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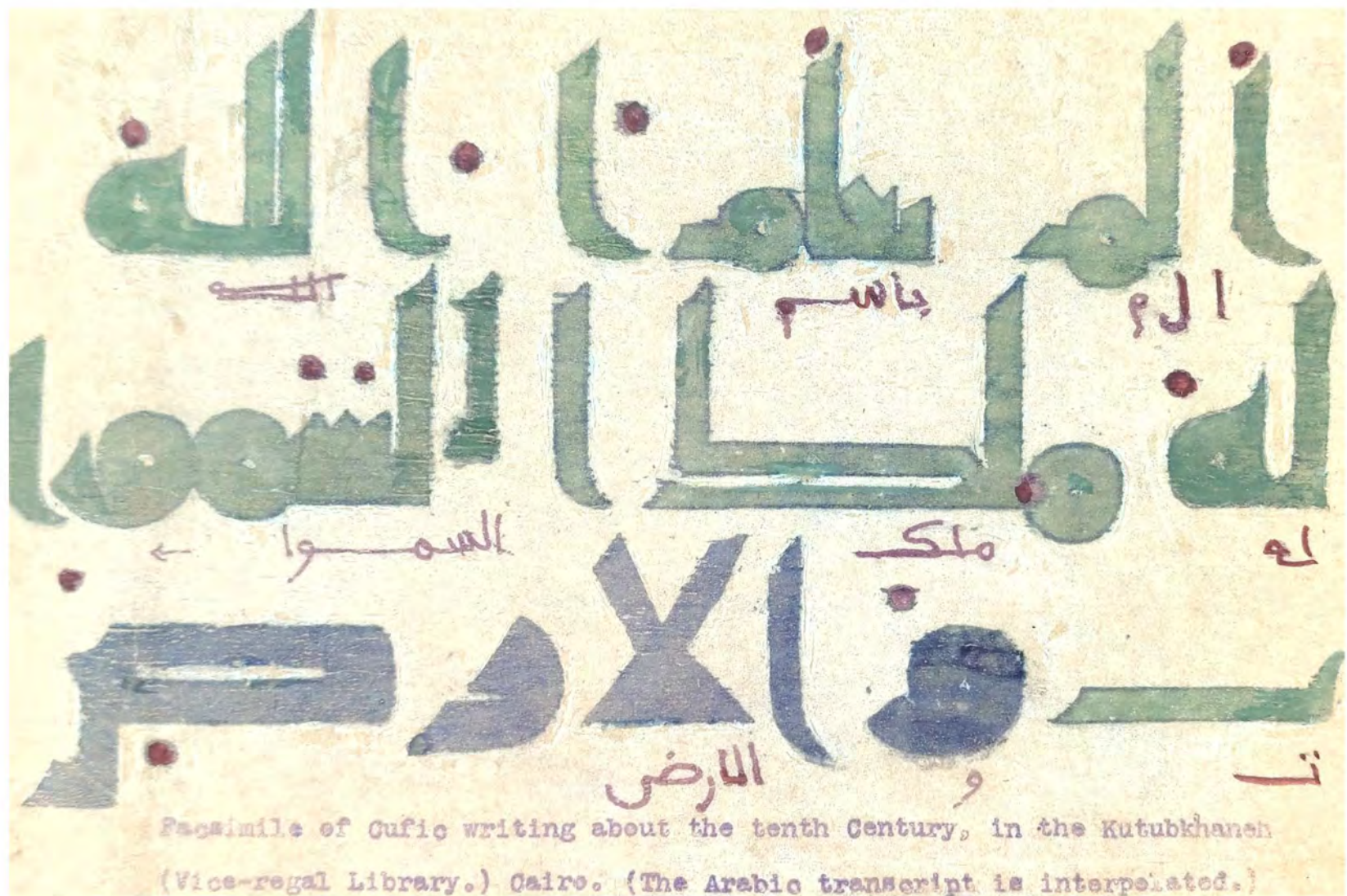
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الرقعة

A.M.B.

1915.

War Number.

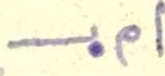


EL GOUFFA.

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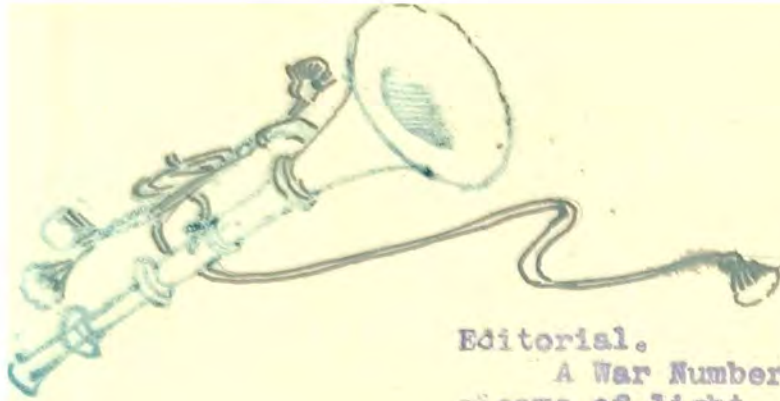
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(We regret to hear of the death of Mrs.  
Meule, our deep sympathy is with the  
Bishop, who has so often ministered to us.)



#### Editorial.

A War Number! with all it means of suddenness, of brokenness, of gleams of light, dazzling because of the darkness; of life out of death. War to a finish, that is what we hear. War to be crowned with victory, no matter how full of sorrow the sacrifice, nor how stupendous the cost.

This being so, all things being under a shadow as it were, many things legitimate in the past become superfluous; and things that need not be, become impossible. Very ordinary matters in normal life, are now out of tune, and out of focus, because of the stress of the days that are upon us, and it cannot be otherwise.

It is war, and the sword will not be sheathed till the liberties of nations have been secured, so they tell us! and meanwhile every man's liberty is curtailed, and bound down and ignored, that this great thing may come to pass. So they can say with the Apostle, "Death worketh in us, but life in you."

The old truth uttered by Caiaphas is again becoming vitalized. "It is expedient for us that one man die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not", only now the one man becomes a million, and the nation, half the world!

And the way of it is, and the worth of it, that nothing counts, save that the war win through to victory.

If spiritual warfare were carried in with the same "abandon", would not victory for the Christ long ere this have brought in the day of His Kingdom, and shall not even this hasten it, as each for himself accepts, - yea courts the sacrifice, and each in himself dies, that life may conquer.

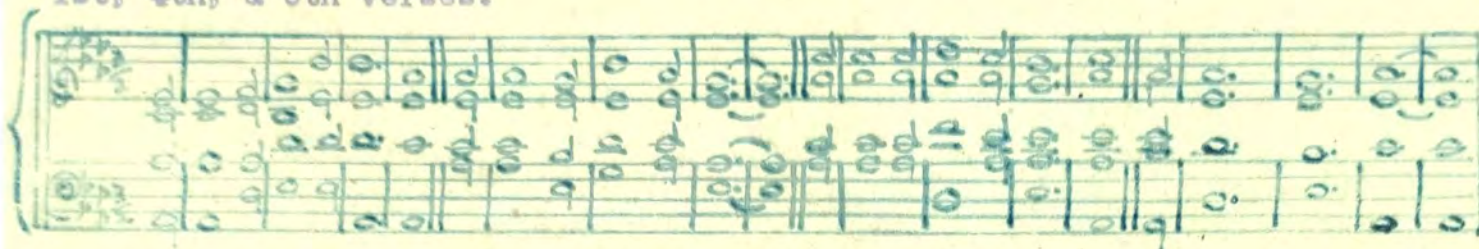
"O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be."

July 1915.

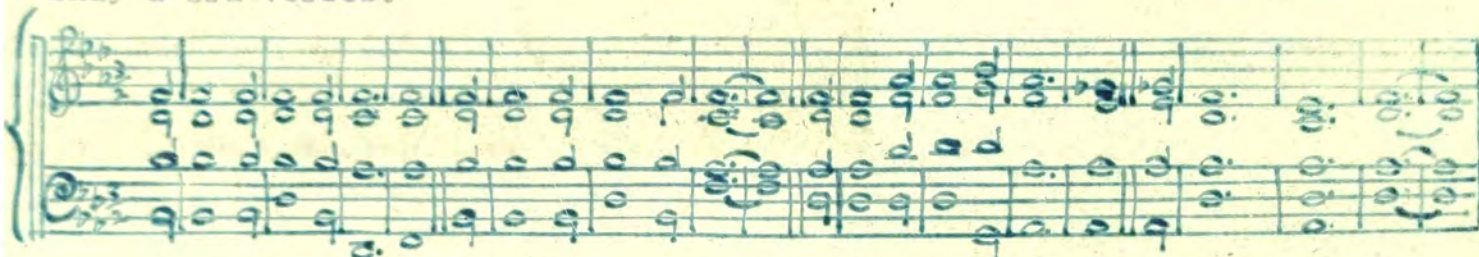
"IN US THE HOPE OF GLORY."

7.6.7.4.

1st, 4th, & 6th verses.



2nd, & 3rd verses.



5th, & 7th verses.



"Christ in you, the Hope of Glory."

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. In us the hope of glory,<br>O risen Lord, art Thou;<br>"The first fruits of the Spirit"<br>Are in us now.     | 4. Raise up Thy holy sleepers,<br>And change Thy saints on earth<br>In all, as one, revealing<br>The second birth. |
| 2. Yet still in dust and ashes<br>Before Thy throne we kneel;<br>And in our hearts is hidden<br>Thy living seal. | 5. O come in all Thy glory<br>Our great Emmanuel!<br>Come forth our Prince and Saviour<br>With us to dwell!        |
| 3. The whole creation groaneth<br>In prison chains for Thee:<br>O rend the veil asunder<br>And set us free.      | 6. Bring Thine eternal Sabbath,<br>Bring Thine eternal day,<br>And cause all grief and sighing<br>To flee away.    |
| 7. To Thee Almighty Father!<br>O Saviour unto Thee;<br>To Thee, Greater Spirit!<br>All glory be.                 |  |



## FAR AND NEAR.

"If God command thee,  
Thou shalt be able." Amen.  
So far! We look back to these bits of  
Italy & Switzerland and say, can it be  
only two years ago? So far away it  
seems, as if belonging to another age  
of thought & being. Thus hath the War  
wrought. Such things seem as though  
they never could be again, but more  
things are born of sorrow than we think  
yes deep things & beautiful!.. "Treasure  
of darkness" which could never be seen  
in the light. Experience in the depths  
out of which we have cried unto the  
Lord; & found even there His right hand  
shall hold us, & the night be light  
about us.

Then nearer! There was the Rally at Christmas at Dar Naama. Its keynote again the War.  
Lessons of the principles of fighting God's battles here, and the great conditions:-

1. Spirit of Unity. All the realm welded into one, all coming into line.
2. Spirit of Silence. Nothing made known that could be of use to the enemy.
3. Spirit of Discernment. How the battle is fought backwards & forwards, & how tiny things may assume tremendous importance.
4. Spirit of Strategy. Look out for Strategic points. Watch for listening souls. Watch for God's inspiration in prayer.
5. Spirit of Adaptability. Seizing the special situation. There is War in the air & under the sea & in the trenches. As occasion serves, adapting ourselves instantly.
6. Spirit of Endurance. A matter of who will hold out the longest. There is an immense lesson here for the Moslem field. It is an invisible battle, a fight going on underground. There may be very little to show, & very little to see, but every inch of that underground fight is patiently pushing on to victory.
7. Spirit of Enthusiasm. Fighting through to win, though a rearguard action with out faces to the foe. We must have the enthusiasm of victory inspired by God Himself. He has not sent us here to waste our lives, we must go forward in this belief. HE WILL GIVE US THE VICTORY

And near! On June 30, 600th Anniversary of Raymund Lull's Martyrdom. The wonderful thing about it that it should be kept 600 years after. These are the words he has left us, "He who loves not lives not. He who lives by the Life can never die". His is a story of passionate love to Christ- passionate love to souls. To-day there is a wonderful resurrection of that life. It was the inspiration of it, his work & death that was Dr. Zwemer's call, & there we see a second Raymund Lull with his versatility, & love for souls. Let us pray that God will so fill us that whether we see much or see little, we may use the life-giving power & bear fruit that perhaps we shall never dream of till we see His Face to Face in His Glory.

*Unterschächen an der Klausenstraße.*





J. M. B.

#### HEADQUARTERS.

The World is reaping the Harvest of Dragon Teeth, it is, as the Arabs express it, "mixed up together", and here we are quietly going on with our work.

It is true that the visions of Extension in Men's & Boy's work and in Itineration and Out-post work which dawned are visions still;— and yet,— not altogether so, for God has many ways of granting the desires He Himself has inspired.

For instance we had many plans about Itineration and Temporary Out-posts, and saw vistas opening in several directions. Our hopes were specially centred on a mountain tribe away in the South, with which we had come closely in touch during the winter by our friendship with a family group in Algiers. Between harvest and harvest we visited them in the summer and had a warm welcome. They pleaded with us to stay longer and the Sheikh invited us to open a school for the children there! We had dreams of taking a native house and living among the people for a short time and teaching them.

The out-break of the War has stopped Itineration, and yet in two ways God is answering our prayers for these people in the far away mountains.

Through our staunch young guide Sa'ad. He is a mountain man and lives in Algiers. Before our visit to the tribe his attitude when spoken to of his need of salvation was— "All this have I done from my youth up. What lack I yet? And he did not care to come to read.

Before we left Algiers in July, we introduced him to Boualem, who read to him & spoke to him uncompromisingly of the uselessness of the Ramadhan Fast as a means of Salvation. Sa'ad was impressed and promised to attend the little Sunday meetings that the men were going to have during our absence. He went when he could, for it is characteristic of Sa'ad to keep his word...

Sa'ad came again one evening, & Boualem... explained so clearly and with such personal conviction that Sa'ad's doubts vanished, and it was clear God was speaking to him and his heart was responding...

At the same time he began to learn to read.

He put his whole soul into the task, & made extraordinary progress, so much so, that there is every hope that if he is able to carry out his purpose of spending the summer in the mountains he may be able to read to his people. Thus should we be unable to go, God may use Sa'ad to bring fresh light to his tribe.

We find that being unable to go to the mountains, the mountains are obligingly coming to us, in this wise.

The distress more or less consequent on the War has brought an endless procession of weary trails of men, women & children into the town from the area we visited. They are a pitiful sight when they limp into Algiers after tramping for a week through snow, rain, storm & wind, (for the winter has been severe). Their clothes the colour of the mud with which their bare swollen feet are caked. Many of them drift to "Dar Sidna Aissa" (The House of our Lord Jesus) as some of them call Headquarters. Those too who know us bring others.

Thus we are able to do Itineration work at home, for these people are only here for the winter and spring, they will go back for the harvest.

Then too, there have been reading lessons every morning for the boys & girls of this tribe... The only one who has any sense of responsibility is Ali... One day he brought his mother. She had festoons of silver chains on her head & chest. She came to thank us for our care of her boy. He said to me lately, "You must come & be our guest in the summer, & we will give you chickens and eggs and new corn."

The girls are bright-eyed little creatures like little birds, but not clean & tidy like the birds. They begin hammering our door at 6 o'clock in the morning. Their names are "Peacock", "Blessed", "Fat'ma", "Possessor of good". There are others called "Green", & "White", & "Fourth", "The Full One", and "Snow".

As regards Algiers itself, there is an eagerness to hear, and it is impossible to visit to the extent we should like because the houses that are open to us are more in number than we can possibly cope with.

\* \*

## DAR EL FEDJR.

"Keswick" of 1914 brought together a full contingent for Dar el Fedjr. Before a month was over, this hope among so many others, had crumbled away, and it was only by much strenuousness that the Hostel could be run on self-supporting lines, and its work as a substation carried on with the three or four who fought their way out to us. All the harder went the fight when it had to go on shorn for some weeks of its usual leadership.

But the wind-up day shewed good fruitage with its long row of mothers gathered with the children. And the glee with which six or seven girls came forward to receive colloquial Gospels which they could read for themselves, was one of the "new things" of this year. And to see them prized beyond the precious dolls was a new thing too in the annals of our Algiers girlhood.

\* \* \* \* \*

## BEIT NAAMA.

Girls, boys and women have been attending the classes more regularly and in better numbers during the past six months. In visiting several women have been individually interested in the Gospel.

Sheffeka, the beautiful consumptive girl, was a bit excited one day. Slipping her hand under her mattress she dragged out a big hammer, and holding it up in her thin hands said, "Look, Tamanie came to strike me with this." I asked her if she would say "You are forgiven" to Tamanie, if she asked her pardon; she hesitated, but after some persuasion agreed. The next point was to get hold of wild eleven year old Tamanie, and advise her to apologise. Next morning Tamanie's face bore a happy expression as we admitted her to the girls' class, and she told us shyly that she was forgiven. Tamanie has not been a rough rude girl as formerly, those last weeks. She has a new gentleness & purpose in life, and we have been able to promote her to a place amongst the more serious girls.

One of our older girls, Fatima bent Said, moved lately. When our little girl Yamina went to see her to-day, she proposed that they should sing.

## TOUZER.

It seemed for a long time that Touzer would have to be left this Spring. It was only when the May heat would have driven most people away, that our gallant "Allies" at Tebessa were able to make a dash down for a fortnight or so. How glad we were that last year's circle of friends there should find themselves, after all, not forgotten.

Readers gathered as usual, and there were good hopes that two fresh souls were "illuminated."

But the news that came nearest our hearts in its mingled sorrow and joy, was that Taher, the student lad, who had passed so vividly into the light of Christ's Salvation last spring, had passed into the fuller radiance of the Father's House above. We shall only know when we reach the same haven, how it fared with him on the way, but we believe that we shall find him safely there.



\* \* \* \* \*  
Washing  
day  
in  
TOUZER.



This is Rabbeh,  
the Beit Naama Baby  
enjoying himself in  
Dar Naama farmyard.  
\* \* \* \* \*

## REKLIZANE.

We have been on the whole encouraged in the work here. Though the number of girls in one class is diminished, there has never been such serious attention & quietness at the Bible lesson and in prayer. Instead of having the afternoon class, the elder girls are visited, some of whom are learning teaching and to read. The boys' classes on Friday & Saturday have kept up well in spite of the long delayed fetes! and we certainly have much greater quietness and attention than last year.

The Kindergarten & class for elder girls & women's meetings are all new & hopeful efforts.  
MASCARA.

The girls' class has made real progress in orderliness, and their repetition of hymns was good, they get much scolded but they seem rather to like it, and others would gladly join if we would have them.

Among the Arab men there is one who is a great friend of - . He is said to be learned and to have a very open heart.

The Arab boys come three or four at a time, but most of them are wild little fellows, difficult to catch. Perhaps next winter we may be able to organise something that will draw them.  
MILIANA.

One of the chief features of this year has been the confidence of the people, the way new houses have opened to us, & former reserved ones now welcome us and our Book.

A solid link of friendship was forged even the poor little baby guest Khaouira, who died at our house. Her parents & near relatives will never again feel strangers to us, the brave little mother comes up every week to see us for she says, "we are her sisters" and we, when possible, go to them & receive such a welcome though formerly this was one of the most fanatical families.

The girls' work has much changed in character, for during our absence last year, a French school for native girls was opened, so now we work in with them & persuade our former girls to go there, & take for our morning class older girls too old for a public school & any little people under five years and not admitted to French classes. All through the winter we dropped lace-work, and employed our poorer girls to work for the soldiers.

We were able to do this by a gift of wool from home & headquarters, & also by material les Dames de la Croix Rouge brought us to be made up. They were very glad of this share we could take in war time needs.

The little ones, our former children, now inscribed on the French school register are not lost to us, for they come almost every afternoon for prayers & hymns, & through the winter there was a merry little party of these girls and their school friends.

Some of our boys are getting such good little French scholars that we have been trying to lend them books & leaflets in French to take home with them & when possible a large important French text is written out for them to read in class, or hymn sheets are placed off, for them to sing from. (This fact of French superseding Arabic is becoming a problem to be dealt with among the rising generations.)



All the more regular boys have been getting on well with Arabic texts & chants. Most of our women have relatives at the front, and they come on Friday to tell their news of them or to shew letters received & ask us to write for them the reply, and so the war comes into everything.

\* \* \*

BLIDA. (From —el)

Sherifa from Kasasma came with her baby. She has had four who have died & now they are afraid this new one is going to die. Therefore they will not name him, - call him sometimes by one name, sometimes by another. The evil spirits want him to die, and therefore those who love him will not "care" enough to name him! to cheat the spirits?...

A woman in a house said that she had heard years ago about the Lord Jesus in the mountains from two who came. I asked if she remembered, she said, "Now that you say the words I remember again"...

Such a crowd of little ones, the boys wound a large maïda "pricking" and "sewing" cards with great delight. Then a smaller maïda with the older girls, very small only relatively, - "older" making wool balls, and next a maïda for the tiny girls, one or two really "cradle-rollers", each with a lump of plasticine which they rubbed & pounded with infinite joy. They had a run round the court, each tablefull in its turn, & drilled with much energy. Finally we all went into the other room, & sang & had a little talk...

This morning they came to tell me our little Baiya was dying. I knew she could not get better. She was about five & came constantly last year. I went to the house which is close by and there I found them, sitting round the baby, who was I think quite unconscious. It was so sad and dreary to hear them chanting the Sheheda on and on in a monotonous tone, repeating endearing phrases, "Thou art better than thy father, better than thy mother" and so on. The poor mother sat there overcome with grief... In about an hour I heard the indescribably sad piercing cries of the women and knew that our little Baiya was safe for always.

We have had so many "gifts" lately, varying from five sticky nuts produced one by one from the depths of a pocket in a pair of wee serouals, a chestnut, four almonds, nuts, a treasured jujube rose etc., it is so perfectly sweet for they are all treasures.

We went to see Thania, such a room full of women so interested; Thania rejoicing in a baby boy about a week old, poor baby may he live! She has lost so many...

Such a surprise, deep snow everywhere!

Only a few boys and one girl ventured through the snow, such a dear little crew crouching over a nafr to get warm. When we were singing, it was so funny to see the row of them swinging gently to and fro in time with the tune. (A zikr in embryo.) One or two of them finished their work before the others and I gave them a black drawing board and chalk. The results of this were very interesting. I got a most spirited drawing of a boy with an umbrella up, from one small boy. "The babies" choosing their own expression work"!! We are getting on !!!...

In the afternoon the sun came out and so did the children- such a horde, big & little together in defiance of the rule, "little ones in the morning,



Three small girls appeared "to read" this morning, & when we were singing, one remarked, "we have been singing it in our house". Strange versions I daresay, but it is so good to think of them doing it...

They are such strange rough mountain women, and so different from many of the Blida women. Everything about us seems so strange to them, and though they listen well to a simple talk, they take in very little seemingly.

A pouring morning and we expected no boys. However, when we opened the door and looked out at 8 o'clock there were five of them. We said, "you have come through this rain"! & they said reproachfully, "we came long ago, give us a nafr that we may get warm." They soon were sitting round and warming their cold fingers. We had a steady deluge all day, but fifteen girls and six women braved it and came.

In visiting to-day we found an old woman with a high head-dress who is just- much to her joy- returning to her "Blad". It seems to be south of Berroughia somewhere.

She had never heard of Christ, as far as we could tell, and listened very intelligently. She had one of the loveliest little girls with her we had ever seen. Her eyes were not the dark brown one generally seen, but clear brown like pools of light. Two tattoo marks quite perpendicular on forehead and chin only seemed to make her more charming. She was about seven, and sat gazing at us & listening to the hymns. We should like to ask for Prayer for herself, & her little sisters to whom she is going in the South Land, very far away as it seems to them, but not so far but that one looks regretfully at the map and feels "how near and yet so far" - at present. Beside her was sitting a boy, her cousin, in a strange many coloured Kachaba, - his poor face awfully marred by small pox, and partially blind; and as I was telling of the Coming of the Lord Jesus to be our Saviour, we felt what a chance of life and hope would come to a boy like that through the knowledge of Christ. And he heard once, for a few minutes, and then back to his Blad, swallowed up among the thousands who have never heard.

Such a happy little bunch of small boys rejoiced in a sand tray lesson on "The Wise Men". Each in turn came and stuck in a man, or a camel, or a man on a camel...

A group of shivering little creatures came through the rain "to read". So we gave them a nafr, and they warmed their shivering little selves. They sang, "Stop, stop oh rain, And we will give thee oil & henna." We sang some hymns.

To-day an awful wind, a regular hurricane, prevented our going out as we had planned, to visit. But a tiny girl came in great excitement from a house near by, and hammered on the door, & said,

"My mother says to thee, the wife of my uncle has come to us a guest, come and read with us a little".

It was so nice to be asked to go like that, and "the wife of my uncle" was very interested...

When we got back from visiting we found three very special friends... They stood in front of "Christ blessing the children" and sang "Jesus loves me, Jesus loves us, Jesus loves you." They have learnt it when we have gone to their house. They went off in great joy with each a handful of monkey nuts. It is worth all the world to look at the faces of two little creatures like that and to be allowed to teach them, "Jesus loves us."

March has brought so much illness that it has been almost impossible to write anything. But we have our little lively Khadoujah given back to us from the very gates of death, which is joy.

Easter Sunday was such a happy day and Khadoujah was able to come. The children were so happy and so were the women...

The room was full of mountain women who had heard a long time ago, and they were so perfectly sweet in their listening; one woman being especially eager...

They are Medea people and some day when the war is over we do so want to go and see the old mother in Medea, whom we have met already. We have quite a number of "links" with Medea...

We sang, "Jesus loves me" and the wee Aissah said, "we sing that at home in our house, he sings it". It was so sweet to think of such tinies singing His Name in a Moslem house... So many of the mothers have told us of their "singing the words".

It is so good to get touch with these people from far away in the mountains. She had heard of Christ once.

"Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
Are God's great pictures hung.  
How changed the summits vast and old!  
No longer granite-browed,  
They melt in rosy mist; the rock  
Is softer than the cloud;

But beauty seen is never lost,  
God's colours all are fast;  
The glory of this sunset heaven  
Into my soul has passed-  
A sense of gladness unconfined  
To mortal date or clime;  
As the soul liveth, it shall live  
Beyond the years of time."

J.G. Whittier

PRAISE RECORD.

1915.

ALGER.

- Jan. That the prospects for a quiet carrying on of the work are hopeful, that the spirit of the people is good. Headquarters.  
For good numbers of women and children. Dar Naama.  
For re-opening of Short Service Hostel. Dar el Fedjr.
- Feb. For God's evident working in Sa'ad. For the freeing of Fatima Zohra. Headquarters.  
For Fatima's eagerness to learn. Dar Naama.  
For the good confession and steadfastness of the Yimma and Chrira. For signs of new life in Laradji and Mahfoud. Dar el Fedjr.
- Mar. For the good news from Miss Trotter. For encouragement in visiting. Headquarters.  
That more individual women are enquiring after God. For good numbers at boy's class. Dar Naama.  
For the Yimma's steadfast faith. Dar el Fedjr.
- Apr. For fresh touch with Mustapha, and Si el Yazeed, and lost Korea. Headquarters.  
That Fatima bent Mohs has been found by her mother after months of searching. For good times with the girls and boys. Dar Naama.  
For happy unity at El Biar outings. For spirit of attention at the womens' meetings. Dar el Fedjr.
- May. For Zulekha's eagerness and intelligence in Arabic reading. For Zalekha's (of 12 Rue Timbucto) steady earnestness. Headquarters.  
That Fatouma, a young wife, who continues listening eagerly. For Zahira, who brings others to the meetings. Dar Naama.  
For the girls, for their interest in reading. For the new strength and helpful spirit of Boualem. Dar el Fedjr.
- June. That Abdel Kader is self-supporting. Headquarters.  
That the French wife of an Arab seems to have trusted Christ and loves His Word. Dar Naama.  
For the Whitsunday Services. For the lantern meeting for women & girls. Dar el Fedjr.

\* \* \*

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,  
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
On the little face below,  
Hangs the green earth, swinging, swinging,  
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
Down and watching us below.

O great heart of God! whose loving  
Cannot hindered be nor crossed;  
Will not weary, will not even  
In our death itself be lost -  
Love divine! of such great loving,  
Only mothers know the cost -  
Cost of love, which all love passing,  
Gave a Son to save the lost.

\* \* \*

INITIATIVE. Initiative is doing the right thing without being told. Next to doing the right thing without being told is to do it when you are told once.

EL BARRA.

Sudden, before my inward, open vision,  
Millions of faces crowded up to view,  
Sad eyes that said, 'For us is no provision;  
Give us your Saviour too!'

Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning,  
Wild with despair, or dark with sin & dread,  
Worn with long weeping for the unreturning,  
Hopeless, uncomforted.

'Give us' they cry; 'Your cup of consolation  
Never to our outstretching hands is passed;  
We long for the Desire of every nation,  
And oh, we die so fast!'

- Jan. For the spirit of welcome and helpfulness shewn to us on our arrival. For God's care of the children. Blida.  
For the good spirit among the children and especially for attention among the boys. That Madame Pelissier may take up that work again. Relizane.  
For re-commencement of work. Miliana.  
For Spanish converts who have been baptized. Mascara.  
For a prospect of return of the workers. Tozeur.
- Feb. For God's guidance about classes, especially the women's meetings on Sundays.  
For the new women who have come to it. Blida.  
That Chrira has been kept through loneliness and discouragement. For good spirit in the boy's classes. Relizane.  
..... Miliana.  
For Madame Arnaud's recovery from serious illness. Mascara.  
..... Tozeur.
- Mar. For a greater spirit of listening among the children. For Fatima Zohra's eagerness to read well. That our Teacher has asked us to visit his family. Blida.  
..... Relizane.  
For blessing on the 4 p.m. gathering. For many opportunities. Miliana.  
..... Mascara.  
..... Tozeur.
- Apr. For Khadouja's recovery. Blida.  
For some souls who are seeking. For good attention in the boy's class. For good spirit at the women's meetings. Relizane.  
For the way in which the boys & girls listened to the story of the Passion. Miliana.  
..... Mascara.  
That the way has opened for Miss Cox to go. Tozeur.
- May. For answered prayer for Fatima-couwa that her illness is not serious, and that Fatima Zohra has now returned to the classes. Blida.  
For God's Presence and help in the women's meetings. For the stirring of interest and enquiry in several hearts. Relizane.  
For great encouragement all round in the midst of strongest opposition. Miliana.  
That the Arab boys have begun to come to Senor Soler. Mascara.
- June. For good numbers and attentive listening at Women's Lantern Meetings. For opportunities given and difficulties smoothed. Blida.  
..... Relizane.  
For new houses in town & Houma. For attentive listening at Women's meeting. Miliana.  
Thanksgiving for Sahouri's testimony to his faith in Christ in his illness. Mascara.  
..... Tozeur.



428 DEEP IN THE WOOD.

JUDGE

'There is a Power, a Presence,  
in the woods.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Wakes there some spirit here?  
A swift wind, fraught with change,  
comes rushing by,  
And leaves and waters, in its wild  
career,  
Shed forth sweet voices- each a  
mystery!  
Surely some awful influence must  
pervade  
These depths of trembling shade!

2. Yes, lightly, softly move!  
There is a Power, a Presence in  
the woods;  
A viewless Being, that with life  
and love  
Informs the reverential solitudes;  
The rich air knows it, and the  
mossy sod-  
Thou, Thou art here, my God!

4. And sanctify my heart  
To meet the awful sweetness of  
that tone,  
With no faint thrill, or self-  
accusing start,  
But a deep joy the Heavenly Guest  
to own!  
Joy such as dwelt in Eden's  
glorious bowers  
Ere sin had dimm'd the flowers.

3. The silence and the sound-  
In the lone places breathe alike  
Thee;  
The temple-twilight of the gloom  
profound,  
The dew-cup of the frail anemone-  
The reed by every wandering  
whisper thrill'd  
All, all with Thee are fill'd!

5. Let me not know the change  
O'er Nature thrown by guilt!- the  
boding sky,  
The hollow leaf-sounds ominous  
and strange,  
The weight wherewith the dark  
tree-shadows lie!  
Father! oh, keep my footsteps  
pure and free,  
To walk the woods with Thee!

\* \* \*

The passing of midsummer marks a change in the year. After Mid-June most of the birds have ceased singing. The warblers and willow wrens have still a week or so of grace, but the thrush will not sing carelessly again until the first warm days in February.

With the old birds it is a season of care. The nightingale has forgotten her raptures. She has a nest somewhere in the grass and dead leaves at the edge of the wood. Occasionally you may head a hollow "jug-jug" and then a frog-like croak. It is her alarm note. There is no melody in the woods. It is the brooding season, the birth days of new life.



كلاش تهاجت الاجناس و تقم الامر على الباطل  
لما ضوا ملوك الارض و تشاوروا الاكابر بنها في  
على السرب و على ~~مكت~~ - يقولوا

نظفوا فيودهم و نلوهوا علينا كتاباتهم

السالكين السماء يحك عليهم الرب يستهزي بهم  
في هذا الوقت يكلمهم بخصية و يثوبهم بسخطه  
و يقول

انما انارته كت سلطاني على صهيون جبل قدس

راي نحدتكم على فضاء الرب الي قال لك  
انت ابني انا اليوم وكذتك  
اطلبني نعطيكَ الاثم و رثلك  
والاراضه كلها حتى لطوب الدنيا ملكك

تكسروهم بخصيتك من حديد  
مثل ماعون الطين تبعثتهم  
و اليوم يا الملوك تمقلوا تادبوا يا حكام الارض  
اعبدوا الله فاشعنين و ابرعوا مترعد يسر

سلموا على الابن من فوق يثوب ملكوا به الطريف  
على فاطر خصية سامليا سعد الي يتكلوا عليك

امين



An Extract from a Journal.

\* \* \*

A story in the papers the other day tells what earthly soldiers will dare in getting the message of warning to their brothers in danger. It reads as a silent rebuke to us in our terrible laxness.

"In one of our fights", so the story goes, "orders had to be given to a battalion in danger to withdraw to a new position. The only way was to send a man with orders through a murderous fire. Volunteers were asked for from an Irish regiment. All wanted to go, but by tossing for it a selection was made. He was a shock-headed lad who didn't look as if there was much in him, but he had grit. Ducking his head in a way that made us laugh, he rushed into the hail of shot and shell.

He cleared the first hundred yards without being hit, but in the second lap they brought him down. He rose again and struggled on for a few minutes, was hit once more, and then staggered a bit before finally collapsing. Two men dashed into the fire and rushed across. One picked up the wounded man and started back to the trenches with him, while the other took the despatch and ran ahead with it. Just as the wounded man and his mate were within a few yards of our trenches there came another hail of bullets and both went down.

Meanwhile the man with the despatch was racing for all he was worth. He got through all right till in the last lap he was brought down. He was seen from the other trenches and half-a-dozen men rushed out to his aid. They were all shot down, but he was now crawling towards the trenches with his message. With help he reached them, and the battalion was withdrawn to its new stand before the enemy succeeded in their plan of cutting it off."

Is the need less urgent for summoning our Moslem brothers to a new position, and warning them of the danger of the old one? Is the call less clear to carry the message, - and to carry it till it reaches?

" WHO WILL GO ? "

"Also I heard the Voice of the Lord, saying, 'Whom shall I send and who will go for us?'  
Then said I, 'Here am I, send me.'  
And He said, 'Go and tell.'"

Isaiah vi. 8-9.

"Also the Voice I heard",	"And who will go for us?"-	Then were all hands held high,
Calling, it was the LORD,	The Voice continued thus;	Responding to that cry,-
"Whom shall I send?"	"Who, who will go?"	"Send me, send me."
Calling to all who hear,	Urgent in very deed,	E'en though it meant through fire,
Calling to those who fear,	Urgent the crying need,	E'en though the loss was dire,
Calling to far and near,	Urgent that you should heed,-	E'en though it brought death nigher,-
"Whom shall I send?"	"Who, who will go?"	"Send me, send me."
* * *	* * *	* * *

"And He said, Go and tell", -  
Sounding a warning knell.  
Thus went he forth.  
Straight on, towards the goal,  
Straight on, a winning soul,  
Straight on, though life paid toll,  
Thus went he forth.

To-day the Voice is heard,  
Calling, - it is the LORD,  
Calling to thee,  
Who now will hear the cry?  
Who now will do and die?  
Who now say, "Here am I,  
Send me, send me?"

Can be sung to the Tune "Moscow".

A TROOP OF ANGELS.

Remarkable story of the retreat from Mons.  
British Officers' Testimony.

A Hereford clergyman has just received from a relative at Cheltenham a letter giving an account of an extraordinary incident in the British retreat from Mons.

Briefly, the story is that when the German armies in overwhelming numbers swept down on the British forces, after the battle of Mons, when our brave troops were in imminent peril of defeat and annihilation, owing to the greatly superior numbers of the enemy, a great vision of angels appeared and stood in the way of the advancing German host, which turned and fled.

The Vicar of All Saints, Clifton, writes:-

".....That the belief in some such occurrence is widely prevalent is plain from the different sources from which the story has come. Let me give two instances. The first is an extract from an officer's letter: 'I myself saw the Angels who saved our left wing from the Germans during the retreat from Mons. We heard the German cavalry tearing after us and ran for a place where we thought a stand could be made with some hope of safety, but before we could reach it they were upon us. We turned and faced the enemy expecting instant death. When to our wonder we saw between us and the enemy a whole troop of Angels; the horses of the Germans turned round frightened out of their senses; they regularly stampeded, the men tugging at their bridles, while the horses tore away in every direction from our men. Evidently the horses saw the Angels as plainly as we did, and the delay gave us time to reach a place of safety.'

"Another contribution comes from a more unexpected source; a captain in charge of German prisoners states that these men say it is no use to fight the English, for at Mons 'there were people fighting for them' that they saw Angels above and in front of the lines, also that it is happening at Ypres."

(See also Life of Faith, August 4, 1915. Second paragraph on page 975.)

\* \* \* \* \*

"THE WHITE COMRADE."

"A Story from France." - The preacher also quoted a story current in France. Occasionally a wounded man on the field is conscious of a comrade in white coming with help. One of our men was sceptical, but when he himself lay wounded he, too, saw "the white Comrade". At first he thought this might be a stretcher bearer or hospital attendant, but soon realized his mistake, because the bullets were flying thick around the comrade, who was untouched. The man lost consciousness for a moment and on recovering seemed to be out of danger. The comrade in white stood by him, and he saw that there was a wound in his hand, and said, "You are wounded in your hand." "Yes," was the reply, "that is an old wound that has opened again lately." The soldier says that, in spite of the peril, he felt a joy he had never experienced before."

It seems as if the veil were getting very thin, the invisible becoming visible, and the open vision very near for which we wait. Ed.

\* \* \*



## E G Y P T .

Yes, there it stood before us,  
beyond the restless sea of the  
largest city in Africa, under the



hills which fringed the Arabian Desert; now mauve, now pink, in the glow of an Eastern sky. It was always there, with its minarets pointing upwards, two of the five hundred which break the skyline of the city on every side. It was there at dawn, with the sunrise light on the north of it, and the call to prayer all round. It was there at midday, and gave the hour to the city by the smoke of its gun; and it was there at eventide, when the hills reflected the glory of the sun as he went down behind the Pyramids, - the Citadel of Cairo? Whoever has seen it can nevermore forget it. The Strong hold, - unique in its position as in its strength. Between us and it stretched the heart-centre of Islam, that great problem that we are here to solve. The greatest Moslem city, the throb of whose life pulses to the uttermost parts of the earth, a life as yet untouched in any appreciable form by the Life of the Christ who died also that they might live, inasmuch as the East comes before the West. The greatness of the problem was apparent to us each day, spread out as it was, in its length and breadth before our eyes. The impossibility of solving it, in any human way was also self-evident.

## EL AZHAR.

And below the Citadel, and to the north of it, lay El Azhar, the University of Islam, dating from the tenth century. In it were people from every quarter under heaven, sheltering under its hundred pillars, drinking in its ancient lore. Students from the ages of five to eighty, - old men and little children, even girls also were there, under the care of their own men folk, numbering nearly a thousand in all. They pay no fees, each "riwak" or "room for study" receives bread & spending money from the endowments of the Mosque. They remain three, sometimes four to six years in the place. Most of the students begin their university education by learning the arabic grammar. This is followed by Religious Science, Juris-prudence &c.

On the left of the main entrance is the Library, containing some rare M.S.S. all arranged in order. We saw a Koran divided for each day in a month, a Moslem "Daily Light"! save that the light was dark.

Then came the Sahn el Gamia, or Mosque court surrounded by arcades under which were grouped the students. Some were alone in the centre of the court committing whole books to memory. All were, more or less, swaying their bodies as they learnt. Then on the further side we entered the inner court or Sanctuary, the Liwah el Gamia,



now the principal hall of instruction. Here round one pillar there would be a class, the teacher with his back to the column; round another, groups of students eating or sleeping or droning their books, - all seemingly leading their own life, yet bound together by indissoluble ties in this place that made all one, even though their speech varied as much as the colour of their skins. Verily it was a sight to behold!



sight which made the project of another University where Christ should be enthroned, a dream worth realizing. And this dream, Dr. Zwemer told us last year, was on its way to fulfilment, but is now delayed by the War.

## The Messengers.

And it came to pass that Haroun was seeking Mousa. Now they were from Bornu and it was natural, for one lived in the West and the other in the East, and Mousa was lost in a great Zaouia somewhere in the far East.

And Haroun must needs know of his safety and of his health, for they were brothers. Now in these days it was not easy for one to go in search of the other. It was the days of the great war, so Haroun had recourse to the messengers.

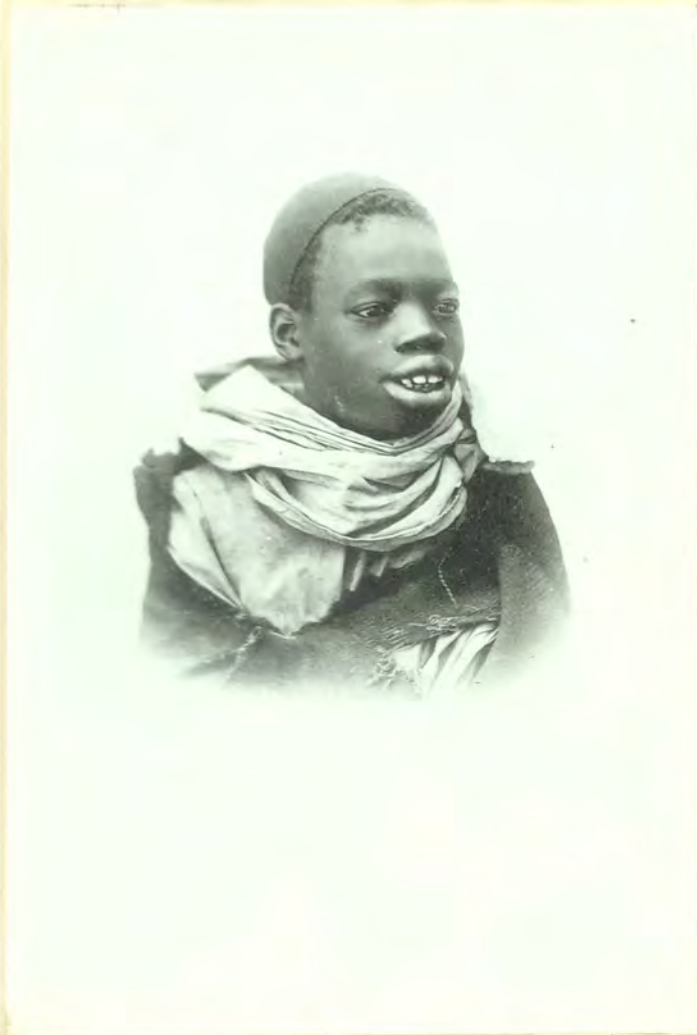
Now it was so that the messengers were in all corners of the earth, or nearly so, and Haroun told one that he found in his place, and it came to pass, this one sent the message on to another; and whether by boat, or post, or camel, I cannot say, but by some means or other the message reached the messenger who was in the city of the Zaouia where he thought his brother Mousa was.

Now the messenger knew nothing about this, but he took it to one in this place who was familiar with it, and not many days after that one entered in to seek Mousa.

Now the messengers were not just as messengers of the world, i.e. they did not only give earthly messages, but also heavenly ones. They were sent to take the Message from the Most High God in Heaven to the peoples of the earth; and for the most part they were faithful. So this man when he found himself in the Zaouia looking for Mousa, said quite plainly he was a messenger from the Most High God, and as he had a message for everyone he must also give it there, by word or by book. And the people of the Zaouia were astonished & not quite pleased. But the messenger had such a way with him, so that whether by his courage, or his tact, or his love for the people I cannot say, but he seemed to be able to go everywhere.

And in that Zaouia there were those from every nation under heaven, men from the East and West and from the North and South, yea and little children also, all intent on one

thing first to get a knowledge of Allah as their books taught it. But so far except perhaps one here and there, none of them had received the Message. Many of them had not heard of it and some who had would not believe it was for them. But on a few of the simpler, truer souls the light had dawned, yet no man knew it.



Now the messenger was going from court to court asking everyone about Mousa. Some said he had gone, and some asked if he was from Bornu. Little by little the enquiry went round, and at last a youth came who said he knew him and would send on the letters.

And it was so, after some days, a boy with a long white jelabiah and a white turban round his tarboosh called on the messenger. His face was dark and bright at the same time, for from his ebony skin gleamed such eyes and teeth as never could be possessed by his whiter brethren. He was good to behold in the strength of his youth, and upright as a dart.

"Are you the one who brought the letter from Haroun, my brother?" he asked after the usual greetings had passed between them. "Dost thou know him?"

"No", he said, "my eyes have not seen him, but I know him, and he asked of thy welfare."

"He is the head of our house" said Mousa, "I was always a wandering sheep, and this is not the first time he has sought me out, aye, and found me."

"What news can I give him of thee, my son, is it well with thee?"

"It is well", said the boy, "and I thank thee. But tell me how thou, a stranger, found me, who also am a stranger in this place?"



And he told him.

"We are a band of messengers," he said, "our first business is to bring God's great Message of Peace to men through Christ the Lord, whom He sent to be a propitiation for our sins, and to bring us life from death, and then," he added, "we are also messengers from man to man seeking thus to bring all into the one great Family of God. So we have brought thee thy brother's message."

"And I thank thee", again he said simply, "but I do not understand thy words."

"Thou believest thy brother sent me?" said the messenger, "and what I told thee having also the word in his own hand."

"Yes," he said, "I believe it all, I can do no other."

And he said, "Listen; there is One in the Heavens who is as an Elder Brother, to all the sons of Adam, and He came in the old time to seek His brethren, and they would not have Him, and then He went back to His home and sent messengers, and left a letter. I am one of the messengers and I have His letter, wouldst thou see it?"

"I would," said Mousa, "It is of that doubtless that my brother tells me. He says, 'I have heard good news, get thou also the Book.'" And with that the messenger gave him a copy of the Injil of the Lord. And together they sat down and read its Message.

And it was not many days after that Mousa wrote to his brother, - for in the great Zaouia writing a letter was as nothing to him, and he wrote on this wise.

"To Haroun my brother," after many greetings and the welfare of his house, he said, "Now peace be to thee, I have thy letter by the messenger and I thank thee, and most of all I want to tell thee I also have got the Book and I too follow in the way. Hold it fast thyself, and insh Allah we shall meet face to face either in this world or the world to come."

And he put his name with much writing as was the custom of the students in the Zaouia and he sealed his letter and sent it by way of the post.

Thus it was that the messengers increased greatly for all who entered that way & received the Message were bound in honour to pass it on, and thus all became at once messengers.

\* \* \*

الكلمات	كلام	There are five divisions of words or manner of speaking. i.e. Writing Ex. Letters etc.
الاشارة	كلام	By signs made by the hands, face etc. Ex: Waving the hands to tell anyone to come or go.
العقود	كلام	Use of the fingers in bargaining over the price of anything. Ex: Folding two fingers indicates you are willing to sell or buy at a certain price.
النصب	كلام	Knowledge conveyed by a peculiar arrangement of certain objects. Ex: Someone places stones in the road that another who is following him may thereby receive certain information.
لسان الحال		Information conveyed by means of sound. Ex: One knows when a vessel is full or running over by the voice of the water etc.
تأخذ الرأي		An expression we did not know, doubtless a very ordinary one. She takes advice, or "minds what I say."
حجج وبعي الموس		Rather a quaint simile was given me to-day. The Arabs say, - let your quarrels be as when you dry a silk handkerchief in the sun, i.e. let them be over at once.. It was given to me as their way of saying, "let not the sun go down upon your wrath."...
		An idiom, "for you came once and never again."

LOVE IS GREATEST.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels (with a perfect knowledge of the language), but have not love (for the Moslems), I am become (unto them) sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.

If I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge (even Moslem 'ilm); and

If I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing

Love (for Moslems) beareth all things,  
believeth all things,  
hopeth all things,  
endureth all things.

Love never faileth (in work among Moslems).  
Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, all.  
The greatest of these (in all work for Moslems)  
is L O V E .



"The Gospel of a Broken Heart, demands the ministry of bleeding hearts. If that succession is broken, we lose our fellowship with the King.

STATION REPORTS.

January to May 1918.

"As soon as we cease to bleed we cease to bless. When our sympathy loses its pang, we can no longer be the Servants of the Passion.

\* \* \*

Attendance.	Date	H.Q.	D.N.	D.F.	D. & A.	Bli.	Rel.	Mil.	Mas.	Tou.	Totals	Gr.Tots.
Meetings.	Jan.	132	19	80		226	201	198			853	
	Feb.		20	54		173	258	248			753	
	Mar.	94	25	98		204	348	157	48		972	
	Apr.	198	46	76		172	150	180	102		904	
	May.	106	45	112		356	202	319	44		1184	4669.
Industrial.	Jan.		73	277		192	228	152			922	
	Feb.		268	194		261	385	187			1295	
	Mar.		256	233		275	308	127			1199	
	Apr.		241	185		222	136	57	309		1150	
	May.	47	188	337		279	183	161	184		1379	5945.
Medical.	Jan.	3		15		27		59			161	
	Feb.	7				48		90			145	
	Mar.	5	5	35		56		88			189	
	Apr.	6	12	30		71		49			168	
	May.	9	5			40		142			196	802.
Other Visitors.	Jan.	270	21	279		132	44	151			897	
	Feb.	307	42	136		90	123	188			886	
	Mar.	298	21	196		98	79	209	20		921	
	Apr.	306	17	218		79	80	134	18		852	
	May.	311	20	320		115	80	338	20		1204	4760.
Resident Guests.	Jan.	3		2		2					7	
	Feb.	4		2		1					7	
	Mar.	4		5							9	
	Apr.	2		6		2		9			19	
	May.	11		7			1	12			31	73.
Visits Station Villages.	Jan.	64	27	71		26	38	18	20		264	
	Feb.	88	48	31		53	78	58			356	
	Mar.	83	52	84		51	29	40	29		368	
	Apr.	71	47	76		23	32	41	24		314	
	May.	120	44	133		54	81	59	24		515	1817.
Distri- bution Scriptures.	Jan.	3		2			2	1			8	
	Feb.	8				1	2	40			51	
	Mar.	4	1				6				11	
	Apr.	5	2				6	4			17	
	May.	16	4				9	4			33	120.
Distri- bution Tracts.	Jan.	13	1			1		14			29	
	Feb.	5	5				4				14	
	Mar.	10	3				8	7			28	
	Apr.	4	3				14				20	
	May.	19	10			1	10	16			56	153.

"Are we in this succession? Does the cry of the world's need pierce our heart, and ring even through the fabric of our dreams? . . . . We can never heal the needs we do not feel. Fearless hearts can never be the heralds of the Passion. We must pity if we would redeem."

J. H. Jowett.

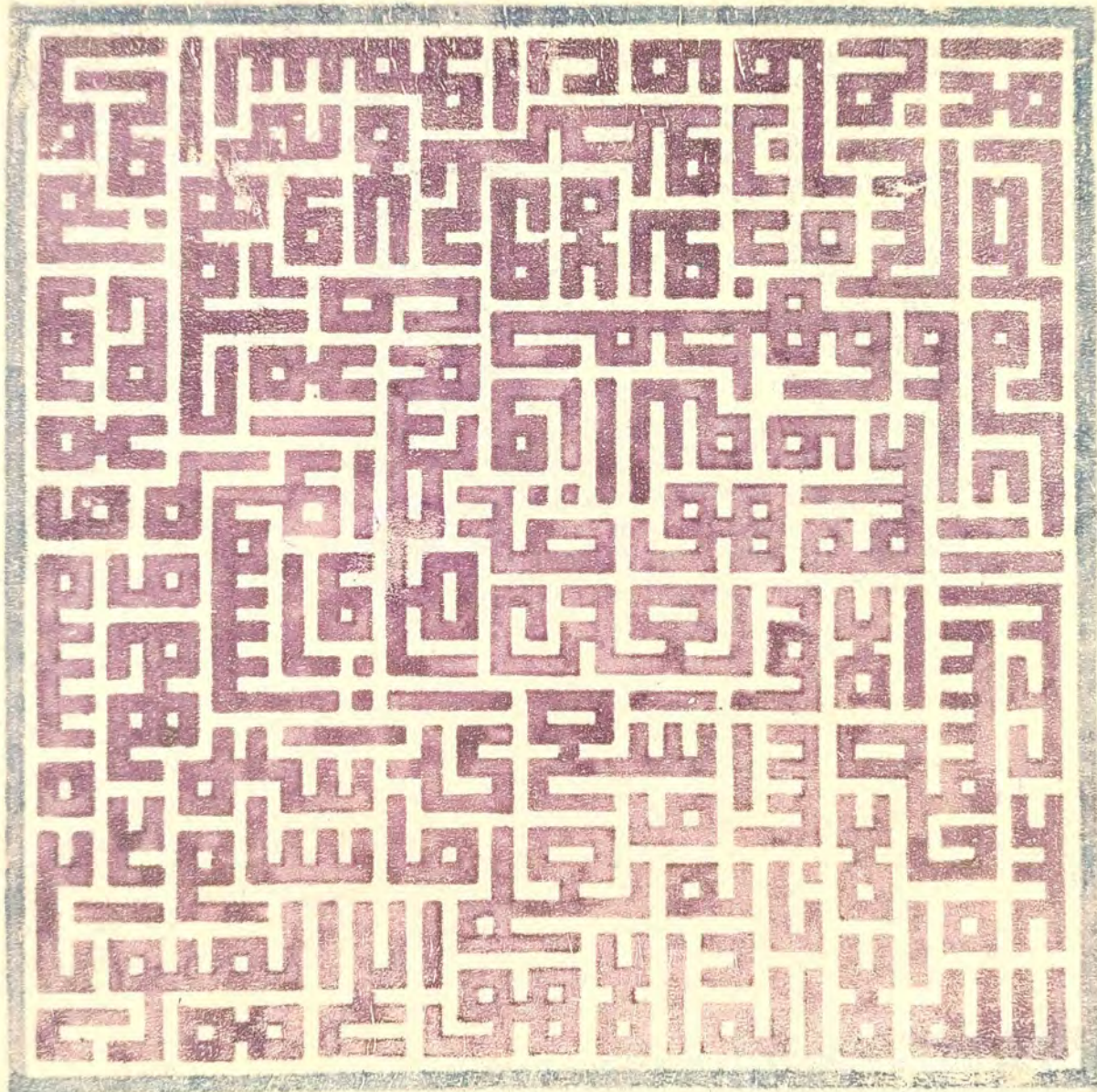
L I T E R A R Y   S U P P L E M E N T .

\* \* \* \* \*

The mark of rank in nature is the capacity to suffer; the Lord said of Paul.  
'I will shew him what great things he must suffer for My name's sake.'

S.M.Z.

أشياء كثيرة  
بخط كوفي  
القديم



Throne  
Vise.  
Kovars.

English Translation of "Throne Verse"

\*\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|  
GOD! There is no God but He; the  
Living, the Eternal; Nor slumber  
seizeth Him, nor sleep; whatsoever  
is in the Heavens and whatsoever is  
in the Earth! Who is he that can  
intercede with Him but by His own  
permission? He knoweth what hath  
been before them and what shall be  
after them; yet nought of His know-  
ledge shall they grasp, save what  
He willeth. His THRONE reacheth over  
the Heavens and the Earth, and the  
upholding of both burdeneth Him not  
and He is the High, and the Great!  
\*\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|\*\*|

By J.M.Redwell M.A.

الْبَيْتُ الْكَرِيمُ

«الله لا اله الا هو الحي القيوم لا تأخذه سنة  
ولا نوم لا ما في السموات وما في الارض من  
ذا الذي يشفع عنده الا باذنه يعلم ما  
بين ايديهم وما خلفهم ولا يحيطون  
بشيء من علمه الا بما شاء وسع كرسيه  
السموات والارض ولا يؤده حفظهما  
وهو العلي العظيم» سورة البقرة ١٥٦

# WAR NUMBER.

War Number ! for best of reasons ! First, the Editor has been in the wars, second, everything that one touches or is touched by in this year of years spells War. You are limited, it is through the war; your paper is curtailed, it comes from the "other side". You start any subject you like to name relating to any thing in the four quarters of the globe, and before your first sentence is fairly through, you are either talking war, or you are reduced to silence: Outside that sphere, at least for us who are in it, there is nothing to be felt, or heard, or known. It is this, "one thing I do" on every side. Oh! the parable of it, may it be spoken unto our heart.

This being so, it being war-time, this Number has been got out as things are in war-time,- under difficulties, through pressure, here a little, and there a little. Thus it must be taken as it is sent, and may it carry to all, far and near a breath of that spiritual warfare, whose end is peace, and whose travail is verily with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. In such warfare may He Who is the God of battles teach our hands to the war, that in His time, He may reign Who is also the very PRINCE OF PEACE.

Amen.

## WAR-TIME HYMN. by the Bishop of Durham.

In war's grim Passion-tide we lift our eyes  
To Him who fell, self-given, that we might rise.

O man, for whom eternal Heaven  
Was moved of old, to set thee free,  
And God took manhood, and was given  
By His sheer love to die for thee -

To-day draw nigh, as ne'er before;  
Consider, contemplate the Lamb;  
Thy heart surrender; love, adore,  
The great self-sacrificed I Am.

To die unfathomable death,  
To traverse shades and deeps unknown,  
That thou might'st breathe immortal breath,  
And see His face, and share His throne;

Begin to-day in act and thought  
To live life whole, a Christian man,  
Whom his own suffering God has bought;  
God's love his law, God's will his plan.

Thou for whose life He shook the grave,  
And underfoot its demon cast,  
Intent to win thee, and to have  
His creature all His own at last;

Who sees with joy his years and hours,  
With all their happenings, hallowed all;  
Who serves his kind with ransomed powers;  
Who, praising, trusting, cannot fall;

Who finds a settled, strange repose  
'Mid shocks and ruins, tears and wrongs;  
Knows all is well, for Christ he knows,  
To Christ, who died and lives, belongs.  
Handley Dunelm.

