said, "I will give them, I will not sell." So we took him books, his whole face lighted up, he held out his hand to us, and we departed. But this was not all, the chord struck, vibrated once more, we were to have a deeper response, a token of faith to hold for many days. A few hours after, he was into our door knocking,

"Could he bring us an ostrich-skin or anything?"

"No," we said, and told him over again "the message," this time from the wordless book; then the real meaning of his visit revealed itself, he thrust his hand into his garment, and produced a spoon,

his own, and again the hand went in and this time came out with a thing like a leather tassel with a box at the other end, for blacking the eyes, shyly and kindly he proffered them, his return gift; shook hands & turned on his heel and went. How our hearts went after him as we stood gazing at the little personal offerings he had left, the exchange was complete, he had received and he had given. Dear Si. Baba! Shall we meet on the other shore, where the Shadows flee away! Thus a bit of the Heaven

ly secret, for this world's desert, went out into the great unknown land: that the wilderness of barren souls may be glad for it, and the far off people rejoice. Even so, may it be.

## THE TRAGEDY OF BULGARIA.

By a War Correspondent.

\* \* \* \* \*

Adrianople retaken by the Turks! Here in a sentence is one of the greatest tragedies, one of the grimmest jests of history. The turn of fortune's wheel has jerked a nation to the highest triumph and, while the shout of victory was in its throat, has dashed it down beneath the feet of its beaten enemies to the furthest pit of humiliation and despair. So pride falls.

The cynics laugh. The moralist sees the hand of God, somewhere, though it is not easy to find in the devil's playground of the Balkans. . . . I cannot laugh, nor moralise, but remember only the things that I saw in Servia and Bulgaria and Turkey during the first phase of the war, when the Cross was raised against the Crescent. I think of all the blood that was spilt, poured out as though the blood of men were as cheap as river-water in this great struggle with the Turk. . . .

I was in Sofia when war was declared upon the Turk. In the old Cathedral there was a solemn Te Deum, and God was praised by long-haired priests because He permitted these Christian people to forget old feuds and to stand shoulder to shoulder at last under the sign of the Cross to thrust the Turk out of Europe after centuries of oppression and cruelty. The people shouted for joy, embraced each other, cheered the Macedonian volunteers who stood there with long hair, in white woollen clothes, like figures out of a mediæval missal.

For weeks I saw the Bulgarian people march on their way to war until my eyes were tired with the sight of these tramping legions of bearded peasants with soft sandals which made no noise as they trudged through the mud. They had scarlet flowers twined round their bayonets—flowers as red as blood. Then swiftly the news of victories came to startle Europe—astounding victories. These peasants soldiers were smashing the Turk to his last line of defence, sweeping him from the great territories of his misrule. Only Adrianople remained to be taken.

And now—Adrianople has been retaken by the Turk! As I write I see these lights in the sky, flashing, bursting, throbbing in waves of rosy colour, when the Turk made night sorties and were crushed back by the Bulgarian and Servian guns. All around in the hollows of the hills villages were burning like torches the fiery torch of war. . . .

In the room where I write these words I have a torn flag. It is the first Turkish flag captured by the Bulgarians. It was torn across the Crescent after it had been hauled down from the municipal buildings of Mustafa Pasha. I kept it as an emblem of a Christian victory. It lies now in my study as a tattered symbol of life's uncertainties as a crimson jest of Fate, like the blood that was spilt at Adrianople.

July 22. 1913.

"The Powers it is felt are all too anxious for peace & tranquility for any one to take action on behalf of Bulgaria".

Times Aug. 29. 1913.

At a meeting held in the Caxton Hall, London Mr Noel Buxton M.P. in the chair, the Rev F.B. Meyer and others being present: the following resolution was passed.

"That this meeting, while recognising the urgent need of collective European action to put a stop to the fratricidal war

between the Balkans States, is of opinion that the present action of the Turks in violating both the Treaty of London and the Treaty of Berlin gravely complicates the situation, and demands the immediate action of the British Government, in co-operation with other Great Powers."

In "Times" we read the Bulgarians offer the line of Mariza including Adrianople. This under date of: Sep. 5. 1913.

Later comes this announcement: "Adrianople is Lost." All attempts at persuasion and all menaces on the part of the Great Powers were without result. The Porte knew well enough that while the Powers might be unanimous in their desire to see Adrianople evacuated, their unity did not extend to the means of enforcing their wishes.

But besides Adrianople Bulgaria loses much more. No one supposes for a moment that the solution about to be reached in Constantinople can mark the definite end of the problem.

Is it but the recession of the wave before the last sweep of the tide? Many think so!

The Bulgarians do not attempt to disguise their resolution. . . . to revenge themselves both upon Greece and Turkey.

The former may yet pay dearly for her victories over a numerically inferior enemy, and the latter may find that she has only retained Adrianople at the cost of Constantinople when the next conflict comes to be fought out.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### MONGOLIA & THE OPIUM TRADE.

The news that an English Syndicate has obtained a Concession for the Importation of opium into Mongolia is perhaps not all moonshine.

The Intention appears to be to introduce into Mongolia by way of China, Indian opium; the owners of which are anxious to get rid of large stocks shipped to China. Evidence of the English character of Syndicate should be awaited, but the news comes from an official source.

Times. Sep. 5. 1913.

Are English hands never to be clean from this Traffic?

\* \* \* \* \*

"HERE A LITTLE & THERE A LITTLE".

Sometimes say something, sometimes say nothing, & at no time say all that you can say.

. . . . .

There are many times when the only way to accomplish anything is to say your say, and keep your mouth shut, and your temper in the ice-box.

. . . . .

What makes life happy, is not the amount of trouble we can dodge, but the way we handle the trouble that comes.

. . . . .

By not grasping all within your reach, learn to bear the loss of what is out of your reach.

. . . . .

Not the pain but the cause make the martyr.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MANY &amp; VARIOUS.

The Church Congress, which was to be held the first week of this month at Southampton had for its theme "The Kingdom of God in the World To-Day", and each session was to be devoted to a special aspect of this far reaching title.

The first place is given to the Christian conception of Christ as King. This will be followed by a consideration of the Subjects of the Kingdom & the ideals which should animate them. The third section will touch upon the Kingdom & its Relations to men in various stages of civilization, while the concluding meetings are concerned with the Kingdom & Social Conditions. We note Miss Ruth Rouse among the speakers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Llandrinced. "Whose exalteth himself shall be abased". When a man gets a vision of God he feels his ignorance. When he is touched by the power of God he feels his weakness. Humility is the reverse side of greatness, it shows a man has come into contact with God, has measured himself with God.

"The upper garment thrown aside by Christ was one a slave had no right to wear, the throwing it aside was the sign that for the time He took a slave's position.

After a Calvary, after a Pentecost they did not quarrel as to who was greatest, all their petty egotism was blotted out.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* A \* M \* B \*

TOUZER. We are thankful to report that God willing this winter pest will be re-opened in November. The A. M. B. taking up its residence there after much waiting. The Lord grant the finding of the seed may be great, after these "many days".

MILIANA, too is going through changes. A move inside the town is being tried, and the staff will be reinforced to set free help for Touzer. On all which we ask God's blessing.

RELIZANE also is forging ahead, with Mascara as a station & Mastaganem periodically visited.

At Beu Haniffa we rejoice to hear that sweet water is flowing into the reservoir.

DELLYS & COLEA We are still keeping in view as places to be visited at any rate for short seasons.



Other strategic points are NEPTA within reach of Touzer and the CUED SOUP with which there is communication. Pray for openings, for ways of getting the Light through into the darkness, where in this land the miner et, rises on every side & the call to prayer echoes far over the desert. Where the Crescent is, surely the Crusader may go!

\* \* \*



"A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite tender sky  
The rich ripe tints of the cornfields,  
The wild geese circling high  
And far ever upland & lowland,  
The charm of the Golden-red  
Some of us call it Autumn  
And others call it, "God".

Summer

Records

of 1913.

\* \* \*

Praise.

That Beualen is safely out of his tangle, & back at his own work. That his mother & sisters show a distinct advance in fearlessness, due in God's hand to two neighbours in their house having become illuminated El Akri & Fatima Zehra by name.

That Aissa the younger has had a strong impulse of life, through being at the Guest house. "I have a thirst like a sea", he said "for the Word of God".

That there have been prayer victories for Mustapha in his fighting free from Sunday work.

For the Sunday afternoon Boys, the Red Caps, who have been one of the joys of the year, & we are hoping to have from among them many Confessors for Christ in the future.

Ramadan. For God's keeping power for those who had broken through before, & for His grace in the fresh stand made by others.

Thank God it has been a month of real marked victory. Mustapha who quavered much broke through from the first day, & his mother in fear & trembling cooked for him. In the Ali Medfa house, the whole family broke through & that openly.

For the crowning news, of blessing that Beualen's Chira is so changed in spirit, breaking Ramadan with her husband. Praise God with all our hearts.

### STATION REPORTS.

ALGER. June. July 1913. Aug:Sept. EL BARRA.

ATTENDANCE.	H.Q.	D.N.	D.F.	D&A.	BLI.	REL.	MIL.	MAS.	TOU.	TOTALS.
Meetings	-	22	224		195	-	75			516
Industrial	-	115	129		50	213	256			763
Medical.	27	9	10		57	-	51			154
Other Visitors.	197	10	266		121	-	218			812
Resident Guests.	-	5	11		2	-	3			21
Visits all places	72	48	168		35	18	52			393
Distribution Scriptures	60	6	2		-	-	1			69
Distribution Tracts.	70	10	-		-	-	-			80

HYMNS FOR THE RALLY.

Breathe on me Breath of God.



Breathe on me Breath of God  
 Fill me with life anew  
 That I may love what Thou dost love  
 And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me Breath of God  
 Till I am wholly Thine  
 Until this earthly part of me  
 Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me Breath of God  
 Until my heart is pure  
 Until with Thee I will one will  
 To do and to endure.

Breathe on me Breath of God  
 So shall I never die,  
 But live with Thee the perfect  
 Of Thine eternity.

"ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN".

At Home with God  
 Oh can it be  
 At Home O Lord  
 My soul and Thee.  
 At Home with God.  
 Echo. At Home with God.

Yea shut the door  
 And He shut in.  
 The Holy One  
 Who knew no sin.  
 At Home with God.  
 Echo. At Home with God.

My soul and Thee  
 For evermore!  
 All else shut out  
 And shut the door.  
 At Home with God.  
 Echo. At Home with God.

Who knew no sin.  
 My Lord and God,  
 At Home with Thee,  
 O praise and laud.  
 At Home with God.  
 Echo. At Home with God.

(Can be sung to Refrain of 240. C & F. Swedish Air).

As we close this number the Rally is on us! We are expecting a time of Refreshing before the dust of the Way. The subjects for consideration taken from Ezekiel I.