

Continuing "NORTH AFRICA "

# The N.A.M. News Letter



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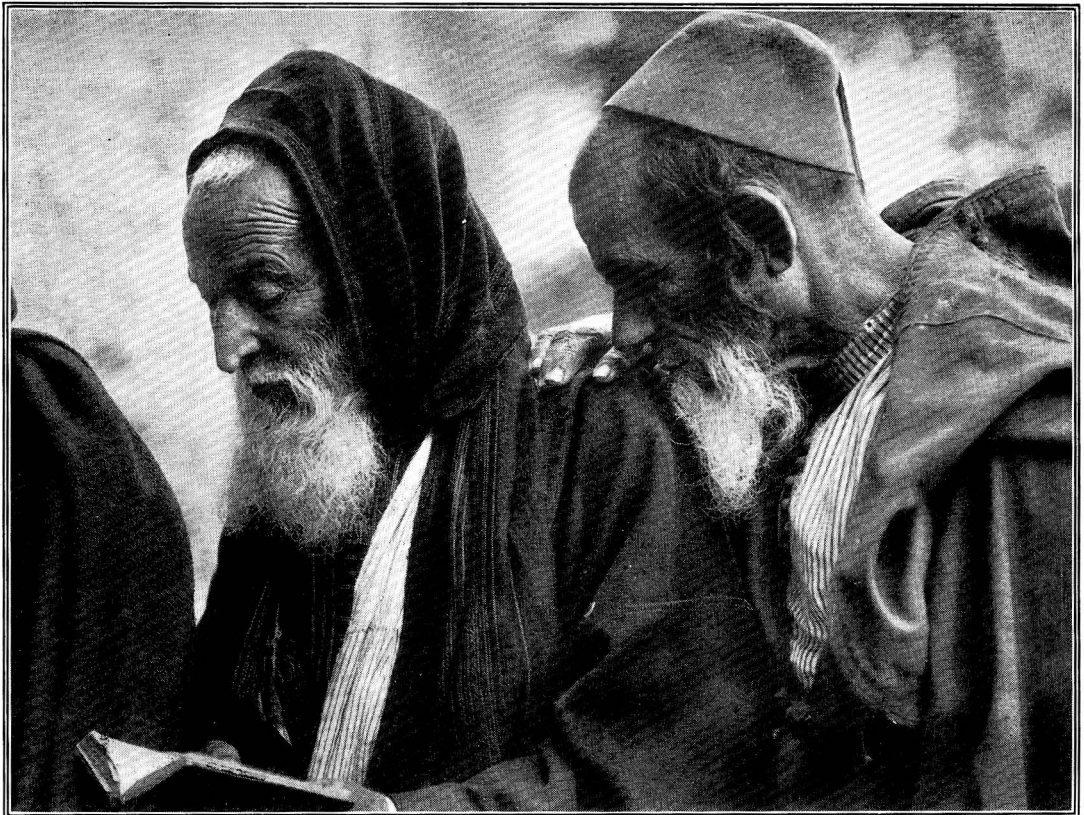
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JEWS OF TUNISIA

"When Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart"

## *Finance: A Call to Praise!*

AS, on this last day of January, we prepare an extra-large NEWS LETTER for publication, we pause to reflect upon the tender mercy of our GOD during the month that is just ending.

The financial prospect has completely changed in one vital respect. After a careful re-examination of the whole question of Missionary Finance, H.M. Treasury has decided that remittances of funds to certain countries including North Africa " . . . WILL BE APPROVED WITHOUT LIMIT AS TO AMOUNT subject to an undertaking that no expenditure on the erection of new permanent buildings will be incurred, and that other forms of capital expenditure will be kept to reasonable proportions."

How exactly will this affect our work? Well, it means that when new candidates are led of God to offer themselves for service in North Africa, we shall no longer be deterred from accepting them through financial considerations. Even if our missionary forces were doubled, we should still be permitted to send out the funds necessary for their support. We should also, presumably, be permitted to transmit "reasonable" amounts for additional accommodation.

As we praise our faithful GOD for this great easement of the situation, we pray that He will at the same time make it possible for His stewards to give so generously, and regularly, for the support of HIS WORK AMONG MOSLEMS, that this grand new opportunity may be seized "with both hands"!

## *New Workers*

The arrival in Tangier a month or two ago of **Miss Handley Bird** for temporary service at the Tulloch Memorial Hospital made possible the release of Miss Gould for full-time Arabic study at Marrakesh. We are now happy to report the enlistment of further help for our hard-pressed Nurses at the Hospital. **Miss Patricia M. St. John** has also joined the Hospital Staff as a temporary associate member of the N.A.M. She has, however, made it quite clear to us that her eyes are upon a horizon more distant than Tangier. Miss St. John is prayerfully expectant that her sojourn at the Hospital will but be preparative—particularly from a linguistic point of view—for later

pioneer work, GOD willing, among tribes in Morocco that have not hitherto been reached by the missionary.

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The Council have also welcomed to our ranks, as Assistant Hostess-housekeeper at Hope House, **Miss Nellie Balmer** of Dublin. Our sister, who impressed the Council members very favourably when she appeared before them in January, is spending a couple of months in Madrid before proceeding to Hope House, in order to make further progress in the study of Spanish which she embarked upon some months ago. (Spanish is practically essential for shopping purposes in Tangier.)

By reaching Hope House at the beginning of April, Miss Balmer should be able to "overlap" with Miss Chambers for about three weeks before the latter leaves for furlough. Upon her return to the Field, it is hoped that Miss Chambers, released at last from the household duties which she has undertaken for many months with cheerful efficiency, will be free to engage in such "follow-up" visiting in connection with the Hospital's evangelistic work as will furnish a most profitable outlet for her many gifts.

## *Nine Baptisms at Tangier*

From Mrs. D. Padilla comes heartening news of the Lord's blessing upon the work among Spaniards in which she and her husband are so zealously engaged:—

"Ten of our number have made public confession of their faith in the Lord Jesus as Saviour, promising at the same time, with God's help, 'faithfulness unto death.' Nine were baptised; one through age and ill-health being excused. (She has since been called Home.—*Ed.*)

"It was a day of real joy to everyone. To my husband and myself it was the inexpressible joy of 'bringing in the sheaves' after much sowing, toiling, watering, care; the fulfilment of the promise 'Ye shall reap if ye faint not.' It is the work of God. He alone can give the new birth and make the 'new creature' in Christ Jesus: we were but the instruments in His hands.

"The old meeting-room, which has the baptistery, was full to capacity, even the stairs being occupied. From 115 to 120 were present, comprising different groups of Christians, missionaries, Arabs, Jews and Europeans. It was

not intended to be a spectacle for curious sight-seers. We wished it to be a service of consecration to those who were baptised, and the spirit of consecration was predominant throughout the meeting.

“The Service began with the hymn ‘Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,’ and this helped to create the reverent and holy atmosphere that characterised the whole of the proceedings.

“After prayer and the reading of Romans 6, my husband called each of the ten by name, and in turn they gave their testimony, the verses and chorus of ‘Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine’ being sung as each one stepped out of the water (a verse and the chorus alternately).

“While we waited for their return, after baptism, prayers were made by two of our Spanish believers, and the hymn ‘Do not be afraid to tell of Jesus’ (in Spanish) was sung. Then followed a short address from Mr. Padilla upon the significance of this outward symbol of an inward experience. Another hymn (Spanish) setting forth the doctrinal teaching of baptism was sung; and then, after further prayer, the hymn ‘O Jesus, I have promised.’ The people sang as if the words were good to the taste; they sang with understanding and with all their heart. Indeed, we were conscious throughout of the Presence of God with us. Everyone was aware of what the Service stood for, and one and all at the end said ‘It was good for us to be here.’ Those who were witnessing a baptism for the first time were impressed with the beauty and simplicity of it all, as well as with the significance of the act.

“We had a Communion Service at the end, at the express wish of those baptised; and once more in prayer, communion and praise their consecration was re-affirmed. Last of all we sang together a lovely hymn set to the tune of ‘Beneath the cross of Jesus.’ The words of the first verse, translated literally, are:—

‘My spirit, soul and body,  
My being, yea, all of me,  
A living holy sacrifice  
I yield, my God, to Thee.

Chorus:

My all to God I consecrate  
On Christ the living altar;  
Descend on us, oh Holy Fire,  
Seal us with Thine own seal.’

“I am sending you some photographs we took outside just before the Meeting. It was

impossible to take any within doors. The room was too dull. Yet, in a way, I am glad. I would rather it remained registered in Heaven . . .

“God has richly blessed us all, and we must now pray that His blessing will continue among us. Every one of those baptised has done something to bring others to Him. Two men are going out into the highways and by-ways every week, distributing tracts. Pray that God will bless them as they do it. One is among those recently baptised. The other has not yet taken this step.”



**TANGIER SPANISH WORK**  
Recently-baptised Converts

## *Encouraging News from Tunis*

Early the other morning Mr. Bocca (Bible Society colporteur) and I were away in his motor-cycle and sidecar making for a village where lived a Russian lady who had twice been to the Depot begging me to let her have a Bible in Russian directly I had one to hand. With this Bible and plenty of other Scriptures we rolled merrily along through the brilliant sunshine.

As we pulled up in the square of this village, I noticed at once how it had grown since the days when my wife and I, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Short, visited it often. I shall always remember this long, happy morning as I believe it was the first time in my itinerating experiences that I just “stayed put.” By this I mean that I never left the motor-cycle and sidecar, though Mr. Bocca went round all the houses and near-by farms.

Upon our arrival, a small group gathered; and at once I started to preach and sell. So it

went on till the sun was showing midday over our heads. The French chief of police proved a real friend. He had been in happy contact with the Salvation Army in France. He himself brought three persons along to listen and to buy New Testaments.

A passing native, mounted upon a mule, stopped and bought a copy of every portion and tract I possessed for his village farther on. That same week we had received the usual monthly letter of cheer from our home church missionary secretary, who had reminded us of the many friends "praying without ceasing" for us and for every activity in our missionary sphere. At the close of the letter he said that perhaps the days in which we are living are more like those of olden time, when people went around "gossiping the gospel." That is simply what I did; and what a thrill such times give! Nothing can equal it in all the world.

I did, however, wonder at times when the Enemy would bring up the usual opposition batteries, but it must have been an off-day—save that the oldest inhabitant, a poor miserable well-over-at-the-knees old native, was a bit disgruntled because I had no Koran. The Russian lady had left for Sweden, but her husband at once and gladly gave me 250 francs for the Bible his wife had ordered, and his native foreman bought quite a stack of Scriptures and tracts in the Arabic tongue.

We were very late home for lunch despite the early start, but it was one of those extra good mornings when nothing seemed to go wrong. At other times one gets a feeling of frustration, dealing day after day with the old stock arguments, especially with the student class; but when Mr. Bocca came back to the motor-cycle and said he had, with few exceptions, sold in every house and shop and farmstead, I felt that spot was hallowed ground. You dear friends in Britain and in the United States, or wherever you are, do please water the Good Seed so abundantly and widely sown. The harvest will then be sure, and we shall "rejoice together."

Mrs. Miles has been able to re-start a children's class at Hammam-Lif—a small seaside town some ten miles to the south of Tunis. This began through the invitation of a lady to whom Mrs. Miles spoke when visiting a friend in hospital. This lady—who was lying ill in the next bed—asked for religious instruction for her three children. These brought in a school comrade, and now another family has sent

their four children. How little contacts can develop! Four and four made eight when I went to school; but if you pray much about this, the eight may advance to twenty!

(From Mr. R. S. Miles, Tunis.)

## *Ancient and Modern in Casablanca*

A spirit of unrest is already sweeping the school as the bleating of sheep is heard from all the roof-tops, and from the streets. The terrific advance in prices this year makes the sheep twenty times as costly (in francs) as once they were. I do not know how ever the natives can afford one this year.

Part of the programme for the sheep-killing feast is a clean room in which to celebrate. So the person who has a ladder could make good money if he wanted to rent it out! All has to be limewashed, and it is a good disinfectant too. Then they all go off to the baths to get clean, and ready to wear their best apparel! It is a strange mixture of European clothing and Moslem garments. The poor barbers have lost lots of business since the style has been to let the hair grow instead of shaving the head! When these young lads are clean-shaven and nicely dressed, it is hard to determine, immediately, whether they are French or not. I say "immediately," because sooner or later an Arab trait is very noticeable; or if they have just begun to wear shoes instead of the native slipper, their flat feet do not fit well into European shoes!

For a week we will have more flies than all the year, as all the slaughtering goes on, and as the "in'ards" are dumped in the streets until the unhurried garbage collectors come around! The big occasion is the 14th!

The other day I smiled as I rode along in a train to see way out in the country, and far back off the road, an old flat black tent. Then a native, riding along on a bicycle, came up alongside the tent and alighted to go in. I guess he too found the donkey travel a bit slow! It is like seeing a beautiful Cadillac parked in our little narrow, stinking alley behind the house! And over in another, I see a new Hudson parked! There are jeeps galore!! Casablanca has "gone American"!

(From Miss Emily Grant.)

## *The Lovelessness of Islam*

May I tell you of one incident which made an indelible impression, revealing as it did the lovelessness of Islam for its fellows in the faith and the cruelty and callousness in which it abounds?

Mrs. Miles and I were walking along one of the narrow, barely five feet wide streets of the native town. On either side were the large apertures which they call shops, and naturally people were passing to and fro along the busy street continually.

Suddenly Mrs. Miles drew my horrified attention to what appeared at first to be a bundle of rags lying prone in the dust of the roadside. On closer inspection it turned out to be an Arab, not old, but obviously acutely ill. He just lay there shaking with fever with the flies tormenting him and he too ill to brush them off. It was then about 3 p.m. The shop-keeper opposite, who must have had him in

sight for hours on end, told us that he had been there since morning but nobody had bothered.

The Arab hospital not being very far away, Mrs. Miles went up to it and told them, but would they do anything on their own jurisdiction? Not they! They sent us to the police. But were the police the least little bit concerned? Not they! They said they would ring up the hospital and if the street proved wide enough to allow an ambulance (I wonder how primitive an affair it would be?) to pass along it they might possibly take the man to hospital, but if the street should not be wide enough—well . . .

And then people say that the Moslems are happy in their own religion and creed and do not need the Gospel. What a lie of the devil!

(From Miss Olwen Pierce.)

## *Our Family Tomb and Bread and Water Supply*

“Oh yes, I’ve known the lady missionaries and their teaching for many years—Mr. Reid, too, and Aisha, whose mother, Miriam, used to live very near here. I learnt to knit in the women’s classes; we used to knit for the first hour and then sing hymns and listen to stories about the Lord Jesus. Everything was for nothing then! Sometimes we did needlework, and they gave us the material, the cotton, and even the needle and thimble! When we had finished our garment—it took us several weeks—we could take it home and wear it.

“My two neighbours sitting there are grinding the wheat for the bread. It takes two women to grind because both the upper and nether millstones are very heavy in order to crush the grains into fine flour. Then we knead it with leaven and take it to the oven near by to be baked into loaves.

“That small niche in the wall has a hole in it which leads down to our well: it never runs dry—not even after two years of drought such as we have just suffered! But the water is brackish—we can’t drink it. It’s all right, though, for washing the house down, but not for washing our clothes. We collect the rain-water from the roof, but as we don’t get much rain we are glad to be able to fetch what we need from the public street-pump not far away, which the Italians put in when they were here.



TRIPOLI  
Entrance to the Arab Town

"We had such an unpleasant neighbour occupying our best room over there. When she moved out we all danced and clapped our hands and said 'Praise God!' Come and see it—it looks bad now because we are having the walls repaired and white-washed. Do you see that tiny alcove, or inner room, right inside? That slab in there is the tomb of one of our family two or three generations ago, for this has been our family home for many, many years."

\* \* \*

Thus, with her lively talk she made Miss W—— and me very welcome that afternoon, but is still living as a follower of Mohammed—the dead prophet. As far as we know, her head-knowledge of the Death and Resurrection of the Lord Jesus makes no difference to her life. She does not rejoice in "The Empty Tomb"—neither does she partake of the Living Bread and the Living Water! Friendly—yet far off still!

How many like her we come across in Tripoli! Those who remember the Truth taught in classes, and shown in lantern pictures, yet with no evidence of having believed and received!

With the larger staff now here we look forward before long to getting into closer touch with these friendly men and women by way of more regular visitation of their homes, and of welcoming them into ours.

"Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown,  
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,  
When and wherever sown!"

(From Mrs. Edith L. Liley, Tripoli.)

## ***Weight-Lifters Wanted!***

"Merci bien! Put them here please."

The man in the carrier's livery looked a trifle dubious, then ventured: "They are rather big, Madame."

"Oh! all right, bring them in here," said Madame, unsuspectingly.

"Very good, Madame"—and in they came. One, two . . . hm! pretty big . . . three, four . . . surprise gave way to alarm . . . eight, nine . . . "That's the lot, Madame." Madame Procter felt rather limp as she surveyed the cardboard mountain. True, we had expected something of the sort, but where in all the house would we be able to put this lot?

When I returned, I confess I was a little shaken, as automatically I picked up the yellow delivery slip. "Nine cartons," it read, "585 kilos." But the mood quickly changed to one of gratitude to God, as I realised that there before me was half a ton of blessing—a very solid answer to prayer, as I am sure you will agree when you read on.

Nine cardboard boxes, eighteen sheets of packing paper, 35 lengths of carefully knotted rope which were just as carefully untied and preserved—it took me two days to unpack and put away the contents, and in this, Commando Bernard Collinson's weight-lifting capacity was an enormous aid.

Patience, gentle reader; I am about to tell you what it is all about.

It was the climax of a story weeks long. I wanted some more French tracts, and, hunting widely around, found some people who had some. I asked the price, only to find that they were already paid for. I was given a hope that if only I could find the heir of the Christian businessman (now deceased) who had ordered them, I might perhaps have them. Well, under God's blessing and with Mr. Warren's help, I did trace the heir, who very graciously did give permission, and so we have come to be entrusted with the distribution of 84,500 tracts published before the war in the series "Editions Nantaises." I have had to institute a rationing system—horrible thought in connection with spiritual fare!—and distributors will be able to profit while the packets last.

You may think that I ought to be content with this abundant, and in some ways miraculous, provision, but frankly, some missionaries have an enormous appetite for literature. So many other things ought also to be printed, and so many millions are waiting to receive them, and some of them have been kept waiting long. Yet, for the price of an International stamp coupon—two dozen farthings—from a dozen to two dozen people could be reached in France or North Africa.

Anyhow, now we have some tracts, you *are* going to pray the contents right into human hearts, aren't you? Will you lift the whole weight of this half-ton of tracts up to the Lord in believing prayer? If you do not pray, especially those of you who helped by your prayers in getting the booklets here, it will be just a half-ton dead weight of paper, and the potential dynamic of the messages may never be transmuted by a quickening faith into