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Blida



1912

36.

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EL GOUFFA.

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Kindly note the things that are not in!

Ed.
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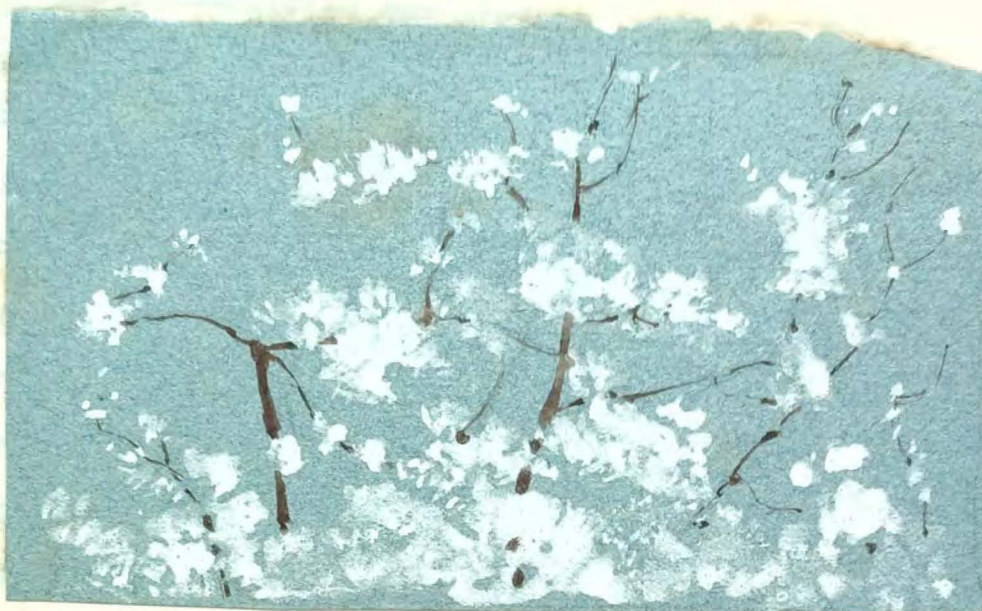
Editorial, I really am getting on to my feet, such feet as a Couffa may have! I am becoming an institution!

They are beginning to run me. They are sending in things themselves, pictures & such like; when what we did, didn't do maybe: - & as I said I shall be going alone before long.

Well! They have had the Conference, that used to be before my time; It has really come & gone. I was born in "the Two days," - that is long ago, - now I have lived through a Conference. Its a warm comfortable kind of thing, & people get melted down, & broken up; or melted up & broken down; I dont understand it myself; but they come out very gentle & loving, & longing to do anything they can to bear others' burdens, so that is as it should be. I am a burden-bearer myself most of the time.; - & its a good business!

Now, the burden of my song
Is, I must not be too long.

June 1912.



CHERRY BLOSSOM .

* * * * *

It was in Miliana in the month of March, that a sight came which I want you all to see with me...for the vision of it remain among "visions of God".

You know, some of you, the valley that trends down below to the plain, full of native homesteads: a silvery whiteness broke the green among them: up in the foreground, undimmed by distance, the bare grey branches looked as if they were crusted with clumps of frozen snow, for Cherry trees by the hundred, if not by the thousand, had sprung simultaneously into blossom and such blossom! At one touch the fountain of life had rushed into sight, and the possibilities that lay a fortnight before hidden in their winter sheaths, stood revealed.

They had troubled themselves with no preliminary stages, no leaves had come first to rouse expectation or to shelter the crowd of flowers while they were preparing for future fruit-bearing. They ^{had} taken their position by storm without sending so much as a scout to prepare the way. It would be a miracle, if our springs recurrence

had not stultified our minds.

We have grown used to the thought, bred only of poor human experience, that slow progressive expansion with a weary battle over each fresh little step and many a thrust back, is the only way of victory in the Moslem fight. As we lift up our eyes and look over the Cherry orchards, do we not catch the glimmer of a power that can do better for us than that? It is true that a like miracle has not yet been seen, but that only means that it may well be yet to come, and God may have appointed our day in which to work it?

It may be that He needs no slow preparatory stages of evident advance towards the goal: they are not His wont when He is doing new marvels.

Their essence consists in His bringing in, out of the infinite the fulcrum of some law that is out of our ken, and our sluggish reasonings are overturned with a touch.

More and more clearly comes the conviction, that it is by some great swift movement of His Spirit that solid victory could be gained taking the position by assault before the enemy knows what he has to fear, God has done thus, Uganda, in Korea and scores of other lands. Is there anything except precedent to hinder such a touch falling on a Moslem country? And precedent is nothing to God.

Years ago a friend labouring among the Jews, said to me "It is easier to look to God for a great work than for a little work, just as a big fire is easier to keep ablaze than a small one". This is intensely true in the Moslem fight. Islams solitary converts have been borne down, one after another, under the overwhelming pressure around. If a great band stood out simultaneously, as they did at Pentecost, the clash of arms would be strong, but there would be the sense of

brotherhood, with all that it means to timid souls, and hidden enquirers who are waiting for leadership, need wait no longer.

Signs have come this spring, even in poor wicked Alger, that a collective moving out is ready to begin, no matter if they are very tiny signs as yet. Up at Miliana they said one day "a cherry tree is in blossom," the day after the orchards were snow white. Who can tell which tiny movement even in one single family, may be the precursor of blossom time around us. Some faith-act on our side, like a grain of mustard-seed for smallness, may suffice to set free the unknown reserves of the divine resources", the infinite riches of "the undiscovered in God".

* * * * *

"In the East colour is a substantive, in the West it is an adjective. We have coloured things. They have colour!"

* * * * *

"The Sunshine comes unnoticed and unseen through millions of miles of darkened space, self sufficient, and outwardly unmanifest, until it breaks on the worlds atmosphere, and ripples in what you call the light. Without material opposition it can never manifest itself, but what Light is in itself, you do not know, for "it doth not yet appear."

* * * * *

"God said, let there be Light, and there was Light:

* * * * *

"GOD, who commanded the Light to shine out of darkness is He who hath shined...."

* * * * *

"He made a road of my broken works, And a rainbow of my tears"

* * * * *



SHUSHAN THE PALACE.

Pierced the sky with stars uncounted,
 Pierced the dome with diamond lights,
 Underneath a double heaven
 I am called to sleep of nights.

* * * * *

Lovely is the earthly dwelling,
 Lovelier still the home above
 And the story both are telling
 Is the story of His Love.

* * * * *

Pierced the sky with stars uncounted,
 Pierced the dome with diamond lights
 Jesus hands are pierced with wounds prints
 When He comes to me of nights.

* * * * *

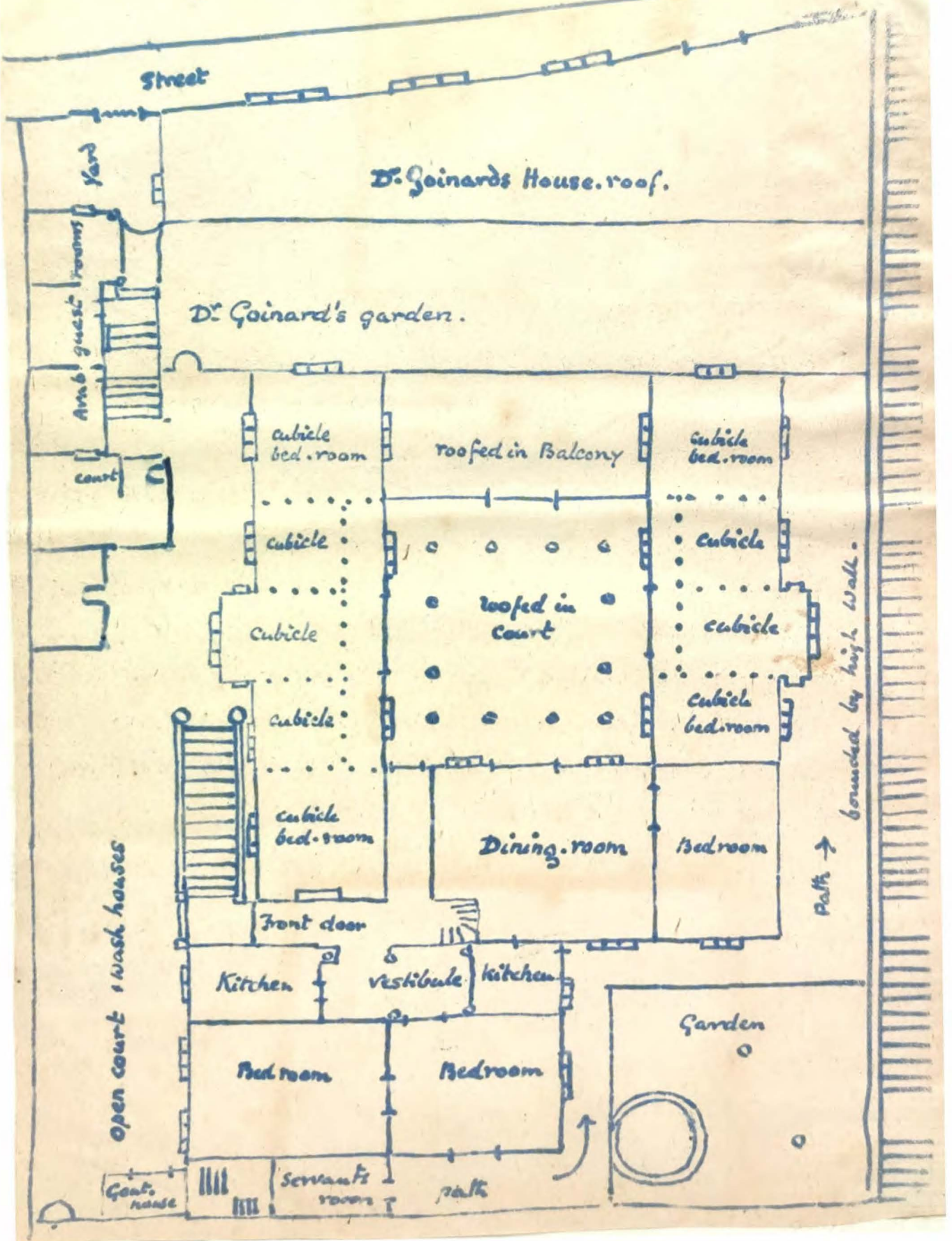
Make no Lord a little heaven
 There may I with Thee abide
 In the light of sin forgiven
 From Thy wounded hands and side.

* * * * *

So shall I have peace unfailling
 Till the sunrise of Thy Love
 Calls me to the larger Heaven
 And the perfect rest above.



5007





CONFERENCE DAR MAAMA.

Once again, after two years. The House of Grace, was filled, to its great content, for Prayer, and Praise, and Conference. As in its first year, a special Messenger was sent us, that he was sent of God, we have daily proof in the facts that are taking place around us. As one speaker after another failed us, the notice could be but short, yet there were more present than any year before, and the faith and expectation were greater.

The Messages which came to us quietly day after day were filled with the Spirit of Life, and penetrated into the hearts and lives of those who heard, as the letter which follows will abundantly testify: To God be the glory!

* * * * *



Algiers

54.

May 30. 1912.

dear fellowhelpers in prayer.

We want you to help us also in praise: we have had one of the most beautiful weeks that we ever remember.

Our Conference began on Tuesday of last week, a tiny one compared to those at home, our number each day being from 60 to 70, but the radius of distance covered 800 miles of darkness.

From the first we had the sense that, that darkness could not touch us; we were under a clear heaven: & over & over again there came that wonderful stillness in which God can speak so plainly & work so quickly, ... clearness, stillness, & a "dew from the Lord" on every soul; these were the distinguishing features of this coming together. The Praisemeeting on Friday morning with its spontaneous uninterrupted flow for an hour together, of definite thanksgiving, showed how deep & wide His work had been: as Mr Hamilton said, it was like incense rising all the time.

Those who came from a distance mostly left on Saturday; for us who were left came the sight of the first tiny bud of a Conference day for the arab-speaking natives, Christians & enquirers with the Moorish concert from Tangier to address them. Such a tiny bud but packed with future possibilities as God's buds are wont to be, & joyful ^{in its} vision that not only had we come unto Christ & drank, but that the Spirit's outflow was beginning in its first faint trickling drops, "rivers," as we go on. Help pray it through. yours faithfully
J. Lilius Trotter

PRAYER ANSWERS.

"Say what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need,
The man is praying who doth press with might
Out of his darkness with God's own light."

Trench.

"If two of you shall agree on earth....
"It shall be done...."

1912.

April. For God's work in the House children. Alger.

" For the way having opened for a Conference and the eagerness to come. Alger.

" For steady attendance of girls, and for the women's meeting. B. Naama.

" For the gift of Zoura, the houseboy Ali's sister. Blida.

" For openings in the town. Miliana.

" For Blind Fatima's good confession. Relizane.

May. For God's blessing throughout the Conference. Alger.

" For the sending of the Simpsons and Sid Ali. Alger.

" For His work in bringing Hawsouash and Hamdan over the line, and restoring Mustapha and Chrira. Alger.

" For girls coming again. B. Naama.

" For God's working in Fatima Bar-El-Ain, and for definite openings in two villages. Blida.

" For little Yamina cured. Miliana.

" For open doors at Bel-Bacel and Bel-Amour. Relizane.

June. For all the blessing given through the visit of the Simpsons and Ali; and for the hope of a Native helper from Morocco. Alger.

" For the deliverance given to Bouales and Hamdan and for the turning of their uncle's heart towards the light.

" That God used trial to unite Hamdan and Hanifa. Alger.

" For new girls and new houses. Seit Naama.

" For guidance to villages where doors and hearts were open. Blida.

" That a sister of Chrira was sent away instead of her going. Miliana.

" For Affreville visits and other openings en route. Miliana.

" For Fatima's peaceful death. Relizane.

" For the open doors at Mascara. Relizane.



DOWN SOUTH .

* * * *

In the freshness of the early morning we started on our mules five hours ride through the dry and barren desert, such a picture of the souls under the sway of Islam. Our hearts were lifted in prayer to God, and much prayer had gone up during the previous days for this tour to the oasis villages with their many souls who had seemed so unresponsive, so hard, and bigoted last time an attempt was made to reach them. Cast upon God for His opening of the way we made our entrance into the town. There it was with its square flat roofed houses, here and there in a half tumbled down condition, grey and colourless with its swarming crowds just beneath our windows, in the market place. What a contrast a few hours later, starting in search of the Ben Azouz family, to visit a young bride, after having passed the dusty streets, there suddenly burst upon us the sight of the oasis in its emerald green of early spring, and in a few moments we were walking beneath its palms and fruit trees revelling in the

beauty. Abundance of life! for the water was here, in brown lifegiving streams gushing forth and "everything shall live whither the river cometh."

Having passed through the oasis scenery of singular beauty opened upon us. In the clearness of the desert air lay before us the "Zouia" with its numbers of white "Koubbas" standing out sharply against the deep blue of the sky. Thither we turned our steps, and soon found ourselves before the entrance of the Ben Azouz house, or rather houses. First introduced to the chief men we went through a real oriental ceremony, and were at last allowed entrance to the women's apartments. Crowds of them gathered round us heartily welcoming this break in their monotonous life, some of them soft eyed, graceful, and of a refined oriental type, still in the bloom and freshness of youth, others sad or hardened telling the often repented tale of a Moslem woman's prison life. They listened never tiring to the singing and the message of the Gospel. "Tell them about the naughtiness of the heart!" Said Houria the bride, still half a child nestling close to us, that was what she remembered from the last time she heard a year ago. And so again the old and ever new story was told about salvation from sin and death, and new life through Jesus Christ, who loved us and gave Himself for us. Time was going fast, only the promise of coming back, made them willing to let us go. In the evening a big dish of couscous enough for at least 10 people was sent to the little Hotel for our support. We felt that the entrance given in the Ben Azouz house was worth our coming! Still there were the crowds of men reading, intelligent, but bound in the darkness and narrowness of Islam. Clearly and strongly we felt we could not break the way ourselves, indeed we did not know what to do, or how to act, two days of waiting

upon God, and little done outwardly, then came God's answer beautiful and clear His hand opening the way.

"Will you come and read with us"? so spoke a young man in the market-place as we returned from a morning spent in the Ben Azouz house, where God gave opportunities of sowing the seed among all. "I will show you a place where you can gather the men," he went on, and with hearts full of praise knowing instantly that this was from God, we followed him to a little tailor's shop whose owner readily agreed to our return at two o'clock for the reading. The small shop was packed full and crowds outside the door blocking light and air, but taking in with almost uninterrupted listening the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. "Do you not see?" a man went on explaining, when the proclaiming of Christ's death for sinners roused a general stir "He did die in the flesh, but His Spirit could not be kept in death, and He rose again". Numbers of tracts were sold and distributed and through next day our time was up, we had to promise to come in the early morning. Again a listening and inquiring crowd,



THE LETTER M.

Chapter 3.

MISSIONARIES AND THEIR MUSINGS.

How good and handy is a Couffa with its big mouth always wide open and ready to receive all that we want to put in. The only drawback is that some times things slip out for want of a top!

I remember long ago hearing of a nobleman who had an unfortunate habit of musing aloud. One of his beautiful properties was situated near a manufacturing town and he resolved to give a garden party to the neighbouring magnates.

Everything would have gone well if he had not walked among his guests saying "What a rum lot, what a rum lot!" On another occasion on leaving the House of Lords he was caught in a shower and a friend offered him a place in his carriage, he accepted but apparently repented for looking out of the window he said "What a nuisance this fellow has taken me up, now I must ask him to dinner". His friend fortunately entered into the humour of the situation and looking out of the other window said "What a bore to have taken him up, now he will ask me to dinner and he has such an abominable cook!" At once the visitor recognised that he had mused aloud and after a hearty laugh the friends compromised matters by dining at the club. That was a very good ending and the story but unfortunately we, if we hurt some strangers feeling by musing aloud cannot so easily tide over our misdeed I have more than once seen a French gentleman looked annoyed at some remark made as the supposition that no one present in the tram or the train understood English.

I should not like to dogmatize but somehow I think that trains bought with French money and run on French lines do in a measure belong to French people, and that perhaps they are within their rights if they happen to travel on the same day with ourselves and if they are the first in the carriage it is we who are crowding them up!

But this is only the topmost strata of my subject. As one looks back one realizes how much time some of us have lost in fruitless aimless musing.

The Lord of Heaven and Earth has taken our hearts with theirs thoughts as well as their affections for His Portion what dusty, vapid apples of Sodom He has found there instead of the mind that was- and- is- in Christ Jesus.

Yet our musings could be so glad and high. There is Russian story of a poet who was ill treated in this world oppressed and cheated and misunderstood. He made his appeal to Jupiter who said - "I will not alter the circumstances round you but Heaven is always open to you, when you will you can come up here! And the poet was satisfied. We too have an open Heaven above us into which we can ever enter, and in that Presence all unruly troublesome unworthy; all self pitying criticising thoughts will be banished, and heart and spirit will be filled with the Vision of the Lord.

David must have had much to think of in the ordering of his Kingdom but it seems as if straight as an arrow his thoughts flew God-ward. "At midnight I will arise to give thanks unto Thee, because of Thy righteous judgments". Before the morning watch, -out of the depth--

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet."

MUSLIM CHILDREN .

Are they more fascinating than any other? We think so. Are they more loved, more cared for, more worked for than others? Oh if you could know! When we go back to our own lands and see how the child is thought of, how its desires are sought out, its wishes expressed in every way possible to express them, or meet them or answer them, so as to lead it on a step at a time, and only a step lest its faculties be stunted; yet a step always, lest by any lack it should be stunted. It seems as if the people had awoke to the fact that the child of this generation will be the father of the next and nothing can be too good for his development.

Then we turn and look from whence we came! Here we are; and we see "the child" here too has the same faculties - the same eager beautiful child soul - but here its faculties are untrained, its soul is trampled in the dust; as soon as it knows any thing it knows all this evil world can tell it. Is it loved? Madly irresponsibly foolishly, sometimes. Is it cared for? In no sense worthy the name of care. The ignorance, is too great and the difficulties too many. The mothers would care if they knew how, and if any sort of caring were possible to them; but shut in their one room how can they care? They ask their husbands occasionally some favor for a little one and their lord and master may give it or he may not, and they dare not ask again.

So prepare for our own children, in every way. Who prepares an iota for the children of Islam?

Here and there a few score are gathered out of its millions here and there they learn, they sew, they read, and we have the same same response, the same touch answering ours; the same waking desire, - the same confiding look, - the child here is even as the child there. But what are these few score among the millions that we pass by?



"Watching
for
the
Dawning

of
the
Eternal
Day"

Poster No I



My name is Howa wash

Oh the clo'es of them!
And the pose of them!
It toyed with my thought.
But the need of them
And the plead of them
My heart it has sought!

* * *

Oh the talk of them!
And the walk of them!
My fancy it caught,
But the way of them
And the play of them
My heart it has taught.

Anon.

* * *

HAWAOUASH.

My name is Hawaouash.-My head just comes to the top of one of these stupid high tables that Rounies use. I look very like a doll.-premiere qualite of course- a brunette, for my skin is nice and brown, and my hair sticks out all over my head in tiny fluffy curls. I generally wear one short garment just like a doll's too.

I went to visit the Marabout with my family the other

Poster No II



Burnt Fatima.

day, and I nearly missed having my bestest best shoes and socks. But these two Koumiyat, who come to our house about she-beka, to Alger, and asked my Aunt to bring them with her. I can remember if they went on purpose for that. Anyway my Aunt brought them so we all had our best clothes for the Marabout.

I hear there is some-one looking for me who loves me very much and who can help me more than the Marabout- They say too there is a beautiful kingdom to which I belong and that I'm losted, or "not found" yet, whatever that means.

Please I'se putted in the Couffa so that you can help me to be founded cos I'se so very little to be lost.

* * * * *

BURNT FATIMA .

* * * * *

Yes the people in the House of the Iron Gate call me that because I came to them so often to have my burn dressed. It hurt to walk to their house but we did not want them in ours every day -they use too much water- and there are other reasons. I never laughed in those days it hurt too much but I had to just smile when the little lamb the Shepherd had lost said "baa" to me. And I was too tired to eat. Then they sent me to a real Tabiba but I hated going so I used to pretend to go. But one day the "Short One" saw my bandages had not been changed and she told the "Touilla" and the "Touilla" asked the Tabiba. After that the Touilla had a piece of paper with marks on that had to go to the Tabiba every day. The Tabiba put another mark on (she changed my bandages too) and gave me back the paper. If I brought it to the Iron Gate House I got a lump of sugar. Now I am fat and

paper.If I brought it to the Iron Gate House I got a lump of sugar.Now I am fat and well and laugh all yhe day. I go to the Iron Gate House often to make a big cushion and say the words of God They told me a story to day of a silly little girl who fell into the river and spoilt her best clothes because she would not take her father's hand.They said I was like that little girl,but I don't want to be I told them.*

* * * * *

H O L I D A Y N U M B E R N O T E .

If you are in a new place,if you are in the Homeland send us something! Something you have seen or heard or felt! Tell us of a voice,or a sound,or a song! Something your eye has seen or your ear heard;of Beauty,or Music,or of Speech. Something to inspire us, something you have inspired,that you may breath it out again as a part of your very life, so will it have power to reach us and move our inner being.

For only thus it can be a Breath of Life,warm human pulsing life,only so can it touch us! And only as the Life of Life is also in it can be a Breath from Above and a Touch that will bless; which as a Wind from an high shall purify and uplift and inspire.

Yes send us the Spirit of your message,what ever it is,whatsoever you have received,that minister also unto us.So at the A M B Rally,the Couffa may so much more abound by reason of that which every member supplieth! Send to Dar Naama,the first week of Septembe

A.M.B. Rally.

This will o.v. take place, the third week in October at Dar Naama as last year. All the A.M.B. cordially invited. #

مرحبا بكم



Oct:
17th
&
18th



WANDERING THOUGHTS -THE JOY OF LIFE.

* * * * *

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

One's thoughts wander away to pretty bird courtship and crooning Mother-hood, which "dawn upon that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude!"

There were two Robins, bright self-contained little birds until they met one March day. Hence forward He was conscious only of Her. For Her He sang, for Her He kept his plumage trim and sleek, for Her He sought the choicest morsels. She, on Her part relapsed into Baby helplessness when He was near, flapping Her wings, and gaping and peeping as He brought Her spoils from the Insect world or from the Hand that fed them. One day He chose a tit,-bit from the Hand, and went in search of Her. In the meantime She came to the Hand, and settled down on it for a square meal. Back He came and hovered over Her. At once She became a gaping Baby, unable to feed Herself. He dropped the food into Her open bill. What He gave Her was so much nicer than anything She found for Herself.

In time there was a nest, and then young, and it was now no more He and She, it was They. The love of the individual was re-born and deepened and ennobled in the parent-love. The two little bird-hearts had found the ultimate Joy of Life.

From Dawn to Sunset they could think of nothing but those dus- nestlings,-there was little time for song now,-no time for coquettin

There were incessant demands on the Hand, and exacting demands too, He would have what He wanted, and there was no refusing

the bright imperious little bird, though He insisted on having what was nicest and what was best for His babies. However they thrive and become fat speckled darlings; until one hot Sunday morning they fluffed out of the sheltering nest into the Beyond.

Before noon He was alone with two fledglings, She and the two others had gone into the Unknown. He philosophically devoted Himself to His two little Ones, and even fed a Baby Hedge Sparrow that He found sitting on the Hand, but He said He only did it because He was asked to, He could not undertake other people's children.

Robins are like that. A Hen-Robin quite went out of her way to be disobliging when asked to help feed a baby-Robin. She came in and out of the room and helped herself to the baby's food, but would not put one bit into the supplicating bill.

* * * * *

A Q U O T A T I O N

Love stooped to one that captive lay
Fettered and prone, and broke the bars;
And led him to the dawn of day
The morning stars.

* * * * *

Love found upon the battle,
A coward fleeing from the strife
And sent him forth his heart in pledge
Valiant through life.

* * * * *

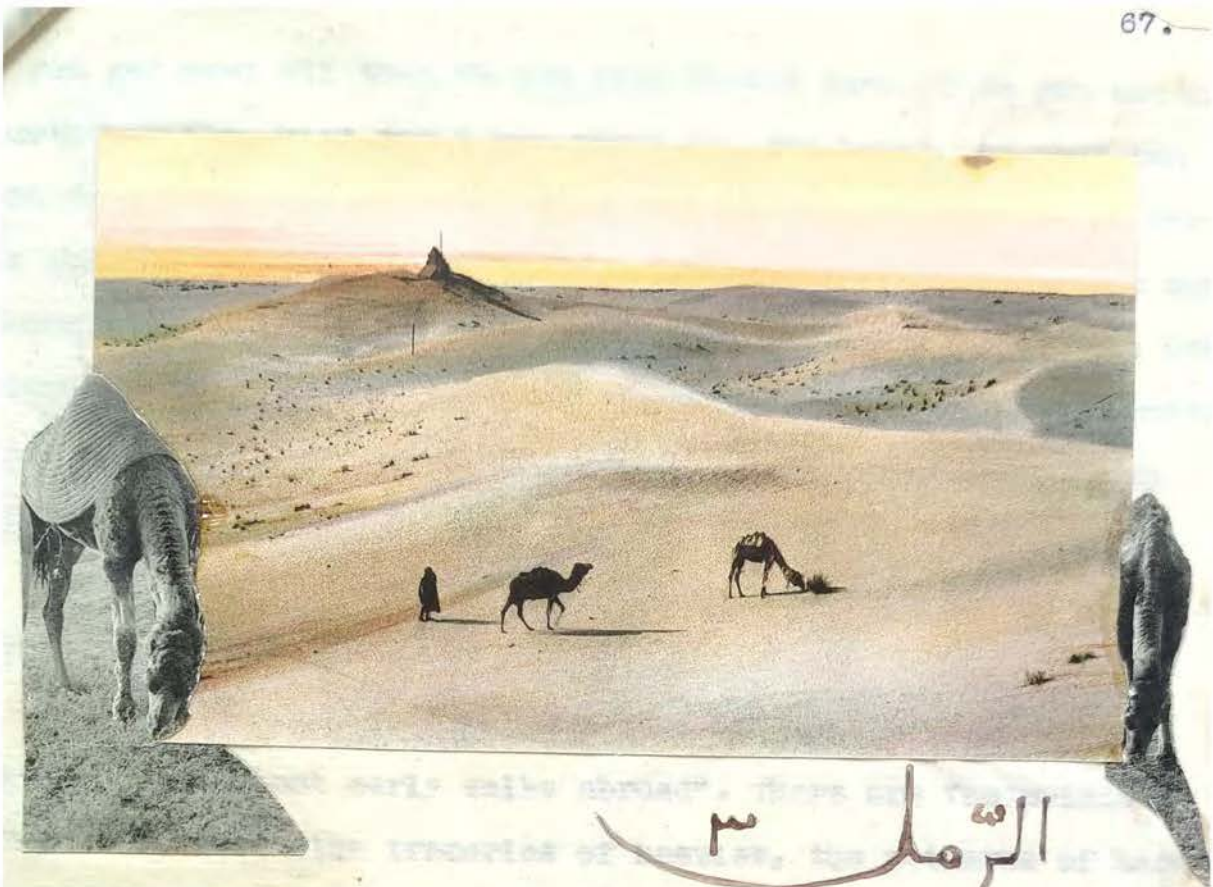
Love touched dumb lips that could not pray
And let them utter prayer and song
Love hath so subtle sweet a way
Love is so strong.

* * * * *

That, come he with an angel's face
Or come he with a flaming sword
Where'er he makes his dwelling-place
All Heaven is poured.

G. Macdonald.

* * * * *



الرمال

FROM THE DESERT.

They wept like anything to see

Such quantities of sand:

"If this were only cleared away"

They said "it would be grand".

"If seven maids with seven mops

Swept it for half a year—

Do you suppose", the Walrus said

"That they could get it clear?"

"I doubt it said the Carpenter"

And shed a bitter tear!

L. Carroll.

Sand! we have seen sand by the seashore, but here it is a "sea of sand!" When away from the desert scrub, with all its flatness, and its low succulent shrubs and stony ways, when

you get past all that to the true desert sand, then you are in another world. What can I say about it, for beauty to what can one compare it! It is as the still waves of an ocean, or "a mer de glace", for purity and power and loveliness. Of the first sand dunes I had seen I wrote. "They are like sun lit snow drifts but rippled as a sea. Wave after wave they shine in creamy-whiteness against the dull blue of a cloudless sky; fringed with gypsum crystals like unto wondrous carved work."

Not only are they pure, they are full of life! Everything is written there, in the pale soft sand, and he ^{who} runs may read.

"You can see where the lambs gambolled round their Mothers and the birds took early walks abroad". There are footprints of tiny feet; lace like traceries of beetles, the patterns of whose coats of mail are pictures for colour, from azure balls to studies in terra-cotta and black. There are the circles where the cream-gold sand fish have dived to their hole; the marks of the little Hocha bird are there, before he rose to sing his three fold chord through the dawn; and more things than we know the names of. There are no secrets in the sand. Our camel man, who had lost us one day, exclaimed in answer to "how he had found us". "Oh when I got to the sand, I knew my camel's foot-prints!". Often we were guided thus, by prints in the sand, nothing is hidden till the wind passes over them and they are gone, then the place that knew them, knows them no more, the Wind-Touch what can it not do!

Riding in the teeth of a sand wind, one day our camel's foot-steps were obliterated as fast as made. Another time I remember when by mercy we had reached the shelter of a Borj, all night long hearing the sand beat in showers on our domed roof,



An Souf Village among the dunes

and the sand waves break on our walls as the storm raged without. Another night we camped on a dune, and when we closed our tent that dune seemed spoiled for ever by signs of habitation. Not so a wind arose and when morning dawned, and calm had come, not a sign or mark remained, a very parable for those who know no sea, of how He can "blot out", who "walketh upon the wings of the wind".

As we went by night in the moon shine we saw where the wind currents were caught and chiselled in ~~by~~ the soft silver sand; and as we climbed those mighty dunes, we could see camel prints on either side the crest, but there on the crest where nought but the wind has away, all earth-prints are gone!

How they love it, their pure silken sand, "No sand is like our sand," they said as they let it run lovingly through their fingers, "we sleep in it, no sand is like ours!" And we found the golden grains of El Oued as gravel compared with the silver silk of Sidi Acun. We brought some home, and saw it polarized through a microscope, and the silk changed to jewels, jewels of light, minature rainbows alone can express what the broken rays through those pure crystals represented, He who made them only knows what was locked into those Atom-gears of His creation, finer than the dust of the earth. Truly there was no sand like the Souf Sand.

* * * * *

"*Sarcophagus* of Heart, even as the Sand".

SOME FAMILY PORTRAITS.



The House of The "Father of the People".

Strong, reserved, with deep feelings, hidden under a rough exterior is "the Mother" of this family and her face shows something of the struggle with poverty which the death of the "Father of the people" has brought to her and her children.

"Give me a pure heart", is the hymn she always asks for: "We sang it together in the evenings my Mother and I," said her small son to us. "She couldn't remember all the words, so I helped her". That the cleansing if not already accomplished will certainly come, we are sure. We shall not forget the Mother of the family as she sat weaving a burnous in a village-room filled with women listening to the Story of His love. Some were listening, glad to hear, and then came the gauntlet thrown down, "only Mohammed for us."

But the reserved silent women weaving the burnous spoke out "No Christ saves, He came to save from sin, the blessing of God be upon Him" The other looked at her in surprise but she did not take it back. May God make it to be the real living Truth in her heart

and life for ever * * * * *

She is "daughter of the people". This oldest of the family, and proud of the fact.

Impulsive, passionate, loving, with such possibilities and capabilities ready to be filled when the time is come. "Yes it is the death, the blood, that is wanting in our religion" and how our hearts rejoiced as we heard the words; for the "daughter of the people" had heretofore owned no flaw in her father's creed. Now the dew is falling gently and quietly "Almost I understand", she says, oh may the heart understanding be sure and soon. * * * * *



person of importance, very intimately associated with the affairs owned by the Commissariat department of the Outpost and his ways are a great entertainment to his friends. Early one morning on opening the front door a sack was found on the threshold and inside was, Khouia. And one evening when the outposters lingered talking after supper they heard snores in the back premises and going out found that the practical-joker who had intended them to

hunt for him in his hiding place had been overcome therein by slumber! Khouia is eager to give pleasure to those he loves, but at the same time he is a boy and not wanting in the peculiarities of the species! He is quick to remember Bible stories and the hymns which he sings on Sunday evenings with his face one huge smile of enjoyment.

But more than this what can we say? There is a struggle between light and darkness, a new road and the path of his father, between Christ and Mohammed, and the battle-field is the heart of

one small boy: the battle is not ours but God's. * * * *

The bigger child in the next portrait in the Family group really belongs to the A. M. E. She is smiling in answer to their loving welcome of her: though rather a backward little flower, she will expand in the Sunshine for she has a heart responsive to love. Already this new "missionary maiden" is beginning

A Little Flower



+ a wild bird

to be useful in tiny ways, and her joy is great when she can say "Ana m'shroule mak". She rivals Keiha in her fidelity to "Hamiduloo bilfreh", and the tiny evening prayer is never forgotten. One night when we were asking God for a happy time next day with her baby-sister, unexplained fits of laughter stopped the prayer abruptly.

Later on when there was quiet we went in and asked "why this laughter when we were praying to God?" "I rejoiced, I rejoiced," "she said" "It is the truth, I rejoiced". It was a long time before we could change the "ca-y-est" which always came out at the end of the Prayer, into "Amen". Perhaps we should have left it. * * * *

The tiny wild bird, comes last and such a tiny fascinating fluttering last she is with her utter shyness of strangers and utter trust of those she loves. The latest story of her comes from Khouia who has been sleeping at home, "We were sitting round talking, "he said, - "in the night and she rose from her sleep and sang "Ya Rabbi Eddini Eddini-B

Pray that God will make the Baby's words true for all the family of the Father of the People that He will lead each of them into the way of Life.

A "BIT" OFF A "TOURNEE."

AND OTHER THINGS.

"WE believe the seed fell on several thirsty hearts! It was a happy morning in spite of sirrocco," so far one, when her fellow took up the strain.

"The whole long journey would have been well worth while, if only to have had those gatherings! It was almost too wonderful, how just in the two hours at our disposal three new groups of houses were opened to us. Two small boys were the guiding angels! Wealthy, respectable "unco guid" houses they were too!

We had so asked guidance to the people who ought to get a message that day, that we could just tell them all about it; how we only knew one woman, and yet we were sure there were others God had a word for; that in answer to this prayer they themselves had sent for us, though we knew nothing of them, therefore they must take great heed? They have waited so long! everyone will pray, wont they, that the seed will bring forth fruit, and that that place may never be shut up again."

Then her fellow added: "Two of the houses had four or five families in them, one negro was so attentive, and he is Moulah, please pray that we may be asked back, and that they may come up to us another day."

That was in the plain, from the hill on the far side of it and just this side of the crest that looks desertwards: we heard "This morning we felt we must go and sit in the Gardens and read Arabic, though we did not see how we could help anyone there. However we got a good talk with two little shoe blacks, and two tiny girls, just old enough to understand ran in, and listened so intensely!

Our hearts are yearning over little goat herds, four or five of them we had to pass on the road yesterday, if only someone could "dandle" along in the caravan and visit these isolated folk." We echo, if only!!

Now those two are over the crest going down towards the desert. Let us pray for the Coming of His Feet, where He has sent them on before. (Luke 10.1.)

From another Outpost comes this. "We were off early this morning to Timizere, (on the hills above Blida,) and had such a good time

An afternoon when "Beit Naama" was visiting, we hear of a quiet little group in one house, and of a woman with a great desire to know more of what she had heard as a girl in "house of the Turk in the street of Crescent!" This is a distinct feature in the visiting, the meeting with those in whose hearts the seed has been deeply sown, long ago, and we praise for it.

The reaping time is coming! Another asked for prayer. Then as ever the Enemy awoke! So pray for them.

In Alger the battle has been "to the gate," but the victory is sure, seeing that He who is given as "Commander to the people" hath never yet lost a day's fight! Amen.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ
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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

O U T - P O S T H I N T S .

Make a picture book with leading words (arab) and expressions, required to explain each page, as a design in the margin.

- Industrial** Draw something on the blackboard and let all copy it will whatever boys. "rendering" they prefer.
A walnut for the boys who know their text!
Cut out card board figures, and make them stand in sand trays.
Staining and varnishing boards for benches.
- Girls.** Patch-work for "Metraid" (small cushions.) for wee children.
Shebeka in coloured cotton takes better than white for beginners, if a bit is a failure, start a new colour.
Teach native girls to work stocking-mending weaver.
Print off gelatine designs on linen.
- Medical.** "Ashab", herbs, for medicines, e.g. tilleul, orange leaves, verbena.
Prickly pear flowers, tisane for dysentery, or leaves, stripped of outer skins and steeped in hot water for a poultice.
Pin a newspaper under your skirt if wet.
- Cooking.** Pour off tea, and use as cold drink, at meals (when no meat).
Semolina, the first thing (i.e. for breakfast) has three times the nourishment of bread.
Carrots, Bananas stewed in milk, make a good dish, also
Buttered eggs with sardines or artichokes centres chopped up.

* * * * *
I N S T R U C T I O N S F O R O A R G A F F .

- In Cotton.** Take two threads for the first part.
Take one thread for crossing.
Take one thread for outlining.
Take two threads for stem-stitch, leaf-stitch and minezzel.
- In Silk.** (French) one thread for everything.
(Arab) one thread for everything, except crossing, outlining.
Then only the half thickness used.
- N. B.** Never make a knot.
1. The first part consists of Perpendicular Stitches, in the direction from top to bottom of the material.
 2. In crossing, the long stitches are Horizontal, i.e. across the material.
 3. In Couching, i.e. fastening down the crossing stitches with smaller ones, these latter must be very small, and perpendicular. The small stitches in two consecutive rows must never be directly underneath each other, but must alternate, thus ~~at the back~~ at the back, there must be no long stitches, only small ones.
 4. For the outlining, take a plain, straight small stitch; then bring the needle up through it from the stitch. In going round a curve take very small stitches.
At the corners, bring the last stitch slightly beyond the blue line of the design.
 5. In the stem-stitch, there must be no crossing at the back.

STATION REPORTS.

April, May, June 1912.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy Hand compelled it Master Thine
Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought
I know through Thee, the blame is mine.

Kipling.

Attendance.	Date.	Alger.	B.Naama..	Blida..	Miliana.	Relizane....	Totals.....
Meetings.	.April.	76	37	15	48	131	307
"	.May	101	35	16	12	463	617
"	.June	65	25	5	18	332	445
							1369
Industrial.	.April.	309	112	55	86	466	1008
"	.May	295	117	31	75	537	1063
"	.June	270	121	35	122	409	957
							3018
Medical.	.April.	57	10	32	61	92	162
"	.May	26	15	40	28	14	123
"	.June	30	17	49	37	27	190
							475
Other	.April.	156	33	49	121	102	501
Visitors.	.May	166	20	68	116	76	446
-	.June	203	27	60	155	93	538
							1485
Resident.	.April.	-	-	-	-	-	-
Guests	.May	6	-	-	-	-	6
-	.June	4	-	9	-	-	13
							19
Visits	.April.	117	61	14	18	40	248
Station	.May	120	72	48	25	59	324
Villages.	.June	70	67	71	25	41	274
							846
Distribu.	.April.	3	-	1	-	2	6
-tion	.May	537	1	-	-	3	541
riptides	.June	201	-	-	10	6	221
							768
Distribu	.April.	350	6	-	-	7	343
-tion	.May	53	3	-	-	13	79
Tracts	.June	276	30	-	20	24	350
							772

"Every mans work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, be-
"cause it shall be revealed by fire: and the fire shall try every mans work
"of what sort it is."

خبز الجنة



اعطني يا ربي
خبز الجنة
المنزول من عندك
للدنيا
وانني قبايل منك
رئيسا عيسى
باش يعشبع شر فليبي
للداية

بيّض روحك



بيّض روحك بيّض روحك
و فلو بنا البكره
و ابد من هذه الساعة
ببحره تكمرنا
بيّض روحك بيّض روحك
فيينا يا ربنا عيسس
م

ya mates !



So long !