

Continuing "NORTH AFRICA"

# The N.A.M. News Letter



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"THE STREET OF THE RED SEA," ALGIERS

*Picturesque in places Old Algiers certainly is ; but these narrow streets are neither salubrious nor safe. Dens of vice, haunts of shame, habitations of cruelty skulk somewhere amidst these "seventy distinct smells and nine special stinks." How the Gospel's heavenly light and clean air are needed !*

## Homecall of Dr. Harvey Farmer.

The Homecall on July 10th of Dr. Harvey Farmer, as the result of a car accident near Alma, Georgia, U.S.A., the previous day, has taken from us with tragic suddenness a beloved friend, and ended the earthly career of one who had devoted the golden years of his life to a unique advocacy of North Africa's spiritual need.

Mr. E. S. Harvey Farmer became the Assistant Secretary of the North Africa Mission early in 1916, at a time when Mr. Edward Glenny, the founder of the Mission, was handicapped by physical weakness and in urgent need of just such help as Mr. Farmer was admirably qualified to render. When Mr. Glenny's health worsened in 1924 and necessitated his resignation from office, the Council unanimously elected Mr. Farmer to the post of General Secretary; and upon Mr. Glenny's death in 1926 he assumed the direction of affairs at Headquarters.

On December 31st, 1930, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Farmer left for America; but the latter part of the voyage was stormy, and proved a great strain to Mrs. Farmer, who had not been in good health for some time. She contracted a cold that developed into pneumonia, and on January 18th, 1931, passed away at Crescent City, Florida.

The same year Mr. Farmer received his Doctorate, revisited Great Britain, and returned as N.A.M. Representative to America, where he was destined to become widely known and greatly valued as Bible Conference speaker. The fact that he was sometimes billed as "The Great Preacher and Missionary Statesman" was no empty eulogium, but a tribute to one whose rare pulpit gifts were subordinated to the dominant mission of awakening true heart-concern in North Africa and the spiritual needs of its unevangelised millions of Moslems.

In 1936 Dr. Farmer married again, and this Anglo-American union was obviously one of singular and enduring happiness, as those of us who saw Dr. and Mrs. Farmer in Britain last year had abundant opportunity of witnessing. It was a joy to those of us who had not seen the Doctor since before the War to welcome at Waterloo Station one whose bronzed face, vibrant voice and elastic step were eloquent of rejuvenescence rather than of a deterioration in health that we had expected.

Of Dr. Farmer, the generous-hearted friend,

the ever-considerate guest, the indefatigable traveller, the master of anecdote, the exquisitely neat penman, we could write much—had we the space. His stately presence, his kindly face, his merry laughter, his incomparable voice, his hospitableness, his unction in prayer, his exaltation of the Lord Jesus in life and ministry—these are things we shall never forget. No higher tribute was ever paid him than when an artist prevailed upon him to sit as a model for a painting of The Good Samaritan.

As we go to press the glad news reaches us that Mrs. Farmer, seriously injured in the accident, is slowly but surely recovering. We shall be remembering her before the Lord with tender concern, as well as Dr. Farmer's loved ones on both sides of the Atlantic.

(E. J. L.)

## Finance : Days of Testing.

The money that we have been able to send out thus far for our missionaries' support during July and August averages less than fifteen shillings a week per worker for such as are supported from the General Fund of the Mission—that is, the great majority.

Not for many years has there been such a prolonged period of testing, and the fact that it coincides with the holiday season in Britain, when money is flowing freely, adds to the poignancy of the situation.

Those of our readers who are housewives will have no difficulty in appreciating the position: it is as if, for weeks in succession, their house-keeping allowance were reduced from, say, £3 to £1.

The N.A.M. is by no means alone among missionary societies in this trial of faith. Of our Heavenly Father's faithfulness we have not one moment's doubt: but if His people are failing Him, how are their ears, their hearts, their consciences to be reached?

At the present moment we have four new candidates whose papers are being circulated, and three others who have made preliminary application. Language study for all accepted candidates should begin in Paris this autumn.

Will you join us in prayer that every need may be fully met, and "labourers" who have been truly called of God "thrust forth"?

## Among the Hut-Dwellers.

Last week I had quite an interesting afternoon among the *gourbi* folks (hut dwellers). I happened to be there on a day when all the women go up to the "Saint's Tomb" and was rather surprised to find all the little *douars* (groups of dwellings) empty; not even a dog left behind except in one place where a fight had to be fought with one of these old faithful creatures.

At last two little boys emerged from somewhere and helped me to get away from the dog. They also told me that all the women had gone up to the mountain top, so I also climbed up the Pine Hill. Indeed there were scores of women there. The shelter over the Saint's tomb was packed full, some beating drums, some clapping their hands, some dancing.

They showed me a place to sit down in a corner and for a while I watched the strange performance. Then there was a moment of dead silence and I thought this was my opportunity and asked if they would like me to sing them something. They all said "Yes". Would they come outside then? And as I approached the doorway they all got up and followed me. I was quite surprised.

We sat down under a tree opposite the Saint's tomb. It was quite a big crowd of women and girls, all silent for once, and kind of surprised. I had a very good opportunity of singing and speaking of the Saviour to those people who had not heard of Him yet.

Now for some time I have to say good-bye to those hill folks, but I hope to revisit them later on in the summer. (*From Miss Alma Kraulis, Cherchell, Algeria.*)

## Tangier through Irish Eyes.

My first impressions of Tangier are still vivid enough in my mind to give me joy in recording them.

I had so sought the Lord to prepare me for the work to which He had called me that as I stood at the gangway ready to disembark I felt neither excitement nor fear, but a wonderful peace which remained with me throughout the usual procedure of seeing to luggage, etc. Kind friends awaited me. I was relieved of all responsibility of customs and other formalities, and a car was there to take me to my destination.

As I passed through the streets of Tangier I was greatly interested in the veiled women,

whom I had read about and seen pictures of in the N.A.M. Magazine.

For several days after my arrival Africa seemed quite remote. Apart from a few native servants everybody spoke English. Then a day came when I was taken back to the town. My companions were most considerate, and anxious to point out many things of interest to me; but I had a longing to be quite alone amidst all this hurly-burly. Even at the risk of getting lost, I resolved that at the first opportunity I would come back here by myself to gaze and gaze at the peculiar shops, and wander in and out of the quaint streets. (I have since *thoroughly satisfied* this longing!)

Back at Hope House it felt almost like home; so again one afternoon, having a few free hours I felt I must see Africa. Where do the people live? What do they do? Alone I set out to look for something—I hardly knew what; but as I wandered along narrow roads and down dozens of cobbly steps I came to a native village, and here I found something of what I sought.

First I came to a school. There were the little boys all sitting on mats on the floor of a dark shed. An old man with something like a pointer in his hand was sitting on a stool looking half asleep, whilst the little children monotonously repeated the Koran. I was awe-struck by the misery of it all. Beautiful sunshine outside and those little children sitting in that cramped position in the semi-darkness for hours.

Then I came across a shoemaker busy with his bright-coloured leathers. He was making native shoes, and very neat was his work. There, too, were the weavers, weaving the strong white material for *haiks*. Such crude looms; and yet how swiftly the two young lads, one at either end, passed the shuttle backwards and forwards. An older man sat at the door of the shed, and using what looked like a common penknife, went over the woven material piece by piece and picked off the loose threads. I felt satisfied with my day's adventure.

A picnic excursion to the caves at Tangier is something worth recording. As we gathered one glorious day, preparatory to boarding the assembled vans and cars, I was struck by the contrast of a picnic at home. Everyone here was seeking the largest straw hat that could be found. Nobody mentioned an umbrella.

The acme of my joy was a long drive through most lovely scenery. Having so recently left

the beautiful country of Ireland, my eyes were well trained to appreciate the wonders of God's handiwork. The grass was still green enough to blend with the deep blue of the sea and golden stretches of sand. Looking back one could see the city of Tangier, with its cluster of white buildings all lending enchantment to the scene.

As we travelled along there were many strange things to impress me—not least the elderly women almost bowed to the ground with heavy bundles of wood on their backs, and donkeys returning from the market laden with food supplies and led by women wearing huge, fantastic straw hats.

I made a poor companion that day. Being so wrapped in the wonder of it all, I was silenced.

These few lines are most inadequate to describe Tangier. Every day new scenes are before me. For example, I had the privilege of attending a native Christian wedding, and drank mint tea at the reception as if I had been used to it all my life. It has also been my joy to attend the Baptism of two native Christians. I was one of those who gathered in the cemetery to lay to rest the body of Don Samuel, a faithful Spanish Christian whose dying hours were a testimony to the whole compound. After many months of suffering he passed from this life with a hymn on his lips. We praise God for such fruit as we labour in His vineyard. (*From Miss Nellie Balmer, Hope House, Tangier.*)

## How Don Samuel Vidal went Home.

On Whit-Monday, after many months of suffering, our beloved friend and brother was called to be with Christ, which for him was "far better".

He ended his time on earth in our own Mission Hospital, at his expressed desire. He felt he was among "his own people", as indeed he was.

His fortitude, patience and unselfishness during his illness were remarkable, and endeared him to all who tended him in his sickness.

His Homecall was very happy. When he knew that his hour had come, he said, "How sweet it is to die in Jesus!" It was said to him, "You will soon be seeing the Glory, Don Samuel". He replied, "I have seen it already three times".

At his request his wife, his son and daughter, my husband and myself and two other friends gathered round him in prayer and commended him to the Lord who was ready to receive him, to which he gave a fervid "Amen". He then asked that the Bible should be read to him. Mr. Padilla read the 23rd Psalm—Don Samuel, his face illuminated with the joy of assurance, joining in as he was able.

We ended our reading with the passage from 2 Tim., 4, 6-8: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, . . ." All this he followed with signs of affirmation. He then asked for a hymn, his favourite, "A la luz, a la luz, Al encuentro de Jesus. . . ." "To the light, to the light! To the meeting with Jesus!" Just how we sang, it is impossible to say, for our hearts were full—with joy for him, but with sorrow for ourselves.

Too weak now to articulate, Don Samuel kept time with his hand; but his heart was singing, and his face was smiling all the time.

Very weak now, he said faintly, "I am going to rest," and a few minutes after he was with the Lord.

Though he had only been resident in Tangier for just over three years, he was widely known and greatly loved. Over 200 came to his funeral service, which was a very moving one and touched every heart present.

We shall miss him, both for what he was in himself, and for the help he was willing to give at all times. During Mr. Padilla's absence in England in 1946-1947 he took charge of the services on Sundays and during the week. His wife, a good Christian wife and mother, was especially brave all through, and will need our prayers that God may comfort her with His own comfort in these days. Her loss is irreparable. (*From Mrs. P. Padilla, Tangier.*)

## A final Reminder !

If you are free, and in the London Area at the time, we shall be happy to greet you at our Valedictory Meetings on Thursday, September 22nd, at the Livingstone Hall, opposite St. James's Park Underground Station.

The Meetings are at 3.30 and 6 p.m. (Prayer Session at 3). Missionaries will be taking part at both gatherings, and the closing message in the evening will be given by the Rev. Alan Redpath.