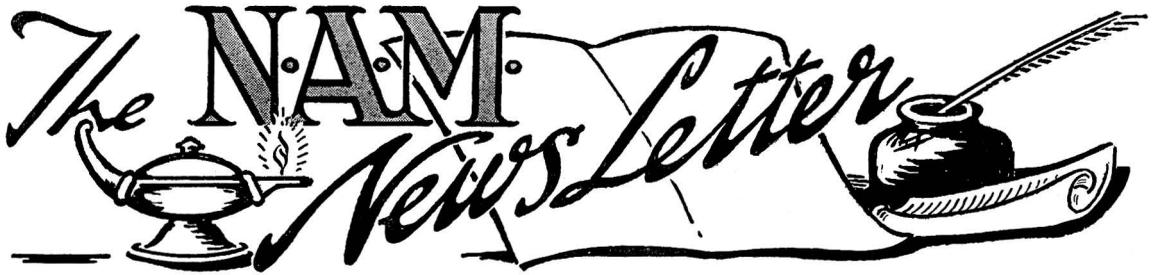


Continuing "NORTH AFRICA."

The N.A.M. News Letter



OFFICE OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION, 34, BISHAM GARDENS, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N. 6

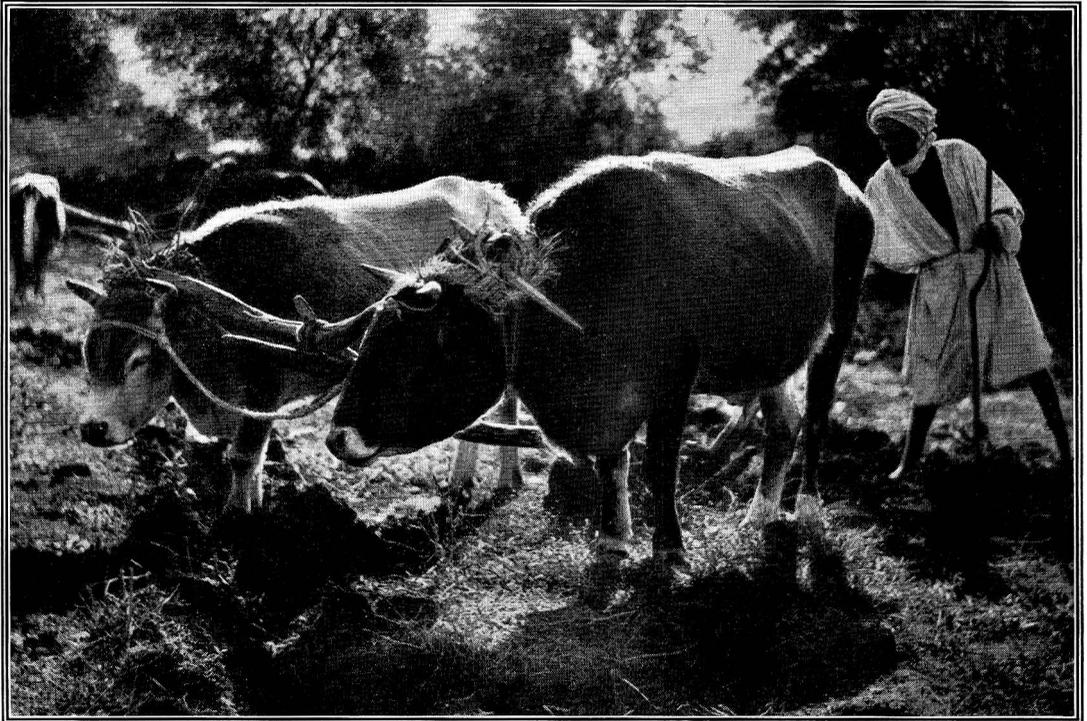
HON. SECRETARY: OSWALD L. CARNEGIE

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EDITED BY E. J. LONG, F.R.S.G.S.

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PLOUGHING WITH A YOKE OF OXEN

North Africa is a land in which the Bible "comes to life." The shepherd leading his sheep; the woman grinding at the mill; the wine-press; the threshing-floor; the funeral bier; the "whited sepulchre"; the potter at his wheel; the woman at the well—these and a hundred other Bible scenes furnish the background of everyday life in Barbary, and "make the Book live" in a manner that is both vivid and thrilling. Agriculture in North Africa is still exceedingly primitive. The native plough does not turn the soil in a deep furrow, but merely scratches the surface of the ground. Nevertheless, we are grateful that "the unchanging East" preserves to us, substantially unaltered in type, the plough such as Elisha followed, and the yoke as it was in the time of our Lord. In the top left-hand corner of our picture may be discerned an ox and an ass yoked together. God's Word declares (Deut. xxii. 10), "Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together." The prohibition had in view, of course, not primarily the fact that such animals are dissimilar in size and strength, but that one was a CLEAN animal, the other UNCLEAN. It is a parable of the MIXED SERVICE which God abhors—the believer and the unbeliever yoked together in the Lord's harvest-field. May we be delivered from every "unequal yoke"!

The Late Mr. Cyril Morriss

NOT since the sudden and tragic deaths, in 1923, of young Harold Underwood and Arthur Goadby, has the missionary circle in Tunisia sustained so grievous a loss as that which now deprives it, in the prime of his life, of a worker of singular charm and saintliness.

Cyril Wakelin Morriss arrived in Tunis towards the end of 1924, and at once endeared himself to the little band of missionaries there by such qualities as they learned to appreciate in even fuller measure as the years passed. Cyril was then twenty-seven.

It has been said that whereas the British trader in Africa is known as "the white man," the natives always refer to the missionary as "the man of God." Cyril Morriss was a "man of God." Others besides him may have been quiet, studious, industrious, adaptable: in Cyril there was the added charm of a rare saintliness—the quality that is lovable, endearing and winsome. He was a truly humble man; and if there was one fruit of the Spirit in even greater evidence than another in that fragrant life, it was "gentleness." A gentler soul never breathed.

In 1928 he married Miss Helen Short, a daughter of missionaries in Tunisia, herself a gifted linguist: and the home they founded at Nabeul—on the famous "Cape Bon Peninsula"—became a centre of happy and effective testimony to the Lord Jesus. Cyril was never the fiery-tongued orator; he never coveted the limelight, nor aspired to platform notoriety. His missionary career may be summed up in the tender words of Paul to the Thessalonian believers: "We were *gentle* among you" (I Thess. ii. 7). That very gentleness and humility won for Cyril a host of devoted friends among the natives of Nabeul, and, I am persuaded, brought the "meek and lowly" Saviour also into many a heart. Our brother had the precious gift of making the Lord Jesus irresistibly attractive to others.

With his Homecall a cloud has passed over the face of the sun, and for some of us Tunisia can never be quite the same place again: much of its gentle warmth has fled.

That the dear Lord will use this crushing loss to gracious purpose we doubt not. Through it He is going to bring even greater blessing to Tunisia in the coming years: of that we may be confident.

And now, out yonder in Palestine, our beloved brother's body reposes in ground upon which the Saviour Himself once trod—awaiting that glad Day when "the dead in Christ shall rise," and when "we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

Meanwhile, to Mrs. Cyril Morriss, her two children, and the many who mourn with her, we would express again our most affectionate and prayerful sympathy.

How the Call came

Since many friends, we know, would be grateful to learn fuller details concerning our brother's Homecall than could be furnished in our former brief announcement, the following account is compiled from information so far available:

It must be borne in mind, first and foremost, that he was never a really robust man; and those last three years of separation from his loved ones, following hard upon the arduous years spent in North Africa, must have told upon him more than any of us realised. As someone with intimate knowledge of Cyril has written: "Humanly speaking, his nervous and physical frame must have been just worn out. . . . It just seems to have been a sudden and complete collapse which took everyone out there as much by surprise as it did ourselves. . . . He finished his course, and gave out."

But meanwhile God had been making wonderful provision for the carrying on of the work for which Cyril, as an Army Scripture Reader, was responsible. The Field Superintendent had arranged for Cyril and Mr. Shuttleworth of Cairo to change over for a bit, so as to give each a change of work. Mr. Shuttleworth arrived, and Cyril "showed him the ropes," and saw him settled in at the Hut; after which he went off to Syria for a short leave.

Not until his journey had started did he begin to feel unwell. Ten days were spent in hospital at Beirut with what was at first suspected to be jaundice, but which was finally dismissed as gastritis. Cyril was sent off to a Rest Home up in the Lebanon Hills to recuperate.

We now learn through a medical friend, that it *was* possibly jaundice, after all, from which our brother was suffering—of a prevalent type extremely difficult to detect; and this would account, medically, for the sudden breakdown that followed.

In his last letter, however, written from the Hills, Cyril wrote very brightly. He was feeling better, developing an appetite, and enjoying the walks and scenery.

Ten days later, not feeling quite so well, he went back to the old Hut at Garafand, and immediately broke down nervously and physically; but the Lord was very merciful, for he does not appear to have suffered at all. For upwards of a week he lay in a state of coma, and just slipped away in his sleep.

He was buried in a quiet corner of the War Cemetery at Ramleh, with the Judean Hills, encircling Jerusalem, in the background.

Some Appreciations

Colonel Macaulay, of the Army Scripture Readers' and Soldiers' and Airmen's Christian Association, writes thus to Mrs. Morriss: "The Council recollect with great satisfaction and thankfulness to the Lord all the faithful work which your husband has accomplished in the



Photo by) A HAPPY TRIO OF WORKERS (E.J.L.)
(An enlargement from a section of the "Tunisia" Missionary Film showing Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Morriss and—in between—Miss Ada Clack)

Christian lads (soldiers) that I know happened to be with Cyril at the Syrian Mountain Home, and they speak so nicely of him, especially in connection with the little gathering for worship and praise that they held amongst themselves. Twice they missed him, and later found him preaching the Gospel in Arabic to the natives in a neighbouring village. So he was on duty for the Master right up to the end, and he will get his reward."

"Whose faith follow, considering the end of [his] conversation: Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

spread of the Gospel amongst the men of the Forces; and from the reports that we have had, there must be many who, on looking back, will be able to thank the Lord that they heard the Way of Life through the lips of Mr. Morriss."

Cyril's colleague in Palestine wrote saying how fond the lads were of him, and how very cut up they were when they learnt of his death. They had planned to make him a presentation before he left them, but though the gift was purchased they had never been able to fulfil their desire; and it is therefore being sent to Mrs. Morriss instead, together with a letter from the fellows.

A Christian Sister at the Camp Hospital wrote: "Dear Mr. Morriss was such a great help and blessing to many at the Cluden Hut. I personally might have been very homesick many a time but for him."

Mr. Edwin Wigg (also an Army Scripture Reader and ex-N.A.M. worker) wrote from Egypt: "Very frequently men have told me of the spiritual help and blessing they have received through his ministry. He was loved and much appreciated by all, and his memory will be very fragrant to numbers of lads whom he cheered and encouraged on the upward Way."

His Love for the Moslems

But with all his interest in the men of the Forces, Cyril Morriss never lost his love for Moslems. In his periods of leave he visited various Mission Stations, and was glad to have opportunities of speaking in Arabic, and to study Moslem work. In this connection a letter just received by Mrs. Morriss from the Field Superintendent at Cairo has a special interest. He writes: "You will be glad to hear that three

News from the Field

TUNIS. Mr. and Mrs. Miles and Muriel are "all feeling better, thanks to more nourishing food, and to new interests and encouragements." Mr. Miles has received fresh stocks of New Testaments and Bibles, and spends his mornings in "witnessing and selling." The occupation of Tunis by Allied Forces gives our brother excellent opportunities for speaking of the missionary work. There is evidence from several sources that the Lord is laying the burden of the Moslems upon the hearts of a number of his children serving with the British Army in the Near East; and, with the post-war evangelisation of North Africa in view, here is surely a strategic point upon which our prayer could be wisely focussed.

ALGIERS. Mr. Shorey writes: "I met a man who knew the late Mr. Finotto, N.A.M. Missionary of Tunisia. He was very pleased to hear my testimony, and had evidently experienced some good from what he heard from Mr. Finotto. The man bought a New Testament for 5 francs and wanted to give me 20 as a present! Another man bought a Kabyle Gospel, and said Mr. Blackmore had taught him to read. Yet a third native, 50 or 60 years of age, told me he remembered attending Monsieur Cuendet's meetings some 40 years ago!"

It must have been vastly cheering to Mr. Shorey to make the acquaintance of those who had recollections of missionaries that laboured out yonder so long ago. Truly the "bread cast upon the waters" returns "after many days"—often yielding results beyond our ken, but which "the Day shall declare."

Friends will be glad to learn that **Miss Ward**, who was at one time dangerously ill in Algiers, has arrived in this country. She is now very much stronger.

RABAT. Miss Irene Dew tells us that, quite unexpectedly, she has met at Rabat **Mr. Charles Cook**, our missionary to the Chaouia Tribe. He is

serving as an Army Chaplain, and is at present near Rabat. He is able to have meetings every Sunday in a large shed, most of his audience—roughly a hundred strong—being black-skinned soldiers from the Cameroons. Every evening after supper a number gather for evening prayers and hymn singing.

We rejoice with our brother in the considerable encouragement that is attending his efforts.

TETUAN. Miss Bradbury writes: "Two of my girls—only 14 years of age—are being married. Both of them know several Bible stories, hymns and texts, and were showing an interest in spiritual things. Another of our girls—aged 17—confesses to being a Christian and has learned to read. She refuses to be married, and thus far her mother has given in to her. What a pity there is no Christian husband for her! She cannot remain unmarried in this land."

Alas! these young girls, early in life, find themselves in a bondage even less agreeable than that of the little captive maid who "waited on Naaman's wife." May their witness to the Lord Jesus prove as winsome and fruitful as was that of the little Israelitish girl! How they need our prayers!

TANGIER. Dr. Anderson states that in spite of the fact of being short-staffed, the Hospital dealt with 1,650 out-patients in October as compared with 1,216 the previous month. We are thankful to be able to report that **Nurse Dorcas Henman** has recently returned to Tangier. Her arrival will greatly ease matters at the Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Bocking, who already speak French and Arabic, are now taking a course in Spanish. The acquisition of this further language will prove invaluable in Tangier. Not only is much of the shopping carried on in Spanish, but there are important evangelistic opportunities that can be seized by British missionaries with a fluent mastery of this tongue.

We are glad to be assured that **Mr. Warren**—now, of course, at Fez—is "keeping remarkably well."

GAFSA. Miss Ethel Brookes reports from Gafsa that the town is "far from ruined—in fact, very little damage has been done, comparatively speaking; and now that doors and window-frames have been refound and replaced, houses look almost normal except for window glass. This is not yet obtainable. . . . The Arabs are beginning to be a bit more cordial and welcoming. Perhaps they didn't just know how I would take being robbed of almost all my worldly possessions!"

Home News

Miss Little has heard from **Mr. Brown** that he was moved to another camp about 70 miles north of the previous one, and that his new address is: No. 1,529, Irag VIII Z., Deutschland (Allemagne). Our brother says he is enjoying fellowship with a very keen band of Christians. His first clothing parcel arrived on Nov. 4, just in time for the coldest weather.

We shall continue most earnestly to remember **Mr. Brown**, and also **Miss Tilney**, in prayer. May they be wonderfully sustained during what we trust and believe will prove the last winter of their captivity!

Miss Harman is happy in her work in Dublin, but looks forward to the day when she will be able to return to North Africa.

Miss Petter and **Miss Clack**, though expecting to leave at any moment for Tunisia, have not yet obtained passages. As **Miss Jones's** papers were not cleared in time, Miss Petter's name was substituted, so that there might be no delay in securing the first available openings.

Mrs. Morgan is still suffering more or less from the shock resulting from a cycle accident some month or so ago. She reports much blessing on work amongst Service girls, and tells of a weekly prayer-meeting at the Camp started by a number of them.

Miss Margaret Fearnley arrived safely in this country towards the end of last month—just in time for Christmas, in fact! She would be sure of a warm welcome, and is probably finding the English diet better even than she dreamed possible in war-time.

A Remarkable Missionary Convention

"The North Africa Mission was again represented last year at the Workers' Missionary Convention at Bangor, near Belfast, through the kind invitation of the Secretary, Mr. H. J. Mateer. During the nine days of its gatherings the large sum of £740 was contributed to world-wide evangelism, about 38 different Missionary Societies (including the N.A.M.) receiving a share. So much for the material results, which were of no mean order.

"But what of the incalculable spiritual contribution to the Lord's work all over the world of those days set apart for praise, prayer, the ministry of the Word, and a world-survey of missionary endeavour? We who were present feel that this yearly Convention is working alongside of the Ambassadors for Christ everywhere; enlisting from some, their gifts; from others, themselves; and from all, their intelligent co-operation by prayer; and in this way taking a valuable part in the hastening of His Kingdom upon earth.

"We warmly recommend the Convention to any able to attend. As well as being a spiritual inspiration, it is a veritable missionary education, from which there can be no escaping the personal responsibility for a closer walk with God, and more utter devotion to His service."

Mrs. J. A. Liley, to whom we are indebted for this cheering report, rendered us splendid service during a ten-weeks' deputation tour in Ireland, during which she visited 43 Churches or Missions, and spoke on no fewer than 57 occasions.

One of Mrs. Liley's outstanding successes, under God's blessing, has been in securing a successor to our beloved brother **Mr. S. S. McCurry** as Hon. Local Secretary (in Belfast) for the Irish Auxiliary of the N.A.M. The new Secretary is **Mrs. V. Elsie Caves**, of 31, Cranmore Gardens, Belfast. She writes: "You all have an advantage over me, as I have only recently come into contact with the work of the Mission; but as I heard from Mrs. Liley of the need for a Local Secretary, I felt this was a service for the Lord Jesus Christ that I could do. I hope that together we may work and pray for North Africa, and so to the utmost of our opportunities have fellowship in the Gospel.

"I shall look forward to meeting those of you who are in or near Belfast. Please write, 'phone or call to see me any time that you need me."

In extending to Mrs. Caves the most cordial of welcomes, we would also assure her of our very deep appreciation of her graciously-offered help. We are sure that **Mr. McCurry** will be delighted.