



•

**INDIAN INSTITUTE OF  
ADVANCED STUDY  
SIMLA**

# TALKS ON MOHAMMED AND HIS FOLLOWERS



THEODORA BARTON

1/-

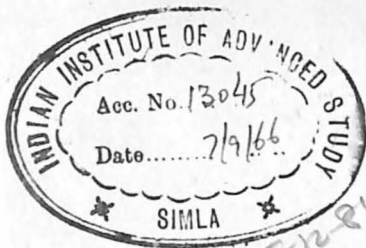
OR WORKERS AMONG BOYS AND GIRLS



Library IAS, Shimla



00013045



297.63

B285T

"TALKS," NEW SERIES, No. 7.

# TALKS ON MOHAMMED AND HIS FOLLOWERS

BY  
THEODORA BARTON

A BOOK FOR TEACHERS OF MISSIONARY  
CLASSES OF BOYS AND GIRLS  
FROM 9 TO 13 YEARS OLD

LONDON  
EDINBURGH HOUSE PRESS  
2 EATON GATE, S.W.1

1932

*Printed in Scotland*

CATALOGUE

## FOREWORD

IN our day schools, during the course of history and geography lessons, children must hear of Mohammed and of Mohammedans, or Moslems. These adherents of Islam (or Mohammedanism), one of the foremost religions, not only of historic, but of our own times, are to be found all over the world to-day. They hear and learn, and what impressions do they take away into adult age? Will they be of those who argue that because Moslems worship God, they should be left to themselves? Will they agree when they hear it said that Islam is the best religion for pagan peoples? Will they assert that it is "as good as Christianity"? All this they may believe, and believe quite honestly, if they learn not much more than that Mohammed was a great leader who lived and died, and that his followers worship God and speak of their leader as a prophet.

There is no reason to doubt that there is much of good in Islam—its ideals of a world-wide brotherhood, its unity, devotional life, personal attachment to Mohammed, and missionary zeal—and we do not want to teach our children in any way to despise Moslems or to treat their religion lightly. But if they learn something of Mohammed's life and message, if they hear what Islam means in morals and customs in the world to-day, inevitably some sort of comparison must follow, and will they then still be able honestly to argue in favour of this religion? We believe not.

It is hoped that the Talks contained in this little book—all except the last is based on a true story—may give the boys and girls of our junior groups some further knowledge of Mohammed and Islam which not only will stand them in good stead if they go abroad to Moslem countries later on, but will induce thought and a strengthening of their own faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour and Redeemer of all mankind.

T. B.

*February 1932*

## THE CLASS AND THE MATERIAL

THE ideal way of using these Talks is with a group of ten to a dozen children and their leader meeting for an hour each week, in such circumstances as give full opportunity for discussion and expression work. For use in larger gatherings the leader will need to adapt the material. At the end of each Talk suggestions for " Things to Do " are given, in which the children may find outlet for their energies and a means of fixing in their memories what they have heard.

It is impossible in the scope of a small book such as this to provide all the background necessary for the leader ; therefore it is urged that such a book as *The Story of Islam*, by T. R. W. Lunt, should be read and studied beforehand. This is short and simple. *The Rebuke of Islam*, by W. H. T. Gairdner, and *The Expansion of Islam* and *The Moslem World in Revolution*, by W. W. Cash, are excellent, and go into the matter more fully. *In Desert and Town*, by M. M. Wood, and *Young Islam on Trek*, by Basil Mathews, will also be found helpful. These books and those suggested in the Talks themselves can all be borrowed from Mission House libraries. *Islam and Its Need*, by Dr W. Norman Leak (Marshall, Morgan & Scott, price 6d. net), gives a short outline of the life of Mohammed, his teaching, and the later developments of Islam.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
TALK I. MOHAMMED AND THE SPREAD OF ISLAM	5
<i>A.</i> The Birth of Islam . . . .	5
<i>B.</i> The Spread of Islam . . . .	11
TALK II. ISLAM IN NORTH INDIA . . . .	17
<i>A.</i> Followers of the Prophet . . . .	18
<i>B.</i> The Christian Hospital . . . .	23
TALK III. ISLAM IN CEYLON . . . .	29
<i>A.</i> A Home of the Moors	30
<i>B.</i> School Life . . . .	36
TALK IV. ISLAM IN PERSIA . . . .	42
<i>A.</i> The Servant . . . .	43
<i>B.</i> The Schoolboy . . . .	48
TALK V. ISLAM IN EGYPT . . . .	54
<i>A.</i> Fears . . . .	55
<i>B.</i> Fears Conquered	61
TALK VI. A MORE EXCELLENT WAY	65

## ILLUSTRATIONS

PICTURE PAGE A.

PICTURE PAGE B.

The Leader will note that each Talk is divided into two "Evenings"—A and B. While this arrangement provides for two meetings on each Talk, it is important to remember that A and B together comprise the lesson, and that neither A nor B must be considered complete in itself.

## TALK I

### MOHAMMED AND THE SPREAD OF ISLAM

*To give a picture of the founding of Islam through its leader and prophet Mohammed, and to show that its early rapid spread was due to the power of the sword and faith in the Koran.*

TO THE LEADER.—"Mohammed, an Arab of the Arabs, has stamped his personality and his faith upon millions of people. He still holds the undivided allegiance of people in every part of the globe. His laws are divine precepts to many races and widely separated peoples. His example, his teaching, and his ideals inspire men in every walk of life. No one but Jesus Christ holds the love and affection of so many people as does Mohammed. To over two hundred and thirty million people he is still the world's greatest man, the last and final Prophet, the hope of the world, and the ideal for the human race."<sup>1</sup>

How did it come about that the teaching and influence of this man spread so quickly and so far, until we find to-day that the whole of North Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Arabia, Mesopotamia and Persia are almost wholly Moslem, while about seventy millions in India, and many thousands in Africa and the Far East, own their allegiance to Mohammed? There are many reasons for the rapid conquest of Islam—the sword, political pressure, the simplicity of its creed, its easy moral code allowing bigamy and divorce, the appeal of the free, independent Arab life to subject races of the times—but "foremost among the assets Islam had for the extension of the faith was the Koran."<sup>1</sup>

*1st Evening (A)*

### THE BIRTH OF ISLAM

**Introduction.**—Have you ever seen a blue pillar-box in one of the London streets? Do you know what it is

<sup>1</sup> *The Expansion of Islam.* W. Wilson Cash.



for? It is for air mail letters—letters to go to all parts of the world by aeroplane instead of by rail and ship.<sup>1</sup> Let us imagine we are passengers on the air mail to India. The pilot calls each of his daily flights a ‘hop,’ and in six hops he reaches Karachi. The first few hops take us over Europe and the Mediterranean Sea to Cairo, the capital of Egypt. The sun is setting behind the pyramids as the plane circles round before landing. On stepping out of the machine we hear a strange musical call: “*Allāhu Akbar, Allāhu Akbar, la illah illa Allah, wa Mohammed rasool Allah. Ta a’atuila solaa, ta a’atuila solaa*” :

“ God is great, God is great!  
I bear witness that there is no God but God;  
I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God.  
Come to prayer! Come to prayer!”

The call comes from far up a pointed minaret or tower where there is an outside gallery, and on it we can just see the figure of a man. He it is who is calling the people to prayer, and on every minaret all over the huge city other men echo the words.<sup>2</sup>

The next day’s hop takes us over the Suez Canal and the Sinai Peninsula to Gaza, in Palestine. As we land the same cry from a minaret greets us. After this we fly to Baghdad and Basra, in Iraq (Mesopotamia), and down the coasts of Persia and Baluchistan, stopping at various places, until at last we reach Karachi, in India. Everywhere it is the same. At sunrise and sunset there is the same call to prayer in the same language, Arabic, and if we flew still farther to the Far East, to China, there would still be places where we should see a mosque and hear the same call.

<sup>1</sup> A map of the world should be used while giving this introduction.

<sup>2</sup> The minaret is part of the mosque or building where Mohammedans worship, just as many of our churches have towers where bells are rung for the services. But instead of bells the Moslems have a man whose duty it is to call the people to prayer.

How is it that we can travel so far and across so many different countries inhabited by different peoples, and yet hear exactly the same thing in every place at which we stop? The meaning of it is that in all these countries the people are not Christians, nor are they heathen, but they are Mohammedans or Moslems. We can travel along the whole of the north of Africa and in parts of the west too, through Palestine, Arabia, Iraq, Persia, Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Malay, and up and down India, and everywhere we find Moslem men, women and children, all praying in the same way and in the same language and reading their sacred book, the Koran, which their leader Mohammed left them.

In our Talks we are going to begin with the story of the man Mohammed who founded this religion called Islam (or Mohammedanism) which Moslems follow. Then we shall go on to learn something of the spread of the Mohammedan religion in the early years after Mohammed's death. Later on we shall see pictures of life in Mohammedan countries to-day, and learn too what Christians are doing in these lands.

1. **A Fair in the Desert.**—A young Arab, scarcely more than a boy, was pushing his way through the dense crowds of the market of Okadh in Arabia. The noise was terrific. On all sides merchants and shopkeepers were advertising their wares or bargaining with would-be purchasers. Bearded men of the desert were transacting important business; white-haired merchants discussed and planned out future caravans to bring precious stones and spices from the mysterious Indies; skins, metals, silk stuffs from China for the garments of the Greek emperors and priests; grain, dried raisins, oil, swords and shields for the Arabs themselves.

Remind the children that this is not such a caravan as they might picture, but consists of camels loaded with goods on their backs, generally following one after the other in a long line. The

planning of these caravans, sometimes of from two thousand to three thousand camels, which travel thousands of miles across the desert, escorted by two to three hundred men, requires much careful thought if the journey is to be successful.

In the more open spaces, games and dances were in progress, for although the older people might be doing business, this was the great fair held once a year, and the men, women and children were out to enjoy life.

Mohammed, for he was the young man, found his progress barred by a group of men, and stood for a moment looking over their shoulders. A poet was reciting some verses in a loud, excited voice, his body swaying to the rhythm of his words. The young man looked at him somewhat contemptuously and pushed on. A little farther on he was again stopped, this time by two lines of men dancers. They were clapping their hands and moving their feet in time to a thin stream of music which came from a man standing in the centre playing on a reed pipe. The men as they danced were laughing, and their hot, flushed faces looked happy and carefree.

2. **The Preacher on the Camel.**—The young man threaded his way round them and presently came to the edge of the fair. But here, too, under the palm trees, a great crowd of people was standing. The sun was beginning to set, and after the din of the market, here it was curiously quiet. Only one voice was to be heard. Silhouetted against the reddening sky, an old man, with a long white beard, seated high up on the hump of a tall brown camel, was speaking. The crowd listened entranced, had been listening for hours. This was not poetry, but the art of oratory at its highest. Beautiful Arabic words in a quick succession of sentences and proverbs flowed from the old man's lips in a kind of lilting rhythm—"strung pearls," the young man thought as he listened.

But there was more than this, for the old man from his camel pulpit was preaching the uselessness of wealth

to this crowd of merchants and warriors. He spoke of the end of the world and the Day of Judgment, of the one God who must be worshipped and not idols.

The sun slipped farther down into the west—now it was gone, and the stars began to peep through the dark palm branches. The scene and the words stamped themselves upon the young man's memory. "Listen," cried the old preacher.

" 'O mankind, hear and understand ;  
He who lives must die, who dies is departed.  
What must be will be ;  
Obscure night, sky adorned with stars,  
Heaving billows, sparkling planets. . . .  
What do I see ? They go and return never.' " <sup>1</sup>

In this way he had recited for long hours, but at last the words ceased. The camel moved away. In the throng and press of the now noisy crowd the young man found himself beside a friend. "Who was that old man?" he asked. "That was Quss ben Säida, the Christian Bishop of Nejran," was the reply.

3. **The People of the Book.**—Mohammed walked back in a dream. So the preacher was a Christian, he told himself, one of "the people of the Book."

How did it happen that Christians and Jews had spread south into Arabia from Palestine and Syria?

He had come across Christians from time to time as he travelled through Arabia with his uncle's caravan. They were wise, they had learning, they could read and write, and, above all, they had their mysterious Book. It was for this the Arabs looked up to them. But they were strange people. Although of the country and speaking Arabic like himself, their Book was in another tongue, and so they could not read it for themselves and were for ever arguing and talking.

<sup>1</sup> The sermon of this Christian Bishop, as preserved by the Arabs, bears a strong likeness to early passages in the Koran, and probably contributed something to that book.

The Christians of this time had forgotten that they should be kind and good and follow the example of Jesus Christ. They thought the ways of worshipping Him were more important than trying to live their lives like His; and so they quarrelled and fought, and hated and despised each other, and were not at all a good example to those around them. Their religion seemed a very complicated and difficult thing to the simple-minded Arabs, who still worshipped idols.

As the boy lay on his bed that night he decided that he would learn more of the Christians. He thought with envy of the wonderful flow of words from the lips of the old Bishop. If only he could speak like that, and hold the rapt attention of his hearers for hour after hour! If only he was learned and had a Book to guide him! He wondered greatly that the Arabs, his people, had no Book like the Jews and Christians around them; surely they had as much right to one as their neighbours? Thoughts, such as these, chased themselves through his brain and it was a long time before he fell asleep.

### Group Work

**FRIEZE.**—A frieze (see Picture Page B) or rather dado at a convenient height on the wall, of coloured paper, preferably red or orange, about 1 to 1½ feet broad, may be put round the walls of the meeting-room and added to week by week according to the suggestions given at the end of each lesson. Where it is not possible to keep this up all the time, the dado should be rolled up and then fastened on the wall before each meeting. Plain coloured wall-paper, cut to the required width, is convenient to use and saves some joining of pieces. On black or brown paper draw and cut out in silhouette a mosque and its minaret (see Picture Page B) and stick on as the first picture of the frieze.

### Individual Work

1. "SPIRES AND MINARETS."—This is the title for a book which you are going to make week by week, to be your very own. To-day you can design a cover for it. If it is an exercise book, cover it with brown or coloured paper, then print the title as neatly as you can and make a design of a church and a mosque on either side.

2. **MODEL.**—Make a model of a minaret in plasticine, copying picture 2 on Picture Page A. It should be about 6 to 8 inches high.

3. **WRITING.**—What did Mohammed learn from the Christians, and why did he not learn more?

4. BIBLE STUDY.—Read Psalm xcvi. and learn verses 3 and 4 by heart.

5. PREPARATION FOR NEXT EVENING.—Collect any pictures you can of mosques, and also if possible some of churches in the Near East, in Palestine, North Africa, Egypt.

*2nd Evening (B)*

**THE SPREAD OF ISLAM**

1. **The Lonely Man in the Cave.**—You will remember that the story last week ended with Mohammed's falling asleep, thinking of the preacher on the camel and the Christians, and longing to give the Arabs a Book such as the Christians and Jews had. The years passed, and the boy Mohammed grew to be a man. Sometimes, in order to be alone, and to have time for thinking, he used to go outside the town into the mountains and live in a cave. He passed long days in meditation and prayer, as he had seen Christian hermits do.

What is a hermit ?

He felt more and more strongly that he was called in some special way to lead and guide his people. He believed that there was one God, as the Jews and Christians said, and that from time to time He sent a prophet to the world such as Abraham, Moses and Jesus. He was convinced that he himself was another prophet, the last of the line, to bring back his people, the Arabs, who worshipped idols, to the one true God.

If Mohammed believed in God, why did he not become a Christian ? Let children discuss reasons, recalling the state of Christianity of Mohammed's time, mentioned in Part A. Besides this, Mohammed could not study the Gospels for himself. There were two reasons for this. He could not read, and probably as yet they had not been translated into his own language, Arabic. Perhaps, too, he had some idea of becoming a great worldly leader and a conqueror of other nations. As a true Christian he would not have been able to be this.

One night as Mohammed lay asleep in his cave on the mountain, worn out by his thoughts and thin from

scanty food, it seemed to him that a mysterious being visited him. The being held a piece of silk, covered with writing, in his hand, and said, "Read."

"I do not know how to read," replied Mohammed.

The being caught hold of him, then letting him go, repeated, "Read."

"I do not know how to read," said Mohammed.

Again the being caught hold of him, let him go, and commanded him to read.

"I do not know how to read," said Mohammed.

"Read," said the being. "Read, in the name of thy Lord, who hath created all things. Read, in the name of thy Lord, who teacheth man that which he knoweth not."

Mohammed repeated these words, and suddenly he was able to understand all that was written on the silk. The being explained to him all the thoughts that had been perplexing him, and then disappeared. Mohammed awoke. He felt that a book had been written in his heart; he was much disturbed and, running down the mountain, fled back to the town.

Perhaps you ask if this is all true. Many people, particularly in the East, have visions and exceedingly vivid dreams. Mohammed used often to go off into a long trance or kind of faint, and it was during these trances that he said the being or angel came to him and gave him messages from God.

**2. The Conqueror.**—From this time on Mohammed became a leader of his people, proclaiming that there was only one God, and that he was the last and greatest prophet of God. At first he was persecuted because, you will remember, the Arabs then worshipped idols and did not want to give them up, and eventually he had to flee from Mecca, but later he became more and more powerful. As time went on he lost his first dignity and spirituality, and grew more and more worldly, but he left to the Arabs a book, of which the first message was given him by the being who told him to read. This book is

called the Koran, and is as sacred to all Moslems as the Bible is to us.

During the last years of his life Mohammed was constantly fighting against his enemies, those who still wanted to worship idols and who did not believe in one God or His prophet. Sword in hand, he rode on a camel at the head of his army and fought all those who refused to believe in him. Arabia soon saw that Islam was a force to be reckoned with. Mohammed hoped it would become the religion for all nations.

**3. Victory for His Followers.**—After Mohammed's death his friends and relations carried on his work. Only four years had passed when a Moslem army had marched through Arabia and was encamped around and laying siege to Medain, which was then the capital city of Persia, a little to the south of modern Baghdad. The beautiful town, with its luxurious palaces and houses, lay on each side of the River Tigris. The Persian queen-mother made a valiant attempt to defeat the Moslem army outside the city, but her troops were beaten, and the invaders laid siege to the nearest part of the town on the eastern side of the river. The Moslem general recited texts from the Koran to his army to encourage them. Across the river they could see the Persian king's wonderful palace with its great hall of white marble. After their own humble mud-built towns they were dazzled by the sight. "Great heavens!" cried the general, "what is this but the white pavilion of the royal family! Now hath the Lord fulfilled the promise which He made unto His prophet!" and each company shouted "*Allāhu Akbar!* Great is the Lord!" At first the city held out against the invaders, but at length the Persians were pressed so heavily that they left the eastern part of the city and crossed the river to the western, where they felt more secure. The river was now between them and their foes.



How was the Moslem general to get his army across the water? This was indeed a problem. For many weeks he searched up and down for boats, but every one had been removed by the Persians in their flight. At last a Persian, who had deserted from his army, told the Moslem general of a place in the river where it could be swum and forded. But the waters of the river were just then rising with the melting snow off mountains far to the north, and it was feared that the horses would be carried off their feet by the swift, rushing torrent. There was no time to be lost, however, and the general called to his horsemen, "Arise! Let us stem the flood!" Sixty horsemen plunged into the water and were nearly across when the Persians on their side dashed in to beat them back. "Raise your lances," shouted the Moslem leader, "bear right into their eyes." So they drove them back, and then troop after troop of the Moslem horsemen jumped into the river, so thick and close that the water was hidden from their view and it seemed that they came over on dry ground.

The Persians fled, and the Moslems were in possession of one of the richest cities in the world. The simple Arabs gazed in wonder at the jewelled swords, the crown and precious robes of the king. There were countless gold and silver vessels, and rich works of art in sandalwood and amber. Dividing all this booty among the soldiers was a lengthy task.

The victorious general lived in the huge royal palace, and the great hall was turned into a place of worship where the Koran was read daily. Five times a day a call echoed across the muddy river :

"God is great, God is great!  
I bear witness that there is no God but God;  
I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God.  
Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

So surely and steadily Islam spread and conquered :

Syria to the north, Persia and India to the east, and Egypt to the west. For many long years terrific battles were fought and the blood of both the Moslems and their enemies ran red on the ground.

It must not be forgotten that for many hundreds of years it was thought right and proper by the people of the West to spread Christianity at the point of the sword also. The Crusades are the most glaring example. Do we still believe it is right? Discuss.

Everywhere the victorious Arab armies went the Koran was taken, and the conquered peoples were taught its laws and sayings. The power of the Lonely Man in the Cave had come to stay.

The language of the Koran was Arabic, and to-day, wherever it is used by Moslems all over the world, it is still in Arabic. Because they believe it is the "inspired word of God" and came to Mohammed in Arabic, they have never liked translations to be made of it, for to them to do so is to dishonour God.<sup>1</sup> It is for this reason that the peoples conquered by Moslems had to learn Arabic, and why we find to-day that a country such as Egypt has completely lost its original language.

### Group Work

MAP.—Like the frieze, the map is intended to be added to week by week, and it is suggested that additions should be made, such as a steamer on the sea, an aeroplane, a camel in one of the deserts, etc. Enlarge the map on Picture Page A on to a piece of new brown paper, size about 26 ins. by 19 ins. Then make several copies of the small pictures of the church (1) and the mosque (2) on Picture Page A and stick them on the map, according to the places given in the chart on p. 16, so as to show first, the spread of Christianity and then the spread of Islam. Add the date in each case. In some places the church and the mosque will have to be side by side.

### Individual Work

I. "SPIRES AND MINARETS."—Copy the call to prayer on p. 6 into your book, and on the opposite page copy Deut. v. 6-8.

<sup>1</sup> The first translation of the Koran was into Latin in about A.D. 1143, but it was not translated into English until several hundred years later.

## 16 MOHAMMED AND HIS FOLLOWERS

2. WRITING.—Mohammed and his followers spread Islam at the point of the sword, and the Christians have done so too, especially at the time of the Crusades. Do we still believe it is right to do this? Give reasons for your answer.

3. BIBLE STUDY.—Read Matthew v. 43-48. Who spoke these words? Do we try to follow this teaching? Learn v. 44.

4. PREPARATION FOR NEXT EVENING.—Collect pictures of camels and aeroplanes, also, if possible, of the Khyber Pass, North-West Frontier Province, India; the Frontier mission hospitals; and Frontier tribesmen and children.

### CHART

<i>Spread of Christianity</i>	<i>Spread of Islam</i>
Jerusalem . . . . . A.D. 33	Mecca . . . . . A.D. 629
N. Africa . . . . . about A.D. 40	Jerusalem . . . . . A.D. 636
Rome . . . . . about A.D. 64	Cairo . . . . . A.D. 640
Spain . . . . . between A.D. 100 and A.D. 200	Persia . . . . . about A.D. 640
Britain . . . . . about A.D. 208	Morocco . . . . . A.D. 682
Constantinople . . . . . about A.D. 330	Spain . . . . . A.D. 717
Persia . . . . . about A.D. 435	India (Sindh) . . . . . A.D. 711
India (Malabar) . . . . . about A.D. 600	China . . . . . A.D. 755
China . . . . . about A.D. 636	Constantinople . . . . . between A.D. 1000 and A.D. 1100

*Note.*—It is impossible to obtain exact dates for the arrival of Christianity in different parts of the world. It is thought that St Thomas went to India and was the founder of the present Christian Church in S. India, but there is no foundation for this, and most historians attribute the spread of Christianity in S. India to the Nestorians in the seventh century. The Nestorians also founded the churches in Persia and China.

## TALK II

### ISLAM IN NORTH INDIA

*To show that in spite of the difficulties and disappointments of missionary work in Moslem lands, mission hospitals are helping to break down Moslem prejudice and witnessing to the Christian ideal of service.*

TO THE LEADER.—The North-West Frontier of India stretches for one thousand one hundred miles from the farthest point in Kashmir to Robat on the Persian frontier (over twice the distance from London to Edinburgh), and consists of ranges of mountains that form a division between Central Asia and the great plains of India. It is down the passes through these mountains that from time immemorial great migrations of peoples have marched southwards to find fresh pastures and form new kingdoms, and it is here that the way was found for Islam to flood through into the great land of India. It is a place of constant movement, of battle and of sudden death, even in the history of our own times, and the problem of the pacification of the tribes who inhabit this inhospitable tract of country is one that will continue for many years to come.

We have tried in this Talk to give a picture of this fanatical and difficult corner of the Moslem world, of the turbulent tribes who live there. The Pathan,<sup>1</sup> who might have stepped out of the Middle Ages, lives in his fortified village and loop-holed watch-tower, while motor traffic hoots up and down the narrow passes, and aeroplanes of the R.A.F. drone overhead, acting as scouts for the military stations which guard the entrances into British India.

How are these tribes people to be won for Christ? Their lands are closed against the ordinary methods of missionary endeavour, but pain and sickness make a common bond all the world over, and so we find in every town at the Indian end of all the big passes, a mission hospital, whose fame is known for hundreds of miles, right into Central Asia itself. Even so, the work is desperately slow and full of disappointments. The Moslem, and especially the bigoted Moslem of the Frontier, is the hardest person in all the world to convert. We want our children to realize this

<sup>1</sup> Pronounce Pa-tahn. A general name given to any tribesman of these parts.

and the reasons for it, but also to realize the possibilities of medical work and its "civilizing and softening" influence which is, we believe, the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump." (*Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier*, by Dr Pennell, gives a good background for this Talk.)

*1st Evening (A)*

## FOLLOWERS OF THE PROPHET

**Introduction.**—We have heard how Islam, the religion founded by Mohammed, spread from Arabia to Persia. Only twelve years after the death of the Prophet it had reached as far as Kabul (A.D. 644), now the capital of Afghanistan. But there it stayed for more than three hundred years, until a Moslem king called Sabaktigin (A.D. 987) marched his armies through the mountain passes of the North-west into India, and Mahmud, his son, set up a Moslem kingdom, which reached as far south as Delhi.

To-day we are going to climb into our private aeroplane and pay a flying visit to those wild, barren mountains that divide India from Afghanistan, through which for a thousand years the Moslem armies have made countless invasions to try to conquer India for Mohammed. Here to-day live fierce, war-like tribes who are still ready to sweep down into the plains of India to force unbelievers by the threat of death into their religion of Islam. We are going to hear to-day of people who belong to one of these tribes—the Afridis.

### 1. The Village Mosque.

"God is great, God is great!  
I bear witness that there is no God but God;  
I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God.  
Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

The musical call echoed down the valley as the red ball of the sun disappeared behind the jagged edges of the hills. The sky was flaming in orange and pink when

Hamid Gul<sup>1</sup> and his father entered the village mosque for the evening prayer, and joined several men in the mosque courtyard, washing themselves at the small tank in the centre. They all washed in the same way—the face from the top of the forehead to the chin and as far as each ear, the hands and arms up to the elbow, a fourth part of the head, and the feet to the ankles. Hamid Gul's father told him that unless he always washed in this way the prayers he said afterwards would be useless. When the washing was done they all went into the mosque building itself. There were no women present, but Hamid Gul did not think this strange. He had been brought up to believe ~~that women could never be equal with men, and certainly could not be allowed to say their daily prayers with them.~~

Prayer is one of the five duties of Islam, the others being reciting the Kalima or creed, fasting, giving of alms, and pilgrimage to Mecca. Prayers must be said five times a day—at dawn, just after noon, before and after sunset, and after dark.

Hamid was not surprised either that he could hardly understand a word of what was said in the prayers or read from the Koran.

Remind the class that the Koran remained in Arabic and was not to be translated (see Talk I). The prayers were in Arabic also. The language of the Frontier tribes is Pushto, with slightly varying dialects, as Yorkshire varies from Devonshire.

Hamid Gul's father did not go to the mosque every day. Sometimes he said his prayers at home on a special little mat, which he always spread in the same place. Often he was out on the hillsides and would pray there, but he would always face in the same direction, and Hamid Gul learnt that it was very important to face the direction of Mecca.

The children will remember that Mecca was the city where Mohammed lived.

<sup>1</sup> Pronounce Hamiced Gool.

Hamid Gul was very proud of his father because he had been to Mecca on pilgrimage, and it was not many people who could do this, because Mecca was a very long way away and it cost a lot of money to get there. Hamid Gul was quite sure that because of this his father was a very good man indeed, and he hoped that one day he too would be able to go to Mecca and become as good as his father. But for as long as he could remember he had been lame in one leg and he often had a bad pain in his knee. If he could not climb the hills all round his home, would he ever be able to make the long journey to Mecca?

2. **Burnt Bread.**—That evening when they got in from the mosque and had sat down to eat their supper, they found that the *chapatties* (bread made flat like pancakes) were burnt.

Hamid Gul's father jumped up in a towering rage and strode towards his wife, who was cowering in a corner, "By the beard of the holy prophet," he stormed, "this is the third time in a week thou hast spoilt the food. Am I a dog to be treated thus?" He seized his gun, which was standing up against the wall, and began to beat her mercilessly with the butt end. The poor woman shrieked and protected her head as best she could with her hands, and the heavy blows rained down on her back. Hamid Gul sat motionless watching the scene—yes, that was the way to teach stupid women. At length his father put the gun down saying savagely, "By Allah, thou shalt be taught not to play with me thus." The woman leaned half fainting against the wall, she was deathly pale, and was moaning softly.

"Ho! O my mother," shouted Hamid Gul's father to his grandmother, "bring more *roti* (bread) quickly.

At this the younger woman opened her eyes and gasped out, "I am ill, O father of Hamid Gul<sup>1</sup>; for many weeks

<sup>1</sup> Moslem women never address their husbands directly, but as the father of one of the children, generally the eldest.

I have had fever and pains in my body. I cannot eat and cannot sleep—oh, have pity !”

“Get out,” replied the man. “I care not for thy pains. What other use hast thou than to cook my food ? If thou canst not do this, thou canst go.”

The woman dragged herself painfully from the room and Hamid Gul's father finished his meal in silence.

Perhaps you will wonder why Hamid Gul thought his father such a good man, if he could treat his wife like this. As you have seen, he was strict in his religion and said his prayers regularly, but this did not make any difference in his life.

**3. The Uncle's Suggestion.**—Some weeks after this an uncle came to visit them. Hamid Gul was always glad when his Uncle, Alif Khan,<sup>1</sup> came to see them, for he was a merchant and had travelled a great deal. He had exciting stories to tell of his journeys and adventures.

One evening he and Hamid Gul's father were watching the children playing. Alif Khan puffed at his *hookah* (water-pipe) and looked at Hamid Gul, who was painfully limping about and trying to enter into the games as well as the other stronger children.

“Is not Hamid Gul more lame than he was ?” he asked slowly.

Hamid Gul's father looked at the boy sadly. “I have done all I can,” he said. “He wears a special charm which I bought from the *mullah* (Moslem religious leader or teacher)<sup>2</sup> for a large sum. It came from Mecca and contains a piece of the holy Koran. If the boy is worse it is the will of Allah.”

The Moslem idea of God is not as a loving Father, but as a very powerful Ruler, who controls every action and every happening in the world. Everything comes from Him and everything, including illness and suffering, is sent by Him.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pronounce Ullif Kahn.

<sup>2</sup> There are no priests in Islam.

<sup>3</sup> “Resignation,” the meaning of the word Islam, well expresses the fatalism of the religion.



"In Peshawar," said Alif Khan, "there is a hospital where there is a clever *hakeem* (doctor). On my last journey to India one of my camel men was bitten by his ~~beast~~ and was near to dying. But he was taken to this hospital and in a few weeks was quite well again."

Hamid Gul's father frowned. "They are dogs of *kafirs* (infidels) there," he said.

An infidel to a Moslem is anyone not of the same faith—Hindu, Christian, etc.

"Infidels they are," returned the other, "but clever, nevertheless."

Hamid Gul's father was silent.

Alif Khan went on. "Go you to India this spring?" he asked.

"No," answered the other, "I have a blood feud on, as you know, which will take me into the hills. I have sworn to kill the son of Mirza Khan before the harvest."<sup>1</sup>

All tribal families are involved in a blood feud of some sort. A member of the family is murdered or a woman stolen, and in honour bound the family must retaliate and take blood for blood. This is the reason why every ~~man~~ goes armed to the teeth, and every village is fortified and has a watch-tower.

"Let me take Hamid Gul then to Peshawar, with his mother to look after him. I will see that he comes to no harm and learns nothing from the infidels. And what if he came back able to run as other boys?" So Alif Khan persuaded, and at last, but with some misgivings, Hamid Gul's father gave his consent.

### Group Work

MAP.—Cut out picture 3 on Picture Page A and stick on the map at Peshawar, North-West Frontier Province, India. By means of a dotted line, trace Hamid Gul's father's journey to Mecca. (Train to Lahore and Karachi; ship to Jidda; camel or on foot to Mecca.)

<sup>1</sup> Harvest time in North India is in March or April.

**Individual Work**

1. "SPIRES AND MINARETS."—Print on one page the washing ceremonies connected with a Moslem's prayer, and on the other what Jesus taught about prayer, Matthew vi. 5-8.

2. DRAWING.—Draw Hamid Gul (see figure on cover).

3. BIBLE STUDY.—Learn Matthew vii. 21. Why do you think you have been asked to learn this verse? What has it to do with what you have been hearing to-day?

4. PREPARATION FOR NEXT EVENING.—Collect things that would be useful in hospitals—safety-pins, pieces of old clean linen, bandages, etc. Also small balls of coloured wools and knitting-needles for making a quilt.

*2nd Evening (B)***THE CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL**

1. **The Journey.**—Last week our story ended with Hamid Gul's father consenting to Alif Khan taking Hamid Gul to the hospital at Peshawar. A few days later the party set off. Hamid Gul and his mother each had a donkey to ride on, and strung together in a long file came Alif Khan's camels, carrying merchandise to be sold in the city of Peshawar. There were Alif Khan's wife and children and the camel men; altogether it was a large cavalcade. At the appointed hours the caravan would stop for the men to say their prayers, and if there was no water with which to purify themselves, they would use sand, as this was allowed by the Koran.

Hamid Gul was very excited by it all. He loved the musical sound of the camel bells, and the wild singing, into which every now and then the camel men would break. Every evening when they reached the caravanserai, or inn, he would watch the unloading of the big, ungainly beasts and listen to the jokes of the men, or to their bad language, if they were in a surly mood. Every morning they would be up before sunrise, and the camels, grunting and swaying, would rise on their thin,

spindly legs and spread out in a long single line, ready for the road again.

2. **Old and New.**—In this way the caravan came at length to the Khyber Pass, and Hamid Gul on his donkey sat looking in amazement at the two broad roads, one above the other, that wound like two dusty ribbons between the cliffs in the hills.

“What is the meaning of the two roads, O my uncle?” he asked.

“One is old and one is new,” replied Alif Khan. “The old one is used by the camels and the new by the motor-cars.”

Even as they looked, round a corner of the upper road swung a small beetle-like object which raced along at terrific speed. Hamid Gul held his breath and followed it with his eyes until it was lost to view round another bend. He had seen his first motor-car. “That is the way to travel,” he thought, “not on a lazy good-for-nothing donkey.”

Ahead of them was another long caravan, even bigger than theirs, and the camels were bulging with huge bundles of carpets and merchandise from Central Asia. Hamid Gul again turned to his uncle. “Why do you not fight those people and loot (steal) their camels?” he asked. “We have as many men and are as well armed.”<sup>1</sup>

Alif Khan laughed. He was delighted to find his lame nephew had the warlike spirit that all true tribesmen should have. “Alas!” he said, “would that we could! But we Afridis are paid by the *Sircar* (Government) to keep the peace in the Pass. If we kill or let others kill here, then we lose our money, and that would be a pity. Also British troops are in the Pass,” he shrugged his shoulders, “so it is better perhaps to go softly.”

So intent was Hamid Gul in looking out for more

<sup>1</sup> Every tribesman carries a rifle and cartridges, and generally also a knife or two stuck into his wide cummerbund or belt.

motor-cars that he jumped when suddenly one of the camel men near him shouted, "See! the plains of India!" He turned to look, and there, sure enough, stretched out almost at his feet in a haze of heat and dust, were the plains. Hamid Gul felt he was really in the world at last.

3. "The Good Samaritan."—The next day Hamid Gul, his mother and uncle were at the hospital early in the morning, and after they had waited for a short time in the sunshine of the courtyard, a door was thrown open and all the men patients<sup>1</sup> streamed in and sat in rows on strips of matting on the floor. From another door a man came in dressed in a clean white coat, and standing in front of the rows of people began to tell a story. It was about a man travelling through the mountains when he was suddenly surrounded by thieves, who robbed him of all he possessed and then left him half dead by the roadside. Hamid Gul had often heard such a tale before, for road robberies were quite usual in his own home mountains. He said to himself, "I expect he who was robbed was one of those pig Hindus."<sup>2</sup>

But no, apparently he was not a Hindu. One or two people, including a *mullah*, passed that way but did not do anything for the injured man, because he was of a different tribe, but at last a man came along, bound up his wounds, put him on his own mule, and took him to the nearest caravanserai, where he gave the innkeeper money to look after the injured man. Hamid Gul thought, "He must have been of his own tribe to do that."

<sup>1</sup> There are always two separate out-patient departments in mission hospitals in India, one for men and one for women.

<sup>2</sup> Moslems of North India are of little use at business, and all through the tribal country the shop-owners and money-lenders are Hindus, who, though indispensable to the tribespeople, are despised and hated. These Hindu merchants travel backwards and forwards into India to buy sugar, tea, etc., which are much coveted by the Moslems living in the barren frontier country.

But to his great surprise he heard that it was not so, the friendly man was a *mehtar* (sweeper) !

The sweepers, or people who do the scavenging and dirtiest work, are outcastes. They are to be found all over the North-West Frontier Province, and numbers of them are Christians. Why did the speaker make the good Samaritan a sweeper ?

The story-teller went on to say that the *mehtar* was a follower of Isa (Jesus Christ), who had said men ought always to be kind and do good one to another, even though they were of a different tribe or nationality.

Hamid Gul looked up at his uncle and saw him pulling at his beard (a sign of anger), and wondered why. Evidently he had not liked the story very much. But now it was ended, and the patients began to go through the inner door in groups. Presently it was their turn, and Hamid Gul was standing before an Englishman, the Doctor Sahib, who made him lie down on a couch, while he examined his leg. "He will have to stay some time and have an operation," he told Alif Khan.

4. **Among the "Infidels."**—So Hamid Gul found himself in bed, dressed in a clean hospital shirt, his mother by him to do his cooking and to look after him. The hospital was full of surprises. There were men who attended the patients and did all kinds of horrid, dirty jobs, and there was a *feringhee* (Englishwoman), always dressed in spotless white, who did not seem to mind touching the most filthy and evil-smelling wounds and sores. Everybody was kind and friendly. One day he asked his mother why the people were like this.

What would you expect her answer to be ?

"They are Christians," she said. "They follow the prophet Isa." Then Hamid Gul remembered the story he had heard the first day.

Every day the Doctor Sahib came to see Hamid Gul, and one day he happened to glance at his mother. "You have fever ?" he asked her.

"Yes, Sahib," she said.

"I will send the Miss Sahib to you," he said.

Hamid Gul was amazed that the Doctor Sahib should notice that his mother was ill, and be prepared to help her too. Fancy bothering about a woman! "What strange people Christians are," he thought.

The days passed, and Hamid Gul had his operation, and his mother was given medicine and began to get better. And though he was still in bed, Hamid Gul thought the hospital a delightful place. He listened eagerly to the talks given by the men nurses or the Doctor Sahib, and to the *Injil* (Gospel) when it was read, and asked many questions about the prophet Isa.

5. **Disappointment.**—Some weeks later his uncle, Alif Khan, came in to see him. He had been farther south into India in the interval. Hamid Gul told him all he had been learning. He said, "Our prophet Mohammed was a great man, O my uncle, but the prophet Isa must be greater, for it is said he is the Son of God."

Alif Khan struck his nephew across the mouth. "Silence!" he cried. "Thou knowest not what thou sayest!"<sup>1</sup>

Then he hurried from the ward, thinking, "By the holy beard of the Prophet, the boy's ears are too sharp. We must go, and go quickly, before worse befalls." He immediately sought out the Doctor Sahib. "I must take my nephew home," he said. "I have heard there is trouble in his village. We must go at once."

"Wait another week at least," urged the doctor; "he may be fit to travel then. If you take him now, all the good we have been able to do will be wasted."

"No, no," said Alif Khan, "we must go at once. I must take him away to-day."

<sup>1</sup> The doctrine of the Son of God is blasphemy to a Moslem. Jesus Christ to a Moslem is nothing more than a prophet. This constitutes the greatest obstacle in the path of converting Moslems.

The doctor knew argument was useless. Whatever he said, Hamid Gul would have to go. He turned away sadly. He knew Alif Khan had been lying about trouble at home. It was because Hamid Gul was learning too much about Jesus Christ.

Let the children discuss some such question as: Did the hospital do anything for Hamid Gul, even though he was taken away in such a hurry? What impressions would he take away? (The kindness of Christians, service in the cause of others, freedom from superstition and fear, etc.). In the face of this disappointment, could the missionary doctor do anything? (Pray that Hamid Gul's interest would not be crushed out of him when he got home. Pray for further opportunities of contact. Keep strong his faith and trust in God that He was using the mission hospitals for the spread of His Kingdom even though that Kingdom seemed slow in coming.) Can we help here in England?

### Group Work

1. FRIEZE.—Draw and cut out some camels (see Picture Page B) and an aeroplane in silhouette and add to frieze.

2. GIFTS FOR HOSPITALS.—Make flat swabs 4 ins. by 4 ins. or 8 ins. by 8 ins. with four to eight thicknesses of gauze, edges turned in and stitched round. Quilts can be made by knitting small squares 4 ins. to 8 ins. of any colour and joining them together. The wools used should be of the same thickness.

3. MODEL.—Make a model of the Khyber Pass in plasticine or clay. You will not be able to get this exact, but imagine a range of sharp hills and a deep, narrow valley winding in and out between them. The two roads, one above the other, are cut into the sides of the hills. (See picture 3, Picture Page A.)

### Individual Work

1. WRITING.—What did Hamid Gul learn about Christianity in hospital?

2. BIBLE STUDY.—Look up the parable of the Good Samaritan, Luke x. 30-37, and then learn Luke iv. 18.

3. PREPARATION FOR NEXT EVENING.—Collect pictures of Ceylon, and make a list of all the things you can find out that come from Ceylon—tea, etc.

## TALK III

### ISLAM IN CEYLON

*To show the value of evangelistic work in the homes of Moslems, as a means of reaching the women and encouraging them to send their daughters and sisters to a Christian school.*

TO THE LEADER.—Mohammed at one time in his life had nine wives, and although this number was not allowed to his followers, it is expressly stated in the Koran that a man may have four. It is asserted by many Moslems that Mohammed raised the position of women to a higher degree than any man before him, and it is certainly true that he abolished female infanticide and reformed many cruel customs to do with women, which were then common among the Arabs. But conditions in the East speak for themselves, early marriage, *purdah* (seclusion of women), easy divorce, and the almost invariable rule, until recent years, of education for the boy but not for the girl.

Much has been done and is still being done for Moslem women and girls by Christian missions through medical, evangelistic and educational agencies. It is not generally known that there are a large number of Moslems in Ceylon. The poorer ones live in their own villages, and although the women move freely within them, they very rarely go beyond the confining village walls. The well-to-do Moslems are scattered about in the towns, their business being trade and commerce; their women keep strict *purdah*. The wealthy trading Moslems of Ceylon are a far cry from the warlike tribesmen of the North-West Frontier of India, yet we find the same faith, the same feasts and fasts, the same Arabic Koran, the same mosques and mullans, the same devotion to Mohammed.

We have tried to show in this Talk the meaning of *purdah* and what can be done by visiting and attendance at school. On the face of it not much seems to be accomplished, but the seed is only now being sown. The harvest cannot be hurried. It is an achievement in itself that for some the iron custom of *purdah* is being lifted, and life, for a few years at least, is tolerable.



*1st Evening (A)*

## A HOME OF THE MOORS

**Introduction.**—From the wild barren hills of the North-West of India we are now going to make a long journey down south to Ceylon. Ceylon is an island off the southernmost point of India, so that after flying over mile upon mile of land, we must cross a narrow neck of sea to get to it. How green it looks after the brown dusty hills where Hamid Gul lives! We are close to the Equator now, and the air feels warm and steamy. We fly on to the south of the island and land at a seaside town. How pretty it is! Tall palm-trees fringe the seashore; white houses gleam through the trees, surrounded by gardens full of tropical flowers; and little boats with tall, graceful sails dance up and down on the sparkling blue-green sea.

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, a long, long time before Mohammed began to proclaim himself as the prophet of God, Arab traders sailed over the sea (the Indian Ocean we call it to-day) to Ceylon. These men were great sailors, and they were also clever men of business. Gradually they settled all along the coast, built warehouses, crowded the harbours with shipping and collected all the wealth of this wonderful island—precious stones, dye-woods, spices and ivory—and sent them in their ships to Arabia by the Persian Gulf, and also in the other direction, across to China and the Far East. They kept the possession of all the trade of the East until the arrival of the Portuguese about the year 1534, when Henry VIII was on the throne of England.

The Portuguese gave the name of Mouro to these Arab traders, because they were like the people they knew who lived in Mauritania (the old name for Morocco in North Africa).

Why did the Portuguese confuse them with the people of North Africa? (They were all Moslems.) By A.D. 715 Islam had spread right across North Africa and, entering Europe, had also conquered Spain and Portugal.

To-day the descendants of those old Arab traders are still to be found all along the coast of Ceylon and inland too, and they are called the Moors, from that name Mouro which the Portuguese gave them so long ago. The Moors are all Moslems.

Question the children as to *how* they became Moslems, if they were there before the birth of Mohammed. Islam is a "missionary" religion. Everywhere Moslems go they make converts. It is easy to see how the Arab traders, going backwards and forwards to Arabia, would learn of Mohammed and become his followers. They would then bring Islam to Ceylon, mosques would be built, the Koran taught, and before long the new religion would be firmly established.

**i. A Visit.**—Kaseem came running into the house feeling very important. He had a message to give to his mother. "Miss Upasene<sup>1</sup> is coming to see you this evening," he said.

"Who is that?" asked his mother. "Your teacher? We must make some preparation then, and have fresh sweets made." She went to the door and called for the ayah (servant). There was a great bustle and excitement all the afternoon, for this was the first visit from Kaseem's teacher.

A few weeks ago Kaseem had begun going to the kindergarten of the big school for girls, where they took little boys, and often he used to bring exciting things home with him that he had made, to show to his mother and his aunt Faleela. Although Faleela was his aunt, she was only four years older than himself, that is to say he was six and she was ten years old. When Kaseem brought home a picture he had painted, or stood up very straight and recited a verse of poetry, or sat cross-legged sewing coloured stitches on to a piece of canvas, Faleela

<sup>1</sup> Pronounce Oopasáyn.

would wish she could go to school too. She asked him endless questions about it and looked forward to the time every day when he came home, because perhaps he would have something fresh to tell her.

And now she could hardly believe it ; Kaseem's teacher was actually coming to their house to see them ! She made the ayah help her put on her best sari, and chose her prettiest bangles and necklaces, and then peeped through the curtain to watch for the visitor's arrival.

Faleela had to stay always in one part of the house, the special women's part. Since the time she was eight, she had scarcely ever gone out, for she was a Moor and a Moslem, and all Moslem women and girls had to keep purdah. "Purdah" means "curtain," and living in purdah means living, as it were, behind a curtain, never being seen by a man who is not a near relation, and very rarely leaving the women's part of the house.

At last Miss Upasene arrived and was soon chatting away with Kaseem's mother. Presently she glanced up at Faleela, who stood staring at her so intently, and stretched out a hand to her. "Are you Kaseem's sister ?" she asked.

"She is his aunt, *my* sister Faleela," answered Kaseem's mother, smiling. "We have no parents, and so she lives with me until she marries."

Miss Upasene again turned to Faleela. "How would you like to learn to read and write and sew ?" she said.

"She keeps purdah," interrupted Kaseem's mother rather sharply. "She cannot go to school."

"Yes, I know," said the teacher gently. "But if Faleela likes, and if you would allow me, I could come to your house here and give her some lessons."

Faleela clasped her hands and gazed at her sister entreatingly.

"You will do us great honour," said Kaseem's mother. "Come whenever you please. I too should like to learn."

Faleela heaved a sigh of relief.

Miss Upasene spoke again. "That will be very nice.



PICTURE PAGE A.

1. CHURCH



2. MOSQUE AND MINARETS



3. KHYBER PASS



4. CEYLON COAST



6. THE SILENT PREACHER, CAIRO



5. STUART MEMORIAL COLLEGE,  
ISFAHAN.



Next time I come then, I will bring materials with me and we will make a start. Now I must go, for it will soon be dark."

As she spoke, they heard a distant call, which seemed to be winging its way from the red and gold of the sunset.

"God is great, God is great!  
I bear witness that there is no God but God ;  
I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God.  
Come to prayer ! Come to prayer !"

Miss Upasene said good-bye and caught the bus at the corner of the road back to the school. At evening prayers in the chapel she thought especially of Faleela and prayed that she might be able to give her a happier life.

Miss Upasene was a Christian, and she was a Sinhalese, one of the people of Ceylon.

**2. First Lessons.**—Now began a very happy time for Faleela. Regularly twice a week Miss Upasene came to the house to give her and her big sister lessons. The first lesson day Faleela learnt how to do cross-stitch on canvas, and Miss Upasene left the materials with her so that she could go on with it by herself, and she also practised the one or two letters she had learnt ; so the days seemed to pass quite quickly until the next lesson. Besides reading, writing and sewing, Miss Upasene told them why it was unhealthy to be dirty, why flies were dangerous and how to keep them away from the milk and food, why it was good for the body to have air and light, and all sorts of interesting things.

One day the ayah had burnt herself on her arm with some boiling oil when she was cooking, just while Miss Upasene was in the house, and the teacher showed Faleela and Kaseem's mother how to treat and bandage the place. Another time Kaseem had fever, so Miss Upasene brought some medicine from school and told them how to make him cooling drinks and damp his head with a cloth wrung out of cold water.

While the sewing lessons went on they would talk. Kaseem's mother would tell her about their religion and describe their festivals. Sometimes Miss Upasene would tell them a story, and Faleela specially liked one about a girl of twelve who fell ill and died and a very wonderful Man called Jesus came and took her by the hand and said so kindly, "Little girl, I am telling you to get up." The girl then sat up and the Man asked her father and mother to give her something nice to eat. Faleela could not understand it and asked all sorts of questions. Why wasn't the girl in purdah? Why should the Man bother about her? She was only a girl after all.

How would you answer these questions?

Through talk and stories, Faleela and her sister heard quite a lot about Jesus, but Miss Upasene hardly ever spoke of Him unless they asked her questions or wanted a story.

Why did she not give direct Christian teaching? (She knew it would only arouse opposition. Also from her New Testament she knew that Jesus had never forced Himself on anyone. She thought that she would be able to teach more by doing than by speaking, and that little by little she would be able to show them why she was a Christian herself.)

**3. A New Venture.**—For a year Miss Upasene came regularly to the house, and at the end Faleela could read and write better than Kaseem, and was able to help him in his lessons.

Then one day Miss Upasene went to call upon Kaseem's father at his office in the town. "I have come to ask you," she said, "if you would allow Faleela to go to school. She enjoys her lessons with me so much, and is getting on so well, it seems a pity she should not learn more. I am only a kindergarten teacher, you see, and Faleela has long passed that stage."

The man looked at her in surprise. "You know our

customs surely?" he said. "Faleela keeps purdah. She is now eleven and will soon be married."

"But there are already some Moslem girls in the school," said Miss Upasene. "The custom of purdah has been broken for them, why not for Faleela? Besides, the purdah is not really broken. At school she will always be among women and girls only, and you can send her and fetch her in your closed car with an ayah. She can come to no harm."

The man looked doubtful. "From what families are these girls who attend the school?" he asked.

She gave him some names.

At last he said, "I do not think it is possible, but I will think it over."

During the next few days, Kaseem's father made inquiries of the Moslem families whose names had been given him, and found it was so. Some of the girls were in the school. After a long consultation with his wife, he wrote a letter to Miss Upasene agreeing to let Faleela attend the school.

### Group Work

1. MAP.—Cut out picture 4 on Picture Page A and stick on Ceylon.

2. MODEL OR DRAWING.—Make a model or a drawing of a Ceylon coast scene (see Picture Pages). Palm-trees can be made by cutting strips of green paper to represent fronds and sticking them on to the top of a piece of stick, or by fastening small green feathers on to the end of a match.

### Individual Work

1. "SPIRES AND MINARETS."—Write down what you have learnt about the treatment of women in Moslem lands. Then look up the story of Jesus in Bethany (Luke x. 38-42), and copy it on the opposite page or tell the story as Miss Upasene would have told it in a Moslem home.

2. PREPARATION FOR NEXT EVENING.—Collect (a) picture post-cards of British scenes—*e.g.*, types of transport, horse and cart, motor-bus, train, motor, aeroplane, etc.; flowers, animals, birds, etc.; (b) large calendar numbers from old calendars; those which are torn off every day are the best size.



2nd Evening (B)

## SCHOOL LIFE

1. "Playing the Game."—You will remember that Kaseem's father had said Faleela might go to school. The first day there Faleela felt very frightened and strange, but everyone was so kind to her that in a week she had quite lost her shyness and was beginning to make friends with the other girls. Not long after she became a schoolgirl, there was a net-ball match with another school whose team arrived in a motor-bus. This match was one of the most important in the year, and the school was wildly excited. Faleela and another Moslem girl watched from a window overlooking the ground. They were not allowed out with the other girls because a number of outside people were there, and several fathers and brothers.

Faleela felt very proud of her team in their neat white dresses, and scarlet sashes over the right shoulder. The other team was also in white but had yellow sashes. But when the game started Faleela was completely puzzled. She had never seen a team game before. When a red sash had the ball she expected her to run past everyone and pop it straight into the net, to do which, her friend had explained to her, was the object of the game. But no, the red sash passed it to another, who dropped it, and the yellows had it again.

"Why didn't she run with it herself?" asked Faleela, dancing up and down in her disappointment.

"She isn't allowed to. She can only run in a part of the field, and she can't hold the ball for more than a second, it's against the rules. She *has* to throw it to another."

"I wouldn't," said Faleela stoutly.

The other girl laughed. "Oh yes, you would. The

players must keep the rules, or it wouldn't be a proper game."

But Faleela did not understand. There were other things she did not understand. One morning as the bell was ringing to say it was the end of the last lesson for the day, her class teacher said, "Faleela, will you stay behind, please? I want to speak to you." When the others had left the room, the teacher told Faleela to come and stand by her. Then she said in rather a sad voice, "You haven't had a very good morning, have you, Faleela? First of all the prefects report that you washed your inkpot in one of the wash-basins; you know there is a special place for washing inkpots, don't you? Why did you?"

"I was in a hurry," said Faleela. "Why should I not use the wash-basin? The prefect said it was a rule. I don't understand."

The teacher explained that washing inkpots in the wash-basin meant leaving it stained and dirty. That very morning someone coming to wash her hands had stained her frock with a drop of ink on the edge of the basin, left by Faleela. Such things were a pity. Hence for the common good there was a rule that inkpots must be washed in the proper place.

Are rules made for the common good usually? Discuss.

The teacher went on, "Then you remember that you copied another girl's grammar answers, and when I spoke to you, you told a lie, and said you had not."

Lying came easily to Faleela, because she had never been brought up to believe it was wrong. How would you explain that lying is a bad thing to a girl like Faleela? We believe the sun will rise to-morrow morning and act accordingly. If we could not believe this our lives would be very much upset. Life would be a complete muddle if we could never believe another's word; lying is selfish, truth is for the common good.

Faleela was not punished for breaking rules, cheating and telling a lie, because the teacher realized she did not know they were wrong, but she tried to show her the reasons for keeping rules, for not cheating, and for speaking the truth. Faleela went home beginning to understand.

The terms went by all too quickly for Faleela. She did not enjoy the holidays because she had to stay in the house keeping purdah, and she counted the days till the beginning of the next term. She learnt to play netball and badminton and to swim, and although she was not allowed to go to the school picnics and outings, yet she heard about them and entered into them all. She contributed to the school magazine, took part in the end of term concerts, and at Christmas time put a toy like the rest on the Christmas tree for some very poor Sinhalese children in the town.

2. **Bad News.**—Faleela had been at school for three years when the blow fell. One evening in the holidays she was talking to her sister, Kaseem's mother, about the opening of the new buildings at the school next term, and what her class was going to do in the grand concert after the opening, when her sister said, "You will not be there, Faleela."

"Not there?" said Faleela blankly.

"You are to be married that very month," said her sister. "It has all been arranged."

Faleela felt stunned. She knew she would have to be married sometime, and before she was much older, for it was the custom, but somehow she had hoped that she would stay on at school for some while yet.

That night she cried herself to sleep. Her sister told her to think of all the new clothes she would have and the jewels, but she refused to be comforted. The next day she wrote a letter to Miss Upasene, who was still her friend, and who still came to visit her sister. Miss

Upasene came at once to see her. After a long talk, Faleela felt a little happier. Miss Upasene had reminded her that she could belong to the Old Girls' Association of the school, that she could go on reading, that she would receive visits from her school friends. Faleela asked her if she could not plead with her brother-in-law to prevent the marriage. Miss Upasene looked pityingly at the tear-stained face and shook her head. "No, Faleela, I can do nothing for you this time. But cheer up; remember you have been to school, and many, many other Moor girls never go. Thank God for these happy years, and keep a brave heart." Then she kissed her and went.

3. **Marriage.**—Somehow or other the weeks passed, and the night <sup>1</sup> of the wedding arrived.

At six o'clock Faleela was ready dressed and was seated on a sort of throne covered with silver paper and gorgeously decorated. She was dressed in very rich silks and covered with jewellery. Women and children kept on arriving all the time. The men remained in the front rooms, seated on rugs, and smoking. The women arrived clothed in long outer cloaks and hoods of black. These they took off, and underneath were beautiful coloured saris. Faleela sat motionless with her eyes on the floor, for this was considered correct. She looked very pale, and at times seemed almost fainting. The room became more and more full and the atmosphere grew stifling. At about eight o'clock Faleela felt her hand pressed and a voice said, "We've come, dear." It was Miss Upasene and the English ladies from the school! A lump came into Faleela's throat, but she choked it back. She knew they would want her to be brave.

Refreshments were handed round from time to time, sweets, biscuits and ices, and the room got hotter and

<sup>1</sup> Weddings in the East nearly always take place at night.

hotter. Still the bride sat, still as a statue on her throne. The English ladies looked at her pale face and thought of weddings in England and how different this was. Poor Faleela had never even seen her bridegroom. What was her future going to be ?

At last, after Faleela had been sitting for more than four hours, there was a sudden burst of fireworks in the road outside. Immediately all the women became very excited. "The bridegroom has arrived!" "He is here!" they said one to another.

It was some time before he came into the room where his bride was waiting, for there were documents and papers to be signed first. When he came in the younger women rushed into the farthest corners and held their saris over their faces, but kept their eyes uncovered.

Faleela was helped up from her throne and stood facing the bridegroom, while an old woman dipped her fingers in rice water and touched both their lips. Then they both sat down again, he put the *tali*<sup>1</sup> round her neck, and Faleela was married.

4. **Afterwards.** — As Miss Upasene had suggested, Faleela joined the Old Girls' Association of the school; she borrowed books, she sewed, she received her friends, and cloaked in a long black cloak went out from time to time to school functions and to pay calls. She remembered what she had learnt about the care of a house, and fresh air, and took a pride in having spotless rooms and her milk and food covered with muslin to keep off flies. She remembered too what she had learnt in other ways, to "play the game," and be unselfish. Her constant thought was, "I shall always help other girls to get to school whenever I can. I was fortunate, and I must help others. Who knows, if we all help each other and work together, perhaps one day there will be no more purdah!"

<sup>1</sup> A gold locket on a chain which takes the place of the ring in a Christian wedding.

### Group Work

**FRIEZE.**—Draw and cut out some tall palm-trees and sailing-boats (Picture Pages A and B) and add to frieze.

2. **GIFTS for SCHOOLS.**<sup>1</sup>—Sort out the postcards which have been brought and arrange in groups of a dozen, twelve animals, twelve types of transport, etc. Paste plain paper over the backs. Lay the twelve cards face downwards in a row, just not touching, and paste two pieces of broad tape on their backs so that the whole twelve are joined and yet fold up as a screen into the space of one. Cut out the calendar numbers and paste at the top of plain postcards, one number to one postcard.

### Individual Work

1. **WRITING.**—Write a letter to a girl in Ceylon describing a Christian wedding in England.<sup>2</sup>

2. **BIBLE STUDY.**—Look up what Jesus says about the truth (St John viii. 31, 32). How do you think the truth makes us free?

3. **PREPARATION FOR NEXT EVENING.**—Collect small pictures of simple objects, animals, birds, trees, houses, etc. Find out all you can about Persia and see what the Bible says about that country.

<sup>1</sup> *Warning.*—These gifts for schools are not suitable for Ceylon or Persia, but if they have been well made, they may be sent to the headquarters of your Missionary Society for use in primary schools in Africa and elsewhere.

<sup>2</sup> *Note.*—The letter should not be sent to any headquarters or abroad.

## TALK IV

### ISLAM IN PERSIA

*To show the value of educational work as a missionary agency in Moslem lands.*

TO THE LEADER.—Persia, as we know from our Bibles, has had a long history and there have been eras when in riches and power it took precedence over all the nations of the world.

It is very large (half the size of India) and for the most part a high tableland so sparsely watered that it is very little more than one huge desert. There is a comparatively small population, and quite a large proportion of it consists of nomad tribes who move with the seasons, from mountains to plains, to get pasturage for their flocks.

The first missionaries confined themselves almost entirely to medical work, but the importance of education was not overlooked. In 1915 a boys' missionary college was opened in Isfahan, but owing to the war was not properly set going until 1919. Other boys' schools were also established, and those for girls as well. These schools and those of the Americans farther north have had an incalculable influence over the whole country, so much so that from time to time they have met with fierce opposition from the Moslem religious leaders.

We have tried in this Talk to give a picture of what a mission school can do for a boy, and does do. The Persian has a more complicated mentality than the primitive tribesman of the Indian Frontier (the Persians have always been more inclined to mysticism than the rest of the Moslem world and to break away from orthodox Islam), and moreover has a heritage of art and history that not even centuries of Islam have been able to demolish entirely.

Through long years of strenuous endeavour, the seed has been sown in Persia, and it is only now that the beginnings of the harvest are being reaped. The Church has been founded in Persia, but it is still a persecuted Church, a Church in its infancy fighting for its life.

*Glimpses of Persia* by M. M. Wood, *Persia Old and New* by W. W. Cash, and *A Merry Mountaineer* by R. W. Howard will be found useful for this Talk.

1st Evening (A)

## THE SERVANT

**Introduction.**—From Ceylon we must now make a long journey north and west to Persia. We fly up the coast of India and then across the sea, up the Persian Gulf, with Arabia, the home of Mohammed, on one side and Persia on the other. At the head of the Gulf we pass over Abbadan, the island where is the refinery developed by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, where their tankers (a special kind of boat) take in oil to carry to England. It is to the oil fields we are going, about two hundred miles inland from Abbadan, and as we go we follow the course of the river Karun, which twists and winds below us through the desert.

You will remember how the Moslem armies crossed the great river Tigris and took Medain, which was then the capital city of Persia, and that it was not long before the whole country became a part of the Moslem Empire. After that, for hundreds of years, it remained much the same, untouched by Western ideas and civilization, with no proper roads, no railways, no change in style of dress, very little progress anywhere. But within the last ten years great changes have come. You can now fly in an aeroplane all over the country, there are roads and motor-cars, there are telegraph posts, schools, hospitals, cinemas. But with all this Islam still rules, and as we land we hear the familiar call to prayer that we have heard in India and Ceylon :

“ God is great, God is great !  
I bear witness that there is no God but God ;  
I bear witness that Mohammed is the Apostle of God.  
Come to prayer ! Come to prayer ! ”

1. **Disappearance.**—“ Hey ! Abbas ! Abbas ! Where art thou ? ” The shout echoed through the house and courtyard.



Most Persian houses are built round an inner courtyard. The rooms look on to this and not out on to the street. Thus the outsides of the houses have no windows, only a door.

Ram Chander<sup>1</sup> strode into the kitchen and looked about him. The place was empty. Nothing had been prepared for his evening meal, and there was no sign of his small boy-servant. He called again, but there was no answer. A few minutes later he was knocking at the door of a friend's house.

"May I share your supper this evening?" he asked. "My servant boy seems to have run away, and he has left me nothing to eat."

When the meal was over, as the teacup<sup>2</sup> went round, the two men talked again of the lost servant. "I must go and look for him in the *qaveh khanehs*<sup>2</sup> (tea houses)," said Ram Chander.

"Why bother?" returned his friend. "It will not be difficult to find another servant, and I think you told me that Abbas was only a poor boy from the streets."

"That's just it," said Ram Chander. "He has no relatives, and I am afraid he may get into bad company. I saved him once, and I don't want to give him up now."

The host shrugged his shoulders as he closed the heavy street door on his friend, and went back to his *hookah*. Ram Chander was always doing extraordinary things, he thought to himself, but possibly the reason was that he was a Christian. Christians were queer people.

Ram Chander was indeed a Christian and he was an Indian—but living in Persia. He worked as a clerk with an English firm which has developed large oil-fields in

<sup>1</sup> Pronounce Rahm Chunder.

<sup>2</sup> The drinking of tea is a characteristic feature of Persian social life. The tea houses in the bazaars take the place of our public houses. No Moslem is allowed to drink spirits, for it is against a law of their religion. The tea is drunk out of little glasses (not cups) and there is no milk, as cows are rare in Persia. Persians like a lot of sugar in their tea.

that country.<sup>1</sup> Some months before he had seen the boy Abbas begging in the street, and had offered him work as his servant. Abbas had come and had shown himself to be quick and clever, though he was dirty and slipshod and used a great deal of bad language. Now he had disappeared, and his master could only imagine that his old vagabond life had tempted him to return to it.

Next day his Persian-Mohammedan friend, who had given him supper the night before, greeted Ram Chander at the office with, "Did you find Abbas last night?" As Ram Chander shook his head, he continued laughing, "I did not expect that you would. Why, the boy is probably a scoundrel, and you are well rid of him. What must be, must be. Why worry?" Then he added, "My servant has a brother who might be willing to come to you."

An outstanding characteristic of Islam is its fatalistic attitude towards life. "Kismet" (It is fate) governs everything. This is the result of the Moslem idea of God, who to them is an all-powerful despot governing every detail of man's life, and allowing man practically no free will of his own. The excuse, "It is the will of God," is the cause of much unnecessary suffering and illness, laziness and stupidity. If it comes easily and naturally, the leader might make comparison with the Christian idea of God as the Father who knows of what we have need.

Ram Chander thanked him and accepted the new servant, but he did not give up his search for Abbas. He was anxious now about the boy, for days had passed and there was still not a trace of him to be found anywhere in the town.

2. **Search Rewarded.**—One or two weeks later Ram Chander stood before his English employer. He was to be sent to the neighbouring large town on the firm's business, and he was asking for an extra day's leave there. A little nervously he told the story of his servant's dis-

<sup>1</sup> A few years ago it was difficult to find Persian men educated enough to do secretarial work, and business firms employed many Indians instead.

appearance, and said that he would like to make a search for him in the larger town, since he was not in the oil-fields. The Englishman puffed at his pipe in silence for a while, and then, somewhat touched by the Indian's concern over the lost boy, he gave his consent.

Three days later Ram Chander was wandering through the crowded bazaars of the town, Shushtar,<sup>1</sup> keeping a sharp look-out for any signs of the truant Abbas.

The bazaar is the eastern name for the shopping quarter of a town. Here each narrow street, often roofed in, contains one kind of shop only. There is the street of the butchers, the silver-smiths, the potters, the silk merchants, and so on.

His time was nearly up and he was beginning to despair of success, though he felt that these narrow streets, full of colour and noise and excitement, were just the place to attract such a boy as Abbas. As he reached the end of the street he heard a sound of many voices coming from an open door, and he looked in. It was, as he had thought, a school, and some fifty boys of all ages were reciting together and swaying their bodies to the rhythm of the words. They were learning a part of the Koran by heart.

In the native schools in Persia and other parts of the East learning by heart is one of the most important parts of a schoolboy's lessons. The boys learn by repeating the sentences aloud, and in this way the master can tell if they are working or not! The noise is deafening, but the greater the noise the better the school. In Moslem schools the Koran is learnt by heart, and until quite a short time ago, the main object of Moslem education was nothing but the study of the Koran and Moslem law.<sup>2</sup> In Persia learning the Koran by heart is made doubly difficult because it is in Arabic and the language of Persia is Persian.

Suddenly, to his amazement, he recognized a familiar figure in a corner. It was Abbas!

He entered and spoke to the *mullah*. The *mullah*

<sup>1</sup> Probably near the site of "Shushan the Palace," Esther i. 2 *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> Moslem law is based both on the Koran and the Traditions. These contain the record of all that Mohammed did and said, and were collected and written after his death by learned men.

called to Abbas, who was deep in his chanting and had not yet seen the visitor. When he turned and saw his late master he got up and came forward unafraid.

"What are you doing here, Abbas? Why did you run away?" asked Ram Chander.

"Sahib," replied the fearless Abbas, "I wanted to learn to read and write. I had some money after working for you, so I came to this place and put myself in this school."

I wonder how many of you would want to learn so much as to run away to school.

"But where do you live?" asked his amazed master. "How do you get food to eat?"

"I run errands in the bazaar at night, and in return I am given food and a place in which to sleep," the boy answered. Then he added defiantly, "I am not coming back to you, Sahib."

"Very well," said Ram Chander quietly. "I am glad to find you where you are, and not begging in the streets as I first saw you."

**3. Ram Chander's Resolve.**—During the next days, as he went about his work, Ram Chander's mind was full of Abbas. He determined to help him to get a better education, since the boy was so keen to get learning.

After some weeks he had made his plans. He would give up his long summer leave, which fell that year, to take Abbas to a Christian school at Isfahan, the Stuart Memorial College. He would do this instead of going to India to visit his family, as he usually did. He also decided to adopt Abbas as his own son, since he apparently had no parents.

He found out that a caravan was going to Isfahan in the month of August, and he arranged to travel with it and hired a strong mule to ride on.

All this happened about ten years ago. Persia has changed a great deal since then, and nowadays people travel in motors and

lorries, and even by air. But in those days camels and mules and horses were used, and people never travelled alone because in the mountains there were many brigands (robbers).

### Group Work

1. FRIEZE.—Draw and cut out a Persian gateway and add it to frieze. (See Picture Page B.)

2. MODEL.—Make a model with plasticine or cardboard of a Persian street, using in it the minaret you made before. Remember Persian houses have no windows looking out on the street, only a door.

3. GIFTS FOR SCHOOLS.<sup>1</sup>—Mount the pictures you have collected on to plain postcards as you did the numbers. A good space must be left under the picture for the missionary to print the name of the object in whatever language is necessary.

### Individual Work

"SPIRES AND MINARETS."—Explain why Ram Chander's Persian friend did not think it worth while looking for Abbas, and underneath copy the word "Kismet" in Arabic from Picture Page A. On the opposite page explain why Ram Chander did think it worth while looking for the lost boy, and copy out some verse from the Bible to show whose example he was trying to follow.

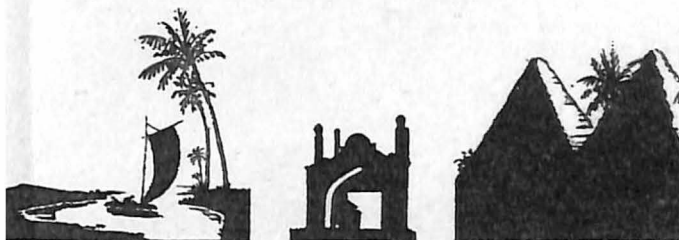
### 2nd Evening (B)

## THE SCHOOLBOY

1. Travelling.—Last time we heard how Ram Chander had arranged to take Abbas to school at Isfahan, and had made all plans for the journey. On the first day of his holiday Ram Chander made another journey to Shushtar to fetch Abbas. He found him ragged but happy in being able to read and write, and he became very excited at the thought of learning more in a big school at Isfahan. The next few days were spent in getting clothes and provisions, and at last early one morning the caravan started.

Ram Chander and Abbas took it in turns to ride the mule, which also carried their few belongings. The caravan moved only at a walking pace, for the road was

<sup>1</sup> See note on p. 41.





rough and lay through rocky mountains and across plains of desert land. At night when they reached a town or village, they slept in the caravanserai or inn, a large square courtyard surrounded by small dirty rooms. Before dawn the *chavadars* (muleteers) would be busy with the animals, and as the first glimmer of light stretched across the sky they unrolled their prayer mats, turned their faces towards distant Mecca, and said their prayers.

At last, after eighteen days of travel (to-day the journey can be done in two days or less by motor-car) the caravan reached Isfahan, and after a night's rest in the big caravanserai, Ram Chander and Abbas set out to find the college and interview the principal, the Rev. W. J. Thompson.

2. **The New Life.**—At first Abbas found life in a Christian boarding school very difficult. He lived in a newly built hostel, and there were a number of big boys called prefects who made him keep rules, and who saw that he was clean and that his clothes were tidy. He had to get up when the bugle sounded, and be punctual for his meals. It all annoyed Abbas very much, who was used to doing what he liked and being as dirty and as ragged as he pleased, and he found the daily time-table very irksome. He enjoyed his lessons, but here again it was not easy, for he had a number of books and exercise books to keep from getting lost, and if he did his history in his arithmetic book the master did not like it, though Abbas himself could not see that it mattered. He often lost his temper when he was scolded, and then he would use the bad language he had learnt in the bazaars, and he would be punished again. He knew that many of the boys had come from rich homes and that he was only a "street boy," although he had now a foster-father; and to try and make up for it he would boast and tell lies and push himself forward. When the others laughed at him he would fall into even worse rages, and so it went



on until Mr Thompson began to despair of ever seeing any improvement.

But as the terms passed Abbas was slowly changing. On the football ground he found he must keep the rules of the game or his side lost, and he did not like that.

What do we learn in playing football and other team games ?

Gradually he became a good player, but he still found it hard not to be jealous of others who played better than himself. His language improved, and he tried not to lose his temper so often.

One of the happiest times he had was one summer when he was old enough to go into camp up in the mountains with a number of other boys and some of the masters. Here he climbed, and walked, and swam in the river, and had many interesting talks with Mr Thompson and the English masters, getting to know them better than he ever could in the busy life of the school. Here in the mountains he began to think about God in a new way. Round the camp fire in the evenings Mr Thompson or one of the other English masters<sup>1</sup> would read aloud for a time, and then there would be talk and discussion about the deeper things of life.

One night Abbas was awake, looking up at the bright stars,<sup>2</sup> and thinking over what had been discussed round the fire. He thought of what the Koran said about God, and then what the Bible said. He thought of the Moslems he knew and the Christians, and the ways in which they were different. He asked himself whether, if his Indian foster-father had been a Moslem, he would have bothered to look for him and then send him to school at his own expense ? He began to see more and more clearly what

<sup>1</sup> Although there is a staff of Persian masters at the college, there are always two or three young Englishmen as well, who go out on short service for two or three years.

<sup>2</sup> While in camp the boys sleep out, not in tents.

a fine man Ram Chander was, and how he faithfully tried to follow Jesus Christ. Could he ever, too, follow Him? He had so many faults, and they were holding him back all the time—his hot temper, his selfishness, his fits of jealousy, his vanity which made him tell lies, his bad language, his rebelliousness against authority . . . he almost groaned as he thought of the long list.

Restlessly he turned and saw a light glimmer in the distance. "That's Mr Thompson," he thought, "he is still awake, and I expect he is saying his prayers." Somehow the thought comforted him, for he knew his name would be mentioned in those prayers. Almost as though he were ashamed he hid his face in his hands and whispered, "O God, help me and forgive me." Then he fell asleep.

3. **A Serious Set-back.**—Some months after this Abbas was baptized in the College chapel, and he made great efforts to overcome his weaknesses and faults, though still at times his temper and selfishness got the better of him. The staff always noticed how much better Abbas played football when he was really trying to be good, and how badly he played when he had lost self-control.

Abbas was now one of the bigger boys, and was doing well both in work and games. He threw himself eagerly into every side of the college life. During the cold winter months when the snow lay thick on the ground, he helped at the soup kitchen run by the missionaries and boys for the very poor. In the spring and summer he took his turn in bicycling out to villages to sell gospels and talk to the villagers. As a senior he sometimes read the lesson in chapel on Sundays. He felt very sure of himself, but Mr Thompson, who was wise, was not so sure.

One day Mr Thompson sent for him. "Will you go

to-morrow to help with lantern talks in the villages, and do the speaking?" he asked.

Abbas made no reply and hung his head. Mr Thompson looked at him, surprised. He had never known Abbas completely tongue-tied before. "Why, what's the matter, Abbas?" he said kindly.

Abbas stammered: "I—I can't go, sir. I have failed as a Christian; I can't preach to others until I am a real one myself."

Mr Thompson put a hand on his shoulder, "Tell me about it," he said.

Then hurriedly, and in confused words, Abbas blurted out a horrible story of how he had degraded himself by sin and had drawn several of the younger boys into it as well. What that sin was remained a secret between himself and Mr Thompson, but it was a very serious thing for a Christian boy to have done. Mr Thompson kept him in his study a long time, and when he had gone Mr Thompson went into the chapel by himself. He came out feeling happy. "He'll win through," he said to himself.

Try to get from the children what it was that made Mr Thompson confident that Abbas would win. (Remember the grit and enterprise he has already shown.)

**4. The New Man.**—When the other boys asked Abbas why he was not going out to the villages any longer, he answered quietly, "I am not worthy to go." He became quieter. His moods of boastfulness fell away from him. He became of real use in the hostel, for he was more reliable and steady than he had ever been.

Months passed. One evening a boy called Ali was with Mr Thompson in his room. He had come to say that he wanted to be baptized as a Christian. Mr Thompson knew that, as his father was a *sayyed*,<sup>1</sup> he would have a

<sup>1</sup> A higher grade of Moslem religious teacher.

very hard time and might be turned out of his home. "I know, sir," said Ali, "I have thought of all that, but I must be a Christian and follow Jesus Christ."

"Who has helped you to make this decision?" asked Mr Thompson, expecting to hear the name of one of the masters.

"It is Abbas, sir. We have had many talks together, and he has shown me the last few months what Jesus Christ means to him, and how it is only through His power that we can conquer sin."

Mr Thompson sought out Abbas in the hostel and put his arm through his. "What about you going out to a village to-morrow, Abbas?" he said.

Abbas looked up quickly. "Do you think I am ready for it, sir?"

"Ali has just been to see me and says he is going to be baptized," said Mr Thompson.

Abbas looked bewildered. "I don't understand," he said.

Mr Thompson smiled. "Don't you, Abbas?" he said. "Well, get your bike in order, for I've put you down to go out to-morrow."

### Group Work

1. MAP.—Cut out picture 5 on Picture Page A, and stick on Isfahan, Persia.
2. GIFTS FOR SCHOOLS.—Continue to make reading and number cards.

### Individual Work

1. WRITING.—Write up a day in a diary which Abbas might have written either in school or in camp.
2. BIBLE STUDY.—Read a piece of a letter from St Paul (Col. i. 9-14). How do you think a passage such as this would help a boy like Abbas? Does it help us? Learn by heart verse 13.
3. PREPARATION FOR NEXT EVENING.—Collect pictures of Egypt.

## TALK V

### ISLAM IN EGYPT

*To show the value of the Scriptures and Christian literature, in the language of the country, for missionary work among Moslems.*

TO THE LEADER.—Dr C. R. Watson, of the American University, Cairo, has said: "No agency can penetrate Islam so deeply, abide so persistently, witness so daringly and influence so irresistibly as the printed page."

The time has gone for missionaries to be thought of as sitting under a palm tree preaching to an interested circle of "heathen." Missionary work has branched out into many different forms, and always new methods and means are being thought out and put into practice.

Preaching in the streets and bazaars among Moslem peoples has been found in many cases impracticable. Almost invariably it leads to argument, and argument savours too much of "meeting Islam with Islam's weapons." (See Talk VI., p. 66.)

Douglas Thornton and Temple Gairdner, two of the greatest missionaries to the Moslems of Egypt, as long ago as 1903 saw the possibilities of creating a Christian literature in the Arabic tongue which could travel to and penetrate places inaccessible to a human agent. The printed page was even then beginning to count in the life of the Near East, and from that time to this the power of the Press has steadily grown. Both these men "were enthralled and inspired at the thought of harnessing that great instrument, the Arabic language, to the service of Christ."<sup>1</sup> Thornton wrote at this time, "The first point brought home to us missionaries in Cairo has been the providential position of Cairo, and opportunity in Cairo for a great *literary campaign for Christ.*"<sup>1</sup>

In this Talk we have tried to show how this vision has materialized, and what a power the literary work has become not only in Egypt itself, but everywhere where the Koran is read and the call to prayer is sounded from the mosques.

<sup>1</sup> *Temple Gairdner of Cairo.* C. E. Padwick.

*1st Evening (A)*

## FEARS

**Introduction.**—Our last journey is from Persia to Egypt. We fly back west, over the mountains which Abbas crossed when he went to the Stuart Memorial College, over the great rivers, the Euphrates and the Tigris, fringed with mile upon mile of palm-trees, and across the desert, until far below we see two lakes or inland seas, and then the sea itself. We are now over Palestine and can see the Sea of Galilee, the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean all at the same time. As we go on we find ourselves over a very famous road and a very old one. Abraham went this way (Genesis xii. 10), Joseph was carried off down it by the Midianites (Genesis xxxvii. 28), his brothers travelled along the road three times (Genesis xlii. 3; xliii. 15; xlvi. 5), and finally our Lord Himself went that way too (Matthew ii. 13 and 14). But whereas they spent many days on the road, we take only a few hours. We cross the Suez Canal, through which a big liner is slowly steaming on its way to India and the Far East, and travel over the well-cultivated lands of Upper Egypt. No wonder, we think, the people used to come down into Egypt when there was a famine in other parts. The green of the fields and the date palms is very refreshing after the deserts we have crossed.

The Nile Delta is one of the richest agricultural places in the world. Here in the black mud deposits of the great river, two or even three crops can be raised in the year. The whole of the Delta country is absolutely flat and intersected by canals carrying water from the Nile.

We pass over mud villages nestling in thick groves of palm-trees, which are much the same as those Abraham and Joseph must have seen, but railway lines gleam below us too and there is a long streak of black smoke from the engine of an express train, rushing southwards. There

are modern towns beside the railway, and finally we circle above Cairo and see the wide, muddy Nile and the two great pyramids of Giza, one of the seven wonders of the world.

Egypt soon fell a prey to the victorious Moslem armies, and to-day Cairo is the centre of the Moslem world, for here is Islam's most famous university, to which Moslems come from all over the world to learn the Koran and Islamic law. For centuries it has been the centre of Moslem learning, and Christians now are trying to make it a centre for spreading Christian learning all over the Moslem world. You shall hear how.

1. **In Despair.**—There was a horrible screech of brakes as a large motor-lorry swerved across the road.

"Open your eyes, O madman," shouted the driver furiously at Awad,<sup>1</sup> whom he had just missed running over by a few inches. "Can't you look where you are going? By Allah, I say it is a poor trade being a driver, when there are such fools on the road."

The young man Awad had stopped and was staring about him stupidly as one awaked from a deep sleep. He felt no inclination to argue and, surprised at himself, merely replied, "You shouldn't drive so fast."

He walked on, but the shock of his narrow escape from death had jolted him out of his thoughts and he gazed about him with more interest. Awad was looking for a job and he was very tired and footsore. Since early morning he had been tramping the streets of Cairo, and now he was in a part of the city he did not know.

Cairo is the capital of Egypt and is a huge city on the banks of the Nile. Parts of it are old, but large districts are modern and look exactly like any Western town.

It was several weeks now since he had come to the noisy busy town in search of work. Under the hot blue sky the trams clanged, the motor-buses and taxis whirled

<sup>1</sup> Pronounce A-wud.

in clouds of dust, the mule carts clattered, the strings of camels softly padded, men and women hurried this way and that way, taking no notice of one man's growing shabbiness and the look of despair in his eyes. Eagerly, day after day, he had presented himself at garages, electrical works, gas-works, tramway depots, his letter of recommendation as a mechanic in his hand. He had looked through lists of advertisements, he had gazed at every poster, but nowhere was there work for him. For days he had scarcely enough to eat, and now sick and wretched and heavy of heart he had come to the conclusion that he must leave the city to which he had come in such high hope, and go back to the country, to obtain again, if he could, his old job or another on the Delta Light Railway.

He stopped and leant against some railings at the side of the road, separating it from some railway lines. He was too tired to go any farther. The hot sunshine poured down upon him as he wiped his face with a dirty handkerchief. In front of him, donkey- and mule-drawn country carts rumbled by over the uneven road. Motor-lorries, hooting incessantly, threaded their way through. Every now and again camels bearing sacks on their backs would pass and repass. People thronged the pavements—men, women and children. The men for the most part wore the *galabeah*, or long shirt, and the small, round, closely fitting cap of the poorer people, but here and there were *effendis* (gentlemen) in scarlet *tarboosh*<sup>1</sup> and European suit. The women, for the most part, were dressed completely in black. Many carried on their heads huge bundles of sacking filled with rubbish, which they had collected from dust-bins in the well-to-do parts of the city, and were now taking home to spread on

<sup>1</sup> The tarboosh, recently abolished in Turkey, is the national head-dress of Egypt. In shape it is like a flower-pot, and a black silk tassel attached to the top hangs down at the back.



their mud roofs to dry, and later to burn as fuel. For Awad was now on the edge of the slums, the poorest and dirtiest quarter of the town. Overhead in the hard blue of the sky wheeled big birds, kites, crying with their peculiar high shrill cries, and hovering, ready to swoop down and seize anything that looked tempting from a roof or even the street. From far away came the drone of an aeroplane.

2. **The Silent Preacher.**—On the opposite side of the street, a little farther down, there were some large stone-built buildings, and Awad recognized one as a Christian church. Surrounding them was a small garden and some trees, and Awad suddenly realized that where he was standing was in the full glare of the sun's heat, and over there, there was shade. There appeared also to be a knot of men all gazing intently at something, either on the railings of the garden or just inside them. Awad was nothing if not a true Egyptian to be stirred by curiosity, even at such a time as this, and tempted too by the inviting shade, he crossed the road and walked towards the buildings. He noticed a policeman standing in the middle of the road, but he only eyed the group of men indifferently.

As Awad came up to them he saw they were looking at a coloured picture nailed on a small board and hung on the railings at eye level. He felt disappointed. "Only another poster," he thought, for Cairo was plastered with posters of many different languages, on every hoarding—Arabic, French, English, Greek, Italian. He stopped behind the men, but at this moment they had evidently seen all they wanted and moved on, leaving Awad alone. He moved close to the railings into the shade and presently turned to look more intently at the poster. He could see now that the picture was not of the very bright colouring of the ordinary poster, and the Arabic writing below had clearly been written by hand. He began to spell out the

biggest words slowly, "*Christ the Conqueror of All Our Fears*, by the late Rev. J. MacIntyre."

"Christ the Conqueror of All Our Fears"—Awad repeated the words slowly to himself. This was extraordinary—it seemed almost as if it were a special message for him and for him alone. "Fears!" There were so many things to make him afraid—hunger and poverty, being a disgrace to his family if he had to go back to the country, being laughed at. He was afraid of life, and he was afraid of death; it seemed he was afraid of everything! He tried to bring his mind away from this, and think of another word. "Christ"—who was Christ? Ah, yes, He was the Christian's God, Jesus the prophet. The Christians said He was the Son of God, but the Moslems said that God had no Son. God was alone, Supreme, Great, Mighty, and far away. How was it possible for Jesus the prophet to understand and conquer human fears?

He looked again at the writing and read that this was the title of a book which could be bought from the *bowwab* (gate-keeper) for a very small sum. He argued within himself. Should he or should he not spend his last coin on the book? He stared past the notice through the railings into the small garden. A round stone basin held a fountain which tinkled with a soothing, cool sound. Doves fluttered and cooed softly to each other in the trees. It was very peaceful, but he was thinking too hard to notice anything. He knew that as a Moslem he should not have anything to do with such a book,<sup>1</sup> but, after all, he did not worry very much now to be strict with himself in his religion. In his work on the railway and on the Suez Canal, he had rubbed up against many different kinds of men and had come to know of the

<sup>1</sup> The mere *reading* of the Bible is equal, in a strict Moslem's eyes, to being a Christian, but this narrowness is dying away under the influence of the Western spirit of inquiry and wider education.

thoughts and ideas of the West. He was his own master—why should he not buy this book? He did not much care now what he did. Besides, a book with such a title as this seemed so surely meant for him.<sup>1</sup> He had found himself in this street, he had been led to these buildings, he had been drawn to go and look at the poster—very well then, now he would buy the book.

To one side, just inside the railings, was a small wooden hut, and now at this moment a man came out of it and sat on a bench outside. Evidently he was the *bowwab*. Awad hailed him, "I want this book," he said. "Here is the money." The *bowwab* entered the hut and returned with a copy. The money was quickly handed over, and Awad was walking down the street, the little book in his hands.

3. **Work Obtained.**—He opened it eagerly and began to read. He wandered on and on, not noticing the jostling of passers-by, the heat and his tiredness forgotten, lost in the story before him. He read of: "the love of Christ . . . the grace of Christ . . . the power of Christ . . . Christ the hope of the poor, the weak, the downcast, the sinner, the fearful . . . Christ the Saviour of men. . . ."

At last he came to the end and closing the book looked about him. He had walked a long way. He was standing outside a large building with a sign over the gate: *Irrigation Office*.

Egypt has so little rain that it has to depend on the water of its river Nile for the crops grown in the fields. Canals have been made to carry the river water to other parts of the country. All the organization and business connected with the river water and the canals is put under one name: "Irrigation."

His heart gave a jump. Here surely was a place he had overlooked in his search for work. He did not remember

<sup>1</sup> The idea of "fate," so strong in the Moslem mind, has been mentioned before in this book. Awad, like any other Moslem, was very superstitious.

having been in this street before. He looked up and down. No, he was sure it was new to him. It seemed as if he had been led again. His mind was so full of the words he had been reading that almost without thinking and trembling with hope, he lifted his face to the sky and prayed: "O Christ," he said, "this hour I ask from God and from Thee help in the way my letters of recommendation are received in this office so that I may get a situation in it, if it be Thy will."

He then approached the gate and gave his letter of recommendation to the *bowwab*, asking him to take it to the chief engineer. The *bowwab* took the letter, and, after a short time, the engineer sent for Awad, and having made inquiries about his past work, told him that he would take him on; as it happened, there was an empty place.

#### Group Work

MAP.—Cut out picture 6 on Picture Page A and stick on Cairo, Egypt.

#### Individual Work

1. WRITING.—Describe a journey from Persia to Egypt overland across Palestine.

2. BIBLE STUDY.—Make a little book which could be given to a Moslem boy and write in it, in your neatest script, a story about Jesus, or one He told. If you have time, decorate it.

#### 2nd Evening (B)

### FEARS CONQUERED

1. Learning by Reading.—Last week we left Awad, having just got his work in the Irrigation Office in Cairo. As the first days in this new work slipped by, Awad decided that he must learn more of Christ and the way in which Christians followed Him. He read the little book he had bought over again, and some days later, on a Friday (the Moslem holy day), when he was free, he

went back to the place where he had seen the poster of the book which now meant so much to him. This time a book on the lives of the prophets was advertised, which he bought and took away. Some weeks later he went again and bought a copy of the life of Abraham, and on the fourth visit he took away some chapters taken from the Gospels, and bound together in a small book. In this he read the stories of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the lost boy, and they went straight to his heart. He said to himself, "I was like that . . . I was lost, and now in some way I am being found. . . . I must understand this. . . . I must talk to someone who can explain."

Until this time he had always been too shy to go into the large building, outside which hung the posters about books, but the next time he went he plucked up his courage and asked the *bowwab* if he could go himself into the office where the books were to be seen and sold. He was told he could walk in, and on the steps he met one of the Egyptian clerks, who warmly invited him in. Awad haltingly told this man his story, and how he had been buying books, and greatly to his delight he found that his new friend was the very person who was responsible for the posters, and wrote the beautiful Arabic writing on them.

2. "The Power House."—"Would you like to see over our offices?" asked the clerk. Awad readily agreed, and was very much surprised at what he saw and at what he heard of the work. He was given a copy of *Orient and Occident*, a monthly paper edited and published from this building and sent out into many far corners of the Moslem world where as yet a missionary or white man has never been. "So," said the clerk, "the good news travels in this way, and our paper does work where we cannot go ourselves."

He showed Awad the book-room and all the different

things it contained. "These are to teach our women," he said, and smilingly held up some brightly coloured posters, showing how a baby should be clothed and fed and bathed. "These are for children," he went on, and showed reading books, picture books and painting books. There were also many different kinds of books for grown-ups, cards, leaflets and papers of all sorts.

"And you sell all these?"

"Yes, and not only in Egypt. We get orders for books from India, and even China and Japan. Wherever there are Moslems these books and papers go, and now that education is increasing everywhere more and more people want to read for themselves, and not only to listen to others."

Awad nodded. "Yours is a very important work," he said.

The friendly clerk took him to see the artist at work, the Englishwoman who illustrated so many of the books. "She is using her talents in the service of Christ," he said. Finally he took Awad up to the top of the building to see the English clergyman, for Awad had confided to him, his need of help in understanding the Gospel stories.

This was the first of many visits Awad paid to the Christian book offices to chat with the clerks and to be helped and taught by the clergyman. He also went to the Sunday evening services in the church, where he sat shyly at the back. He visited the club for boys in the slums to see the work done there by Christian Egyptians, and the huge hospital at Old Cairo. But it was always the books that fascinated him most, and often while his hands were busy at his work his mind was far away, and he would see in a sort of vision unhappy, hopeless, frightened Mohammedan men and women all over the world being cheered and heartened and comforted by such books as he had read and was reading—the Gospels, the words of Christ, the Bible stories, the lives of Old

Testament heroes—all in Arabic and sent out from that building in Cairo. He was used, as an engineer, to electricity, and he thought of *Boulac*—as he had come to call the Christian book depot—as a central power-house, sending out light and heat all over the world.

Eighteen months later Awad was baptized as a Christian in the church. The men he worked with in the Irrigation Office got to know of it, and Awad began to have a difficult time. Instead of smiles he got scowls, scarcely anyone would speak to him, and he was again in fear of losing his job. He found himself desperately lonely, and his only really happy times were those he spent with his new Christian friends. But even with them it was not easy, for he was very shy by nature and he did not find it easy to talk about his difficulties and troubles. His best friends were the books, and the New Testament, and it was these that helped him most. He often said a "thank you" in his heart to the missionaries who had first thought of using books to help spread the Kingdom of God in Moslem lands.

### Group Work

1. FRIEZE.—Cut out some pyramids and palms and add to frieze.
2. POSTER.—Make a poster for a wayside pulpit in England that might help someone seeing it who was in great trouble of some sort. A picture could be used as well as lettering.

### Individual Work

1. WRITING.—Write a story called "The Adventures of a Copy of *Orient and Occident*," imagining you yourself are the copy.
2. BIBLE STUDY.—Read Rom. viii. 35-39, and learn verse 37.

## TALK VI

### A MORE EXCELLENT WAY

TO THE LEADER.—Since in our Talks it has been necessary to travel from country to country, and there is no single story running through the whole book, there is some danger of each Talk being isolated, though not necessarily so if the links between each are carefully guarded and the suggestions for " Things to Do " followed, the latter having been drawn up with a view to strengthening the thread which should run right through the book. This last Talk therefore sums up the lesson and aim of the whole book, and for that reason it is perhaps the most important of all.

What, then, is the lesson of the Talks? Men and women to-day who have studied the life and times of Mohammed have come to the conclusion that if the Christianity of Arabia in the seventh century had been anything like what Jesus Christ had intended it to be, then it is quite within the realms of possibility that Mohammed himself might have become a Christian, whereas he weighed it in the balance and found it wanting. Briefly, then, the Church of those days failed her Lord—and has she not continued to fail Him ever since? Why is this so, and what is needed to make Christianity attractive to Moslems?

In an article<sup>1</sup> written by Constance Padwick, a missionary in Cairo, it is pointed out that the Church of the seventh century cannot escape all blame for the picture of Christian truth and life that reached Mohammed, nor has it, during later centuries, done anything to change that picture. Instead of redemptive love, she has shown prejudice, hatred, dominance and fear. The Church is only now beginning to see that she has herself partly built up the spiritual barrier that lies between her and Islam, and that the only weapon which can pull this down is " a penitent love which claims both the cleansing of the Cross for her own past and present, and a share of the suffering of the Cross for the sake of others."

The late W. H. T. Gairdner said that it is useless to take western culture or theology or even morals to Moslems, however superior these may be. If it is true to say that Islam is a religion of the letter, and Christianity the religion of the spirit, then our religion, as preached to the Mohammedan, must indeed be a religion of the " spirit of Jesus." This does not mean the manner

<sup>1</sup> *The International Review of Missions*, January 1932.



of Jesus nor a spirit of service similar to His, but the Spirit of God which was in Him. "Christianity has always cut its most pitiful figure when seen trying to meet Islam with Islam's weapons, or competing with it on its own ground. . . . The Spirit of the Father in Jesus Christ—we have nothing else to give Islam that is not corruptible: no nothing!"

Let the leader meditate on these last sentences, and pray that the children of the West may become members of a Church that has truly the "spirit of Jesus." Only so shall the followers of Mohammed be brought into the Kingdom of God.

This last Talk has been put into the form of an allegory whereby the lesson of the book may be learnt without too much dry summarizing. When the story is over the children should be led to see quite clearly the connection between it and the other Talks. Some suggestions for questions and discussion have been given, but every leader should feel free to approach the subject in the way most suited to his or her particular group.

**Introduction.**—We have been hearing and thinking of Mohammed's followers in different parts of the world. Now let us go back to Mohammed himself, and remember the time when he listened to the Christian bishop preaching from a camel's back to the people at the fair. After this Mohammed had ideas of becoming a Christian. What prevented him? On our map we have shown how Christianity spread from Jerusalem, and then how Islam came from Mecca and in some places swamped it. (The mosque on the top of the church.) By what means did Islam spread? (The sword and the Koran.) Christianity also at various times has been spread by means of the sword. (The Crusades.) In our Talks we have been hearing of other ways in which Christianity is being spread to-day. (Hospitals, schools, literature.) Which is the better way?

**The Story.**—Once upon a time a very good and gracious king ruled over a fair country, and the people of that country said among themselves, "Our king is so great and good, we should make his kingdom bigger. Indeed we should bring all nations under his rule, so that the whole world may be his."

"How shall we do this?" asked someone.

"We must show how superior we are in every way, because he is our king," answered another. "It will not be difficult. We have only to show our wealth, our learning, our goodness, and other nations will see what benefits we get from our king."

"But if they refuse to see how great we are, what then?" said the first speaker.

"Then we must fight them," said the second. "We must go to all lengths for our king."

So they set to work to prepare themselves for their great task. They collected money, they organized themselves into companies, they trained teachers, and they drilled their armies in case it came to war.

When the king saw all this he was very sad, because although he wanted all the nations to come into his kingdom, he did not want it to come about this way at all. But his people were so busy over their plans and preparations that they would not listen when he tried to speak to them, and only thought he was praising them and telling them they did well.

At last all was ready, and with a great beating of drums and blowing of bugles and waving of banners the companies marched out and entered the next country. The people of the country looked at the great array and said, "What do you want with us?"

The leaders of the companies answered, "We have come to tell you that our king is the best king in all the world, and that you must submit to him and come into his kingdom."

The people said, "We do not know your king. How shall we know if he is better than ours?"

"Only look at us!" cried the leaders. "See what grand people we are! We have wealth, we have learning. These things our king has given us, while as for you, you are poor and ignorant. Submit and you shall become like us."

As the people listened to these words, some were impressed by the gorgeous robes and glittering jewels, and when they saw the armies with their gleaming weapons their hearts trembled within them. But others who were brave said, "And if we do not submit, what will you do?"

"We shall fight you and conquer you that way," said the leaders.

"Your king sent you to fight with us?" asked the people.

"Yes," lied the leaders, and really believed what they said, for now they came to think of it, they could not remember exactly what the king *had* said, but they were sure he had approved.

The people had a consultation among themselves and there was a good deal of argument. Some thought that the strangers' king must indeed be very great, would it not be better to submit at once? Others said that if he had come out to fight against them, then he was no better than their own king, and why should they change? So the talk went back and forth, and at length it was decided to let the strangers stay for a time, in order that they could hear more about this great king and about the good things they would receive if they belonged to him.

Time passed. The strangers had settled down. The armies had marched on into another country which had refused to have anything to do with a new king. The people watched and listened. Some who had been impressed by the wealth and learning of the strangers submitted at once, but others who thought more and noticed more did not like the way the strangers gave themselves airs. They behaved often as though the country belonged to them. Another very puzzling thing was that they were always quarrelling among themselves. One group would say, "Our king said this . . ." and another would

reply, "No, he did not, he said *this . . .*" and they grew more and more hot with each other, until at last they were not on speaking terms. Another time it would be, "The king wants us to do this this way," and others would argue he wanted it done another. So between them all the people of the country did not learn a great deal about the king and what it meant to belong to him.

Now there were a man and a woman, who lived in the good king's country, who loved him very dearly and who had really listened to him when he had tried to tell the people that the way they were setting about to win the world for him was not *his* way. They saw how sad he was at the sight of the armies drilling, and the banners and the grand clothes being prepared to impress the other nations. And one day they went to him and knelt before him, and he put his hands on their heads and looked lovingly into their eyes, and then they walked out of the country. They took nothing with them and were poorly dressed, but as they went they sang for happiness because they were entrusted with the message of their king.

When they reached the next country they found there was plenty to do. They lived among the people and became their friends. They nursed the sick, cared for the orphans and widows, comforted those in trouble, shared their food with those who were hungry, played with the children, smiled often, and spoke kindly to all.

One day as the woman was nursing a sick wife and the man was helping the husband, a woodcutter, to care for the children and set the house to rights, the woodcutter said, "You are not of our nation, you come from the next country. Why do you do all this for us? Who sent you?"

"Our king sent us," replied the man.

"Your king?" said the woodcutter, surprised. "But it is your king who sent the grand people to us and the armies to fight us."

The man tried to explain. He said that his countrymen were right when they said their king wanted all the world in his kingdom, but they were mistaken in thinking he wanted force used.

"Then," said the woodcutter, "even if he does not believe in force, he must be a very strict king as ours is. I have heard he wants people to serve him in a certain way, that he is angry if people come to him not wearing the special grand court clothes, that he has to be spoken to in a special language. I am only a poor woodcutter, and he would never receive me."

"No, no," said the man, "that is all wrong. Our king cares for the poor and the suffering and the little children. He wants to see everyone happy and loving. In our country he often puts on an old robe and visits the poor. Many of the people don't recognize him and turn him away from the door and won't have him in their houses, so they don't know what he is like, and they believe that he lives shut up in a palace and that they can only get near him if they are rich and can buy special clothes. He wants people to love him and not to fight for him with hard, cruel weapons; he wants everyone to be loving to each other and serve each other, as he serves the people of his kingdom."

The woodcutter took up his axe and started to chop some wood. Presently he said, "It was brave of you to come into our country like this, alone and unprotected by armies and weapons. Suppose you are killed, what then?"

The man smiled. "We don't think badly enough of your country-people to believe they will kill us. They are our friends, but supposing anything *did* happen to us, well, we love our king so much that we would brave any dangers for him, yes and gladly die for him!"

The woodcutter stood and watched as the man took his turn with the axe and the woman picked up the baby and prepared it for bed, singing softly to it as she did so.

He thought to himself, "I believe they have the true message of their king—love and sincerity, not words and pomp and show. I believe their king is what they say, for otherwise why would they be here serving him by helping us? I should like to know their king better."

At last he said, "I believe your king is a king of love. Will he receive me and my family into his kingdom? And may we join you in spreading his message throughout the world?"

The man and the woman looked up from their work and smiled. "Right gladly he will receive you," they said, "and we welcome your help." As they spoke the rays of the setting sun lit up their faces, and there seemed a shining glory all around.

What connection do you see between this story and the others? <sup>1</sup>

Draw out the different points—the people who went out for the king in grand companies are the Christians who try to win Moslems in the wrong way, etc.

Let us think of the good things in Islam that we have learnt about.

Moslems believe in one God; they live a very religious life, praying and fasting regularly; they are true to the memory of Mohammed, in other words they are loyal; they believe in the brotherhood of man—a Moslem of whatever nationality is welcomed as a brother by all other Moslems, and whether he is rich or poor does not matter; every Moslem is a missionary, whatever he may be, a *mullah* or camel-man, he will pray wherever he is, keep his fasts and talk about his religion freely. In this way he is a "witness" for his religion: he shows it forth.

Do you think anything is missing in this religion?

Show children, from instances in the Talks, that as Temple Gairdner says, "Islam is predominantly a religion of the letter, Christianity the religion of the spirit," that is, Islam is more concerned with outward forms and observances, while Christianity feels that the "inward and spiritual grace" is more important.

<sup>1</sup> The leader should have made it clear in the telling that this is not a true story like the others, but an allegory or parable. The opening words, "Once upon a time," should be almost enough to convey this.

Do you think that sometimes Christianity, too, for some people, is a religion of outward forms ?

Let the children think this out.

Why is it no good if Christian missionaries take nothing but a religion of outward forms to Moslems ?

Supposing a Moslem girl or boy came to stay in your home, how would you try to show Christ to him or her ? Would you just take the Moslem to church, give him your Bible to read, and leave it at that ?

Show that in order to show Christ to others, we must truly know Christ ourselves.

How do we know Christ ? We cannot know Christ without learning about Him, so we listen carefully when others tell us about Him, we talk to Him in our prayers, we ask Him to be our Friend. Then we try to be like Him ; we resist temptation, we are kind to others, especially to those weaker and younger ; we are truthful and obedient, cheerful and willing.

The sad part is that the Christian Church has scarcely ever shown Christ to the Moslems.

Remind children of the Church's many divisions, its emphasis on outward things, ritual and observances, its spirit of superiority—the white man versus coloured—its pride in its education, wealth, etc.

What does the Church need to do to win Moslems into the Kingdom of God ?

To keep close to Jesus and listen to what He says, to be humble, loving, patient, willing to serve in a lowly way.

You and I are a part of the Christian Church. We must do these things too. Because we are part of the Church as well as the missionaries abroad, it matters what *we* are like, otherwise we hinder and do not help.

*Note.*—No further suggestions are made for expression work. Leaders will be glad to get the boys and girls to finish work already begun.

.

.