

Continuing "NORTH AFRICA."

The N.A.M. News Letter



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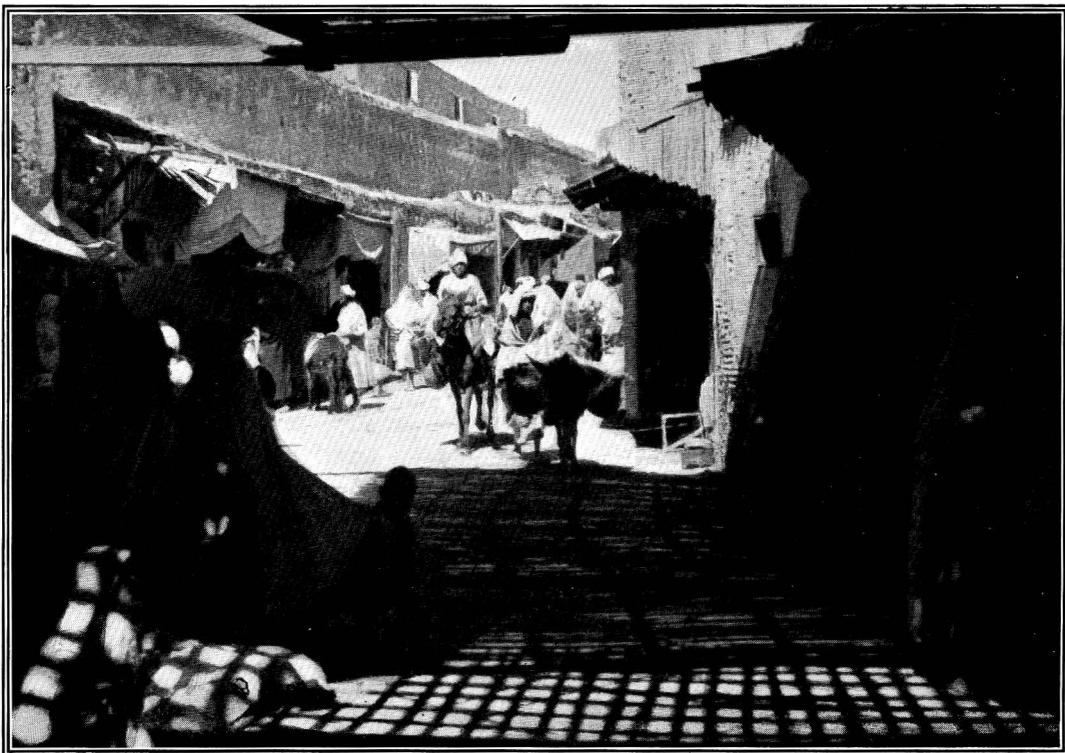
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EDITED BY E. J. LONG, F.R.S.G.S.

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NATIVE STREET IN MARRAKESH

(It was at Marrakesh that the Prime Minister convalesced.)

Marrakesh, the southern capital of Morocco, lies inland from Casablanca to the south—five hours by road from the great seaport. White, yet tinged a reddish-brown from Saharan dust, surrounded by palm groves and with the immense, serrated, snow-capped Atlas Mountains as an incomparable background, Marrakesh is wonderfully attractive. Strategically placed at a point where three great routes intersect—the camel-track from Timbuctoo, the road from the Atlas, and the highway from the coast—Marrakesh shelters within its ancient walls a mixture of races. Our brother Mr. C. Nairn, of the Southern Morocco Mission, has laboured there for well-nigh sixty years, and his dispensary work, of ever-growing dimensions, brings thousands every year within the sound of the Gospel. If, as seems probable, Mr. Churchill caught more than a glimpse of this great missionary work, we may confidently pray that the contact may be overruled of GOD to the further blessing of His work in that spiritually "dry and thirsty land".

From a German Prison Camp

THE following paragraph (bearing, in its original form, the challenge: "Why Missions?") has reached us from Mr. Robert Brown, our Tunis missionary, who has been in enemy hands for the past fifteen months.

Although the wording doubtless reflects in some measure the strain that our brother has undergone, there can be no doubt that the message is a "prison epistle" bringing a further and timely challenge to our faith, prayer and endeavour. It is equally clear that the Lord is using this "Arabia" experience both to confirm our brother in his call to Kairouan, and to fit him in some special way for future witness in that great Moslem stronghold.

Here, then, is our brother's communication:—

"Let one who has suffered the loss of all things for Christ, who has endured intense loneliness, misunderstandings, cold and heat, hunger and thirst, poverty and want, weakness, fastings, sickness nigh unto death, imprisonments and captivity—and beside all this the daily bearing about of a pastor's heart aching for his flock; let him answer the question, 'Why Missions?'

"Because Christ said, 'Other sheep I have . . . them also *must* I bring'; because He said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature'; because Paul said, 'I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the foolish'; because Calvary is a historic fact with cosmic and universal implications; because Christ prayed the Calvary prayers; because 250 million Moslems are held fast by Satan in appalling darkness; because millions have never heard the Saviour's Name.

"My God, my God! Does the Church think she can sit down complacently to discuss Missions? The *raison d'être* of the Christian Church is that it evangelise. Dear brethren, my language and style are possibly incoherent, but I hear the call of millions upon millions, 'Come over and help us!' Look at His pierced Hands and Feet, and let the one passion of your life be 'to win for the slain Lamb the reward of His sufferings.'

"Now on the 28th birthday of my life, deliberately and calmly I receive from God a confirmation of a call given long ago—that is, to occupy Kairouan for Christ. Kairouan is in Central Tunisia, and possibly the hardest spot in that land. It is nearly 40 miles inland from Sousse (occupied by two elderly ladies, long past active service), but between it and Sfax lie scores of villages. My fiancée—who will then, God willing, be my wife—and I are eager to go there. We believe in the power of the Holy Ghost, in the power of prayer, faith and vision. And we believe that the

Gospel is the 'dynamite' of God unto salvation to all who believe, including Moslems.

"I have no kick against anybody in being immobilised here. Every day is a further opportunity of bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the Life also might be manifested. Brethren, may you know Him in the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings! May you have an ever-deeper conformity to His death, so that life, His LIFE, may spring forth!"

Fifty Years in Morocco

OUR valiant missionary, Miss S. M. Denison, has just completed fifty years in Morocco, practically the whole period having been devoted to work among the Moslems of Fez. Her dispensary work and visitation have brought her into spiritual contact with very many thousands of Mohanmedan women, and successive generations of children have got to know her intimately and have grown deeply attached to her through the years.

Whilst, to our great regret, our sister's sight is failing, we are glad to learn that the oculist's latest report was a little more reassuring. We shall value our readers' prayers both for Miss Denison and for the provision, in the Lord's good time, of a successor qualified and gifted to assure the maintenance of this splendid testimony.

The perils of Miss Denison's voyage to Tangier late in 1893 are graphically recalled in a letter just received by our Assistant Secretary, Mr. I. E. Bowles, an extract from which we publish both because of its own interest, and as an example of God's wonderful deliverance from death:—

"We encountered a great storm in the Channel, but 'where ignorance is bliss' helped me; for as I clutched the sides of my berth, and was sometimes on my feet and sometimes on my head I kept saying to myself what I had often heard lads at home say when a great storm was blowing: 'A sailor would think nothing of *this*!'

"However, on the Sunday morning, when we were on deck in beautiful weather, and had turned back in order to signal our safety to Plymouth, we saw the broken davits and fallen lifeboats—the largest had gone in the storm. We saw, too, the contents of the stewards' cabins being held up, article by article, and the order being given by the officer in charge to throw overboard garment after garment and book after book and photo after photo; and we realised that there had indeed been a storm!

"I shared a cabin with two elderly missionaries who were either nieces or grand-daughters of David Livingstone. . . . We in the second class were much better off than those in the first class, who had deck cabins.



GROUP AT TANGIER

showing Miss Winifred Drury and native friends among whom she is labouring

They were literally washed out by the waves . . .”

And then, quite abruptly, the letter ends with this rather touching little revelation of war-time hardships in Fez: “My precious paper is finished!”

Algeria's Great Loss

IN grateful memory of the late Pastor Caron, French Protestant Pastor at Algiers, and faithful friend of missionaries, we print this gracious tribute from the pen of our veteran worker, Mr. A. R. Shorey:—

“We have lost a great friend of missionaries in the death, through an aeroplane accident, of the principal French pastor of Algiers, Pasteur Caron. It was he, in fellowship with some other French pastors and Christians, who urged the French Church in Algeria to take up the missionary cause. It was he who, during the occupation of Algeria by the German and Italian Commissions, obtained permission for the British missionaries at El Biar and Colonne Voirol to be allowed to go to Algiers instead of being virtually interned in the little country parishes of El Biar and Birmandreis. It was Pasteur Caron who, when Mr. and Mrs. Marsh had only a few hours' notice to get on board a British ship going to England, and when there was practically no prospect of getting a conveyance to take them and their luggage to the boat, himself—as chief Protestant Chaplain to the French Army—came up in a military car and took our friends, their baby, and all their luggage to port.

“He was a fine evangelical preacher, and from time to time broadcast inspiring spiritual messages over the Algiers Radio.

“Greatly esteemed and deeply mourned by many in this land — particularly by every missionary and every member of the French Protestant Churches — our dear brother has been called suddenly to pass through death into the fuller life.

“I do not believe that relations have ever been so cordial between foreign missionaries and the French pastors — and this has been chiefly due to Pasteur Caron and his fine Christian character.”

Miss Winifred Ross of Morocco; Mr. Cyril Morriss of Tunisia; and now Pasteur Caron of Algeria: a triple blow that has sadly crippled the missionary personnel in needy North Africa. There

must be many lessons in it all for those who have spiritual discernment: but the clearest lesson of all is that we must pray, as never before, that the Lord of the Harvest may call and equip and thrust forth *many* more labourers into this great harvest field.

The Sorrows of a Moslem Woman

THE war brings its own peculiar sorrows, but the dull heartache of Moslem women, unrelieved after a thousand years, springs from one unchanging cause—the miseries of loveless marriage.

Our missionary Miss Winifred Drury (who is seen in the group photograph on this page) tells the following sad story:—

“I have mentioned my sewing teacher Habeeba in previous letters. Some months ago it was decided by her father that she should marry again—for the third time. She refused over and over again, but her father insisted, and she finally decided to marry on condition that the husband was willing to allow her to continue her work in the school here. I told the parents of the folly and certainty of the same unhappy story over again; but it had to be.

“I gave Habeeba two weeks for her wedding, and she then returned. I had visited her in her little hovel. The poor woman had nothing; literally an empty room with a leaky roof and cracked walls through which daylight passed—and draughts. She told me she had hopes of a baby, and she was anxious about

its care, as her husband gives her no money at all, but expects her to keep herself out of the little I can pay her.

"When I reminded Habeeba that God could supply her needs, she said 'I believe He can.' I added, 'You do believe these things in your head, Habeeba, I know'; but she replied, 'It goes deeper than that, Miss Drury; I believe all these things in my heart. I do believe now in the Saviour.' This was a real confession of faith, for Habeeba rarely speaks of spiritual experiences, although she has loved her work at the school.

"Later, she told me she had asked the Lord that she might not have the little one if it were His will, as it would have such a bad father. Her prayer was answered; for after being brutally beaten by her husband, she now has no expectation. Women have little value for men out here; but they are precious in the sight of God. . . .

"While I have been writing this letter I have heard that Habeeba's husband has removed all her poor belongings from her room—clothes, bits of ornaments, and even her wages which I had just paid her. This means, of course, that he is divorcing her. She is upset, naturally, though she will be glad to be free of the man.

"Poor Habeeba: remember her in your prayers, that I may be able to support her as a helper. She is very necessary to me and the children."

Perhaps, even as you read these lines, you will lift your heart to God for Habeeba—the thrice-divorced woman whose very name (with "love" as its root) seems a bitter mockery.

News from the Field

Mr Warren writes to a friend: "Many friends have commented on our thinness in the photo taken in Tangier (and reproduced in our Nov.-Dec. issue.—*Ed.*). One of my wife's sisters said we needed re-upholstering. We are glad to say that the process is going on satisfactorily. We have many kindnesses shown to us here, even though our circle of friends is small; and so our table is well supplied. We have very much to thank God for. I am sleeping very much better . . .

"I am finding office work a strain, however, and I need, as I have always needed, some kind of physical activity by way of relaxation, but I have not the tools and materials to do the work that I would

like to tackle. I saw wood nearly every day. . . . but I could saw more than we can buy, so that exercise does not go very far."

The work that Mr. and Mrs. Warren have been enabled to do during the past few years at Tangier has been a priceless war-time contribution to the missionary cause in North Africa. May they still be much in our prayers!

Miss Elsie Bradbury, in writing very frankly of last year's witness in Tetuan, says: "The year 1943 was full of opportunities amongst the people, without any outside hindrance; but the work was difficult, and the people *indifferent* to the Gospel rather than actually opposed. They listened—and that was all. We finished the year feeling that MUCH MORE PRAYER WAS NEEDED for this town, as well as more preparation and thought on our part to get to know the point of view of the people. We have started praying for a GREATER BURDEN FOR THEIR SOULS."

Surely this is a matter concerning which we may well ask the Lord to exercise our hearts, too!

Miss Grace Lincoln writes from Tangier: "This has been a busy term at school. The third anniversary on Nov. 4th was a very happy time. We invited parents and were about 45 in number. We long that our Christmas Carol Service may be a time of real blessing to all who join us. So many come who never think of going to a Church service. I think the Children's Choir attracts them. May it not be a case of 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He hath perfected praise,' and 'A little child shall lead them'?"

Homecall of Miss Una Tighe

As we go to press we learn, with deep regret, of the Homecall on Feb. 25th of Miss Una Tighe, of Christchurch. A most gracious little lady, with charming Irish wit, and with a heart filled with love for North Africa and its Missionaries, she became Hon. Sec. of the N.A.M. Workers' Union in April, 1915; and this labour of love, in which she was ably assisted by the late Miss Merralls, assured the dispatch of hundreds of splendid parcels to our workers on the field. Our sister will be greatly missed by a wide circle of devoted friends.

Bereavement

We would express our very deep sympathy with our Council Member, Mr. Ernest W. Cordle, in the Homecall, after 42 years of happy married life, of his helpmeet and companion. As, for a time at least, the sense of loss grows, we pray that the sorrowing husband and family may be wonderfully sustained by the God of all grace and comfort.

THE N.A.M. ANNUAL MEETINGS

will be held (D.V.) at

LIVINGSTONE HALL, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. 1

(near St. James's Park Station)

on THURSDAY, MAY 25th, 1944, at 3.30 and 5.30 p.m.

(PRECEDED BY A PRAYER MEETING AT 3 P.M.)

Speakers: Afternoon—REV. F. JOHN SCROGGIE.
Evening —REV. W. STUART HARRIS (of the European Christian Mission).

MISSIONARIES WILL TAKE PART AT BOTH MEETINGS.