

The N.A.M. News Letter

OFFICE OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION, 34, BISHAM GARDENS, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N. 6

No. 9

EDITED BY E. J. LONG, F.R.S.G.S.

JAN.-FEB. 1940



Photo by]

SCHOOL FOR MOORISH GIRLS AT MARRAKECH

[E. J. Long

Methods of Missionary Work

2. CLASSES FOR NATIVE CHILDREN

NO work for Christ the world over is more joyfully worth while than that among the young; and many of our workers in North Africa are wisely spending much of their time in teaching the saving Scriptures to the children that they have gathered around them.

The child of Moslem parents who spends many hours of every month in the happy atmosphere of the missionary classes, listening

to Bible stories, singing Gospel choruses, and memorising passages from the Word of God, cannot possibly grow up without being profoundly influenced.

Indeed, an actual examination, made over a wide area and embracing a great number of converts, reveals the fact that the majority of them are the product of the orphanage, the day-school, and the various classes held at the Mission house.

The above photograph shows some of the eighty or more Moorish girls of the fine school at Marrakech, under the able charge

Page one

(when we visited it) of Mademoiselle Couleru and Miss Maltman, missionaries of the Southern Morocco Mission. At few, if any, of the classes for girls held by missionaries of the North Africa Mission is this remarkable attendance approximated; but certain it is that there is scarcely an N.A.M. centre in which boys and girls are not regularly gathered together, in larger or smaller companies, for consecutive instruction in the saving truths of the Gospel.

“A Little Child Shall Lead Them”

HERE is an anecdote illustrating work among children that is as delightful as it is convincing:—

A lady missionary, anxious to assure that the best Christmas presents—received from kindly friends in the Homeland—should go to the most deserving children, conceived quite a brilliant idea. She decided that the best gift of all should go to the girl who was able to recount accurately the greatest number of Bible stories, together with their spiritual application—the latter a most important condition.

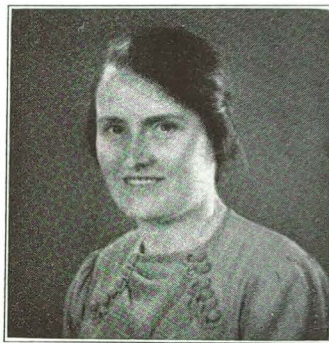
Most amazingly, the first prize was won by a senior girl at all, but by a mere mite of seven. She occupied one entire morning (incidentally wearing out the patience of the other children, and even taxing the endurance of the missionary herself) by narrating, in vivid detail, no fewer than twenty-five Bible stories, emphasising in every instance the truths that they taught! So fresh was she at the end of it all, that she cheerfully volunteered to tack on a full account of the Creation story!

Have we not every encouragement to pray for the salvation of these dear children? *“It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that ONE of these little ones should perish.”*

A New Recruit for Kabylia

MISS MARJORIE MARSH is a younger sister of Mr. Chas. Marsh of Lafayette, Algeria. Brought to the Lord in 1926, she has since had considerable experience in Christian work. This includes not only Sunday School teaching and the visiting of hospitals and lodging-houses, but several years as an associate worker of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews—admirable training for a missionary candidate.

When the door to China was closed on account of Miss Marsh's health, this testimony for Christ among the Jewish girls of the East End of London maintained our sister's active interest in missionary work; until in 1936 she was privileged to pay a brief visit to her brother and his wife at Lafayette. Out yonder, a first-hand impression of the great need of the Kabyle women and girls led to the burden of prayer being laid upon Miss Marsh in a new way; but it was not until the summer of the following year that she felt a personal call to labour for the Lord among these same needy folk.



Miss Marjorie Marsh

The last day of the old year, 1937, found our sister arriving at the Mission Foyer in Paris, an accepted candidate of the N.A.M. During the sojourn in Paris with Mr. and Mrs. Warren, not only was progress made in French, but there was a confirmation of the Lord's call; and a month or two ago Miss Marsh sailed for Algiers—a member of one of our little war-time parties of returning missionaries.

We earnestly pray that our sister may be greatly blessed, both in the home of her brother and among the needy souls to whom the Lord has sent her.

Tangier Spanish Gospel Mission

THERE are cheering evidences that the Lord is wonderfully undertaking for our friends Señor and Señora Padilla in their splendid work among the Spaniards of cosmopolitan Tangier.

The Sunday services are being very well attended, the Sunday School has been re-started with about forty children, and the Thursday Girls' Class has been resumed under the leadership of a native member of the assembly.

The Lord is laying the burden of prayer upon the many that attend the Wednesday prayer meeting, whilst several of the Spanish friends have volunteered to help in the important work of visitation.

The present conflict in which our nation is involved is apt to make us forget the recent tragic struggle in Spain, with its grave repercussions—still acutely felt—upon Spanish life and Gospel testimony in Northern Morocco.

So, lest we speedily forget again, let us offer up a wee prayer for the dear Padillas and their work *now!*

Tunis Gospel Broadcast

A LETTER just received from Mr. Stanley Miles of Tunis thrills us with the news that, despite the war, the Saturday evening Gospel broadcasts from the Tunis radio station are being continued. How wonderfully God has answered prayer in maintaining this unique testimony in a needy land!

We should be thankful if our readers, who doubtless remember these broadcasts in their private petitions, would also do their utmost to assure that the various prayer meetings with which they are associated likewise seek the Lord's enabling grace for Mrs. Miles (who does the actual broadcasting) and her husband as together, week by week, they tax heart and brain in preparation of messages that must be proving, under God's gracious blessing, words of Life to many.

A Missionary writes concerning—

THE ROSE . . .

“WHAT a gorgeous bunch of grapes! Yes, it was grown in the open air by a missionary in North Africa, and weighed 5 lb. 6 oz. I can imagine my young friends saying, ‘What lucky people!’ And so we are; for, in the summer, grapes are exceedingly plentiful, and luscious melons are brought to market by the ton. But, since there may be older readers already making up their minds that people living in such a paradise no longer need their fellowship in material things, I must add that commodities that are *imported*, such as butter, cheese, and even potatoes, cost considerably more than in the Homeland. Imported food supplies are always expensive; home-grown produce is far cheaper.

“We are really glad to be able to follow the advice so often placarded in England: ‘Eat More Fruit.’ There are even times when we are obliged to confess *we cannot!*”

. . . AND ITS THORN

“But ‘there is no rose without its thorn’: I have only shown half the picture. The fine boy, with such a clear skin and a lively twinkle in his eye, knows fully the value of fruit; but he is discovering, as a missionary's child, that life is not all

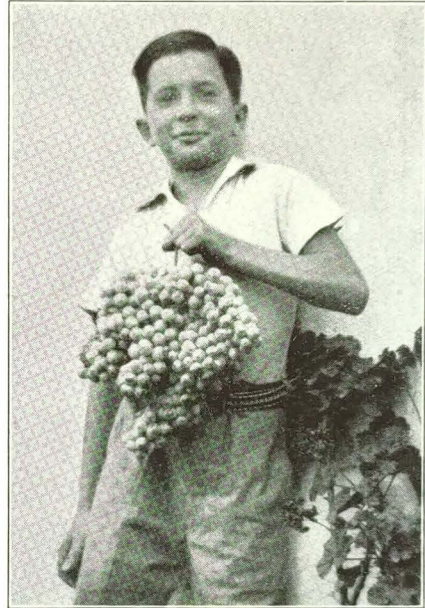


Photo from Grapes of Kabylia [Mr. S. Arthur

sweetness. No longer is he able to live at home with his parents. At the age of ten and a half, having learnt all there was to pick up at a small country school with one teacher, he began his secondary studies—far from home. Once a year he has the joy of seeing his parents and sisters during the summer holidays. This year, on account of the war, it has not been fully possible. And next year?

“Will anyone pretend that the absence of one's children, even when cared for by the best of friends, finds its compensation in the fact that grapes grow in profusion in one's garden? No!

“The fact that so many of my fellow-workers are in a similar position to myself, or approaching the time of separation from

their children, prompts me to make this little appeal—not to your pockets, but to your hearts :

“ When you have remembered, by prayer and gifts, missionaries and native converts, and the dusky wee children that attend the missionaries’ classes, do not forget the missionaries’ own children ! A Christmas card, a game, or even a holiday invitation, can mean such a lot to a missionary’s lonely child.”

The Native Haïk

THE veil that has for thirteen centuries hidden the features of Moslem women from all save their nearest of kin, dates from the time when Mohammed, jealous of the charms of his youngest wife, decreed that thenceforth all Moslem women should hide their faces from the eyes of strange men.



Photo by]

A Native “Haïk”

[E. J. Long

In North Africa the *haïk* exists in many hues and materials, and is worn in a great variety of styles, the fashion changing from town to town, sometimes even from village to village. The Sousse *haïk* is more often than not of black wool, loosely woven on the native hand-loom. It is roughly a yard and a half wide, and six yards long. The snapshot gives some idea of the immense quantity of material utilised.

Why a black *haïk* ? Partly from considerations of economy in washing ; partly through a slavish and unimaginative adherence to age-long custom ; but largely, one would judge, because a fold of the *haïk* itself serves

in Sousse as a face-veil. Being black, there is no sun-glare, such as would cause great inconvenience were a white or light-toned material employed.

Alas, a heavier veil still is “ upon their heart ” ; but, praise God, many a native Christian woman in North Africa to-day is rejoicing in the fact that *both* these veils are “ done away ” in Christ.

Homecall of Mr. A. Finotto

WE have lost a singularly gracious worker through the Homecall, on November 17th, at Ellikon, Switzerland, of Signor Auguste Finotto.

Our veteran brother—he was in his 72nd year—was associated with the North Africa Mission for just a quarter of a century, the greater part of which was spent in Tunisia.

Of Italian nationality, Signor Finotto spoke French and German with the fluency, one judged, of his mother tongue ; whilst his English, the very quaintness of which endeared him to us, was at least a useful commodity.

Apart from his services to the Italian work at Bizerta and Tunis, our brother’s linguistic gifts qualified him in a peculiar way for work among soldiers of the French foreign legion, and during the latter ten years of his missionary career at Saïda, Algeria, Mr. Finotto was greatly blessed to these “ stepsons of France.”

Ever since his return (on furlough) to Switzerland in the summer of 1938 our friend’s health had been failing, and his recovery from a severe heart attack some months ago surprised even the doctor.

Now this faithful servant of Christ is at rest, but a devoted wife and daughters mourn his loss ; and to them we would express our deepest sympathy.

LATE NEWS:

TWO MORE VETERANS CALLED HOME.

Miss C. S. Jennings, who spent more than fifty years of her life in missionary work in Morocco, fell peacefully asleep on December 20, having survived, by a few weeks only, her former missionary companion, Mademoiselle M. L. Nicolet, who was taken to be with Christ on October 23.

Fuller details will be furnished in the next “ NEWS LETTER,” D.V.