

Continuing "NORTH AFRICA"

# The N.A.M. News Letter



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

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A KABYLE VILLAGE

"The mountains opposite rising to more than 7,000 feet above sea-level"

(See article below: "Ordinary Days")

## Ordinary Days

No. 2

THE alarm clock went off at 4 a.m., for I was to be at the bus office at 4.30. A hasty snack (for a piece of half-baked bread, with a little marmalade spread on it, washed down by a cup of thermos-flask coffee, could hardly be called a

"breakfast") and I was on my way to the rendezvous appointed the previous evening.

I was not the first there by any means, and when permission was given to get into the bus I was carried off my feet by an impetuous rush of men, all eager to be on their way to the market of M—, where they had business—or

imagined they had! I did not get a seat, but the driver kindly allowed me to sit in the corner next to him—a comfortable seat except when, in swinging the bus round stiff corners (and there were lots of them) his elbow dug into my ribs!

The climb was the usual Kabyle road—up, up, up until we reached a point higher than any mountain-top in England, with hundreds of turnings, many of them hairpin bends. The mountains were opposite, rising to more than 7,000 feet above sea-level; the tremendous ravines were alongside. On the road were obstructions galore—donkeys (both varieties, for many of the older men have no sense of speed, and dawdle along even when the car is almost upon them), mules, camels (awkward impediments when broadside-on!), bullocks and calves—were negotiated; and we reached the market at 7 a.m.

The display of goods was considerable—much of it ex-army material, such as ground-sheets, greatcoats, R.A.F. tunics complete with buttons and stripes, blankets, and the like. How much stolen stuff was mingled with it I dare not try to estimate; but I do know that great quantities of clothing were stolen from camps and convoys during the recent campaign in North Africa. It is interesting to note that probably half the native men are wearing some article of army issue, British or American!

Early in the day I encountered a man who bought from me quite a stock of books—a little library in itself. Then it became a case of book by book, tract by tract. Until I met the boys! They were enthusiasts. It must have been the first time many of them had seen Christian books, for it has not been possible for me to reach this market, hidden in the mountains, since 1944. They quickly emptied my bag—big books, Gospels and tracts—in spite of the fact that I was carrying more stock than I have ever sold there on any previous occasion.

The question was asked me the other day, "Are these books read?" I replied with another: "Are your sermons meditated upon?" May I now present two pictures from this week's experiences?

First picture. In a native café I found a Kabyle standing on a bench reading from a Gospel in his own language to a crowd of men and boys who were listening intently, and who would certainly repeat and discuss the passage they had just heard when walking home, or in their own villages.

Second picture. At the close of the market yesterday I found a number of boys, all along

the streets, standing with their backs to the wall and reading the Gospels they had themselves paid for. Some were surrounded by a little group of friends; others were reading quietly to themselves.

Yes! They **are** read! I do not say all of them.

Azazga, my Mission station, was reached after an absence of more than twenty-four hours. A lift in a small van took me to the place where I spent the night. Then I found a bus going to the market; and, returning, was lucky to obtain lifts without much waiting.

"Ordinary days." And yet **great** days, even if tiring days.

**Mr. S. Arthur, Azazga, Algeria.**

## *Food, Fuel and the Franc*

Coal, £11 a ton; offal, 10s. a pound in Paris. Butter, 10s. a pound; sweetened condensed milk, 2s. 8d. a tin in Tunis. Such are the fantastic prices that are being demanded of our missionaries during these months when the cost of living mounts inexorably to ever more dizzy heights. In Morocco, the price of a number of commodities trebled during 1947.

Some might be tempted to say, "Why, the remedy is simple. Just send your missionaries double the usual allowance each month!" But even if the funds were available, permission would not be granted by H.M. Treasury to act in this way. On the contrary, in common with all other Missionary Societies sending money to foreign countries, we have been informed by the Government that our transmissions during 1948 must not exceed 75 per cent. of the 1947 "quota." At the very moment, therefore, when our workers were finding the struggle to make ends meet well-nigh impossible, the Government said: "You must not send more funds abroad; you must send less."

It is our earnest desire that our missionaries should "live adequately and without excessive financial anxiety." Is our Heavenly Father **less** concerned? Far be the thought! But, when Governmental restrictions that cannot be evaded make the problem a seemingly insoluble one, "is thy God . . . able to deliver thee?"

Indeed He is! And He **has** delivered! For the recent devaluation of the franc means that every pound we send out to the Field will henceforth buy almost double the amount of commodities. (Yet still our prayers are needed—that the French authorities may find some effective means of "pegging-down" the prices at their present level. Otherwise, of course,

the pound sterling will continue to purchase less and less.)

How wonderfully, then, our Heavenly Father proves His sovereignty in the realm of finance! Behind our Lord's "Be not anxious!" there is Heaven's infinitely resourceful Ministry of Supply!

## Two New Recruits

We are happy to report the acceptance by the N.A.M. Council of two further missionary candidates.

**Miss Mary Huntington**, who hails from Manchester, is a Redcliffe Missionary Training College graduate, and has gone to Paris to study French at the *Alliance Française*. During her sojourn in the French metropolis our sister will, like Miss Hutchinson, be staying at our Paris *Foyer*—now under the able supervision of the Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Procter.



Miss MARY HUNTINGTON

In due course we are hoping that Miss Huntington will be able to join Miss C. A. Bowring in the European work at Casablanca, where help is urgently needed.

**Miss Christiana Roberts** is a member of St. James's Evangelical Free Church, Worthing, the Pastor of which—the Rev. Harold W. Fife—is one of our Council members. A trained nurse, Miss Roberts has recently passed her final Midwifery examination, and is to proceed almost at once to Tangier, where for one year she will be assisting the staff of the Tulloch Memorial Hospital. Should it become clear, by the end of that period, that the Lord is calling Miss Roberts to full-time missionary work in Morocco, the Council will be happy to review the situation.

We shall greatly value our readers' prayers for these two newcomers to our ranks.



Miss CHRISTIANA ROBERTS

## Homecall of Medani the Evangelist

Medani had the frame of a giant, the heart of a mystic and the gentleness of a lamb. I first met him at the Mission House at Tebessa twenty years ago, and have no difficulty in recalling the kindly face, the massive hand, the old-world courtesy. There lingers a memory, too, of morning prayers, when Medani read from the Arabic Bible with mellow fluency, and led us in worship with true unction.

Those were the days, too, when some of Medani's outstanding missionary friends were still with us: Mr. Evan Short, Miss Daisy Povoas, and Mr. Cyril Morriss.

In his latter years Medani was a wanderer—a free lance, unencumbered by matrimonial ties, who would vanish for long periods into Southern Tunisia. He had many extraordinary adventures, and endured uncomplainingly much privation and persecution for Christ's sake.

Here are some extracts from a letter that he wrote to Mr. Evan Short in 1936. They reveal the tender heart of the man:

"Salutations! Do not blame me for rarely writing, for I went to the Hamama desert and remained there twenty-two days. There lived the father of a household, a good man who treated me very well. He was ill a little. I travelled around and returned to him and he welcomed me. I read to him the miracles of the Lord Jesus, and how He came to this world and died for sinners. He wept much, until I began to weep with him. Then his illness increased till he died.

"I did not leave him. His family came for him to witness, and he would not say their witness [that is, to his faith in Mohammed: Ed.]. I said to him, 'Let the Saviour, the Lord Jesus, be in your heart.' He smiled and died. They buried him, and I was with him. . . ."

And then, after telling of his own sickness and sufferings, Medani concluded: "O my brother, I am not afraid. This noble work has dwelt in my heart and members and thought; and has become my meat and drink. There remains nothing which distracts me from the work of Christ, Who died for me. If my Mighty One receives me, I am always happy, as the Apostle Paul said: 'If I died, it is to Christ; if I lived—to Christ.' I pray Him to keep me until I finish my service; and I a

branch abiding in the Vine, and that the Word of God may be sown in good ground, I and all the believers. For the time draws near and the day is spent. . . . Pray for us as we pray for all the believers. Let us increase prayer for each other, and purify our hearts and prepare them. The deeds of evil have increased . . . we are sleeping, and the time of Lot and Noah has come, and people are careless, and have forgotten the Almighty."

During the war years we lost contact with Medani; but a few weeks ago Mr. Ewing, itinerating in Eastern Algeria, and visiting Tebessa, learnt of our worthy brother's decease.

Less than a month ago Mr. S. Arthur, our missionary at Azazga, received the following letter from a young native of Tebessa named Khaldi Ali: "Medani is no longer with us. He died nearly two months ago, after four years of grievous illness. During the war he was robbed by the Germans and the house burned down. He was more than friend and father to me: he was my spiritual guide. The approach of death found him faithful and ready. He and his Bible were inseparable, and he desired that I should wrap it in linen and see that it was buried with him. From my earliest years he instructed me out of his vast knowledge of the Scriptures. Now I am alone—dreadfully alone."

That is a noble tribute: an epilogue that might well be an epitaph.

Medani of Tebessa; Beddai of Tunis; Lekhedar of Bougie: North Africa is much the poorer for their passing. Let us pray earnestly that the Lord will raise up successors of similar calibre to bear aloft the Torch in a darkening Moslem world.

E. J. L.

## *Selling the Scriptures to Moslem and Jew*

Nothing conduces to praying "with the understanding" so much as a clear mental picture of the missionary amidst the actual circumstances of his daily life and witness. **Mr. Frank Ewing** of Constantine is a conscientious worker and an especially patient letter-writer; and we consider his last two letters of particular value in that they give, by virtue of their detailed and accurate character, a vivid impression of the missionary-colporteur at work. The record is so verbally precise that little is demanded of the imagination; yet our sympathies quicken as we find ourselves sharing

our brother's alternations of encouragement and disappointment. A perusal of the following paragraphs from Letter Number One will, we are confident, result in a two-fold conviction—that such work is profoundly worth while, and that our courageous and resourceful brother deserves our hearty support in prayer:—

You will be interested to learn of my visit to Tebessa (Eastern Algeria) to do colportage work. I went there with a dual purpose—to sell the Scriptures and to see **Si Medani** [see preceding paragraph.—Ed.].

Shortly after my arrival I went to the Arab Market outside the old city walls and began offering God's Word for sale. I sold some French Testaments and Arabic Gospels.

The following day, Wednesday, I visited European houses, but only sold two French Testaments, which was rather discouraging.

I discovered the house where Medani used to live, and was informed that he had died over a year ago. Later I was told by a young Arab that he was buried at Nefta, Tunisia. This young man maintained that Medani read God's Word daily, and was a Christian to the day of his death.

On Thursday I visited a café and read the story of the Prodigal Son to two Arabs. . . . Whilst I was putting before them the way of Salvation one of them got up and went out. Evidently the talk did not please him. His companion stayed on, and I gave him John's Gospel in Arabic. That afternoon I sold my first French Bible.

The following morning I sold another French Bible—this time to a young Jew, who had apparently been desirous of buying one for some time. Shortly afterwards I had a long talk with an old Jew who—characteristically!—wanted to buy a Hebrew Pentateuch for fifty francs instead of at the catalogued price of eighty.

During the conversation he declared that the Jews did not kill Jesus, but that Pilate, the Roman Governor, was responsible for His death. I told him that the Jews *were* responsible for the death of Christ, for when Pilate wanted to release Him, the Jews cried "His blood be on us and on our children!" A few years afterwards the judgment of God fell on them, through the Roman Emperor Titus, who sacked Jerusalem and massacred the population.

I told him that Christ was coming back again, and that He would reign over the earth, and that the Jews would acknowledge Him as the Messiah. He was very interested in all that I said.

In the afternoon, whilst I was talking to an Arab outside the Central Police Station—I had a Bible with some Testaments and Gospels in my hand—a French policeman approached, and asked me the price of the Bible. When I told him, he asked me to follow him, and he led me into the Police Station. He showed the Bible to his

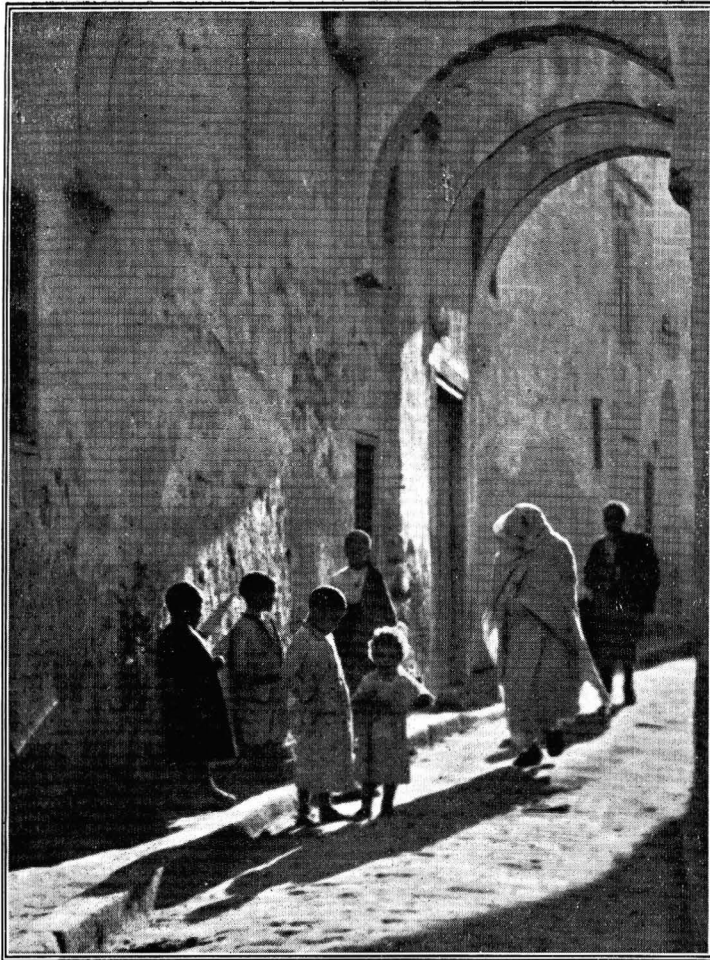


Photo by]

IN A TUNISIAN BY-WAY

[E.J.L.

The Moslem world in miniature—typical of the men, women and children we are trying to reach with the Gospel.

superior officer, who looked at it, and then said that he already possessed a copy. The policeman bought the Bible, and I gave him the Scripture Gift Mission booklets "The Way of Salvation" and "Words of Comfort and Consolation," which he gratefully received.

Shortly after this I went into a Jewish shop, where I sold a French Bible and a number of booklets specially written for Jews. Whilst I was in the shop another Jew entered and I had an interesting conversation with him. I showed him that Christ was the Messiah, and that He was born of the Virgin Mary, His coming into the world and His death being predicted in Genesis, when the Lord said to the serpent that the Seed of woman should bruise the serpent's head. I also showed him that the crucifixion was foretold in Psalm 22, 16, where it says: "They pierced My

hands and My feet." I then gave him and the shopkeeper copies of "The Way of Salvation," which they were very glad to receive.

After a cup of coffee, which they kindly offered me, I went with a young man to the synagogue service which was being held on account of a recent death. The congregation chanted Psalm 29. Every time the name of God was mentioned they bowed their heads as a token of reverence. I could not help thinking of that verse which says: "This people honoureth Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me." I prayed that the Lord would be pleased to remove the veil which is on their hearts, and that He would turn their hearts to Himself.

When I was leaving the synagogue with the young Jew, I saw a plate in the wall with the name of God engraven on it. He touched the Name with his finger, then put his finger to his head, and then to his lips. He appeared to be a very devout Jew.

When we got outside I had a long conversation with him, and told him how I came to the Lord Jesus, and accepted Him as my own personal Saviour. I told him that it is impossible to keep the law of Moses, as we are all sinners, and already under the judgment of God. Yet God so loved the world that He gave His Son to die for us on the Cross, and Christ by His death has made it possible for us to have our sins forgiven. If we accept Christ as our Saviour, then judgment for our sins will not be demanded, as He was judged in our place; and

God will not twice demand payment for our sins.

We separated outside the hotel where I was staying.

On Saturday morning, whilst going round from shop to shop, I noticed two policemen and a civilian standing talking together. As I approached this little group one of the policemen walked away. I asked the other two if they would like to buy a Bible. The civilian asked me if it was "Protestant." I replied that it was neither Protestant nor Catholic, the Old Testament being translated from the Hebrew and the New Testament from the Greek. I said it was for both Protestants and Catholics. So he bought the Bible, and with it I gave him a copy of "The Way of Salvation."

Soon after leaving these young men I was approached by an Arab who wanted to know what

I was selling. I told him that I was selling the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the Law of Moses. He remained with me the rest of the morning, telling me that his parents died when he was young, and that he was brought up by Medani. He was with the latter when he passed away. When I asked him if *he* was a believer also, he replied that he was brought up by Medani, so of course he was a Christian.

I then assured him that although I had myself been brought up in a Christian home I did not become a Christian until I came to the Lord Jesus, confessed my sins, and accepted Him as my Saviour. I showed him that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God, and that the forgiveness of sins is absolutely essential here and now in order to be prepared for the call that will inevitably come for us to leave this scene. Before leaving him I gave him the little booklet "God's Way of Salvation."

Pray that the contacts made and the Seed sown during my five days in Tebessa may produce fruit for eternity, to the glory of the Heavenly Husbandman.

## *The Taming of Jonas*

Yesterday Monsieur Dechicot (the recently-baptised French schoolmaster) took the big boys' class in the Sunday school. They were really getting very unruly, and I was quite anxious, and asked the Lord to show me what to do.

Then, without being asked, Monsieur Dechicot offered to come. I was very thankful indeed, and gladly accepted. Some of the lively spirits who came prepared for fun were struck almost dumb at finding themselves turned over to a proper French schoolmaster.

The ring-leader is named Jonas (French for "Jonah"), and he did not know what to make of it when Monsieur Dechicot said what a nice name he had, and asked if he knew the story of Jonah. Altogether we had a much more peaceful time, and were able to "get something in."

Although Monsieur Dechicot had never seen Jonas before, he said: "That boy is a leader. If we can win him we shall get the whole bunch; and I believe the Lord is going to give me the joy of winning that soul!"

It was a tremendous cheer to me to hear him say that, and I do praise God for him and his great help. If anybody should ask for a prayer topic, do mention Jonas!

**Miss K. M. E. Gotelee, Tunis.**

## *Further News from Our Oldest Station*

Gold diggers, I believe, often have to sift tons of gravel and earth only to get a few grains of gold; but sometimes, though rarely—if my information is correct—they are rewarded by the discovery of a nugget that may weigh several ounces.

Whether this be true or not, it certainly illustrates work among Moslems!

... Our Service on Christmas Eve began at 7.30, but well before that hour every seat was occupied, and a number had to be turned away. We were very pleased to welcome some of the men who in their boyhood days had attended the Sunday school. The choir comprised twelve of the best singers, and although in our opinion their voices did not do justice to the beautiful Christmas hymns and carols, yet the congregation was delighted. We had heard such excellent singing whilst on furlough in the Homeland that we were perhaps expecting rather too much from our boys—and in any case two of the best singers were away. Two tiny tots sang "Silent Night," which pleased the people very much.

One of our young men who, in his boyhood days, took part in such services as that described above, and of whose conversion I have already made mention, wrote to us a few days ago asking for advice. His mother and other relations were intending to arrange his marriage with a girl of this village.

In our reply we emphasised the solemnity of marriage, and pointed out what a sad thing it would be for him to be joined in marriage to an ignorant Moslem woman, and how wrong it would be for him to be thus unequally yoked to an unbeliever. Several young men had already expressed to us their regret at having married in their youth girls they had not chosen, and how greatly they wished to be set free.

We had a reply from the young man thanking us for our advice and telling us that he had written to his people telling them he refused absolutely to entertain any idea about marriage, and that they were to let the matter drop right away. We were, of course, very pleased. It too often happens that our young men say nothing about their marriage until it is too late for us to help them.

I was thinking of the gold digger's struggle. Well, we do have a certain number who disappoint us outwardly—but who can tell whether a work of grace is being wrought in their hearts, after all?

We were invited on Christmas Day to call and see a Christmas tree with its decorations. It was in a Kabyle house where, years ago, such a thing would have been unheard of. The master of the house had been at our Service on Christmas Eve.

Ramadhan Aitamer of Iaka is not far from the Kingdom, if not already saved. His relations do not speak well of him, but then, they would be more likely to break the bruised reed. I have faith in him. He tells me of his falls and his sins. There is no hypocrisy in him. He needs help and encouragement.

We cannot give accounts of mass conversions, as can missionaries in other parts of the world field; but when the difficulties connected with work among Moslems are really understood and appreciated, the wonder is, not that believers are so few, but that they are so many.

Let friends in the Homeland remember the "hidden disciples"!

**Mr. A. Willson, Djemaa Sahridj.**

## *Encouragement in the Spanish Work at Tangier*

The Christmas festivities are over. We had a very good time—an abundance of good things. Quite a new experience to many of us after so many lean years! This week is the week of prayer; next week we shall begin our regular routine with, I hope, renewed vision and effort. The work among the Spaniards is a real joy. We have a very good company who gather each Sunday, quite a number of men of all ages (sixteen to sixty) and women likewise. The weekly prayer meeting is very well attended, about twenty or more, and we have a season of real and earnest prayer, many taking part, some revealing by their prayers definite growth in grace and a deep knowledge and understanding of the Bible that can only come by constant and devotional reading of it.

Sixty almanacs which have a daily text, and the Daily Bible Union Reading, have been bought by members of the congregation, the majority with the definite purpose of reading the daily portion. Quite a number are regular subscribers to some very good Christian magazines now being printed and published in Spain,

"Eco de Verdad" and "Escudrinador" being two of the best, we think. They each give sound Bible teaching, as well as articles suitable to all ages. The congregation have promised a subscription of 2,000 pesetas (nearly £16) in ten months to the Bible Society in Madrid for the printing and circulation of the Scriptures in Spain.

The women are anxious to have a Bible Study Class, so I have arranged to have one on Thursdays, in the evening at an hour suited to the majority. We shall be studying some of the fundamental and doctrinal truths of the Bible right through the Word. One week I shall take the above-mentioned studies, the next True Discipleship. Will you make these definite subjects of prayer that these people, so keen for the Word, may derive much blessing from the study of it, and prove to be a blessing to others?

My husband has had some fruit, too, from his correspondence with those in Spain. Letters from some show how truly converted they are, and how much joy they have found in Jesus Christ as their Saviour. I could write of many more instances that I am sure would be of interest, but these I shall leave for another time.

**Mrs. Dorothy Padilla, Tangier.**

## *A Strenuous Year at Tetuan*

Miss E. Low writes: "You will be looking for some report of the work of last year. I am sorry we cannot tell of one who has passed from death to life, but we trust that the Seed sown may yet bear fruit in some hearts. We are trying to gather the Christians together on Tuesday afternoons for a little Bible Study and prayer; but as usual, it is a hard job to get them together, for the married women are not exactly free agents, and when husbands are late for dinner these short days it prevents them coming. However, we pray and praise and peg away. . . .

"Last year we had a record attendance at the Dispensary. The numbers are as follows: Dispensary attendances for 1947, 13,222; Antenatal Clinic, 536; Infant Welfare, 139; Maternity Cases, 84. . . .

"We have given out a number of tracts and other items of literature, but I am afraid we have kept no record of the numbers. If the husbands of the patients can read, we usually find they are willing to accept a tract, and in some cases the young women are readers as well. When it has been possible we have done

visiting in the homes at intervals after the first week's visits, but lately there has not been much time for that.

"We are praying that the Lord will bless our Sunday women's class. Some of them have heard the Gospel so often, and we long that they might realise their need of the Saviour. About twenty are attending meantime, and we trust that there may be blessing this year. . . .

"We are sometimes tempted to feel that a lot of labour and strength is expended and no results shown for it all; but He has promised that we shall reap if we faint not: and so we seek to continue in His strength, praying that the days of reaping may come for this very barren land."

### *Joy and Sorrow Interwoven*

On Tuesday, January 27th, **Mr. and Mrs Norman Pearce** of Cherschell welcomed their first-born baby son, Leslie Samuel, a bonny boy weighing over ten pounds. Just a fortnight later (on Wednesday, February 11th) the Good Shepherd took the little lamb back again into His arms. We feel sure that the following extracts from letters received from Mr. and Mrs. Pearce will provoke the loving and prayerful sympathy of our readers:—

"... Like his namesake of old, at a tender age he heard and responded to the call of the Lord. His coming, as also his going, have created for us a number of new friends. It may be that this sudden Homecall of our dear little treasure will be used of the Lord for a reviving of the European work in Cherschell.

"We have been greatly moved by the many tokens of sympathy expressed, chiefly by a strongly Roman Catholic population. . . . The cause of our little one's death was an intestinal blockage. . . . All the time he was with us, although we could see he was suffering, he bore it all so patiently. He would often grip my little finger when the pain was intense. . . ."

And then, in a later letter:—

"... Z——'s comment to Margaret after the ceremony was, 'Never in all the time that missionaries have been here was there such a witness given to the Christian faith. It was more like a wedding than a funeral. God was with us, and God was working in many hearts.'"

For the dear parents, we seek in prayer the Lord's comfort and grace: for Cherschell, we pray that this tiny grave may prove a seed-bed from which a golden harvest of wondrous blessing shall be garnered.

## *Deputation Meetings*

**During the past quarter Miss E. H. Fraser has conducted meetings at the following centres:—**

Green St. Bapt. Church, Orpington; Seamen's Chapel, Glasgow; Cong'l Church, Dumbarton; Scottish Coast Mission, Musselburgh; Bapt. Church, Portobello; Tent Hall, Glasgow; Charlotte Chapel, Edinburgh; Hope Hall, Broxburn; U.F. Church, Pollokshaws; Hope St. Free Church, Glasgow; Bapt. Church, Stenhouse; St. Andrew's Hall, Pilrig, Leith; Beechen Grove Bapt. Church, Wattford; Bird's Cafe, Clevedon; Copse Rd. Chapel, Clevedon; Gospel Hall, Claverham; Bapt. Church, Gunnersbury; Roath Rd. Chapel, Portishead; Whyteleafe Free Church; Convalescent Home, Hawkenbury; Treaty Road Church, Hounslow; Chase Cross Bapt. Church, Romford; St. Paul's Youth Fellowship, Chatham; Baptist Church, Ascot; Mount Pleasant Cong'l Church, Tunbridge Wells; Bapt. Tab. Sunday School, Tunbridge Wells; Westwood Rd. Mission Hall, Rusthall, Tunbridge Wells; Slade Hall, Plumstead.

**Forward engagements include:—**

Highcliffe Hall, Home Hall and Stanmore Hall, Winchester; Emmanuel Church Youth Club, Tunbridge Wells; London City Mission, Bethnal Green; Gospel Hall, Colman St., Southend; Gospel Hall, Hornchurch; Emmanuel Church Women's Meeting, Tunbridge Wells; Bells Yew Green, Frant, near Tunbridge Wells; Tankerton Free Church; Shepherd's Bush Tabernacle; Broadway Bapt. Church, Hounslow; Treaty Road Youth Club, Hounslow; Whyteleafe Free Church; Flitwick Bapt. Church, Beds; Zion Bapt. Church, New Cross Road, London; Bethlehem Church, Richmond, Surrey; Church of Christ, Southampton.

**N.B.—This list was compiled on Jan. 31st. At all of these meetings Miss Fraser exhibits our Missionary Films, and speaks upon the Lord's work in the country thus illustrated—Morocco, or Tunisia.**

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**AN URGENT NEED.** The General Secretary would be glad to hear from any reader who is able to offer a house (in the Greater London area, or within easy reach of London) for rental, or for sale at a reasonable price. A member of the N.A.M. has urgent need of such accommodation.