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الفقارة

A.M.B.

1917.

South Land Number.

Blida.



"Abide in Me and I in you". So saith the Lord the Christ.

The very Heart of Mysticism.

EL COUFFA.

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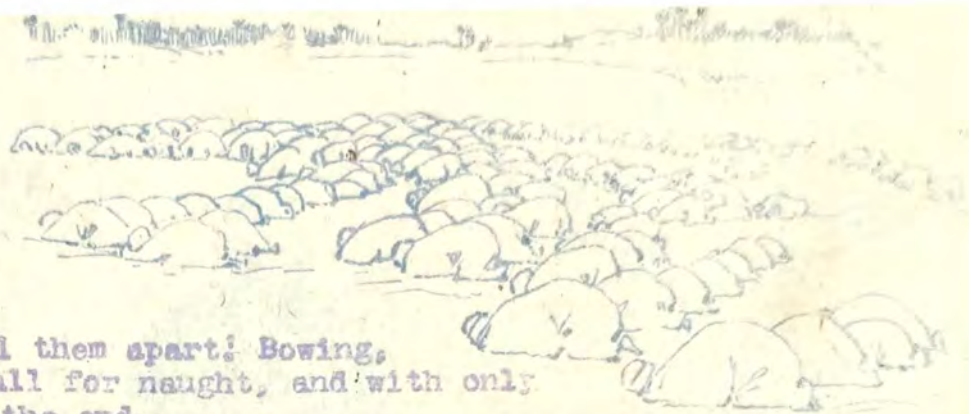
** As no 'Cairo Study Centre' Lectures,
were available, no 'Supplement' is issued.

* * * * *

A FOREWORD.

We know that the power of the holding out of Khartoum consisted in Gordon making his defence of such things as he had, - making everything out of nothing. - It touched on the Glory of the Impossible! In a little measure, & a long way off, this applies to all work done in this war time. It is work, in the face of the enemy! There is lack of material, lack of workers, lack of almost everything that lay to our hand unacknowledged in the balmy days of peace. Therefore, anything achieved, anything accomplished, is done with a maximum of labour, often fought out to a conclusion, through an army of difficulties, not dreamt of at other times. Thus though the result be small, & the success very limited, it stands for a far greater effort, & a far heavier stress than before, & this being so, it may be that the last, shall be counted first; & the less, the greater, in the "Sequel" of the years to come. For "every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour." Ed.

* * *



Editorial.

"As sheep without a shepherd."

So like they looked you could scarce tell them apart: Bowing, prostrating, suffering, sacrificing, yet all for naught, and with only self-glorification as the empty goal at the end. Here and there at certain set times you can see them gathering in their thousands to worship God, through a false prophet,--therefore in a way that is not true.

Yet all the while the Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep, is calling and seeking them out in this cloudy and dark day. Towards every steep, and scorching place, His voice is sounding:

"I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out."

He is calling still and seeking, though they be scattered as sheep having no Shepherd: -

Listen: "I will make with them a Covenant of peace.....

"They shall dwell safely.....and they shall know that I am the Lord

"When I have broken the bands of their yoke.....

"And ye the flock of my pasture are men."

Then, six centuries after, how sweet is the refrain, and how wonderful!

"He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

"And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them,

"And the sheep follow Him: for they know His Voice."

And His "own sheep" of to-day were the "other sheep" of yesterday; only He sought them and led them out, and so shall it go on through the ages, the "lost" of to-day shall be the "found" of to-morrow: for them also "I must bring," says "that Great Shepherd of the sheep," that there may be one fold and one Shepherd: the Lord hasten it in His time. Amen.

"Souls of men! Why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep.
Foolish hearts why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep.

Was there ever kindest Shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have you
Come and gather at His feet."

July 1917.

الهزيم العشريين
 لكبير الغنايه من مراهير داود
 يستجب لك الرب في يوم القنده ٦
 واسم له يعقوب يكون حصنه عاليه
 يبعث لك المعاونه من فدسه ٢
 ومن جبل صهيون ينصرك
 يتجك جميع قربانا تك ٣
 ويفعل لك ذبايحك المحروقه
 يتم لك ما في قلبك ٤
 ويعطيك جميع ما تمنى
 نبحوا بغناء خلاصك ٥
 نرددوا الرايه باسم الهنا
 يكمل لك الرب كل طلباتك
 من الان تعرف باله الرب يخلص مسيحه ٦
 يستجب له من سماه القدس
 بالغائه القويته من يمينه
 هذوا يعزوا بكرارهم ٧
 وهذوك بخيلهم
 واما احنا نذكروا اسم الرب الهنا
 هم يتناووا ويطتروا ٨
 واما افنانيتوا حاكمين و ثيفاوا وافعين
 يا ربنا قلص السلطان ٩
 استجبنا في اليوم الى نذعيوك
 امين



THE FOURTH YEAR OF WAR

Some of the words of the Prime Minister, upon whose shoulders rests such overwhelming responsibility at the present moment words that we may apply to another and greater conflict. Ed.

The Demonstration in the Queen's Hall on Sat. Aug. 2, was attended with great enthusiasm. As the Premier ascended on to the platform a huge Union Jack unfurled its folds above him, & the flags of all the Allies were stretched in far flung lines on each hand. The National Anthems of all the Allies, played in succession stirred the patriotism in all breasts, & then the old time hymn, 'O God our Help in ages past' was sung with fervor. After greeting the assembly, notably the Italian & Serbian leaders, Mr. Lloyd George continued,

"This is the fourth anniversary of the greatest war the world has ever seen. What are we fighting for? To defeat the most dangerous conspiracy ever plotted against the liberty of nations, carefully, skillfully, ingeniously, clandestinely planned in every detail with ruthless & cynical determination. ... What would have happened to Europe, what would have happened to the world, if we had not gone into the war? The last three years are a justification of our entering this contest. ... The Allied powers felt from the first moment instinctively that a great menace to human liberty had appeared on the horizon, & without delay they all accepted the challenge. America fully realizes why we did it, & she is with us for that reason. ... The nations of the world have been climbing painfully the steep that lead to national independence & self respect. ... And now comes a great Power with brute force trying to thrust the nations back, crushed & bleeding, into the old dark chasm of servitude, this is the peril that for three years we have been trying to avert, not without success. ... War is mostly business, but it is not as grim as a bad peace. There is an end to the most horrible war, but a bad peace goes on & on, staggering from one war to another. ... The next time they mean to make sure there must be no next time. ...

Far better, in spite of all the cost, yes all the sorrow, all the tragedy of it, to have done with it. ... Let us be the generation that manfully, courageously, & resolutely eliminated the war from the tragedies of human life. Let us make the victory, at any rate, so complete that national liberty, whether for great nations or for small nations, can never be challenged. That is the essential in law. ...

You will ask how are we getting on? Well like all roads that have ever been constructed there are ups & downs & no doubt the Russian collapse is another deep gien, & I am not sure that we have reached its darkest level, but across the valley I can see the ascent. ... Here we are a free country whose honor is defended by free men, & how brilliantly they are maintaining it!

But while the Army is fighting so valiantly let the Nation behind be patient. Be strong, & above all be united. The strain is great on nations, & on individuals, & when men get over strained, tempers get ragged, small grievances get exaggerated, & small misunderstandings & mistakes swell into mountains. Long wars, like long voyages & long journeys, are very trying to the temper, & wise men keep watch on it & make allowances.

There are some who are more concerned about ending the war than about winning it, - & plans which lead to victory if they prolong the conflict, have their disapproval & the people who are responsible for such plans, have their condemnation. Let us keep our eyes steadily on winning the war. Some have a east in their eyes, & while one eye is fixed truly on the victory the other is wandering round on other issues, or staring stonily at some pet or partizan project of their own. Beware of going cross eyed! **KEEP BOTH EYES ON VICTORY!** looking neither to right nor to left, that is the way we will win!

Anyone who promotes international distrust or disunion at this hour is helping the enemy, & hurting his native land. ... Let there be one thought in every head. Sow distrust, discontent, disunion, in the nation, & we shall reap defeat; but if on the other hand, we sow the seeds of patience, confidence, unity, we shall garner in victory & its fruits.

The last reaches of a climb are always the most trying to the nerve & to the heart. But they are the real test of grit, endurance & courage. The climber who turns back when he is almost there never becomes a great mountaineer, & the nation that turns back & falters before it reaches its purpose never becomes a great people.

You have all had experience in climbing I think, no doubt in Switzerland & perhaps in Wales. Any mountaineer can start any sort of mountaineering, can go part of the way, - & very often the poorer the mountaineer the greater his ardour when he does start. Fatigue & danger wear out the stoutest heart, & often the most stout-hearted fall when they come to the last slippery precipice. But if they do turn back, & afterwards look up & see how near they got to the top, how they curse the faintheartedness that bade them give up when they were so near the goal! No one has any idea, in Britain, France, Italy, Russia, - no, not in Germany, nor in Austria, how near the top we may be. Lowering crags may hide it from our view, & there are accidents. Russia may have staggered for a moment into a crevasse, but she is still on the rope; she will in due time be up again, climbing stumbling, firm of purpose. Together we will reach the summit of our hopes.

In Westminster Abbey.

Pride in the Army & the Navy, sorrow for the gallant dead, & a firm resolve that their sacrifices shall not be in vain, were the notes of a great Intercession Service held on Sunday morning Aug. 5th, which marked the beginning of the fourth year of the war. "We were right then & we are right now", declared the Archbishop of Canterbury in his sermon. The determination to fight on was echoed by the entire congregation in the fervent singing of the National Anthem. ... Soldiers from many parts of the Empire, many in blue hospital uniform, nurses, a few sailors, & a great company of those women whose relatives are at the front joined in the intercessions, many of the women kneeling on the stone floor of the Nave.

The order of the service, was ordinary Morning Prayers, with special Psalms & Lessons & Intercessional Prayers together with a remembrance before God of those who have fallen, & thanksgiving for the success already granted to us & to our Allies. The form of words recited by the minister included these passages:

"Our record is clear before God & man; we sought not the war; the necessity for it found us unprepared for such a task as lay before us. We had laboured for peace, but the choice was between peace & honouring our national obligations.....We are fighting for truth, for justice, for decency in warfare, for the world's freedom from oppression, for the very possibility of its progress in the future".

The Archbishop in his sermon said,

"Horrible as it all is, & was, we could do no other. That definite issue of 'right & wrong', of honour & dishonour, has been no whit impaired. We thank God for the incoming on our side of the great Republic of the Western World. That fellowship, arriving when it did, is the surest human witness that could be borne to the greatness of our cause".

A new Hymn "worthy of a great occasion, (by John S. Arkwright), was sung, the Blessing was said by the Dean, (Bishop Ryle), then all joined with heart & voice in,

GOD SAVE THE KING.

* * * * *
Some of the verses.

Can be sung to Tune Dalkeith.

The Supreme Sacrifice.

O valiant hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict & through battle-flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you loved.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark & still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the selfsame way.

* * * * *
Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had you gave
To save Mankind- yourselves you scorned to save.

* * * * *
O Risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead,
Whose Cross has bought them & whose Staff has led-
In glorious hope their proud & sorrowing Land
Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand.

* * * * *

* * * * *

From South Africa.

FIRE LILIES. (*Cyrtanthus angustifolius*, Ait.)

In Natal there is a flower called the Fire Lily, which has one to make its appearance after the annual grass-burning.

Psalm of the Fire Lily

Out of judgment cometh peace
After bondage is release
From the Cross of Calvary
Blossoms life's eternal tree
He who hides in Him who died
Bideth safe whatever betide
Ground that's burned no fire can burn,
Though the threatening flames are near,
Hide thee thus in Calvary,
Sing for joy thy liberty.

Sister, soul, again to me,
Though thou lovest liberty,
Though thou fearest Justice not,
Just a Father's hand forgot,
Him, he loves he chastens sore
That he may rejoice the more.
If he burn thee not, there hide
Poison things of lust + pride
In thyself that spread o'er all
Like the grasses rank + tall.

Bare thy bosom to the flame,
It shall be with thee the same
As with me when grief is past,
Joy + glory come at last.
Scarce hath passed the chastening
Are the flowers of comfort spring.

G.H.

A message from an A.M.B. kept in
the far South through the war.
The Courier sends her Greeting.



From the East and from the West.



Such is the promise.—So the spring's journeyings must needs end in the round of our western horizon, to look there too, for the promise of the ingathering.

* * *

Miliana came first, with its bit of fellowship over "things present" there. After a good winter of full classes & new openings, has come, as is so often the

case, a bit of stiff opposition—classes dropping off, houses down, which were open widely now letting a bare crack ajar—in one case with the threat of setting the dog on the would-be visitor.

All this means nothing to discourage: it is just the return assault which the earthly fighting fronts know so well; so inevitable that if it does not come the soldiers rest about for a reason.

The cheer thro' this time of reaction, has lain in an unexpected direction.—One of the Kayle concert lads is posted as corporal at the barracks, & brings along several of his native comrades, two or three times a week, when the help of a Spanish missionary makes it possible to let them have a social hour or two, followed by a Bible talk. There is a wistful earnestness about two or three of these lads; we long that before they go into that furnace they may have with them there the Son of God. The mission house is lent for the summer weeks, to missionaries who will be able to follow up the openings among them.

* * *

West again, to Relizane.—here too there have been counter blasts, not serious ones, & now all is again going brightly. The Kindergarten "babies" were there in a crowd, & two new methods in the reading lessons were fresh & good. One was the singing of the Alphabet to the tune of "Sicilian Mariners"—the other a viva voce spelling competition, which seemed a fine game. But the best of it was the sight of four well-trained elder girls taking their full share of help with grave responsibility.

Two souls from among the women, have this year joined the other two, Aisha & Sadia. One of these new ones specially interested me; the mother of the first was convert, who fell asleep in Christ in the early days of the station. This mother has been hard all along & a real hindrance through her habit of raising a laugh among the other women at the meeting.—A dream therewith a physical health closed last about a strikingly hardy & refined old woman is



* * *

West once more & then a run south to the crest of the plateau where Mascara stands. Weapons formed in the winter there by the Enemy of souls have not prospered, & all was going well, the workers bravely holding on their way, though typhus is rife in the place. There too, softening was the outstanding feature. Last year the girls repeated passages & hymns with amazing facility & correctness, but they were like small parrots in the scullessness of their utterance as well as in their extraordinary colour blends. This year the voices had grown gentle & quiet, & there was a thoughtfulness of expression—a certain longing to understand, rare in these native children, with their undeveloped mental powers.



Relizane.

And in the midst of these stormy days, two new Spaniards, a lad & a girl of 16 or so, have been truly & brightly added unto the Lord's & long to enter His Service. When the time comes for the boys' class Sahoui & his son bravely steer them through the native town across the ravine to the mission house - a distinct step of advance on their part.



Back north again to the foothills of the table-land where the Bou Hanefia Farm lies in the curve of the river bed. This has come to its heritage as an outpost in the year that has passed, & may be reckoned now as such, for regular fortnightly meetings are held among the farm hands by the workers from Mascara & Tizi, & when there is a chance for a few weeks at a time, daily classes are held among the tent children. All this is made easy now by the new farmer & his family being whole-hearted Christians, fruit of recent awakening among the Spaniards in Oran. It was good to see how eagerly he joined in the thought that God could be trusted to sweep away the invasion of locust crickets that was threatening the orange plantation on the Saturday night of our arrival without recourse to Sunday work; & his joy when, the next afternoon, not one was to be found was worth seeing. By prayer too the crops have been saved through fierce storms that seemed as if they must ruin all.

* * *

Blida was planned for the return journey with a view to being present at the summer gathering for the farewell fetes.

Through an unavoidable delay in leaving Bou Hanefia the prize days were just missed, and only a few specimens of the handiwork were brought for inspection - Embroidered "benikas", a cotton hood that covers the little heads in going out from the baths - and carefully chalked picture books containing a memorial of each week's Bible lesson - it would be giving away the Station's Scrapbook, which will come up to view at the Rally, if I were to try to remember them now.

Here again, added to the cheer of the ordinary classes - larger than ever among the girls, one distinct and really valuable gain this year has been the training of a little mistress, hardly more than a child in appearance, but trustworthy and intelligent to the last degree, likewise hard-working, a fact explained by her being half a Kabyle, for hard work is not in the Arab make up as a rule!



Bou Hanefia

3

Dar el Aine is greatly rejoiced by the ready way in which the mother has committed her to their keeping for the summer at Sidi Ferruch. It is among these girls in their early teens that this year's special efforts have lain in Blida - with many of them these classes are the last chance before they are shut up into the four walls of their houses, or go off, as little brides, to distant towns and villages.

* * * * *

Headquarters has lain low this year, except in the direction of small boys - They came through-out the winter to the classes as never before - not in the vagrant ways of past years, but regularly & steadily. A great help towards this was the exercise books with which Sunday after Sunday, after the 3rd attendance, their precious chalked pictures were pasted. - Thus we get their names without the distasteful process (to them) of writing a register, & they get a resume of the whole season's lessons in visible reminder. Alas they had to be disbanded earlier than usual, as an opening in Tunisia carried off their leader, but during the last few weeks she felt that among the elder ones there was a listening with a seriousness in which God's touch could be felt.

The blind proteges have been under regular teaching, & Aissa has grown towards manhood in industry as well as in stature. One disappointment has been the repeated failures on her people's part, to bring us back Miriam, the house-child, & her sister, & the difficulties involved in war-time travelling have prevented their being sought in their far off village.

The season's work closes with three souls near the ebb of this life, & near, each one of them, to the laying hold of Life Eternal. - An old Turk, - a young Kabyle mother, & one of our worst boy scapegraces of past days, Ben Aissa, - these are the three, we believe for safe in-gathering of all of these.

* * *

Many shall come from the East and from the West -

Let our faith go out, not for the single units, precious though they are, but for the "many" where-by the Shepherd heart of Christ shall see of the travail of His Soul and be satisfied, as He gathers them into "the Kingdom of God."

* * * * *

Algeria



At Dar el Fedjr too, we have had to be content with the day of small things, for its inmates (except its head, who, as told above, left for Tunis call early in the spring) are both as yet without much language freedom. A tiny class of girls on Thursdays & of women on Fridays & the care of the Cradle-rol babies was carried on by them, even when left by their two selves, as well as a certain amount of visiting. Several of the dear Cradle-rollers went to heaven, the best answer that could come to the prayers for them. So those think who know the poison atmosphere that surrounded their little spirits in the houses of Alger, one can hardly call them homes!

* * *

At Beit Naama all has gone more briskly, though here too, under the pull back of shorthandedness. The classes & visiting have kept up well, in town & on the "village days" outside. And even in Ramadan neither has slackened, - in fact two of the best meetings of the year have been lantern meetings held on the flat roof during the Fast month, - the only month in the year when respectable women can go out at night! And the pictures thrown on the white wall could be seen by shut in neighbours, who never have a chance of coming out to hear. It is the first time we have thought of doing it on the roof.

* * *



27 TUNIS. — PANORAMA PRIS DE DAR-EL-BEY.

...o... Barlier et E. Clave, Tunis

Tunis. Jan: 22. 17.

We left Alger on the night of the 19th. in a packed train for our over thirty hours run to Tunis, being the first stage on our way South, the long looked forward to, coveted South-land!

There were many changes! & many people travelling & the train was late. At the 'Douane' our nationality got us through quickly, but it was not till early Sunday morning we got in here. The dawn over the plateaux by Setif was beautiful, the jagged edge of the Aures peeping above the sky line on the South, &

the great bare plateaux stretching away in the North? Later the hot springs of Hamman Meskoutine steamed into the cold air, then the train went up & up, showing a land of many distances; & over on the other side into a valley of great beauty as the sun went down! Then in the early hours of the 21st. we arrived! It is very cold, but we are resting, before going on to Kairouan. The Jewish women here are wonderful to behold! Silk haiks thrown over short trousers! Occasionally a horn raised the head into a peak: a mixture of many lands. The flatness of Tunis makes the place seem large, we saw the little lake that opens into the gulf, by whose side Lull lived so long, & the whiteness of the villages round it, showed them to be mostly native.

Jan: 28. 17. Kairouan. A red letter day!

But I must go backwards, we saw & were seen of all the church in Tunis I think, pleased to see where the Léchheads lived, just near Bab-Saadoun; also Sidi Bedai, who seemed delighted with the Egypt tracts, & at the depot, we saw, - fixed to the window outside, - a man reading the Bible, moving to read line upon line, & quite unconscious of passers by. It was good to see!

On Saturday Jan: 27. We left. There was a nice Italian "en permission" in our compartment with his wife & a very Roman of a boy! Such a journey it was! Trains were packed, & porters nil. We carted ourselves in & out, & lastly failing to move further, into the open jardiniere of a third class carriage where at least we found space, & were rescued there from by three small boys, who walked off with everything, we following them in the moonlight. It was like a fairy land.

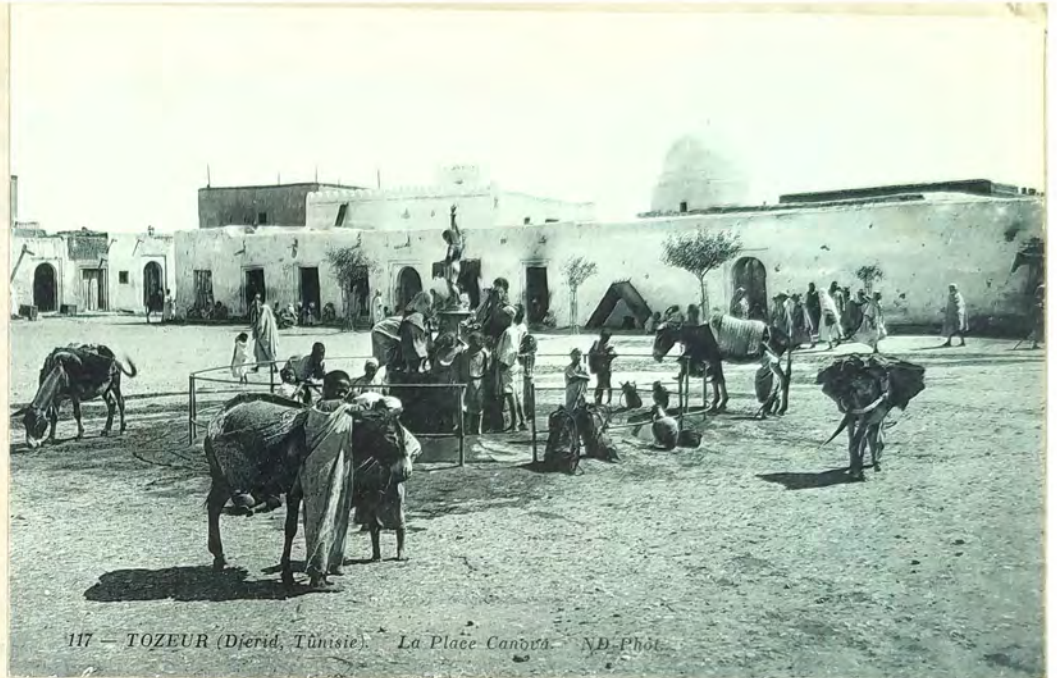
To-day Sunday we have been "round the city" to compass it! Such a place! A zaouia a quarter mile four square so it looked, with all its wealth of Islam lore inside. How one longs to pierce & penetrate it with the love of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, which makes it the thing of yesterday, that it is. And inshallah we will! For the sight of them all inspires us, first to get into their atmosphere & surrounding, & then to meet it from ours bringing light into darkness, & certainly into doubt; if only we might.

We were in a quiet old Inn, & may stay on a little before reaching out further. We went into the Grand Mosque, made up of hundreds of pillars pilfered from the old Christian churches of North Africa.

Such a "melange" they were, some with the capitals at the base, others with an extra one put in if the height was too great, & in groups three in a row, or four tumbling on the top of one another, like a forest of columns. Such a picture too of Islam, with its fragments of teaching gathered from anywhere, & set up regardless of truth or symmetry..... Another day we went to the Mosque des Sabres with its five fluted domes. The town is walled in, with five Gates but it has overflowed on its N.W. side, & the European quarter is all outside. Two alone are holding the fort here, brave & good.



Feb: 6. Tozeur. Then 15 hours run by night, brought us into this long desired haven. Just at dawn we got into the Gorge of Seldja of red earth walls, that leads from the plateau into the plain, a wonderful Gate, - "the Gates of the Lord," opened by a trickle of living water. Then the first Oasis came in sight. Sadaada, & then a fringe of the Chott & we were crossing the plain & getting to our goal, from the other side to that by which we reached it on camels, twenty two years ago! Fifty five hours or thereabouts now from



117 - TOZEUR (Djerid, Tunisie) - La Place Candova - ND-Phot.

Alger, & this making a great detour. It took some six weeks for us to reach it before making a bee-line from Biskra on camels! Then a hardly open door, & now in our "own hired house," el Hamdullah.

The sun was pouring down, as we saw "Tozeur," on a very new looking "gare" built in the style of the country ornamental brick work. Then we kicked the sand off our shoes, with pure joy that we were here, at last!

The hotel was closed, so we walked right into our own station! Covered with desert dust, but all intact as far as we could see, gazelles & hens had been installed in the court-yard! But were quickly banished, & we set to work. Ma-ne-qed-she appeared in the road, & soon many were calling.

"Each year we waited & wondered if you would come" they said. And so the news spread that some one had returned Sand of the desert lay thick everywhere, it seemed almost impossible to get it clear by night, yet room after room, it was done, & we lay down rolled in our rugs. Bread had failed on Saturday, but soon more came in, also petroleum was wanting, but we managed. One brought a feather because it smelt nice, & then a ring, two more came with the corner of their burnous piled with dates. As ever in Tozeur they love to give! Then an old house boy turned up, & he knew far more than we did, & helped to get us straight, but we found he works at

night at a bakers, & cannot come, so has sent his small brother, wrapped in a very dirty burnous, who is quick as quicksilver, & keeps us busy in finding work for him. He left us to-night with "I have not worked to-day, to-morrow I'll work". At midday he begged to roast his "bone" on the coals which he did perched up on the fire place, to be near it, then he retired with it, & when we looked for him, he was rolled in his dust coloured garment so like the earth, & fast asleep!

Little Ma-ne-qed-she came in early to-day to say good-bye. They are off to the Souf,- he said, (if we could also go!) & may not be back before we leave. We tried a fire, as the nights are chilly but were nearly smoked out. On going on the roof next day we found two brooms thrust down in the chimney, taking them out we are doing better!

Sunday Feb: 3rd. We went round & found the place where our tent had stood twenty two years before! That is twenty two years next March, ten never to be forgotten days, & now how much more!

The same palm trees, with their shadows carved in the moonlight, as aforetime, in the place, where we felt then, & feel now, that He had set His Name there. Amen.

February 11. Tozeur. The other day in the market place waiting for the Post

Office to open, curious things could be seen! There was one beautiful camel standing up among its compatriots, tethered by back leg to front harness, he could not go far but he scorned to lie down, as were the others. Then two wee boys were tossing a bit of wood, following & going into every

possible attitude. Their little burnous hoods all marked in the sun-light. Then two girlies in striped haika came along, so often in pairs, & sometimes one so hidden you can only tell it is two, by the number of legs beneath!

The post was the attraction, all & sundry dropping in letters: some looking to see if it really had gone in, two blowing after it, if it had stuck, while one supplement the blowing by routing after it with his stick, to make doubly sure! Another evidently a country man tried getting his letter in without



opening the brass lid! Two sitting with their backs to the wall were reading a missive stealthily extracted from the sleeve of a garment. Others had sacks all directed to send off. Such an experience of civilization & wonder it must all be to them. And the "Machina"! as they call the daily train, now bringing them in touch with the outer world once in the twenty four hours!

We walked up to the station & from there you can see the pink of the hills, & the shimmer of the lovely Chott beneath them, & the forest of palms, & nearer again the town, brown for the most part, though the top of the minarets are white, & parts



of the mosque below. Everywhere the beautiful brick work over the doorways & crossing the streets;- & at corners at every possible angle,- Having wide seats under them, whereon to talk of many things, in hot days, or when the work is done. In the long narrow lanes, groups are at many doors, little children like birds sit on the step, dark robed women, flit about back streets, & white or rather desert coloured men come & go in twos & threes. There are two-wheeled carts, & in the Place, camels, & gerbas. Everywhere at evening boys come in with the packets of palm debris, on their backs for firing, & the men trailing five or six whole djerids over their shoulders, & you hear the swish of the branches as they dip on the sand with every step, keeping time with their walk, & sounding like nothing else; just as the palm leaves burning has an insence all its own. What is there to equal the palm, & whose sand is like our sand!

We are at home here, with a deep content, which no other land can ever give.

What days they were & what memories! What it was in a spare half hour to trail down the village street, though the square & away up the straggling lane of houses to the north. The leather workers were under the arches to the right, & the carpenters were at the end of the street, Or to go as we did on a Sunday, away south to the Djer. In ten minutes we were over the first saguia (water course) & in it, among the palms, great & high, & young & old; the fruit trees in full flower beneath them, plum & peach & apricot, such a wealth of beauty,

gardens whose number could not be told, whose measure could not be taken, "in two months you could not visit them",- so they said; stretching away down to the silver Ghott, a days journey, crossed & re-crossed, by the water ways at different levels, a wonder of ingenuity, & a marvel of art. Coming back at dusk, as the sun went down in its

Southern glory, the Call of Prayer rang out to be echoed from mosque to mosque. The mystery of the South was upon us, the silence of its inexpressible charm!

And who can describe the glow over the brown mud houses after the sun went down, the purity of that liquid sky; all the jewels together cannot picture it, now its an amethyst, now a sapphire, then a pearl, which breaks into an opal! And then the stars come out like silver lamps hanging in the creamy gold-green & twin-



klung almost out of sight, till the darkness comes down swiftly, & they shine as very diamonds from beneath the mantle of the night!

So in the sunrise, as he tips the southern wall of our court, with a rosy touch

& then comes the day of glorious burning light, & with the day come the people! Knocking at the gate,-with its big golden key!-asking for ever, if we will "read" to-day! Boys always & always boys, till we had to say them nay, wanting to read, but not "stories", without halt or change the Ingil of the Christ.

Mohammed Ali, was the first, who Bible under his arm, sat reading on the capital that makes a seat at our door. Fearless he seemed, with a countenance that sang for joy; the last we saw of him was one day beaming outside his bakery! Then he ceased to come with the others, but Mohammed his cousin bore him a word.



Then Sadik a tall young lad: curiosity itself, yet caring & Saduk the wood-cutter,- for he dressed our palm pillars,- with the face of an angel, or a St. John.

"I heard it in Tunks", he said, "when I was young & rich, & now, before we work let us read". So they did. He had a torn gospel, & he got another. Next day he said, "we were reading in my house till midnight, I read to the women. They did not want to eat for hearing the words".

Presently a man brought in some palm fibre. "I make a pillow for my house" he said & then he poured out his soul of what he knew of the Christ, to his workman, who impatiently waited, as it was his master, then turned on his heel & left. And the palm fibre! they washed & spread out to dry, like horsehair for spring, it was tied with a bit of sun painted date stalk & seeing we loved it he said, "I will bring you more".

And on the morn, his brother came, with a glory of wild dates, on stalks that blazed with the gold of the South, as candelabra they were; we hung them in the "Service room" as "if for a feast", they said, the Feast of all the Saints when they meet!

When the last day was dawning, & our hearts were near breaking, again he came! The night before had come for him, a copy of the New Testament; clasping it, his face full of light he said, "is there all, all in it that I need to know", & we said, "yes all". Then he rose to go, & as he went another entered even Si Smein; a look of inquiry, one to the other, they had not met in our house, & then Saduk's hand went out, light & understanding & fellowship on his beautiful face, though his words were few.

And Si Smein! His cry was, "I need a ransom", "Oh tell me not", he burst forth one day, "that He, the Christ, was born in a stable. Tell it me not!" It seemed pain to him to think of it. So far too is the Moslem mind from grasping any act of humiliation



in one they worship; He is often here, then away at his gardens at Delgueshe, & so can carry the light.
 The man Abdullah, the builder, whose longing also was for a ransom, - which we believe he found; his joy was
 so great, - he too had heard somewhere, & goes from place to place. Si Mouldi, the Mystic came ask-
 ing questions, thinking & caring. Then there was the man who called & those with him, men of Nefta,
 who remembered the words spoken there, two or three years ago, & came for books. Thus no seed shall fall
 into the ground in vain, no word shall return void to Him who sent it.
 And M'brika you know of her? The women we did not reach, time failed us, but on the last day we opened the
 door as she was passing laden, we wanted fire pots, & called her in, so is her story.

With her firepots she came,
 So many & so great,
 A big one crown'd the dear old head -
 She quickly loosed the weight.
 * * *
 So weary, thus she came,
 'Twas morning of the day,
 We took her load, & told her then,
 About the other Way.
 * * *
 How he came, from above
 To take away our sin,
 And set her free, & give her place,
 His own great Heav'n within.
 * * *
 But little she took in,
 Her darkness was too deep!
 Only she knew we loved her so,
 And that much she would keep.
 * * *



For up M'brika rose,
 Love beaming in her face!
 'I'll just live here with you'; she said,
 'When you come back by grace.'
 * * *
 'I'll come & watch this door,
 As day by day I wait,
 Till you return to us again,
 And open wide the gate'.
 * * *
 Believing blue robed queen!
 O Woman of the South!
 And you are one of thousands more,
 Whom we've pledg'd our troth!
 * * *
 So turned she on her trail,
 Right swiftly through the Djer,
 Out-talking as she went, 'That we
 Were coming back to her!'
 * * *

Shall I speak of Dar el Mourf A.M.B. has two sides of a court, that is only half
 the real court, or half the whole house; when the time comes & more can be had, we feel the house has been

made for the work, not a detail has been forgotten, & it lies to our hand, when He says, "Go forward", & neither have the women been forgotten of Him. At the back there are rooms, with a door to those streets where the women may be seen; while the front is on the square, open & seen of all men. In faith we had workmen, presently more could be done, but the bit that was accomplished, a veranda on the south side means a possible going earlier & staying longer into the heat.

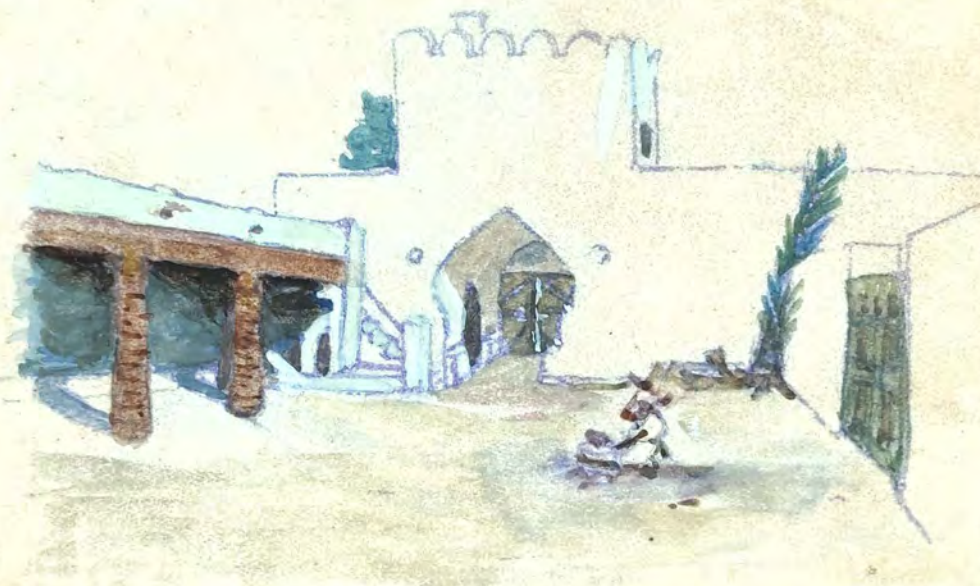
We looked here, & we looked there, but we felt God had given us this place, to be a House of Light in a dark land.

In March, there was the most terrific sand storm not often seen

coming from under the door, the beautiful fine silver sand. A 'visit from the Souf', we called it, the court was the same, clothed with rippling sand like a sea shore, only it was a dune shore, & so it was precious in our sight! for there is nothing to compare with a South South Land.

Then came torrents of rain, so that scarcely a room was dry, this too is almost unknown at that time of year, we thankfully camped where there was a corner dry enough to hold our beds. Thus settling down in any measure, was forbidden us! For before we knew, & sooner than we thought, the call came to "move from hence", & being war time, & almost within the war zone, there was no other thing to be done, though our hearts were woe within us.

Still it was a moment of break in the outward work, nothing further was being done on the



here, for years there had been none such, scarcely could we stand to reach the roof room, & once there we had to stay, bringing up such food as we could. In the morning sand drifts were everywhere, on the roof, quite deep with their curving lines of wind-waves; on the window sills, on our floor it lay like snow

house: & a moment of crisis in the inner world; when it might be time that this blessed bit of ground was again to be left fallow, open to the Dew of heaven, & the Breath of the Spirit alone. So be it. For shall

not the Judge of all the earth do right!

For to this also there was a sequel, some further hours over lonely prairie country, brought us again to the coast, then skirting north along its wind swept shore, we felt drawn to a little place to be reached only by a motor bus, from the main line, by the sea, Monastir by name, & thither we went. Its attraction was perhaps that here still the palm flourished & the dates still ripened; we were not quite out of our Scout land zone! Once or twice we assayed to leave it, & were withheld, thinking there might be a meaning therein, we settled to finish our time there. Quickly & almost



2 MONASTIR — Rue Sadi-Carnot. — LL

silently everything opened we got in touch with the European element, & with the native. It was His doing & marvellous in our eyes. We seemed day by day, to go through the little bit of land that made up its circumference, on all sides they got to know us, & everywhere there was an open door. In our walks through prickly pear hedges, or under the olive groves which abound we met the people, women robed in their brown blanket-haika folded as a shell over their heads, children in their parti-coloured garments, each side from neck to foot of one colour. The men in their brown coats with white braid & poppets only minus bells to be like into the "fools" of olden time! They all met us at every corner



with welcome. Mahabouba, our washerwoman knew every one, & after being escorted to a wedding we found nods & friendly words from the blankets! And among the men & boys, it soon went round they are the Roualis who speak Arabic. It was the day of weddings, & the brides trousseaux were hoisted on mules, in splendid array, & went round the town: the more mules the grander, there were cloth of gold pillows in dozens, & a huge case or even chest of drawers was slung on the last mule of the nine or ten. They vie with one another, & often the things of one year's bride are passed to the brides of the next, in the same family. These old customs were still in force & the town was almost entirely native.

We walked warily, & did not follow up all the clues we found, we simply gathered them in our hands, for future possibilities, for it may be that this little town will be a solution for the rest of the year, for Tozeur workers; who cannot pass the summer south & also thus need a sphere not too far off for the summer months. It being small, & dry, & with good sea air: all points this way. Two will spend this summer there & we wait further developments. Then the mosques! Almost like church towers in form, in the one facing our rooms the Mueddhen was a man of parts? Nourra by name, he sang as we have heard no other Mueddhen sing in all these thirty years. At all Prayer hours & for hours on end! & not alone always, boys' voices took up the refrain. He chanted the praises of His prophet, & the Greatness of God;

sometimes in the moonlight, over the sleeping city; sometimes at midday above its din & noise. Now when his voice in its faintest echo, whispered across the street; then when its deepest notes could scarce be heard above the gale that was raging. In all weathers, he was there, & at all times, so it seemed. Tiring not, nor



7 MONASTIR. — Carrefour des Rues de France et Sadi Carnot. — LL.

The last from the Field.

We just hear as we close that a small house has been found in Monastier, a real gift from above. A covered court with tiled walls, a few rooms, & a tiny roof, where-from to look upon the city & pray over it. Ed.

In Rue Tripoli.

October 3. 1917.

weary, if so he could compass his peace with Allah, & save his own soul. We left him the Word of Life & Love. Then on, further up the coast line we came, & so back to Tunis, seeking out a name that had been known to us for 22 years, of one who had been in Toxour & was now in Tunis, Si Tahar ben el Azous. We came into a court in the Arab quarter, & found the friend of our Tahar, & while he was being interviewed, an elder man looked at me, "Yes," he said, "I saw you in that tent outside the town 22 years ago."

It thrilled us, for though, maybe, he did not care, still it was something, that they did not forget, & the joy of seeing a Djeridi again in Tunis was great! Then we had delicious coffee at a Kahouadji outside & came back, & soon began our long journey west, taking Sunday on the way, we reached Alger early in May. It is good to be back, but our hearts ever listen for the hour to strike when He shall say to us again, "Go ye forth."

"Far be the day weary or be the day long
Too soon it ringeth to Evensong."

* * * * *

Fragments from Journals of 1895.

"One can never stay much over a week, but I think it calls out a hunger & a yearning over the people that we should never know if we were able to come & go, & stay as we liked, & we should not know the casting back upon God for them if we could work to our hearts' content."

"He shall be broken without hand," that promise for Mohammedanism has come to me lately afresh in its greatness. I believe it will come with a crash that will bring wonderful glory to Him, & if it means "hands off" for us, be it - if so, that glory of His may be untouched... God's time is coming, it is nothing to Him if circumstances are against it, He is the God who brings the dates, ripe & sweet, out of the barren desert sand, if we give Him time!"

In a Palm Garden in Toxour - El Djerid. Feb. 2.95.

"If you could have been inside our tent this morning, if you could have been shut into it, to hear & listen, to weep for very joy & sorrow over the words that came through that canvas covering. "I only heard of the books yesterday, & came last night, but it was too late, so early to-day I come again." "You can buy so many in Alger, & here we cannot get them for money." - This from a man with a great hunger on him from long fasting, pleading for a small Testament, instead of only a big Gospel!... They said, "There are 4000 men here who can read, if that tent were full it would not be enough." - 4000! & we have some 60 books for them - only 1 1/2 to a 100! After 1800 years! "You have come far" they said, "you are weary, you pay for your camels hire; God will give you some great good thing." - Again, "We have no one to explain to us, to shew us, no one." This from Arabs. There is such a hunger! The people with a very famine on them for the Word of God: surely it shall not return unto Him void, but "shall doubtless" bring in sheaves. We hear they are walking the streets now everywhere reading their scarce & dearly prized copies & fragments, to one another. We have not a whole Arabic Bible to leave anywhere." (Because of the weight)

and El Hasdullah, it is the same Toxour to-day! Twenty two years after!

* * * * *

"IN EVERYTHING... LET YOUR REQUESTS BE MADE KNOWN UNTO GOD."

Part of Tarnis, A.D. 84.

I. A Brass Key at Tozeur.

* * * * *

It was a hot sultry night, & we were weary, & wearily we set forth. Into the Djer, a breath might be there, & anyhow the vision of its beauty, would lift up our heads, & the hands that hung down! So it did, & we looked up into its feathery heights, & across its flowery frieze, & down into its dazzling reflections, even in its muddiest pools, & we turned home refreshed. Almost quitting its border, as night was closing in, we found we had dropped the house key!

The huge golden key of the House of Light, for there never was such another! We went back in the gloaming, over every step, but naught could be seen. Sand too quickly buries all in the Djer. Over the roof of the next house they slid open our door for us, and we shut it only by a bar for days, going out one at a time. The Crier will call it they said, & so he did, but nothing came. Monday, Tuesday, so we waited, & "asked" for our key. It was cried again, & Thursday morning I think it was, they came to our door & said, "O lady a man wants to see thee," & we went, & there sitting on the Capital of the pillars of long ago was a beautiful old white-haired man. "Lady," he said, "forgive me, I was sick, I did not hear the man who cried, I found this in the Djer, & I was at my house or I would have brought it before." And he drew out our dearly loved long lost key! So it came to its own again, & he went off, rejoicing in the new Timis frame issued since the war.

* * * * *

II. An Ebony Clock at Monastir.

"The sin of the place is this," she told us, "they all steal here, & they all so act together that they are never found out, & you can never get anything back again, never," she emphasized. It was evening time, the evening of our last day here, & the boys were choosing books at our door, one could not make up his mind, & in the transaction crossed the room & looked out of the window. This seemed to assist him, he quickly chose & departed. A couple of hours later, when we were packing last things, we missed a wee travelling clock that had stood on the table! The boys had been in & out taking our baggage, before they took their books, & were many.

"It was the one that crossed the room," we said, & we told the chief porter, & he fetched the carrier, & told him, & by 10.p.m. a cluster of lads were brought up for our inspection, but we said "it is none of these" "then I know" said they, "we will bring him, but no one came that night, and we "asked" & waited, we were leaving by 7.a.m. so the time seemed short. When we appeared for our early coffee before the start, the carrier was already there, he had been greatly disturbed as responsible for the boys & from out the hood of his burbus, scarcely letting us see or touch it, he showed the little clock! The lad on being asked for, had gone out, & on his table lay the stolen clock! The story went the round, it had never been heard on this wise! We know God answers prayer.

* * * * *



Some Toseur Menus.



We found this little stove invaluable! It
 or low, fast or slow, as wanted! & stay in
 ther. All according as the ventilation there.
 A few of the menus are here inserted by re-
 fer places, where the most ordinary ingre-
 dishes, rather than menus, as full menus, or
 without much repetition occurring. But it
 nothing can be wasted. All vegetable li-
 of food were worked into the next day's meals,
 cognized. e.g. a milk pudding could be used
 could be fried in slices as a vegetable.
 of sugar & boiling water made an excellent
 cool place, it is icy for the next day's consumption & refreshing. The great secret is to serve all daintily
 "Dejeuners"

Kidneys on toasted tajine; dates.
 Mutton boiled with pink carrots; bread & cheese.
 'Sellek', native spinach & hard boiled eggs
 Cold meat, carrot salad.
 Cutlets, shredded carrots, fried potatoes, cheese.
 Cold meat, potatoes boiled, with cauliflower,
 leaves; orange salad.
 Minced mutton & lentils, & chopped tomatoes,
 floured & tossed in frying pan.
 Beef stewed, carrots & rice; semolina cakes, made
 with lamb's tail-fat (melted down) as dripping.
 Cold beef, potatoes in skins; stewed jujubes
 & biscuits.
 Boiled mutton, with rice & onions; grated cheese.
 Lamb chops, fried potatoes; 5 year old apricots
 stewed.
 Wheat cakes & fried eggs.
 Boiled mutton with dumplings; Chocolate pudding.
 Kidneys, rest of dumplings sliced & fried.
 Artichokes. (A present from Tunis).
 Beef stewed with onions; semolina pudding sliced
 in fingers, dipped in baked flour and fried
 in lamb's tail fat till brown. (Excellent).
 Goat kidneys, fried potatoes, cheese.
 Omelette with chips of kidney, raisin dumplings.
 Kidney clipped with raisins & fried.
 Kedjeree; made of everything you have & Ras el
 hanout. (Native curry powder).
 Roast mutton, boiled potatoes; stewed prunes,
 & clotted milk. (Swiss milk set).
 Stew of macaroni & lettuce, some boiled hard
 in it & served after.

would burn wood or coal dust! Burn high
 at night if required, or go out altoget-
 of was regulated.
 quest, as affording possible suggestions
 dients are nil. Perhaps I should say
 combinations could not always be given
 is evident, where little is to be had,
 quors were used for soup stock, all remain
 in ways as far as possible not to be re-
 nicely to thicken a soup? or a pudding?
 Orange peel, & Lemon peel with a block
 beverage; made over night & set in a

"Soupers"

Mutton broth, or ditto with green pea flour,
 tapioca & spoonful of Swiss milk.
 Soup square & rice; pancakes.
 Chopped kidney in split tajine heated; fruit.
 Fried mutton rags & tomatoes, semolina shape,
 garnished with split dates.
 'Browned' eggs (fried both sides), & cauliflower,
 Chocolat au lait.
 Lambs tail fried, & potatoes.
 Soup liquor of lentils, any rests of soup, or
 pudding put in.
 Fried tomatoes & kidneys on 'Sellek' boiled &
 hashed fine.
 Soup of 'Sellek' liquor, raw egg broken in
 while boiling.
 Beef soup with rest of 'Sellek' thrown in,
 chocolate cornflour with egg whipped in.
 Potato rissoles; rest of chocolate with custard.
 Mutton broth; scrambled eggs as a sweet.
 Cold beef sliced, cold carrots ditto; Chocolat
 au lait & wheat cakes hot.
 Pea soup, meat fried in baked flour, (sold at bakers)
 dates & raisins.
 Wheat cakes & cheese, Chocolat au lait, (also an egg
 whipped in).
 Carrot soup with pea flour.
 Soup of artichoke stalks, (very good) Fried eggs,
 Semolina pudding cooked in water, spoonful of
 Swiss milk put in when done with eggs beaten till
 stiff. 'Whites' can be put on separately if wished.
 Neat soup with semolina shredded in.
 Potato omelette (one potato will do!).

Lentile & baked eggs (or 'Browned'), (Lentile need to be soaked over night).
Stewed lettuce & Catoake.
Stewed kidneys & rice.
Mutton & macaroni.

That you may not think we were exceeding our exchequer! - Half a leg of mutton (1 lb.) sliced the wrong way! would be 80 ct. 3 large kidneys would be 20 ct. Spinach enough for thrice 10 ct. Carrots ditto would be 5 ct. I think we had 15 young lettuces for 5 ct. when they came in. Meat for 2 for 2 days was I think, always well under a franc, i.e. when it was to be had - There were days when neither bread or meat were in the market. Milk was never obtainable except condensed, though it came in towards the end of the time. The stove again! If ventilation is nearly closed at night a pan of water will be hot in the morning - open the ventilator, add fuel & it will boil at once. In the same way food can be set on in the afternoon & be cooked by supper time, without any further attention; - while if the lid is put on the stove, & all closed down, it can be used as a chauffette, (thus also it will go out, saving coal.)

* * *

A Cry to the North.

* * *

'Tis the South Land calling,
Land of sun & light.
Where they sit in darkness,
As though day were night.

Light there is in plenty,
To the outer eye,
But to souls that languish
Cometh it not nigh.

Thus the woman said it,
"By your door we wait,
Waiting just to enter
If 'tis not too late."

O North Land, we ask thee,
How long shall they stand?
Waiting on the wrong side,
In the Great South Land?

Till there's time no longer
And they face their fate.
For they go down quickly
But not through the gate



For the road they know not,
They have not a Guide!
No way to a Home-place
On the other side.

Ah me! It is calling!
Calling for the Light!
'Tis a cry of sorrow!
Wailing on the night.

Calling now & ever,
With a long low call!
Calling 'Come & save us,
'Ere the heavens fall.

'Tis the South Land speaking,
Did'st thou catch the groan?
Ah me! it is calling!
Moaning, yes a moan.

Listen then, & hasten
To the Great South Land.
Set the Light of Glory -
Shining o'er the sand.



A VISIT TO A MARABOUT HOUSE IN TOUZER.

That is, the house of the descendants or relations of a Moslem "saint", Islam counts them as holy folk too, but experience proves them to be as a rule more wicked & fanatical than their neighbours.

The hooshe is a large one, since space is no object here in the desert. Its lord & master squatting in the dust outside gives us permission to enter, so we wander through two or three cave-like vestibules & eventually arrive in the big court. Great rooms 40 feet long or more & 20 feet high in each of which dwells a family shut it in with walls of sun-dried bricks. Roofs are flat of course & never a window but just one big door to each. Sometimes high up in the walls are long narrow slits that let in air but very little light gets through them.

In the centre of the court is a quaint old well, salt I expect, over all a blue sky of a purity & depth or rather height, unimaginable, women & children crowd round us with noisy welcomes. Two rough palm-stumps are rolled across the court for us to sit on, our clothes are minutely examined, questions that might be embarrassing, were we less used to them, are asked, we exchange greetings "How is thy state & thine? & Peace be unto thee, thy peace etc," over & over again till the claims of etiquette are satisfied.

At last comes an opening for a few words on sin & God's wonderful provision of a Saviour, a tiny bit of the "Word" & the simplest of hymns is sung. It is all we must give them to-day these poor untrained souls must be fed so carefully at first.

One or two of the heavy animal-like faces light with a faint interest & desire, the children as usual understand quickest.

But opposite to us at the far end of the court, the old marabouta with ostentations disregard of our presence, has taken off a crimson handkerchief & spread it on the ground preparatory to commencing her afternoon prayers.

The old limbs go through all the changes of posture the ritual exacts & the old face gets harder & more & more self-righteous as she proceeds till she seems literally to swell with self-importance. In front of her struts a magnificent turkey-cock, ruffling his feathers bravely in the hot wind. The sun shows up blue reflets in them that echo exactly the note of the marabouta's draperies, & quaintly enough his red dangle matches her red handkerchief.

Suddenly it comes to me sitting half dazed by heat & noise in the hot sun how perfectly the two figures woman & bird typify the intense arrogance of mighty Islam, & her spiritual pride and self-satisfaction. For we know alas! that truly as the turkey's blue shadows & red, answer back to the blue draperies standing out in such hold relief in the fierce afternoon sun against the surrounding fawn, it is nothing to the exactitude with which his arrogant strut embodies the spiritual attitude of the old marabouta, and the greater number of her fellow believers.

Prayer that keeps the soul from God, Prayer that leaves the soul more self-satisfied in truth could anything be sadder?

It seems to us sometimes that Islam is the devil's masterpiece.

* * * * *

DESERT ROSES.

Have you ever seen them? They are a particularly lovely stalagmite found in quantities in the desert sand. Very dainty they are sometimes, especially the tiny ones of a pinkish fawn. But, beautiful as they are in form and colouring, it is needless to say they only give a blurred suggestion of a rose and a world of difference lies between them & the dewy fragrance of a real flower.

This morning we sat in the *سفيحة* (skiffa-vestibule) opposite two or three desert roses, but human ones this time

Such a blaze of colour they made against the white walls. It suggested a gorgeous flower-bed.

One of them was a wee spoiled little lady of four wrapped in a length of dainty white stuff that was fastened on her shoulders by big silver ornaments. A handkerchief of cloth of gold with brilliant stripes covered the little shaved

head and framed the rosy face. Heavy bracelets decorated the bare brown arms and her huge earrings had to be supported by a scarlet cord passed over her head lest they should tear the tiny ears. Her brilliant red leather heelless slippers were edged with brightest green that matched her girdle and the veil her negro attendant held for her. And the little creature sparkled and gleamed more than ever a northern baby could.



Beside her, a sharp contrast, sat a little negress, a relation of her black nurse's and very poor. But she made even a bigger splash of colour with her veil of crudest orange over indigo blue draperies. Even the gaunt old negress herself was a picture in the same dull blue with a touch of rich cloudy crimson on her head.

Flowers of the desert, clad in richest hues, bewitching to watch, but, alas! very few minutes sufficed to reveal the emptiness of heart, the ugly glaring faults. No dewy freshness of baby souls fresh from God, no "trailing clouds of glory" One's heart ached to think of the upbringing these daughters of Islam get in their Christless homes. No strong yet loving Saviour for them, no prayer for pardon & cleansing after childish naughtiness.- Just day after day in an atmosphere that, at its best, is empty of all that makes life most worth living, and, at its worst, may not be described to European ears.

"And the desert shall blossom as the rose" is the promise, but roses need cultivating.- May the Great Master Gardener reveal to each one of us what share He would have us to take in this.



* * *

"The way to trust God under critical circumstances, is to obey Him".

"Only those who have been translated into the upper world can believe. Abraham does not argue "I do not understand such a command, it is impossible, I better stay where I am accustomed" He believed God .

"The world God's organ is,
And every life A several pipe
From which He seeketh music".

"You may be out of tune with God's harmony by just being out of time,
too quick or too slow, quite the right note at the wrong time,
may make as great a discord, as a wrong note in the right place".

* * * * *

"There is no finality with God, even as there are no limitations, there is always more to follow, every blessing we receive is but the threshold to a greater, where we can stand & look in on another world".

"We maintain our freedom by renewing our surrender, & by creeping through every fresh surrender into the liberty of fuller submission".

"God has a hold on us when we have once yielded, deeper down than where we can make a conscious response to Him.

"God will not be with you in power, unless you are willing to be with Him in sacrifice".

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross, & come after me, cannot be my disciple.
So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple".

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, & take up his cross & follow me....And he that taketh not his cross, & followeth not after, is not worthy of me". Said the Christ.

Without, within is light is light,
Around above is love is love
We enter to go out no more
We sing the song unsung before,
For all is joy above! R.R.

"It is not for light we need ask, but sight,
The soul and not the eye is our true seer,
Touch then our soul that we may read aright,
The lesson Thou wouldst teach to-day and here".

* * * * *

"Pains & troubles here are like the type which printers set: as they look now we have to read them backwards, & they seem to have no sense or meaning in them, but yonder when the Lord prints them off in the life to come, we shall find they make brave reading". An old Divine.

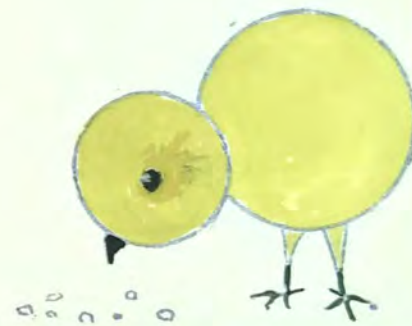
If we are "door mats for Jesus", nothing will be too down for us, people who help most are those willing to do anything.

"Ye have not yet resisted unto blood striving....."

"When you are face to face with a difficulty, you are up against a discovery". Lord Kelvin.
"This is true not only in science, but in the things of the Spirit,".

.....

Compass Drawing.



"Be sure of your call, then in dark hours you will know you are in your place not by the will of man but by the appointment of God".

"Do not think you have to put the whole gospel before every soul, any more than a Doctor prescribes the whole pharmacopeia for one patient".

"It is not through intellectual grasp of things that men are saved, but through broken hearts,- a message can break a heart, & a child can carry it".

"To carry messages! To sit at the feet of the Great Master, & listen, & then when He bids us we can each rise up & say over His message in the uttermost parts of the earth. It is all we can ever do, but it is enough".

Be messengers, because if we are not that, we are nothing at all. Go to the Master, before you go to the people.

"We need not be older or wiser or better than others in order to help their souls, we need only to be filled with God".

"Wandering thoughts in prayer. Turn them into prayer, think before Jesus; if you have any thoughts you cannot pray over; it is time for you to get down in the dust, at His feet, that the "drops from out His side", may flow in cleansing stream over your soul, before you dare pray about any other thing".

"Continual victory is God's will for His people. What would we think of a general who now & then planned a defeat for his troops to do them good. No such thing".

"Many prayers say, "if it be Thy will", & very often do not take trouble to find out what the will of God is on a certain point; while we say that "if", impossible to pray the prayer of faith over that thing".

From "Thinke I".

"To teach anything, that is not a revelation of God to your own soul, is worse than useless.

Ibid.

Development, need never cease, we can learn till our dying day. So learn, as to make doing a thing a part of yourself. The quicker we can do things well the greater will be our usefulness: we should cultivate a habit of resource. Some one said, "if you are at a loss about anything, do not immediately go & ask some ones help, make up your mind, if a thing can be done, I'll do it, if not in one way in another". We must use our own brains & hands, all we have to the full. They will grow by exercise.

Ibid.

Solitude.

"By ^{all} means use sometimes to be alone.

Salute thyself: see what the soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own;
and fumble up & down what thou find'st there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows finde,
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his minde".

George Herbert.

"Every day bring God sacrifices; be the priest in this reasonable service, offering thy body, & the virtue of thy soul".

St. Chrysostom.

The Ways.

"To every man there openeth,

A way & ways, & a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between in the misty flats,
The rest drift to a fro.

But to every man there openeth

A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go".

STATION REPORTS.

June to December, 1918.

Attendance.	Date	H.C.	D.N.	D.F.	D.&A.	Bll.	Rel.	Mil.	Mas.	Tot.	Totals	Gen. Totals.
Meetings.	June.		82	83		558		139	66		703	
	July.		112	44					317		473	
	Oct.											
	to Dec.		95	182		604	435	900	476		2958	3132
Industrial.	June.		203	287		117		132	308		1045	
	July.			174							114	
	Oct.											
	to Dec.	20	472	323		777	665	824			3479	4638
Medical.	June.	3	9			23		44			79	
	July.											
	Oct.											
	to Dec.	16				128	17	157			318	397
Other Visitors.	June.	407	26	77		80		136	8		704	
	July.			123							123	
	Oct.											
	to Dec.	519	11	187		309	120		75		1146	2008
Resident Guests.	June.											
	to Dec.	5				4		2			11	11
Visits.	June.	42	83	29		17		84	21		248	
	July.			12							12	
	Oct.											
	to Dec.	119	134	62		94	150	149	28		742	
New Visits.	June.											
Distribution Scriptures.	June.											
	to Dec.	89	7	2		2	2	20	2		74	74
Distribution Tracts.	June.											
	to Dec.	146	43	82		2	19	29	7		82	308

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

And the King shall answer and say: -

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

* * * * *

STATION REPORTS.

January to July, 1917.

Attendance.	Date.	H.Q.	D.N.	D.F.	Bli.	Rel.	Mil.	Mas.	Date.	Tou.	Totals.
Meetings	Jan. to July	nil	751	1154	1424	1698	972	798	Feb. & Mar.	232	7014
Kindergarten & Needlework	Jan. to July	48	989	144	1416	2555	778	1208	Feb. & Mar.		6136
Visitors (of these)	Jan. to July	863	140	107	516	478	996	93	Feb. & Mar.	271	3504
Medical	Jan. to July	26	4	5	121		328		Feb. & Mar.		482
Guests	Jan. to July	9			4				Feb. & Mar.		13
Visits	Jan. to July	268	361	147	191	410	544	85	Feb. & Mar.		1806
New	Jan. to July	17	62		29	14	59		Feb. & Mar.	3	164
Distribution of Scriptures	Jan. to July	40	21		2	8	17		Feb. & Mar.	53	141
Distribution of Tracts	Jan. to July	227	62	69	1	14	87		Feb. & Mar.	78	570

"And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and said:

"Whoever shall receive one such little child in My Name receiveth Me."

"In that hour Jesus rejoiced, and said:

"I thank Thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes:

"Even so Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

"Be Steadfast, and (the other side of the worthy life of faith), abounding: flowing out;- for your labour is not in vain in the Lord".

"Are not His coming footsteps almost audible? Are not the Times of the Gentiles running out?"
H. Dunelm Aug. 22. 17.

.....
On the far reef the breakers
Recoil in shattered foam,
Yet still the sea behind them
Urges its forces home;
Its chant of triumph surges
Through all the thunderous din-
The wave may break in failure,
But the Tide is sure to win!

O mighty sea! Thy message
In changing spray is cast;
Within God's plan of progress
It matters not at last,
How wide the shores of evil,
How strong the reefs of sin!
The wave may be defeated,
But the Tide is sure to win!

.....
Therefore, "when we fall short, we should not lose courage; we should arise immediately and pursue our course". See Joshua: (vii. 10).
Rodriguez.

"To be able to leave the things we want, that is riches; but to be able to do without, that is power".
.....
Unknown.