
forward

BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION

Timidity, Sovereignty, Fidelity

“He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.”
Eccl. 11 : 4-6.

If we look at the situation in Africa today there is much that could provoke a spirit of timidity. New legislation passed which if specifically implemented could spell the end of almost all that we are doing; polite yet firm interviews with officials who make it plain that they are expecting us to cease our activity; and in the last few weeks ultimata have been presented, “Cease to proselytise or be escorted out immediately.” Most of the above stems from political motives, but with it all is the changeless opposition of Islam itself to the gospel of His Son and the inevitable costliness of true discipleship in a muslim environment.

But should we be timid? Do we not serve a sovereign God? Should we not consider instead “the works of God who maketh all”? What a work of God it was to bring “Blossom” fully to Himself; a tiny leg amputated, years later a wooden limb fitted but above all a living Saviour known and loved in the heart.

A group of missionaries working in another city are humbled and searched by the lack of depth in the hearts of some much-prayed-for disciples until they are brought to realise that He must work

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deeply in them before they can be effective in others.

It looked like defeat in another city a few years ago when the majority of missionaries were withdrawn and its witness almost ceased, but from it has arisen a vigorous Bible correspondence course and radio programme which continually reaches thousands with the message that Jesus saves. How eternally true it is that "the government shall be upon his shoulder:"

So then from timidity to sovereignty, and now on to fidelity. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." God Himself will always be faithful to His word. "It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." In a measure we have sought to do this in the field entrusted to us. The prayer of every missionary is that he will hear the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant:". What of us who are at home? These are days of unprecedented satanic opposition, manifested in a variety of subtle ways from opposition to the work to fierce enemy attacks on body and mind of workers. More than ever "it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful."

R. I. BROWN.

MOROCCAN SITUATION

STAN SMURTHWAITE

GOVERNMENT threats have been hanging over our heads for some time now in regard to our work, but a few days ago Audrey and I were called to the head police office and ordered to cease all our activities. We had to sign a statement to the effect that we understood the order and would comply with it. If we didn't sign, the police were under orders to expel us immediately and we would be taken to the nearest frontier straight from the police station. We had no alternative but to sign, thus at least giving us time to settle our affairs. It would seem for the moment perhaps, that the "Enemy" has dealt us a heavy blow, but we believe we have fulfilled, as far as we have been able, His will for us in Morocco. Since our experience, other British missionaries in our region have been treated similarly, though so far no Americans have been affected.

GUIDED GIVING

We record with gratitude to God that it was possible to send full allowances for November and December. The increase due to devaluation was met by current income.

BLOSSOM

by MISS P. ST. JOHN



*Miss St. John
(left) eating
a North African
meal with Miss
L. Goodacre and
two visitors.*

“GRANNY, tell me that story again, how He fed all those people with five little loaves and two fishes.”

They would sit in the porch of their one-roomed hut at the top of the hill—the old Granny who could not see much, and the little girl who could not run about. Beyond the cactus hedge the grassland sloped to the valley that lay between the two hillocks, with mud huts nestling on the slopes. Below them the valley widened into a small plain, where the river flowed between oleander bushes, and, running like a white ribbon beside it, the main road from Tetuan to Tangier.

It was a pleasant, peaceful scene, and the old woman and the child must have spent hours sitting staring at that road, for it led to the big town, and the port, and the hospital on the cliff, where Granny had been for a cataract operation, and where she had heard the wonderful stories. The child, “Blossom”, had been too small to understand the stories. But it did not matter because Granny remembered them all, and was never tired of telling her about the Man Who had lived long ago, Who healed the sick, and brought sight to the blind, and fed the hungry, and loved the children. But Granny had only been in hospital about a fortnight and her stock of stories was limited. “Blossom” longed to hear more about this Man, but there was no one who could tell her.

“One day I shall go to the hospital myself,” said “Blossom”, “and see the doctor and the nurses, and hear what they say for myself.”

“Yes,” said her father, “you shall go when you are eighteen.

The doctor promised he would make you a new leg if you went back in fifteen years."

"Blossom" counted the years faithfully, and the doctor in Outpatients got quite a shock one morning, when she hopped in and announced that she had come. "I had my leg off when I was three," she explained, "and you told me to come back in fifteen years. You promised to make me a new leg."

There had been a change of doctors in that time, and the one in Outpatients knew nothing about "Blossom", but a promise was a promise. However, a new leg could not be produced immediately, so it was arranged that the girl should stay in the doctor's house, while something was fixed up with the local carpenter.

The doctor's young wife used those days to the full, and with all the Arabic at her command she began to tell her the stories, the same stories that "Blossom" knew already, and many more. She already knew that those stories were true, and she already loved the Man Who had lived long ago. But when she went home with a rough, but efficient, wooden leg, she had learned something new—that He was alive today, and could affect her life in a way she, as yet, only dimly understood.

There followed a time of seeking and learning. She loved the Word, but it was years before she realised that following Christ would mean separation from Islam. Yet she came whenever she could, starting out for the Sunday afternoon service, on Saturday, dragging her wooden leg over the rough slopes, and spending the night at her sister's house on route. She had one consuming desire in those days, to learn to read, and anyone who had time helped her, when she suddenly appeared unexpectedly. It seemed a hopeless task, for in matters of intellect her head seemed almost as wooden as her leg. But in spiritual matters she was learning steadily, and gradually there was dawning on her the realisation that there was some vital step to be taken, that would involve some tremendous cleavage with all she had clung to previously.

As to so many others, understanding came to her through a dream. She dreamed that she was lying asleep in her village, when one of the nurses from the hospital woke her, and, speaking very urgently, told her to come at once as it was time for the morning service. She could hear her own village priest calling out the prayer call, and she explained she must first ask her mother. But the nurse told her there was no time to lose, and together they hurried down the hill, only to find the river in full flood. "Blossom" would have turned back with relief, but the importunate nurse lifted her up, and they crossed over, apparently on dry land. She woke, seeing the broad brown river rolling inexorably between herself and the village, and she knew that the Lord had called her to a path of lonely discipleship.

But she told no one, until some time later, when she attended a conference at the hospital. On the Sunday afternoon one of the

missionaries gave a simple but powerful message on the Lamb's Book of Life. He drew an open book on the blackboard, and invited anyone who knew for certain that their names were written there, to come and sign on the blank page. "Blossom" was among the five women and girls who came forward that afternoon. It was her first open testimony, the seal and ratification of her faith.

Her family had begun to realise that something was happening, and we were not encouraged to visit her, but there was no open opposition until after her father had died. She loved her father dearly. It was he who had carried her when she was little and lame, and championed and protected her, and she did not openly disobey him during his lifetime. Just about this time the family moved to the outskirts of the town, and "Blossom" was allowed to come and work as a servant in the doctor's house.

Here she was able to learn her letters daily, and she forged ahead, and as she learned more about the Bible she realised clearly that she could no longer keep the great muslim fast of Ramadan. This would certainly mean cutting the last link between her and her people, and she became quite ill with fretting and worrying. Her father had died by now, and her older brother ruled the household. They might easily turn her out or forfeit her part in the tiny inheritance. But in spite of her great fear, she went to her brother and told him of her decision.

The storm broke. He raved at her, and vowed she would be turned out of her home and disinherited if she persisted in her folly. Ill and distraught she was on the verge of giving in but many people were praying for her, and with trembling faith she obeyed the light Christ had shown her, and ate, and nothing that she had feared happened at all. The older brother dropped the subject, and she ate out of his sight and he asked no questions. The month passed uneventfully, except that her faith was greatly strengthened. She had proved that the God she served was able to deliver her, and it was safe to obey Him at all costs.

So she has grown on. She can read slowly now, and is always ready to teach others the simple truths of the Gospel, and the Lord is giving her many opportunities to speak with her family. Humble, loving, faithful in service, her life is a lesson to all. Last July, she and three others confessed Christ in baptism, being baptised by a national christian.

So as the missionary voices in this land are silenced, one by one, pray for "Blossom". There are no educated, influential, christian Moroccan women in this area, and upon "Blossom" and a few others like her, the task of leadership and evangelism will fall, if the church is to stand. God has indeed chosen the weak and foolish and those that are not, but if He commands and equips, they will be able. But they trust us to stand behind them in believing prayer. May God make us faithful, that we may not fail them.

From the Prayer Letters

STAR was twice questioned and forbidden to come again.

Then the watching got more intense, and for the sake of the girls we officially closed classes June 1st and told Star not to come to morning prayers for a time. Just two weeks later Light was taken ill so I had her here to nurse, and her two little girls came too. That was all in the Lord's wonderful plan, for all the people around knew she was here, so in true Moroccan fashion they all came to visit, what could the watchers do? They could not stop one of their own from being visited, so they ceased to watch! The flannel board was permanently up in Light's room and we had many lovely opportunities each day. Some believers came daily and it was good to give them real instruction. If I was busy cooking, Light herself testified to her visitors.

Books belonging to class girls gave a good excuse to visit their homes and return them, so we reached some with the Good News who had never before heard.

Since the middle of July girls who have believed or who are interested have come regularly. We have sat under the vine in the yard and sewed, help being given in making clothes for themselves or for their dolls, and of course being taught the Scriptures. It has all been so worth-while, in fact more profitable than before with the large classes.

Irene Dew
RABAT, MOROCCO

Here in Constantine, the Lord has been drying up our natural human resources that we might be driven to pray for supernatural

outpourings. Many people continue to be touched by the Gospel, and then drop away, leaving their places to others. Like a treadmill there is almost constant motion, but little permanent result. Many are prepared, like an oil-soaked brushpile just waiting for the touch of the match of Holy Spirit fire.

A significant development took place this year at the annual intermission Prayer Conference in Algiers in November. In an unusual way all present were unitedly burdened to pray for a new outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the many prepared hearts in Algeria. If a burden is a promise that the Lord wants to answer the prayer He has put in the heart, this is most encouraging. And it suddenly dawned on me that we are just now getting "in step" with a great body of God's people around the world. These, seeing the inrush of evil are praying for "revival in our time" as Billy Graham puts it.

Clyde Hiestand
CONSTANTINE, ALGERIA

SUBSCRIPTIONS

With this magazine we enclose an order form to act as a reminder should your subscription be due. We are pleased to send "Forward" to all who support the work both practically and prayerfully.

Ramadan

ELSIE MAXWELL

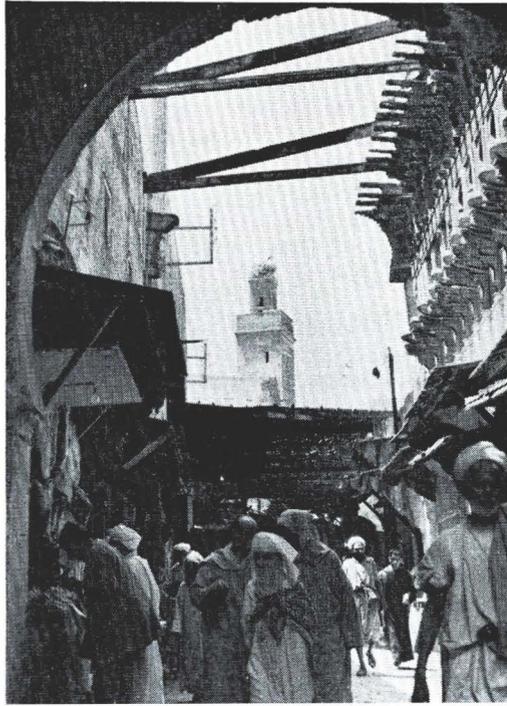
BUSY, every one is busy. There are a large number of folks getting ready for the special time of the year. You can feel the excitement in the air. This one is cleaning house and that one cooking the honey cakes and special sweets. The rich aromas drift from the kitchen to the streets as the cakes are carried to and from the ovens. The children who are growing up will be involved for the first time. A sense of pride enters the atmosphere. This is the main topic of conversation. Religious feeling otherwise not manifested in many comes to light. A new Koran is purchased. The gifts are sent to the poor. Then off to the baths to be purified to keep the celebration. Ah, there is the crescent of the ninth month and the Fast of Ramadan is proclaimed.

But the invisible signs make their presence known too. The bondage of keeping it when many have lost faith in the religion of their fathers. The social pressures to keep it and entertaining mean debts. People are more quarrelsome and the children upset by the change of routine. It is a physical strain to work all day not eating and then to be up at night. They repent from their sins but do not arrive at the forgiveness and peace. Next year they will fast and repent again. Then the next year . . . Where does it all end? Is there no lasting pardon? Can God be appeased?

How thrilling to know that

there is another group, though it be small, preparing for a celebration this same month. Of course there will be excitement and some extra food but not by obligation. It is a fete of joy and rest. A time to remember how they ceased from their working to accept the work of Christ, came out of bondage into abundant life, and received lasting pardon for sin.

Shall they not proclaim their joy? But there are problems to be faced. At this time fear would engulf them, family pressures mount, and society ostracises them. Satanic oppression is clearly felt. Can they stand the opposition? Will they be drawn into what the majority are doing? Could they attempt to keep both fetes? Oh that their faith fail not.



Literature Ministry

by the

RADIO SCHOOL OF THE BIBLE

“ONCE upon a time . . .” is an ideal way to begin messages addressed to North Africans, who, like all Africans, and many others, greatly appreciate stories.

The two quarterly magazines published by the Radio School of the Bible, “Clef de la Connaissance” and “Miftah-al-Ma-Arifa”, (“Key of Knowledge”) go primarily to North African teenagers. These young people, are for the most part, much less sophisticated than their counterparts in North America and Europe, and, for this reason, the presentation of the Gospel message in story form is particularly appealing to them. We take for our example in this area our Lord Himself, who used the parabolic method to such good effect in the presentation of His message to His listeners.

Already, many letters of appreciation and encouragement have come in from readers of the magazines, especially in response to stories. One young man from Fes, Morocco wrote, “All the articles please me, especially the one about the bars and the chains and the story of the tiger and the crocodile. The proverbs are the best that I have ever read”.

Another literary form that is much appreciated by Arabic people is poetry, for their language lends itself beautifully to this form of expression and they have a rich poetic heritage. Especially appreciated by our readers was a poem of witness written by a Moroccan who was brought to the Lord by the means of our correspondence courses. This young man has already contributed several poems speaking of his experience of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we trust that others will be encouraged to express themselves along these same lines.

“Clef de la Connaissance” and “Miftah-al-Ma-Arifa” are instruments of great strategic value in the work which we are carrying on. They are ideal complements of our Bible correspondence course ministry and often serve to revive the interest of those who have stopped studying the Bible lessons. They also complement our radio ministry, for we can adapt the radio messages and give them deeper treatment in this printed form. At present we are printing 12,000 copies of each magazine quarterly. These are sent without charge to the active and inactive students of our correspondence course programme and to those who write in response to the radio broadcasts.

“ OPPOSITION ” REPLY TO GOSPEL BROADCAST

YOUR letter (i.e. The Key of Knowledge) fell by chance into my hands. I understand that emphasis that you put on speaking of the Gospel of Christ, and that you call people to your religion. I tell you that you are in error and that, with all due respect, you are ignorant. Still more, you do not carefully study your book, the Gospel. For if you did you would see that the book which came down to our Lord Christ tells you of the coming of Mohammed, and that after the coming of Mohammed you must not follow any other religion than that of Mohammed.

You must understand that the religion of Mohammed is not reserved only for the Arabs or for any other people, but it is the religion for all men. For them, Mohammed is the sent-one of God, for all who are on earth and he is the last of the prophets. The religion of Mohammed is that which is in harmony with modern progress. That is why you should call men to the religion of Mohammed, to the precious Koran, not to the Gospel.

I do not say that Jesus is not a prophet. On the contrary he is a prophet sent by God to all His servants, but Mohammed has come and we must follow him, because all religions which precede that of Mohammed teach, announce and prepare it.

Final exhortation: Repent toward God, and believe in the true religion, the right religion before it is too late!

There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is His servant and His sent-one. The sent-one of God says that there is no difference between an Arab and a foreigner apart from piety, for only piety makes the difference between an Arab and a foreigner.

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At the tea break, someone talked with me about his vision for the work. I caught a glimpse of total commitment, and a very triumphant faith in God.

This time, as we prayed, the walls gave way, and all of Algeria stretched out before us, and I heard the petitions of men and women of faith and vision and courage and love as they

prayed for the people of this country. God gave a sense of belonging to each other for His service, and I felt that the Lord Jesus was praying, “That they may be one . . .”

The final service was communion. Time stopped. The room was still.

Yes, we are very ordinary people. But here in Algeria I have begun to see what an extraordinary Lord Jesus we serve.

Missionary Conference

LOIS ROWE

YOU know, sometimes missionaries seem like dreadfully ordinary people.

Perhaps it was the weather. It was chilly and damp, and threatening to rain. Or the cold in my head: such an undignified way to suffer martyrdom. Maybe it was the three hours of Arabic studies I had put in before arriving, or simply the disorientation of my first three weeks in the country. Perhaps it was the number of new people I had met and was still meeting. Anyhow, my first impressions of my first missionary prayer conference were anything but positive ones.

Because I felt that way, I thought everyone else looked tired and sick, too. A number, like me, were coughing, and I know some were weary.

Differences in denominational and cultural and language backgrounds made communication rather shaky at times. The conference was in French. There were Swiss, German, Finnish, Dutch, Algerian, English and many different kinds of American accents in evidence.

We were a strange mixture of ages, too, all the way from the teenage children of missionaries to loving grandmotherly types. There weren't enough strong young men.

Some of the missionaries had been living alone and in remote areas. Some were lonesome for children in far-away boarding schools. Some hadn't received

any money for quite a while, and some, like me, had funny accents.

Then the Lord Himself drew near, and we began to pray. I asked Him for His point of view. "How can a group of such different people as we are be used to help to build Your Church here?"

"Where there is no vision the people perish", He said, as the prayers began. "I have given that woman a vision for the student world here in Algeria. It was I who gave that man a vision for the Bible correspondence course work. This man has a vision for revival. That one sees a national Church emerging, and he has begun to sense a pattern for it, too. And listen! Do you hear those prayers? I gave those two Algerians a vision of Myself, and they have never forgotten it."

Then He began to move about, here and there, among those who were praying, and it seemed to me that now and again someone caught a glimpse of Him. Individuals drew very close to each other as they prayed for the activities of various ministries in Algeria. There was unity, and a quiet assurance that God would answer prayer.

He spoke to me, too, and I knew I would have to trust Him for the cold in my head, my Arabic studies, and the strangeness of being new. I took His promise for a spiritual ministry, too, as people prayed.

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Mr. John Thompson talking to youth in Fez book-shop.

CONTRASTS

HOWARD & MARY DEARBORN

NEWSMEN were already preparing their cameras as a glimmering Air - France Caravelle eased its way on to the runway and started taxi-ing toward the terminal. A delegation was waiting as jet engines whined to a halt, and after exchanging official greetings, the foreign minister of another Arab state was whisked through the VIP lounge and into a waiting limousine.

A dirty little child looked up as he heard a siren in the distance. A motorcycle, the limousine, and another motorcycle roared by at a brisk pace, and all were gone before he even had time to ask himself who it might be. He had seen it all before. Unconcerned, he stooped over and picked up more stones, which he was soon throwing at a little kitten who was trying vainly to hide itself in an uneven spot in the wall.

Such is life in Tunis these days.

The Arab world is in turmoil, but living goes on as usual as far as the majority of people are concerned. Modern communications do not seem to change much, but they do make people think. As they think, more and more muslims see that they need something other than Islam to meet their needs. But if modern communications have pointed out his need, modern world tensions have made the muslim harder to reach.

A modern educated Arab tends to reason that Europeans are christians by culture, even if they do not particularly believe Christianity. Church leaders doubt the existence of God, and their doubts do not go unnoticed. A muslim then must be a muslim by culture, whether or not he believes Islam—lest he weaken his country. Thus the President of Tunisia calls for a revival within Islam, even though he admits in the same interview that he does not practice it.

“TWO whole weeks’ holiday from school, what are you going to do?”, the fourteen year old girls asked each other as they gathered waiting for the film strip to begin.

“I am going to Casablanca to-morrow to visit my uncle.”

“We are going to Sidi Bouzid to visit the saint’s tomb. My little brother is ill and we heard anyone who visits him is healed. Besides, it is near the sea.”

“My father said if I want to stay in school I had better study or he is going to marry me to my cousin.”

“I have to stay home and take care of my brothers and sisters. My mother said we don’t have time for feast days.” This from Nufeesa.

Naima didn’t join in the conversation. Her friend Chama hadn’t come and she just did not associate with those sillier girls. She leafed through a magazine. The new dresses caught her eye and she forgot the other girls until the books were gathered and the lights put out.

The film strip today was about a year old lamb that God told all the Israelites to kill one day and put the blood on the door. This was so that the angel of death would see their faith and pass by the house. “God says without the shedding of blood there is no forgiveness of sin—Jesus is the Lamb of God slain to bear the sins of the world.”

As the lights went on there was a silence. “Let’s play ‘poor pussy’”, screeched Rabia and the film strip was forgotten. Or was it?

Rabia, her mother, sister, brother, aunt and the baby left early the next morning each carrying a blanket and some food. They could have taken the bus, but they walked instead. It only took an hour to get to the saint’s tomb. There were a lot of other people on the way, too. Each tomb has little rooms to rent and they would stay there overnight. The doctor for whom the mother worked had given her two days’ holiday. He had treated the baby but it was said that this saint healed everyone who went there. Actually she was only keeping the baby for a friend who had too many to take care of.

“There is really a strong wind from the sea today”, cautioned Rabia’s mother. “Cover the baby well.” The baby lay quietly

strapped to Rabia's back. Every now and then he coughed so that all stopped to offer him a drink or a pat on the back. At last they arrived. They knew almost everyone else there. Making mint tea was the first thing they did for everyone was thirsty after the long walk.

The next evening they returned, glad the trip was downhill. The baby coughed quite a bit but the women all said that meant he was better for after all wasn't that saint able to cure everyone? Rabia herself was sniffing—it had been damp in there. As she walked she remembered, "The Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world." It had been a good holiday so far—from the killing of the sheep until now. Too bad that what the foreigners said was not for her. "Sin of the world." But, no, she was a muslim. It wasn't for her.

"Rabia, I said, stop your day dreaming and cover the baby. The wind is very strong."

BEAT! BEAT! BEAT!

BARBARA LISTER

LAST night I watched as the nurse midwife listened to the fetal heartbeat of the baby. Then after a few more instructions to the mother, a child was born. I was the nurse on call to help the midwife if she needed anything. After the delivery I came back to the house to sleep. But I was wide awake so I began reading from Daily Readings from the Moffat Translation of the Bible, and read these words, "Truly, truly, I tell you, unless one is born of the Spirit, he cannot enter God's Realm. What is born of the flesh is flesh: what is born of the Spirit is spirit. Do not wonder at me telling you, 'You must all be born from above.'"

I wondered if that little child would ever hear those words that he had to be born from above or born again. Would he know that this was possible because many

years ago another child was born into this world to be the Saviour of the world?

BEAT! BEAT! BEAT! No, not another baby, but an hour later I heard the drums beating as the man walked up and down in the streets in the middle of the night. It was the job of these men to beat the drums in order to wake up the people. Then the people must get up and prepare their meals and eat them before sunrise. This is the month of Ramadan. The people fast from sunrise to sunset. All this is done to make themselves righteous before God.

It is an especially trying time for christians because if they do not fast and are found out, they can be criminally persecuted and jailed. Your prayers for them can enable them to claim God's saving and keeping power during this time.

Omar

STEVE VISHANOFF

OMAR'S broad smile is so strong we can feel it even before opening the door for him. There he stands, with his head cocked a little to one side, that smile spread across his brown face. He brings his bike in with him into the central courtyard with clatter and chatter. A true North African, he enquires carefully about the health of each of us—especially of the baby. As often as not it's almost supper time, and my wife retires to the kitchen to do battle with oil, rice, tomato sauce, green peppers and onion, while we relax in the living room. He has many a story and enjoys talking! I owe him many impressions of North African life.

Like many North Africans Omar was born in the country, in a community of small farmers. The family moved to the city in hope of a better life, and he and his brothers have grown up in a part of town which although new and pleasant in comparison with the oldest parts of some North African cities, is nevertheless a pretty touch section. Not a few of his tales end with wham! bam! It seems that Omar is a pretty good scrapper and until recently found it hard to stay out of a fight. We often talk about sports, friends and family too.

Omar deeply feels the surging emotions and battles in his home, where two families live crowded together. He wants them to have the Lord as their source of peace, but he sees little to encourage him. His own peace with God began years before we arrived here. He spent many hours in the homes of missionaries who used to live here. If I suggest a new verse of Scripture for us to learn together, the chances are that he already knows it! We often talk about his friends among the believers here, just because they are so important to Omar. One of his friends remarked that Omar is growing steady and dependable. We are all glad with him over the job he has held for some months now. It's a new success in his life.

But Omar's happy face has sometimes turned long and sad these days. Like so many young men he has been faced with the question of further training and military service. There is pressure from within the family for him to go to Europe, join an industrial training programme and come back "someone"—someone with money and better earning power. You can probably feel how his crowded family situation might push him to leave, in spite of his concern for his family. But if he goes, he had better come back "someone"!

Some of Omar's friends wanted him to stay if he could and get a year or more of work experience before leaving. During the weeks after he applied for his passport, Omar himself seemed

unhappy about leaving. He had been encouraged to seek his orders from the Lord alone, remembering love and respect for his family. The decision and the prospect of leaving weighed heavily on him. None could share with him in responsibility for the results. Once he sat down, frowned a little sadly, and added up the salary he could earn by staying on the job a few more months to work on a special installation outside of the city.

This morning everything seemed right again. At long last he had the passport—beautiful green, and very impressive, though the photo of Omar was only so-so. Omar was serious this morning, but he no longer seemed sad. He left quickly to pay some calls. In a few days, even before you read this, he expects to have left for Europe.

Across North Africa, other young men are leaving for Europe, entering the University, signing up to get their military service out of the way, landing that first big job, or getting married. Among them are a few like Omar who know God and have a lot to contribute to their generation. We keep saying it, we can't forget it! We'll miss Omar a lot. Thinking of him, we'll be reminded to pray for others like him. We hope you'll join us.

NORTHERN IRELAND DEPUTATION

ROBERT I. BROWN

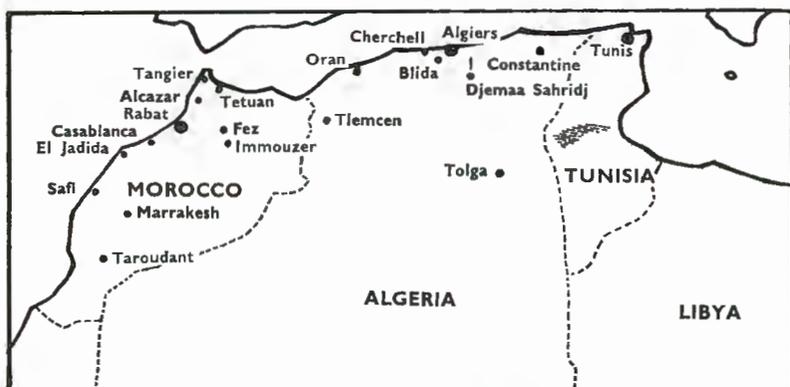
The Mission is well represented in Northern Ireland by its energetic local Secretary, Mr. Allen and his gracious young wife. We are also privileged to have much help from Mrs. D. Watson who, with her husband, spent many years in the Sahara as missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. F. Ewing who have just retired from the Field are also free for some deputation.

It was our privilege on this occasion to give ten lectures to the students of the Belfast Bible College and to address over 40 meetings during our stay.

Ireland is a warm-hearted, responsive country in which to minister

and perhaps because of the great battles in her own history, religious as well as political, they are the more prepared to take a sympathetic interest in a Field as resistant to the Gospel as is North Africa.

A great feature of our visit was the number of Christian Workers Unions we were privileged to address where there is a keen spirit of prayer. To get to some of these meetings involved us in some complicated travel to out of the way places with unpronounceable names, but the effort was worth while. May the Lord send us many new young workers from this privileged and much blessed people.



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