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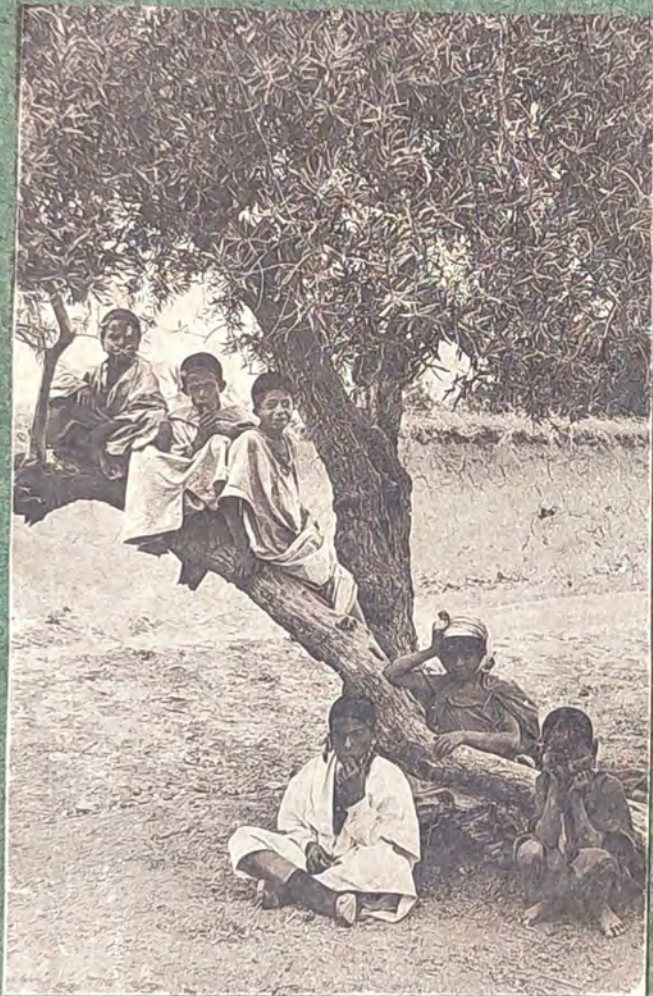
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الفجوة



A.M.B.

1916.

War Kumber
H.

Bliad.

Foreward.

~~It is still War, so this must be a War Number! It cannot be otherwise,~~
with all the inspiration, and also limitation that come from that condition.
Our need is to claim that power, of seeing the invisible, which is faith,
faith to believe when all is dark, faith to trust where it cannot see, faith
to walk on the water, faith to do the impossible, faith, mighty faith which
"the promise sees and cries, it shall be done", faith which will not look up
into heaven and say, "If Thou wilt do this," but faith which will say, "Although
it be with bowed head, and trembling form," "But if not...", faith that be-
ing repulsed, replies: "Yes, Lord, Yea...", and thus wins through, and takes
the prize. Let it be even so. Faith comes by believing!
~~Then shall the heroes of this war be untold: as its greatest victories shall
be unknown.~~

(D. L. Trotter)
written for

~~June, 1916~~

EL COURRA.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

* * * * *

Editorial.

What shall we say; the years drag heavily like Pharaoh's chariots. Each filled to the full with its tale of sorrow and woe, bereavement and suffering. The atmosphere round us thick with the riot of noise and the fury of battle, nothing seems clear in any one direction, till we pierce the storm-clouds and get above them. There through it all, because above it all, the Lord sitteth a King for ever. It reads, "Our God is in the heavens. He hath done what He hath pleased". "Whatsoever" He pleased, the record goes on "that did He in heaven and in earth, in the seas, and in all deep places". "And" as if that were not enough "all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing; and He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand or say unto Him 'What doest Thou'?" For the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will". It is very explicit, and here is portrayed an absolute control, before which there can be nothing but acquiescing silence.

If we search on another plane, or go into another sphere, it is the same.

"If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there

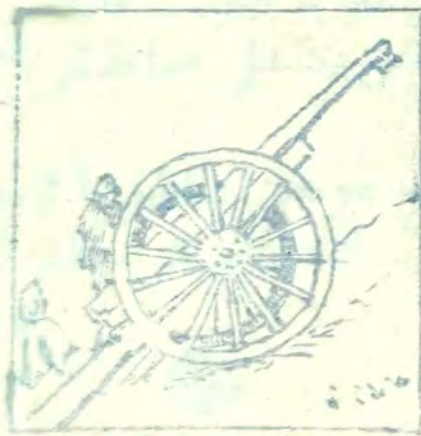
If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there".

Everywhere an Omnipresence whose other side is Omnipotence: before which man can only bow and be still. He is below the storm, crushed by it oftentimes; He who rules it is above, Who is also the God and Father of us all, and whose thoughts toward the children of men are peace and not evil, all the days of our life, And the link between, though invisible is not the less real, and effective. For now, though we see not all things put under Him, "we see JESUS crowned".

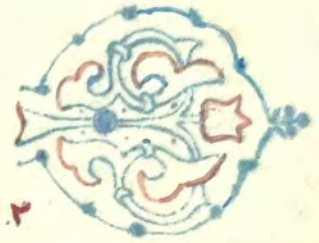
By living faith we see Him, and we know that all things are being given over to the pierced Hands; in that He hath put all things under His feet.- For "All power is given unto Me" He said, "in heaven and in earth". So we may rest in His word, so may we wait in hope, for the coming of that Kingdom whose reign shall bring peace to the earth, and righteousness for evermore.

"The Lord is answering the prayers of His people in and through this war, and we will yet see His mercy made manifest, after His judgments have done their work on the earth". Amen.

April, 1918.



FRENCH 75.



١ الارض من الرب وجميع ما بيها
الدنيا وجميع سكانها
٢ على خاطر استسما على البحار
وسكنتها على الانهار ٤



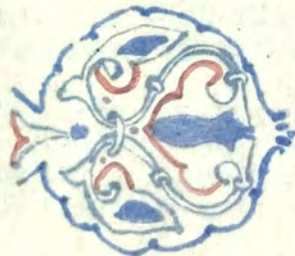
٣ من يقد يطع على جبل الرب
ومن يفرح به محل قدسه
٤ هو الى يديه بارين وقلبه طاهر
الى ما يسلم منه نفسه للباطل
وما يجلو منه بالكذب ٤
٥ فدا يبعز ببركة الله
والعلاج من الاء خلاصه
٦ هذا هو الجيل الى يطلبوه
٧ الى مراد هم يشربوا وجهك
اولاد يعفوب

٧ ارفعوا رءوسكم يا ابواب
اثرعوا يا ابواب الدهر
باش يدخلوا سلطان المجد ٥



٦ من هو هذا سلطان المجد
هو الرب الفاعل الغدير
الرب الفاعل العرا ٥

٩ ارفعوا رءوسكم يا ابواب
ارفعوا يا ابواب الدهر
باش يدخل سلطان المجد ٥



١٠ من هو هذا سلطان المجد
رب الاجناد هو سلطان المجد
امين



SONGS OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

They are ringing so gladly, madly,
To welcome the happy day
When the tears that have flowed so sadly
Shall all be wiped away.

The day that the saints united
Are drawing one gladsome breath,
The day that the Bridge is lighted
That spanneth the river of death.

The Bridge that is Jacob's ladder,
That mounteth toward the skies,
Till it reacheth the hanging-gardens,
The gardens of Paradise.

Where the Lamb that was slain is walking
Mid lilies at silent noon,
With saints in the glory talking
Of the saints that are coming soon.

* * * * *

F.H.

We were dreamers, dreaming great, in the man-haunted town
We yearned toward the skyline where the strange roads go down
Came the whisper, came the vision, came the power that we need
And the soul that is not man's soul was sent us to lead.

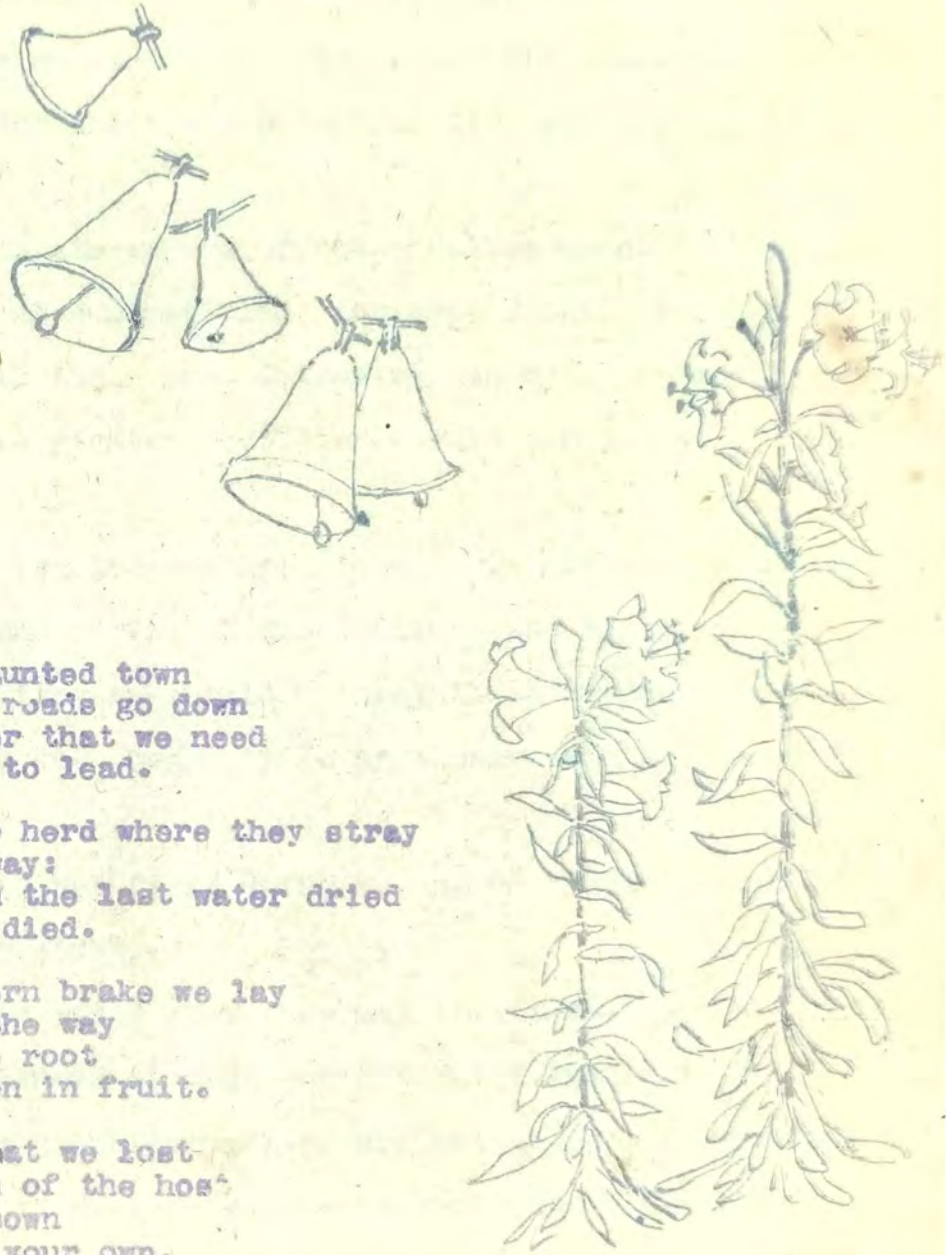
As the deer breaks, as the steer breaks from the herd where they stray
In the faith of little children we went on our way:
Then the wood failed, then the food failed, then the last water dried
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.

On, the veldt-side, in the sand-drift, by the fern brake we lay
That our sons may follow after by the bones on the way
Follow after, follow after - we have watered the root
And the bud shall come to blossom that will ripen in fruit.

We are waiting, we are listening by the trail that we lost
For the sound of coming footsteps, for the march of the host
Follow after, follow after, for the harvest is sown
By the bones along the wayside ye shall come to your own.

* * * * *

Rudyard Kipling.



A T M O S P H E R E .

Those of us who have tried gardening in these lands, know what atmosphere means to their seedlings; how amazingly the slow development of plant growth in England is changed by the nurturing of the warm air around.

Are we realizing that the same law holds good in our Mission work? that far beyond all else, when once the ground has been sown, is the need for producing conditions under which the potential life will germinate and expand.

As the years go by, we all realize increasingly the normal atmosphere of these Moslem countries, in the spiritual sense. They share with heathendom the poison blight of superstition, sorcery, deceit, immorality, cruelty; they add a deadly chill of indifference and apathy all their own. Unless we can bring in another climate around the seedlings how can anything appear but stunted little plants; that they should survive at all is a miracle.

It is for us to bring in that new climate; and its first requirement lies in our own souls, the souls of the few of us in the land who know God. Do we live in the warmth and purity of His sunlight and His heavenly oxygen? Are we loving? Are we joyous? Are we self-denying, self-forgetting in little things? The atmosphere in which our spirits live, is inevitably the atmosphere that we shed around us, though it is as elusive and subtle as the atmospheric conditions of the natural world.

And moreover we cannot ask God to do around us, what He is not first doing in us. On the state of our own souls depends our power to summon the Lord the Spirit into our midst.

"Come from the four winds O Breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live", that was the call in the vision, that brought down the air of heaven into the mouldiness of that ancient battlefield.

It was not the first phase of the victory over death: the prophesying, i.e. declaring God's Word to the dead bones was the earlier stage. But though a movement came among them, life was but a semblance till this new cry arose. The appeal was now no longer to the human, but to the Divine; no longer "prophecy to the bones" but "prophecy to the wind". That appeal went heavenward backed by the Divine authority, the command of faith upward, as

authoritative as the command to the dead on earth to "hear the word of the Lord". "And the breath entered into them, and they arose and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army".

We have called long and often to the dry bones around us, to "hear the word of the Lord". Looking back we can see, thank God that there has been a moving now and again; even a question in many cases, as to whether life may not be there; but an army to fight God's battles, never yet, in any Moslem land.

Will it not be worth anything of pressing forth unto the things that are before, if we may have our share in bringing down around these souls the heavenly winds the four winds that will have power to sweep away the age-long stagnation of Islam and bring heaven around its souls.

"Come O Breath, and breathe".

* * *

"Diversities of Gifts". I Cor. xii. 4-11.

"Gifts differing", that is the mark of fully developed life. In the lower forms of existence you see the contrast; they have not "many members". One little cell that becomes double, and splits into two halves with separate individuality, represents the whole organism.

Then as life proceeds in the ascending scale you get little hints of rudimentary functions growing into all that is needed, different organs for assimilation, reproduction, nerve centres &c. until in man it is crowned by the whole complex system of marvellous organism, acting and re-acting in body soul and spirit, with intricacies of development, that it would take volumes to describe.

"Gifts differing". We see the same thing in the gradual growth of social life. Man in his primitive state does a little of everything, and therefore nothing at its best. He cannot specialise. He hunts for his food and clothing as he may; and has no more needs than he can supply himself. But now it is not so. We could follow this out in endless ramifications. Take one instance, how strange it would seem to those forefathers of ours, whose armoury consisted of, a sword and a spear, and a shield; that in our modern warfare we should need, whereby to fight, a host of objects, to him useless, as cotton and wire and oil. The further on we go the more is brought into requisition, from new sources, for new service.

Now all this has its counterpart on the spiritual side, in our life as a community. If we were solitary units fighting in Christ's cause here, life might seem simpler in some ways; but our "gifts differing" would not come their fruition. We could not specialise anywhere. The price to pay for the higher development of organised work is that when "one member" is found to have a distinct gift in a certain line, that gift has to be brought into the common fund, so to speak, and used for the good of all.

It needs true lowliness to accept this; to yield, it may be the thing that we think we might attain to, so as to achieve to the very utmost the bit that comes to us to do. That comes to us, because it is "given" us, because it is our "gift" to do it. For it is not, "what thy will chooseth", but what "thy hand findeth", that is to be done with thy might.

* * * * *

THE HOUSE OF LOVELY SACRIFICES.
(48 Pall Mall.)



Last year the Red Cross sale at Christie's was the outstanding event of the otherwise sombre and eventless London season.

For weeks before the sale reports grew of rare and lovely things that the generous and compassionate had rifled from their homes and collections. On the days of the sale the famous rooms were packed with a crowd such as even they have never known—a crowd not of a few buyers and many curious watchers, but a crowd who were all either buyers or bidders, who only failed to become buyers because other bidders went on bidding against them when they had reached the limit of their purses and long over-reached the value of the article bid for.

There were thrilling quarter-hours in those Red Cross sale days. Emotions were touched and little comedies and dramas were enacted that were new and strange to the history of auction rooms.

Coveted lots were furiously bid for, knocked down to bold and happy bidders, and

then—in an access of surpassing generosity—the purchasers surrendered their treasures, letting them be put up to auction again, and the proceeds of both transactions went to the Red Cross funds.

Rarely has an auction room had such a heart-warming and emotional episode as that little drama at the Red Cross sale of the two Irish "potato-rings" (pierced shallow buckets of silverwork, formerly used as stands for dishes). The "potato-rings" were sent to the sale by his parents in beloved memory of a young airman who gave his life for his country. They were knocked down for 500 guineas each. And then and there the rings were handed to the auctioneer to be returned to the givers as a memento of their most gallant son. An habitué of the sale rooms said he had never seen a sale-room assemblage so moved.

And the climax of the sale was the competition of the blank canvases presented by famous artists with the undertaking that they would paint thereon the portraits of sitters nominated by the highest bidders.

Again this year the Red Cross sale will be held. . . The generous givers of last year, and a crowd of new ones, will surely come forward.

The other day I stood in the room at No. 48, Pall Mall to which the givers are either sending or bringing their gifts. You must be made of iron to stand in that room and watch unmoved some of that splendid and touching generosity. Anonymous donors come here saying "I give my little all". A woman called at No. 48 the other day, emptied her jewel-case, and went away, refusing her name. Another has given her pearl neck-lace and her diamond and sapphire bracelet. Another sent thirty-eight pieces of old silver, and capped the gift with a valuable diamond necklace. A countess has brought her diamond tiara.

The women of Great Britain are casting their gold and jewels into the temple of tenderness, balm, and healing. Every gift that is sent will be the means direct of salving so many men's agonies and saving so many men's lives.

Last year's sale was a glorious event. There are devoted organisers and devoted donors who are masterful to make this year's sale surpass last year's in the number of the givers, the quality of the gifts, and the number and richness of the bidders. Already great and noble treasure is accumulating. Their Majesties the King and Queen and her Majesty Queen Alexandra have again robbed themselves of prized possessions.

The great homes of England are despoiling their niches again of loveliness. The little homes and the little owners are even more touchingly generous than last year, when I saw an old lady walk into the receiving office in Pall Mall and hand in with trembling hands a worn wedding ring: "It is all I have left—but I give it for my dear men who are giving their lives for me."

"I gave My Life for thee: What hast Thou given for Me?"

From India.

As Coolies
could not
be afforded
this war
time, the
children
did the
work!

A.W-Co.



FROM EVERYWHERE.

* * *

FROM SPAIN. King Alphonso's work of mercy. A year or so ago, a despairing mother wrote to the King of Spain imploring help to find her "missing son". He was found, and the good deed could not be hid; thus letters began to arrive from all belligerent nations, and in many languages imploring His Majesty's aid in some sorrowful quest. So in the North-East corner of the Palace at Madrid, an office has been organised which from small beginnings is ever assuming larger proportions.

No two letters are alike, the petition may refer to some officer or soldier last heard of on any field of battle, from Flanders to the Bukovina; from the Baltic to Mesopotamia. It may be signed by the greatest lady of the land, or by the humblest cottager; all receive equal attention. Each letter is indexed and filed; and acknowledged by return of post. The reply is soon as received is conveyed in a tactfully worded letter, often anticipated by a telegram, if the news is good; and accompanied by an expression of the King's personal condolence if otherwise, and in this case it is conveyed through the priest or mayor of the parish, that it may be broken gently and opportunely.

Some idea of the extent of the work may be gathered from the fact that nearly 200,000 have already been dealt with from France alone, while postal expenses, are said to have amounted in two months to about £600. A staff of 80 is employed at the Palace under Don Emilio de Torres, and there are many volunteers, but their Majesties prefer to keep it in their own hands.

It is truly a labour of love. Thus the quiet Palace at Madrid is brought closely in contact with the all-devouring war: and blessings are showered daily upon those doing it, from every region of the earth.

* * * * *

Times. May 5. 1916.

FROM KHARTOUM. Of a truth, though the speaker was in a country house near the shore of the Great Sea & of the "Race noire", of the South, but with nothing of the negro, in his clear cut strong features; he spoke of what he had seen and heard, and we listened with astonished ears.

"Yes," he said, "I have travelled much, I have been in Scandinavia and England, and Egypt, always with my master, yea even down to Khartoum". "And who then was your master?" we asked wondering greatly.

Then was the enigma solved, as the words came slowly.

"My master was Gordon Pasha, I was with him, and was his servant," he said. He took what books we had gladly. "You have done me a great favour in coming to my house," he added. What of reaping may this net be, of one for whom that great warrior must have prayed! Think of him! that this touch should be given after so many years cannot indeed be vain.

* * * * *

FROM THE MOUNTAINS. "I have prayed for a baby brother, who may be good, and never advised by Satan". It was young "Moussa" who spoke. "I am often advised by Satan." "When you set me to clean the "djemas", I do not do it, I am advised by Shaitan! I wish a brother that shall not be advised by Shaitan." As sequel on the next cleaning day, the "djemas" was found on its head, and Moussa lost in clouds of the dust he was raising, he was not being advised by Satan! So the desire for better things is born in that little soul. He wants to serve Christ and not the devil.

* * * * *

FROM THE WAR LANDS. Everywhere the "Daylight Saving" is coming into vogue. There is no time now to discuss, little care to shelve it, because the need is so great; and coal so scarce, that daylight must of necessity be utilised. Germany, Austria, and Holland, have adopted it. Here in France it only awaits the decision of the Senate, while in England the date of the change is practically the only thing to be fixed. What hath the War not wrought! Any day we may be called to wake with the larks, and go to bed with the bairns. So be it. We might do worse.

* * * * *

FROM CHINA.

We commend these burning words, from a soul on fire, for the stirring of our hearts over the Regions Beyond. (L.T.)

"This was eminently Christ's method for carrying the Gospel to the people. In the four Gospels there are records of His travelling from village to village, teaching, preaching, and healing the sick. After His resurrection His last commandment to His disciples was, "Go ye into all the world and teach all nations." In A. D. we find that the greatest of all foreign missionaries spent his entire life itinerating, spending weeks here and years there, taking in the small villages, radiating from the greater centres. As Meyer says: "The book of Acts is left incomplete, as it always will be while one believer is left to teach and preach those things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ... And the question arises, have you wrought or suffered for Jesus in such wise as to add some verses to those chapters which are now being written by angel scribes?..."

We should, I believe, break away once in a while from the confines of the compound walls and get out among the multitudes of all classes, where hearts are breaking and souls are starving for the Gospel message, and I believe we shall carry back such a burden as will be felt by every student and every nurse in training whose lives we touch. In my own hospital, the most efficient nurse is not qualified for her life-calling until her whole soul burns with a passion to win every patient, over whose bed she bends, to Jesus Christ...

The Revolution in 1912 has given every one of us a wide-open door. As idols are being destroyed everywhere, people ask us: "What shall we worship?"...

Perhaps we have all questioned many times the advisability of scattering the seed by the "way-side," feeling that in this great land, with its thousands of years of dark heathenism, that only the systematic, persistent teaching and training will eventually bring a harvest. Here again actual experience has taught some of us that the methods of the Master-Evangelist cannot be improved on or His injunctions ignored because we, with the poor human view-point, cannot believe it possible. Just after the Revolution, I took a little time to itinerate. Had I time, I could tell you of my own blessed surprises along this line...

The most satisfactory results, of course, are secured from the stations where there is definite work, under a competent, live worker, who is daily sowing seed, line upon line, precept upon precept. If the missionary itinerant in her regular visits to the day-schools, in addition to examining books and giving helpful talks, would make each visit an occasion for the ingathering of these young hearts that have been for months under Christian instruction, holding a special meeting alone with them and their mothers, and urging the present time as the opportunity for definitely seeking and finding Christ, we would find here in the schools a great wealth of material for future Christian workers...

And now for one other method of itinerating that we have found workable in this time which would not have been possible a few years ago when women's position was not as well defined as it is to-day...

This spring the missionary in charge of the school planned to take the whole class with her on a month's itinerancy, to examine the day schools in the district and hold evangelistic services at each station...

No sooner were the towns entered than the long line of wheel-barrows, attracted attention. No town however small, no village however dirty and crowded, but what received the message. The girls were off the barrows in a second, each at once the centre of a crowd, and immediately she began to give her testimony or message. The most timid soon lost sight of herself...

And returning to school again-what was the result on the hearts of these same young women? At the following Sunday evening twilight hour, when the entire Training School was out under the trees, each of these young women told with eager yet hushed voice how great a vision had come to her own heart of the need of taking Christ to the people and of the blessing that had come into her own life...

The diploma in the hand is not enough however, -let us, in every department of our blessed missionary work, aim to bring the students to a personal relationship to the Holy Spirit, that through His leadership they may be used to bring a harvest of souls to Christ." Extracts from "Evangelistic Itinerancy," By a Chinese Lady Physician, Kiukian.

* * * * *

We commend these burning words, from a soul on fire, for the stirring of our hearts over the Regions Beyond. (L.T.)

"This was eminently Christ's method for carrying the Gospel to the people. In the four Gospels there are records of His travelling from village to village, teaching, preaching, and healing the sick. After His resurrection His last commandment to His disciples was, "Go ye into all the world and teach all nations." In A. S., we find that the greatest of all foreign missionaries spent his entire life itinerating, spending weeks here and years there, taking in the small villages, radiating from the greater centres. As Meyer says: "The book of Acts is left incomplete, as it always will be while one believer is left to teach and preach those things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ... And the question arises, have you wrought or suffered for Jesus in such wise as to add some verses to those chapters which are now being written by angel scribes?... We should, I believe, break away once in a while from the confines of the compound walls and get out among the multitudes of all classes, where hearts are breaking and souls are starving for the Gospel message, and I believe we shall carry back such a burden as will be felt by every student and every nurse in training whose lives we touch. In my own hospital, the most efficient nurse is not qualified for her life-calling until her whole soul burns with a passion to win every patient, over whose bed she bends, to Jesus Christ... The Revolution in 1912 has given every one of us a wide-open door. As idols are being destroyed everywhere, people ask us: "What shall we worship?"... Perhaps we have all questioned many times the advisability of scattering the seed by the "way-side," feeling that in this great land, with its thousands of years of dark heathenism, that only the systematic, persistent teaching and training will eventually bring a harvest. Here again actual experience has taught some of us that the methods of the Master-Evangelist cannot be improved on or His injunctions ignored because we, with the poor human view-point, cannot believe it possible. Just after the Revolution, I took a little time to itinerate. Had I time, I could tell you of my own blessed surprises along this line... The most satisfactory results, of course, are secured from the stations where there is definite work, under a competent, live worker, who is daily sowing seed, line upon line, precept upon precept. If the missionary itinerant in her regular visits to the day-schools, in addition to examining books and giving helpful talks, would make each visit an occasion for the ingathering of these young hearts that have been for months under Christian instruction, holding a special meeting alone with them and their mothers, and urging the present time as the opportunity for definitely seeking and finding Christ, we would find here in the schools a great wealth of material for future Christian workers... And now for one other method of itinerating that we have found workable in this time which would not have been possible a few years ago when women's position was not as well defined as it is to-day... This spring the missionary in charge of the school planned to take the whole class with her on a month's itinerancy, to examine the day schools in the district and hold evangelistic services at each station... No sooner were the towns entered than the long line of wheel-barrows, attracted attention. No town however small, no village however dirty and crowded, but what received the message. The girls were off the barrows in a second, each at once the centre of a crowd, and immediately she began to give her testimony or message. The most timid soon lost sight of herself... And returning to school again-what was the result on the hearts of these same young women? At the following Sunday evening twilight hour, when the entire Training School was out under the trees, each of these young women told with eager yet hushed voice how great a vision had come to her own heart of the need of taking Christ to the people and of the blessing that had come into her own life... The diploma in the hand is not enough however, -let us, in every department of our blessed missionary work, aim to bring the students to a personal relationship to the Holy Spirit, that through His leadership they may be used to bring a harvest of souls to Christ." Extracts from "Evangelistic Itinerancy" By a Chinese Lady Physician, Kiukian.

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K of K

Int'l. to ext.

He is dead! "With an Empire's lamentation". Dead! When England, whom he had served so faithfully, seemed to need him so urgently. He died for England! The nation is stunned by the death of Lord Kitchener in circumstances of greatest tragedy. Proceeding with his staff of Russia in H.M.S. Hampshire the ship was mined off the Orkneys, Monday night June 8, and all were lost. We can only bow, and know that the LORD of all the earth doeth right. It may be our confidence in man has to be raised to faith in God.

To those who came in contact with Lord Kitchener, the first impression produced was one of power. Yet forceful and persistent as he was he never wasted his strength. An untiring worker, he had the gift of making others work also. Had it not been so, his record of achievement would have been less complete. His strenuous life seemed to know no rest, he was always wanted; the home he purchased for himself, he never settled in, he was always "on duty", and "he died on duty": so runs the legend!

In Egypt where he spent so many years, and where he won his first laurels his name is a proverb, a name to conjure with. He cared for the people he was sent to govern, and he took pains to reach them, and do his best for them, and they knew it. Far up in Upper Egypt there is an Island in the Nile known for all time as "Kitchener's", because he returned it to the town, as a play-ground for ever. Now and then glimpses have been obtained of kind deeds done by him. There was nothing small about him, body, soul, or spirit! We like to think in those last years of bearing a nation's burden, the heavy end of which fell to his share, - before entering his place at the War Office, he crept into an open Church to pray, that the prayer was not in vain, we can all bear testimony. He rode many seas, in his country's behest, - not to their deep beneath the waves, - till that day when the Sea also, shall give up her dead. So rest in Peace.

ANZACS IN LONDON .

The bronze-faced men go trooping by,
Tanned by a fiercer-burning sun
Than shines in England's April sky,
and thoughts of high deeds nobly done
Rise in our hearts as these go past,
And Anzac's glories in the fray,
Tales that shall live while life shall last,
Are heard on every lip to-day.

These be the men who faced unmoved
Death's shrieking tempest, and who bore
So brave a front, untried, unproved,
That never laurels soldier wore
Shone brighter than the glorious crown
They won in those red shambles there,
Fit emblem to be handed down
To valour's son and freedom's heir.

Far off the shell-wrecked ridges keep
The thousand graves of those who fell,
Who sleep the everlasting sleep
Of those who vanquished death and hell.
They died, but we shall not forget,
And through the roar and crash of cheers
There sounds a reverence deeper yet,
Too full for speech, too proud for tears."

* * * * *

There was no pageantry. "Anzac Day" was a day of Thanksgiving and memorial, culminating in a solemn hour of worship, amid the cool shadows of our National Abbey. . . . The Anzacs,--there were about 2000 of them-- showed no panoply of War, they were just themselves and that was enough. . . . The heroes of Lone Pine and Shrapnel Gully! Here among them in the searching sunlight were the men who had COME OUT OF SOMETHING GREATER THAN VICTORY, and who carried still the indelible marks of their undying heroism. They bore no arms, flaunted no banners. Every lineament told the tale of tremendous endeavours on their scarred scorched faces; the tale of great adventure gloriously achieved. First came the Australians with gay cock's feathers riding over the picturesque slouch of their soft khaki hats. The Anzac band burst into an unfamiliar blare of Over-seas music. In the Grand, someone started that haunting call of the Bush "Coo-ee-ee". It was caught up from lip to lip. "Coo-ee. . . Coo-ee. . . Coo-eeeee". The New Zealanders, tough and tremendous giants to a man, fit survivors of that splendid charge up to the Tepe heights. Someone surprised them with the eerie cry of their native land, "Kee-ora-Kee-ora, and thus, with such a welcome, straight from the hearts of the great capital of the Mother-country, the heroes of Anzac also too soon ended their march, to enter with bowed heads the thronged and hushed Abbey, to join their King and Queen in equal humility.

THE SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

An old verger led us up worn and winding stone steps, into one of the galleries high above the Chapel of Edward the Confessor at the eastern end of the Abbey. From here, between stone pillars centuries old, we looked along the whole length of the building & on the men of Anzac. From here we heard the manly singing of them all and the sacred words in honour of their memorable dead.

Right below us were King George and Queen Mary; near their Majesties was a pathetic group of sightless heroes facing us the Coronation Chair, and near to it the clergy and the Dean; farther on the choir and the organ-loft, whence gleamed a solitary electric light and the occasional flash of a white and scarlet hood. And away at the far end, in starkest contrast with the softened light of the Abbey, was an inverted shield of brighter sunlight, where the long line of the central aisle finished with the open western door.

On each side of this central line was a sea of khaki uniforms and bronzed faces. Just here and there the khaki was broken by clusters of bright blue,--the honourable uniform of men still stricken with their wounds.

One wondered what some of those brown faced men from over-seas were thinking as they sat here in the quiet church, amid the tombs of their Mother-country's most historic dead. . . .

As they sat there waiting for the service to begin the organist repeated time and again, in varying cunning forms, a slow little melody of haunting quality. It began:

I do not know if he made it for the day, or if it is an Australian tune, or some old Scottish melody, as its notes and mode would suggest, but it had a wistfulness of its own as he played it on soft-voiced flutes, and suggested



somehow open country and home, and simple things and simple thoughts; and many of those brown faces were upturned and still as ears took in the quiet charm of it, and thoughts wandered pleasureably in key.

After the organ had ceased the Anzac's band played Handel's "Largo". Soon afterwards the King and Queen entered and the men stood up and sang our National Hymn. . . .

"For all the saints who from their labours rest" was the first hymn sung, and the third verse, sung by men's voices alone in unison, was especially forceful.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the Victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia!

A few of the better-known Church prayers, and then came the anthem, Wesley's "Ascribe unto the Lord", in which the boys' voices, clear and true, sent silvery echoes rippling among the old stone arches, making some of the men of Anzac who could not see the choir look upwards at the galleries in search of the singers. Then all sat, and the Dean of Westminster read with

moving impressiveness the Anzac roll of honour. "In future ages the sons of our Empire will seek to emulate the imperishable renown of their daring and bravery. We are resolved that, by God's gracious favour, our brothers shall not have laid down their lives in vain," the tribute ended.

At these great words the men of Anzac rose and sang a solemn Doxology. It was the greatest singing of the day. Neither the organ nor the Anzac's band nor the roll of their drums rose above the volume of these voices. The service ended with the singing of Kipling's "Recessional," and after that the sounding of "The Last Post" by eight buglers. The piercing notes echoed through the building and at the end was a moment's striking stillness, every man standing upright, eyes before him, thinking, no doubt, of dead comrades for whom these honourable notes were sounded.

* * * * *

From the words of Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, speaking at the Hotel Cecil, we make the following extracts: ". . . On this day of Anzac the word "Empire" assumed a new and nobler meaning for us and for the world. On this day, in the grey of early dawn, the Australasians scaled the heights of Gaba Tepe. Faced with a murderous fire, their comrades falling on every side, enfiladed, these men—our fellow countrymen—fought their way up and held on. As a military operation the Anzacs had achieved the impossible. . . .

But above all these things even-lacking which no nation can be either free or great, there is this teaching that THROUGH SELF-SACRIFICE ALONE can men or nations be saved."

And Gen. Sir W. Birdwood, "The Soul of Anzac", in speaking to the New Zealanders in the afternoon in a speech in the open said, "They had a lot more fighting to go through. . . .

The only grumbles he had heard from Anzacs were from those who were not in the first line at the landing and from those who were not the last to leave at the evacuation. Sir William mentioned the second complaint in a report of the evacuation to the King, and His Majesty's private secretary had written him that this was the point that most pleased him. The King was very proud of that complaint!"

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IN MEMORY OF SCOTTISH HEROES.

The "Incomparable 29th Division".

For the anniversary of the landing of the Scottish Borderers with the Anzac troops at Y Beach, Gallipoli, a regimental order is issued in memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Koe and the nine officers who fell. Their epitaph bears the words: "These are the souls to whose high valour gave glory undying".

ANZAC DAY ARRIVAL.

ANZAC DAY was impressively celebrated throughout the Commonwealth.

At one place in Sydney work and traffic were suspended for several minutes while people stood bow-headed in a silent tribute to the dead.

ANZAC DAY, April 25.

Thousands of people, including the Comdants of the cities and representatives of all the troops who participated in the Gallipoli landing, attended a huge memorial service at St. Andrew's Church in Sydney.

At the same time a large gathering was held at the Sydney Cricket Ground, where a large number of people were present.

Australia.

Gunner T. H. Arrow-Smith, went to Australia 8 years ago. On returning from Gallipoli, severely wounded, he found his bride awaiting him. They had been boy and girl lovers, and were married April 29.

New Zealand.

Trooper Clutha Mackenzie, son of the High Commissioner for New Zealand. Blinded by a shell from a British Warship while occupying a trench on the crest of Hill 970 Gallipoli. This trench had afterwards to be evacuated.

* * *

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ANZAC DAY ABROAD.

Sydney, April 25.

Anzac Day was impressively celebrated throughout the Commonwealth.

At one o'clock in Sydney work and traffic were suspended for several minutes while people stood bare-headed in a silent tribute to the dead.

Cairo, EGYPT, April 25.

Thousands of people, including the Consuls of the Allies and representatives of all the troops who participated in the Gallipoli landing, attended an Anzac memorial service here. Afterwards there was a procession to the old Cairo cemetery, where a 1000 wreaths were placed on the soldiers' graves.

* * * * *



I.

Once in the time of long ago, two travellers were coming up out of the desert of Arabia, they were Sidi Ahmed and Si Suleiman, son of the Caid of Dalmesche. Tall and thoughtful, the first belonged to one of the Dervish orders, and the boy was an apt pupil and follower of his "amm".



The sun was setting and they were turning their faces towards Mecca for their evening prayer. Scarcely was it over, before they were joined by another, a solitary man who craved their company for the night. When their frugal supper was ended they began to talk, and asked the Stranger of his way, and whither he was going. "I have travelled from the land of Masr", he said, "and I go to Damascus, for thither am I sent". "We shall be some days in thy road and would welcome thy presence", said Ahmed, "and inshallah we may learn one of the other". "Sidi Ahmed is far advanced in the way of Sidi er Rifai, said Suleiman, wishing to exalt his leader, "he sees verily the lights and reads dark sayings of old". "All light is from God, and He is the Father of Lights", said the Stranger, "and He lighteth every man and He alone", he added dreamily, gazing up into the brilliant starfield of a southern night. "How so" said Ahmed, "light is from within, and only with much and long wrestling can a man attain unto it". "God said in the beginning, 'Let there be light, and there was light', and only so can light come into any soul", was the answer, and again a look came into his face as if he beheld things very far off. "Explain thyself", said the Dervish, "From what order dost thou come, we follow not thy speech", he added, for we saw that Suleiman, the boy, was now all ears for what was being said. "I belong to no order as you know them, O brother", he said, "and yet I belong to the greatest order on earth founded by One who claimed to be, - and He spoke the truth of God, - the 'Light of the world', and He alone lighteth every man", and once more the mystical radiance illuminated his brow, as he seemed to see hidden things, "for the

Light shineth in the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not!." A silence fell among them, and Ahmed began to tell his beads, and soon he was asleep. Then Si Suleiman crept along to the side of the new comer and whispered, - "Tell me more, I need to know, what is this way of true light of which thou speakest?" And the Stranger looked down on the lad with love and deep yearning in his eyes, - "Wouldest thou know", he said, "Wouldest thou follow? Even though it be a way of scorning, even though it led to scars and bruises sore? Wouldest thou know of the

* See Literature Notes. Lit: Sup:



true light"? Then slowly he went on, "In Him was the Life and the Life was the Light of men...I am sent to be witness to that Light".

"What Light?" asked the boy eagerly,-

"It is God that said, 'Light shall shine out of the darkness'", replied the other, "Who shined in our hearts to give the Light of the knowledge of the glory of God".

"and how", gasped Suleiman, who had never heard such words, such blessed certainty before. What language was this? 'The light of the knowledge of the glory of God'. Had he not striven to attain it night and day; and hour after hour, and felt it elude his grasp,-

"How, tell me", he murmured. And the man looking down upon him, loved him.

"I will tell thee", he said, speaking low and softly, making the words seem but a breath of heaven. "Of a truth I will tell thee. When far, and lost, I heard of One who put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. I came to him and he forgave my sin, and made anew my soul, so that with the powers He gave I could behold; thus light came to me also of the knowledge of God, 'in the face of Jesus Christ'. My son, there is no other way, and no other light that shineth in the world. This is the Way, walk ye in it, and this is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world'. This then is the message that we have heard of and declare unto you, that God is Light and in Him is no darkness at all".

They communed long together, and as the day was dawning, a new day for the lad, he said,

"Speak on for thy words are wonderful".

"Nay", he said, "I must depart before the sun rises, if thou wilt meet me in yonder city by tomorrow night, thou shalt hear again and thy soul shall live". So saying he arose, and the boy

"I will not fail thee for my soul is athirst for God". [said,

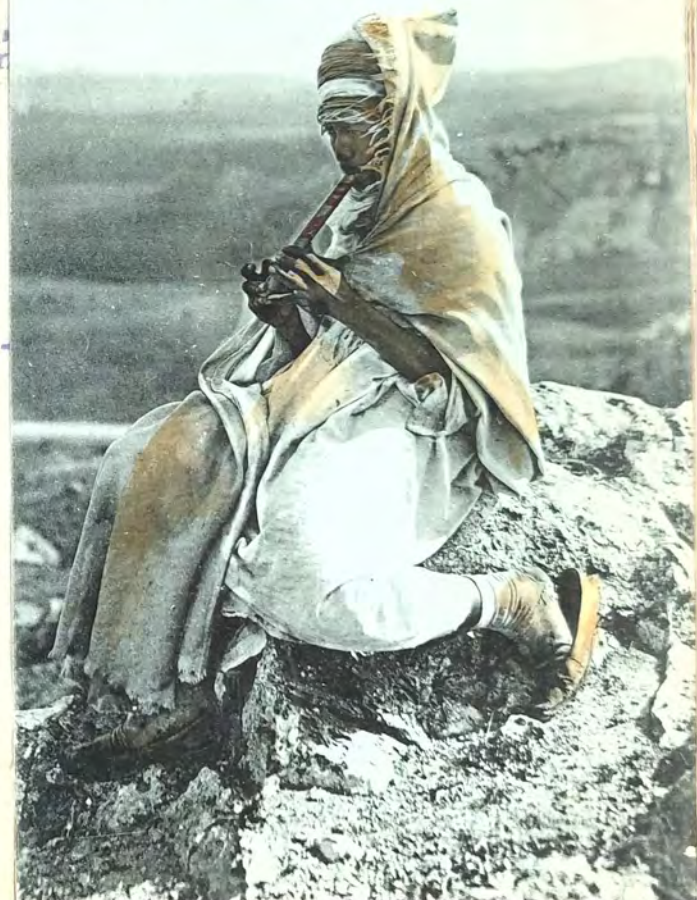
And it came to pass, so they parted. But a seed of Divine truth had been sown which sprang up after many days.

Shall it also take root in thy heart, O my brother?

II. AFTER MANY DAYS. (A Sequel.)

1. On the Way.

And it was true that Si Suleiman and the Stranger met again. On this wise, it was not the night of the "morrow", as they had appointed, nor was it at "yonder city", that then bounded their horizon; but at Damascus itself. Sidi Ahmed was far too well aware of the influence the man had on the lad to permit of such a plan being carried out. So it was that he changed his course and went in another direction, hoping that much travel, and seeing many things, and hearing more, might dull the impressions made, and stifle the inspirations that had been received. And though he was wise after his kind in this he did not succeed. For the boy weary of his daily task of seeing and hearing, as evening came on, would when possible get him away with his flute to some lonely spot, taking a shepherd's burnous to disguise himself. And while he played he said over in his heart all the words that he had heard in that night of nights, till they came part of his very soul. Thus the light that was in him of a truth, became not darkness. Now the lad Suleiman had at least a faithful heart, and as he had given his word, it was a great bitterness to him not to be able to make it good. Still he treasured the thing that the man had spoken, that he was going to Damascus for he said "thither am I sent"; "and so", Suleiman reasoned in himself-



he hardly knew why,—"He will surely go".

And he was right; when Isidor, for so he was known, came to Damascus, and there was no word of Si-Suleiman, either there or in the city to which he had directed him, he said within himself, "Here will I abide, for I believe that thirsty one shall yet be quenched, and that if God will, I shall see it. I spoke to him of this place, and here will I stay, for surely it is decreed". And it was so, that evening by evening, as the sun set down, he waited at the going forth of the great South Road in case he came that way before the Gates were shut. Now it came to pass after many days, that Sidi Ahmed became weary also of so much moving about, and sick at heart, and he decided to return to his people. Not so Si Suleiman, - having had leave from his father the Caid, to whom he had written, to visit Damascus also, he would on no account be persuaded to accompany him. Seeing this was so, Sidi Ahmed found himself in a sore dilemma. He was loath to lose hold of a son of Dalmacia for his order; on the other hand, it might make things worse if he constrained the lad against his will. So he considered the thing, and his longing to get back, coupled as it was with a fear of falling out with the Caid if he thwarted his wishes, made him arrange the matter as the lad desired. So after writing letters to his brethren in that city, and giving one to the boy in his hand, he gave him and them in charge of a man whom he knew, who was about to take a caravan on that route. Then he left, and consoled himself that he had done his part, and sure that his friends to whom he had recommended him, would but tighten their hold, till he himself could do so again. And so he departed. But he knew nothing after all!

ii. A Little Company.

The people of the caravan interested Suleiman much; as he was in no way under their authority, they left him to himself, just giving him such measure of protection, and food as he had need of, not half of what was his due, according to the money left them by Sidi Ahmed, all of which and more he had from the Caid his father. But this troubled not Si Suleiman, who when his "amm" was gone felt life open before him. He was on the threshold of his young manhood, and life to him was freedom. He seemed to breathe freely as if his soul was his own; which it is indeed to every man: till he surrenders it in death, or in life to his Maker. And he went about among the people, wishing to learn what he might of the city and its ways to which he was going at last. He



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questioned one and another, always seeking to obtain a clue to the Stranger if any way possible, while a deep awe woke in him that he should indeed be going to this place of his dreams when all things seemed against it. It was greater than he could compass. Such knowledge was too wonderful for him, so high that he could not attain unto it, as saith the Singer of old. It was so among those travelling, there was a little group, who seemed somewhat separate from the others; that is they seemed to be apart, at night, and meal hours. Still they mingled with all on the way, and it was noticed that they helped the old or weary, and once they lent a camel to a driver who had fallen lame and so was unable to tramp further, and would otherwise have been left to his fate. Now Si Suleiman felt himself drawn to that company, not that he in any way connected them with the Stranger for whom he was seeking. He would be with them in the evening as they spoke of the city. So it was the night before their

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Next morning we were up and off by six on our mules, up to the ridge where we could see backward over the seaward side, and landward to the chain beyond chain of mountain crests: ten or eleven of them one could count sometimes, and in between each we knew well, were unreachd riverbeds with villages unnumbered. And here came the first victory. We had told Si Ali on starting that we wanted, instead of keeping along the ridge, the shortest way to our sleeping place, to go halfway down the valley and keep along the face of the hillside, where we had found on the map there should be two un-visited villages. Si Ali said, "No, he had never been that way and could not tell whether, between these villages and the one where we wanted to sleep, there would be any road. We hoped, by the time the ways parted on the ridge, to find someone who could tell us. No one appeared and we could only ask God to make the way if He meant those villages to be reached.

He answered. As we came to the cross roads Si Ali squared round and said, "What are you going to do? If he threw the responsibility on us, we would throw it on God to find a feasible path; that was soon settled, and he consented, though, we could see, with some misgivings. We quite understood his demur, for in unfrequented places the path is apt to be swept away by winter torrents, leaving barely a foot-breadth along the face of the rock, and sometimes not that. But having "made our beast in the Lord" before him and his mate concerning it, we knew it would be all right, and so it was.

This was the place where we had our dejeuner, perched up above the first village, Bou Artis, but alas it was too far down the valley to be reached, it would have taken us hours out of the way to get to the little flat roofs and back. Just above us lay their burying ground in a sacred wood of old olive trees. Will they hear before more find their way there!

A few more turns in and out of the spurs, and the second village came in sight, and this time on our level. We stopped at its outlying hamlet of Yandoun. A young fellow of twenty-five or so, who came out to greet us, brought us to his house. This was his wife, such a lovely young thing and in a dim half-comprehending way she and the other women listened to the new story. "Nobody has told us, we do not understand very much; nobody ever comes down here"; that was their apology for not taking in more. Is not the apology one from the other side!

The man, Mohammed ben Omar, was more awake, he came on with us to show us the way to the main village, for the mules had to take another path. An old charcoal burner came along, and made us a clever spout with a twisted oleader leaf, whereby we could drink a trickle of water that ran over the moss from a little spring, for the day had turned into a parching sirocco; and we had close talk with the two never a word of argument or resistance. As soon as we got to Beni Sbeah itself, a word from them brought together a congregation of women and children, in a church of wal-nut tree for roof, and earthen house-roof for floor.

Here the soul was Fatima, Amar's sister, who sat with her eyes riveted, and all her soul awake in them, and when our talk there was done, she and Amar took us up to the house of their father, Amar ben Shabane. We talked there to them and their mother and two or three brown-faced young brothers who had just come in from harvesting in the Blida Plain - talked about the Book of sin and the Book of life, and we felt God's Word again



dropping in with power. Then away to the further end of the village where a Moussa ben el Haddad had the same open spirit and the two, he and Mohammed, stood firm under the glare of a stiff old Moslem who came to assist at the saddling of the mules. Mohammed out of his hour old light, tried to enforce and to explain to Moussa. "You must tell Jesus you want Him to save you. You must tell Him with your heart not with your lips, and He will do it now".

It was a soul, this Mohammed, who had felt his darkness. He had told us about it in that first walk or the other side of the gulley. "We have no one to teach us" he said. "There used to be a good Marabout here, who told us not to lie and steal, now there is only a Marabout who tells us bad things, and has thrown the good words of the other into the water". Had they anyone in the village who could read, we asked? No, there was one up on the mountain far away, the only other one was on the other side of the river, that meant 3000 feet of blue depth below. "We have no one to tell us anything good," he repeated, and his words had a ring of longing. Praise God for the High Priest of "the ignorant and them who are out of the way".

Moussa ben el Haddad came on with us as guide, and God was faithful, and provided a safe path between Beni Speah and Ageni, where we had to pass the night. In and out of gullies innumerable it went, where the mule-men hung on full weight to the mules tails as they went down, and shoved them by main force up the other side with such remarks as "O pig" "O daughter of a Jew", "May thy grandfather be burnt and thy face be made yellow", but with nothing of danger about them.

And then Ageni broke into sight. Some of us had been there for a few hours last summer and had caused an astonishment unbounded, it being far out of the beat of European women.

God had gone before; the Sheikh, who had only been amused at them last year came out with a cordial greeting and a welcome for the night. He took us down to drink coffee with the men of the village, always a mark of esteem and honour, a sort of "hall-mark" for where ever we might want to go; and then took us



back to see our room, and our hostess, a girl wife called Kharoufa, with a pretty scornful face. This is our room from its outside; inside we saw with joy when our eyes got used to the darkness, that it had solid beams that would bear our hammocks, and then we went out to see our neighbours, while sousous was preparing. Kharoufa's mother took us to her house first, and a dark eyed Chadoudjah came up from the house below, and came again and again, between sundry interruptions from her husband's incoming, with an eager listening. Then we went down to the house below the Sheikh's where lived Amar ben Bouredou whose soul had seemed awake last year. He was out; the message came instead to his young wife Sherifa, who sat in the firelight with her soul in her eyes, while a row of women

and girls perched on the wall of the court with the moon behind them.

Then we went back to our quarters and slung up our hammocks, and had a talk with the women gathered, before we gave them the great delight of seeing us get in. Kharoufa thawed with the joy of it, and could not resist giving us a push to set us swinging every time she passed saying we were her little daughters (for a swinging cradle is quite Arab fashion). Then she and her sister-in-law subsided on to a shelf for the night until about 1.30, when she woke with toothache, and had to be doctored and proceeded to sit up and do her spinning. After a bit we all had a tea-party together, and then tried to sleep again. But about 3.30, the Sheikh came to the door to say goodbye and the night was over, the village was all astir, and we had from 4.30. to 6.a.m. for visiting, all we could get, for we had a long bit to go and it was a burning sirocco, so Ali was bent on being off. But it was a glad time. Kharoufa's melting had been completed with the toothache remedy, and she was gentle and loving, and Chadoudjah's "I have spoken to Him" came

with a burst of joy when we mentioned the Lord's Name. Better still was the time at Amar ben Bouredou's. He was there, fighting we felt against his convictions, and insisting that all the prophets, Christ included, were to be honoured alike. Sherifa listened anxiously, it was a quick onslaught on her dawning faith. When we rose to go one of us lingered with her, to see if it had stood the shock, would she believe on that Christ was different from all the other prophets? "Yes, I believe, I have spoken to Him, I will not forget", and a light shone in her eyes.

The day turned out to be chiefly one of reconnoitring. There was a good sized village that we hoped to visit on our road, but the presence of an official who is much against us, would have made it do more harm than good. The Sheikh who was with him, took the chance of a hearty salute when we met on the road further on, and a hearty welcome for another time. And then came many hot hours, with only one solitary group of ghourbis within reach, but such a sight as we came to the mountain crest above them, a mountain side sloping towards the sea, dotted with groups of clustered trees and flat roofed houses, wending away in the valley below. Tefaha is the name of the district Si Ali says. They were too far out of our way to be attempted this time. We sounded Ali on the possibility of tenting among them, and found to our joy that he rose to it; he has now a permit for taking travellers where and how he will, and this would cover the matter. So with new horizons again, we came down towards evening to Rovigo, our head-quarters for the last half of the time.

Yesterday, Saturday, began with a fight to get off. We had ordered our mules at 6 a.m. The boy brought them at 5 a.m. and tired of waiting, decamped at 5.30 a.m. and it was only after four hours of fruitless attempt to find others that we got away at ten on two field horses, with a grumpy native to shew the way, Amar ben Hassan by name.

But we felt sure that getting off at all meant victory, and that the delay would mean a timing to catch some soul who otherwise we should have missed. And so it proved. In the very first house of Timgras, our first village, was a dear man, Hamid ben Mohammed, just in for his dinner hour, and with that very half hour free before going back to his work; and if it were but for him it would have been well worth going all the way from Alger, so open and responsive was his heart.

In another of the houses too, which began with being tough and argumentive there came towards the end that sudden softening in which one recognises "the finger of God".

But the bit of the day that stands out is the late afternoon. We took it for going to see the village Marabout. It is not often we go to see these men, unless God specially leads to them, the probabilities are that they would only raise the wind.

Here God had led last year, through the then mule-driver being his nephew; they had little chance of a direct talk, only had left a Gospel and some tracts. He had had a year to read them. Would he receive us again? So we wondered as we went through his holy olive-wood and along the bed of the stream that led to his house. He came to meet us, a tall grave middle-aged man with a gentle expression. Instantly he brought us in to his special sanctum, arranged our seats and ordered coffee.

Poor man he was on thorns. He wanted to listen, but first his wife came in and out, and then his younger son, a mischievous looking lad of sixteen, kept buzzing round so to speak, evidently on the qui vive, eluding attempts to get him out to his elder brother in the field. He was always back again, sickle in hand out-lined in the sunlight against the dark background of the half covered court, and well within earshot. At last both were got rid of and the Marabout listened nervously. We asked him if he liked the books. He looked down on the ground in silence, a silence that shewed far more understanding than any shallow assent. Then he came back with us along through the river-bed, leaving his people safely away, and once and again he would stop to let the mule-drivers get ahead and have a word alone, and took our address to come and see us in Algiers.



We left him and them outside the roadside cafe, and went up on foot to the next village above. We came back to the cafe, to a sight that did our souls good. The Marabout had got hold of the book bag and was deliberately looking over the tracts, choosing them out and giving a little pile to each of a couple of men who were sitting alongside. With this step out towards the light a strange look of peace rested on his face. How he needs prayer, this lonely man; we felt as we turned down the hill and left him sitting there under the olives what a path it must be to him if that Light draws him on. A hope comes for him as we see how God has timed this first ray- for last year he gave up his post as reader at the Mosque to his elder son. In a measure he is thus free to step out, at home, never- "A man's foes shall be they of his own household".
 Tuesday. June. 25.

Two more days to chronicle, home again to-night. Sunday we took for rest, and sat in another sacred olive wood outside Rovigo in the afternoon. There God brought us another man, who listened with a gradual awakening in his grey eyes, as we talked to him for nearly an hour. And yesterday we felt conflict and oppression round outside the window in the evening: someone exclaimed "tkounie metournine et je ne sais quoi". We wondered if we should get off peacefully in the morning. To our joy all seemed clear again, and this last day only made us more sure that God is going to do something at Rovigo. Clues have come further into the valleys behind, and the slopes facing the sea seem full of villages.



These last ones of this last day were up an inner valley past gorgeous corn-fields with their gleaners and reapers and oleander and myrtle in full bloom up to the recesses where the huts begin. This was the valley looking up towards the way we had come from Blida. The people were a bit shy here, and an hour or more had to be given at the first to waiting while a slow-witted young wife from a far away village made us ecoussous. Then a young brother came in and had a talk- a single soul knowing little of his own religion or any other. By the time our meal was over, our entrance to the village was won, for the next house, though ready to hold us at arms length at first, opened to us when they heard we had eaten in the house of El Hajj.

The head woman was combative still, and wholly on the defensive as to her spotless righteousness. We queried whether her neighbours could all endorse her statements, and the eyes of her eldest son twinkled. Then we read a bit of Rom. III. She was silent, and went off. We thought perhaps she was offended, and went on talking with her three lads, readers all of that. Then she came back with four big eggs to thrust in our hands "because you have spoken good words to my boys".

Then we went lower down, where a group of tough spirited women gathered on a threshing floor under a tree, then into a house near by where an old man seemed to think us a useful person who could read, and insisted in going through a goatskin full of old business papers, retailing the various lawsuits of his life. It would have been waste of time but for keeping him quiet while the other of us got at his daughter-in-law. It was a joy, between the descriptions of the bliss of land over which he had had feuds, to hear her earnest voice assenting, till it came to a heartfelt "rani nekoul". God bless her.

The village, on the other side of the gulley, was a pathetic place; it had been half burnt down last year and the women showed us the fire scars on their arms. They had a dim sense that God had saved them from death that night, and a dim desire to hear, brighter than that perhaps for their "come again soon" had an earnest ring in it. That was the last village. We turned our backs on the hills with a sense of beginnings rather than endings. Praise be to His Name.

بنج الوريدان

(The Fort of the Rivers.)

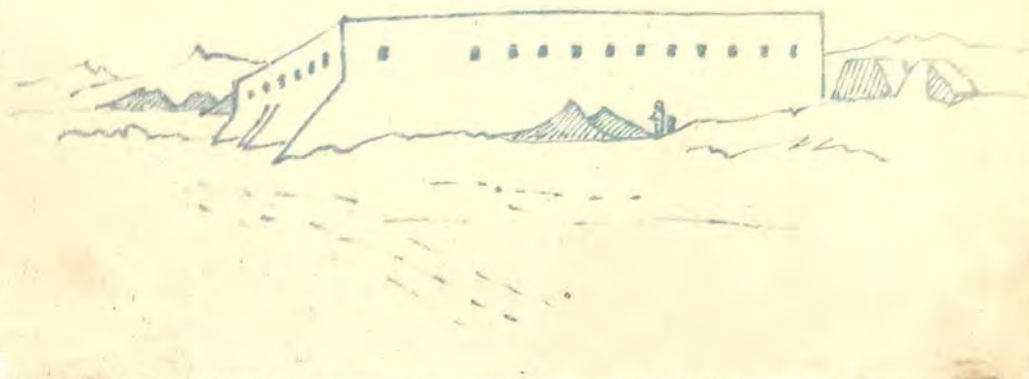
A South Land! That is the joy of it!

A rush of Arab heads greeted our arrival at Bou Hanifia, the little wayside station on the tiny single line, that winds itself through the mountains, and on past Saïda, into the desert sand. We looked at it with much respect and some longing anything going down to the desert, is worth that in our eyes!

Then it was a man with a good brown face, and in blue linen clothes rescued us, our small baggage was hurried out of sight, and we were placed in what they call a brake, a hooded carriage with the driver's seat, and one behind, each holding two. At sight of a short whip, that did not touch them, the two white horses were off. Past the village, and the Hot Springs, where the water comes boiling out of the earth. Along a road without hedges, through green cornfields for the most part the river running to the left of us in the valley, which it controls, such as the greater River holds away in the land of Masr'. There was also another likeness, for lower down where the river lies deep, at a place where it had been joined by two others there was a Barrage, and a tiny lake where the waters were held back, a little Assuan in miniature, with a cottage for Shellal, and rocks for Philae. But here too it rules, for when it is high, crossing cannot be thought of, and you can be held up for days. However when leaving the road of the Bailik, we turned into a small red one, and came down to its banks where the ford was, we quickly got over; the water being far below the mark where crossing is not possible.

Then the Bordj came in sight with its great foursquareness! As you see, it was a revelation to us! On the front is a patch of garden, and all sorts and kinds of beasts are lodged within its loop-holed walls. From the rabbits that sit up mounching lettuce, to the oxen that work on the land. And this spring time, every day some new creature appears, to claim the care & protection of the Bordj! On Wednesday it was a young calf that was promptly named "Mercredi", soon another followed, who is "Mardi"; so it is likely the calves of the Bordj will henceforth be known by the days of the week, as was the man Friday. There was a bunch of eight wee rabbits, and three lambs arrived all in one day. So it goes! Quite three turkey hens are sitting, and how many other things are going and growing, I cannot here tell. But the "maitre" is the river, rattling along below over the stones it has rounded, you cannot get away from the pleasant sound of its voice, splashing and dashing, if not quite as Lodore, as best it may, for a South Land!

For above all, and everything else, the Bordj is like the dear South Land. A bit of desert is in the air, on the mountains, and in the sandy soil under our feet; for in the West here, the desert comes up nearer the sea than with us. And the lands of the Fort of the Rivers, lie across the valley from the hills on one side to the hills on the other, indeed they run up the folds of some, and even look over them, as a tide that has overflowed itself; while again some other lands come down as promontories into those of the Bordj. And the River flows through all! Great stretchers of green corn there were, and barley just in the ear; with another green to the corn, as someone said who loved it all, - of a silver grey. And where the corn was not, or the peas or other crops, were the flowers! Cloth of gold can only describe it! Though none of man's making, but from a Hand Divine whose lilies of the field, (wild flowers) exceed a Solomon in all his glory, as the Master hath



said. Flame and crimson, yellow and purple, mauve and white; a very sunset fallen on the green earth! In such profusion as may not be told, scattered by Him, with whom is no restraint, for the joy of the man He created. Then the river, near which, at the ordered distance, is a huge reservoir, and from that again the water is sent up higher to another, that it may flow down, as it is needed, bringing life wheresoever it cometh. Long those springs were waited for, and prayed over, then they came! So abundantly, that take what water you will, it fills in faster than you take it out. She said,

"Thou hast given me a South Land, give me also springs of water.

And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs". El Hamdullah!

And at eventide, when the flocks come slowly home across the ford; and the sun goes down on the other side of the river with a golden glory; then is the time of times at the Bordj el Ouidane! The grey quarry over there stands out against the purple hill behind it, the sky takes on its palest tints, as on the East the red earth of the other Hill-side glows with the warmth of the South! And then we go into the court yard of the great Bordj, and we look up into the mystery overhead, up into the indigo of a southern night, the stars gleaming large in the darkness, of which Orion taketh full advantage, showing his sword and belt, as gems of light. And as we look, we say again, El Hamdullah!

And now the men come creeping in, and hear the Old Old Story, which is for ever new! It falls on the ears of some who would never have heard it, had it not been for the Bordj of the Rivers. There they were, with their wild grim faces, and their curious apparel. Still more weird they seemed as they went out one by one into the night; but souls they were for all that, and worth the seeking, souls for whom the Christ came to die.

Then in the morning—so they elected the women came,— more weird than even the men, with sad faces, and stories often sadder than their looks, a pathetic little company, in wonderful head gear, and rags, for so does Islam clothe its women! One wee bride, of some twelve years, a second wife, among them. Another, a widow of a fortnight with a babe of six weeks and three other wives, to whom they had not dared as yet to tell of the father's death. Yet they understood "Not with our ears only but our hearts", so they said. And the response of the men was likewise, "Yes we understand, but if we said Ouch, Ouch— all the time it would disturb you". And of a truth his great big voice would have prevented others hearing.

They have their dwellings in tents under the shadow of the Bordj, they live outside under its walls, and surely the Bordj shall be to them all not only a shelter, it is that; but a Beacon of heavenly light and love in all the valley where it is set, as from a fire that burneth so that far and wide they may see it, and know it for a sign, having the promise of life that now is, and that which is to come.



It is the Bordj of the Rivers! Yet there is only one River in its borders, only one that you can hear and see flows through that valley. But it is the Bordj of the Rivers. I will tell you how, beside that river see of all there is another, also flowing through, but not seen. A Stream coming down from on High, to quench the weary hearts of men, and heal their sickness, for on either side that River there is the Tree of Life, and the leaves of that tree are still for the healing of the nations.

And so may it be above all we can ask or think. Amen.

Mascara.



is a city set on a hill and so cannot be hid, the walls about it are down on the hillside towards the South. The great clock strikes the quarters and marks time for the country round. And its people, that is the folk who have been always here, are somehow another type to ours, that are further East. Perhaps not less intelligent, but surely with less light as far as light means knowledge. But one thing one felt of a certainty that Satan and his works had long had away over their hearts and lives. Their faces said so, and thus the need for the coming of One who could take away sin was evident. And of Him the children heard, gathered in the little Mission House outside the gates, and just above their quarter over the ravine, they heard as they came day by day. Such a sunset of them, like their own flowers set down in a field. They sat on straw mats and listened. Every colour of the rainbow was there circling round the brown faces and slender forms. To do us honour the homes had been spoiled of their wealth, which was wound round their small bodies. Then they sang and recited, words that inshallah, shall in some day of need come back to them with the power of life.

Men and boys too come to read, and the light is breaking, as one said, "I saw darkness, now I see light, I saw a wall, now I see a door".

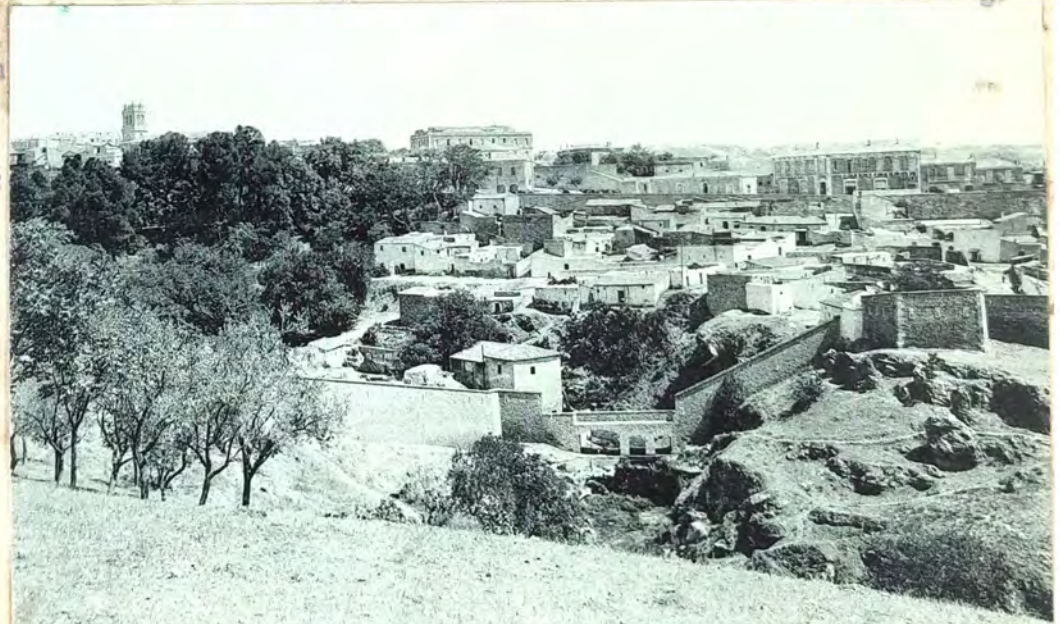
Then there was the Spanish meeting;—just a few who care, come: and farm houses here and there that are visited.

We went through the Bab Ali so is the native town called, with its long streets crossing each other up and down the hill on which it is built, and from which we could also get a grand view of the plain to the South on one side and away to the hills that fringe the coast on the other. A lantern service closed our visit, again brilliant in colour and notable for quietness.

but in all we see life, for the enemy is moving, which he only does, when the forces against him make it worth while.

Scattered Seeds may not prove to be Lost Seeds.

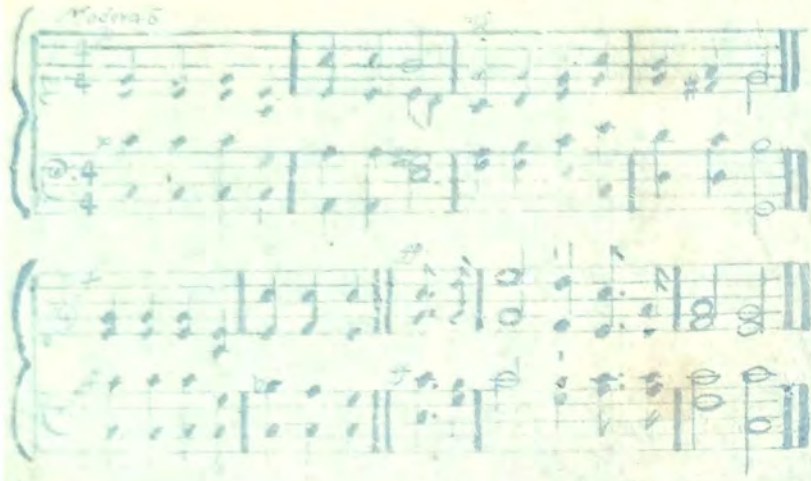
"... You think that the good seed of the word of God which you have sown has fallen on very unpropitious soil, and will never take root and bring forth its appropriate fruit. But wait awhile, judge not too rashly; let patience have its perfect work. Some tide of the Divine Spirit may come and convey the seed you have scattered, where, contrary to all your expectation, it will germinate and yield a rich crop of blessing."



Relizane.

Ps.

P. P. B.



٤. كان في فاطمتنا قهتان
 مات يستنجر للعصيان
 جاننا بهرتك فيميران
 نشكروك يا الخالص

في ذنوبنا مطلوب
 بعفوئتنا مضروب
 وجد فاطمتنا مطلوب
 كمدوك يا الخالص

٥. ينزل جوادينا الفديير
 يعبل مهاديين كثير
 شجرة بصون كبير
 نشكروك يا الخالص

كل انسان يغلب فيجوس
 هو وحده قدوس
 هل كنا باب الفردوس
 وبعد انما بد صاير

A Native Adaptation of above.



على الخشبة كان مروج
 كمو من الرقص مطروح
 دنق الناس الكبار مروج
 في حبيبك يا الخالص

..... We are going from West to East. And there is a "sense of new growth all round, from last June's little buds". So writes I.L.T. The classes for kindergarten have increased, beginning with much washing at the pump in the court helped on a small piece of soap which is passed round; and followed by a show of hands. Then comes drills and songs and work and reading; led by a boy of about five on a table! The older girls are beginning to read intelligently, the words of this new life. "Among the women, Sadia and Aisha the Mueddhem's wife brought a real atmosphere of light into the room with them, Sadia has only had a few weeks of new illumination, Aisha nearly as many years of slow dawn", and is now beginning to realize where it all may lead her. Ramadan here will be the crux of open confession. Pray for her.



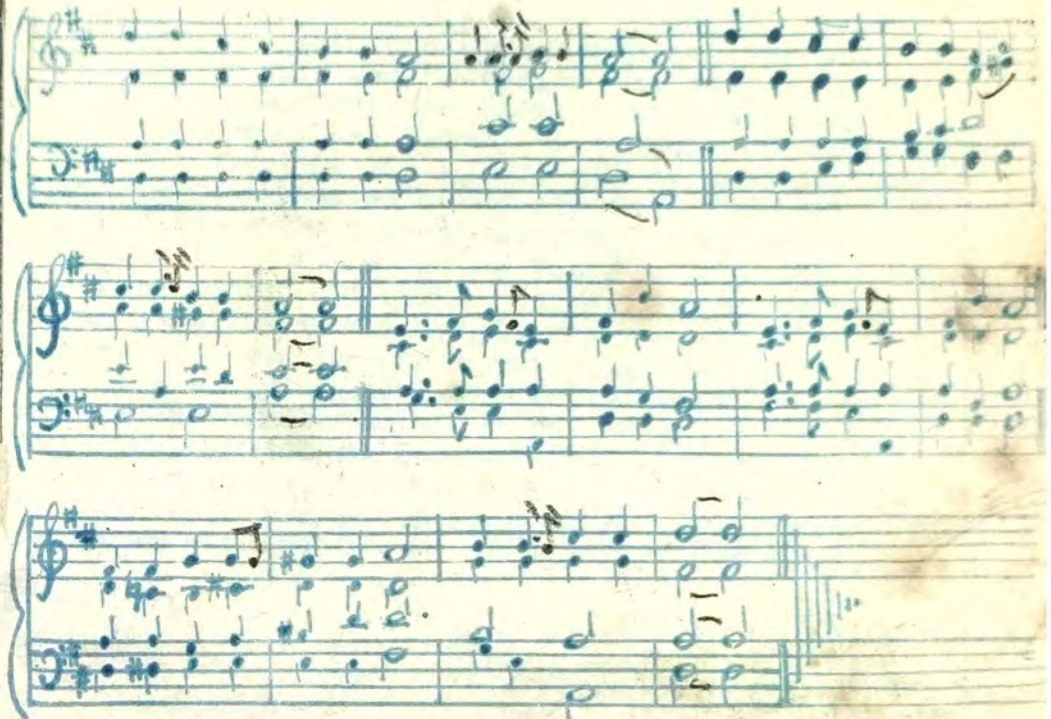


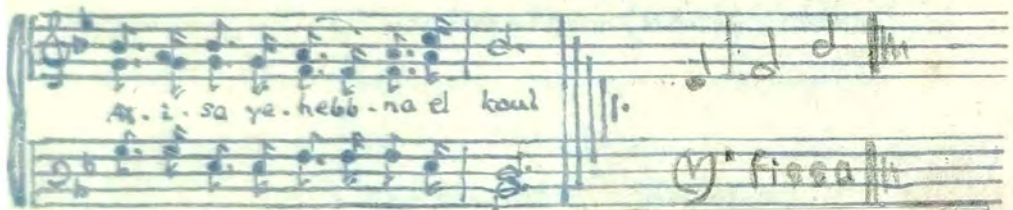
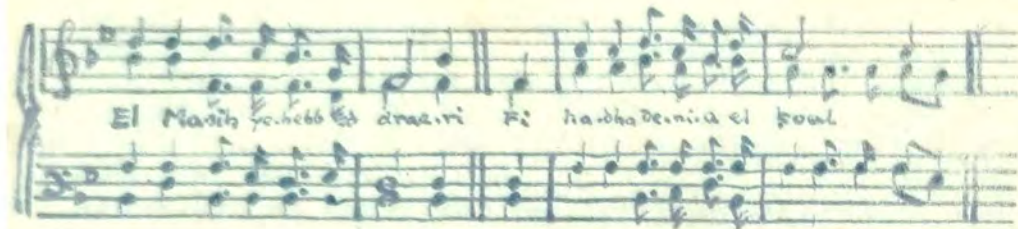
Miliana.

As we came along the line the lights and shades were wonderful; we were escaping from a storm, and as we got higher and higher, we saw the Zaccar was crowned with snow. A little class of mountain girls, won our hearts, one who was "mistress of the snow", because she came from a hamlet on its edge; had a veritable pack on her back, like Pilgrim of old, bringing in milk to sell, an old fashioned thing! We waited for two years to get to her house", they told us, "then once walked three miles to do so, when she bolted, now she holds the whole group for us, & is the key to it", Chrira by name. Pray for that village. The story "snow and wool", was adapted for them from the Egyptian tract, which had just come, and the joy with which it was received showed how it was understood. With bright faces and eager looks, wrapped in rough woollen haiks, they sang and listened, and will take away the message they heard, to the hills from which they come, written as it was on their mountain-top, "snow with the sun on it".

Among the boys, they vary so, it seemed sowing by the way-side for the most part; not knowing whether it shall prosper, this or that or whether they both shall be alike good. But as seed sown long ago has brought forth fruit, even so, may it be again.

"Whatever Things". Phil. iv. 8.





المسيح يحب الداربي
 في هذا الدنيا الكل
 البيض و الأحمر
 الكحل و الصبر
 سيدنا عيسى يحبنا الكل
 (5)



one of Mir Daughters

Blida. "First the blade, then the ear, after that ear full corn in the ear". And even before the Blade, the low and wonderful and intricate hidden away processes.

"Long patience" hath the Husbandman, but "He shall see of the travail of His soul". Miriam was very busy grinding her corn that day but she stopped to listen as we sang to her, these were the words, "I cannot - do what I may - free myself from my sin.... But all my hope is in Him who redeemed me", and as we ended she said, "oh this that you have sung, has made a great longing in my heart".

One day in the same house we found a room full of women and Miriam eager, outspoken and welcoming as ever, among them. At once there was a call for "the sick one" to be brought into see us, and a pathetic figure came in followed by a sad tiny girl. The white dress and strangely arrayed head-handkerchief of the woman showed that she was a stranger and we learned that she had come from far to seek healing at the hand of a doctor. Her almost sightless eyes were turned towards us and there was a patient hopelessness about her and the little drooping figure beside her that went to our hearts. Miriam too had been ill, and times were hard for her. When we said "shall we tell you of a city where there is no sickness and no sadness", Miriam gave a sigh from her very heart as she said "oh were there such a city, that we might find it"! And there was a hush as we told of that glorious city and the only One who can show the way thither.

Another day we were talking together of her two small daughters and Miriam said of the older one that she had come home on Sunday and said to her "It is wrong to tell lies, and if when I go to buy 'semm' for thee oh my Mother I put my fingers into it and lick them and steal from thee, that too is a sin before God"... This and more her two quaint little girls told her, reaping and singing to their Mother the words of Life. Thus tiny hands are helping all unconsciously to plant the good seed.

One Blida Mother and two Blida babies, out of thousands but they come to ask you to Pray for them and the others

* * * * *

Some of the Mountain Family.

Miriam, daughter. (at h. a.)

Fissha . House-child (at h. a.)

Grandmother (nearly hidden.)

Fatima . Mother . (centre.)

Am'ra . Baby .

Moussa . Son . (standing.)

Fissha . Daughter-in-law.

L'An's . Daughter. (at h. a.)

From left to right. →



D.Q. We have not got to the mountains this spring for obvious reasons, but the mountains have come to us, in the sense of a fresh detachment of little Miriam's family. The Grandmother & Mother, in their tall head-dresses, & the younger children, Lelis, Mousse, & Amra arrived one day en masse, & had to be lodged in the Arab-room; & are still there off & on till the harvest will bring them means of support at home.

All links we trust for better days to come. Among the blind men a step forward has come, in leave given to teach Braille reading & writing, & with it God's message, to the sightless native soldiers in one of the hospitals. The Spirit is also working in the lad Aissa, who is striving against many difficulties to win thro'

Darel Fedjr.

Amidst the visiting. Simple souls they are! Belaid's wife has been ill, & Psalm 25, was read to her the other day as a suitable portion. Now so it is, that her name is Rahma which by interpretation is Mercy. So when the verse was reached where it was written, "Goodness & Rel. shall follow me all the days of my life", there was a sudden exclamation from the sick woman. "Oh" she said, "My name is in the Book of God, & I shall dwell with Him in Heaven". Belaid too affirms that she is coming into the Way. "I read to her", he said, "but she is very thick headed". "What do you read?" we asked, "O I read the Proverbs of Solomon, & the Revelation of St. John, but she is very thick headed". She might well be, for both books are only in Classical Arabic, & she a woman of Bormu?

Dar Naama.

Reports, that the village work in the immediate vicinity of Alger, has re-commenced and is most cheering, much interest has been shown, and some gospels have been scattered: as seed for a future Harvest. One man leading us to another in the fields, that he also may have a book, which he at once began to read eagerly: another asking for one for his mate who could read. In the houses the eager listening was marked, men and women leaving their occupations to hear.

At Beit Naama the work goes on as usual. Let us thank God and take courage, and may the Spring on all sides around us in its glorious beauty, herald a Spring that shall be Eternal.

يَسُوعَ الْمَسِيحَ مَقَلُّوهُ لِأَخِي

سَاجِدًا بِإِكْرَامِ قَلْبِي

مِنَ الْخَطَايَا وَ الْجَنِينِ

نَفْسِي مِنْ كُلِّ قُوَّةِ الرَّحِيمِ

أَحْسِبُ سَاجِدًا لِنَفْسِي

وَهُوَ عَجُوزَةٌ أَيْتَانِي

لِمَنْ دَيْبٍ فَتَمِيرٍ مَسْكِينِ

إِثْبَتْنِي يَا أَلْفَادِي الْكَنِينِ

لِأَنَّ عَيْدَكَ ضَعِيفًا

أَرْجِعْ صَائِحًا وَ نَظِيمًا

لِأَنَّكَ ضَاعَتَيْنِ

شَكَرْتُ لَكَ إِلَى الْأَبَدِ

فَإِنِّي أَرَى الْأَمْرَ الْعَجِيبَ

أَنْظُرُ عَلَى ذَاكَ الْقَلْبِيبِ

وَ فِيهِ خَلَاصِي قَوْمًا

لِأَنَّ مَوْتَ أَلْفَادِي قَدَا

مَوْقِفِي الْآنَ تَحْتِ الْقَلْبِيبِ

فِيهِ أَرَى تَمِيرَ الْقَلْبِيبِ

مَتَى أَنْظُرُ ذَاكَ الْحَبَّ الْعَظِيمِ

أَسْلِمُ نَدَائِي بِتَسْلِيمِ

إِلَيْكَ حَاجَتِي فِي كُلِّ حِينِ

وَ إِنَّمَا فِيكَ يَا أَلْمِينِ

أَجِدُّكَ يَا الْمَسِيحَ الْجَمِيدِ

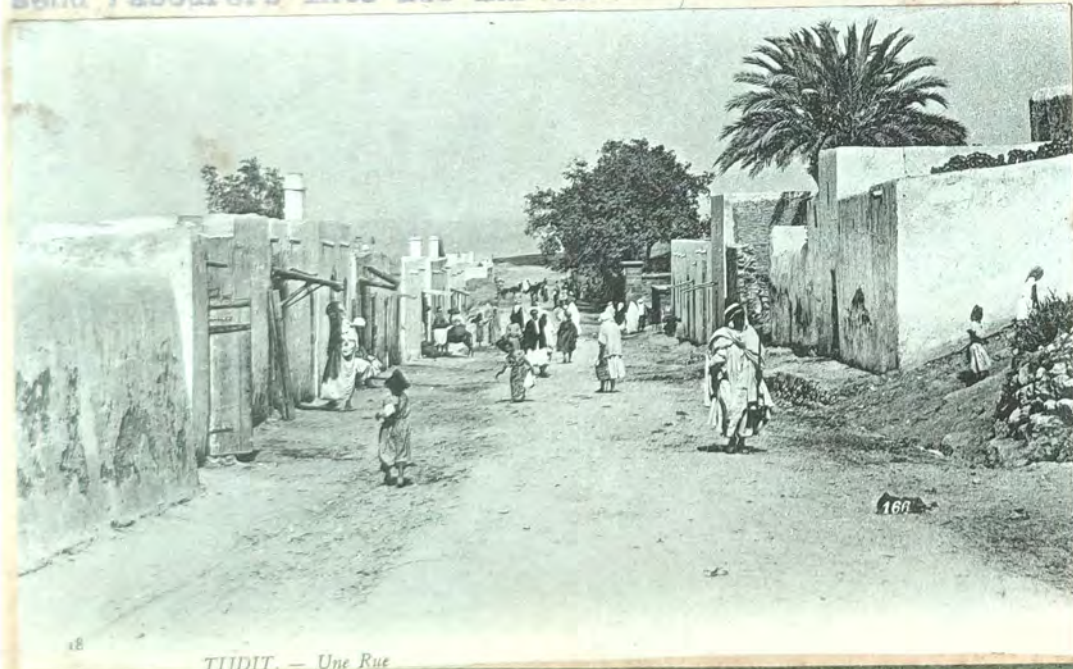
رَبِّمُ تَسْبِيحًا جَدِيدِ

Mostaganem.



TIJIDIT. Le Ravin.

A city by the sea, a ravine here also running through and round it, separating the Arab quarter on the outer side, in form of a semi circle. We long for the day when a house of Light will again be set up in this place. Just now it is the home of Chrira known among us as Mostaganem Chrira; in one of the long winding lanes she lives and the tiny ray is there. This is her street, and her door is about the third on the left side. It is a place of many souls, untouched for the most part. Bear it before the Lord of the Harvest that He may speedily send labourers into His harvest.



TIJIDIT. - Une Rue

Touzer.

Isaiah XXXV.

"The solitary place shall be glad
And the parched ground SHALL become a pool".

Now let us watch this tiny pool,
Just springing from the 'glowing sand'
Then streaming wide, & cool
Across the land.

-:-:-:-:-

And let us mark its depth, & know
That other springs, than we can see
Are rising fast, whose flow
For evermore shall be.

-:-:-:-:-

And Touzer, lov'd & left as those
In solitude, shall yet rejoice,
'And blossom as the rose',
And sing, with joyful voice-

-:-:-:-:-

Amen.



الاسماء توزر

ROSES! TOUZER ROSES!

"That is not the way to put roses in water", as a jar of almost faded flowers was seen in the room, "you should do it so", and promptly the roses were turned upside down and their heads were put into the water, and truly they revived, that was down South!

But roses are short lived things even here on the coast, they die before they can be sent anywhere, not to revive



again. So some were left in the tiled sink one day, and laid in shallow water, they lived on and on, and I be-thought me of the receipt of the South Land, and in a brass tray of shallow water lying at full length my roses will live on day after day, a joy to all who behold them

Short stalks is the secret of not withering, do not live far from your source of supply. * * * * *

"Accustom yourself gradually to let your mental prayer spread over all your daily external occupations. Speak, act, work quietly, as though you were praying, as indeed you ought to be. Do everything without excitement, simply in the spirit of grace. So soon as you perceive natural activity gliding in, recall yourself quietly into the Presence of God. Harken to what the leadings of grace prompt, and say and do nothing but what God's Holy Spirit teaches. You will find yourself infinitely more quiet, your words will be fewer and more effectual, and while doing less what you do will be more profitable. It is not a question of a hopeless mental activity, but a question of acquiring a quietude and peace in which you readily advise with your Beloved as to all you have to do."

Fénelon.

"In the religious and moral order which is identical for Jesus with the Supreme Will, to wish to save at any price one's earthly life, from prudence or selfish fear, is to lose the true life, that which realises itself in duty and self sacrifice, To give this inferior life in order to live the superior life of complete surrender to a great and holy cause, this is indeed to live; it is to trust oneself into that Eternal Life of which the present is but the point of departure and the opening scene."

A. Réville.

Not upon us from the skies,
Didst Thou look with happy Eyes,
But while sorrowing with us here
Thou didst shed the pitying tear.

Not with trumpet from a rock,
Didst Thou guide the battle's shock;
But in front of us didst go,
And receive the heaviest blow.

Thine the black and bitter bread,
Thine the busy, weary Head,
Thine the ready aching Feet,
Thine the burden and the heat.

Worth the myriads of us,
Didst Thou live and labour thus,
Saviour, and shall we refuse
Everything that Thou didst choose?

I. Reaping.

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest,
That He send forth labourers into His Harvest." R.V.

* * *

And we have need to pray it! There are times on every farm, and I think in every land, when more labourers are needed, when extra hands are taken on. Harvest time is one of these. So it often happens, that one soweth, and another reapeth. And in many places where climatic conditions must be taken into account, the thing must be done quickly.- Sometimes also the King's business requireth haste. Then different harvests come at different times.- and as is the natural, so is the spiritual.

There is the sowing time, aye and the ploughing before that, or else the seed sown would have scant hope of a reaping. You have seen it! the ploughs and the beasts toiling slowly back and forth on the hillside; making great their furrows. And then the sowing of the precious seed, at regular intervals, so much seed to so much land, according to the seed sown. And then, and then you wait, and pray for the rain from heaven, and you have long patience.

And thus far, many have gone. But in the natural world, things do not end here, or where would be the harvest, the goal, and the glory of all the labour?

The husbandman waiteth till he receive the rain, and the rain was the forerunner of the harvest. It is written, "I will give the rain... that thou mayest gather thy cogn". There was no other thought. From the beginning it has been always "seed-time and harvest". "He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest". The ploughing has been hard, the sowing long, now the time is coming for putting in the sickle. Look out for it, be expecting it, for it will surely come. So arrange every service that some grain if ripe, shall fall to your hand. If the hour is not yet for the fields to be reaped, let the ears of corn be garnered one by one, they are a pledge of the harvest.

Let every meeting be so, that a soul might be reaped if such there were ready for the touch which will bring them in. Work to that end. Choose your songs in such a way, that a hush and quiet may be attained at the close of any assembly, where the Spirit has spoken,- and shall He not always speak,- wait on the Lord to see what He would have you do next; a chorus wrongly placed then, even a movement may break into the influence that has come and frustrate the reaping you might have done. The enemy is always there. Walk softly, be very careful towards the end of a meeting, that the corn if bowed, may be garnered. For have we not reached this stage in many corners of the field? Is it not so, that some ears at least are ripe for the gathering?

Let all ever go from you, with some word softly sung or prayed into their hearts that will ring on and on till you meet again; though every mist that shall surround them, and above every storm. Let them go with a sense somehow they have met God. So shall they be garnered.

Always, always let us have this goal in view, and never, never let us lose sight of it.

"Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed;

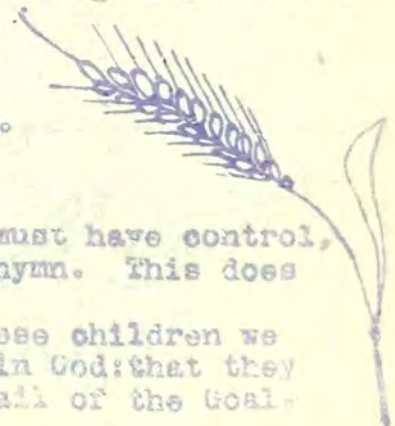
He shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him." R.V.

II. Speaking.

"Where the Spirit hath spoken,- and shall He not always speak?"

It is our supreme desire, every one of us! That it may be so. The blessed Holy Spirit must have control, of us, and of our speech. Everything must be subordinate to Him, every subject, every hymn. This does not mean confusion, but the most perfect order and sequence to a desired object.

Let us set that object in view. Let us keep it before our eyes, and it is this, that these children we teach, these men or women we evangelize, should come into contact with God, and Christ in God: that they should not only hear, but live. That is our desire, and anything short of that is to fail of the Goal.



Now to reach that, it may be good to have a subject, perhaps a series of subjects, it may excellent that they should learn the rudiments of the gospel, in hymns and verses. All this may be so much material through which the Spirit can work; but it must be under His control. Each fresh lesson submitted to Him, as His appointment for that day: and then given into His keeping to deal with as He will, to be gone steadily through or to be broken off at any point, if He so directs, that the nail which may have been hit, shall be driven home, that the thing which has touched, may be pressed in and the spark that has kindled, be fanned into flame. A worker wise to win souls, once said in substance. "When I see the people hit at any point, I let my subject go to the winds, and follow there, where He has spoken!"

Its the secret. This is what it means to be subordinate to Him, another has said, a great soul-winner, - "Do not throw over-board a ball of string, if you want to catch fish, make your string into a net." It is a great truth, the string is the same in both cases, the matter we handle may be good, but the manner of it may be fruitless. He only can make us wise to win, sensitive to know, when any are ready for the winning. So much otherwise, so very much may be but wood, hay and stubble, when it is revealed by fire in the day that shall declare it.

"He that is spiritual, discerneth all things." Even this thing, and the "Spirit of God dwelleth in you."

III. Fishing.

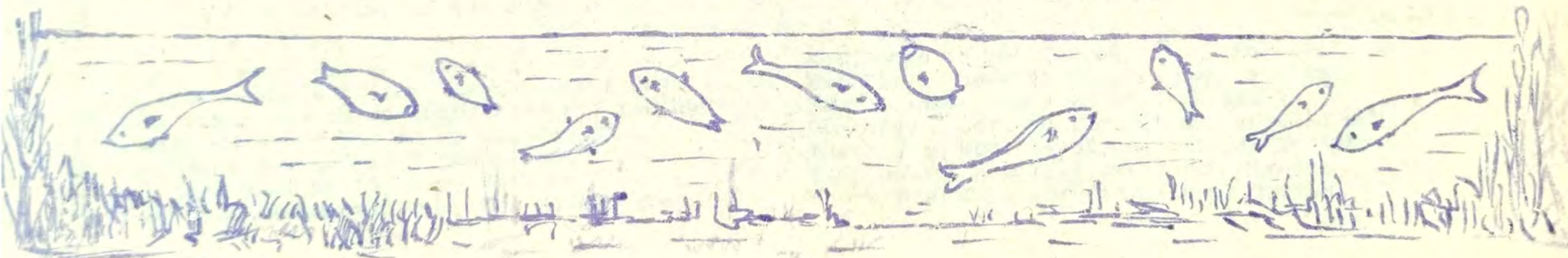
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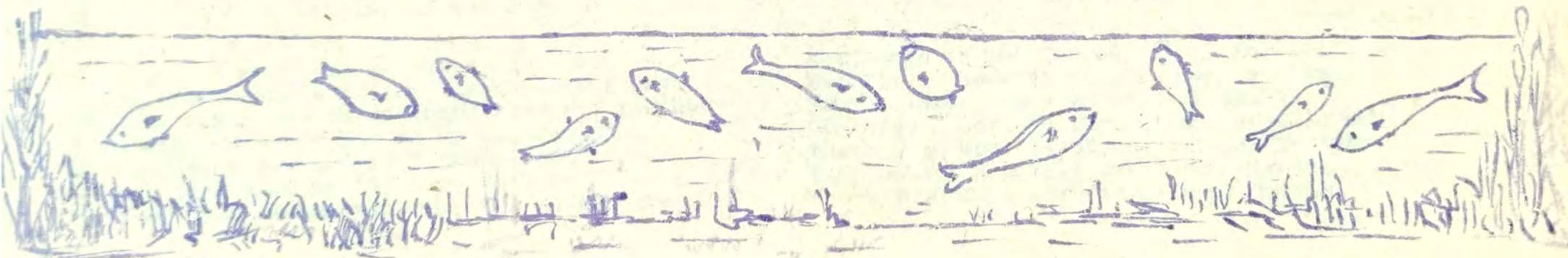
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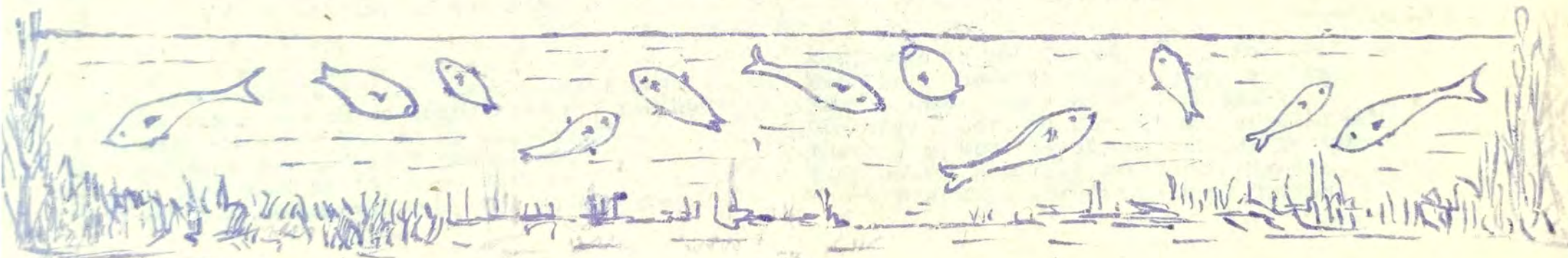
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