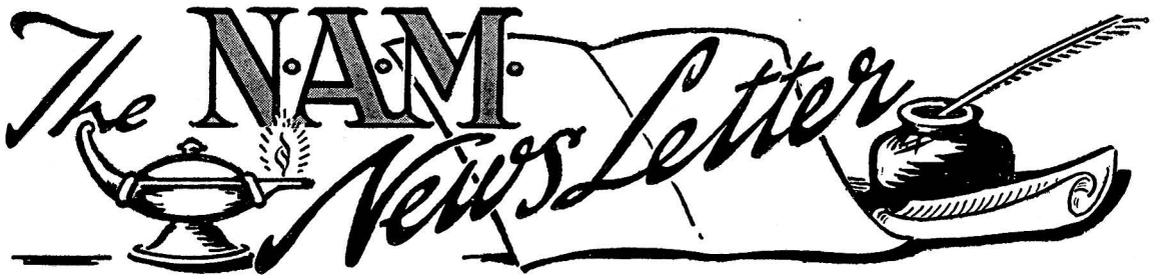


Continuing "NORTH AFRICA."

The N.A.M. News Letter



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No. 39

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

JAN.-FEB., 1945



Photo by]

A BREAD-SELLER OF FEZ.

[E.J.L.

It may appear at first glance that there is little in this typical street scene to indicate when it was photographed, or of which of the Barbary States it is particularly characteristic. Those, however, who remember that in North Africa bread is still strictly rationed, will know that this is a pre-war photograph. No longer does the bread vendor sit patiently by the wayside waiting for customers. Hunger stalks the land. Then again, whilst the dress is, in a general way, typical of native costume throughout Barbary, the boy's head-gear is thoroughly Moroccan, as is the manner in which the woman's face is veiled. Finally, whilst it is a common sight to see a woman stall-keeper in Morocco, one would probably search in vain for her equivalent in Tunisia. In every other way, however, these three natives are thoroughly representative of those among whom our missionaries are living and labouring in Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia.

Our New Workers

THE New Year has witnessed the arrival in Tangier of three new recruits for the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, and it goes without saying that their coming will bring immense relief to Dr. Anderson and other members of the Staff who have borne throughout the war years the heavy strain of unremitting toil.

These three new missionaries—Dr. Farnham A. R. St. John, Miss G. W. Theakston and Miss Madge Hutchinson—sailed together from a British port, and were thus able to get to know one another pretty thoroughly before reaching Morocco. The following notes may serve to introduce them to those of our readers to whom they may still be strangers:

Dr. Farnham A. R. St. John, who qualified in December, 1943, was appointed as a House Physician to the London Hospital at the beginning of 1944. In February last he wrote to Mr. Carnegie as follows: "I took up medicine with the intention of using it for the Lord in the foreign field, although I did not know where He would send me. . . . Just before qualifying, and again more recently, I have felt the challenge of Moslem North Africa, and I feel that the Lord is going to lead me to that land. There have been many signposts pointing in that direction . . ."

As mentioned in the May-June issue of the "NEWS LETTER," Dr. St. John was accepted by the Council of the Mission for service at the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, Tangier. It was hoped that Dr. St. John would get out to Tangier last August, but a passage was not available until late last month. His appointment at the London Hospital was extended until the end of October, and since then he has devoted the waiting period to the widening of his experience in surgery at another Hospital.

The Doctor speaks both French and Spanish, and has been acquiring some knowledge of Arabic in the limited spare time at his disposal. His presence at the Hospital will, as we have said, bring welcome relief to Dr. Anderson, who will shortly be coming home, God willing, for a much-needed furlough.

Miss G. W. Theakston holds the S.R.N. and C.M.B. qualifications, and has also received fever training. She has had three years' previous experience of service in Morocco, but returned to England in 1939



MISS G. W. THEAKSTON

on account of her father's illness. Home conditions no longer call for her presence, and she has no doubt that God's call and place for her is Morocco

Our sister will relieve one of the nurses at the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, who will be coming home on furlough.

Some months ago Miss Theakston became a member of the Camrose Baptist Church, Edgware, where she has won the esteem and affection of the Pastor and members. At a valedictory meeting held at Camrose on December 14th, Mr. Robert Laidlaw, who was leaving next day for New Zealand, commended her to the Lord, after having spoken most helpfully of "The Accompanying Christ." The Rev. Cyril H. Chilvers, Pastor of Camrose Church, also spoke, and presented Miss Theakston with an envelope containing a generous gift from the friends at the Church.

Miss Madge Hutchinson—whose photograph accompanies this note—hails from Sunderland, where she is a member of Bethesda Free Church, of which the Editor is war-time Pastor. This is Bethesda's "Centenary Year," and there is general delight that it should be marked by two of its members responding to God's call to service in the Moslem field. (The other N.A.M. candidate, Miss E. Souter, S.R.N., S.C.M., Q.N., is undergoing a further brief period of training at Mount Hermon Bible College as soon as she can be released from her present duties.)



MISS MADGE HUTCHINSON

Miss Hutchinson accepted Christ when a child of ten, and the record of her association with Bethesda and its Missions is a very encouraging one. Early in life she felt that the Lord was calling her to whole-time service in the Mission Field, but the known difficulties and discouragements in work among Moslems made her unwilling, for some time, to respond to the Lord's leading when He had made it clear that North Africa was the sphere of His appointment for her. Finally, however, she yielded, and experienced at once the peace that submission brings.

After the completion of her training at Mount Hermon Bible College, Miss Hutchinson took a course in Midwifery, and gained the S.C.M. diploma. Thus

the war years of waiting were put to excellent account—not that our sister envisages a nursing career, but she appreciates that a midwifery qualification will stand her in good stead when she eventually begins direct evangelistic work on a mission station. Meanwhile she can doubtless render invaluable aid at “the T.M.H.”

We give all three of these newcomers to our ranks the heartiest of welcomes, and pray that the Lord may richly bless and use them to His glory in the coming days of wonderful opportunity in Tangier and elsewhere.

News in Brief

WRITING on December 6th, **Dr. Harvey Farmer** tells of the hurricane that swept through Bradenton and the neighbouring towns. Not only were many of his books ruined by the water that deluged his study and other parts of the house, but Mrs. Farmer, spending literally hours “baling out” in her husband’s absence, injured her wrist, which now has to be splinted up. Both she and Dr. Farmer were already undergoing medical treatment through ill-health. We are sure that our readers will remember our friends specially in prayer at this time.

Miss E. Grant tells of her safe crossing to America by air in two and a half days, and desires our prayers on behalf of the deputation work she hopes to undertake after a period of rest.

The **Misses Buxton and Reed** are seeing definite tokens of the Lord’s blessing upon their work among the native girls of Settatt. We rejoice with them in this “precious fruit.”

Miss Ada Clack has been having rather a difficult time at Nabeul owing to the illness of Madame Deval. She writes: “Food is an acute problem and still very short here. Vegetables are very scarce, and there are no potatoes at all.”

Mrs. Ewing has heard from her husband that the journey to North Africa was ideal. They had sunshine every day after leaving the cold North.

Our Headquarters friends were happy to welcome home **Mrs. Simpson** of Guercif, who arrived on December 2nd, and “looks wonderfully well.” The voyage was very pleasant and quite uneventful. **Miss Craggs** (Mrs. Simpson’s sister) decided to defer her return until a later date.

Miss Ethel Brookes, of Gafsa, has reported a very comfortable crossing to the States. “Food was excellent and weather usually good—exceptionally so for this time of year. I did not suffer from seasickness.” Our sister’s furlough is long overdue and richly deserved. We trust that a really restful time awaits her.

Mrs. J. A. Liley writes: “Despite certain difficulties and present circumstances, it is just the biggest joy to be back, in a temporary home and station (Tunis). When shall we all be settled in our own homes again? Two years hence? But what about hundreds in Europe with not even their towns and cities in existence!”

“I have already met old friends on whom to practise rusty Arabic, French and Italian, and they are so patient over the rust which I hope to rub off all three lingoos as quickly as I can.

“It is marvellous how **Miss Petter** has received from the Lord physical strength for the strain of the last six months. It would have tested the stamina of even a younger person.”

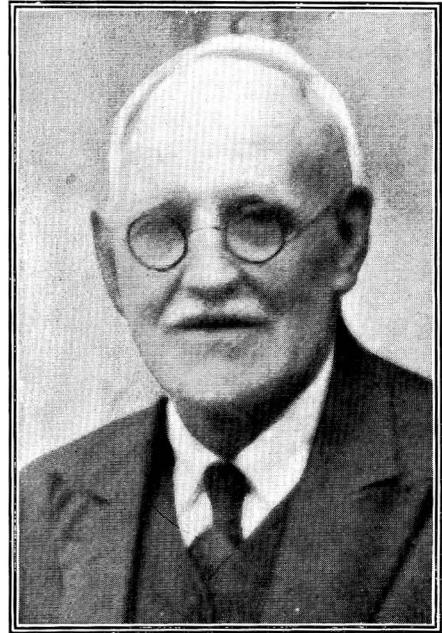
Miss Mabel Jones, to whom the Lord wonderfully multiplied journeying mercies on her way back to Nabeul, writes: “Nabeul hasn’t changed much, and I feel quite at home here. My tongue is a bit rusty trying to get round the Arabic and French again, but no doubt it will limber up, since there’s nothing else to speak now. It fell to me to give the message in French on Sunday.”

All our returning (and returned) workers will greatly value our prayers during this transitional period of re-adapting themselves—linguistically, physically, mentally, spiritually and dietetically, particularly the latter, after spending years in a Homeland abounding still in nourishing, varied and appetising foods.

Miss Irene Dew, who, with her colleague **Miss Grace Sharpe**, is continuing valiantly amidst both difficulties and encouragements, would be grateful for our prayers. The feeble members of the flock give some anxiety, and great patience and much love and prayer are called for.

The late Mr. Cuthbert Nairn

WE learnt with profound shock, and the deepest regret, of the death under tragic circumstances of Mr. Cuthbert Nairn of Marrakech, Field Superintendent of the Southern Morocco Mission.*



The late MR. CUTHBERT NAIRN

In the month of May, 1937—the Coronation month—Mr. Carnegie, Mrs. Long and I were privileged to stay in the Mission House at Marrakech as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nairn. Our brother’s godliness, humility and amazing industry greatly impressed us, and his lovable personality won our hearts. The unforgettable thrill of those days has been perpetuated by the ciné

*The actual details are contained in a letter sent by Mr. Haldane to the Glasgow Office of the S.M.M. :-

“On the 9th November, when Mr. Nairn crossed the street from his house to the dispensary, he was stabbed in the back by a young fellow of some nineteen years. Mr. Nairn just managed to walk into the dispensary and say, ‘I have been struck in the back.’

“He collapsed and died very shortly afterwards.”

film record which we made of the far-famed Dispensary Work—scenes that have inspired and impressed audiences all over the United Kingdom.

The following extracts, culled from the current number of the Southern Morocco Mission News Letter, furnish details that our readers will value; and none will fail to be moved by Mr. Nairn's "Last Letter," with its timely appeal for "new workers" for the Moslem Field:

"Cuthbert Nairn has entered into his Rest at the age of eighty. It was difficult to realise the significance of the prostrating news that he was dead—murdered by one of the nation he had served with such outstanding devotion. . . .

"For 56 years Mr. Nairn had given his life in self-spending love, for the ingathering of the Moroccan people. . . . Throughout those years, and specially as the goal came into sight, he pressed on with failing strength, but with never-failing will. He kept one end in view, and made all things subserve the fulfilling of that high purpose. He preached the Gospel to all sorts and conditions of men, always and everywhere, with courage and resoluteness. In his service for Christ his one purpose was the salvation of his hearers, and from this inspired aim he never deviated. . . .

"It was no easy task, preaching day by day, and many times a day, without the infinitely compensating joy of response. But through many signless days the sower was abroad scattering the seed of the future harvest—never doubting. Morocco was a testing environment, but his faith never failed, and who can doubt but that it was justified? . . .

"He was also an administrator of ability. In all the common things of life one saw how practical and helpful he could be. On one occasion, for example, when several new workers were expected at Mogador, an extra room was required. The Moorish Governor, a bigoted Moslem, would not allow native builders to undertake the work. Mr. Nairn solved the difficulty by building the room himself.

"His name will always be associated with the great Dispensary work which he carried on at Marrakech. For many years between three and four hundred people received treatment daily in his Dispensary. This work, which was so far-reaching in its influence, made a marked impression on the native mind, and prepared many a heart for receiving the Word. What devotion was called for in this service can readily be imagined. In times of great heat, when the temperature rose, on occasions, to 112° in the shade, it was no easy task attending to these ailing folk and dressing long-neglected wounds. Thus he commended the Gospel by deed as well as by word.

"Here is a verse from one of his favourite hymns:

'Hasten now, the grain is bending,
Gather now the sheaves of gold;
Homeward then at evening wending,
Thou shalt come with joy untold.'

Sixteen days after Mr. Nairn's death a letter was received by the Secretary of the S.M.M. from which we give the following extracts:

"It has been impressed upon me these days that I ought to send an appeal for new workers to our dear home-helpers, so that they may by the prayer of faith secure such for our corner of God's vineyard.

"Fifty-six years ago Southern Morocco was practically unevangelised. To-day we can regard things very differently. Our labour thus far has not been in vain in the Lord. Far and wide, on mountain and plain, the good Seed of the Word has been scattered.

"By Itineration work, remote places have been reached, and God's Word deposited there by preaching, and by the printed word.

"From Mission Schools hundreds of girls, who are now mature women, have taken His Word in their memories, if not yet in their hearts.

"From our Dispensaries thousands have gone forth into their daily lives, with a clear, simple hearing of the Gospel Message. In one Dispensary alone [his own: *Ed.*] the daily register of attendance shows that in the past forty-five years, 1,200,000 people have passed in and out of its doors.

"By house to house visitation and wayside talks, thousands have heard the Good Tidings.

"How much easier it will be for young workers who now come out! Weary days of travel on mule-back have given way to the speedy car. Language study has been simplified by a suitable course prepared for new workers. As they preach the Gospel they will not be met by dull, vacant looks, because it is now so well known in general.

"Listen to the words of a great Missionary: 'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' The same crown is waiting for us too, if we hasten His coming by our faithful obedience to His great commission to preach the Gospel to every creature. Amen."

Such were the last penned words of Cuthbert Nairn, Martyr of Marrakech. May they evoke from all our hearts that response which shall glorify our Lord—whether it be to give, to pray, or to go!

Another Moroccan Martyr

Mrs. Simpson, of Guercif, who arrived in this country from Morocco last month, received news on Christmas Eve of the Homecall of her faithful native Christian fellow-labourer in the Gospel, Si Ali. He had succumbed to mercurial poisoning.

This is how Mrs. Simpson writes to Mr. I. E. Bowles:

"A letter from Si Ali's eldest son, dated December 10, and received this morning, says: 'Father has gone to God.' There were no details—not even the date of translation."

"Since his second poisoning, 18 months ago, and by a neighbouring tribe (*not* his own folk, most of whom had grown to respect and even love him, in spite of his 'infidelity'), I have felt that he could not come through, as was the case in 1906, when Dr. Vardon said 'the amount of mercury administered actually saved him, as it could not be retained.' But that meant years of suffering, and 'nursing sympathy.'

"The poison given in April 1943 has entailed even greater suffering, though development was slower.

"It matters little concerning his mortal remains. . . . For years he has been threatened with non-burial—to be thrown on the rubbish-heap and eaten by the dogs.' He has gone Home with wondrously filled hands! Would that each of us might be similarly honoured! The very last night in Guercif saw the ingathering of two whom we had coveted for our Lord. Years of teaching and prayer had preceded. That evening, **whilst our train was delayed some five hours**, hands were clasped and broken voices confessed faith in Christ. They were married men, and soldiers of the Great War, so knew the step they took.

"With what joy my dear Husband will have greeted his child in the faith of 1903!"

How we praise God for this moving story of a loyal, simple-hearted Moroccan who was "faithful unto death."

"Whose faith follow . . ." (Heb. 13, 7).