
forward

BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION

Living Water

A PARADOX is an apparent contradiction, and this is often found in thinking of the supernatural things of God. The Holy Spirit, for example, is clearly spoken of as a Person, one who comes to dwell within the heart of the believer (I Corinthians 6:19). Nearly all the illustrations given of His ministry, however, are of something ever flowing. He is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth (John 3:8). He appeared as tongues of fire upon the disciples (Acts 2:3) and in John 7:37-39 He is likened to a spring of living water. When a person is born again, this spring is opened up within him and the rivers of living water begin to flow, vitally affecting not only his own life, but also those of all around him.

Water cleanses, and here is the secret of a holy life. A spring cannot be defiled for it immediately washes away all impurities. So does this flow of the Holy Spirit wash away any seeds of evil that may enter the heart where He dwells.

Water is destructive, for it will cause many substances to rot away. The Holy Spirit is destructive of all not based upon God. He will undermine wrong things in the life of the believer, and as unconverted people are prayed for, He will destroy barriers of pride and selfishness, and prepare their hearts to receive the gospel seed.

Water also brings fertility. In the sight of God this world is dead and useless, for sin has made it worthless in His pure and holy sight. But here and there, in every street, in offices and factories, there

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is a Christian man or woman, or a Christian family. To God each one is like an oasis in the desert, for here is life and holiness, and refreshment for the weary traveller.

This precious flow can be increased, or it can be decreased. The Holy Spirit is a Person and He can be grieved by sin and by disobedience (Ephesians 4 : 30), and this will hinder the blessing being manifested in the life. On the other hand, spiritual growth and development will bring an ever increasing flow, so that out of the life there flows an ever greater abundance of the Holy Spirit of God. Is not this the great and central need of both the church and the world today? As once again we are reminded of the great event of the Day of Pentecost, may we anew give ourselves to this secret, hidden ministry which alone can release the power of God to meet the needs of mankind.

JOHN MACDONALD
London Council Member.

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Miss Flora Logan

who, after a period of deputation in Scotland, returned to the Field in March.

“behold their threatenings:”

Beatnik-Like Visitors

WE have many visitors here but I think these were the strangest yet. Two christian beatniks, together with beards and untidiness, descended upon us at the beginning of January. They were very reticent in answering questions about their movements. We learned they had been in town some time—“contacting” folk! They asked to help the missionaries, but this being a very respectable ladies establishment, I sent them to interview the doctors first. We came to an arrangement that they would help with wood cutting in return for two meals a day. However they were only interested in “contacting” folk in villages and after two meals left us.

On the Sunday the three national elders of the Church questioned them and asked them to give their testimonies. They were warned about the giving out of tracts, but about ten days later we heard that they had been arrested in a small neighbouring town for this very thing. They spent about two weeks in prison, and ever since have been wandering around waiting for their passports to be returned so that they can depart.

At about the same time anti-Muslim tracts with slanderous articles arrived through the post. These incidents form a background to what followed.

Police Questioning

On the 10th of February, a senior missionary was called to

the police station to show all our identity cards. He was asked many questions and told that the order came from headquarters. He was asked to bring in all our passports and permits. On the following Tuesday the missionary went back to the police while we all prayed hard. He had a two and a half hour interview and was asked details about us all and what we did. Our passports were returned.

In the meantime, the pastor of the Eglise Reformee was called to the capital to see the Minister of Islamic Affairs. He was warned that the Protestant proselytising should stop. They were disturbed to hear of baptisms, etc. and mentioned the public preaching in various centres.

A week later a colleague in another mission was taken to the tribunal and accused of having an illegal school; it is registered under the Gospel Missionary Union which in the eyes of the law no longer exists under that name. He has been called in several times since and their passports have been kept. The U.S. consul invited the local governor to dinner and the matter has been temporarily dropped while the procurator makes a visit to the school.

The book post is no longer delivered to the door, and all books have to pass the police censor before we can have them. This involves the book store in endless filling in of forms, and the return of some books. The last issue of the magazine was

held by the police. When I saw them in the hands of the police I just stood shaking and praying. Mercifully the new title saved me and there were not too many pictures.

Nationals Involved

The national church was told of the situation. Some were a little panicky, some were angry, most of the women do not understand, but one girl said, "If God is on our side, why worry?"

Z—M— was called into the police station and asked many questions about why she did not fast and keep the feasts. Why did she worship with us? The Lord overruled through a muslim friend of her family who went with her and spoke in her defence as she is a widow. They took her name and address and have since visited her house. She has now been cleared thanks to her muslim friend.

The hospital cook was stopped on her way to work on Sunday and questioned about going to church and who attends. A man came to her rescue and she was released — but we are being watched.

A very sad aspect is that one of the spies is right here in the mission home. S—'s daughter is courted by a secret policeman and he had asked them to repeat all they hear. Of course, he made it worth their while and we dare not dismiss her for fear of her betraying more. She watches me everywhere, asks who is 'phoning, who is at the door, who is coming? **"Lord, behold their threatenings: and grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy word."**

VISITORS FROM GERMANY

We have been seeking the Lord's will since as long ago as 1963 with regard to developing an interest in our work, in Germany, and during this time Mr. Charles Moore, who lives in Friedrichshafen, South Germany, has been a gracious and invaluable helper. The Lord now seems to be indicating His will with regard to a secretary to be responsible for, what we trust will be, a real development on the Continent. We had the pleasure recently of welcoming Mr. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Hans Nerrlich at Bisham Gardens for times of prayer and discussion.

Mr. Nerrlich has had a number of years' experience as a banker and is now a teacher. The Lord has burdened his heart to undertake the responsibility for these developments and we shall prayerfully seek to know the Lord's plan.

NOTICE TO DOCTORS AND NURSES

Due to the reorganisation of the hospital services in this country, a quantity of surplus medical equipment is being made available to the Joint Mission Hospital Equipment Board. This society serves as a channel to get this equipment to every part of the world where medical missionary work is being undertaken.

Only good serviceable instruments and equipment which have a guaranteed useful life of service are acceptable. There is, therefore, need for a panel of interested Christian medical colleagues who are willing to visit their local hospitals to inspect the equipment offered. Any christian doctor or nurse who is interested is invited to write to the Joint Mission Hospital Equipment Board, 124 Spa Road, Bermondsey, London, S.E.16.

STOP PRESS

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL MEETING

IMMEDIATELY upon entering the Council Room, one was struck with the atmosphere of prayer. Men had travelled thousands of miles and had left behind them other urgent business but now we bowed together under the gracious direction of our International Council Chairman in united prayer that we might see His glory and understand His will for us at this time. This was to be the dominating note of the days that followed.

We became increasingly aware of the progress which the Lord has allowed us to see. The permit to build the sorely needed extension to the Tulloch Memorial Hospital was granted, a sign we all felt, that this was God's will for us to invest His money even in such times as these, in the first phase of the building. We praised God together that the cost of the new building for the Radio School of the Bible was fully met and that nine of the projected fourteen programmes are being heard all over North Africa. In addition, the correspondence courses and literature programme continue to prepare the way for the emerging church which is ever our priority.

A further impression was one of deep unity. Not infrequently, strongly held views were clearly expressed on different aspects of some vital phase of our ministry, yet again and again He brought us through all our differences to a clear Holy Spirit given unity.

In order to improve the over-all direction of the work, the administrative structure of the Mission

has been reshaped so that we now have, in the person of the Rev. H. W. Stalley, a Secretary General of the entire work, with responsibility of liaison and direction of its total ministry. We commend this development, and particularly our brother, to the prayers of the entire Mission family.

Let us not think that the Adversary is in any way relinquishing his grip on North Africa. Even as we were in council together we learned of further specific police questioning of members of our Mission and other missions.

We could not believe that the Lord would have permitted such an instrument as the North Africa Mission to continue to this moment, with all the splendid new young workers He has given us unless He has a plan of great blessing in these challenging days in which we live. Our final impression therefore was of seventeen men of God standing together and singing with grateful hearts, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

RABAT

CAIPTAL CITY
OF MOROCCO

THE three young men listened intently as the speaker, a Moroccan Christian, spoke of Paul's words to his "beloved child" Timothy. They were really quite a motley crew. To the speaker's left was Rahmani. He had left his wife and daughter in his native town of Fez to come here to work. Recently struggling with his fearfulness, he must have been struck with "For which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed . . ." Belkhadir, just behind him, was surely pondering these words too. The week before he had received a long letter from his father, an Islamic teacher, denouncing him for his belief in Christ. Then too, the great sheep feast was only two days away, but he would be spending it here, far away from his home in Sefrou. Hamid was listening too, in his typical thinking pose of his head slightly bowed and his chin resting on his palm. I couldn't help but think of him when we read of the "unfeigned faith" that so long had been Timothy's. He had been growing in the Lord for a long time, and was beginning to be used of Him in a wonderful way. But now the sect for which he was working seemed to be drawing him into its web.

These three—Rahmani, Belkhadir and Hamid—are a good cross section of the inhabitants of the capital of Morocco, Rabat. They are young. One has only to walk down the main boulevard to realise that Rabat is a "city of youth"—civil service employees, tradesmen, consular employees, students—the young of both sexes and from every walk of life are found here in abundance. Two of our three friends are only temporary residents of Rabat—not natives. Many people here are in transit, moving from one assignment to another.

Rabat is not only a city of the young; it is a young city. To be sure, its origin dates back to the 12th century. Then it was a fortress (as its name indicates) for warring against the Spanish. However, decadence set in and it was four hundred years later that it again began to prosper. Moors, chased from Spain, were too European for their fellow countrymen in Sale, so they went just across the river to Rabat. There a flourishing commerce developed, which extended into the 18th century. On the 1st of November 1755, however, a terrible earthquake razed Lisbon, Portugal, also radically affecting Rabat and northern Morocco.

Early in our century Morocco became a French protectorate. Rabat was chosen as the capital. This marked the beginning of Rabat as we know it today. After the protectorate days were over, the national initiative and imagination continued to manifest themselves in the development of Rabat. Together with its youth, it bears many evidences of its glorious past, from the imposing Tower of Hassan, built in the 12th century, to the ancient Roman fortress of Chellah.

There is a way in which the three young men are not representative of Rabat. Each of them has shown evidences of true love for Jesus Christ. This can be said of only a handful here in the twin cities of Rabat-Sale. It is no surprise, therefore, that two of them have spent a lot of their free time at the Christian bookstore just off a main street in downtown Rabat. The "Good News Bookstore" was begun several years ago with the two-fold purpose of supplying literature to the missionary force in Morocco and ministering to those who come to it. Today, under



the leadership of Miss Ruth Barkey, it is fulfilling this God-ordained purpose. Almost every day one or more packages are received or sent out with a prayer for God's blessing on the contents.

Not too far from the bookstore, in an attractive but unimposing villa near the ocean, another ministry is carried on. Miss Irene Dew, through classes for girls, has seen one after another of her many contacts respond to the Good News. Some reject, to be sure, but there are a few whose hearts God touches. Dowia, Zohra A., and Nishma are living demonstrations of what Christ can do for a Moroccan who will open her heart to Him. It's no surprise that they are in their places faithfully each Sunday morning.

One evening, shortly after our arrival here, I was standing on our roof. It was a rather dark night, but I could detect the hazy outlines of the flat roofs of our native quarter of Sale. Then, across the Bou Rig-Rag River, I could make out the old city near the ocean, the Tower of Hassan, and the firm, clear lines of some of the modern buildings. The striking part, however, was not the ominous darkness, nor the silhouettes, but the scattered lights, sparkling in the gloom. Not only were they on the large apartment buildings, they also peeked out from the hidden corners deep in the native city, so jammed with people. I think I felt something of what our Lord must have felt one day as He looked out over Jerusalem. Sometimes it seems very, very dark in contemporary, civilized Rabat. Yet there are Christ's lights shining, accentuated by the darkness. But I wondered why there weren't more.

ONE who badly needs your prayers is **H**— whom I mentioned in my last letter. He found a better job, but with some members of a Christian sect who are quite busy out here. We have had to ask him to keep away from the services, until he ceases to go to them, as he was seeking to turn others aside. Pray that the truths that have been planted in his heart may yet win through and that he will see the falsehood in this other belief. Pray too that the Lord will protect the other seekers that they may not be turned aside from their desire to learn the truth and to follow the Lord.

Ruth Barkey

RABAT, MOROCCO



“God will provide . . .”: Abraham’s faith was fixed in God; in His power, in His purposes, in His promises. Therefore, Abraham believed that God would provide. On the long journey to the mountain of God’s appointment, Abraham was able to reassure Isaac, “My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering.”

Two years ago, because of our expanding activities, we undertook by faith the project of purchasing a building for our school. During this time, we have often thought of Abraham—Abraham, that man of God who, conscious of his own lack of ability and of the all encompassing power of God, committed himself totally to Him. And God provided.

We do not know the thoughts and feelings of Abraham during that journey to Moriah, but our

journey to the place of God’s provision has been long and, we humbly confess, accompanied not only by joy but often by the temptation to doubt or fear. This was especially true when the ther-



mometer on the poster where property gifts are recorded seemed to remain unchanged.

We praise the Lord that in spite of our weaknesses and failures He remains faithful. Once again He provided and today we possess our Jehovah-Jireh (the visible evidence of God’s provision). This report is to inform you that the total price of the R.S.B. property—more than £40,000—has been paid and we have taken permanent possession of the building.

This provision is so completely out of proportion with the relatively small number of persons who know of this ministry that the evidence of His intervention is overwhelming. We have seen again that “every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the father of lights, with whom is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning.”

As we share with you the joy of this occasion, we want to thank you for your faithful support by your prayer and by your gifts. Our task is not completed, however. The building is only a means to an end. Let us continue to run together the race which is set before us.

Warren Gaston

MARSEILLES, FRANCE

The order was, "Cut it down!" and within a surprisingly short time the fine old fig tree had been demolished. No, it wasn't an unfruitful fig tree such as the one in our Lord's parable. It had supplied us

was a good test of my lungs and they seem to have stood the test well enough. Most of you will have heard that just after writing our last letter, I was off work for a month as a result of a patch of

From the Prayer Letters

with an abundance of figs for many years, but it lay right in the middle of the site of the proposed new hospital ward, so down it had to come.

This was the first concrete step towards the new wing which has been needed for so many years and been planned for almost as long. The new ward will not greatly increase the number of in-patients that can be accommodated but it will, it is hoped, increase efficiency by allowing us to expand the very cramped theatre area. The plans have finally been decided upon and drawn up. A contractor has accepted the work, and building permission has been requested from the local authorities. When this permission is granted we trust building will begin in earnest. We hope the new ward will be up, if not in use, when Dr. Campbell returns in the summer.

The building permission is not expected to be long in coming through. Meanwhile my permission to practise in Morocco is still awaited. Periodically another certificate or more information is demanded, so it seems that the wheels are turning, if slowly.

Helping get the fig tree down

pneumonia following 'flu. This, happily, coincided with the visit of a doctor from England who was able to help Dr. St. John while I was off. It was strange to hear those same noises in my own chest that I've so often heard in other people's. I'm sure it did me good to be a patient for a change, though it didn't help me to understand why Moroccans prefer injections to medicine, unless it's the taste of our cough mixture—awful!

John Green

TANGIER, MOROCCO



As I am teaching in a government school, I need much wisdom from the Lord so as not to disturb wrongly the authorities, but yet to make use of opportunities to speak of Him. Pray for the development of such opportunities for conversations and friendships with students and fellow teachers. So far, some questions from students on our way home after school have provided openings for me to say a word about the Christian Faith.

Donna Smith

TUNIS, TUNISIA

BLOSSOM

JOHN HAINES

“ZOHRA, would you mind coming to Tangier for a week and speak to the Christian women there?” “Zohra, would you mind speaking at girls’ camp this summer and giving the Bible lesson each day?” “Zohra, would you mind coming to my sewing classes each week and giving a Bible lesson to the girls?” Then early in September Margy, my wife, said, “Zohra, would you mind reading with me three hours a week in the Arabic Bible and coming to my house, for it will be impossible to leave with the baby so small?” Without a moment’s hesitation, in each request Zohra replied, “Yes”.

Zohra is a very common woman’s name, meaning “blossom”. As a young child she came to children’s classes here in Rabat and received a Bible. In her teens she married and went many miles away to a town where there was no missionary. For eight years she read her Bible daily and was in contact with missionaries only three times. Her testimony now is that the power of the Word of God worked in her life during that time so that she grew to love her Saviour and sometime during those years she became a Christian. When her third child was nine months old, her husband died at war and she returned to Rabat with two boys and a nine month old girl; a widow with nothing but her Saviour.

Those years of raising the children as a widow meant going each day to other homes and doing

housework. Yet during these years, she remained faithful to Christ. The youngest child is now twenty two years old and all the children are well employed so that mother would have no need to work. Yet, each week, Zohra goes out four mornings a week to do housework. Many feel that she is one of the strongest Christian women in Morocco. She speaks little of the suffering and temptation that she has known, but it is evident that such a life could only have experienced much of this in the past. We have been so impressed by all her opportunities for service but have been struck too that her messages would mean nothing if her life was not that of a servant for the Lord. We found last week that it sometimes takes her almost an hour to come to our house to read with Margy. Margy is now able to drive to her house, so it may be a bit easier. One afternoon after reading, when both our children were sick, she insisted on going up to the roof and getting down three loads of dry clothes for Margy so that she wouldn’t have to leave the children. Another afternoon, as she was ready to leave, she saw a sink full of dishes and insisted again on helping Margy. Often we have asked ourselves whether our lives speak the same message as our lips.

May you be challenged to pray much for this woman of God and her ministry and may her life challenge you as it has us. “And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.”



“ And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God.”

DEAR FRIENDS,

Five months ago, when our daughter May was taken into a large hospital in Marseilles, she was in a comotose state following a fall which injured her left eye. After a preliminary examination, we understood from the surgeons that an operation would probably be necessary. From that time on, we believed that possibly our daughter would never live a normal life. You can well imagine how we felt. Nevertheless, we realised that an army of friends, known and unknown, was mobilised to pray to the Almighty, and so we took courage.

Following this, we were the astonished witnesses of a series of answers to prayer such as we had hardly dared to hope for. Firstly, the dangerous and dreaded operation never took place. Then, careful examinations proved that the sight of the damaged eye was completely intact. When at the end of twelve days May was allowed to come home, there was still certain fear, for examinations concerning cerebral activity had revealed more or less serious changes. Therefore the surgeons recommended complete rest at home and renewed tests.

Nevertheless, last December May was to some extent ready to continue school life, and that without difficulty, and in spite of two months' absence. It was only at this moment that we really began to believe the Lord would heal her completely. Finally, quite recently, following further tests, the brain surgeon declared there was such marked improvement that he felt the patient was now cured.

Dear friends, it is for a good reason that we have written at such length on this accident. We want you to know the whole story so that you can also understand “ what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ ” shown throughout this long period of testing, and with us “ to turn back, and . . . glorify God ”.

Johanna and Tran Thuyen.

MEENA GOES TO CAMP

SHE was just a merry little girl, excited at the prospect of going to camp. Such an idea had not entered her head two years ago. Meena was the eldest girl of a large family. Her older brothers expected her to work in the house; her father took it for granted that she would spend her days helping her mother. School had never been considered for her. There were girls she knew who went to a little trade school run by foreigners. They told her so many stories of the things which they did and learned. Then, one wonderful day, Meena's mother took her and her sister Khadija to enrol them for the next school year. How could this have happened? Her father had always been so definite in his refusal to let his girls go to school. The argument which had caused him to change his mind was the practical one of having daughters who could do the lovely embroidery taught there.

And so it was that Meena had now been nearly two years at the "foreigners' school". She was already adept at certain embroidery stitches and was slowly learning to read. Her little brothers and sisters at home had learned from her many of the hymns and choruses and Bible verses which Meena so enjoyed. Her embroidery was at last good enough for sale: she learned that there was enough money in her account to pay for two weeks at camp. But would her father allow her to go? He still felt that a girl's place was at home. She found it hard to imagine the wonders of camp. Sometimes she felt fearful, but mostly she just longed to take this wonderful journey, to live for two whole weeks with other girls, to join in the games, to dare to try the swimming pool.

But now at last the great day had come. The sun was shining, her little case was packed and she was excitedly hopping from one foot to another as she waited with the other girls for the "Bluebird". "Here it comes! Here it comes!" The blue bus with the painted bird lumbered around the corner. Outside the school building it stopped and down jumped the tall cheerful driver, ready to stow away the cases and bundles of this new group. Into the bus they clambered, suddenly shy in the presence of girls they had never seen before. Outside the city, Meena hardly knew which way to look, there were so many new things to see. And she longed to join in all the chatter that was going on. "I wonder whose group I'll be in this year," said an experienced camper. "Last year it was great fun. Our leader didn't know too much Arabic, so we used to tease her by talking ever so fast and using words we knew she didn't know!" "Our leader was ever so strict," said another, and then, after a pause,

“but she was good fun too.” And so the time passed by quickly as the bus sped on, stopping only for one more group. “Zohra, Zohra,” the girls yelled excitedly, as an older woman with a sweet face and gentle manner came in.

Through the little town and once more into the country, then through the wide gateway the bus went, drawing up outside a group of small buildings. Meena wasn't sure now whether she was frightened or excited. There were so many new faces, new sights, new sounds. Before she had time to think about it all, she was hustled off with other girls of her age to a cabin simply furnished with rows of camp beds and lockers. It wasn't long before the girls were all chattering together telling each other from where they had come and which camp leaders they knew. Meena was feeling much better when she found that the leader of her cabin was one of her own teachers. This, at least, made her feel more secure. *(To be continued.)*



FROM THE AUXILIARIES

MRS. HOWARTH, Mr. Bown, Mrs. Stevens, Miss Loveridge, Mr. Massey, and many others: just names to the majority of us, but in fact dedicated leaders of our auxiliaries, without which, humanly speaking, we could not continue. These splendid co-workers, year after year, maintain prayer meetings, look after magazine subscriptions, and arrange bi-annually a packed fortnight or so of meetings for the deputation speaker to present the Lord's work in North Africa, and in so doing ensure a remarkable flow of funds into the treasury.

These local secretaries have made it possible to speak at Christian Unions in schools, colleges and universities; hospitals, Bible colleges, rallies and churches of all kinds, and on the one hand maintain the interest of old and faithful friends, and on the other gain for us new support and now and again a potential missionary for North Africa.

To all our faithful local secretaries a warm "thank you", and let us remember Paul's words, "Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

BOURNEMOUTH DEPUTATION

PINNED on the wall just above my engagement calendar is the verse, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Only be strong and very courageous for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." And as the pages of the calendar have been turned and the engagements fulfilled I have proved once again that God is as good as His Word.

The "whithersoever" bit has taken me, during the past seven weeks, all over my home-town of Bournemouth and the surrounding district to forty different meetings in twenty five different places. No two meetings have been the same. They ranged from small, informal groups in private homes to services in large halls and churches; from primary Sunday School children, through young people of all descriptions including "mods and rockers", numerous women's meetings to elderly patients in a hospital. The Lord was with me in them all: with me when my knees shook; with me when I felt like a

gramophone record describing my slides for the twentieth time; with me when the meeting turned out to be of a different character from that anticipated and the message had to be changed at the last minute; with me when it was easy and with me when it was hard.

It is difficult, and indeed impossible, to assess the results of these meetings. I have been encouraged by the genuine interest shown by many and especially by assurances of prayer support, encouraged too by the generous giving by many of the Lord's people toward His work in North Africa. It has been heart-warming to meet the loyal friends who have been praying and giving through the years without the stimulant of a personal visit to prompt them. One longs that others would be prepared to share in this closer link.

Not all meetings have been easy. Sometimes one feels like a gap-filler of a secretary's speakers' engagement book, and sometimes almost like a circus performer who

is supposed to keep the crowd happy by another afternoon's entertainment. These latter were in the small minority. The most challenging opportunities were among students and young people seriously seeking the Lord's will for their lives. It has been a privilege to be the Lord's messenger and I have been enriched in my own spiritual life by the study of the Word in preparation for the meetings.

I appreciated the warm welcome extended to me by the various leaders and all their co-operation and have much enjoyed fellowship with so many fine Christians whose lives are spent in serving Christ. It was a special joy to visit the Emmanuel Baptist Church, Swanage, the home-church of Mrs. Eva Longley and also the Lansdowne Baptist Church where so many were eager for news of their member, Miss Gladys Fox. And of course it has been wonderful to

have fellowship with the Pastor and members of my own home-church, Winton Free Evangelical Church, who have supported me so loyally all along.

The hub of the Bournemouth Auxiliary is the prayer meeting at 92 Hill View Road, Ensburry Park. It takes place on the first Friday of the month at 7.45 p.m. (not 3 p.m. as printed in the Prayer Calendar). This group is small but their regular, informed, specific praying touches the whole of North Africa and has been a real inspiration to me. They, and other friends from my own Church, have stood by me in prayer during this deputation, following each meeting from a list typed out by Mrs. D. Stevens, the faithful secretary of the Bournemouth Auxiliary who puts in so much work behind the scenes. The smooth outworking of the deputation programme has been due to her efficient planning and willing help.

NEWS

CANDIDATE SCHOOL

We are planning to hold our second Candidates School in July and hope to have five or so potential candidates. We need to pray that the Lord will send us those, and only those, who have a clear call of God into our fellowship, and that in these intervening weeks He will make His plan clear to us all.

WINIFRED LLOYD

We are all delighted to know that the Lord has so graciously and fully restored our sister to full health and strength again. She has returned to this country after over a year in the States and is taking some refresher courses before returning, God willing, to T.M.H. in June.

GUIDED GIVING

Again we record with gratitude to God that it was possible to send full allowances for the months of March and April.

PRAYER GROUPS

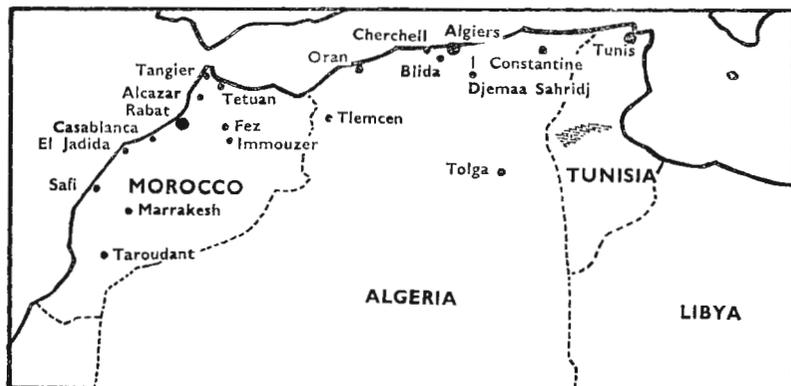
The Bournemouth Auxiliary Prayer Group commences at 7.45 p.m. not at 3 p.m. as was incorrectly stated on the Prayer Calendar.

FURLOUGH

The following missionaries are due home on furlough during the months of May and June: Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Stalley; Miss Winifred Davey.

WEDDING

Our warmest congratulations to Howard Dearborn and Mary Jeanne Henry on their marriage, 18th April. "He shall choose our inheritance for us."



forward

THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION
with which are incorporated
THE SOUTHERN MOROCCO MISSION
AND THE ALGIERS MISSION BAND

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