

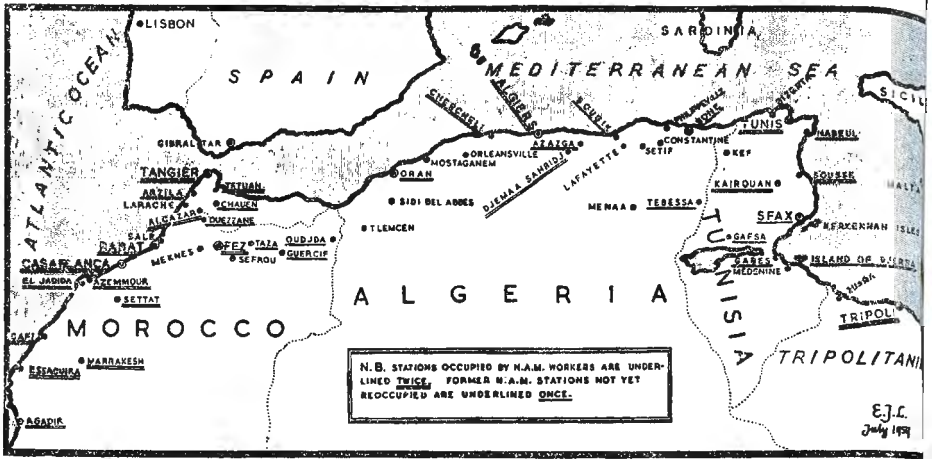
North Africa



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Life - and Death - in Alcazar

By the REV. LAURENCE A. LUFBURROW

THE mission house in Alcazar stands several blocks from the centre of the town, in a narrow, muddy, rutted street. It is very plain, although some of its neighbours are painted in bright and unusual colours; but its second floor balcony is a wonderful place from which to view the side street life of a typical Arab small town.

One sunny, early spring morning I stood on that balcony. No cars came past, although a number were going by at an intersection several blocks away. A dilapidated old truck stood next to the curb in the next block looking as if it had been too tired to come this far.

The adults who passed below the balcony, walking down the centre of the street, didn't bother to look up. They seemed determined to ignore the mission house. They were dressed, some in the long, loose garments of the country, and some in ragged, ill-fitting western clothes with the bright knitted caps which Moroccan men often wear.

The children, dressed like miniatures of the older folk, only in brighter colours, often looked up and smiled bashfully, for they knew the mission as a friendly place. They were a colourful lot in their grab-bag skirts and sweaters. Some of the little girls had baby brothers or sisters tied to their backs even as they played. Down the street were more children having a noon meal of *cous-cous* over a tiny open stove.

The only actual toy in either group was a well-worn hoola hoop.

Down the street came a little, old, bearded man in a turban and a brown striped robe. He was barefoot and bobbing side-saddle on a little old donkey. A bag on either side of the donkey held the man's wares. He called out and banged on each door with a stick to announce his coming.

After a lunch of delicious *cous-cous* we walked across the town to a large open area used on certain days as a country market. Trying not to appear too open-mouthed with curiosity we walked through the crowds. The ground was hard-packed mud. Here were hundreds of poor country folk, come to town to sell a few small possessions. Some on the outskirts had a few dirty sheep, several bony cows, or some scrawny chickens. Others were seated cross-legged on the ground with pitiful little piles of goods near them—charcoal, a small bag or two of beans, a little mound of half-rusty nails, or some tarnished ornaments.

Later we walked along a road out into the country. Presently we heard behind us a sickening thud. Although I had never heard the sound before I seemed instinctively to know what it was. Looking around we saw that a careless shepherd boy had darted into the road and had been hit by a fast moving car.

We returned to the mission house realizing how quickly life

can be taken and how little opportunity some have to hear. We have gone to North Africa so

quickly with hoola hoops and so slowly with the Good News.

The Agadir Story

PART II: THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

STRANGELY enough, the news of the disaster first reached us here in Morocco over the air from London! Then the morning papers appeared carrying in large headlines the news of the terrible happenings of the night before. "An earthquake has destroyed three quarters of the town of Agadir. The European quarter and the Talbordj area have been worst hit. The total number of dead and wounded cannot be known for several days, but it will probably be several thousands . . ."

One's imagination ran riot! Where among all the sorrowing, suffering multitudes were our two missionary families? Lists of names of those who had escaped began to come through over the radio. All over the world ears were strained to catch the names given out, hoping against hope that some familiar name might be called as being "safe and sound." And then we actually missed hearing them! But as soon as the news of the safety of the Cookman and Jackson families was given, kind friends telephoned from all directions to make sure that we knew.

In Casablanca, Bert and Mary Hollinshead were doing everything possible to get permission for friends to go down to see what could be done to help. In El Jadida, Jim Harris was preparing

to go at a moment's notice as soon as news of the permit was obtained. "As the day wore on," he wrote, "and the magnitude of the disaster slowly unfolded itself through the radio reports, our concern for our friends in Agadir grew. Several 'phone calls to Headquarters proved negative—there was no news, and there was no hope of entering the town without special permission. Slowly the hours dragged by. A whole day passed and there was still no news whatever of the two families, and we began to have strong misgivings as to what had happened to them.

"During this time of waiting we had been preparing the car. Jean packed all kinds of food and spare clothing and we put in a twenty-gallon urn of fresh water. As it is about two hundred and seventy miles from El Jadida to Agadir, I felt it would be good if someone could accompany me on the journey to share the driving and to help in other ways if needed. The only person we could think of who might be able to do this was our young friend Mohammed, a National Christian who lived nearby. He at once expressed his willingness to go, his wife being in agreement. We felt that it was at some personal sacrifice that he did so as he had no one who could really take over his business during his absence.

"It was now Wednesday afternoon. There was still no news. We pictured ourselves having to climb over masses of rubble in search of our friends. Then came a message from Casablanca that a party of men missionaries and others from the Rabat region had obtained a permit to enter Agadir and were now on their way south. They would pass through El Jadida and I could join them if I wished. This was just what we had been waiting for and we were keyed up to be off. We checked the car once again and found that one of the headlamps was not working properly. Hastily we put in a new bulb, thinking that every minute the American party would be arriving. Six o'clock came and there was no sign of them. I phoned and discovered that they had been delayed in starting and could not be in El Jadida until about 8 p.m.

"Another frustrating delay — then 8 o'clock and still no sign of the party! Had they had a breakdown, or had they taken a bypass road cutting out El Jadida altogether? We decided not to wait any longer but to go ahead ourselves. We hoped at least to find them at the barrier on the outskirts of Agadir in the morning. So after a brief time of prayer with our families we set out into the night, trusting for help with the night driving, of which I had had no previous experience, and for the ability to keep awake each in our turn at the wheel.

"As we sat side by side in the darkened car, each one preoccupied with his own thoughts, I wondered again and again just what we should find when we eventually reached our journey's

end. Why had there been no news at all of our friends? Were they among those who had fled out to the hills? Had Jean Jackson been called out that night to a midwifery case and had her husband perhaps gone out to find her? Were the two families together or had they been separated? Were the little children all safe? We had heard of the many children who had been pouring into the towns outside the stricken area, many of them having lost their parents and not knowing whether they were dead or alive. They were sombre thoughts, coupled with the knowledge that one in ten persons was reported dead in the ruins of the town. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose imagination stays on Thee . . . ' I decided it would be better to wait and find out the true position than to continue to ask these unanswerable questions!

IN THE JACKSONS' HOUSE



"The road was full of heavy trucks, mostly speeding south. Our thoughts turned to the American party on whose entry permit we were counting and to the possibility of seeing them somewhere on the road. We had been told to take all the petrol we would need for the time we would be in the Agadir area as we should find none there, so we had to decide whether we should fill up in Essouira on our way down, or risk going on and fill up there on the homeward journey. The former would add an hour or so to our journey so we determined to bypass the town and go straight on, even though we might be very short of petrol before we got back there. We prayed that we might make contact with the American friends, if not on the road, which seemed rather unlikely now as they would be travelling faster than we, then at the barrier.

"Just before reaching Essouira they too had been faced with the same problem with regard to petrol, but, unlike us, they had decided to go into the town and fill up first. So God's Hand guided in this also and about two and half hours before reaching our destination a Volkswagon went speeding past. Although many trucks and cars had passed us before, this one had a familiar look! It belonged to Pete Friesen of the Gospel Missionary Union, and in it was the party we were looking for. They too had been on the look-out for our car, and, having spotted us, they drew into the side of the road a little farther down. One of the men jumped out, and poking his head into our car, said 'Are you Jim Harris?' So we praised the Lord together for answered prayer and contact

made. Had we not met before Agadir we might have wasted a lot of valuable time there searching for one another among the many vehicles which would be on a similar errand.

"Approaching Agadir in the early hours of the morning we were greeted with a blaze of light. This came from the many ships standing off in the harbour. Later we saw that ships of every kind were anchored there, giving the impression of a beach-head on an invasion day! In the town there was of course no electricity and most of the communications were by means of radio.

"It was now 6 a.m. on Thursday morning as we drove slowly into the town. I drew up behind a line of other cars and waited my turn to give our identity. The soldier in charge waved us on and we found the American party awaiting us a little further on. We decided to await the dawn before going in search of our friends. Then Pete Friesen, who had been to Agadir once before and had a little idea of where the two Mission Houses were situated, led the way through the ruins to the Industrial Quarter.

"It was as we slowly followed the car ahead, weaving in and out of the streets, that we could take in something of the damage that the town had suffered. I had seen nothing like it in my life. The whole place gave the impression of having been gutted, but there was no fire. It looked like a town that had suffered saturation bombing, but there were no bomb craters. I expected to see great gaping cracks, but I saw none. What a catastrophe!

(Continued on page 64).

The Life Story of Mohammed

ben Ali

Chapter Eight

HOW can I be a good Moslem when, all around me, are innumerable corrupting influences—influences which cannot but lessen my fidelity to the principles of Islam or weaken my practice of Moslem essentials?

How can one keep the Fast, for instance, when living in European surroundings? The hours of labour in the factories, the meal hours, the impossibility of finding a hot meal during the night, just about make it impossible for me to fast as I ought.

How can one avoid following the crowd in such matters as the drinking of wine—*forbidden*, as all fermented drinks, to a Moslem—or even smoking, which is not considered to be entirely legitimate to a good Moslem? Practically all Kabyle workmen smoke and drink when in France.

Moslem prayers, with the face turned towards Mecca, may be possible when travelling by camel caravan or by steamer, but what can one do when travelling by train on a track which winds and turns and leaves one uncertain as to the direction of the Holy City? If the train stops for a few minutes at a junction round about prayer time, then one prays on the platform—at least some of the travellers do.

In a Moslem Court the testimony of a woman has less value than that of a man; if there is an inheritance to divide, daughters take half shares compared with the sons, except in the greater part of Kabylia, where they are entirely disinherited, contrary to the 'Cheriat' (Moslem Code). One can therefore understand the indignation of a friend of mine when he learnt that two men were to be executed for the murder of one woman—he had always thought that the balance was the other way!

And yet there is a real desire on the part of many for a greater and more complete knowledge of Western civilisation, with, naturally, equal pay for the same job, equal opportunity to rise to the highest positions. This is being attained, for although there has not yet been a native Governor-General of Algeria, some posts very near the top are already held by Moslems. At the same time, there is a persistent desire that Arabic should be recognized as an official language, alongside French. Why not Kabyle, too, for Kabylia?

Schools with programmes in Arabic (a very limited number of subjects) are increasing in number, but so are the French schools, both primary and secondary.

Many of the leaders of what might be called the Home Rule movement (ranging from those who simply claim a larger share in the administration of their own country to others who demand that the 'foreigner' should quit the country) are men of French University education, and the proportion of doctors in this list is abnormally high.

Here we are then, looking forward to an emancipation which may have to be gradual (if the hot-heads can be restrained), but which we expect to be total, eventually!

Shall we be better Moslems for this?

Shall we follow Turkey and become a Secular State?

Shall we fall under the domination of some other Power and gain nothing by the change?

Shall we become part of an Arab Federation?

These are some of the questions discussed at all our meeting-places, at all our mosques, in all our cafés. And the answer?—*Allah ia'llem*: only God knows!

THE AGADIR STORY

(Continued from page 62).

A flourishing town and beautiful holiday resort just a heap of ruins! Hotels were leaning over drunkenly and houses stood in grotesque shapes against the background of rising hills and sky. What of our friends? How should we find them? The Volkswagon drew out of a side street and swung round in a large arc. As I followed I suddenly caught

sight of Maria Cookman! Mohammed and I jumped quickly out of the car, and there were Maria and Bernard hurrying over to meet us. It seemed too good to be true. We were so excited as we all embraced one another, giving God thanks that we had found them so soon.

“Who can recapture such moments as these? Time stood still—and it defies my ability to express in words all that I felt at that moment. Maria was crying softly, Bernard stood by with such joy and relief in his face. I remember watching the tears of joy running down his cheeks on to the pyjama jacket he was wearing as they told us that the children too were all safe. Then Jean and Walter were there also, and how glad we were to learn that they, too, with their three little ones, were safe and well.

“A short distance away, on a piece of waste land, was the temporary shelter in which they had been living since that fateful night. Baby Irene Jackson was sitting in her high chair, eating. Baby Miriam Cookman was still asleep. Soon the others were all round us, wondering no doubt who we were. I found some sweets and chewing gum in my pockets and we soon made friends, and they were showing me their precious toys which had been salvaged from their ruined homes. Then Walter Jackson read a passage of Scripture and one of us prayed. After this we consulted together as to how best to evacuate the two families, with as many of their possessions as we could possibly take. Pete Friesen kindly offered the Volkswagon for as many of their pos-

sessions as it would hold, leaving the car free for the women and children. It was their own wish that they should be taken to Marrakesh, which had been 'home' for both the families in previous years and where there would be room to house them all. As I went into their houses to collect various belongings, and saw the awful wreckage, I just marvelled that any of them had escaped with their lives.

"At 10 a.m. we were all set to go. We had loaded all we could into the Volkswagen and had closed up as securely as possible the two little houses with their twisted door-frames and broken doors. It was necessary to get permission from the authorities to leave the town and this was soon

obtained. We had been there just four hours! To our surprise there seemed to be plenty of petrol, and we were able to fill up before starting off again. We wove through the traffic controls, our faces covered with improvised masks in an endeavour to keep out the terrible stench that hung over the whole place.

"Soon we were out in the open country again, leaving behind many who were still searching, hoping to find loved ones they had lost; others weighed down with grief for those they would never see again. How good God had been to us all! Our hearts were filled with inexpressible thanks to Him for all His mercy. By six-thirty in the evening the two families had been welcomed

"HOTELS WERE LEANING OVER DRUNKENLY . . ."



into the hospitable mission house of Mr. and Mrs. Don Harris, in Marrakesh, and we turned our faces homeward through another night, arriving in El Jadida at 2.10 a.m., after an all round journey of more than six hundred miles—tired, but deeply grateful to God for all His goodness.”

* * *

At the same time Tom Wilson of Rabat was preparing to join any rescue party that might be going, and late on Tuesday evening he received a call asking if he would be willing to drive a truck down to Agadir from Khemisset. He gladly agreed, but later was informed that the truck was not in good running order and that he should go as far as El Jadida and rent a truck there. He thereupon loaded up with food and water for three days and taking spare tyres with him set out early on Thursday morning.

In El Jadida he rented a new four-ton truck and at 1 o'clock that afternoon set out for Agadir. Recounting the story later, he says, “Before long I found that the driver had a great propensity for going to sleep while driving, so I had to maintain a constant vigil, and four or five times during the journey I had to grab the wheel to keep the truck from leaving the road! We did not see many refugees until we were about 200 kilometres from Agadir, though plane loads of wounded were being constantly flown over our road. Then we met some damaged and baggage-laden cars and trucks whose occupants were fleeing to find shelter elsewhere. At Tamanar, still 150 kilometres distant from Agadir, a long line of trucks was waiting to enter the

earthquake zone. We stopped and I walked to the guards, telling them of our need to go to search for two families, at which we were allowed to proceed.

“It was about 10 p.m. when we entered Agadir—a ghost city, with salvage crews working among the rubble by the light of powerful searchlights, while ships of many nations stood by out in the harbour. By dint of enquiry we found the Industrial Quarter and finally located the two houses where our missionary families had lived. A young Moroccan friend of the missionaries came to us and told us that both families were safe and well, but that they had been evacuated earlier in the day.

“So we parked the truck in an empty lot nearby and slept in it until morning. I then found a ladder and climbed over the wall into the Cookmans' garden, broke open the doors and set about loading what we could of their furniture. French Navy personnel came along to salvage things from other nearby houses. We worked fast, as rumour had it that bull-dozers were soon to come and level all the houses, regardless of their furnishings! By 11 a.m. we left the town after satisfying the questioning police as to our authority to take the truck-load of things away and having assured the visiting Swiss Consul of the safety of the Cookman family. Having learned that the families had been evacuated to Marrakesh we drove there, a distance of some three hundred kilometres, and set about finding the mission houses. After some enquiry we found the house of the French Pastor, who kindly allowed us to store the furniture

temporarily in a large empty hall. We contacted the missionaries and having found that no-one else had gone to bring away the Jacksons' furniture I decided to return at once to Agadir to see what could be done.

"It was Ramadhan, and the two Moroccans who were with me in the truck were keeping the Fast, so I fell in with their arrangements and ate only when they ate. We drove on through the night and by 5 a.m. were again on the outskirts of Agadir. We stopped by the lighthouse to the north of the town, to await daylight and to avoid as much as possible the sickening smells of the destroyed city. At 7 a.m. we again entered Agadir, now heavily guarded with soldiers posted every hundred feet. We were not stopped until we reached the Industrial Quarter, where the presence of an American naval officer with a radio unit enabled us to get by a suspicious sentry.

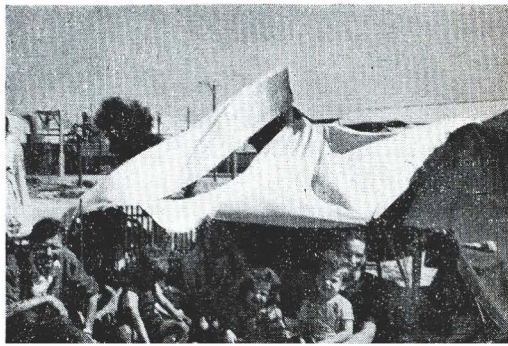
"We wasted an hour trying to secure help from local inhabitants who had not fled. Police reported that six hundred looters were awaiting trial! We found the Jacksons' house to be in such a bad condition that we took off the doors and wedged them in their openings. It was difficult to keep the Moroccan workmen from all crowding into one room at the same time. As we carried out the Jackson furniture, planes repeatedly sprinkled us with D.D.T. from above and trucks ran up and down the roads giving us all the same treatment. Dead dogs lay about everywhere, their bodies swollen with the heat. All salvage work seemed to be at a standstill and we were alone in

the Industrial Quarter. Then a man came along offering us a leg of lamb, which we promptly threw away fearing that it might be contaminated.

"As our load mounted higher and higher and I felt our time was fast running out, the driver of the truck pointed out to me a room which we had missed. It was the dispensary, so of course we did our best to salvage the medical equipment and medicines we found there. Then the driver and his helper insisted that we should go back to the Cookmans' house to see if we could take anything more of their goods, and finally we left with a highly over loaded truck. We joined a convoy which contained probably the last of the Agadir refugees to be evacuated. Barriers had been erected in all parts of the city, but we were allowed to slip out. About thirty kilometres out we paused for a few minutes for a refreshing swim in the Atlantic Ocean—to disinfect ourselves! Once we were stopped for having an overloaded truck, but allowed to proceed and we arrived in Marrakesh again about 9 p.m. On Sunday at 3 p.m. I was back at home in Rabat."

So, in the goodness of God, not only were the lives of our missionary families saved, but through

"... THE TEMPORARY SHELTER"



the courage and resourcefulness of fellow-workers, most of their material possessions and medical equipment was salvaged also. And everyone would acknowledge that they owe everything to the over-

shadowing of the Divine Hand through every moment of those momentous days. Truly HE WAS THERE, and "The Angel of His Presence saved them."

Across the Field in Praise and Prayer

BECAUSE of the special nature of other items in this issue of the magazine, our news flashes from across the Field must necessarily be curtailed. But may there be no slackening on our side as prayer partners of those who daily bear the brunt of the front-line conflict. For it is a conflict, sometimes fierce and open, sometimes subtle and insidious, with those "principalities and powers" which have been arrayed against our Lord and

against the advance of His Kingdom since the days when St. Paul first wrote about them. Sometimes the powers of darkness seem to be gaining ground and we wonder why this has been allowed.

In **Tripoli**, in the middle of April, our workers were suddenly confronted with an order to close down the Medical Mission and to cease their medical work there. No explanation was given, and although appeals have been made to those in authority, at the time of writing the order remains unchanged. This is indeed a challenge to prayer! Medical work has been carried on in Tripoli since 1889, and the Mission is known and loved by thousands of poor people who come for treatment there. Let us uphold Dr. and Mrs. Pat McCarthy and Miss Vivian Bradshaw, and ask that they may be given all needed wisdom to recognise and to do God's will in these difficult circumstances. Pray specially for the little group of Christians there that they may be kept steadfast in the faith.

Coming along to **Tunis** let us remember very specially in prayer the Regional Superintendent, Mr. Warren Gaston, in all the extra responsibilities he will carry during the absence on furlough of Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Brown. Pray for God's enabling also for Mrs. Helen Morriss as she oversees the

THE COOKMANS' KITCHEN



work of the student group in the **M.T.C.** Prayer is asked for the **Summer Camps** in Tunisia that there might be some definite results, and especially that some of the *girls* might be truly converted. There has been encouraging attendance at the Sunday afternoon meetings for young men, and those for young women also. It would seem that many who return from time to time must have more than a passing curiosity. Pray for them. Pray that the National Christians may be keen to win others.

From Tunis, Muriel Butcher, Marjorie Ballard and Katherine Morris will be going to join our workers in **Algiers** for Camp work from July 4th till September 2nd. The Mission House in Algiers with its spacious garden makes an ideal Camp site. Remember in prayer all the boys and girls who will be daily under Christian influence and teaching during the following Camps: Boys of 13-16 years from July 4th-15th; boys of 8 to 12 years from July 18th to August 8th, and girls of 8 to 14 years from August 12th to September 2nd.

To recall the wonderful opportunities for the distribution of the Scriptures at the Industrial Fair in **Casablanca**, Morocco, in May, brings a fresh song of praise at every remembrance of what God did at that time. Let us continue to pray that God will use His own Living Word to the definite salvation of many souls all over the country. Pray for our Literature Production programme, that it may be possible to produce more suitable literature for the many who can now read for themselves.

The Camp Programme for Morocco begins on July 1st with a twelve-day camp for older girls. The Camp for Junior girls runs from July 12th to 23rd, and the boys' Camp from July 23rd to August 3rd. All these Camps are at Sunset Farm Conference Centre, Khemisset, and are an inter-Mission effort, as was the witness at the Casablanca Fair.

Praise God for the opening of a new Mission Station at **Taroudant**. From the first days there Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jackson had a friendly welcome from many of the people. Friends from Agadir came to visit them, bringing their relatives who live in Taroudant, thus giving an opening to many new homes. Girls are finding an interest in sewing classes, and quite a number of boys have been attending a class on Fridays and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Harris are now on furlough, taken early on account of their little daughter Dorothy's health. Medical reports have been encouraging and we continue to pray for God's touch of complete healing for her if it be His will. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Cookman are carrying on their work meanwhile in Bab Doukalla, **Marrakesh**.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Morgan thank God for the many individual contacts they are able to make with resident Europeans, as well as with seamen of different nationalities from time to time in **Safi**. Pray that God's blessing may be upon all the Scriptures they are able to distribute in this way.

The Moroccan Christian Conference at Khemisset proved to

be a time of rich spiritual blessing to many. Pray that God will continue to work in the hearts of some who went for the first time from **Settat** and **Azemmour**. One of them, **Mena** from **Settat**, came to realise that one does not become a Christian through mere friendly interest in the Lord and His people, but that there must be a definite committal of one's life to Him. Pray that she may be led on to this step.

Continue to pray for the united witness to the Gospel in the recently opened Hall in **Rabat**. Pray also for the week-night meetings for Bible Study there. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wilson will be going on furlough in July and Ralph Burns would value prayer as he takes over the work of the Book Store during their absence. Pray that God will also guide to the most suitable place for a Book Store in **Fez** now that Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson are back. Pray for a continual work of consolidation in the little Church there and praise God for the sense of His Presence in the Sunday services and the weekly Bible Study on Wednesday evenings.

Pray that all the contacts made with students in **Tetuan** through English classes and the Sunday evening "squashes" may be used of the Holy Spirit to bring many of them into vital contact with the Lord. Pray for the development of the Church in **Tetuan** and for the work of the V.T.C., that young men of God's choice may be brought to the Farm and Print Shop and be helped spiritually and morally.

The visit of a Christian girl from **Fez** to **Alcazar** brought real

encouragement and help to the young Christians there. Pray that the Lord will further confirm their faith and make them true witnesses for Him. Pray for guidance as to who shall go to **Camp**.

Space will not permit of more than the briefest acknowledgment of all that it meant to us as a Mission family to have in our midst as visiting speakers at the different Regional Conferences the Rev. Arthur Coffey, our Deputation Secretary, Mr. Thomas Shaw of the S.M.M., Glasgow, and the Rev. St. Clair Robinson of Sunderland. They gave us of their best and returned home, we believe, with a new vision of the needs and opportunities of the hour. Ask them to tell you about it!

Pray for **Tangier** during these Summer months. The Hospital will be partially closed for a short period for staff holidays; the Marshan School and the Beni Makada Carpet School will have their vacations; some of the children will go to **Camp**. Many visitors from other parts of the country will come seeking refreshment of body, mind and spirit by the sea. Pray that the Spirit of God may guide in all the activities, and pray specially for the National Christians that there may be spiritual growth and a deliverance from everything that would bind them to the old life.

From August 22nd to September 4th a **Summer School** has been arranged in **Tangier**, which will take the form of refresher courses in Islamic subjects together with Bible studies. This we believe will be a time of refreshment and profit to all

missionaries who can avail themselves of it. The visiting Lecturer will be Dr. James G. S. Thom-

son of Edinburgh, himself formerly a missionary in Algeria.

J.C.S.

“ He Sent His Word . . . ”

UNITED CHRISTIAN WITNESS AT THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR IN CASABLANCA

By J. C. STALLEY

ENTERING one of the large doors in the great central pavilion of the Casablanca Industrial Fair one gets a first impression of space and light. Perhaps this is partly because there is an electric light Stand in the foreground with all its lamps shining. Then something catches your eye. Looking *through* this Stand you see on a further wall, framed in the shining lights, a large model of the Bible. If you are a Christian your heart quickens with joy at the sight.

Coming nearer you see that above and a little to the right of the Bible is a model of the world, painted blue. Seemingly floating around it are clouds of various sizes labelled in Arabic and French with such words as “pride”, “lying”, “hatred” and “fear”. Below, in attractive lettering, is the motto: “LE CHRIST TOUT ENTIER DANS LA BIBLE TOUT ENTIERE POUR LE MONDE TOUT ENTIER” — “CHRIST . . . IN THE WHOLE BIBLE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD”. Then comes the statement that the Bible has been translated into more than 1200 languages and dialects.

The walls of the Stand are blue and yellow, with verses of Scripture in many languages tastefully arranged upon them. Hanging

vases of fresh flowers give an artistic touch which helps to make “our Stand” one of the most attractive in the Pavilion. The counters are covered with Bibles, Gospels, and other portions of Scripture and Christian books in several languages, but chiefly in Arabic and French.

The Stand is divided into two parts, and at one end there are chairs where people can sit to enjoy the Scripture film-strips which are shown from time to time. These always attract a crowd and the chief favourites have been the stories of Jonah and Daniel. A script goes with the pictures, spoken by a National Christian and giving a direct Gospel appeal at the close. This must have been heard by some thousands during the eighteen days of the Fair.

Here comes a family, evidently from the country—the father in his rough home-spun cloak, the mother with a baby tied on her back, a big boy of about eleven and one or two more children trailing alongside. They all stop and look at the books somewhat wistfully. The boy fingers one of the Gospels, but he can read neither Arabic nor French. They prepare to pass on when suddenly they are arrested. The tall man behind the counter says something which the rest of us do not

understand, but the faces of the whole family lighten with intelligence. Here is someone who can speak to them in their own Berber tongue—what is more he has picked up one of the books, and, opening it, begins to read. How wonderful! The book too is in their own tongue, and what beautiful words they are.

Oh for a camera or an artist's brush to depict the happy expression on each one of those faces as they crowd round to listen! If they buy the book it will perhaps be carried to some far-away village up in the Atlas Mountains where no messenger of the Gospel has ever yet been. How interesting it would be to follow the books as they go on their way!

At the other counter a group of students stops, and they too turn the pages with some interest. Here is the Gospel in two languages side by side—Arabic and French, or Arabic and English. If you are studying these languages, these books will be of special interest. One smiling lad, with the beginnings of a black beard on the end of his chin, selects and buys one of each, and several other books beside. "I'm studying at the University in Rabat", he says.

Another lad, in blue overalls, turns the books over and over. How much is this? And this? He seems to be weighing things up and eventually chooses two different Gospels and a chapter of "The Way of the Sevenfold Secret". We wrap them up for him and he pulls out of his pocket quite a large handful of money and slowly counts out the francs to pay for his books. He hands

them over as if loth to part with them. Then, undecided, he lingers over the books and finally passes on to the next counter. Here is a complete New Testament in Classical Arabic with an attractive binding. He decides to have that. Once again he slowly counts out the money and the book is wrapped for him. But still he does not move away! He does not seem to want to talk, yet he seems drawn to the books as if by a magnet. "Yes, I'll just take this one and a few of the free tracts". This time he really goes on his way, with at least three packages in his hand and a quiet smile on his face.

What will he do with the books? Will he share them with others? May the Holy Spirit be there to enlighten as they read!

Then comes a little shoe-black. He has some money to spend and he is proud of the fact that he can read, so he buys a Gospel and one or two other books. We give him a free tract and he turns with a cheery smile. "Now let me shine your shoes, please!" And he insists on doing it for nothing! Is he one of those whose heart God has touched? He comes back every day, cheery, smiling, wanting to shine our shoes for us. Then he brings a friend and together they enjoy watching the film-strips . . .

But not all who pass by are interested. Some hurry by with a casual glance, some with a supercilious smile at the mention of the Name of Christ and His Gospel. Others say, "Yes, I know it. I already have a copy of the Gospel". In general the Europeans are less interested in the books than the Moroccans.

but many thousands have received tracts in French with a clear Gospel message. Almost at the beginning of the Fair one of the French-speaking workers spoke to a man whose face clouded wrathfully at the mention of the Gospel. "I want none of that", he said. "I have come here to look for my wife. She has deserted me and I hear she has come to visit the Fair. If only I can get hold of her, I'll kill her. She deserves it!" Quietly and sympathetically the missionary talked to him of the One who said, "Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord"—of Him who alone can change man's sinful nature and bring healing and peace to a sorely troubled heart. Slowly the man's anger calmed. "You have done me good", he said, and went on his way. Shall we ever know the sequel to that story? "My Word shall not return unto Me void", said the Lord.

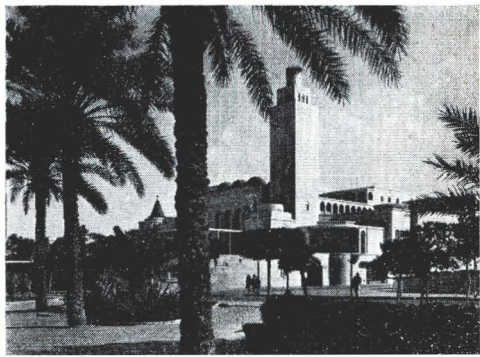
Then, on the very last evening of the Fair, as we were on duty behind the counter a young man approached whose face had a vaguely familiar look. When offered a book he only smiled and said, "Don't you remember me?"—and there was sudden recognition! Eighteen years ago he had been one of "our boys" on an Algerian station, one who loved to come daily to study the Word of God. And we had had no news of him since! How glad we were that we "happened" to be there on the one occasion when he passed by—for he was only visiting Casablanca!

But this has been more than simply a "Stand" at the Fair. It has been a real piece of missionary co-operation, perhaps quite

unprecedented in Morocco. As the Business Manager for the Stand, Mr. Bert Hollinshead called for volunteer helpers to man the Stand, and the response was splendid. Men and women, they came from all parts of the country, and from almost every Society working in the land, freely offering their services for several days at a time. So all through the eighteen days of the Fair there have always been three or four workers on the Stand, doing four-hourly shifts from 9 a.m. until 11 p.m., or midnight. It was a special joy to welcome National Christians as helpers when they were free to come, and we are sure that they themselves have been blessed in doing this bit of service for the Lord.

Sales have been far beyond our expectations, and the total receipts, amounting to over 200,000 francs (about £135 or 400 dollars), are all the more remarkable when one realises that this sum has been made up of *very small amounts*. Few large books have been sold, though we are glad to know that quite a good number of Bibles in Arabic and French were bought, and hundreds of Gospels. "Peace With God", by Billy Graham, also went quite well, especially the Arabic edition; and the Moroccan Arabic edition of Lilius Trotter's "Way of the

IN TRIPOLI



Sevenfold Secret" was soon exhausted. There was one enquiry for a Bible in Chinese-Arabic and another for an Indian version.

For many this type of work was quite a new experience. "One of the most thrilling things I've done since I've been on the Field", commented one of the young workers in her second term of service. Another was so gripped by the tremendous possibilities of it all that she could hardly be persuaded to leave the Stand for the necessary rest intervals! One of the Casablanca workers, who had looked forward keenly to having a part in the work, was laid aside through a leg injury throughout the whole of the Fair. One day we may know just how much the success of this united missionary effort owes to her prayers at this time—and to **yours**, who remembered us also.

Then there were those who worked out of sight—catering for the workers, preparing and marking the stocks of books, producing thousands of Arabic tracts for distribution, conveying workers to and from the Fair and in many other little ways keeping

the "machinery" running smoothly. They also will have their reward.

And now that the Fair is over, the Stand dismantled and the books put away, there still remains a work in which each one can share. Let us follow the books that have gone out to so many parts of this great country with our earnest believing prayer, that the Holy Spirit Himself may guide those who read, may enlighten and give to them spiritual understanding; that He may indeed, according to our Lord's own promise, "reprove the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment."

Pray too that those who are sincere seekers after the Truth may be brought into contact with those who can help them in their search and that many may truly find Him.

DATE FOR YOUR DIARY

The Annual Meetings of the North Africa Mission in the United Kingdom will be held, D.V., at the Bridewell Hall, 6, Eccleston Street, London, S.W.1, on Tuesday, October 4th, at 3 and 6.30 p.m.

GUIDED GIVING

To meet the very simple personal needs of each missionary, a minimum allowance of £15 a month is required, exclusive of "overheads".

The amount sent from the London Office to missionaries for the month of May averaged £6.15s.0d.

A small legacy helped to make possible the sending of £13 in June.

THE N.A.M. PRAYER CALENDAR

DAILY PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES AND OTHERS

1. **Tangier:** Rev. L. J. BOCKING & Mrs. BOCKING (1928), Mr. C. A. HARVEY (Field Treasurer) & Mrs. HARVEY, Miss G. FOX (1956).
2. **Tangier: Tulloch Memorial Hospital:** Dr. F. A. R. ST. JOHN (1945) & Mrs. ST. JOHN (1950), Dr. & Mrs. W. CAMPBELL (1956). *Nurses:* Misses K. B. CARTER (1950), K. M. DYKES (1952), W. LLOYD (1949), G. W. THEAKSTON (1945), J. WILBERFORCE (1948), E. SMETANA (1954), M. SMETANA (1954), D. EVANS (1957).
3. **Tangier (contd.):** Miss C. BOWRING (1930). *Nurses' Training School:* Miss P. M. ST JOHN (1949) (on furlough), Miss L. HUGLI (1959).
4. **Tangier: Schools:** Mrs. L. J. BOCKING (1928), Miss D. RICHARDSON (1945), Miss E. PRIDEAUX (1948). **Beni Makada:** Misses W. DRURY (1929) & N. ANDREW (1945). Spanish believers.
5. **Tetuan:** Misses E. BRADBURY (1929) & E. LOW (1931), Mr. & Mrs. S. R. SMURTHWAITE (1952), Mr. B. LEAT (1952), Mr. & Mrs. (Dr.) J. TRINDLE (1954). Spanish believers.
6. **Alcazar:** Misses M. E. CHIPPERFIELD (1945), S. KLAU (1954).
7. **Fez:** Mr. & Mrs. J. THOMPSON (S.M.M.), Misses G. LINCOLN (1935), E. SOUTER (1946). **Rabat:** Miss I. DEW (1924), Mr. & Mrs. T. WILSON (1952).
8. **Casablanca: Field Headquarters:** Rev. H. W. STALLEY (Field Director) & Mrs. STALLEY, Miss W. DAVEY (1957). **Spanish, French and Italian Work:** Mr. J. PADILLA (1929) (retired). **Moorish Work:** Misses G. SHARPE (1938) & M. HAUNSTEIN (1953), Mr. B. HOLLINSHEAD (1956), Mrs. B. HOLLINSHEAD (1948), Miss J. MORGAN (1954).
9. **Settat:** Misses G. CARTY (1939), B. ANDERSEN (1951). **Azemmour:** Misses D. M. HENMAN (1935), G. HAVELL (1958). **Safi:** Mr. & Mrs. H. J. H. MORGAN (Associate Members).
10. **Marrakesh (S.M.M.):** Misses F. LOGAN (1949), E. JACOBSEN (1953), Mr. & Mrs. D. R. HARRIS (1953) (on furlough), Mr. & Mrs. B. COOKMAN (1955).
11. **El Jadida (S.M.M.):** Mr. & Mrs. J. A. HARRIS (1953).
12. **Taroudant (S.M.M.):** Mr. & Mrs. W. JACKSON (1953).
13. **Algiers:** Miss R. STEWART (1954 (on furlough), Miss K. CASTLE (1954).
14. **Cherchell:** Mr. F. EWING (1932) & Mrs. EWING (1931).
15. **Djemaa Sahridj:** Rev. & Mrs. B. COLLINSON (1950).
16. **Tunis:** Rev. R. I. BROWN (Deputy Field Director) & Mrs. BROWN (on furlough), Mrs. C. W. MORRIS (1927), Mrs. A. STRAUTINS (1938), Mr. & Mrs. W. GASTON (1954), Mr. & Mrs. C. ADAMS (1955) (on furlough).

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17. **Language Students. Tunis:** Miss M. BUTCHER (1957), Rev. and Mrs. R. LILLEY (1957), Miss D. BROWN (1957), Miss M. BALLARD, Mr. W. EVANS, Misses M. HIESTAND, I. LARSON, K. MORRIS (all 1958); Mr. & Mrs. M. HILES, Mr. S. SCHLORFF, Miss A. SWANK (all 1959), Mr. & Mrs. W. BELL, Mr. & Mrs. G. SMITH, Miss L. MONUS (all 1960).
 18. **Language Students. Algiers:** Rev. & Mrs. I. HOFFMAN (1957), Mr. R. L. HELDENBRAND (1958), Miss R. MCDANIEL (1958). **Rabat-Salé:** Rev. & Mrs. R. BURNS (1957), Miss D. PARILLO (1958). **Casablanca:** Miss H. WILSON (1957), Mr. R. KLAUS, Miss B. NORTON, Mr. & Mrs. R. RAWLS (all 1959).
 19. **All Testimony among God's Ancient People.**
 20. **Sousse:** Mr. R. S. MILES (1921) & Mrs. MILES (1926), Misses A. CLACK (1924) & M. JONES (1932) (both in U.S.A.).
 21. **Tripoli: Medical Mission:** Dr. and Mrs. P. MCCARTHY (1955), Mr. N. PEARCE (1940) & Mrs. PEARCE (1945) (temporarily in England), Miss V. BRADSHAW (1954), Dr. & Mrs. J. CARLILE (1955) (on furlough).
 22. **Deputation Work in Britain:** Mr. & Mrs. E. J. LONG, Rev. A. COFFEY, Mrs. E. L. LILEY and (part time) Miss E. H. FRASER. **In U.S.A.:** Dr. F. STEELE.
 23. **All believers in N. Africa, Secret Believers, Backsliders and Enquirers.**
 24. **Translation Work; Distribution of Scriptures; Publication of Evangelical Literature; Bible Shops; Colportage.**
 25. **Children of Missionaries, and Children of Converts in North Africa.**
 26. **Members of North American Council and U.S.A. Headquarters Staff.**
 27. **U.K. Council Members and Headquarters Staff.**
 28. **Local Secretaries and Prayer Groups.**
 29. **Retired Workers. In the homeland:** Miss A. BUXTON (1919), Mrs. E. FISHER (1922), Miss E. HARMAN (1921), Miss E. HIGBID (1921), Miss V. HOUGHTON, Mrs. J. W. KENT (1948), Mr. P. PADILLA (1926), Mrs. P. PADILLA (1922), Miss G. E. PETTER (1913), Miss K. REED (1922), Mrs. E. A. SIMPSON (1898), Mrs. T. J. P. WARREN (1911), Mrs. F. M. WEBB (1899), Mr. & Mrs. A. G. WILLSON (1922). **S.M.M.:** Mrs. M. NAIRN (1896), Mr. J. HALDANE (1912), Mrs. J. HALDANE (1913), Misses E. ALDERSON (1913), I. ROSS (1926), C. POLLOCK (1936). **In U.S.A.:** Miss E. BROOKES (1932). **In France:** Mrs. S. ARTHUR (1923). **In Algiers:** Mrs. A. ROSS (1902). **In Denmark:** Miss E. M. S. DEGENKOLW (1913). **In Switzerland:** Miss I. COULERU (1923) (S.M.M.).
 30. **Dispensary Work; Classes; Visiting; Work among Europeans.**
 31. **Special Remembrance of Financial Needs.**
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