

Continuing "NORTH AFRICA"

# The N.A.M. News Letter



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Photo by]

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## Children of Cherchell, Algeria

(See article "Christmas at Cherchell," page 3)

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

Zech. 8, 5.

## Homecall of the Rev. T. J. P. Warren

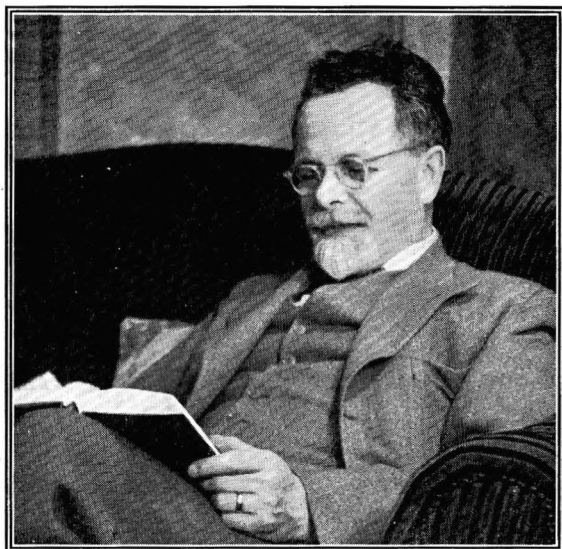
A great company of friends, scattered in many lands, have learnt with profound regret of the death, on January 4th, of the Rev. T. J. P. Warren, the N.A.M.'s beloved Secretary for Field Affairs.

Forty years have passed since Mr. and Mrs. Warren responded to the challenge of Moslem need in North Africa, and it was towards the close of 1911 that a sojourn of some months in Tangier and Oran was followed by their being posted to Djemâa Sahridj, Algeria, where a prosperous missionary work was already being carried on among the fair-skinned Kabyles of the N.A.M.'s oldest Station.

In 1924 Mr. Warren and Pastor E. J. Poole-Connor paid an exploratory visit to Paris where the spiritual need of from forty to fifty thousand Kabyles—North Africans living within a day's journey of the N.A.M.'s London Headquarters—had long exercised the hearts of these two brethren. The vision of need speedily resulted in a venture of faith, for Mr. and Mrs. Warren removed to Paris early in 1925, and after three years of pioneering labours established the "foyer" in the Rue des Orchidees. As well as affording accommodation for newly-accepted candidates studying French as a preliminary to service in the Mission Field, these premises proved of unique value as a centre for evangelisation. It was here, too, that the Paris Missionary Fellowship came into being and thrived amain under Mr. Warren's kindly and able leadership.

The outbreak of hostilities in 1939 interrupted Mr. Warren's tour of North Africa in the capacity of Field Superintendent; but during his war-time stay at Tangier he rendered priceless service as liaison officer between the Home Council and missionaries who had remained at their posts after North Africa had become a theatre of combat.

In November, 1947, Mr. Warren was appointed Secretary for Field Affairs and took up residence at Highbury, where he was greatly assisted in his ever-growing commitments by Mrs. Warren's devoted labours. The title "missionary statesman" is one that should be used with sparing discrimination, but no lesser description is worthy of that gracious, modest and gifted brother whose wide knowledge, shrewd judgment, administrative skill and genius for friendly co-operation won for him the high esteem of fellow-secretaries and a large section of the missionary-hearted Christian public.



*A happy snapshot of the late Rev. T. J. P. Warren*

In expressing their deep sympathy with Mrs. Warren, friends of the North Africa Mission are keenly aware that her loss deprives them, too, of choice fellowship and precious services that no other is so well qualified to provide. (E.J.L.)

## A Second Missionary Journey to Yefren.

Readers of the N.A.M. News Letter of September-October, 1950, will recall a description of what may well have been the first missionary journey for a thousand years to Yefren in the Gebel Nefusa Mountains, made by Dr. Liley. Last week-end it fell to the lot of his wife to make a second journey to visit the same Italian friend and his wife, "who wished to be converted to the evangelical religion"—as they termed it. The same mode of transport was taken as previously—an Arab lorry, crowded to capacity, except that the writer enjoyed the "First Class" seat in the chauffeur's cabin!

The welcome given when our Italian friends had taken in who their unexpected visitor was proved very warming to the heart; and then they told the family news. Three months ago the young wife had returned to her mother's country homestead about forty miles away to welcome the little baby daughter, Franca. During a month's stay there the whole family incurred the wrath of the R.C. priests on two counts: first, they never attend Mass; second, and more serious still in their eyes, the parents refused to have the babe "baptised." They are so much looking forward to fine, milder weather

—probably at Easter—when they can pay us a visit in Tripoli, and have their little one presented to the Lord in the presence of the little flock which gathers on Sunday afternoon in the Mission House.

Meanwhile, they have no Christian fellowship at all at Yefren, since the other seeker after the Truth—the Superintendent of the Electricity Works—has been moved elsewhere. But this earnest couple have been reading God's Word diligently, and the husband has been doing his utmost to get others to read it, too. He has found several fellow-Italians willing to accept tracts and New Testaments, and even to purchase a whole Bible.

During four days several hours were spent in the home of this young couple, reading and talking over the Word together and seeking God's Face in prayer. What a contrast from the usual missionary approach to the Moslem!—these thirsty souls, taking as long draughts as possible of the Water of Life while there was an "earthen vessel" at hand to convey it to them. But, praise God, they are learning through stern necessity to drink straight from the Spring which had already given them courage to face the first wave of persecution at the birth of their infant daughter.

There were talks with Arab women and children by the wayside—a dozen or so little Moslem girlies going home from school, each carrying her wooden box of lesson-books. An opportunity was taken to impress upon these latter the need to help mother at home when school is over, so as to learn how to grind the corn, to prepare the bread, to cook the "cous-cous," and to make their own clothes. For older and more conservative fathers and grand-fathers complain that modern education has gone to the heads of the female department of the house, and made the young girls quite unfit and unwilling to fill their "proper sphere" of wife and mother in the Moslem family.

One little maiden was carefully carrying a few eggs up into the village to sell in a shop. "Oh no!", she exclaimed, "I couldn't go and sell them in the open market" (it was market day) "my schoolteacher would beat me"—for the unseemly display of herself in public; and she could not have been more than nine years of age! "Yes," she said, "we are allowed to go to school, but all covered up from head to foot . . . Yes, we do believe in God, and praise Him for His works and gifts; and we believe in Mohammed our prophet, too: there is no other like him!"

How long will it be ere the Water of Life

reaches these friendly and attractive mountain folk, with an "earthen vessel" or two to convey it in frequent and suitable sips to those who, for thirteen centuries, have had hewed out for them a broken cistern "that can hold no water"?

Away down in the valley recent rains had brought a transformation in verdure and in growth, for even in a desert land "everything shall live whithersoever the riveth cometh." But "whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." Shall we not each do our part soon to bring within the reach of these people of the uplands the Water which shall be "a well of water springing up into Everlasting Life"?

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

## Christmas at Cherchell

This festive season for us at Cherchell has been an exceedingly blessed and precious time. The meeting that stands out in my memory more than any was held the Sunday before Christmas, when about a dozen of us were present. It took the form of a Carol Service. The Christmas story was read at intervals, and then the meeting was thrown open for testimony, or the repetition of a favourite chorus or verse of Scripture.

I wish you could have been there with us. There was no holding them back! One old woman, who must have been nearly 90 years of age, said, "I can't say very much, but I do remember some words Miss Turner taught me many years ago, and they were these: 'Sellekni yah Sidnaaisa,' etc.—'Save me, Lord Jesus; Thy blood was shed for me; I come to Thee with my sins; take them away and save me.'" Aisha Elaraby repeated these words twice, and I am quite certain you will meet this old woman in Heaven. To look at her now, she is anything but beautiful. She is wizened, and her skin looks like parchment. (She still works in the fields when the weather is fine!) But she will be transformed one day. Other women asked for hymns and choruses; some repeated a text, and we all felt it was good to be there.

Pray for us all, that we may have something of the compassion of the Lord Jesus when He saw the multitude as sheep without a shepherd.

Prayer has already been answered in a wonderful way. I cannot begin to tell you in a letter all I would like to say. So many of you, through your prayers and loving gifts, have brought joy and gladness to many hearts—to about 180 children, and I cannot tell you how many women . . . Father Christmas, with his bell and storm lantern, came to see us for the

seventh time, and although he had no big sack on his back he distributed oranges and sweets . . . We were sorry not to have Malika with us for Christmas, but she came for the New Year week-end and helped with a fête for the big girls. (*From Miss Evelyn Collins, Cherchell*).

## Congratulations

We rejoiced to learn of the safe arrival, on Tuesday, January 16th, of Elizabeth Anne, infant daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Peter J. Patching. This is a great event for "Bethesda," Tunis, and we know that Jennifer and Andrew will be particularly thrilled with their baby sister. Nurse Madge Hutchinson's services have been much appreciated.

## "Set on a Hill"

Under this title we are happy to introduce to our readers a splendid new booklet (36 pages; illustrated) dealing with the work of the Tulloch Memorial Hospital, Tangier.

In a foreword we are reminded that "some sixty years ago Dr. T. G. Churcher, of the N.A.M., bought a large Moorish house on a hill overlooking the native town of Tangier and started medical work, in course of time admitting a few in-patients. The people were wild and fanatically Moslem. With no protecting European power and no modern hygiene in the town, the work was uphill and dangerous.

"At first admissions were very few, for everything foreign was regarded with intense suspicion. During epidemics of typhus or typhoid, and during famines, misery and fear brought people in, and suspicion was gradually disarmed. During the struggle some, including Hughina C. Tulloch, after whom the Hospital was named, laid down their lives; and in one sad week in 1906 both Dr. J. H. Digby Roberts and one of the sisters. Miss Ida Smith, died during a typhus epidemic, having for many weeks had to nurse the cases with their own hands without rest or adequate personal protection.

"Sometimes there has been no doctor; sometimes only one nurse. However, it was God's purpose that the light should be lit, and He provided the Hill and has kept the light shining, though at times dimly, in fair weather and foul. To-day, as the mid-point of this century is reached, it is right that we should testify to all of God's loving wisdom and unfailing supply to us; and at the same time we feel it right to inform Christians in Britain and elsewhere of our activities and needs. Read this booklet if

you are interested in God's work in Northern Morocco, and then pray, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?'"

The joint authors of this graphic and gripping volume are Dr. Farnham A. R. St. John, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. (Medical Superintendent of the Tulloch Memorial Hospital) and his sister Miss Patricia M. St. John, S.R.N. (already well-known to many through her books "The Tanglewoods' Secret" and "Treasures of the Snow.")

The price of "Set on a Hill" is tenpence. By post, one shilling. Obtainable from the Offices of the Mission—34, Bisham Gardens, Highgate, London, N.6.

## A Stricken Family in Kabylia

Our readers will be shocked to learn that of the three charming Kabyle girls who featured in the frontispiece of the last "News Letter" only one is now living. The youngest girl (on the left of the picture) died about a year ago, whilst the eldest daughter (the centre figure) has just died as the result of a dog bite. An elder brother died some time ago, the younger son is out of work, and the Christian father has a cataract forming on the left eye. Such is the domestic tragedy that Mr. Allen Willson, our senior missionary at Djemaa Sahridj, outlines in a recent letter. We feel sure that friends will join with us in bringing this heart-broken family to the Lord in prayer.

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## SPECIAL SPRING RALLY

We give our many friends in the London Area a cordial invitation to the Spring Rally to be held, D.V., in the Caxton Hall (York Hall), Westminster, S.W.1 (near St. James's Park Underground Station), on Saturday, March 17th, at 3 and 6 p.m.

This Rally is "special" in the sense that it is a joint venture of the North Africa Mission, the Algiers Mission Band and the Egypt General Mission, and is therefore a gesture of good fellowship that we know our friends of these "sister" Societies will greatly appreciate. "Special," too, in the respect that we shall have with us as Guest Speaker at the afternoon gathering the Rev. L. Bevan Jones, M.A., B.D., former Principal of the Henry Martyn School of Islamic Studies, India.

Fuller details are furnished on the accompanying card. Come if you can; remember us in prayer if you cannot!