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الفتوة



·A.M.B.

·1914·

Elhaima I.

Please send to

Miss A. Van-Sommer,
Cufnells,
WEYBRIDGE.

to
Mrs. Dick,
Lane End,
FRENHAM. Surrey.

to
Mrs. J. H. Bacon,
El Note, Shorth Heath,
FARNHAM.

to
Mrs. S. T. J. Dick,

to
Miss E. Allport,
6, Newton Grove, Bedford Park,
CHISWICK. S.W.

Please return to Mrs. Dick, Lane End, FRENHAM, Surrey, for Miss Haworth.

انجيل يوحنا
وه قال لهم يسوع الحق
الحق قولكم فلان
يكون زمني اهيمن انا
كاريس
انجيل يوحنا ١٧
اقال يسوع والانجيل
انت ايها الاب عندي



ذاتك يا ابي الهي كان
لي عنك قبل كون العالم
ايها الاب اريد ان افعل
الذين اعطيتني يكونون
مع حيث اكون انا لئلا ينكر
قديري الذين اعطيتني لانك
احببتني قبل انشاء العالم
امين

*** A ** PAGE ** FROM ** TOUZER ***

EL COUFFA .

* * * * *

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

* * * * *

EDITORIAL.

In the College of St. Cyr, France, in 1837, before it was changed, the old motto given was :-

"Ils s'instruisent pour vaincre".

Not to fight merely, but to conquer. We have often sung, "Teach us how to fight, Lord, Teach us how to fight", but this is something more. It is learning how to fight to win, which is quite another thing. It is speaking so as to compel; leading so as to be followed; with the constraining power of the Christ Whose soldiers we are.

"No soldier on service entangleth himself", said Paul, that great Master of compelling warfare. We have to cut ourselves free if we aim at being fighters to win. We must count "our well-being as nothing compared to doing and suffering the will of God", so that we may be more than conquerors through Him Who loved us".

So far was written in September, and since then we have had these facts lived out before our eyes with the utmost of sacrifice and heroism during the months that are past in the great War that has so suddenly broken out over Europe; may we take their teaching to our inmost hearts in our Spiritual warfare.



"Tell me how the knight may win it"?
"Scars and bruises must he boast,
For the knight shall be the winner
Who endures the most....."

"Oh, to be a knight of Jesus!
Scorning pain, and shame, and loss;
There the crown, the joy, the glory,
Here, O Lord, Thy Cross....."

"Nay, right on, till all is over,
Must a worthy knight hold on;
Bear the brunt, and stand a conqueror
When the fight is done".

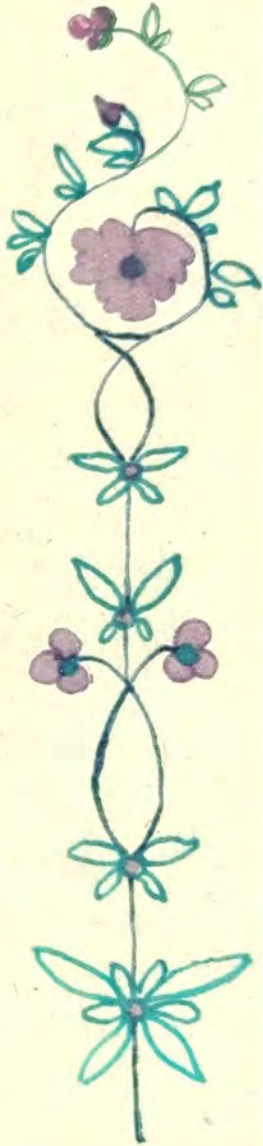
"I have shamed Thee, craven-hearted,
I have been Thy recreant knight-
Own me yet, O Lord, albeit
Weeping whilst I fight".

"Nay", He said; "yet wilt thou shame Me?
Wilt thou shame thy knightly guise?
I would have My Angels wonder
At thy gladsome eyes".

October 1914.

من مزامير داود + مسيحه مكتوم

١ اذ جوهني يا الله x رائے عليك مت
 ٢ فقلت لرب انى هو سيدي x انت وحدك خير من العزيز
 ٣ المفديسين اليه في الارض والعزاز x عندي فيهم وريح كبير
 ٤ تكثير احزانهم اليه يحبه وايله آخر ما نفتم شئ دم ذبايتهم
 وحتي اسما لاهانهم شوارب ما تنهون شئ بسهم
 ٥ الرب هو حصتي وهو كاس شربتي x انت التي من له فسمتي x
 ٦ في مضارب ملكي كتيه واثتي x وياهيده يباس طرت له فقلت
 ٧ الحمد الرب اليه هداني x وحتي في الليل فلبس يندرنه
 ٨ جعلت الرب في كل حين فداعه علي ظاهر هو علي يميني
 ابد امانتي
 ٩ علي هذا الشئ فلبس في حان وروحي في السرور التمام x
 وحتي مني ذاته تسكن في الامان
 ١٠ علي ظاهر ما ترك شئ نجس اليها ويطهه x وما تضاضته فدوسك
 يشوب ويساد ال
 ١١ تعربني في رين الحياة x وارجاح كثيره مع وجهك فايده
 وعلني يمينك خيرات ذاي
 امين



M A N Y V O I C E S .

And to-day's "first lesson": was in these little mountain paths. I followed mine only a few yards further this morning & such an outburst of beauty came. You can never tell to what unfold glories any little humble path may lead, if you follow far enough.

The "second lesson" was when I got there, it was 6.50 about, & the Sun was rising behind the huge Percepsic glacier which stood in dim blue against a pale blue sky. The huge pyramid of the Dent Blanche out of sight, cast its shadow athwart it... pinnacle after pinnacle of ice caught the brilliance as the sun rose behind it in some places, while in others there were stretches of reflected light from unseen snow-fields beyond. Oh the difference, in parable & in reality, between the stretches of light that reach us second hand, & the gleams that come pure & radiant from the unveiled face of Jesus!

There is one of the little lowly paths that I love so, beginning down in the valley & going on there a long long way, then up a steep zigzag that seems to block everything, & then to such a gateway to the glory of the hills!



4295 Grosse Windgelle (3192 m)

"So by slow small footsteps
By the daily Cross
By the hearts unspoken yearning
By its grief & loss
So He brings them home to rest
With the victors, crowned & blest.

* * *

So, oh weary pilgrim
Tis the Master's way
And it leadeth surely, surely
Unto endless day
Doubt not, fear not, gladly go
He will bring thee heavenward so.

* * *

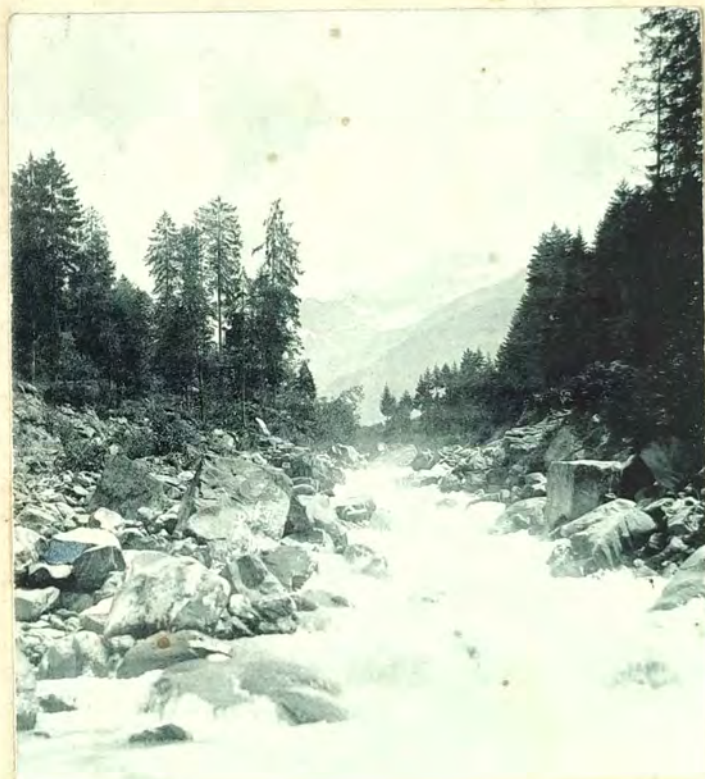
The milky looking glacier torrent spoke with God's voice this morning, so obedient to its course in its narrow bed, & yet just tossing with freedom & swing in every motion, such a picture of the "rivers of living water", bound & yet unbound.

And another river lesson has come with the words. "His voice was as the sound of many waters. I have never noticed before how small a thing will check the voice of the torrent, a rock, a bush even intervening, will dull it from a thunder of power into a mere whisper, where all the harmony of its multitude of forces is deadened & lost. Oh we want to live where not one of the undertones or overtones of his voice is stifled or missed!

Up on the moraine is the bit I love the best, the rugged fore ground of rocks & stones & the unearthly purity & beauty of the sunny glacier beyond like the path of our pilgrimage & the heavenly city. It is all the lovelier these last days that the Autumn mists have begun to gather & to let it out in flashes of glory here & there.

We went up to say goodbye to the glacier & got to a new place at its foot, where it stands in opal pools of water, that wind in among the deep blue green crevasses, so beautiful it was. We thought in the evening that it was goodbye to it altogether, for the clouds seemed settling round it, but there are glimpses to the last, & yesterday Sunday, the last evening of all it was standing head to foot again in its wonderful creamy whiteness after sunset, against the dim blue sky.

* * *



ANOTHER SIDE OF WAR.

* * *

They say that "war is hell," the "great accursed,"
The sin impossible to be forgiven,
Yet I can look beyond it at its worst,
And still find blue in Heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red stain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake & the storm
Perchance makes battles too!

The life He loves is not the life of span
Abbreviated by each passing breath,
It is the true humanity of Man,
Victorious over death.

The long expectance of the upward gaze,
Sense ineradicable of things afar,
Fair hope of finding after many days
The bright and morning Star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt
The trampling of the surge... (beside.)

The faithful following of the flag all day,
The duty done that brings no nation's thanks,
The *Annunciatore* of some grim and grey
A *Kempis* of the ranks.

These are the things our commonweal to guard,
The patient strength that is too proud to press,
The duty done for duty, not reward,
The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,
Taking their path of duty high and higher,
What do we deem that they, too, may have learned,
In that baptismal fire?..

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy week,
Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's
The wind of battle breathing on their cheek (crown,
Suddenly laid them down:

Like sleepers, not like those whose race is run,
Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar,
Them no reveille and no morning gun
Shall ever waken more.

And the boy-beauty passed from off the face
Of those who live, and into it instead
Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race,
Sweet commune with the dead.

And thoughts beyond their thoughts their Spirits
And manly tears made mist upon their eyes, (lent,
And to them came a great presentiment
Of high self-sacrifice.

Thus, as the heaven's many coloured flames
At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,
The ascending earthquake dust of battle frames
God's pictured in the skies.

Armagh.

PEACE AND WAR.

It almost seems as if that was all there was to be said - aforesaid, when we left the country it was peace the Couffa such as it was, that we had ready for press, was in peace, all going on as it was expected to go and now, we are in another sphere, a great dividing line has come down on the world, between the present and the past, and it has touched everything, - that is all there is to say! Not a thing has escaped the impress of that one word WAR, and the Couffa is no exception. It is not possible anything can go on now as it was in the beginning. So War has to be the note sounded. from the Editorial onwards, in every phrase written since our return, in parable or in song. It cannot be otherwise. How we have seen carried out before our very eyes, in the temporalities of life, and work and relationship, the fact that all goes down before the exigencies of War. Yet no one says a word - Trains dislocated, telegrams uncertain, telephones silent, and that one compelling word of War accounts for all, and we are satisfied, we acquiesce silently, gladly, no matter at what cost. It has transformed everything, that great reality; and surely it is as we have seen, not all for evil.

And for the A.M.B. in this land, there is an "Avenir", though some things may have to lie low for a while, and some places left without a witness. Yet new conditions will arise, and out of the silence, and out of the apparent loss, will come eternal gain to the Kingdom of God.....

In an old Church there are bells fashioned from cannon that once thundered across the battlefield, and now ring out this Christmas tide the message of peace and goodwill. Thus may it be again that from the terrors of War shall come the things that make for Peace - yea, may it not be the heralding of His Advent, Who LORD of Lords, is yet the very Prince of Peace - for the coming of Whose Footsteps we watch and wait.



A BIT OF THE STORY .

On a sunny afternoon in June the Stranger & the Pilgrim left the gate of Aumale mounted on mules. Little Miriam, who was to be delivered up to her mother in the distant mountains, sat astride behind the Pilgrim.

The party was escorted by the child's uncle Sa'ad & by the muletier Sadeq, a trusty shabby person, who said his house could easily be reached before night-fall & that we could sleep there & go on early in the morning.

However when the mountains lay dim in the twilight Sadeq said we had still very far to go. (The fact came out later that he feared his accommodation was not good enough, & so he led us past his house). Sa'ad asked if we would spend the night at the Caïd's close by. We said not without an invitation & we sent on Sadeq as an ambassador. He returned saying the Caïd was away.

Then Sa'ad said he would take us to old family friends a little further on. We thought that five people & two mules arriving at dusk without warning were a great tax on even Arab hospitality & felt very apologetic as we rode up to a cluster of native houses. An Arab came forward questioningly. Sa'ad advanced & said one word to him. The Arab El Hadj' Mohammed at once told us to dismount & took us & Miriam & our miscellaneous across a rough court into a dark room where he

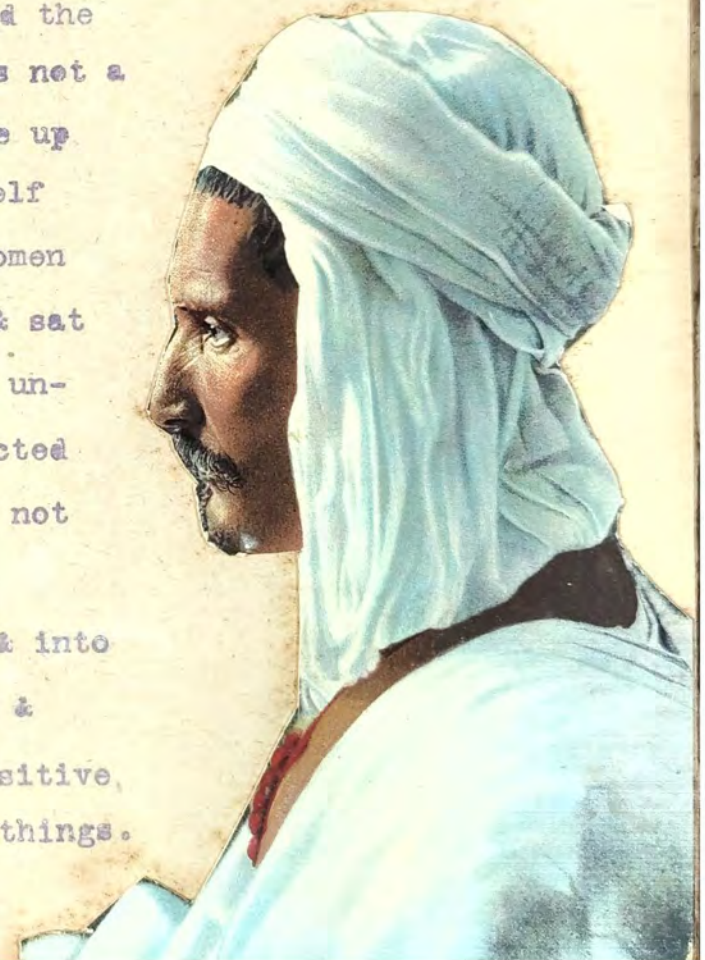
sat & asked us many questions. Then he led us to another room furnished with a thick Turkey carpet & cushions. The hadj introduced us to his brother who was a reader,, & boys gathered round. The Stranger gave a copy of Genesis to the brother A'mar. He was delighted with it & could hardly believe it was meant for him to keep.

After a supper of couscous with raisins, eggs & butter-milk, the Hadj sat & listened to the Gospel story with intense attention, now & then uttering a little gasp when especially touched.

This attention in a prosperous worldly Moslem who had fulfilled the supreme demand of his religion by going to Mecca. For there was not a word of protest from him though many controversial points came up.

Si Amar was too absorbed reading Genesis audibly to himself to listen much to our talk. When the Hadj went away the women in their immense head-dresses & heavy jewelry came shyly in, & sat & looked at us. We waited impatiently for Amar to go away until we found he had no intention of going & that we were expected to pass the night en famille. The stranger said that that was not our custom & asked that we might go unto another room.

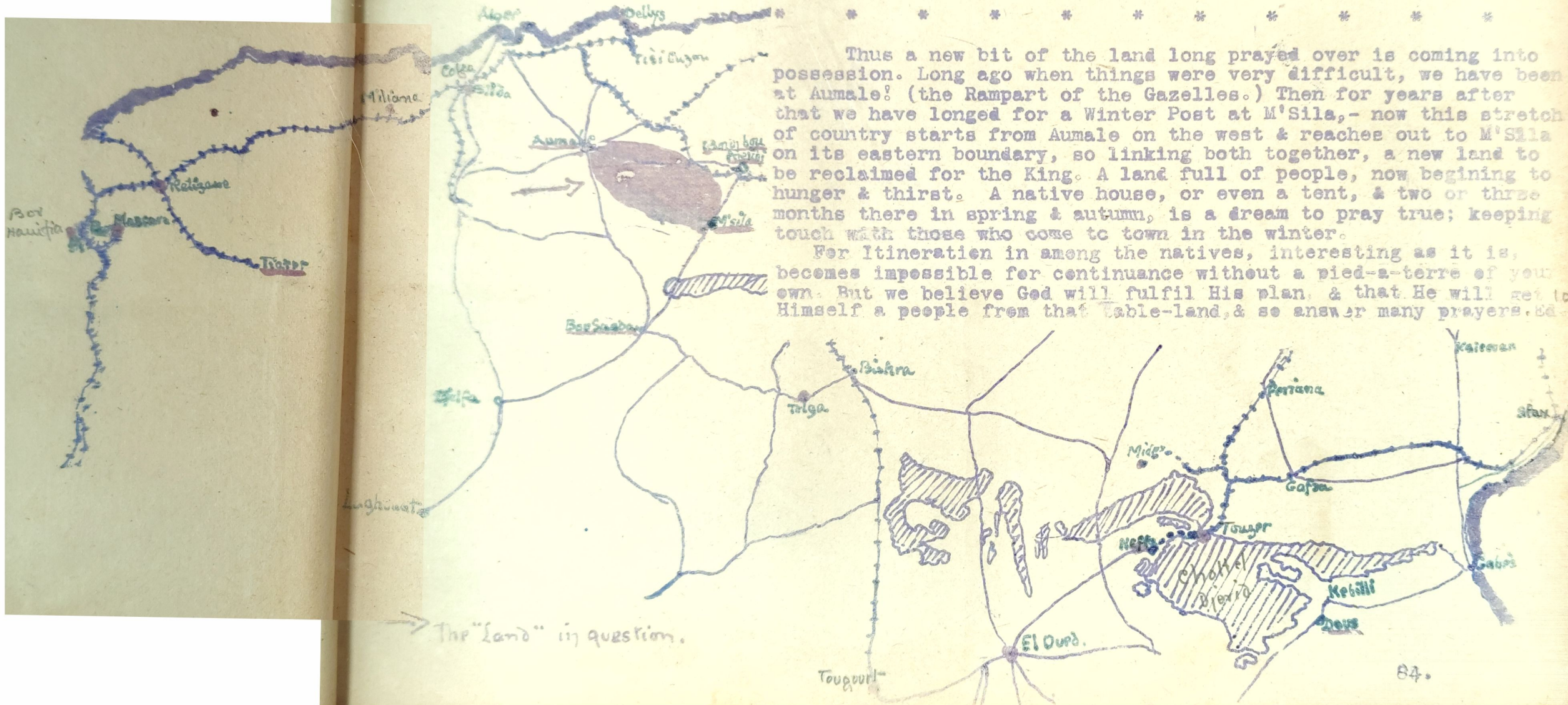
We were taken out into the yard among the sleeping cows & into the stable where our mules were passing the night. The carpet & cushions were arranged & then the women came in eager & inquisitive. They were very unawakened & seemed unable to grasp spiritual things.



Near midnight they left us & before 4 o'clock the next morning man & beast were astir. We were glad to find our hosts had no intention of detaining us. Peppery coffee was brought to us, our ruses were loaded & by 4.45 we were wending our way through the green corn peering with a thrill of interest into the new day that was opening before us.

Thus a new bit of the land long prayed over is coming into possession. Long ago when things were very difficult, we have been at Aumale! (the Rampart of the Gazelles.) Then for years after that we have longed for a Winter Post at M'Sila, - now this stretch of country starts from Aumale on the west & reaches out to M'Sila on its eastern boundary, so linking both together, a new land to be reclaimed for the King. A land full of people, now beginning to hunger & thirst. A native house, or even a tent, & two or three months there in spring & autumn, is a dream to pray true; keeping touch with those who come to town in the winter.

For Itineration in among the natives, interesting as it is, becomes impossible for continuance without a pied-a-terre of your own. But we believe God will fulfil His plan, & that He will get to Himself a people from that table-land, & so answer many prayers.



INTO THE MOUNTAINS.

The reason of the journey was on this wise. All winter a dear mountain family had been in & out at Headquarters, had been loved & cared for & taught, & when the summer came round, they went back to their country away up in the "Rampart of the Gazelles".

But one little daughter Miriam was left in town; & when the mother was gone an old uncle wanted her for servant to his wife: so the journey began to take her home, among the green hills far away. It was eight hours in an Motor-bus, before the "Rampart of the Gazelles" was reached: & the promised mules were nowhere to be seen. It seemed just then mules were being commandeered & were scarce. So nothing could be done that day, for the douar of the Sheikh Sulieman was, a matter of eight or ten hours mules riding.

Next day however they appeared and a start was made: each on a mule, & the child holding on behind one or the other of the two A. M. B., away they went among the hills leaving the ~~g~~ ^{جبل} far below, & it was settled they should pass the night at the mule-man's house. The sun set & the night became very cold, nearly 3000ft. above the sea-level as they were, but still they went on & on, walking now to keep warm, words passed between the men, "My house is not good enough", "Try the Caid's". This was done, but the Caid was not to be had, & they went on again: "Get up now, it will not do for us to arrive so, you walking while we ride!" so they re-mounted, and they came to a Compound belonging to two brothers & four wives! A talisman word, let them in, & they were ushered into a long room, with Turkey carpets; & coffee hot with pepper was served them, presently bread & hard boiled eggs, & lastly after some two hours, Couscous, with raisins, meanwhile much talk had gone on with one & another, one of the men could read & took a copy of Genesis. For privacy at night they were led across to what proved

to be a stable, crossing the court-yard in the moonlight among the cows & other creatures. The stable seen in daylight, had been shared by a hen & her brood, a goat, & a mare & her foal which latter was not tied up. However the darkness revealed nothing!

At 3.30 they were awake by the "call to prayer" by a taleb engaged to teach the boys, & before they got on their way at 5 o'clock, they looked in to the school & saw the tiny fellows there chanting in the early dawn. Coffee & pepper was again served, & they gathered up the fragments, (for they had taken no bread!) At 11. a.m. they reached the house of Sheikh Sulieman; the sun was hot, & oh the barking of dogs! There they stood waiting, the guest room key was gone & they must go into it, then more talk & more waiting in the sun among



dogs & sheep & lovely children! A princely Arab comes up & speaks courteously. There must be time given for the Turkey carpets to get put down! & at long last they are let in, so weary, one could hardly keep awake.. but a dozen men gathered, it was harvest time, they were chiefs & did not work; the peppery coffee came in & bread & eggs, & the preaching went on, this time on Joseph's coat of many colours, as the mothers there make such for their boys. "Would it never end?" thought the weary one! At 3 p.m. came the Couscous, a sheep had been killed & dressed in their honour, & the hosts waited on the guests who must eat first, then the guides, before the house; none would begin till they had finished.

Then the women who had been cooking were free; & so they were taken into an علاء an upper room furnished with thick carpets laid one on the other & rows of arab boxes, round the wall. In & out all came in turn to get out their goods, so safely locked away from each other! A young wife wants sugar & her lord gets it for her!

Then the women come, three wives of the Sheikh & many others, covered with jewelry over their beautiful high head-dresses, "we do not wear it every day" they explained, "when we weave & grind & bake", Now the child's mother had come, they only lived two kilometers further on after all! Then away for half an hour to the tents, coffee again & much talk & the sun set.

When they got back, they went into the cooking place to get to know the women better, the Sheikh mother was there, another was making bread, "you must go up & rest they said," & we are coming". It was 9 p.m. & they came, & the hymn was taught & sang over & over again.

هو مات يسلاكي : باب الجنة يفتح له x

till they knew it to say & to sing, "but you see how we are all herded together how can we be good & we are not happy" they moaned, then the travellers at one end, & they all at another retired to rest, the child's entire family creeping into the crevices; till some where before midnight the guide come up sent them off home, late though it was!

The next day they poured water on their hands by way of washing! 4 a.m. coffee & such patriarchal men set them on their way. "Do not forget the words?" "No" they said, "but come back".

The Sheikh was not in himself, we met him on our way, where the path was too narrow for the mules to pass, more & more tents, the people of the country tent out in Summer. So they came to the child's mother's house, filled with brilliantly clothed people, they came in from all sides & it was a wonderful time.

At 11. there was a much needed rest for an hour, & at noon they brought in a delicious dish of 'new corn' of the land boiled & served with 'smeen'; they sent for people to see us, then we went out up the mountain side. At 7. the Sheikh came, many men there & they talked of the land, till the Sheikh said: "Let us read" & he began John 1. presently he said "you go on", & the Gospel was preached to them, then came a strange time. he trying to force the Sheheda on the preachers. Suddenly



there broke on that weird gathering a child's voice, the voice of little Miriam; from the far creaking place among the women. "Do not heed the Sheikh" she said, "he is only speaking now with his lips, he believes all you say".

The mother corroborated it, saying "yes it is true!" While he himself smiled without anger. Surely a little child shall lead them!

The house has two rooms & a low wall dividing them, one was allotted to the two & a hawk hung up so after 11. p.m. they got some sleep;—a bundle of three women under a carpet was there in the morning! but the men slept in the garden, the night was bitterly cold! At dawn only one mule appeared, highly trapped, the Sheikh's own, but at 7. they got off for the long ten hours tramp back to the "Rampart of the Gazelles". On the way a Marabout get books for the South, & so the journey ended.

"Blessed are ye who sow beside all waters!"

* * * *



From the Far West to the Near East.

We believe in our Father in heaven
Who made the sky, earth, & sea,
Who heareth the cry of the raven,
And careth for you & for me.

We believe in His Son, the Lord Jesus,
Who loved us when wandering afar;
Who died on the cross to redeem us,
The Babe of the manger & star.

We believe in His Spirit, the Holy,
Who heareth our prayers every one;
Who dwelleth in hearts that are lowly
One God with the Father & Son".

* * *

THE CHILDREN .

" And the children whom the LORD hath given me."

" For more are the children of the desolate...."

JESUS said, "They shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, & from the South, and shall sit down in the kingdom of GOD, and behold, there are last which shall be first, & there are first which shall be last". "

"On the East three gates; on the North three gates; on the South three gates; & on the West three gates", of the City that lieth foursquare. **==*==**

So they are awaited in Heaven! And "there are last that shall be first," "more are the children of the desolate." The Spiritual in reverse order to the Natural, the weak taking the prey, & the lame dividing the spoil. The same

note running through every prophecy, every book, till the great Apostle wrote, "Not many mighty" are called; climaxing in that wondrous Object-lesson, given for all time, when the Lord Jesus, "called a little child unto Him, & set him in the midst". "A little child", & "Except ye become as little children", was the moral of the story. "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, & He shall exalt you. "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, & her feathers with yellow gold". As she rises in the sunlight, from the house-roof pots of



"debris". So it is. "He shall" "yet shall ye".

And the children who picture these things to us are all around us; loved of God, though they know Him not. How shall they know, for they have not heard? They ponder as others do, & wonder & question. For they are willing to hear. Through the length & breadth of the land, they are rising up to know, in the North & the South, & they will go in by their own gate. Shall we not meet them in their way, lead them, give them the words of Life, such as they can understand, concerning the Lord GOD, & His CHRIST. **==*==**



"There is only one God," he says, "there can only be one Way. He cannot have more than one. I must find the way."

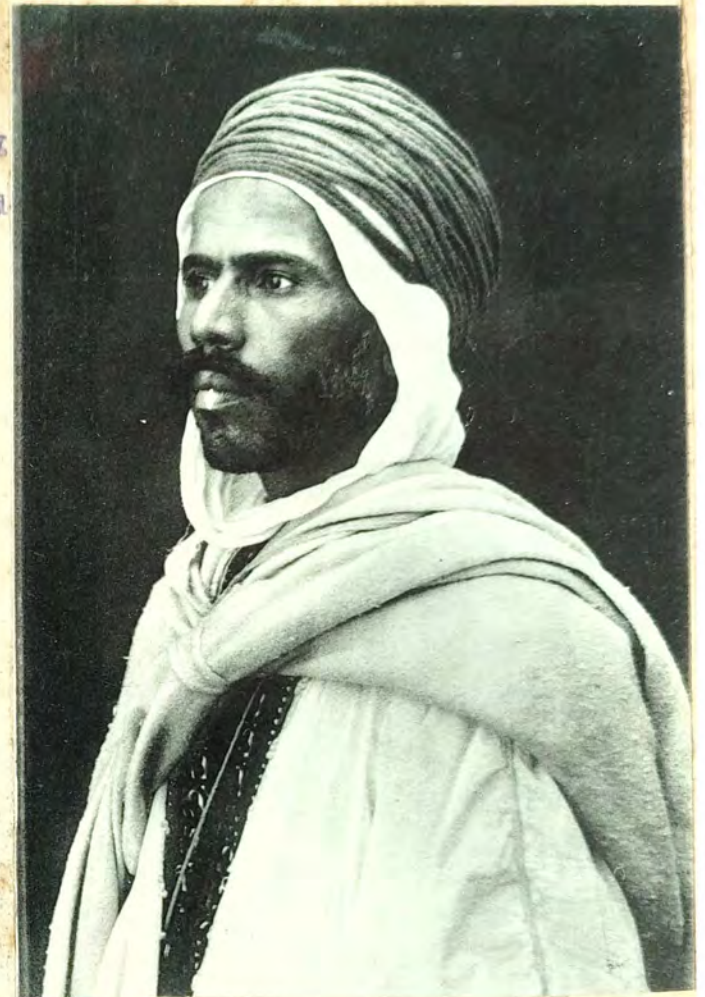
The beautiful "I am the Way" does not touch him, and day after days he crouches before us with hungry eyes and says sadly "Only one Way. Cannot you show me that I may walk in it?"

Nothing helps and we pray on for him. Then one day he is taught to pray.

"Lord give me light to do Thy Will
"For only Lord from Thee, Can come the Light
"By which these eyes, the Way of Light may see.

Next day God gives him light through the last verse of the 3rd of St. John. "He that believeth on the Son (word most hard for Moslem minds) hath Life, he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

The Spirit Himself was teaching him that day so very few human words were said.- The puzzled weary look changes to one of rapturous joy as he breathes out "I do believe in the Son of God." Then like a happy child he looks up with a "I knew He could only have One Way."



قال يسوع انا هو الطريق

St. Jo. XIV. 6.





The bark of the Moon guarded by the divine eyes
"The Moon walking in brightness," Job.



From Egypt.

THE TOMBS.

should perhaps say that the "Tombs of the Kings", - the pyramids too, being tombs, and princes lie there also, - for as such are they known in Luxor - the modern city for the Thebes of old time.

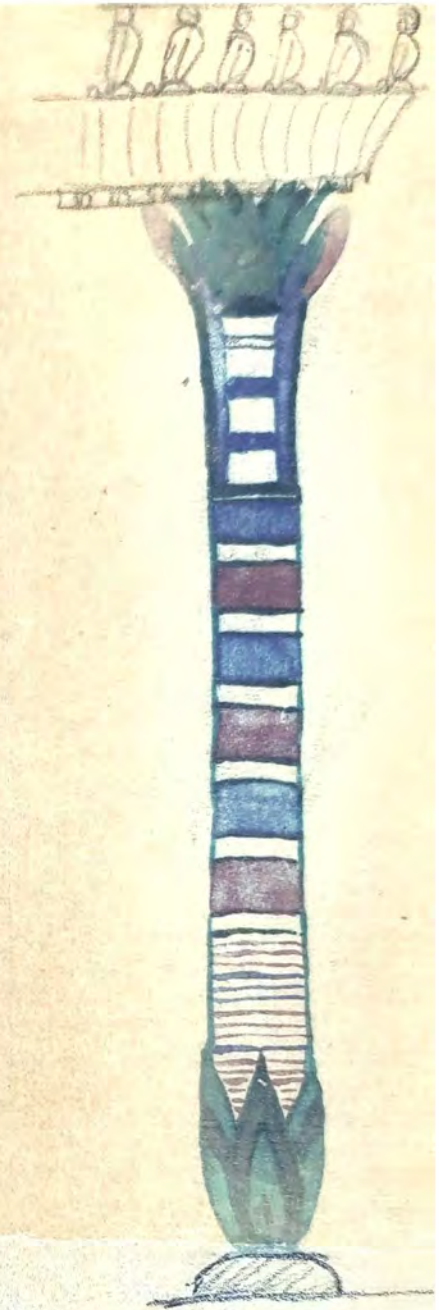
It was a lovely day in November and we started off across the River, (for the Tombs are on its western bank) - donkeys and all, in a ferry-boat. Afterwards we trotted on through the young corn, and high maize patches, some paths contested by the way, but our donkeys were Egyptian & away we went along the canal where a pair of the crested herons danced about, & little water-wagtails sat on the telegraph wires. The shadeefs were being labouriously worked for their precious trickle of water. On along the dusty road made by gathering the stones to either side into the mountains, slowly higher & higher to the "Valley of the Tombs" hidden in the hills. Here on the left bank of the River was the necropolis of ancient Thebes even as the Pyramids formed the necropolis of Memphis in earlier days.

At a little open space rather railed off, we were met by the dark-robed Egyptian - guardian. Our papers were verified and we were allowed into the Biban el Muluk.

Indescribable! is the only word that conveys what we felt in these wonderful Tombs. Down innumerable stairs or along corridors, which were at first illuminated by a gleam from the entrance, they seemed impenetrable as they were mysterious, ever wooden ways that bridged great deeps below, on & on with the Chaeuch by our side. The structure of the Tombs is much the same in all though none looked alike. There are generally three corridors, one beyond the other leading into the innermost caverns, & side chambers and recesses opened off these. Also at the end is an ante-room leading into the main hall wherein was placed the Barcephagus.

As we wandered among these dwellings of the dead, the dark-robed man at our side touched an electric knob, for even there also science lent its ray, and the darkness became flooded with light, and the place was full of story.

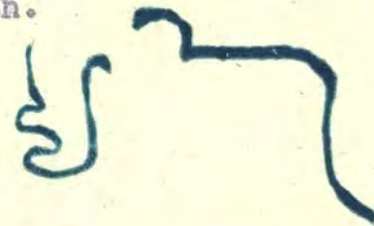
The walls from the entrance to the final chambers were covered with hieroglyphics and sacred pictures, the knowledge of which was essential for the deceased in the future life. Some were incised, some were coloured, all were marvellous. The writings were taken



From one or other of the following books :-

1. "The Book of him who is in the Under-World", (the principle idea, that the King and the Sun-god sailed through the Under-World at night in a boat), which Under-World is divided into twelve regions (caverns) corresponding to the twelve hours of the night.
2. "The Book of the Portals", the nocturnal journey of the Sun through the twelve regions is also here represented. Massive gates guarded by gigantic serpents separated one region from another. Each gate bears a name which is known to the Sun-god, & the dead one must know it too.
3. "The Sun's Journey in the Under-World", which contains even more gloomy representations.
4. There was also "The Book of the Dead".

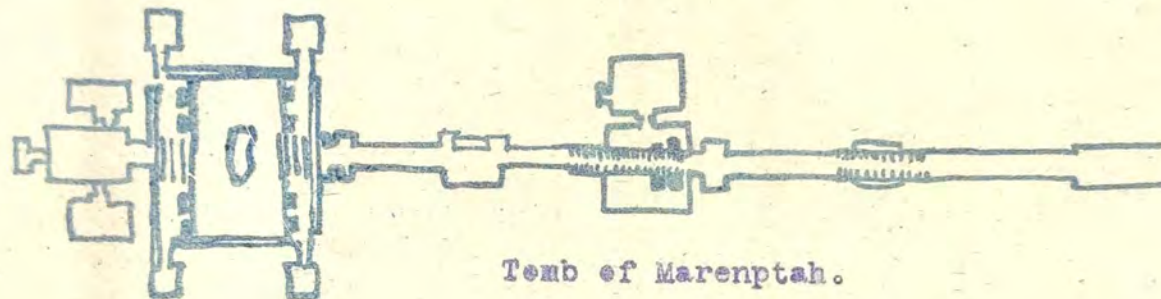
Another tells us of the ceremonies which must be performed before the statue of the King so as to enable him to eat and drink in the Tomb, and the side-chambers were used for food for the dead. In their blind feeling after the truth they surely believed in the Resurrection, and sought to provide for the Life after death.



To give some idea of these Tombs a plan is subjoined of the small one of Marenptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, son of the mighty Rameses II, who oppressed the people of Israel. Their graves are empty, their Mummies being found in the shaft at Deir el Bahri with others of the great kings, and which now lie in the Cairo Museum.



Cartouche
of Marenptah.



Tomb of Marenptah.

Nothing was spared in these costly habitations of the dead. Coffin after Coffin enclosed the bodies, each fitting exactly over the other, covered within and without with designs inlaid with gold and silver. Sometimes seeds were sown and watered and grew in the depths of the Tomb, always and ever to show forth the Life that was to be.

All and much more were spread out before our very eyes in Cairo Museum, but of these another day. Here in these deserted Tombs they were laid thousands of years ago, to be hidden from all human gaze; and now, torn from their surroundings, exposed to view and seen by the world, - all



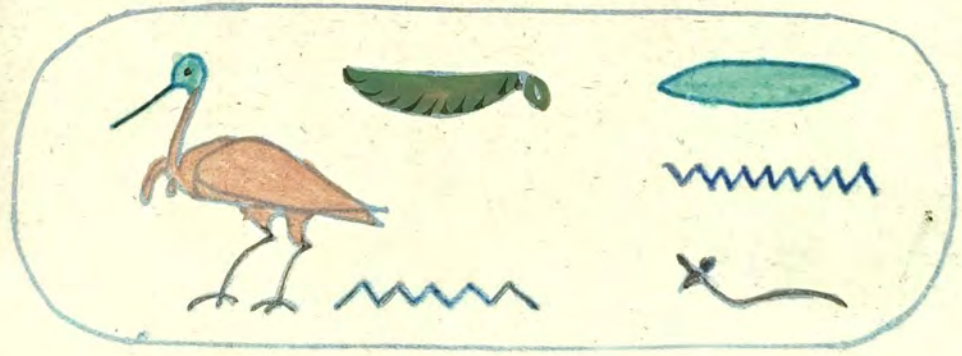
their greatness null and void, and the fear they inspired a thing of naught they whose word meant life or death, happiness or misery to nations, are touched and handled, and gazed upon, helpless as clay in the hands of a potter. For is it not written ?

"Pharaoh, King of Egypt is but a noise,
 "He hath passed the time appointed,
 "As I live, saith the King, Whose Name in the Lord of Hosts, Surely...
 "The daughter of Egypt shall be confounded;
 "She shall be delivered into the hand of the people of the north.....
 ".....even Pharaoh and all them that trust in him"
 Jeremiah.

"The land of Egypt shall be desolate and waste,
 "Because he hath said, the River is mine and I made it."
 Ezekiel.

Thus all earthly pride shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of man shall be brought low, and God alone shall be exalted.... And in the end He shall say, - these wonder words of grace, "Blessed be Egypt my people" coupling Egypt with the Israel of God."

An answerer.
 A little clay-
 slave buried in
 the tomb to ans-
 wer for deceased
 when called to
 work in the field
 of Bulrushes.



WHAT THE SOUTH SAID,- "AND THE KING SHALL HAVE HIS OWN AGAIN".

(A vision from the South.)

One gets a wider view from a roof always! So it is little wonder that that three long wonderful days of passing swiftly over the roof of Algeria, the "haut plateaux" left one prone to dreams.

Days of never ending delights they had been as the broad uplands swept past us filled from time to time with a marvellous play of light. Air & light, light & air, "as high as the heavens are above the earth" unbounded, & unimaginable.

And gradually the loved North faded from one's inner vision for the time as it did from the outer & we turned our faces to the South.

So Tebessa found us waiting. Its ruins, its Roman arches, their "no compromise" outlines cleaving the air set the clock back some centuries.

The days of yore seemed nearer than to-day & one fell a-musing of the time when the land was full of Christian Churches & had its own squadron of the "noble army of martyrs". But as we looked up at the Temple of Minerva carved against the sunset sky, our thought leapt from the pagan worshippers of old to the tiny groups of Christian & would be Christian Arab men & boys up & down the land who are creeping furtively back to their Father's house. And one longed with a great longing that a mighty number should be brought out that they might have the help of that "assembling of yourselves together" that means so much to these sons of the south and east.

That day for twelve hours we drove over a plateau and at regular intervals we came upon touching little groups of ruins of tiny Roman outposts. I always hear the clash of arms & ring of quick words of command when I think of these heroes of old so it seemed strangely natural to keep company with their ruined outposts. The wine like air of the plateaux the hardy wind that swept the pine-woods carpeted with flowering rosemary seemed all in tune with their memory. Thus scented pines for sick lungs & rosemary that purifies bad water (so the arabs say,) & wee mauve tsulkas whose leaves take away fever from Beni-Adam all spoke of lives lived for others.

So we came down to Telepte, to caravels & bare wastes & a mighty stretch of ruins, and among the sad stones lie two or three ruined Christian Churches. Next day on through the wilderness a fit harmony with the spiritual famine of the land. Bare, bare beyond description bare, yet even here tiny love gifts from the God of Love a wee yellow anemone smiled up to us & the tiny white broom did it brave best.

But twice a day at morn & eve, the whole land changes & God flings a mantle of un-dreamt of beauty over it.

In the pure air of the early morning as we passed through, the clouds rightly seemed to take the shape of snowy pinions. Very little effort of thought was needed to transform these myriads of soft whitenesses into baby cherubin, while lower down two wide winged pieces suggested a mighty archangel. Above the absolute unthinkable purity of a southern sky at dawn! Below the unspeakably desolate wilderness! Between the soft purity of feathered clouds signs. Surely surely they are of

the mighty hosts of God who are hidden there behind that blue, than which nothing can be more beautiful except the smile of the All Father Himself.

"The Son of God goes forth to war" these days, & Gabriel & the angel-warriors "follow in His train" & God give us courage to trust & follow Him too even when victory looks least likely. For surely the angels are breeding in love over this land of ruined churches.

Nefta, "Nepte" of the Romans, the "oasis pearl" the "Arab Oxford" gave the next pull to our heart-strings.

Nefta with its many mosques & Zaouias in sun-dried brown bricks its ten hoomas, its 14000 souls, its shabby keen-faced students lounging their lazy length against hot rocks in waste places. Keen on study are they, keen on books, "Which grammarian is better?" "Who is the authority?" One can never forget Nefta, the dignified salutations as one enters a hoesch! (house & court little hands slipped into our own to lead one in with a quaint stateliness of welcome wholly delightful.

Such a city, for Christ to be King!

Think of a Christian Nefta. Oh to see men reading Bibles under the cool dark arched ways, to see mosques consecrated "to Thee & to Thy Christ O God". Service should be at sunrise & sunset. How wonderful it would be to see crowds thronging through the narrow streets between the 20 feet high sand-coloured walls that never a window breaks, all on their way to carry out the command "do this in remembrance of Me".

Oh it is worth winning for Him this Nefta, a place worth joining in the prayer-fight which can prepare the ground even here for the coming of His flying squadrons, His advance-guards. "Ask & ye shall receive". Shall we dare great things that the King may come to His own, that the "Pearl" of the oases may be added to His crown?

Five hours of mule-ride through the desert brings us back to Tozeur. All the way we had a sky of deepest blue ever us giving a wonderful picture of the Infinite all-embracing Eternal Love, the salt keen air from the long lines of mauve & white on our right hand that represent the Chett sweeps through us cleansing & reviving us body & spirit. We get to Tozeur at sunset when the brown coloured houses & sandy fore-ground glow as if incan-

descent. A group of women in dark blue veils are going home from the cemeteries, one of them carries her babe in a flaming orange smock on her shoulder. A caravan of camels is crouching outside shin-

ing all shades of tawny fawns & russet brown. The light catches a crimson saddle-bag a bright green garment, an orange & mauve. "When you come south you 'll understand" one said to me, & it is true.

We enter the town with its simple haughty outline as if that weird line where earth & sky meet in the desert horizon had so gripped the souls of the ancient builders, they needs must try to reproduce it, breaking it only here & there with a dome.

Nothing mean or cramped, an architecture in strictest harmony with the desert who fathered it. It must have been on some such evening eighteen years ago that Tezeur walked with such clamorous insistence into the heart of two European wanderers & never left again. Fifteen years of prayer & longing & now there is a chance of the King coming to His own in Tezeur.

Who will begin wrestling for Nefta, the most daintily fastidious, difficult & fanatical town of the five, the Pearl that is lacking in the crown of our King.

"Ask & ye shall receive". Write the vision, "though it tarry wait for it, because it will surely come". Every Moslem prayer-call from each of the mosques of Nefta is an insistent call to us too, to be up & doing in the Lord's battles.

Shall we look simply up to the God the creator of wide spaces & wind swept desert, and say, "Father, Thy will be done, down south".

* * * * *

Then life is, to wake, not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level, where blindly creep
Things perfected, mere or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep,

* * *

Where, amid what strifes and storms
May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love - transports, transforms
Who aspired from worst to best,
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms!

* * *

I have faith such end shall be:
From the first, Power was, - I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for closer view,
Love were as plain to see.

* * *

When see? When there dawns a day,
If not on the homely earth,
Then yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth,
And Power comes full in play.

* * *

Robert Browning.

And now, "Thine is the Kingdom & the Power and the Glory, now and for Ever"

Amen.

"A SCRAP OF PAPER".

* * *

A copy of a photographic reproduction of ARTICLE VII. of the Annex to the Treaty guaranteeing the Independence of Belgium, and a

copy of a photograph of the signatures of the six Plenipotentiaries to the "Scrap of Paper," signed in 1839.

PALMERSTON.....British.
 SYLVAN VAN DE WEYER....Belgian.
 SENFT.....Austrian.
 H. SEBASTIANI.....French.
 BULOW.....Prussian.
 POZZO DI BORGE.....Russian.

* * *

TEN NATIONS NOW AT WAR

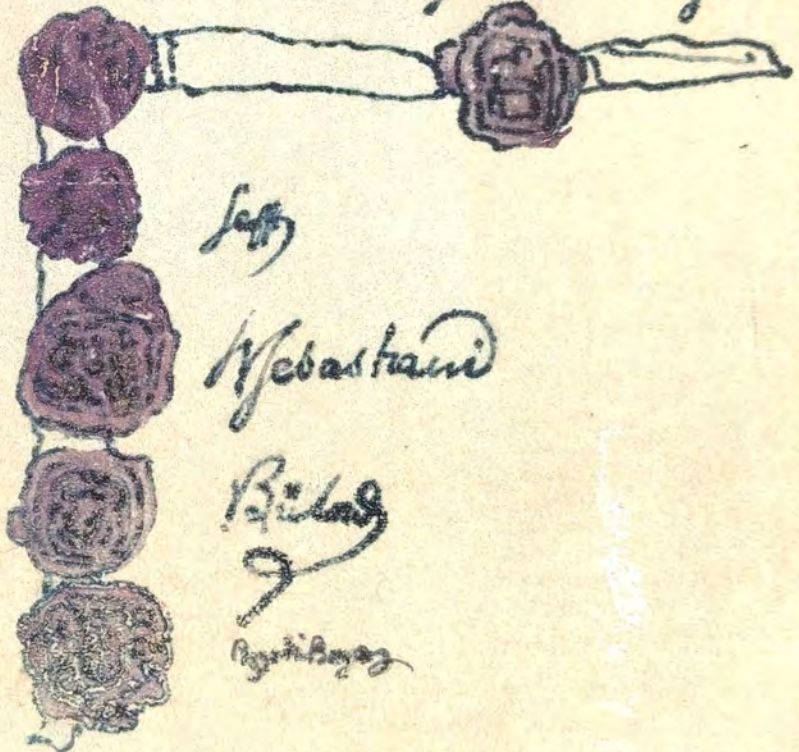


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Article VII.

La Belgique, dans les limites indiquées aux articles I, II, et IX formera un Etat indépendant et souverainement neutre... Elle sera tenue d'observer cette même neutralité envers tous les autres Etats

Palmerston Sylvan Van de Weyer



By APD-079 - 09/03/2013 14:11:00

THE BURIAL OF LORD ROBERTS.

* * *

Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,
Flawless in faith and fame,
Whom neither ease nor honours moved
A hair's breadth from his aim. Rudyard Kipling.

Field-Marshal Earl Roberts was buried to-day in St. Paul's Cathedral, the last resting-place of so many of England's greatest soldiers and sailors...

The King attended the Service in person...

And the people of London, the capital City of the Empire for which the Field-Marshal fought on so many fields, turned out in their hundreds of thousands to pay a last tribute of affection and

respect to him, a farewell to "The Master-Gunner"...

If numbers could show the love and reverence which Britain feels for her great soldier now with God, the hushed throng in St. Paul's Church was eloquent...

Grey-headed men, most of the assembled officers grown grey in the public service side by side with "that good grey head which all men loved." Some had marched with him as subalterns to Kandahar, some had commanded his battalions in the Army which forced Cronje to surrender, and tottered half-starved to Bloemfontein for love of him. They waited the home-coming of the hero, - the Bayard of our time...

The soldiers stand with bowed head and many with moist eyes, for he was their friend as well as their chief and pattern. And the sweet, solemn music of Dr. Croft delivers its message, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord" "I know that my Redeemer liveth... Whom I shall behold, and not another," "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord"...

The golden evening brightens in the West,
Soon, soon to weary warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the Blest,

Alleluia! * * *

Pall Mall Gazette Nov. 19. 14.

Yesterday the Empire, suffering the loss of a strong arm in the hour of infinite peril, prayed at the feet of the Almighty for deliverance and help. While the procession was still moving through the streets, men unskilled in religious worship felt the need of intercession. In the long period of waiting there was scarcely a sound... Draped in a Union Jack, the coffin was borne by the greatest fighting men in the Empire, and laid in its place. The King went to his seat in front of the south transept. The congregation rose, and the drums again broke forth, now defiantly silentless, a note of summons, answered by the wailing sorrow of the strings.

Three times the drums ceased and called again, rising to a great tumult and then falling softly to stillness, symbolic of the passing of the wings of Death. Here was a sense of despair, of little forces beating against the darkness.

Then, as it were, a ray of light crept in as the choir, singing with the hopefulness of boyhood, called the people to prayer. "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." The soul of the crowd turned upwards from the grave. Everyone prayed. The choir were singing from the Twenty-third Psalm:

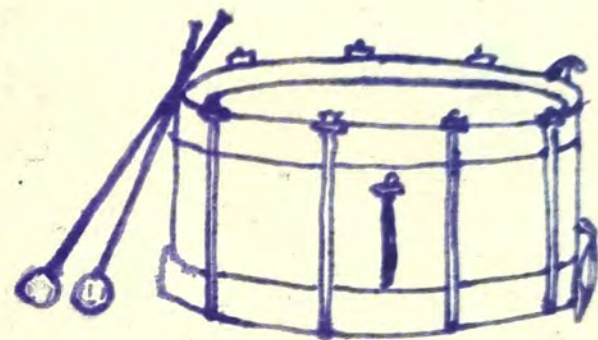
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death...
Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Many there were, full of secret grief, uttering no word of weakness in these cruel days. Very gently, to fit the spirit of the hour, the choir glided into the music of the Hymn:

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

So it was at every stage, a memorable act of faith. In it all there was a note of courage, of unquestioning confidence, of great appeal to the God of England to stand with us in our cause... A blare of trumpets sounded the "Last Post". He has gone, at the head of a great company of soldiers. The nation, bidding him farewell, have lost him and remained praying at the Gate.

Daily Mail Nov. 20.

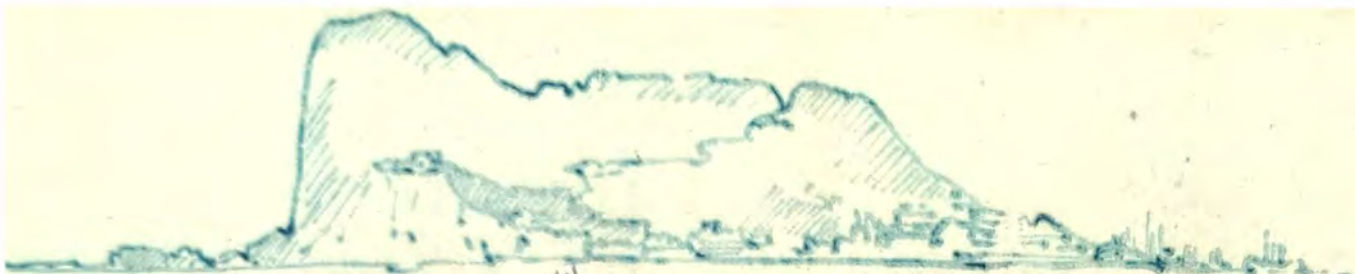


What we have to do is to beat the enemy. That is the one thing that matters. Nothing else matters a straw... There is no place where the whole course of the War is less visible than at the Front. At the actual Front in such a War as this, a man becomes so intensely absorbed in his own piece of work that he cannot preserve perspective.

I believe the most encouraging aspect of the land war at the present moment is the success attained by France, - the new France, silent, resolute, indefatigable, imperturbable.... Remember that not a single boast has ever been uttered in this new and astonishing France. Every traveller from France speaks of the extraordinary though quiet hopefulness which pervades the French nation. It is a feeling full of significance.

Anecdote détachée d'une lettre du lieutenant A.... du 154e:

"Le regiment se trouvait dans les tranchées depuis de longs jours. Les hommes ne cessaient pas de se battre. Ils étaient sous les obus et ne pouvaient sortir. Ils avaient soif, et pas d'eau depuis la veille. Or, quelle ne fut pas leur surprise, sous les balles et les shrapnells, de voir arriver leur chef, le colonel Jeanpierre, portant deux seaux pleins d'eau. Depuis lors, ils se feraient tuer pour lui..."



جبل عقة

ONLY A CENTURY AGO,

CALLED UP.

Come, tumble up, Lord Nelson, the British Fleet's a looming !
Come, shew a leg, Lord Nelson; the guns they are a-beeing !
'Tis a longish line of battle, - such as we did never see;
An' 'tis not the same old round-shot as was fired by you an' me !

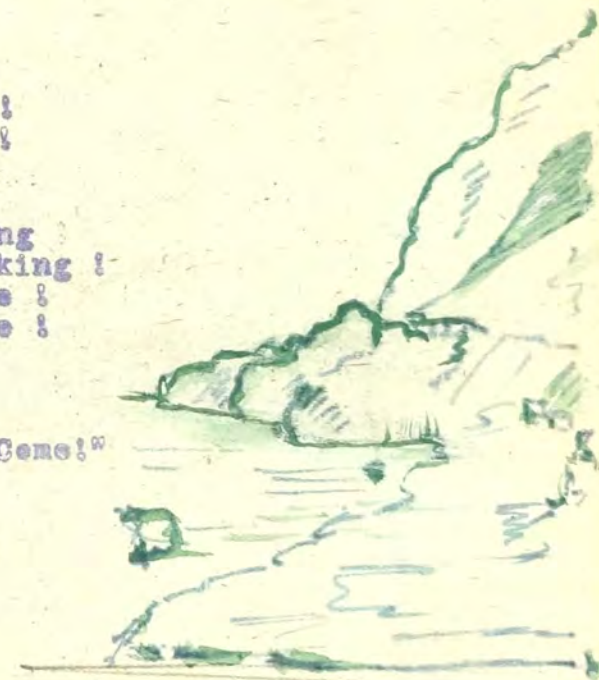
What seest thou, Sir Francis ?- Strange things I see appearing !
What hearest thou, Sir Francis ?- Strange sounds I do be hearing !
They are fighting in the heavens; they're at war beneath the sea !
Ay, their ways are mighty different from the ways o' you an' me !

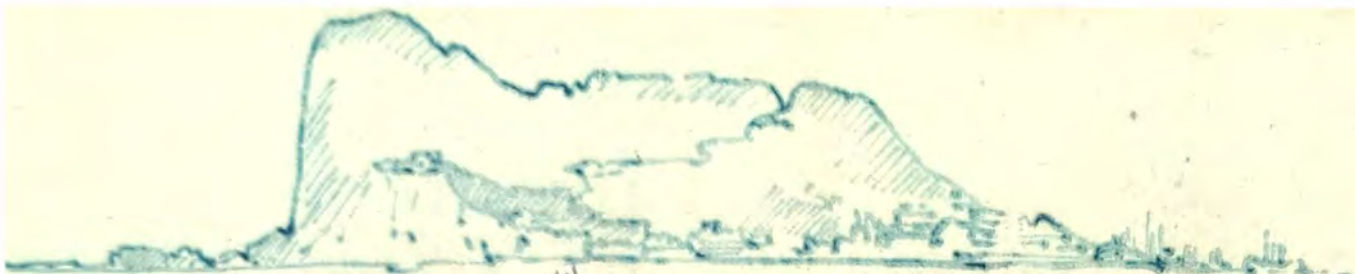
Seest thou nought else, Sir Francis ?- I see great lights a-seeking !
Hearest thou nought else, Sir Francis ?- I hear thin wires a-speaking !
Three leagues that shot hath carried ! Oh, that such could ever be !
There's no mortal doubt, Lord Nelson- they ha' done wi' you an' me !

Look thou again, Sir Francis ?- I see the flags a-flepping !
Hearken once more, Sir Francis !- I hear the sticks a-tapping !
'Tis a sight that calls me thither !- 'Tis a sound that bids me "Come!"
'Tis the old Trafalgar signal !- 'Tis the beating of my drum !

Art thou ready, good Sir Francis ? See, they wait upon the quay !
Praise be to God, Lord Nelson, they ha' thought of you an' me !

From Times, Trafalgar Day.





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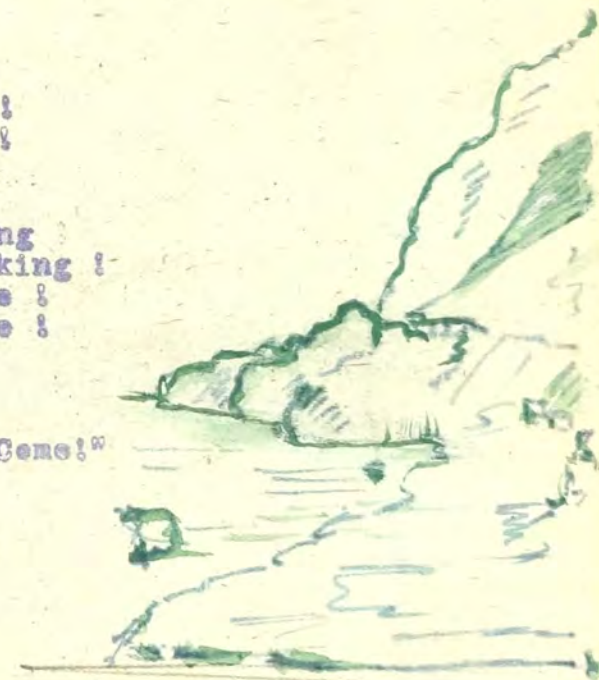
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From Times, Trafalgar Day.



Sevenfold Record of Praise.

* * *

1. For the Unity of Purpose of England & France making the continuance of the A.M.S. possible.
2. For safe return to our Field of work, and the possibility of going on.
3. For the spirit of Prayer developed in all lands by the War.
4. For the expectation of great things to come out of it.
5. For the souls turning to God in this time of stress.
6. For the many deliverances He hath wrought.
7. For the nearer Coming of the King, for Whom we wait.



امير

STATION REPORTS.

June to December.
1914.

الحمد لله

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the LOVE the Saviour looketh for
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair.



The LOVE is a priceless thing
This treasure our treasure must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
Or tell the worth of the gold
By the Love which cannot be told.

ATTENDANCE.	Date	H.O.	D.N.	D.F.	D. & A	BLI.	REL.	MIL.	MAS.	TOU.	TOTALS	G. TOTALS.
Meetings.	Summer.	38	31			174		127	218		598	
"	Oct-Dec	40	31				149	530			759	1357
Industrial.	Summer.		127			261		192	484		1064	
"	Oct-Dec	42	144				267	238			691	1755
Medical.	Summer.		3			45		27			75	
"	Oct-Dec	3	8				1	97			109	184
Other	Summer.	268	22			87	4	165	19		565	
Visitors.	Oct-Dec	207					139	374			720	1285
Resident	Summer.	4				1					5	
Guests.	Oct-Dec											5
Visits Sta-	Summer.	151	2			49	4	73	15		299	
tions Villages.	Oct-Dec	79	26					71			176	475
Distribution	Summer.	113				1		5			117	
Scriptures.	Oct-Dec	18	1				1				20	137
Distribution	Summer.	147						40			195	
Tracts.	Oct-Dec	128	4				4	4			140	335

The glory of the "Thin Red Line," consisted not in being red, but in being thin.
This glory every Mission in the land can emulate.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD - 1915.

* * *

Soyez comme l'oiseau posé pour un instant
Sur les rameaux trop frêles,
Qui sent plier la branche et qui chante
pourtant,
Sachant qu'il a des ailes.

V.Hugo.

Lorsque la nuit jette son voile
Nous sommes à genoux,-
Sous le beau ciel semé d'étoiles,
Jesus est avec nous.
Et l'entendue immense - De l'infini
Nous pénètre d'assurance,- En notre Asie.

* * *

Then shall my heart behold Thee everywhere,
The vision rises of a speechless thing,
A perfectness of bliss beyond compare!
A time when I nor breathe nor think nor move,
But I do breathe and think and feel Thy love,
The soul of all the songs the saints do sing!-
And life dies out in bliss, to come again in prayer.

George MacDonald.

* * *

Tune me, O Lord, into one harmony
With Thee, one full responsive vibrant chord;
Unto Thy praise all love and melody
Tune me, O Lord.....

As Thy Heart is to my heart, unto Thee
Tune me, O Lord.

Christina Rossetti.

* * *

L I T E R A R Y S U P P L E M E N T .

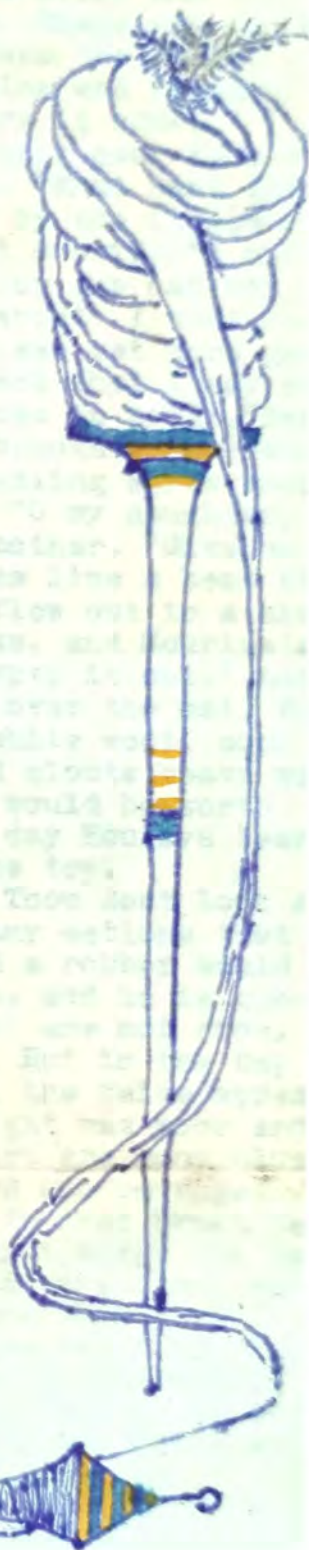
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* Inset. *

A Sack of Wool.

In the hill country there lived a girl named Houriya. She was the mistress of thirteen years, and strong and quick, and she loved her own way. She was just learning how to weave, and her joy was great when her mother said she might begin a burnous for her elder brother. He was to be a Taleb and his purpose was to go in the autumn to study at the Zaonia in the mountains and, of course, he must be fittingly glad. The grandmother of Houriya had already spun the kiam, and now there only remained to buy the wool for the team on the next market day. In the morning of the market day the grandmother awoke ill, and the mother must stay with her, but Houriya teased them till they let her go with a blind aunt to take care of her, and the price of six kilos of wool tied in her handkerchief. "Go to buy of Si Mukhtar," said her mother, "and buy it by the fleece, his fleeces are white as milk". "Thou hast the truth," answered Houriya, but her purpose was to go and buy of another seller named Kouider, for his daughters were her friends, and she thought if she bought of him, it might help to get her an invitation to the wedding at their house next month.

And their fate was favoured, for on the way to the market they met Kouider's daughters, and Houriya stayed so long talking with them, that by the time they reached the market field, the people were pouring from it like water. But they hurried to Kouider's corner and there stood yet many sacks of wool. "Fleeces have I none," said Kouider, "I sell by the sack and I give good weight and good wool, see here." And he opened the nearest sack. Houriya dived her hand in as she had seen other women do, and brought up a handful. "See the whiteness of it," he said, "you will not even need to wash it." It struck



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

EL GOUFFA.

* * *

The October number of this year has been delayed because of the War, that irresistible compelling force which has come into our midst and made its demands upon everything.

Nothing great or small has been free from its grasp, or hidden from its exactions. So the only organ of the A.M.B. had to wait, and be content to appear when time and tide allowed. So No. 4 of 1914 will be at Xmas, no man preventing, and for next year D.V. we shall see the way to issue something, possibly at Eastertide; with Praise Records, Station Reports, A.M.B. Notes & such other matter as God may give us for Inspiration and Help. These all making possibly a smaller volume which will henceforth be FOUR SQUARE.

With regard to the three years issue of the Couffa, may we suggest that each Station keeps its numbers intact as the property of the Station, and in some sense the History of the Mission.

* * *

MISSIONARY METHODS OF ST. PAUL. Instead of the Review promised, we are inserting here an "outline" to be discussed at the "Rally", and shall reserve an exhaustive summary till later.

Outline of "Rally" Subjects based on "Missionary Methods."

1. The outward conditions of St. Paul's work, and his strategic choice of centres and lines of access.
2. The external accompaniments of St. Paul's preaching, and the characteristics of his presentation of the Gospel.
3. The characteristics of St. Paul's teaching and training of converts.
4. The heavenly conditions of St. Paul's work, i.e. the environment of the outpoured Spirit of Pentecost; correspondence with that environment.

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A BOY'S MAGAZINE, Bi-lingual, i.e. French and Algerian Colloquial, is on the tapis. For which one of the Church prayed, "Lord, Help us to make a leaf which will please the boys, and which will please Thee", to which we said also, Amen.

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A new tract is coming out entitled, "The Fish that went too far". It is the story of a flood, & is full of life & suggestions. Thus it begins, "It was early Spring, & there had been a great storm on the Tableland". We expect for it a wide circulation. Another is also being prepared on "The Chameleon & the Sandfish", by the same author as the "Tadpoles & the Fish", & will, we are sure, be as welcome. We ask that the Giver of all, may grant that both shall be as bread cast on the waters, which shall be found "after many days" to His glory. "A Sack of Wool" is another. See Inset: The tax last for Women.

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R E V I E W S .

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A Lecture entitled "The New Algeria" has been prepared by request for the S. Schools of America, illustrated by pictures of the actual scenes and realities, which will be reproduced as lantern slides, a set of these we shall in time hope to possess through the kindness of our friends in the Far West. As the very titles of its sections are a history lesson in itself, we subjoin a summary.

T H E N E W A L G E R I A .

Section ALGERIA IN THE OLDER TIMES.

I. Behind Modern Algeria lies Ancient Algeria. This section includes, from 1. "Roman Remains", when the land emerges to view as a Roman Colony B.C. 146, through its Christian Era, to 8. "Algiers as the French found it", in 1830.

Section THE MAKERS OF MODERN ALGERIA.

II. From 1. "Government" to 8. "Education". Thousands of boys being taught.

Section MOSLEM LIFE IN THE CITIES.

III. Notwithstanding the outward dress of civilisation, the heart of the land is "old Algeria" still- for the native races present a solid phalanx of Islam- about four & a half million strong. The power of the Crescent can never be broken except by the Cross.

This section is from 1. "An Algiers Street". Moslem women shut in from the ages of 10-40 to 8. "City Children" warped already by their surroundings. Trade too is torpid under Islam.

Section COUNTRY LIFE.

IV. From 1. "A Kabyle Hill-Side" to 9. "A sight sometimes seen"- portraying a woman harnessed with a donkey. Her cry in the country often is, "We are but cattle".

Section DESERT LIFE.

V. From 1. "On the Sand Dunes" to 8. "Tribes of the Hinterland". All utterly unreachd.

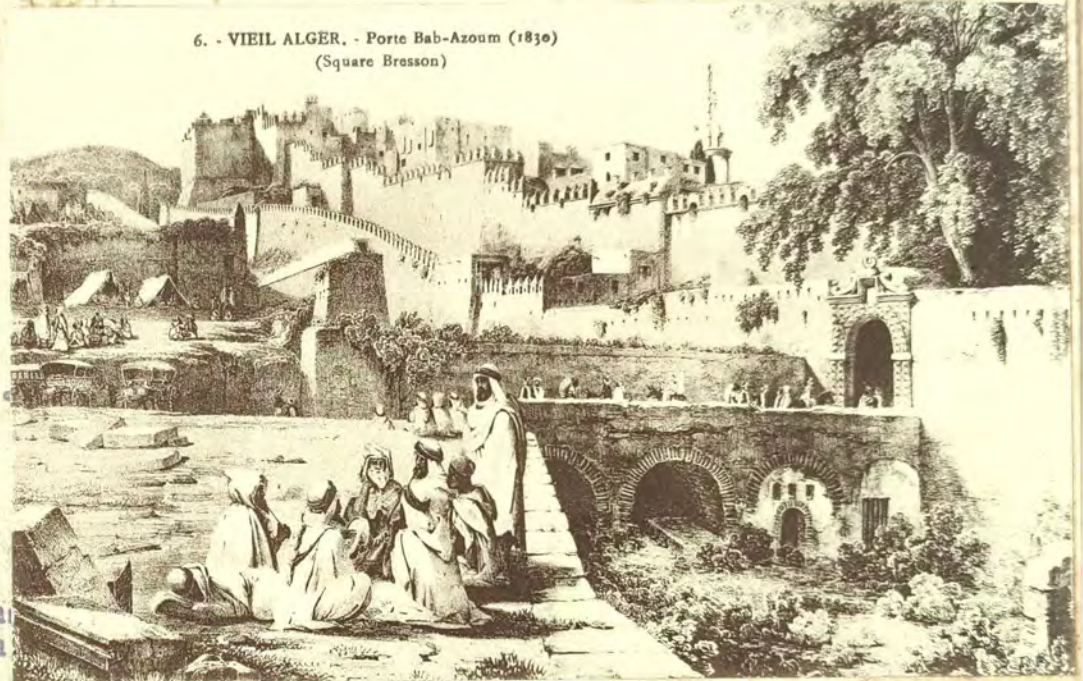
Section EDUCATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE OF ISLAM.

VI. From 1. "A Moslem School", teaching the Koran, to 8. "Boys religion". A group listening breathlessly to the fanaticism of an Itinerant Preacher. Who will send help for them ?

Section LIGHT-HOUSES IN THE DARKNESS.

VII. The True Way to a "New Algeria". From 1. "Village of Djemaa Sahridj Kabylia". The earliest

6. - VIEIL ALGER. - Porte Bab-Azoum (1830)
(Square Bresson)



Mission Station in the land, opened in 1882

by the N.A.M. followed by views of the A.M.B. Station premises, till 8. "The Furthest Outpost" on the edge of the desert, beyond which there is nothing more till the Congo is reached. Should not Christ's ranks push further & faster?

Section VIII.

MISSION HOSTELS AND GUEST ROOMS.

From 1. "Home & School", children's camp at Dar Naama, and boy guests at Dar el Fedjr, to 8. "Little Members of the Djemaa Sahridj Home".

Section IX.

MISSION CHILDREN AT WORK.

From 1. "Weaving Room etc", & through A.M.B. Station, to 8. "Play after work".

Section X.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

From 1. "El Djemaa Sahridj", to 8. "In Tozeur". The first for the wild little sons of the desert. We note there are boys belonging to this class in Algiers, of former years, who are now beginning to stand out for Christ.

Section XI.

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

From 1. "The Training of Native Helpers", & literature colportage, to 8. "Itineration to carry the light to far places" to find best centres for future effort, illustrated by El Oued - to the far S.E. of Biskra.

Section XII.

WHILE THERE IS TIME.

Such is the field - Civilisation has made it accessible. The Government is not unfavourable. The people are becoming responsive. As Dr. Zwemer, the Apostle of to-day for the Moslems, says, "the doors are nailed open". But for each of the living millions, the time is short. We will show you the down grade of life, and you will see how short. We give the whole sub-division of this section and its appeal.

1. Babyhood- As sweet a dawn as in our own lands.
2. Childhood- Awakening to the morning of life with its possibilities.
3. Adolescence- The shadows beginning to gather.
4. Youth- Life's cup tasted.
5. Middle Life- The shadows deepening.
6. Old Age Coming- With no horizon in front.
7. The Last Hour Striking- Note the hopelessness of expression.
8. The Last Hour Ebbing- "The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and we are not saved"



Christ wants in this generation to "divide the spoil with the strong, because He hath poured forth His soul unto death" for it. To win a people from Islam will be the greatest triumph of the Cross, for it is the bitterest foe of Christ crucified. Will you come to His help ?

He has given three Missionary commands :-

Pray ye.

Give ye.

Go ye.

One at least of these commands lies within your power to obey, if you are His. And by that obedience you will become a sharer in building up "The New Algeria" of the Kingdom of God.

For the
Water of Life
is
beginning
to flow,



and
"Everything shall
live
where the River
cometh."

632 - Lac dans l'oasis.

FOURSQUARE SERIES.

We want especially to draw attention to these Booklets, known as the "Four-square Series", now being issued by the A.M.B. No.1. Prayer Calls, is already out, and No.2. The Pearl City, will we hope follow shortly. They are in folder form for distribution among those who will pray for the many needs as they arise.



Quick Training for War

By the Chief Scout. Speaking of natural fighting, it is full of practical common sense, which given a spiritual meaning can be used in Another Warfare.

* * *

We have also to hand a Description Guide to the Nile Mission press, full of things new and old. Dr. Zwemer writes in "a Word to the wise" - as a preface :-

"This catalogue is a key-ring full of golden and silver keys to the hearts of men." We learn also, that the women and childrens' department, as also that for youths is being rapidly organised. As some of our number have been asked to help this along, the A.M.B. will take especial interest in its development.

* * *

The Tent. Cairo. From a short account, of the work there last written, we abstract the following : "A proof that God has worked is the energy that the powers of darkness have shown. Once the large tent was half destroyed by fire, whilst a second attempt to set it alight was frustrated. Another form of attack was that bands of young men, mostly students, would come for the express purpose of breaking up the meetings. But the Lord wrought great victories; and men were dealt with by the Spirit the very nights that the confusion was worst. At other times a wonderful stillness settled upon the gatherings, even though disturbers were present."

* * *

House of Commons, November 17th.

"The biggest Budget on earth was presented to-day to the nation, and if the cheerful serenity which the House maintained, as the tale of new taxation fell upon its ears, be any criterion, the people may be trusted to meet their burdens in a spirit of willing sacrifice. = Thought it was a "record" in Budgets the House was extraordinarily calm."

* * *

A petition from the Russian Liturgy for War times.

"And for those also, O Lord, the humble beasts, who with us bear the burden and heat of the day, and offer their guileless lives for the well-being of their country, we supplicate Thy great tenderness of heart, for Thou hast promised to save both man and beast, and great is Thy loving-kindness O Master, Saviour of the World."

Lord have mercy.

* * *

Apologetics by Dr: Zwemer.

IX. WHAT PLACE DOES CHRISTIANITY GIVE MOHAMMED?

(Tisdall, chapter 7; Rice, pp. 364-380-)

This a crucial question. If it gave him a place of honor, many Moslems would accept its teaching. The place Mohammed occupies in their system. Their desire to find a place for him in the Old and New Testaments. Cf. Zwemer's "Moslem Christ," chapter VII., and Koelle's "

"Mohammed," Part II.

Is Mohammed referred to in Bible? Why? Where? Moslem arguments answered.

The marks of a false prophet according to the Scriptures. Deut. 13: 1-6; Matt. 24:24; 1 John 4: 1-4.

IX. What Place does Christianity give Mohammed?

"O Thou Grace of God. I am bankrupt &c. That is a collect in the Koran, but the end is through Mohammed, so we cannot pray it.

What of Mohammed? The question is delicate & difficult but crucial & final. There are three methods:

1. To Ignore.
2. To Compromise.
3. To Tell all.

Let us consider.

The Two Mohammeds.

Historical
& Real.

Traditional.
& Ideal.

All religion comes down to a person.

The Confucian. They love Confucius.

The Lutheran, What did Luther think? This became a great principle, hero worship of Luther. In a certain measure also true of Wesley.

It is true of Mohammedanism. Put Christ in Mohammed's place & we have Christians.

It is easy to give Mohammed no place, but the Moslem says why? He has a right to expect that the greatest problems of modern times should be mentioned in the Bible: Answer it carefully. As you say "what do you think of Christ?" He has a right to ask also, what do you think of Mohammed? He wants to shove him in somewhere. If he has not found his foothold, let us meet half way, whether a true enquirer or the man who comes as a troubler, & calls out the sheheda & says what do you think? Get to his position.

Some of the converts quote the Koran, as if it settled the matter, instead of quoting the Bible. Have one Book. Dr. Jessup, always said, "there is the Bible, & here are the proof texts of the Westminster Catechism," & converts scattered up & down the world, have come that way.

Give them (in Egypt) a vowelled Bible, not an unvowelled Testament. But you do not want to be a missionary to 1/99, but to 99/100, not only fine classical language just to please the Effendis, but such as will make plain what you are trying to say. So underline the vowelled Testament, with a blue pencil, that they may not wade through Revelation. Books, "Roots & Branches" for ordinary people. Westminster Catechism for Azhar students, but we still need another book, containing:

An Introduction to the Bible.
A Statement that it came from God.
The four Gospels, the Truth taught.
The ten Commandments to be kept.
The Creed to be believed.
The Lord's Prayer to be prayed.

And if you do all this, then come & be baptized!
I believe the rules of simplicity of Korea or Uganda, should be adhered to. Teach a prayer, Mrs Zwemer, teaches the very ignorant women the "Fatha" with "for Jesus Christ sake Amen". Essentials, to return to the three methods, the 3rd. To Tell all, is the best, only so as not to offend.

Are you in the Sudan to start the Evangelistic Lutheran Church in the Sudan? I am American Dutch Reformed Presbyterian, but the Church of Christ in Arabia, therefore I refuse to preach any doctrine, & every practise that simply belongs to my church on the other side of the Atlantic. e.g. we have a beautiful ritual for the Lord's supper; I love it, but I would not stand for it here.

We are going to build up the Church of Christ.

But how deal with Enquirer, the whole thing is to fight it out to the end, but after a wise fashion.

Take an illustration; a boy infatuated by a foolish alliance, how would the father deal? Either blurt out the truth, disinherit, with probable consequence of elopement; or else reason, bring to bear a high ideal &c, They have a whole allegiance to Mohammed, though unworthy of it, they cling to the very name of Mohammed.

Supposing my name was George, & there was a book telling how Georges were all bad, I should not like it; we should not like to be called Judas Iscariot. There is much in a name. These things are crucial. If once the Moslem will allow that Christ is better than Mohammed, the thing is done, it will bring him to an allegiance to Christ & to the cross & to accept all. There is only one Mohammed, there seem to be many. A German writer says his character is insoluble. Every European school has a different view, some say all bad in one piece, or

Muir says he was good & became bad. Bohl & Dane, says he was insane, & Sprenger, that he was a psychological freak, & Boswell Smith & Carlyle idealized him.

There are two Moslem theories. Either I. the Koran, or II. Traditions.

- I. History. (Margoliouth) Mohammed betrayed friends has a revelation whenever he wanted from any subject, assassinated an old woman, married a Jewish maiden when he had massacred all her friends. There is a book published by the Beyrut press, by the Author of Sweet First Fruits, telling what Mohammed was in relation

to Old religions.
to Home life.
to Superstitions,
in Face of death.

all taken from Muhammedan books; in it there are four or five pages so offensive in this 20th century even to Christians, that they had to be cut out & pasted over, as not fit for anyone to read; the rest which I hold here is bad enough. This is the Mohammed of History, which Muhammedans can read from their own books.

- II. Tradition, (Bukkari.) If you want the tradition side, read Koelle, "What Mohammed is in the Moonshine of Tradition", all parallels with the History of Jesus, from angels at birth, in 80 or 90 particulars, Mohammed & Christ are alike, even the Lord's prayer, leaving out one or two petitions. The average Moslem believes man was made in the image of Mohammed or four positions in prayer.

The Mohammed of Tradition & the Mohammed of History do not agree.

When the Muhammedan comes to make trouble, know how to deal with him.

Answer: Bring him back to History by Koran, Begin with all the good you can. Tell him: I do believe Mohammed was a great Arab, a great poet, a seeker after God, hospitable, &c, & end with, I believe what the Koran says, that Mohammed was a sinner, then comes the clash, I beg of you begin the right way, with thin end of the wedge. 1. he asked for forgiveness of sin. See Koran. (Surah 47)-2. Point out some little flaw, e.g. the story of the blind man, which I have told in the tract, "Three Blind Men", all Moslems know that story, how it tells of Mohammed, he frowned & turned away, & the Koran says he made a slip, for which sake God rebuked him. Its awfully hard for them.

Now can we compromise? There are men who think we can, that we can say he was a great prophet. Have the courage of your convictions, but do not be too narrow to give him his title, at any rate we can speak of him as Nebi-el-Arab, as Peter the Great, or Alexandre the Great, though great only in a certain line. Then the question: Is Mohammed referred to in the Bible?

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(See last chapter of "Moslem Christ".) There are two classes of prophecies that may refer to Mohammed. "Many shall come in my Name", a general reference to Mohammed. There are Mrs. Bezzant Mrs Eddy & other false prophets who apply to themselves predictions that should refer to Christ. There are two places at least where Mohammed is indicated, one in the Old Testament & one in the New Testament. Such an Anti-Christ that no other fits.

1. The little horn in Daniel. VII. & VIII. see how aptly it applies. (VII parallel passage to VIII sometimes applied to Papacy.) four great Empires, & "Out of one of them a horn that cast down the truth to the ground & practised. (Heb. "doing" religion of works.) & prospered."

There is a stronger passage in the New Testament stronger because no historical reference can be found in it. I like to think of the Christ I love pictured in Rev. XIX on the white horse, a war of the Spirit, the last picture we have of Jesus, with Henry Martyn, Raymond Lull, & all the rest following in His train, & on front, the hosts of opposition, then it tells, how the two leaders are cast headlong, before the Hallelujah chorus.

These two against all religion. The brutality of sensualism & followers of the false prophet, it should bring us to our knees for perfect victory. I have shewn this passage to a Moslem & said: judge if Mohammed is not meant here & he was convinced. It is bitter medicine, a sharp razor, & we must not play with it, but with a convert we must use it.

How is he a false prophet?

I. He abrogated & disobeyed.

1. Pagan law
2. Mosaic law.
3. Christian law.
4. His own law.

1.a. No war in the month of Moharram, Mohammed allowed fighting then.

b. May not marry an adopted son's wife, this Mohammed did when he took Zineb.

2. He said he came to enforce the Mosaic Law, but he abrogated the Sabbath without rhyme or reason, also ritual, divorce & marriage.

3. Abrogated notably Christian law of marriage, sermon on the mount, swearing, etc.

4. He excepted himself. This is the most terrible indictment, he laid down certain laws, e.g. a believer should only have four wives, & he had twelve or thirteen.

II. He was not ideal in character.

III. His so called revelation is no way a proof. It did not meet the tests of revelation.

IV. 1. John IV. Believe not every spirit but test the spirits, that is the prophets, "every spirit that confesses not" &c, What does that mean? Everyone believes that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh, but see the context study it, & you will see what is meant by believing in the Incarnation. He began great; Son of God, they say he was small & became great. These II. III. IV. are the tests of a false prophet. In Deut. it is said of a false prophet even if attested by miracles, if he speak not accordingly to law, there is no truth in him.

X. DEALING WITH INQUIRERS AND CONVERTS .

(Rice, pp 46-77)

Recommended to be read:- Jessup's "Kamil," Dwight's "Moslem Sir Galahad," and Cairo Conference Report, "Methods of work for Moslems".

Do not follow one method with all enquirers. Seek to know what they are seeking, and what they have already found.

Use the Bible rather than the Koran. A compendium of Christian doctrine essential as a guide to Bible study. Westminster Catechism and "Roots and Branches" as examples.

Cleave to the essentials, fundamentals.

The importance of prayer before and after interviews; of sympathy with difficulties and in regard to circumstances; and finally, of an appeal to the will and conscience through the intellect. Intellectual conviction not sufficient.

* * * * *

X. Dealing with Enquirers & Converts.

Recapitulation. The Moslem has a perfect right to say what do you think of Mohammed? you can say: He was the greatest Arab of his day, a great poet, a great admirer of nature; he had great moral courage, his book is a classic. Was he a prophet? He had a great deal of truth of the Old Testament & New Testament, but cannot call him a prophet. It is unfortunate to say el Kedthab, may as well be polite even to a liar! You can say the prophet of Arabia, as St. Paul referred to "a prophet of their own" Titus I.12. This is the answer:

Paul quoted, a heathen reformer, picked out the one true thing he had said just like Mohammed's brighter maxims. So we as Christians may, say nebbi, i.e. prophet (though we put in brackets the false) as we say judge, & honour the Bench, we must give him his title.

His message of Monotheism was a great advance on Polytheism.

Among Enquirers & Converts, there are real practical difficulties, not so much with the Christian religion, but that they are tired of Mohammed & want to know how to be Christians.

(Books. Kamils Life & Dwight's Moslem Sir Galahad; useful for interesting tourists.)

Different Types of Moslem Enquirers.

- I. Nicodemus type.-- The orthodox Azhar type, filled with carnal ideas & Pharisaism, very good people, but asking, "How in the world can God be three in one? or die on the cross or be hungry or thirsty?" just like Nicodemus. "He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh". How can God laugh? Just as Nicodemus, "How can a man be born when he is old?" How answered? Christ gave Nicodemus the Key to all His teaching. Throw away your carnal mind.

They cannot think of the spiritual side of things. When you say ^{الله} ^{ابن} they think of a natural marriage..When you speak of the Lord's supper they will say "how be a cannibal?" These are the ordinary cases.

II. Woman of Samaria type. - A woman, a heretic, & the question of a place of worship.

III. The young ruler, a proper Effendi. -- "The same as you I am a nice civilized Mohammedan, not like these dirty Fellaheen," or like a high class school girl; they have put on civilization, & perhaps are better than their neighbours, do not think you can catch all your fish with the same bait. Take them at a different angle. You are trying to satisfy that man's inward thirst for Salvation.

Robert Speer gave a fine illustration of a personal conversation as a collision of souls, a dead soul colliding with a living soul, as Elisha on dead child, our hands on his hands &c, do it asking God to take the life that is in us & impart it through Christ.

How far can the man missionary deal with women & vice versa? Paul did it, but Mohammedanism has changed the Orient. Of course in England or China, but now in Arabia would it be fitting to sit by the well. It requires much tact, but it can be done with poor women, because I am a Sahib I can do it they think it a condescension, I ask if their dates are heavy or sweet, & so begin. But not to a veiled woman, if good she would think it an insult, if bad, an advance. As a rule men must confine their work almost entirely to men, even in girls college, not easy otherwise. Query about women to men, the American life is so beautifully free. They cannot realize the difference.

Another thing. Seek to know what they are seeking & have found. Robert Wylder has shown me much awful things in College life, laid base to his queries. Short questions & to the point. "How do you do? What is your name? Are you steering or drifting? If steering then who holds the rudder?" The average young man will say "I do" then you can preach Christ. Find quickly where they are, your time is money; if their's is not. Now there are two great classes, perhaps three.

1. Loaves & Fishes.
2. The True.
3. The Spy out,

i.e., who comes to take a book, & trap some one who came to you yesterday & persecute him, Christ knew him, he is not an Enquirer, & will never be a Convert except by a miracle of grace.

1. Loaves & Fishes. How can you find him out, how deal with him? After about 15 minutes talk

of how he likes the Gospel, he wants a ticket to Alexandria. What to do? Find time to do the best we can to help some way. I used to say I am not a labour bureau. I cannot bother with you; what will Jesus do? He has come because he expects sympathy from being a Christian, if you do nothing he can think, at least this man does not care if I am hungry or not. "Yes, I have listened to all you have to say, but I have watched the gold in your teeth!" If you give them a lot of money you spoil the work, but you must in every Mission have a missionary deacon who will sift the tramp as you do at home.

It is an opportunity to come in contact, & weigh the case, do not be mean, take time to weigh & if it be the matter of a ticket or letter, give it him, & you have made one more friend for the church. A missionary in Punjab, wrote, "I am getting on with the language, but the natives keep coming so, it is difficult, now however I have got a bulldog to keep them away, & get whole time for study!" Some of us do it without the bulldog! I would much more rather have fluency, than accuracy, better after five years to rattle along, for we may die next year, than to write a perfect sermon.

2. Seekers after Truth. How much truth have you got? are you a Moslem? What was your father? do you believe the Koran to be the whole word of God? And the Traditions? No, (Then you have a man of the new class.) If not the Koran, he wants the Gospel, the way is open. To day a boy of 18 wanted to come against his fathers consent. I asked the reason, "Mohammed is dying out, & Christianity is increasing". He said he wanted something up to date, & going to win, beginning there, I tried to lead him on, but no conviction. I gave him a Testament & said he could meet in the Book shop.

The type who is convicted of sin is very rare, & very easy to lead on, the work is done. Use the Bible rather than the Koran. I do not say always in meetings but have the open Bible, & use the Koran as a commentary. Do not say the Koran says it, & the Bible says so too, but, the Bible says so, the Koran also, indicate it as a footnote. If a Professor is weak in his subject he leans on his text book, he makes it his authority & himself the footnote. If he is strong he contradicts the text book, he makes himself the authority & the text book becomes the footnote. Jesus said: "I am the way" that is authority.

" HE taught.... having Authority & not as the Scribes."

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NATIVE * TUNES .

1. Music for two lines: after singing several lines, repeat tune a tone higher.



خاتمة

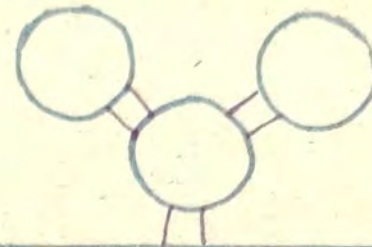
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 وَلَكِنْ الْمَوْلَى رَبِّ الْإِحْسَانِ
 كَانَ فَضْلُ الْخَلَّاصِ مِنْ قَبْلِ الزَّمَانِ
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 وَعَلَى الدَّوَامِ نَبْغَاوْا شَاكِرِينَ
 تَعَبَّتْ لَنَا الْمُتَلَصِّصِينَ

عوافيب السفوط

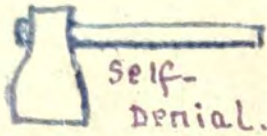
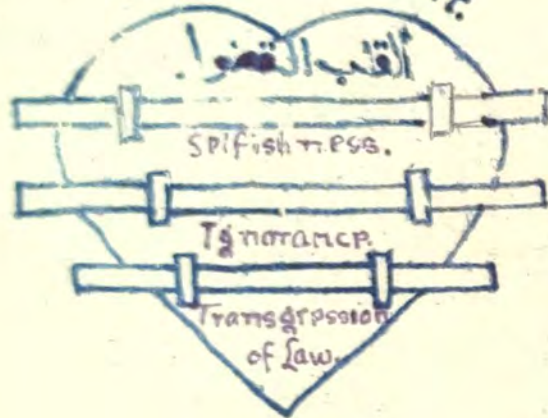
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 كَيْ مَنَعَ اللَّهُ طَرِيفَ الرَّجُوعِ
 تَمَّتْ حَيَاتِهِمْ فِي الْحَزَنِ وَالْإِتْعَابِ
 حَتَّى فِي الْمَوْتِ رَجَعُوا لِلتَّرَابِ

From

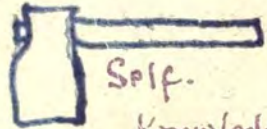
ارتقا آيت الجنان



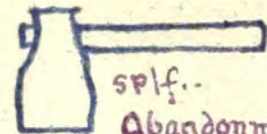
The barred heart.



Self-Denial.

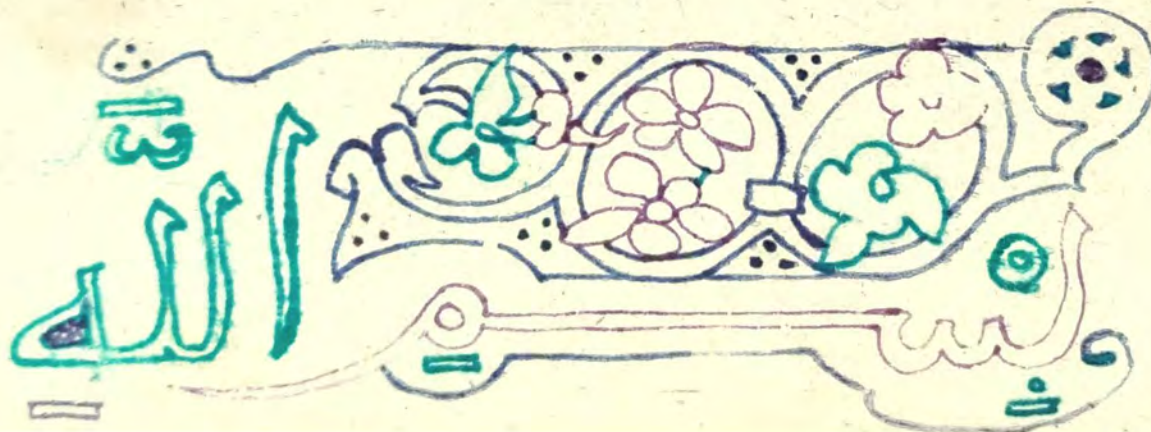


Self-Knowledge.



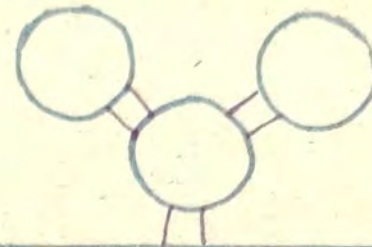
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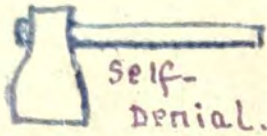
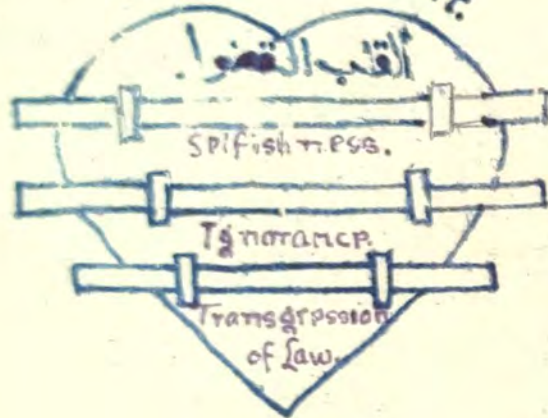


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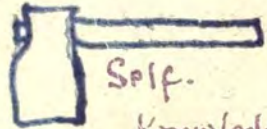
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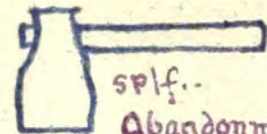
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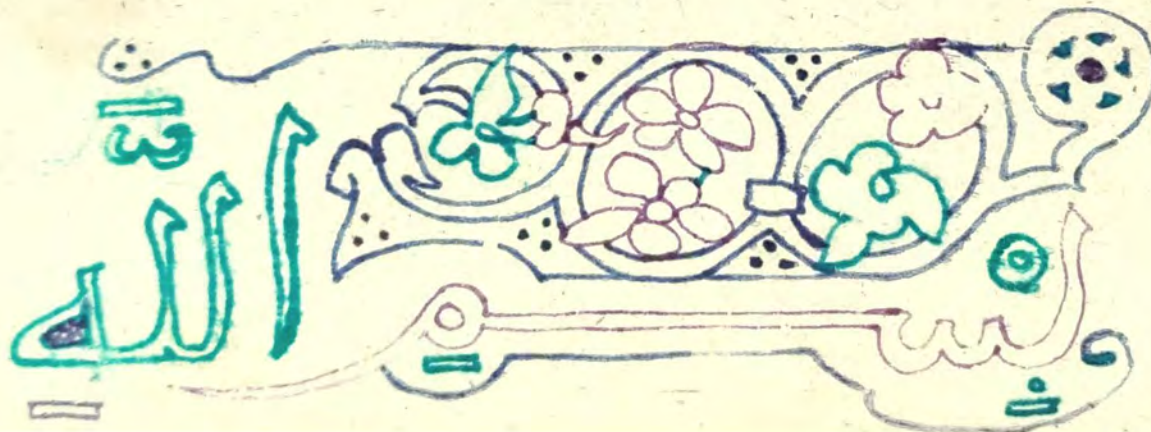


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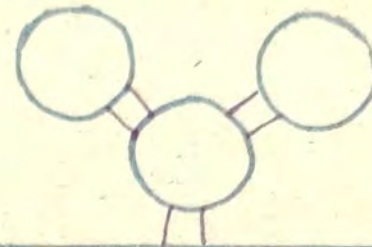
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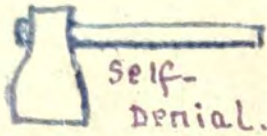
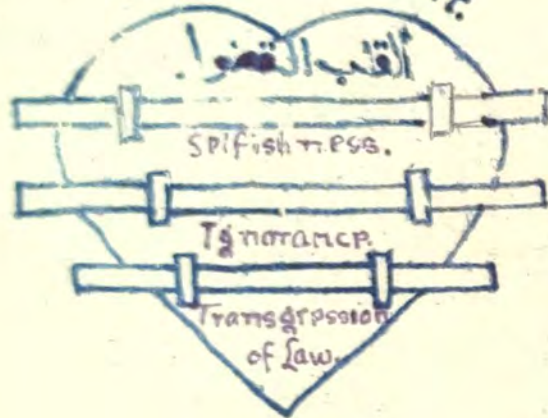


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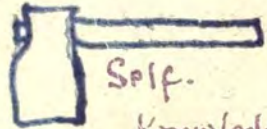
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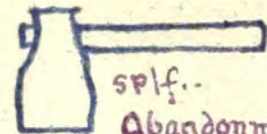
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