

Continuing "NORTH AFRICA"

The N.A.M. News Letter

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THE TREATMENT ROOM AT TRIPOLI MEDICAL MISSION

(Dr. Liley and young native assistant in background).

(See Article on Page 3, "An Eye-witness writes of Tripoli.")

Blessing at Summer Camp

AFTER many months of prayer and careful planning, the 1947 Bible Camp is now over ; and I have the task of trying to marshal my thoughts and impressions in order to give to you who had the important part of praying it through, some sort of an idea of what God has wrought.

My one over-all impression is that the Camp, from the beginning to end, was a series of answers to prayer for the material and for the spiritual side. The transport, for example, was effected so easily, and at half the estimated cost ; instead of running short of food, we had too much ; although we did not manage to have the nurse for whom we had prayed, we had no sickness and

no serious accident; and remember we were over a hundred strong, and included some twenty lads from the worst quarter in Tunis.

Well—we could carry on thus indefinitely. On the spiritual side we had much joy. Each day we divided off into three groups for Bible instruction, and these times were really blessed. The little ones were looked after by my wife and a converted Jewess whose beaming face is a continual testimony. They daily learned verses of Scripture and sweet little hymns; and we can be quite sure that for a long time the Gospel will be sung in the Jewish homes from which the large majority of these children have come. I had the joy of caring for the large intermediate group, and they have given me blessings and lessons for a long time to come. They loved to sing the stirring Gospel songs of our little hymn book, and at Bible memory work they were just amazingly apt. We used the “Flannelgraph” method quite a good deal, which never failed to interest them, and also often attracted holiday makers on their way through the forest.

In the afternoons we usually gathered for “stories.” We read all about the heroes of the Old Testament one after the other, and they would only let me go when the supper bell went or when my voice was almost completely gone. Out of this group the Lord was pleased to bring quite a score to Himself; and with this group (we called them “Alpinists”) we had some serious studies in the great Gospel truths. I shall never forget the interest with which they listened to an outline on the Second Coming of Christ. It proved to be for them, as it should be for us all, an incentive to service and to sanctification.

The senior group studied under the inimitable leadership of our American brother, Paul Ferree. There was much blessing; but I think the outstanding blessing was the progress in grace and in knowledge of a particular little group. I have mentioned before the conversion at “Bethesda” of a French family. They were with us at the Camp, and the father, the son, and two young converted Jewish lads formed this little group. The father is a professor at the “College Aloui,” where these lads attend; and they have a real call from God to evangelise the school. I am sure you will want to pray about this in particular, and for these Jewish converts who have already tasted the bitterness of persecution from their old comrades.

As you know, ours is a sort of “arts and crafts” Camp. That is to say, useful crafts are taught them from the outset. Scores of useful articles were modelled out of the local clay, decorated and fired. Now, complete with Scripture text, they are witnessing in some corner of this city of corruption. (i.e. Tunis: *Ed.*).

Now for the highly important “follow-up work.” I hope to start soon a meeting right in the

neighbourhood from which the toughest boys came, and in that way maintain the contact through the winter months. I hope also to visit every home with the Bible and an invitation to our meetings; so you see quite a field of activity has been added to our programme. Pray with us, please, about our winter work, that above all the Spirit of God might have an unhindered way in us all, to do all that He wants to do in us individually and collectively.

We are planning on moving to Nabeul in the beginning of the new year. A great vision and a great task lie before us. We hope to go all over the whole territory (i.e. the Cape Bon Peninsula: *Ed.*), and to leave the message again in every village and hamlet. The Lord is, I believe, giving us two new weapons to use: the “Flannelgraph” and, if hopes materialise, Laubach’s System for teaching the illiterate to read. These, of course, we only look upon as a means to the end of clearly presenting the Gospel—perhaps for the last time—before He comes. We don’t seem to have much strength left, but we’ll use all we’ve got to do all His will.

My wife is very well, and has, besides playing a big part in the Camp, done a lot of Arabic study as well; so the “tools” are coming for the “job.” Christine is progressing well. I can never keep up with the number of teeth she has. As my wife is not here just now to put me right, I hazard the guess that it is twelve; but whether it’s twelve on both floors or not I don’t know exactly, but she certainly knows what to do with them.

Well, we must close now. We covet your prayers, not so much for success, but that we might just live Christ and preach Christ right here in this sink of sin and iniquity which Satan has brought about. But we’re “on the victory side”; and He that is with us is greater than He that is against us. “Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.”

May the Lord’s richest blessing be yours!—
R. and E. Brown, Tunis.

Changing Morocco

I have seen many changes during the past year, and am convinced that Missionary Educational Work must attain a high standard if it is to reach the best among this new generation.

Probably eighty per cent. of the children of Casablanca are now in schools. With the rapid advance of Nationalism, youth is being pushed on everywhere.

The French are encouraging the young fellows in every way—particularly so far as sports are concerned. Although football is quite a new game here, the boys are clever, and are learning it

quickly and well. But it is desperately sad to think that nothing of a spiritual character is being done for these boys and young men. What an opportunity! How I would love to see a group of young missionary recruits coming over to organise some games, gather them together, and teach them the Bible—perhaps, first of all, through the medium of English lessons!

Things happen quickly; and the future of Morocco is in the form of a question-mark. We who are here must work hard, better ourselves and our methods, and avoid the danger of "sameness." I find that the interest is readily maintained when the daily programme is changed frequently . . .

What a future children's work has in this land! By reaching the young we reach every home they represent; and each house has a family in each room! Morocco is a land full of opportunities—and responsibilities. We need YOU. Ask the Lord to show you what He expects of YOU in regard to this country of challenging opportunity.

From Miss Emily D. Grant, Casablanca.

An Eye-Witness writes of Tripoli

About a year ago—in the "NEWS LETTER" for September-October 1946 to be precise—we told of the remarkable way in which the Mission House at Tripoli had been saved from fire (in November 1945) "through the speedy arrival of a Christian Officer in the Intelligence Corps."

This "Officer," Capt. Bevan Mostyn-Davies, has now returned to civilian life, and is a regular attendant at our monthly N.A.M. Prayer Meeting at Headquarters. Quite recently he paid a brief visit to Tripoli, and in the following lines, that we gratefully welcome, vividly portrays the setting of Dr. and Mrs. Liley's daily life, the kind of work they are tackling, and the solemn challenge of a need that is still largely unmet.

The heartfelt joy with which we of the Tripoli Christian Fellowship greeted the return to the Libyan capital, after ten years of exile, of that valiant witness and North African Missionary, Dr. J. A. Liley, M.C., was mingled with sorrow at the scene of desolation which confronted him on that November morning.

On the mornings of the 6th and 7th November 1945, without any warning, the tranquillity was broken by severe anti-Jewish rioting. The poorest, most ignorant and needy of Moslems, inflamed by their religious leaders, and taught that arson and the taking of the lives of their Hebrew neighbours would be accounted a virtue in the eyes of Mohammed, wrought fearful damage upon the property and person of the Jew.

The destruction was worst in that part of the ancient walled city where the Hebrew and Moslem quarters meet, and in which both peoples are closely intermingled. Here in one of the narrow but principal streets, the Suk el Harrara (or Cloth Market) is situated at No. 65, the lovely old

Moorish house occupied by the North Africa Mission for forty years. In 1936, as part of the anti-sanctions policy of the then Fascist Government, Dr. and Mrs. Liley, together with the remainder of the North Africa Missionary party, were expelled, and the work of evangelisation in Libya ceased.

The two shops beneath the principal rooms of the Mission House were burnt out, but by the mercy of God, the stout outer door defied the assaults of the mob. The house itself, built, as was customary, round an inner central courtyard, was preserved intact; and the Jewish family that it sheltered also escaped.

Unlike the remainder of us brethren, younger and therefore weaker in the Faith, Dr. Liley was not in the least dismayed by the desolation to which we have alluded. On Christmas Eve, 1945, Mrs. Liley arrived safely from Tunis; and she and her husband contrived to make into a temporary home the minute "mousetrap" of a house at 2, Zengkat Sidi Salem. Although far too small to permit of any medical work being undertaken, it was just large enough to allow of the reassembling of the Italian Christian Fellowship. House to house visiting was also undertaken.

The Doctor set to work, traced the various Moslem owners of the old Mission House at 65, Suk el Harrara, and finding them disposed to sell, bought the house with his own personal war savings on behalf of the North Africa Mission. Having found alternative accommodation for the Jewish family, he caused the house to be thoroughly cleansed, painted and limewashed throughout, and moved in during December 1946.

By January 1947 the Doctor had already reopened the Dispensary. To it all are welcome; and soon after 6.30 a.m. the poorest and most humble Jews, Moslems and Europeans, begin to assemble for treatment. At 7.30 a.m., on four mornings each week, the patients—men, women and children alike—file into the Chapel or meeting room, where they listen with interest to the glorious news of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and join in the singing of hymns and choruses.

Generally, a second service is held by Mrs. Liley at 9.50 a.m. for those unable to get into the first service, or who have arrived too late. From the Chapel the patients proceed to the courtyard, where they are marshalled outside the surgery door by the Lileys' Moslem assistant. (*Seen standing beside Dr. Liley in frontispiece: Ed.*) This young sixteen-year-old has a mother and three younger brothers and sisters to support. He is a victim of the Moslem religious law, which permits a husband, without any explanation or warning, to divorce his wife, and publicly disown both her and her children.

Each patient is, in turn, admitted to the Surgery, where everyone having been tenderly and thoroughly examined by the doctor, receives at

his hand (or from Mrs. Liley or the partially-trained Jewish nurse) the necessary treatment, and, for a purely nominal charge, the prescribed medicament.

So, once again, is gloriously manifested the fresh outpourings of the Holy Spirit in the lives of these, His valiant witnesses. To enter the ancient doorway from the hot, narrow, noisy main street is to find, where wild confusion, terror and desolation prevailed but fourteen months ago, His Peace. To sit at meat with our friends is to feel His presence very near.

Whilst fully conscious of the depth of His blessing, the Lileys' hearts are burdened by the magnitude of the task. There is urgent need for wider visitation, and extended Gospel work. Classes could be formed of boys and girls, men and women. Colportage is as yet practically untouched. The extension and intensification of the work of the Clinic demands help—urgent help.

Already Dr. Liley, worn out by his labours of love amidst the intense heat, has been compelled himself to retire to hospital—painfully afflicted with abscesses. Never was prayer more desperately and urgently needed for the sending forth, by the Lord Jesus, of younger witnesses whose hearts yearn for the salvation of these Libyan souls.

Changes in our Paris Personnel

For some considerable time past it has been realised that the services of our Field Superintendent, the Rev. T. J. P. Warren, would be of greater value to the Mission were he stationed in London, rather than in Paris. These are days of multiplying Field problems, and Mr. Warren's regular attendance at the monthly Council Meetings is very desirable.

A further important consideration, prompting to urgency of action, has been the fact that Mr. Warren's health is not sufficiently robust for the rigours of a further winter in the French capital, where the fuel ration is bound to be very meagre.

In this emergency the Lord has wonderfully intervened by making a two-fold provision: a very suitable flat in Highbury (not far from Mission Headquarters), and—more vital still—two admirably equipped workers ready to take over the Paris duties that Mr. Warren will be reluctantly relinquishing, and the Missionary Candidates' *Foyer* that he and his wife will be vacating.

These successors to the work in Paris are the Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Procter—who, as former members of the N.A.M., have already spent several years in missionary service in North Africa. Mr. Procter's excellent knowledge of Arabic qualified him for an important post at the B.B.C. during the War—a post from which he has just resigned upon renewing his active association with the N.A.M.

As Mr. and Mrs. Procter—who have already parted from Carey, their ten-year-old son, now in a Sussex boarding-school—go forth to Paris in a few weeks' time, and as Mr. and Mrs. Warren return to the Homeland, we are sure that our readers' prayers will surround our dear friends. For them there is nothing of the glamour and romance that attract many a missionary fledgling. Only a whole-hearted recognition of the clear call of GOD could possibly have induced these staunch folk to face so painful an uprooting.

But we are confident that from the double transplanting precious fruit will be brought forth in the coming days!

Homecall of Miss F. E. S. Marston

TIDINGS have just reached us, by cablegram, of the Homecall of Miss Florence Marston; and our hearts cannot but rejoice that this great-hearted missionary warrior, whose gallant spirit could never be brought to entertain the idea of retirement from active service, is now at rest in "the calm of Paradise."

Our sister was in her 80th year, and survived her fellow-worker, Miss Alice Chapman, by less than five months.

Miss Marston belonged to a missionary family—three of her sisters serving the Lord in China, India and Algeria respectively. It was, in fact, in association with her sister Annie, that Miss Marston had made considerable progress in Arabic in Algiers ere she offered herself to the North Africa Mission—a step taken after the French authorities had called for the withdrawal of all missionaries from Algeria.

In the spring of 1895 Miss Marston sailed for Morocco, the country in which the remaining fifty-two years of her life were spent—apart from occasional furloughs.

Miss Marston will be best remembered for the missionary witness that she and Miss Chapman bore, for a quarter of a century (1922-1947), in the fanatical town of Taza, and which we have described in earlier notes as "an epic of endurance."

At our Annual Gatherings a year ago Miss Marston pleaded for prayer for Taza—that the seed sown during many years might yet, watered by the Holy Spirit, bring forth fruit to GOD'S glory.

Shall *our* prayers help to assure this posthumous harvest?

GIVE ME THIS MOUNTAIN

Notes of an Address by the Rev. Godfrey Robinson, B.A., B.D.,
at the N.A.M. Annual Farewell Meeting on 2nd October, 1947

Joshua 14, 12: "Now therefore give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day."

I NEED scarcely remind you of the setting. From Chapter 13 onward of this Book we are concerned with the disposition of the land. The children of Israel had entered Canaan, but Chapter 13 begins with the plaintive note, "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." God had given them the land, but in fact they did not possess it. But the encouraging feature of Chapter 14 is that one man, an aged man at that, steps forward courageously and says, "Give me this mountain." Caleb wants Hebron for himself and his inheritance.

Hebron was a mountain city, only a little lower than Helvellyn in our own beautiful Lake District. It was therefore a situation to be reckoned with. But Caleb was ambitious to possess it; he wanted something great, something magnificent, a mountain.

I bring the statement to you tonight in the closing moments of this Meeting for three very pertinent reasons. The first, that Caleb made this request *in spite of past failures*. If ever a man had reason for discouragement, that man was surely Caleb. The story of the wilderness journeyings and the ultimate entry into the Promised Land was a sad story. Caleb had known the wonder of the Passover, and the miracle of the crossing of the Red Sea; but he had also known the murmurings in the wilderness, and the carnal infamy of the incident of the golden calf. And throughout these wearisome sinful forty years Caleb had watched the progress of disobedience. These were God's people, the chosen ones who were to possess the Promised Land—people with a black, dismal record of failure. But in spite of everything Caleb still says, "I claim the mountain. I know all about the past, black though it may be, but so far as the future is concerned give me this mountain."

Those of you most intimately associated with the workings of the North Africa Mission will know that we have been passing through a very difficult period. It is not for me thus publicly

to say more than that, but I do not propose to go through this Meeting wearing blinkers. We are passing through a very difficult time. But if there is a word from God for us tonight then it must be in the full knowledge of the fact of past failures—some of them for which we ourselves are responsible. Caleb, knowing the past—not a very attractive past—still went to Joshua and claimed the mountain.

It is not easy to be a missionary enthusiast to-day, because things are everywhere so difficult for Christian work. When I took up a full-time appointment recently with a Missionary Society a good Christian man whose opinion I respect said to me, "You have no business to be wasting yourself in that way. There is more to be done at home. We need missionaries here." Well, there certainly is a great deal to be done here at home. I went recently to preach at a Church in North London. There were very few in the congregation. At the conclusion of the service I walked across to the Missionary Roll of Honour Board, and to my great surprise saw at the head of the list of names that of Holman Bentley, the Congo Pioneer. I ought perhaps to have remembered that he had been a member of that Church. I stood there looking at the name on the Board, and thinking of the changes that the years had brought to that Church, and presently a very old lady came up to me and asked if I was interested. She had been a member of the Church for very many years, and had actually been present at Holman Bentley's Farewell. "I suppose you had a crowd that night?" I asked her. "Yes," she replied, "the Church was packed." And then I said to her, "What do you think about these days?" It was some while before she replied.

Possibly it is an advantage that we younger ministers do not know very much about the old days. We have never seen these crowded Churches, or few of them, and these tremendous meetings. We only know that the present days are extremely difficult. Recent years have seen things rather going against us. That is

true, isn't it? And yet, in spite of all that, I want to stress the request which came from the heart of Caleb, "Now then, in spite of past failures, give me this mountain."

And secondly, I draw your attention to the fact that Caleb made this statement *in the face of formidable obstacles*. For a mountain is not a little grass plot away in the easiest part of the country. I think there would have been every excuse for a man of Caleb's age to have come and asked for a cottage in the country, a place where he might spend the rest of his peaceful days raising flowers. But it is an aged man who comes to Joshua and says, "Give me this mountain." "A mountain, Caleb? But you are eighty-five." Yes, he is eighty-five, and the mountain he desires is occupied by giants. "Thou heardest in that day how the Anakims were there, and that the cities were great and fenced." You will know, dear friends, from your reading of the Old Testament, that the Israelites seemed to have giants on the brain. They were always afraid of tall men. The spies that went into the Promised Land saw the great walled cities, and came back shivering in their shoes; they did not feel they could do anything because the men were so tall. And when Israel was arrayed before the Philistines, a giant stood and defied their God, and everyone was trembling once more. It required a stripling like David to step out from the ranks and demonstrate what God could do with giants.

Caleb had the spirit of David before his time. It is true that there were formidable obstacles in the way, but in the face of them Caleb said, "Lord" (for he did say it to the Lord) "give me this difficult situation, this mountain peopled with giants; here is the place for me."

Now is it not a fact that Islam presents peculiarly difficult problems? Mohammedan lands have not known the revivals in spiritual things like other lands. There was a revival not long ago on the Congo, and more recently we have been hearing about the wonderful work in Ruanda. There are great encouragements from time to time on the Mission Field, but we do not seem to hear great stories from lands in the grip of Islam. Mohammedan lands are mountains. They are "great and fenced"; and they are peopled with giants. You missionary friends know all about that. We pray for you, and we want you to know that we feel for you in the ones and the twos who are converted,

and in the fact that sometimes months and years pass and nobody is converted at all. Your work, and ours with you, is face to face with mountains, formidable obstacles. Look then again at Caleb, for such was precisely his situation. He was looking at Hebron, and he knew just as well as the other people shivering with fright that Hebron was peopled with giants. In face of everything, however, he longed to possess the mountain. "But, Caleb, you are old. We will find something more simple and straightforward for you." "No," he replies, "give me this mountain."

Such a spirit must characterise all we endeavour in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the work of the Mission. There must be a willingness to face every difficulty. I spent an hour recently with the Foreign Secretaries of the Mission I represent, hearing first-hand reports of ugly situations abroad—some of the complications in India, some of the appalling difficulties in the internal mix-up in China. There are great mountains in the world to-day. But there must also be a confidence in our hearts that mountains can be conquered.

Do you all realise the significance of this day? It is October 2nd, one of the greatest dates, if not the greatest, in the history of modern missionary enterprise. It was on October 2nd, 1792, that the first of the modern Missionary Societies was launched. Exactly 155 years ago this night, probably about this very time, fourteen comparatively unknown men met in the back-parlour of a widow's house in Kettering and decided they would go forward, under God, with a Society for the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen. Their project might have seemed ridiculous. Fourteen men—simple village pastors most of them—and in those days the British Government would not allow missionaries into India. Someone made the remark recently, What is going to happen if the missionaries are turned out of India? Well, the first British missionaries went into India without the Government, so we need not worry about that. The history of Foreign Missions has been a record of the conquest of mountains.

Thirdly, Caleb made this statement *in reliance upon the Divine promises*. "Now therefore give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day." It is no use saying to this aged warrior, "Your project is foolish," for he would immediately reply, "The Lord has promised me this. Never mind my eighty-five

years, never mind these cities great and fenced, God has said that this is to be my inheritance. Wherefore, sirs, I believe God," and in the full confidence of the Divine promises Caleb was determined to possess his possessions.

Notice how all the way through he refuses to be deflected from this path : Verse 6, " Thou knowest the thing *that the Lord said* unto Moses the man of God concerning me and thee in Kadeshbarnea " ; verse 10, " Now, behold the Lord hath kept me alive, *as He said.*" I can imagine others saying, " Eighty-five years ! " with that cheerful sort of voice which seems to contain the hint that you might not see the eighty-sixth. But Caleb says, " The Lord promised I should reach this age, and I count on Him." Caleb was determined to possess his mountain, because God had promised it, and he had every confidence in the Divine promise.

Without that confidence, dear Christian friends, we have no hope at all for the future. If we read the missionary situation in the light of what we learn day by day from the newspapers we are of all men most miserable. If we read the missionary situation in the light of our own inadequacy and waywardness and backslidings, then we have grounds for despair. But if we view the future in the light of the Divine promises, then the future is bright indeed, and we can say with this great warrior of old, " Give me this mountain." God has promised it to us, and we believe God. You remember how Martin Luther was once moping and mourning, when his wife came to him and said, " Is God dead ? "

There are mountains in North Africa. There are mountains in England. The whole world is full of them. Oh, the giants, and the devilish and intricate ways in which they work ! With what stubborn obstinacy they defend their strongholds ! But read the next Chapter, verse 14 : " And Caleb drove thence the three sons of Anak." God had said that this would happen, so when the time came Caleb went up and all took place as God had said. I can see the aged saint sitting back there (I would say in an armchair, only I am not sure whether they had armchairs in those days) with a sense of accomplishment and peace. God had given him Hebron, and now he possessed it.

We do not deceive ourselves that the future is bright, for from the human standpoint it is

very dark, but we are confident that the God Who has begun a good work will perfect it, that the future is as bright as the promise, and that our Lord Jesus Christ Who is the Alpha in every missionary enterprise is, by God's infinite grace, also the Omega. Amen.

OUR FAREWELL GATHERINGS

FOR sixty-six years the North Africa Mission has been maintaining its witness to Christ in territory where, by common agreement, the resistance offered by Moslem opposition reaches its climax.

It was therefore most heartening, at the Farewell Gatherings of the N.A.M.—held at Livingstone Hall on October 2nd—to hear one missionary after another telling of definite blessing upon the work, even though the tremendous problems confronting the convert from Mohammedanism means that North Africa is still a land of secret believers rather than of boldly-declared followers of Christ.

At the afternoon meeting Mr. A. G. Willson of Algeria, as well as Miss D. Henman and Miss G. Theakston of Morocco, stressed the urgent need for prayer on behalf of several who were seeking to maintain a faithful testimony despite much opposition and discouragement.

Mrs. C. W. Procter gave a graphic account of the Lord's leading that had resulted in her return with her husband to full-time service for the Lord in Paris—in succession to the Rev. and Mrs. T. J. P. Warren.

Miss G. E. Petter, who has just retired after nearly thirty-four years of evangelism among the Europeans of Tunis, made a stirring appeal for an English couple able to take on the oversight of the little church at " Bethesda."

At the evening gathering Dr. Farnham St. John, of Tangier, underlined the importance of keeping in constant view the objective that first launched the missionary upon his career—the " heart's desire and prayer " that men might be " saved." Miss Alma Kraulis, a missionary of Latvian origin who had been on the field for nearly ten years before coming to England for this her first furlough, gave a moving account of both need and response among Moslem women and girls ; whilst the Rev. C. W. Procter, in an able word, gave evidence of his fitness to

succeed the Rev. T. J. P. Warren as supervisor of the language studies of missionary candidates in Paris.

The closing message—a full version of which appears on the preceding pages—was given by the Rev. Godfrey Robinson, B.A., B.D. It was a stirring and timely word based on the words of Caleb to Joshua—"Give me this mountain." In spite of all the difficulties that beset us, and notwithstanding the great giants that defy our assault upon missionary objectives to-day, particularly the fortress of Islam, our confidence is in Him Who has *promised us the mountain*. "If the Lord be with me, then I shall be able!"

News in Brief

One of our retired missionaries, **Miss Daisy Ward**, is lying critically ill in Hospital at Worthing. We are thankful to know that the Rev. Harold Fife—one of our Council members residing at Worthing—has been cheering her by his much-appreciated visits.

Miss F. M. Banks, our 85-year-old veteran at Casablanca, writes in delighted acknowledgment of the cablegram which we dispatched from Highgate a few days ago intimating that we had now received sums aggregating the £100 she so urgently needed for repairs to the Meeting Hall ("Hebron") and Mission House at Casablanca. We would echo our sister's heartfelt "Thank you!" to the sympathetic and generous friends whose love-gifts have so soon made possible this vitally necessary overhaul of Mission property that must otherwise have suffered grievously.

May we recommend as a Christmas Gift for your friends—

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