

North Africa



No. 49 (Published Bi-monthly)

MARCH/APRIL, 1963

NORTH AFRICA

SHOWING SPHERE OF OPERATION
OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION



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Darkness and Light in Algeria

By KATHLEEN CASTLE

"THE people who walked in darkness have seen a great light".

A Christian cannot be long in North Africa without being aware of spiritual darkness. The danger lies in becoming less sensitive to it. How is it expressed? Darkness of face—not colour, and something other than the pinched expression of poverty sometimes seen—darkness of life, darkness of heart, darkness of atmosphere: all indicate the darkness of Islamic belief:—“God had no son”; “Jesus did not die on the cross”; “There is one God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God”.

Spiritually, the darkest month of the year is about to begin—the month of the great annual Fast of Ramadhan. I am not thinking so much just now of how it affects the Moslem, but the Christian. What about H—? Will he dare to break the fast openly this year? And Z—? Her courage of earlier years seems to be lacking: will she find the cost too great? Praise God for S—, who has broken free from this bondage. But no national Christian is immune from Satanic attack in this recurring test: pray for him!

For several years some of us have sought to surround Zb—, praying, counselling, watching anxiously. Twice we have seen

her make a weak attempt to break the fast, only to give in and become hardened and unhappy. We have heard her express regret afterwards, and exclaim, “Next year will be different!” Now that she is living and working at home she is rather out of touch, but from Algiers comes the following prayer request: “Zb—is not seeking fellowship, and is living in spiritual defeat. Pray that she may face up to the Lord’s command concerning witness to her family, and may have courage to break the fast”.

* * *

“Darkness . . . LIGHT”. Rays of Light have been beaming across Algeria since the coming of a group of Christian young people, appropriately known as the “Send the Light” team. They are travelling throughout Algeria, selling Scriptures and Christian books with wonderful freedom, meeting everywhere a great demand for literature. We see their coming to this land perfectly timed of God to coincide with the launching of the Bible Correspondence Courses that have already been the means of interesting thousands in Morocco and Tunisia.

As a result of this distribution of leaflets advertising the Courses, over 3,000 applications have already been received, and our missionaries in Algiers are fully occupied in handling the work involved. Such a response is an amazing answer to prayer, and with it comes the challenge to

OUR COVER PICTURE:

“MAHBOUBA AND HER BROTHER”

(Kairouan, Tunisia)

pray for conversions from among those upon whom THE LIGHT OF GOD'S TRUTH is now shining.

... And here, as we go to press, is a Fez "epilogue":—

One afternoon, as the result of a freak storm, there was a sudden failure of electricity in the main street of "New" Fez, where our Book-shop is situated. But, strangely enough, although there was darkness in the shops on

either side, the lights in the Book-shop remained burning.

Presently, the two neighbouring shop-keepers, one a Jew and the other a Moslem, came in to see how this could possibly be. At length one of them said, "I know; it must be because you live close to GOD!"

Which, of course, gave John Thompson a grand opportunity to speak of the One Who is The Light of the World, and Whose Word John was offering for sale.

Ishmael and Isaac at the Same Well

By TOM AND FERN WILSON

IT is 5.00 p.m. The school bell has just dismissed thousands of children after six hours of Mathematics, Spelling, and History. In a few minutes hundreds of students will pass the Rabat Evangelical Bookstore. Many will enter in hopes of buying supplies necessary for the school year. Pens, pencils, ink, erasers, paste, paints, compasses, rulers and notebooks are excuses to bring people into the store. A different notebook is required for each subject, and a different coloured plastic cover is bought for each notebook. Large sheets of beige, red, blue, or green paper are sold to the students to cover their text books. Once inside the store these young students can easily secure a Scripture Gift Mission leaflet or other inexpensive Scripture portion.

A young boy has fifty francs to spend. That little book in the display window costs only 5 francs; he goes out with 10 book-

lets of stories with a Scriptural application.

A father comes in. He needs a few school supplies for his son. What is this book in Arabic and English? He also buys this Gospel of Luke in the two languages with a promise to return to see more of our Arabic books.

Earlier in the day a Jewish man came in, looking for a copy of the Old Testament in Hebrew and French. This isn't available. But wait, this copy of the complete Bible, the Old and the New Testaments, is well worth its price. May the Lord speak to his heart from the second half of that book, as he studies the Old Testament prophecies and finds many of them fulfilled in the New Testament.

A young Muslim enquires the price of that large Arabic book in the corner of the display window. Here on the shelf is the same book in a smaller edition

for a fifth of the price of the large Arabic Bible.

Here are several American servicemen from a nearby military base. They browse through our shelves of English books and choose several titles for their own spiritual edification and as an aid in their witness among fellow servicemen. A missionary travels through Rabat and stops to say "Hello" and to look around. For weeks he has been wanting an Arabic dictionary. He goes out, perhaps several dollars poorer, but possessing a vital aid in his language study. Another missionary finds suitable books for prizes for scripture memory in her children's classes.

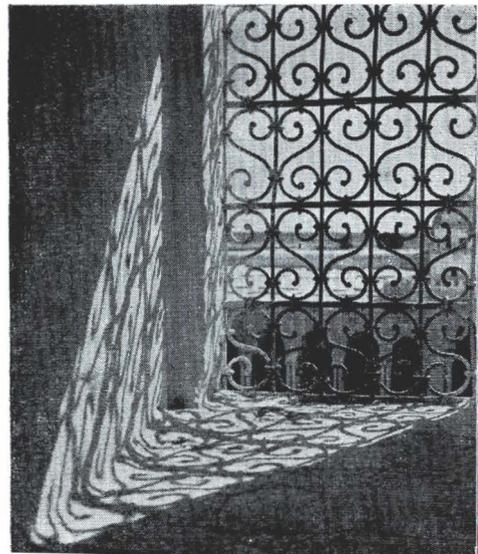
This letter from a missionary in a small town in northern Morocco, requesting a quantity of Spanish tracts, needs immediate attention so that the ministry in that town is not hindered. What about the thousands of tracts needed at the headquarters of the Bible Correspondence Courses, and the books given as rewards on completion of the course? This demands writing letters, ordering the tracts, counting them, and often folding them when received, and then expediting them with a minimum of delay, for this is a very fruitful ministry which is reaching into many towns and villages.

It is 7.00 p.m. Supper is waiting at home. Filing is incomplete. Accounts that haven't been done must remain undone. Letters which need to be answered, well, perhaps they can be squeezed in tomorrow. Books must be reordered to restock our shelves. This gives you an idea

of Tom's day. Many times Tom wishes he were two people, that there were "umpteen" hours in each day, and financial resources were limitless. By the time you receive this newsletter, Mr. Ralph Burns with his family will be again in Rabat and helping in the bookstore ministry. Pray that funds from our Heavenly Father's immeasurable supply will continue to be available to enhance and expand this ministry.

A few Christian women gather in our home each Friday night for a prayer meeting. They take turns with the missionaries in leading the service. Last week, at the request of the leader, each person present mentioned at least one explicit answer to prayer made the previous week. The two missionaries present praised the Lord for the increased attendance at their girls' classes. Fern was also thankful that she was able to witness to a certain Muslim lady for whom she had been praying, and to another who gives at least mental assent to the

THROUGH THE LATTICE



Gospel message. One lady was thankful that a package of warm clothes sent to her son in Europe arrived after some delay. Another praised God that she had another opportunity to witness to visitors in her home during the week. Please pray for Christians in

Morocco. Pray especially that men will be raised up as leaders for this young and needy church. God is faithful, in over-seeing His servants and in over-seeing His work. Are we trusting Him fully for His leading, His help?

At the Vocational Training Centre, Tetuan

By STAN SMURTHWAITE

WE have a new set of boys with us. Two are here in the print shop, and are professing Christians.

It is surprising the unusual problems that sometimes occur, and prayer is needed for much wisdom. The boys come from different cities and backgrounds, but their common desire to know more of the Word of God, as well as to learn a trade, soon creates a friendly fellowship. We were much encouraged by one boy here recently who made a profession of faith in Christ while with us, and is maintaining a good testimony back in his home town. They have much to learn, especially in the way of trusting and loving one another, and of real love for the Lord, together with many other things that are vital to the building up of the Church here in Morocco.

Pray that the Christians here in Tetuan will be drawn together by the love of Christ, and strengthened in their faith. In the eyes of the world they do not pose too

much of a challenge to Islam. How good it is to remember that the Lord says "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit."

Pray for those who have backslidden, and for all who have God's Word in their hands. Remember especially one who was in England for some while. He seems far from the Lord at present. Remember also another who has made a profession, but is not living the Christian life. He attends the meetings on Sunday and we believe the Lord will do a work in his heart yet.

Continue to pray for the literature programme. There is tremendous scope in this line in the way of writing, producing, distribution, etc., with bottle necks in lack of personnel and equipment.

A group of us are proof-reading for the new Moroccan Bible and would value your prayer help in this. We hope before long to have the complete Bible in the Moroccan dialect—for the first time—together with a new hymn-book.



Tulloch Memorial Hospital- Tangier

Wanted, a Nurse

By GWEN THEAKSTON

THE doctor hangs up the X-ray plate he has been studying and turns to the patient, who has been regarding with interest this picture of his own bones.

"The bone is diseased", comments the doctor, "and you should go into hospital and have an operation". "All right!", says the owner of the diseased bone, quite cheerfully.

Unfortunately, it is not quite so simple as that. The doctor starts to explain: "We haven't a bed free just now", he says, "but I'll give you a note to the Government hospital down the road. They will take you in free."

The patient's face falls, and he shakes his head stubbornly. "I don't want to go there", he says. "This has always been *our* hospital and I'm not going anywhere else". "I'm sorry . . ." begins the doctor. "I'll pay", hastily interposes the patient, "only let

me come to *our* hospital!"

The Out-Patients Department is a seething crowd, from end to end. The doctors and staff have been seeing people since 7 a.m., and it will be 2 or 3 p.m. before the last one departs from the Dispensary window with his bottle of medicine. By that time the folk waiting for the afternoon "paying" Clinic will be on the doorstep. The conversation recorded above will be repeated probably several times over. This hospital has forty beds. It could fill them all many times over, yet only fourteen of those beds are functioning. Why these empty beds and closed wards? Simply that nurses have been going, and no-one has come to fill their places.

This year, a nurse who had just finished her language study and was ready to come to us, needed to go home to Germany for medical attention, and her date of return is still uncertain. Another

went on furlough, but is detained at home indefinitely, for family reasons. Yet another went on furlough in September, and the one who returned at that time has been deflected for six months' language study. Then one more has been transferred to Algeria to take part in a special evangelistic effort there. This may sound rather a strange proceeding, but she had qualifications of language and other gifts which were specially needed for this particular task.

Needless to say, no hospital can keep going at full pressure with a depleted staff like this. The last nursing recruit we had from Britain was in 1952. The last from over the Atlantic was in 1958—she is now on furlough! In these changing times, when there is special emphasis on literature, Bible Correspondence Courses, Camps and Radio work, the question comes — has the hospital a function in missionary work in North Africa today?

Our commission is to preach the Gospel to all sorts and conditions of men. This, the only Mission hospital in all North Africa, still reaches and preaches

to the poor and needy. Two or three hundred hear the Gospel in the Out Patients Department three times a week. As a result, some come to the Gospel services on Sunday to hear more, or read the Gospels which are available: but, generally speaking, it is to them a strange story. There are so many other things to think about that the O.P.D. message seems to do little more than break the ice.

It is *in the wards* that people begin to thaw, their minds open up, and the Light begins to dawn. It is from the beds that, here and there, one and another has received Christ—never, as far as we know, from the seats in the crowded O.P.D. waiting room.

Must these beds remain empty, and the wards closed, because no replacements are forthcoming from the Homelands? "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He would send forth labourers . . ." said the Lord Himself. *We have prayed.*

Can it be that the hospital wards remain closed because someone heard His voice, *but did not obey?*

Do Read This !

A NUMBER of our readers have expressed their gratitude to God for the "Wonderful News from Tunis" reported in our last Magazine. The Bible Correspondence Course in Tunisia is indeed enjoying the blessing of the Lord.

But a carefully prepared "Annual Report" has just reached us from Mr. Donald Rickards,

the perusal of which has greatly humbled us.

The year's expenditure upon the Course (1962) totals rather more than £1,700. *More than half* of the year's income (£979 out of the £1,681 received) has been provided *by the missionaries themselves*, N.A.M. and others. The Field and Regional Treasurers furnished £665 from funds

in trust, whilst the remaining gifts (just about £37) have come from U.S.A.

Mr. Rickards indicates that the work has reached such a volume and momentum that *monthly* expenses now amount to £280, and we know that in Algeria and Morocco the "B.C.C." financial

need is at least as challenging!

The Water of Life is "without money and without price"; but the channels for its rapid and abundant flow are costly. Doubtless many will love to help both by prayer and gifts.

— E.J.L.

Cheering the Faint at Marrakesh

By MRS. BERNARD COOKMAN

HERE we are, sitting together —some on a kind of straw-mat on the floor, others on the wooden bench—in the central ground-floor room of this newly-acquired Mission House. It is just outside the ancient walls of Marrakesh.

Perhaps we could call this room the modern equivalent of the open court-yard found in most old Moroccan houses. But as it is covered in, we can use it as a room; and it is here that we welcome the women and girls who come to see us, and also where we gather for Sunday-School.

Won't you sit with us for a while around the paraffin stove and get to know today's visitors? We trust you will not forget what you see and hear, and that you will remember us all the more in your prayers.

"Little Fatna", as we call this particular teen-ager, has walked a very long way with tiny four-months-old Saida on her back, and her toddler-son Mustapha clinging to her. After the warm greetings, they, too, happily settle themselves on the mat. Fatna

looks thin and worn since her last illness. Miss Couleru, her teacher, used to know her as a strong and rather boisterous girl. Fatna came to know the Saviour under her faithful ministry and care. Later on, she helped in the dispensary.

Then Fatna married, and has trodden a thorny path ever since. Most of the time her husband has no work. Up to the birth of her second child she had to carry water for neighbours, to earn a little money to bake at least some

MAIDENS OF MARRAKESH



bread to feed her little family. As her husband is not a believer, there is no spiritual fellowship. Often left alone at night—which is a terror to most people here, big and small—she is driven to find comfort in God's Word. To his utter amazement, her husband finds her peacefully reading, or singing, when he returns late at night.

As Fatna is telling us these things, Kiltoum joins us. This young woman comes a few times a week to help with washing, ironing and cleaning, in order to add a little extra to the small earnings of her husband. Kiltoum, aged twenty-five, has now four children.

When quite tiny she came to live as a house-girl with the late Miss Alderson. There she was brought up under Christian teaching and example. Miss Alderson was her spiritual guide right into married life.

When we visit in her home, Kiltoum quite unashamedly brings out her New Testament in front of her husband and neighbours. Quietly, she goes the Way. As a result of this—and surely because of the many prayers of her teacher and of you at home—we find open hearts for God's Word amongst her relatives and friends.

Now the little dog is barking again, to tell us that there is someone else at the garden-gate. It is Zeeneb, an early teen-ager, already veiled. Whilst living in a country place outside Marrakesh, her family had been contacted by missionaries. It must have been the Lord leading them, knowing that they would become our neighbours later on.

Thus Zeeneb began attending classes. Then, under the care of Mrs. Don Harris, she was able to go to camp, and there professed to believe. Her happiness, however, was soon disturbed by the presence in their home of a young man who wanted to marry her, and already intimidated the girl with threats and beatings. What a relief it was for mother and child to see the Lord intervene! After the departure of this man, Zeeneb was free again, and since last year's camp the joy of salvation has been restored.

After some refreshments, the conversation with our guests turns to Christmas. We are glad to hear that Fatna still remembers some of the hymns, though for a long time she has not been to a meeting. Then we read part of the lovely Christmas story. As Zeeneb is just learning a bit of it by heart for the Sunday-School at Christmas, she recites it aloud, and to our great joy Kiltoum and Fatna join her. They also, years ago, had learned it by heart.

What a blessing is theirs! Amongst many thousands of illiterate women and girls of their age, they have learned to read, and to read the Book of Life. They have found the Lord Jesus. Life for their souls. May they learn and continue to feed on Him Who alone can supply all their needs! He alone can understand fully the difficult situation and conditions under which they follow Him — sometimes closely, sometimes afar off.

Sunset is near. Our little group has to leave. We trust you won't forget us, and that we shall meet often before the Throne of Grace. God bless you!

Life on a Mountain Mission Station

CHAPTER TWO

A Day among the Students

WHAT is that fine building on the hill ahead of us?

It is the Marabout of Sidi B—. Let me take you there.

Sidi B—, holy or simple-minded man, as his name seems to indicate, lies buried at the spot where, in later years, this monument was erected.

During his life-time he doubtless gathered around him interested crowds, who hearkened to his unusual sayings; and now that he is dead, the place where his bones repose still draws the crowds—particularly the women-folk: for, according to native traditions, a special *baraka*, or blessing, is granted to the pilgrim who makes a journey to this tomb.

And these women, who have come from every village in the region—what kind of a blessing do they expect?

Well, you see them yonder, with hands outstretched, palms uplifted, as though in expectation of an almost tangible response from the "saint" whose help they are invoking. Married women, to whom has not yet been vouchsafed the gift of a son; mothers of sick children; and a host of others: all crave the *baraka* that emanates, as they believe, from that sacred spot.

It is thus throughout the whole region of Kabylia. Every day, and in hundreds of places—often in a little building of crude stones erected on a mountain-top—these groups of women, led by

some of the men-folk of their families, gather together.

On the day when this particular building—the finest, if not the first, ever built in these parts—was opened, do you know what happened? Why, from early dawn there was an extraordinary commotion, as people began flocking towards the hill from which the snow-white *Marabout** dominates the entire Valley of the Sebaou. Literally thousands of men and women, coming from every part of Kabylia.

Some were on foot, singing and clapping their hands; some in motor cars, shouting noisily the whole way; others on mule or donkey-back, jogging along in groups that spread across the entire roadway. All, responding to the invitation from the heads of the Brotherhood, were bound for C—.

In the near-by village the women, with so many mouths to feed, had already begun to prepare huge dishes of *cous-cous*, well garnished with meat, chicken and appetising sauces—the latter thick with oil and fiery with hot peppers. Later in the day fully five thousand people sat down in little companies on the grass, and partook of the feast.

**Marabout* has, in Kabylia, a double meaning. It is applied, first of all, to the building raised over the spot where a "holy" man lies buried; but it also describes any member of a family descended from the first Arabian inhabitants of the country.

When everybody was at last satisfied, a collection was taken, the proceeds of which were to help meet the cost of building the *Marabout*. So generous was the giving that the entire sum was subscribed within an hour! (Might I suggest that if you are desirous yourselves of building a new Church or Chapel, here is an excellent scheme!)

Pardon the digression. We are not yet at the end of our journey. What I had principally in view was not so much the *Marabout* as the Koranic School that is built alongside. Here, amidst more austere surroundings—some of them in a mosque, others in rooms that form a sort of annexe—are about fifty young fellows between the ages of twelve and thirty, whose days are spent in studying the Koran under the instruction of a handful of professors.

Their objective is to commit to memory every chapter of the sacred book, so as to master it and to be able to intone its *suras* with perfect accuracy and faultless diction. Since, however, the pupils are at different stages of progress, it is no uncommon experience to see several little groups in the same room, reciting aloud their particular chapter as best they can amidst the din of competing voices. From a distance it sounds for all the world like the droning of bees around a vast hive; but, as a “close-up”, it is a veritable cacophony!

Quite a number of the students, after spending several years at such a school as we are visiting, pass on to a *Zaouia*,¹ where other

subjects—Traditions, Moslem Koranic Law, Commentaries, and the Arabic Language—form the curriculum. And at last the time will come when we shall find these scholars taking up their abode in the villages and hamlets of Kabylia, exercising the functions of *sheikh*‡, officiating at the ritual devotions in the mosques, chanting the prayers at funerals, teaching the first rudiments of Arabic and of the Koran to a handful of boys, acting as professional letter-writers, or even preparing amulets for use as charms against sickness—although, needless to say, there is nothing in the Moslem religion that countenances such a practice.

So far as remuneration is concerned, they receive a small sum of money annually, subscribed by the village, as well as so many measures of wheat or barley, so much oil, so many figs from the head of each family. Lodgings, as well as wood for fuel, are also a charge against the community.

Ah! here we are at length inside the School itself. The Head welcomes us most kindly and asks us to sit down under his “roof”—a room at the entrance embellished with mats and heavily-piled carpets. A cup of delicious coffee—genuine Moka!—loosens our tongues, and a lively conversation follows on themes of a religious character.

Listen carefully to our host as he enumerates the Five Pillars of Islam. One must, he says, first of all repeat the Creed: “There is no deity apart from Allah, and Mohammed is the Apostle—the Sent One—of Allah”.

Then there is the ritual of Prayer. Five times every day—

¹College.

‡Priest.

at dawn, at noon, in the middle of the afternoon, at sunset, and about an hour after sunset—the cry goes forth from the mosque tower: “Allah is most great!—come to prayer!” In the morning, for the encouragement of the faithful, there is the added exhortation: “Prayer is better than sleep!”

The Giving of Alms is a further obligation, but its observance varies according to circumstances. It is payable in kind, and may amount to as much as a tithe of the income.

Every able-bodied Moslem is expected to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, where the sacred stone in the *Kaaba* is kissed, the Devil is stoned, and a sheep—recalling the sacrifice made by Abraham—is slaughtered in the presence of thousands of fellow-pilgrims. And so, with quickening pulses and a thrill of emotion, these brethren of a common faith, gathered from every quarter of the globe, feel quickening within them the mysticism of Islam. It is thus that pilgrims are created—men who will henceforth be addressed as *Hadji*, or Pilgrim.

The fifth and final obligation is perhaps the most exacting of all, and certainly the most rigorously observed. It is the Fast during the month of Ramadhan, when, for twenty-eight days (from one new moon until the next) the devotee of Islam neither eats nor drinks nor smokes from dawn till sunset.

Later on we may be able to make further mention of these observances, which obviously represent in certain respects a very severe discipline.

In taking leave of our host we ask a final question: What arrangements have you to make for the upkeep of this establishment? To which he replies, with a smile, that the whole population lends a hand—not only the big village near by, but the entire neighbourhood bringing along quite regularly its offerings, in money or in kind:—cereals, figs, oil, and so on. Now and again, after the manner of begging friars, a little band of *talebs* (students) will ransack the countryside in quest of butter, eggs or whatever other commodity may be in short supply at the moment.

Well—are you satisfied with your first day's outing? The next time we venture forth together we must call upon the ancient men-folk of the village, in whose memories are stored up the traditions, the folk-lore and the superstitions of the country.

(To be continued)

ARABIC SERVICES IN LONDON

Our missionary-hearted brother the Rev. Eric F. F. Bishop, of Redhill, Surrey, draws our attention to a monthly Service, in Arabic, held at St. Margaret's Lothbury (just behind the Bank of England) on the last Sunday of the month, at 4 p.m.

The Meeting lasts approxi-

SAINT'S TOMB



mately one hour, and is followed by Tea and helpful fellowship. Sometimes Kodasides are shown. There is a warm welcome for visitors, and it is deeply appreciated when missionaries on furlough can take an active share. Moslem students are occasionally present, and our readers' prayers for this ministry in the City of London would be very much valued.

OUR NEW FILM-SOUND STRIP

We are again enclosing a leaflet (in copies of the Magazine dispatched from Highgate) drawing attention to our new Film-Sound Strip, **WATERS UPON THE DRY GROUND.**

It may be that there is a Church or group in your neighbourhood to which you would fain introduce "the N.A.M.", but where it has not seemed feasible hitherto to seek for an opening for one of our missionary speakers. Do you think that the new Film-Sound Strip might secure an entry? If so, will you very kindly help forward the Lord's work in North Africa by passing on—or posting off—this leaflet to the Pastor or Missionary Secretary?

These leaflets have been provided gratis by a generous friend of the Mission, and we believe your co-operation in their wise—and wide—distribution could, with the Lord's blessing, considerably enlarge our circle of praying friends.

If you desire additional leaflets do please send us a post-card.

"SPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN"

Under this heading we drew attention, in our last issue, to a simple, four-page "magazine" for children that was being produced by Miss Gillian Barker, who has served the Lord as a missionary nurse in Algeria.

We very much regret to report that Miss Barker has had a breakdown in health, in consequence of which we have urged her to give up all thought, for the present at least, of continuing with her venture.

Any readers who have been in correspondence with our sister, and have been puzzled in consequence, will read the above lines with understanding and sympathy. Miss Barker is in very real need of our prayers.

GUIDED GIVING

We are so happy to report that, through the LORD'S goodness, we have been able to send full allowances for January and February to our Missionaries.

THE N.A.M. PRAYER CALENDAR

DAILY PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES AND OTHERS

1. **Tangier:** Rev. L. J. BOCKING & Mrs. BOCKING (1928), Mr. C. A. HARVEY (Field Treasurer) & Mrs. HARVEY, Miss G. FOX (1956), Miss M. LANDIS (1962), Mr. & Mrs. H. J. H. MORGAN (Associate Members). **Hope House:** Mr. & Mrs. I. MAXWELL.
2. **Tangier: Tulloch Memorial Hospital:** Dr. F. A. R. ST. JOHN (1945) & Mrs. ST. JOHN (1950) (on furlough), Dr. & Mrs. N. J. CARLILE (1955), Dr. & Mrs. W. CAMPBELL (1956). **Nurses:** Misses W. LLOYD (1949), W. G. THEAKSTON (1945), M. SMETANA (1954), G. HAVELL (1958) (on furlough).
3. **Tangier (contd.): Nurses' Training School:** Miss P. M. ST. JOHN (1949) (temporarily in England), Miss I. LARSON (1958).
4. **Tangier: Schools:** Mrs. L. J. BOCKING (1928) **Carpet School:** Misses W. DRURY (1929), D. RICHARDSON (1945), E. PRIDEAUX (1948). Spanish believers.
5. **Tetuan:** Misses E. BRADBURY (1929) (temporarily at home), & E. LOW (1931), Mr. & Mrs. S. R. SMURTHWAITE (1952), Mr. B. LEAT (1952), Mrs. LEAT (1954), Mr. & Mrs. R. RAWLS (1959), Miss R. BARKEY (1960). Spanish believers.
6. **Alcazar:** Misses M. E. CHIPPERFIELD (1945) (In England), S. KLAU (1954), Miss N. ANDREW (1945).
7. **Fez:** Mr. & Mrs. J. THOMPSON (1952), Miss C. BOWRING (1930), Mr. & Mrs. R. KLAUS (1959). **Rabat:** Miss I. DEW (1924), Mr. & Mrs. T. WILSON (1952), Rev. R. & Mrs. BURNS (1957) (on furlough).
8. **Casablanca: Field Headquarters:** Rev. H. W. STALLEY (Field Director) Mrs. STALLEY, Miss W. DAVEY (1957). **Spanish, French and Italian Work:** Mr. J. PADILLA (1929) (retired). **Moorish Work:** Misses G. SHARPE (1938) & M. HAUSENSTEIN (1953), Mr. B. HOLLINSHEAD (1956), Mrs. B. HOLLINSHEAD (1948), Miss J. MORGAN (1954).
9. **Casablanca: Missionary Training Centre: Staff:** Rev. R. I. BROWN (Deputy Field Director) & Mrs. BROWN, Miss K. MORRIS (1958) (on furlough). **Language Students:** Misses D. EVANS (1957), L. HUGLI (1959), E. GAMBER (1960) (on sick leave), Mr. & Mrs. G. RIDER (1961), Mr. & Mrs. W. CALL (1961), Mr. & Mrs. R. COX, Mr. & Mrs. D. GOLDMANN, Mr. A. WIEBE (all 1962), Miss J. AMES (1963), Miss D. SMITH (1963).
10. **Settat:** (Unoccupied). **Azemmour:** Miss D. M. HENMAN (1935), Miss A. SWANK (1959) (on furlough). **Safi:** (Unoccupied).
11. **Marrakesh:** Misses F. LOGAN (1949), E. JACOBSEN (1953), B. ANDERSEN (1951), H. WILSON & D. PARILLO (1958) (on furlough), Mr. & Mrs. B. COOKMAN (1955).
12. **El Jadida:** Mr. & Mrs. J. A. HARRIS (1953).
13. **Taroudant:** Mr. & Mrs. W. JACKSON (1953) (on furlough). **Immouzer du Kandar:** Mr. & Mrs. D. R. HARRIS (1953).
14. **Algiers:** Miss R. STEWART (1954), Miss M. BALLARD (1958), Rev. & Mrs. I. HOFFMAN (1957), Mr. & Mrs. C. ADAMS (1955), Mr. R. L. HELDENBRAND (1958) (on furlough).

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15. **Oran:** Mr. W. EVANS (1958), Mrs. EVANS (1960), Miss E. SMETANA (1954), Miss M. BUTCHER (1957). **Tlemcen:** Mr. F. EWING (1932) & Mrs. EWING (1931). **Cherchell:** (Temporarily unoccupied).
 16. **Djemaâ Sahridj:** Rev. & Mrs. B. COLLINSON (1950), Miss K. CASTLE (1954), Miss R. MCDANIEL (1958) (on furlough).
 17. **Tunis: Station Work:** Mr. & Mrs. W. GASTON (1954), Mr. & Mrs. D. RICKARDS (1951), Mrs. C. W. MORRIS, (1927), Mr. & Mrs. W. BELL (1960). **Language Students:** Miss E. HALL (1961), Dr & Mrs. J. GREEN (1961).
 18. **Sousse:** (Temporarily unoccupied).
 19. **Sfax:** Rev. & Mrs. R. LILLEY (1957) (on furlough), Mrs. A. STRAUTINS (1938), Mr. S. SCHLORFF (1959) & Mrs. SCHLORFF (1961). **Gafsa:** (Unoccupied).
 20. **Deputation Work in Britain:** Mr. & Mrs. E. J. LONG, Rev. A. COFFEY, Mrs. E. L. LILEY, Mr. & Mrs. R. S. MILES, Miss A. CLACK.
 21. **Deputation Work in U.S.A.:** Dr. F. STEELE, Rev. DALLAS GREEN.
 22. **All believers in N. Africa, Secret Believers, Backsliders and Enquirers.**
 23. **Translation Work; Distribution of Scriptures; Publication of Evangelical Literature; Bible Shops; Colportage.**
 24. **Children of Missionaries, and Children of Converts in North Africa.**
 25. **Members of North American Council and U.S.A. Headquarters Staff.**
 26. **U.K. Council Members and Headquarters Staff.**
 27. **Local Secretaries and Prayer Groups.**
 28. **Retired Workers. In England:** Mrs. E. FISHER (1922), Miss E. HARMAN (1921), Miss E. HIGBID (1921), Miss V. HOUGHTON, Mrs. J. W. KENT (1948), Mr. P. PADILLA (1926), Mrs. P. PADILLA (1922), Miss G. E. PETTER (1913), Miss K. REED (1922), Mrs. A. ROSS (1902), Mrs. T. J. P. WARREN (1911), Mrs. F. M. WEBB (1899), Mrs. A. G. WILLSON (1922).
 29. **Retired Workers. S.M.M.:** Mr. J. HALDANE (1912), Mrs. J. HALDANE (1913.) Miss C. POLLOCK (1936). **In U.S.A.:** Miss E. BROOKES (1932) **In France:** Mrs. S. ARTHUR (1923). **In Switzerland:** Miss I. COULERU (1923) (S.M.M.).
 30. **Dispensary Work; Classes; Visiting; Work among Europeans; All Testimony among God's Ancient People.**
 31. **Special Remembrance of Financial Needs.**
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