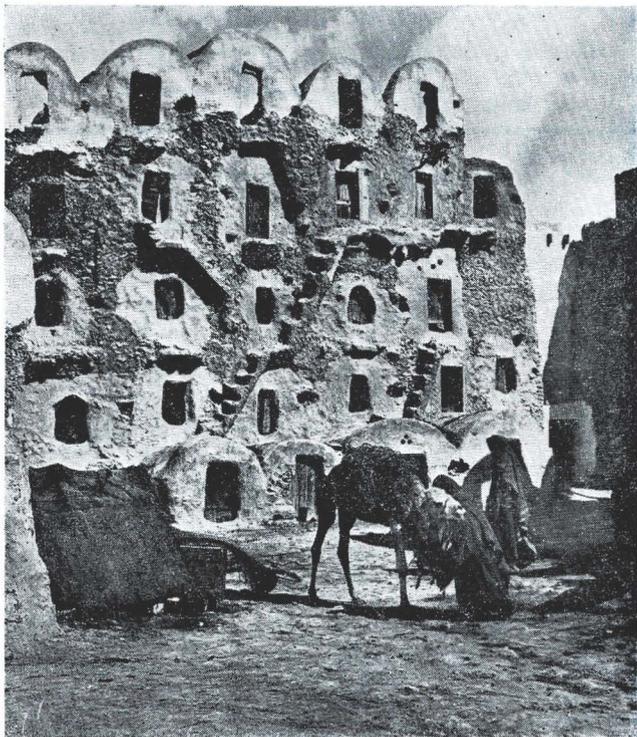


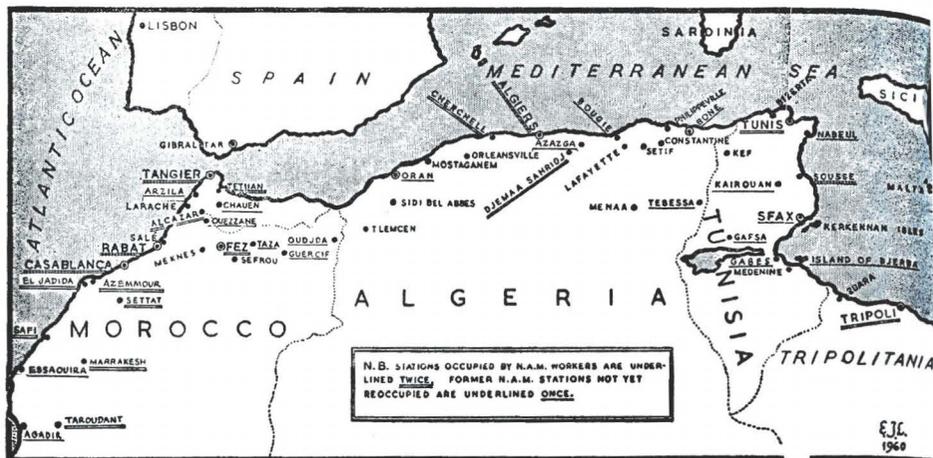
North Africa



No. 53 (Published Bi-monthly) NOVEMBER/DECEMBER, 1963

NORTH AFRICA

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OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION



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A Heart-Cry from Tunisia

WE publish below a deeply-moving article that appeared recently in *YOUNG AFRICA*, a weekly newspaper with a distribution throughout Africa.

Such a revelation of the bewilderment and desperate need of thoughtful young Moslems will surely help us to pray more intelligently for such missionary agencies as are still permitted to exercise an evangelical ministry in North Africa during these un-restful times.

* * *

“Between an ancient world that is crumbling and a new world which is in building, our young people find themselves at the present time in a state of bewilderment. Independence, new liberty, studies, travel, and contact with foreigners are opening new horizons to our youth.

“Unfortunately, these elements of progress are clashing with old traditions, with religious practices and with a lack of understanding on the part of parents, which means that our young people find themselves lost. They are looking for guides, for principles, and even for a philosophy of life. This bewilderment arises from the isolation in which Tunisian youth finds itself — a youth that is lost at the crossroads of succeeding civilisations.

“To find their bearings, and escape from this dead-lock, our young people can count neither

on their parents, nor on their instructors, nor on their friends; for these are, themselves, for the most part, lost because of the sudden changes which followed independence and which produced everything except a clear vision of what one ought to do! Our youth has need of thinkers who will help it to find its bearings, and to progress. But who will guide it towards the right road?

“Such guides must have a right vision of the man who is to be led and moulded; for to build a better Tunisia one must, before anything else, strive to produce a better man. Every plan that aspires to build a new Tunisia by changing its institutions and its framework, but without changing man himself, is folly, and sooner or later will fail. To change man one needs a philosophy of man, and it is precisely that which we most lack.

“But where are our writers to open the way? Where are our guides? Where are the wise men who will try to understand the spirit of youth? We are an under-developed country: we are short of guides. Read our literature published in Tunisia. You will find there nothing that will feed the soul of young people.

“Will anyone respond to this anguish and bewilderment of our young people? May our educationalists and our thinkers not remain deaf to their appeal! The supreme need of youth to-day is not material well-being, but a new meaning to life itself!”

Our Cover Picture :

IN MEDENINE, S. TUNISIA

Closing Doors

By HELEN MORRISS

CLOSED DOORS. In one of the main thoroughfares of this town stands a Bible Shop, which has been run by the North Africa Mission for fully 60 years, I should think, and has been visited by men from all over the country.

Recently, the back part of the premises had become increasingly cluttered up with Bible Correspondence Course work. So when the premises next door fell vacant, it was decided to rent these too. The Correspondence Course equipment was moved in there, and the rear of the Bible Shop was transformed instead into a Reading Room, well stocked with Christian books and magazines, where men and lads could drop in and read or discuss. Without such a centre there could be little effectual means of contact in this land with the men and boys.

Now, however, the doors of the Bible shop stand closed. All activities there have had to cease, and the dust is gathering thickly on the Scriptures and books. Acting under an order from the authorities, the police came one day, shut up the premises, and took off the keys. The situation is a serious one. Will you meet this challenge with us by prayer?

OPEN DOORS. Thank God, as far as our visiting in the homes is concerned, there are still many doors open to us. The doors vary in colour, size, and condition, as do the rooms into which they lead us. The drinks we get

offered are varied (according to the laws of hospitality in Tunis you should offer your guest a drink) and the seats we sit on also vary.

Usually a chair is produced, out of honour to the guest; but most Arab women still sit cross-legged on the floor, and when possible we sit down on their level. How long could *you* sit cross-legged without getting stiff? Twice recently when, after a while, I have surreptitiously straightened out my legs, a kindly hostess has spied me and exclaimed, "Oh but you're not sitting comfortably. Do cross your legs"!

In one new home, we arrived just when the elderly mother of the family had returned from the pilgrimage to Mecca—the dream of every devout Moslem. She sat on a divan—cross-legged of course!—wearing the green scarf of the pilgrim, with an air of mystical serenity and detachment, while friends and neighbours came in to welcome her home. She had earned *great* merit by this journey, and secured release from her sins, but she was not above hurling a hasty imprecation at the little servant-girl for her clumsiness. Had she *really* found her freedom from sin?

In another new home a young woman was just completing elaborate ablutions preparatory to saying her afternoon prayers. Women rarely perform the full ritual of ablutions. This was obviously a specially devout soul.

In the course of conversation, I found she could read, so pulled out my Arabic New Testament and asked her to read me a particular passage. She drew back a little, and instead, fetched out with great reverence a copy of her own holy book, the Koran, and with a light in her eyes read and re-read certain verses. It was obvious she did not fully understand them, but wholly venerated them, and proceeded to tell us how the Koran had first been revealed to Mohammed. Then with a glow in her face she spoke of the glories of her prophet, who had been created in glory long before the world was.

The poor soul had no foundation for these statements. Mohammed certainly never claimed such things for himself. Nevertheless she believed them with all her heart. Argument would have been useless. I could only try and tell her what I had found in *my Lord and Saviour*.

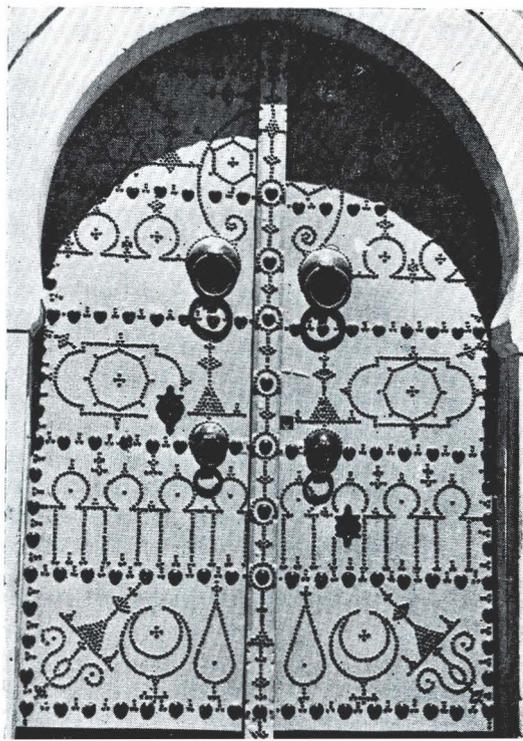
Yet this poor woman had been married to a divorced man, and when he wanted to go back to his first wife, and keep the two of them (which is permissible for a Moslem), she had refused, and left him. Her young son stayed sometimes with his father and sometimes with her. Yet she had not the logic to see that this unhappy situation was the result of the example and teaching of her glorious and sinless (?) prophet. We came away sad and humbled. Do *you* speak of your Lord with a glowing face? Yet is He not incomparable with any other?

One door which we rejoice is still open to us in that of Gentle's

home—the orphan girl who keeps house for her two older brothers and two younger sisters, and who was so warmed towards the Gospel, but could not face standing alone. We have kept friendly contact with her, and one day, when Elisabeth Hall was visiting us, Gentle said wistfully: "I do wish you would come and stay with us for a few days, and teach us more." Elisabeth was thrilled at this opportunity, and though living in an Arab home is not exactly easy, she gladly endured the difficulties for the privilege of being able to read the New Testament night by night with the two older girls, and answer many of Gentle's questions and problems.

"I know in my heart it is the Truth," said Gentle; but the cost

CLOSED DOOR



still seemed too high to pay. Nevertheless, she began poring over the New Testament for herself, till even her indulgent eldest brother remonstrated. "It is all right for you to read it a little," he said, "but I don't want you to go changing your religion, and causing a family scandal." Elisabeth slept there for two weeks, or more perhaps. Then the family were invited to go and stay with some relatives—"just for a few days"—and went off. The few days have lengthened to weeks. Was it to keep Gentle away from our influence? But the Lord is doing His work in her heart, and we are full of praise. Far better that she should form her own convictions, and make her own decision by the light of His Word, and the leading of His Spirit, than by our persuasions.

Yet another open door—the Girls' Sanatorium, twice revisited since my Spring letter. My little class girl welcomes me warmly, and I have been able to slip into her dormitory to have a chat with the other girls there who had no visitors, and sow the seed of a little Bible story, with the prayer that it might find good ground in which to grow.

Do praise God with us for these Open Doors, and do pray that we may be guided in using to the full these opportunities while they are ours. "There are many adversaries."

Finally, there have been the open doors of this roomy flat here in Bizerta on the North coast—a holiday home which God has wonderfully provided for us all this Summer. Some

Swedish lady missionaries generously left it at our disposal while they went on furlough and one after another of our North Africa Mission families have been able to come here for rest and relaxation.

Now it is my turn, and I am here for a fortnight with a friend. I return to Tunis in time to meet my son Roland, who will be staying with me for the first part of September, before going back to his port in Nigeria. Needless to say I am looking forward to his visit! Daughter Lois has been kept busy with a full house (Hope House, Tangier) this Summer—mainly missionary guests on holiday from various parts of Morocco. Her health has much improved, for which we thank God, and the doctors have passed her as thoroughly fit now.

Thank you for all your remembrance of us. May the Lord open up *your* way before you, as you need it.

BIRTHS

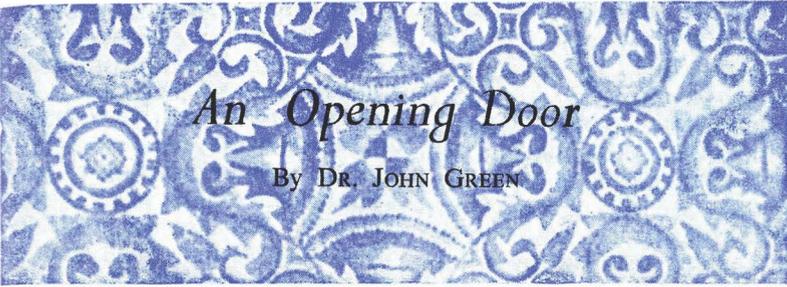
To Samuel and Frederica Schlorff, at Sfax, Tunisia, on August 26th, a daughter, Carol Marie.

To Bernard and Maria Cookman, at Zürich, Switzerland, on September 4th, a son, Philip Jonathan.

To Donald and Margaret Rickards, at Algiers, on September 14th, a son, Dale Harry.

To Wendell and Lillian Evans, at Oran, Algeria, on September 22nd, a son, Philip Charles.

To Marie-Lou and Dave Goldmann, at Casablanca, Morocco, on September 25th, a daughter, Susan Mary.



An Opening Door

By DR. JOHN GREEN

THIS is the second attempt to write to you all since you had our last letter in April. We had a letter written to you in July. It started, "How quickly things change here in North Africa". These words proved so prophetic that just when we were about to send you the letter, everything changed and it became outdated.

I had written about my journey to Switzerland, leaving Anne in Tunis. This was arranged so that I could do further French study. It seemed as though the doors were completely closed to independent medical work in Tunisia. After about a year of vainly trying to get permission to work here, I had started to make enquiries in Algeria. There, I would have needed more French than in Tunisia; so I planned to take a special summer course in Neuchatel, Switzerland. Anne was to stay in Tunis with David, to continue with Arabic studies. This was finally settled only at the last moment, so that when I prepared the letter for you I was already in Switzerland. That is one reason why I wrote of things changing so quickly. Then, just as Anne was about to send the letter to our friends, who send it to you, everything changed again.

The Tunisian Ministry of Health suddenly decided they wanted me to work as a doctor in the town of Monastir. They said they wished to interview me before the end of the week. It seemed strange after a year of writing letters and having interviews. Monastir was the first place I had asked to work in and I had been given a definite "no". Now, all was changed, and the Ministry wanted me to start work at once. I flew back from Geneva to Tunis. That was quite a contrast to my journey to Switzerland by boat and train. Then busy days with interviews, signing contracts, looking for a place to live and a place to work, packing and moving.

So here we are! One of the conditions of my working here is that I work part time at the Government hospital, but this will only take up a small amount of time, and the rest of the time I am free to work independently. The sort of medical work I shall be doing most of the time will be like a general practitioner at home. At the small government hospital I shall be working part time along with three full-time doctors, but I shall be the only private doctor in the town, so there should be no shortage of

work.

This opening for us is really amazing. The Lord seems to have given it to us against all expectations. I had given up hope of ever being allowed to do any independent medical work in this country. At the Ministry of Health, and from other sources, we learned that present government policy was against allowing any further independent medical work. The only possibility of doing medical work in this country seemed to be by entering full-time government service. This opening is quite contrary to the present government policy. It is an exception to the general rule.

But why should the Tunisian government make an exception in my case? There seems no human reason. We did discover that one reason why a private doctor was felt necessary here was because Monastir is a tourist centre. But why was I chosen? On the human level it seems like a blind chance. But of course we do not believe in chance. The Lord made this opening for us. To have taken up full-time government service would have limited very much the amount of missionary work that I could do. The best way would be through some independent medical work. This seemed impossible, but here we are.

Perhaps, too, the Lord had in view what was going to happen to the Mission in Tunisia. The situation is far from settled and we can only tell you a little of what has happened. However, it seems that the whole future of missionary work in this country is in danger. On May 29th the

bookshop in Tunis, opened before the beginning of the century and witnessing for Christ through literature for so long, was closed by the authorities. All its activities were forbidden. Since then all the work of the whole Mission throughout Tunisia has been forbidden. We have been told that this is an Islamic State, and all attempts to convert a Moslem are illegal. What a contrast to the freedom we spoke about in our last letter!

What is the future of the Mission in other parts of North Africa? In Algeria threats have been made that the correspondence courses run by our missionaries will be stopped there also. In Morocco an article in the new penal code makes it illegal to use schools, medical work, and other social work, to influence a Moslem towards any other religion but Islam. This could, if applied, make impossible a large part of our work in that country.

How we need faith for these days! If we walked by sight alone we should soon despair. Pray for us. Take the governments of these countries to the Lord in prayer; but remember Paul's words, "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places".

LOOKING BACK UPON THE CAMPS

Camp days sped by . . . hours full of opportunities. Sixty-eight girls attended the first camp, and some thirty-three fellows the last

one. The Lord proved faithful in big things and small — as always. Counsellors were tired but happy at the end; campers went home saying they wished they could stay longer; and we trust that the bells of heaven rang at some who trusted the Saviour for the first time and others who grew stronger in the Faith. Of course, some returned home with hardened hearts, and we must not forget to pray for

them also, that the Holy Spirit may yet drive home the Word.

The Bible Correspondence Course work continues on here in Morocco, as well as various other means of witnessing. The scheduled V.B.S. in Tangier had to be cancelled in July, but pray that there may be opportunity to have one there later in the year.

Joyce Morgan.

Among the Poor of Marrakesh

By EDITH JACOBSEN

FOR many of you prayer partners and supporters, especially in Scotland, Marrakesh is an old, well-known Mission Station. It was here that dear Mr. Cuthbert Nairn of the Southern Morocco Mission served the Lord for some fifty-six years and died as a martyr. We still encounter people who greet us in a mostly friendly manner with the words: "Oh, you are the daughters of the old T'beeb (doctor)". They do not mind at all that we are a mixed crowd—English, Scottish, Swiss, American, and Danish. The people loved Mr. Nairn, and not a few have told us how they first heard from his lips the message of Salvation during the long years of his faithful Gospel dispensary ministry.

Many things have changed during the past few years. The dispensary in the *medina* (the old native quarter) is given up. We now live in a house just outside the ancient walls. But that does

not mean that we have moved out of the Moroccan community, for we have Moorish neighbours all around us, and, just as of old, the folk from the *medina* come to consult us when they are ill or in any kind of trouble. Sometimes it is just to share their joys and sorrows with us and to taste a little of the cheer of Christian fellowship.

None of the rooms in the new house, however, is big enough for the girls' classes, women's meeting, and the service on Sunday. So we have rented a house in the very heart of the *medina*, with several bigger rooms; and

OUTSKIRTS OF MARRAKESH



here we have all the meetings—the classes, the Sunday School, and Flora's maternity clinic.

The caretakers of this house are a faithful Christian woman and her husband, who lived with us for a number of years in the old mission house. The woman is a simple soul and unable to read or write; but she is not ashamed to own her Lord nor to witness for Him amongst her Moslem neighbours. She is a real help in the little clinic and the women's meeting because of her loving manner, and her readiness to speak about the Lord. Her own special "church ministry" is to visit the sick, the aged and the lonely, and to share with the poor whatever she has. Although she is not strong and has much to do, she is never too tired to help others. It is always a special joy to go out visiting with her.

We long to see more among the Moroccan people taking over the responsibilities and devising little ways of serving their Master. Nevertheless, it was cheering to see how on two occasions when for a little while I was quite alone they came to my help. They realised then, more than they appear to have done previously, that the station work was not that of the missionaries alone, but that each one of them had a contribution to make. Doubtless the Lord had a purpose in leaving behind one who especially needed their help and co-operation. It was a joy for us all to feel our need of one another; and the Lord Whose strength is made perfect in weakness, became very precious to us all.

It is a great joy to us also that the two girls who have made their home with us for nearly eight years are such a splendid help, not only in the Friday and Sunday classes, but also in many other ways. This is particularly true of the older, who is now fourteen. She was baptised this spring and is going on with the Lord. The younger one, aged twelve, needs your prayers too. She is touched by God's Word, but has not yet fully yielded to the Lord.

We have also a small class composed almost entirely of servant girls. They come along here to our new house once a week—mainly to have a little reading lesson. None of them has any opportunity of going to school, so we spend half of the time in trying to teach them to read. It is not an easy task, for the girls are kept constantly busy with heavy work and have no leisure time for study. But during the few hours that they spend with us, they are obviously very eager and keen; so that we will ourselves be patient, for it will mean so much if one day they are able to read the Bible for themselves.

Some of the homes we visit are desperately poor. One summer evening Lalla F— and I went to call upon a family who often come to see us. They were very pleased, and welcomed us into the best of their rooms. The furnishings consisted of a few mattresses. Although it was mid-summer, the walls were damp and covered with big mosquitoes and bugs. The entire family of seven live and sleep in that one room, because parts of the walls

had fallen down in the two other rooms of the house. They insisted on making coffee for us. It being a hot, summer's day, we took the opportunity of slipping out into the little open courtyard, and thus ran less risk of taking home with us any of the undesirable creatures on the wall! We had a lovely time under the open sky around the Word of God; and the young children, all of whom attend our Sunday School, were eager to answer questions and to sing the hymns they now knew so well.

There is another poor family with whom the missionaries have been in contact for quite a number of years. We refer to their home as "the blind man's house", because the father was an old, sightless beggar. A brief year ago the mother died of cancer, leaving six children, of whom the youngest was only three years of age. A few months later the old father himself died.

The biggest girl, who is barely nineteen years of age, was married when she was only thirteen, and divorced soon after. She has assumed full responsibility, and bravely looks after her little sisters and a brother. The neighbours do their best to look after the children while she works hard at a jam factory; but it is almost too much for her. The dear girl says she is a believer, and comes to have fellowship with us as often as she can; but she is unable to read the Bible and is hardly ever free to attend meetings. Do pray for her and her little family.

Of course, not all the homes we visit are as poor as this; but all are in need of the same Saviour. Do pray for us, that we will day by day know and follow the Lord's guidance as He opens fresh doors and leads us through them. Pray also that these doors may remain open.

The Adversary . . . and the Advocate

By GWEN THEAKSTON

I LEFT Morocco just a month ago, and the situation there was what war correspondents call "confused"! To us near the scene of action that certainly described it, but to God Who is still on the Throne, everything is under control, and of the final issue there can be no doubt.

Regarding the hospital, throughout the last few months there has been a continual succession of attacks on personnel in the form

of illness of missionaries or their children—or various emergencies necessitating the temporary absence of one and another, thus

IN THE TANGIER HOSPITAL



leaving more and more to be carried by the few survivors.

These harassing tactics are very popular with our Enemy; and ours is by no means the only field in which he tries them, the aim being to wear us down and weaken us before the delivery of some stronger attack, which he hopes will bowl us over.

Now here is a tip for those prayer partners who say: "We haven't heard from so and so for such a long time. How can we pray intelligently if they don't write?" In times of pressure it is not always easy to find the time or the heart to write much, but a delayed prayer letter is often in itself a call to prayer. Don't stop praying because you don't hear — pray more. You can say: "Lord, we haven't heard from X.Y.Z. lately. If Thou seest the Enemy is pressing them, give them the Victory now". The next letter will probably bring news of some unexplainable deliverance, but you will know what the secret was.

To continue. In May the International Council met in Tangier and, among other things, took a good look at the hospital, made some helpful suggestions and authorized some very necessary rebuilding, the long-term

aim being to touch more people more deeply; so that eventually there could be more beds and more staff, both missionary and Moorish Christian, and more leisure for personal conversations while people were in bed. It looked as though things might be moving.

Then in June a law was introduced aimed at institutions which exploited the needs of the people in order to undermine anyone's faith in Islam. If that were enforced it could mean either closing, or healing the sick without preaching the Gospel. The latter is not within the terms of our commission. You see how the Enemy works. The prolonged tactics, and then the major attack. This is a challenging call to prayer for all who know the secret of intercession.

The Gospel never changes. Man's need of Salvation through Jesus Christ remains the same at all times and in all places. Methods of presentation change. If God has finished with the medical method, and wishes to take up other ways, we can but say "Amen" and accept His Will. He is directing the warfare, not we. If it is Enemy action, however, in Christ's Name we must refuse to be held back or intimidated, and we shall not be presuming if we look to Him to vindicate Himself, and bring the devices of the Adversary to naught.

There never were days when we so needed the wisdom which is from above—the Spirit's gift of discernment. Thank God we have the Lord's own clear words: "If any man will do His Will, he SHALL KNOW".

THE MOSQUE



A Fellowship of Moorish Believers

By MARTHA SMETANA

JUST recently on a Sunday morning, we saw a young Moroccan fellow baptized. He appeared happy and ready to testify that the Lord Jesus Christ was his personal Saviour. In talking with him after the service, he remarked that what amazed him most was that God should choose him from the midst of a large Moslem family and neighbourhood. We have noted in past cases that newly-baptized believers very often are a target for persecution or temptation or opposition from unbelievers. Please cover this boy with prayer.

I was glad to see at that particular morning worship service something of the indigenous element; an older Arab Christian gave a good word of teaching and encouragement on the subject of baptism; a young Arab man baptized his friend; another Moor prayed, and passed the bread in the communion service; and they all got together the following morning to empty the baptismal pool with buckets. Some of you might know how much this full co-operation and fellowship mean to us!

From the time I arrived in 1954, I have been looking for the beginnings of a church of national believers. Missionaries before me have been longing prayerfully for twenty-five years and more for signs of a local church, where the people of the land witness, preach, give, teach, and extend hospitality to the saved and unsaved people of the land. Could it be that this is coming to pass?

Very often little boys come to the house to beg for bread. There have been opportunities to bring them in to tell them about the Lord Jesus Christ and salvation from sin. Please pray for them, along with the children who come to the Arabic Sunday School. We at the hospital would ask you again to pray for the preaching of the Gospel to the patients on the wards and in the Out-Patient Department.

My Sister Libby, and Muriel Butcher, are spending their vacation here in Tangier. I have enjoyed fellowship with them very much. You will remember that Libby and Muriel and Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Evans have been doing colportage work these past nine months in the department of Oran, Algeria. They reckon they have pretty well covered that area in distributing Scriptures, witnessing to individuals whenever they could, and conducting some meetings. They now ask prayer for guidance from the Lord as to how they should continue their ministry. Should they repeat visits to the villages and apartment buildings in the city? Should they perhaps start Bible classes for women and girls and for men? Should they plan for more rallies to which they could invite the Bible Correspondence Course Students? These are some of the questions they have been asking themselves. They would appreciate our praying with them and for them.

Pressing on in Algeria

By MARGE BALLARD

YOU have heard recently of our advance in evangelism in Algeria, a Bible correspondence course which has already enrolled 5000, though only several hundred are sending in lessons regularly. Soon the moment will arrive to meet some of these folk face to face as we visit them personally and invite them to rallies. In Tunisia and Morocco a number of men and women have been converted through this means. Imagine—because of the co-operation of the Send the Light team, the length and breadth of this land has been covered and students are enrolled from all over Algeria. Efforts of individual missionaries could never have penetrated to this extent.

We are enjoying an era of peace in Algeria at last. Now the days of battle and bloodshed are only pages of recorded history, though many changes in the city are apparent. There are few Europeans here now, and the University, where we are still studying, is almost entirely Muslim. The disappearance of tensions between the two communities makes conversation more natural in the student restaurant

where Ruth Stewart and I eat. We have been grateful for the response to friendship; for those who come to our house, which is so near the University; for the few who attend the Bible studies; for those who are willing to attend the informal squashes, even though suspicious of Bible studies; for others whom we've met in classes.

When we realize that last autumn even the possibility of the University's opening seemed remote, since part was burned and the general exodus of Europeans made everything seem uncertain, we can only praise Him for these friends. When we realize that last year, because of the Muslim distrust of Europeans, and general boycott, not one Muslim student came to our house, we are deeply grateful to the Lord for the new opportunities in a new era. We still long to see that nucleus of Christian students in the University. Pray especially for the salvation of a Moroccan student who is living with us now, and for the spiritual growth of a young French girl, a teacher here in the neighbourhood, who has trusted Christ recently.

GUIDED GIVING

We are happy to report that, through the LORD'S goodness, we have been able to send our Missionaries 95% of the full allowances for September and October.

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), Mr. & Mrs. H. J. H. MORGAN (Associate Members). **Hope House:** Mr. & Mrs. I. MAXWELL, Miss L. MORRIS (temporarily in England).
2. **Tangier: Tulloch Memorial Hospital:** Dr. F. A. R. ST. JOHN (1945) & Mrs. ST. JOHN (1950), Dr. & Mrs. N. J. CARLILE (1955) (detained at home indefinitely), Dr. & Mrs. W. CAMPBELL (1956), Mr. & Mrs. T. WILSON (1952). **Nurses:** Misses W. LLOYD (1949), W. G. THEAKSTON (1945) (on furlough), M. SMETANA (1954), G. HAVELL (1958).
3. **Tangier (contd.):** Miss P. M. ST. JOHN (1949), Miss I. LARSON (1958) (on furlough), Miss D. EVANS (1957).
4. **Tangier Schools:** Mrs. L. J. BOCKING (1928). **Carpet School:** Misses W. DRURY (1929), E. PRIDEAUX (1948). Spanish believers.
5. **Tetuan:** Misses E. BRADBURY (1929) (temporarily at home); & E. LOW (1931), Mr. & Mrs. S. R. SMURTHWAITE (1952), Mr. & Mrs. R. RAWLS (1959) (on furlough), Miss R. BARKEY (1960). Spanish believers.
6. **Alcazar:** Misses M. E. CHIPPERFIELD (1945), S. KLAU (1954).
7. **Fez:** Mr. & Mrs. J. THOMPSON (1952) (on furlough), Miss C. BOWRING (1930), Mr. & Mrs. R. KLAUS (1959), Mr. B. LEAT (1952), Mrs. B. LEAT (1954). **Rabat:** Miss I. DEW (1924) Rev. R. & Mrs. BURNS (1957).
8. **Casablanca: Field Headquarters:** Rev. H. W. STALLEY (Field Director) Mrs. STALLEY (in U.S.A.), Miss W. DAVEY (1957). **Spanish, French and Italian Work:** Mr. J. PADILLA (1929) (retired). **Moorish Work:** Misses G. SHARPE (1938) (on sick leave) & M. HAUENSTEIN (1953) (on furlough), Mr. B. HOLLINSHEAD (1956), Mrs. B. HOLLINSHEAD (1948), Miss J. MORGAN (1954) (on furlough).
9. **Casablanca: Missionary Training Centre: Staff:** Rev. R. I. BROWN (Deputy Field Director) & Mrs. BROWN. **Language Students:** Misses L. HUGLI (1959) (on furlough), 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 in 1962), Miss J. AMES (1963). Miss D. SMITH (1963).
10. **Settat:** (Unoccupied). **Azemmour:** Miss D. M. HENMAN (1935). **Safi:** (Unoccupied).
11. **Marrakesh:** Misses F. LOGAN (1949) (furlough), E. JACOBSEN (1953), B. ANDERSEN (1951), D. PARILLO (1958), Mr. & Mrs. B. COOKMAN (1955).
12. **El Jadida:** Mr. & Mrs. J. A. HARRIS (1953).
13. **Taroudant:** Mr. & Mrs. W. JACKSON (1953) (detained at home indefinitely), Miss H. WILSON (1958), Miss A. SWANK (1959). **Immouzer du Kandari:** Mr. & Mrs. D. R. HARRIS (1953).
14. **Algiers:** Miss R. STEWART (1954), Miss B. BALLARD (1958), Rev. & Mrs. D. RICKARDS (1951), Rev. & Mrs. I. HOFFMAN (1957), Mr. & Mrs. C. ADAMS (1955), Mr. R. L. HELDENBRAND (1958), Miss K. MORRIS (1958).

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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. **Djemaa Sahridj:** Rev. & Mrs. B. COLLINSON (1950), Miss K. CASTLE (1954) (on furlough), Miss R. MCDANIEL (1958).
 17. **Tunis: Station Work:** Mr. & Mrs. W. GASTON (1954), Mrs. C. W. MORRIS (1927), Mr. & Mrs. W. BELL (1960), Miss E. HALL (1961).
 18. **Sousse:** (Temporarily unoccupied). **Monastir:** Dr. & Mrs. J. GREEN (1961).
 19. **Sfax:** Rev. & Mrs. R. LILLEY (1957), Mrs. A. STRAUTINS (1938) (on furlough), 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:** Miss N. ANDREW (1945), 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), Miss D. RICHARDSON (1945), 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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