

North Africa

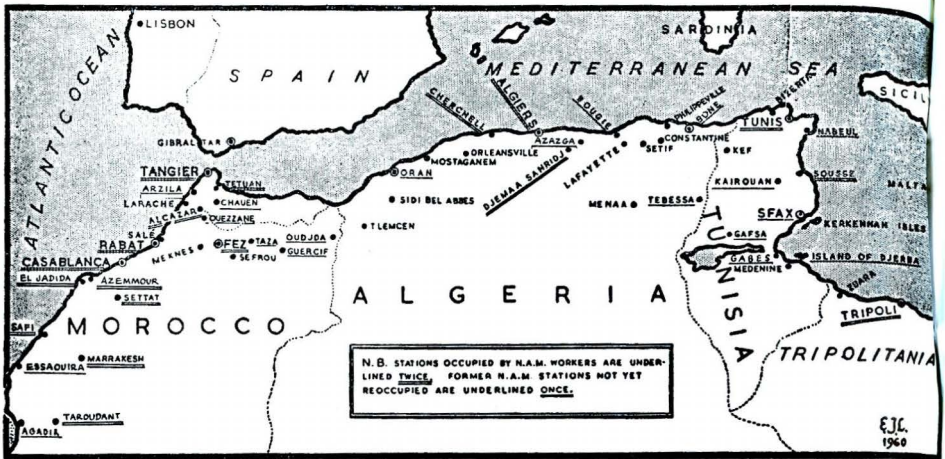


No. 51 (Published Bi-monthly)

JULY/AUGUST, 1963

NORTH AFRICA

SHOWING SPHERE OF OPERATIONS
OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION



THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION with which is incorporated THE SOUTHERN MOROCCO MISSION

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A Day's Colportage in Algeria

By MURIEL BUTCHER

HOW would you like to join the Oran team for a day's colportage trip? We could probably squeeze you in the back seat of the Renault Brake, which is the latest member of our team, on loan from some missionary friends in Algeria. You would certainly enjoy the ride and probably be surprised at the green freshness of the countryside and the variety and colour of the wild flowers that border the road and make vivid patches in the fields. The little vines are bursting with new life and the wheat is growing fast. One admires the efforts of this new country to maintain agricultural production and wonders how the harvest will compare with previous years.

We approach our "field" for the day: a symmetrically planned village composed of white French-type houses with a large (closed) Catholic church built exactly in the centre. Behind it, on the slope of a hill, lies a cluster of smaller dwellings separated by narrow dirt tracks and swarming with children. This is the "douar" or Arab settlement. Now, however, there are no boundaries; Algeria belongs to the Algerians. We park the car in a side street near the centre of the village. Groups of turbaned Arabs are sitting in the sunshine of the main square and lounging on the

corners of the one central main street. The side streets seem to be deserted, apart from an occasional white-draped figure of a woman, her "haik" drawn closely around her, only one eye visible.

We open the back of the station wagon and take out our baskets and brief-cases, already stacked with "the Seed of the Word"—Gospels and New Testaments—, discuss briefly how to divide up the village, and set out.

Already every pair of dark eyes in the square is upon us, heads turned lazily and curiously in our direction. Why should four strangers visit their village? It is a rare and interesting event in these days, when all Europeans seem to be going in the same direction—that is, away! What is in those baskets, and what do they want? Their mute questions are soon answered as we make our way toward the first group of loungers with a handful of books held out toward them. Our Arabic greetings receive surprised and delighted rejoinders, suspicion dies out of their eyes, and we are welcomed with a wide grin.

"Can you read?" is the first essential question. "No, Achti (sister)" says one, "Neither Arabic nor French. I am just a donkey; I never went to school." A younger man strolls up and reaches out for a book. He reads French and knows a little Arabic,

OUR COVER PICTURE:
OASIS IN SOUTHERN TUNISIA.

so is immediately attracted to the French-Arabic bi-lingual Gospel of John. "What is this?" he asks. "It is the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ", we reply, mentally bracing ourselves for a sneer or angry outburst. He merely nods, however, asks the price, seems surprised that it is so low and the transaction is soon made. He accepts an enrolment form for the Bible Correspondence Course, and moves away reading it.

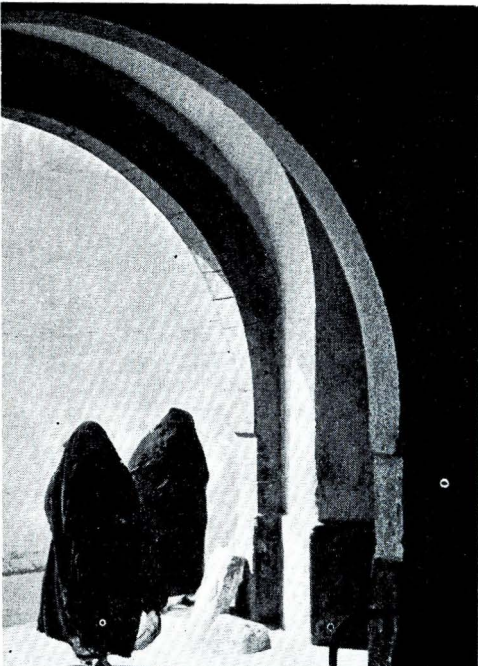
By this time a small crowd has collected. Several purchase Gospels in French or in Arabic for their children, who are profiting from the education their fathers were denied. A group of proud, high-spirited young men tell us confidently that they have no need of any kind of religion and that they are studying philosophy at college. One of them,

LAND OF VEILED WOMEN.

surprisingly enough, buys a New Testament in Arabic.

An old man in flowing robes and white beard approaches. Someone says "The Sheikh", and they respectfully make way for him. "The Gospel, eh! What do we want with these books? Our own books are far superior." The old arguments begin, and the crowd prick up their ears. We politely point out that this is the Book which speaks of Eternal Life, of pardon from sin and peace with God. He refuses to touch it, but accepts a booklet as a gift and proudly turns on his heel. Meanwhile, hands are held out offering the right money, and requests for books come from every hand.

The group disperses and we move on into the quiet back streets. Many of these houses are closed up, their European owners having fled the country. Making our way toward the "douar" we pause and knock on doors or push them open wherever we see signs of life. We are invariably greeted kindly. Sometimes we meet with a polite refusal, but often we are invited to enter and drink coffee. As we sip we chat in Arabic and soon find an opportunity to explain the way of Salvation to these women who have never heard it in their lives before. Frequently we are asked, "But who are you and what are you doing?" Who are we? We are only sowers with an unshakable faith in the Lord of the harvest to produce a crop from the living Seed. Will you not water this Seed with your prayers and look with us for the first green shoots that herald fruit?



A News Budget from Tangier

By RENE MORGAN

AT this time of the year in Morocco we can hear the bleating of sheep, and crying of goats being driven up and down this old mountain road—many of them destined to become a sacrifice as the great sheep-killing feast of the Moslems draws near. The greatest feast of the year to them, yet the Word of God says, "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not . . . for Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." This is the message we give to these people, and we ask your prayers that God will water the seed sown and bring forth the harvest.

This year has been one of much trial and suffering for Morocco. Continual heavy rains caused extensive floods, which washed away many of the homes of the poor, homes made from mud and sticks; and many lives were lost. Here in Tangier terrific East winds blew down huge trees on the Old Mountain and elsewhere. Praise the Lord, He kept us safe, although trees were falling all around us. Now the spring flowers bring joy to our hearts. We are looking forward to the Annual Spring Conference held each year at Khemisset. It is an Inter-Mission Conference, where Moorish Christians come from all parts; and isolated ones feel that they are part of this national Church, and take courage at seeing so many others following Christ.

There have been many disappointments. Some who once

ran well have fallen away, some back to Islam. My Friday class for girls has stopped. A Religious (Koranic) School has been started just a few yards further up the mountain, and the girls who used to come here, now go there. We can hear them chanting from the Koran. One consolation is that the girls memorised a lot of Scripture verses, and God's Word cannot return to Him void.

We get many opportunities of individual service, and we trust the Lord that it will not be in vain. It is always a joy to preach the Gospel on Women's Ward, to sing the Gospel hymns (using the autoharp) and to see utter indifference change to increasing interest in some of the patients.

One young woman—a heart case—I told some of you about when we were home in 1961. She has had another spell in hospital, and has witnessed so brightly. She is home again now. She lives alone because, except for one sister, her family will have nothing to do with her, since she is a Christian.

M— (of Cherchell) is now on the nursing staff of the hospital, and a great help, taking her part in Ward Services and Women's Meetings. Continue to pray for her. Another Algerian nurse is hoping to go to Geneva this summer to take the same mid-wifery course and to attend the Bible School where M— was. The other two Christian nurses in hospital do not take such an active part in the work, but do

witness to patients as opportunity arises.

The three girls now studying at Government Hospital need much prayer. As with so many young folk, freedom and independence seem to have hindered their spiritual growth. One sees young and pretty girls unveiled, and in European clothes, side by side with those who still shroud themselves in white draperies and veils.

Pray also for a young man, a Moorish Christian who is now working with Herman. He can read, and attends the meetings

and Bible Classes. Pray for the Bible Correspondence Courses. It is wonderful how this work has swept through North Africa, bringing to hundreds of young folk a knowledge of God's Word.

We do want you to know how much we appreciate your remembrance of us. Keep on praying, and God will keep on working and continue to provide for us as He has done these many years. So many times we see a miracle happen as the barrel of meal wasteth not, and the cruse of oil faileth not according to His Word.

Back From Our First Furlough

By ROLAND AND ELLA LILLEY

ON every side there in encouragement as we begin our second term in North Africa. The work has always been slow here, and we have never been able to count large numbers coming forward to receive Christ. This has not changed, but the ones and twos coming to the Lord are increasing, and more and more young people are looking for something that they cannot find in Islam. We are seeking to fill this void in their lives by the truth of the Gospel. This is how the Lord is using the Bible Correspondence Courses; they are going into villages and towns where missionaries have never been, and into larger cities, too, where missionaries could not go with the present limited number of personnel.

We readily admit that these Courses in themselves are not

adequate, but at the present time it is the best way to reach the greatest number of people. When we have time and opportunity, a definite effort will be made to have personal contact with the more interested ones. Even now this could keep all the missionaries busy for several months, and maybe even a year or two if the courses were suddenly stopped for one reason or another.

We would invite your earnest prayers for the ministry of the correspondence courses. Never before have so many Tunisians been studying the Bible at one time. And this is a systematic way of study. Thus far, in the short time that the courses have been going out, over 15,000 courses have been mailed in Tunisia alone. The present enrolment is nearly 6,000 students.

(Continued on page 152)

A Savour of Life — and Death

By ABE WIEBE

“**W**ORTHY is the Lamb . . . to receive . . .” — all! Take the road to Calvary with me this Spring. Re-witness the greatest event in time and notice how the issues of life suddenly find focus. As one breathes the air where the love of God met my sin, my thanksgiving knows no bounds.

Hill of death, yes; but through it the gateway to Life now opens. In many ways Morocco is a land of death. The pall of Islam is heavy, and its blight that binds hearts and blinds eyes has ruled for centuries. Rejecting the death and resurrection of Christ, they walk in death. Notice that beggar, all rags and filth — at least sunshine is free. Jesus died for him — I wish he could grip that.

Pass through the Arab town of Fez, say—thousands pushing and yelling in those dark streets. The next thing to living in a mausoleum. Listen to the prayer call, dead notes of bondage they are. Hear one say, “No, I don’t do all Islam demands, it is too much. But I believe in Allah and the Prophet who will intercede for me.”

Oh to be able to convey to them their great need of the Blood

of the Lamb! Pray that witness borne might be in words of power.

This is the most beautiful season in Morocco. Spring, with the gentle sun and soft breezes, has returned. Flowers in array, the green fields reaping the benefit of the winter rains. Someone said the other day, “I wish it would stay like this.”

In all this beauty look at yonder signpost of North Africa’s spiritual status. There is a lovely red poppy-like flower here growing wild and in profusion. Legend says these flowers spring from the blood of the dead. Should you smell it, there would be the aroma of dead blood, hence the legend. Even in beauty—death.

* * *

In studies, French has been terminated, and thus Arabic receives singular attention. Am taking a night course—twice weekly—to add to the daily class with Mr. Brown. In about one month shall have completed the first grammar in classical Arabic. This will be foundational in establishing a usable unit of communication. Your prayers for all of us in language study are a tower of strength; and, by the way, don’t forget Mr. Brown.

BACK FROM OUR FIRST FURLOUGH

(Continued from page 150)

many of whom are not yet beyond the first lesson. Altogether about 850 have completed, at least, one course. Over 500 students have answered affirmatively that they believe in Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour. We realize that probably over 90 per cent of these do not understand what this means, and they have never had contact with anyone who has a personal relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ. These are the ones we most desire to contact.

The Courses are not without opposition, some of which is from official sources. But the Lord is faithful, and, under the present laws, we are able to continue.

Continue to pray for Sfax. The Schlorffs and Mrs. Strautins are having many interested contacts. Young men often drop in the book store to discuss spiritual things, and the older girls in the classes are studying the Bible Correspondence Courses together, under the guidance of Mrs. Strautins.

Witnessing in Tunisian Oases

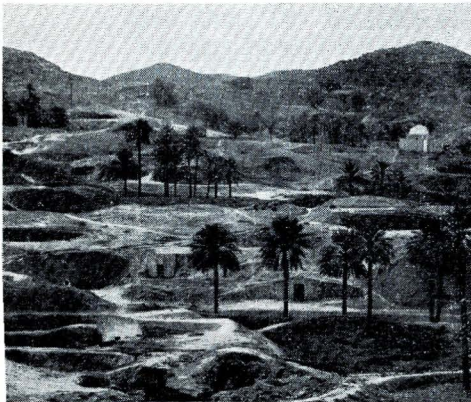
By ALMA STRAUTINS

WE have had another rally at the Book Store. This time it was for men and girls together, in order to show them the film "The God of Creation," followed by a message from one of our missionaries. The place was packed full, and late-comers did not get in. When the meeting was over a hostile crowd was waiting outside.

throwing dust and stones at us as we came out. As I walked home accompanied by a group of girls we were cursed and stoned almost all the way, until a policeman appeared. Then the mob vanished like rabbits into their holes.

Then Elisabeth Hall and I went to Gafsa to visit the B.C.C. students there. On our way we were caught in a big sandstorm, which ended in thunderstorm and floods. In one place the railway was broken, and we had to wait two hours before it was repaired. In several places the rails were under water and the train could advance only very slowly. We were thankful to reach Gafsa with three hours' delay. While seeking the addresses of the B.C.C. students we contacted quite a variety of people to whom we

CAVE DWELLINGS IN SOUTHERN TUNISIA.



could talk of the Saviour. We were invited into several new homes, where, after having spoken of the Lord, we left tracts and B.C.C. leaflets.

From Gafsa we went to Tozeur, a picturesque oasis town some fifty miles south of Gafsa. We had planned to distribute B.C.C. leaflets in the little shops along the sides of the roads, but we did not get very far before swarms of boys and girls surrounded us, shouting "Give me a page, give me a page!" We had to think quickly how to get away from them without attracting the attention of the policeman.

We spent some happy hours at Tozeur with the family of a Tunisian Christian called Joseph. He has been brought up in a Boys' Home belonging to the Methodist Mission, and although living for years cut off from

fellowship with other Christians, has kept his faith, reads the New Testament and teaches his family about the Lord Jesus. He has not hidden his faith from his neighbours either.

We went to the home of one of Joseph's friends, who looked rather an influential man of the town. That man's house is situated just opposite the entrance of the Great Mosque; and there, as it were, under the shadow of the minaret, we discussed deep truths of the Christian faith. While we were there the Muslim call to prayer pealed out, but the man did not pay any attention to it. He wanted to know all about the Person of Jesus Christ. He will be reading the Gospel now, and as he reads let us pray that he may see in Jesus Christ the only Saviour of the world, and also take Him as his own Saviour.

Conference of National Believers

IT was a real encouragement to attend the recent National Christian Conference at Khemisset. There was a record attendance this year and it was again a very special joy to see whole families present. There was also a large proportion of young men. One of the national Christians told us afterwards that he had been really encouraged by the way many of these young men had wanted to discuss spiritual things after the meetings. There were a few who had apparently come just for "an outing", but they were very much

in the minority and the general tone of the whole Conference was high and many were definitely blessed.

The fact that so many National Christians could meet together in this way for fellowship and study of the Word of God is indeed a matter for deep thankfulness to God. Children were well catered for in special meetings of their own, so that for the most part parents could listen undisturbed to the messages. Babies in arms were at times a little distracting and it is hoped that later on it will be possible to increase the

capacity of the meeting hall to give room for a "crèche" for the smaller children.

Wind and rain put the men's dining tent flat on the ground on two occasions! This served to emphasize the need for another more permanent dining room. Let us join our friends of the Gospel Missionary Union in prayer that these needs may be met before

another Conference comes round. Let us also pray that all who attended the Conference, and were blessed, may be enabled to put into practice in their own homes the truths which were emphasized there. Pray also that those who had not surrendered to the Lord might be led to do so.

— H.W.S.

Early Weeks in a Strange Country

By JANET AMES

THIS is the day of wonderful opportunities in the lands of North Africa. God has kept the doors open to missionaries. Let us rejoice in this fact.



The opportunities are tremendous, and indeed we all thank you for your interest in the work here; but we must not become complacent, for the need is 'now', 'this day', for those who will 'go', 'pray' and 'give'. No doubt you will have been learning with interest, as indeed I have, of the planned developments at the Hospital, the increase in the numbers following the Bible

Correspondence Courses, and the camps for the Young People. Do remember these things in your prayers.

Many of you have written and asked me, "What do you do all day?" A difficult question to answer, but I will try and give you some idea. I am woken up by the sound of various vehicles and carts going to and from the fruit market. I open the shutters and look out usually upon a bright day, the sun shining in a cloudless blue sky. Below me I see all kinds of carts in every state of repair and disrepair, and being pulled by anything or anyone. Donkeys are usually goaded on with a kick, whips are frequently used on the scruffy horses, a turbaned man drags a cart behind him bearing oranges, carrots, peas, potatoes. It is a colourful and interesting scene.

At 8.30 a.m. I usually begin studying — perhaps an hour at the tape-recording, muttering the phrases over and over again to

myself. A little boy once heard me, and said: "Why are you talking to yourself?" Another hour with a grammar book brings me up to the time for a lesson. I collect a borrowed bicycle from the garage, decide which side of the road I should be on and set off through the wide, cobbled streets. I certainly find my teacher training useful here, since to have 'eyes in the back of your head' is almost a necessity. I pass through many traffic lights, each attended by a smart grey and white uniformed policeman, pedal rapidly round the roundabouts and arrive thankfully at my destination.

On the way back there are vegetables to buy from the market and perhaps a few other things to get from a nearby self-service store. I often wish I had more time to stop and discover what is going on. Sometimes I find myself cycling along with my eyes firmly fixed on an interesting game of chess being played on the main road pavement, or perhaps a donkey brays and I nearly fall off the bicycle with shock. I hope I have not given the impression that the roads are very dangerous, but one certainly needs to take care, for the standard of driving leaves much to be desired.

Donna Smith (a candidate from the States) and I take it in turns to cook. We really are enjoying our experiments; and since our cookery books give no information about cooking with bottled gas, we have to work on the trial and error basis. We have not managed anything uneatable — yet!

The afternoons are spent study-

ing, with perhaps another lesson and an hour of French conversation with a French-speaking Christian. The evenings are spent with the owners of our apartments in French conversation. On Sundays we meet at the Evangelical Church. The morning service is conducted in Spanish and French, the evening service in French only. Since Arabic is heard in the streets as well as the other languages, I always feel as though I am at the Tower of Babel.

The days are now settling into a pattern, and as the summer temperature rises I am finding text books less inviting, so do pray that I and the other language students will have the self-discipline to keep on learning, rejoicing in 'His day.'

FROM THE MINARET.



Life on a Mountain Mission Station

CHAPTER THREE (continued)

A Day among the Old Men.

“Why is L— always trembling?”

“Because, some years ago, he worked on the day of the Feast of Achour!”

On that day, according to the ancients, the enormous bull that holds the earth poised upon his horns finds it desirable—after standing motionless for a year—to readjust his load by shifting it from one horn to the other. This necessarily provokes a slight tremor. Men, therefore, in view of the possibility of disaster, ought not to work on that particular day.

L— disregarded these solemn prohibitions; and ever since he has trembled incessantly—which might well be expected in one guilty of such unbelief!

* * *

Where do these pilgrims come from? Why are prayers offered before this ancient tree, and lighted candles set upon this rock?

They expect that the saint who lies buried there, and whose spirit lingers in the neighbourhood, will grant them a special blessing.

* * *

How is it that, when certain men pass by—perhaps, on occasion, the missionary himself—the old women rub their hands on the stranger's coat and then lift them to their lips and kiss them?

Because they believe that virtue goes forth from the person thus

touched. (Compare Matthew 14, 36).

Why is it, on the other hand—particularly when a missionary passes—that some old women make the symbolical sign of the Five Fingers?

This is to keep off “the evil eye”—to counter the curse that must surely accompany this fellow who is so obviously a for-
eigner!

* * *

I remember having once seen an ancient sorceress practising her arts upon the person of a sick young man, with a view to exorcising the demons that possessed him.

Taking a length of new cord, she measured off seven cubits, slowly counting aloud from one to seven as she did so. Then, gathering the seven cubits into as many folds, and grasping the bundle in the midst, she walked seven times around the prostrate body, counting once more, very distinctly, from one to seven. Then, having completed this strange ritual, she cried in a commanding voice, “Demons, come out of him!”

* * *

I notice that I have allowed myself to wander into the realm of the old women. What sinister things are found there! What diabolical practices are concocted! Philtres, potions, poisons hold no secrets for these old hags. Swift-acting poisons, sometimes.

(Continued on page 158)

Disappointment Turned to Profit

IT was Sunday morning and nearly time to leave for the next town where our worship service was to be held that day. I would go and call for Z— in case she had forgotten the time. "Are you ready?" I called from the doorway, and was very disappointed when she replied, "Oh no, I'm afraid I can't come today. I'm going to whitewash my courtyard and have the bucket of lime all ready mixed to begin."

"What a pity," I said, "couldn't you leave the whitewashing until another time and come and join us for worship?" At first she hesitated, and then she said, "Yes, I'll come. I ought to spare time to hear the Word of God and to keep His commandments." We had been studying the ten commandments, and was not "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" one of them?

So we went together to the Mission House, and another woman, M—, joined us. Presently the leader of the group from the next town arrived, to say regretfully that he would not be able to have the service in his house that day, as his children were sick. If any of the local friends came they would certainly have a time of worship with them, but he felt it would not be wise to have more.

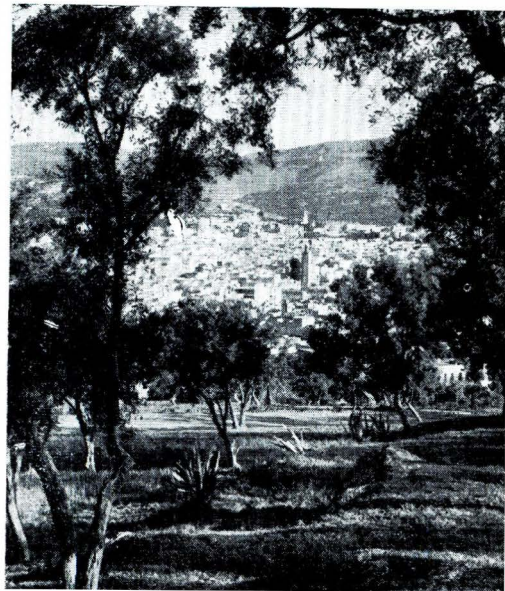
What should we do? I had not been prepared to give a message that morning. Would Z— want to return to her whitewashing? Lifting up a prayer for God's guidance, I turned to the two friends who were waiting. M— took the lead. "I was reading

such lovely words in one Thesalonians five the other evening. Let us read them again together now."

So we opened our New Testaments and read together, each taking a verse in turn. Then we read one Corinthians thirteen, after which Z— said, "I love reading John fourteen. I read it so often when I was helping Tabeeba with her Arabic that I think I know it by heart now."

We read again those beautiful and comforting words, and our hearts were "strangely warmed" as He talked with us that morning. After this we sang our favourite hymns and finally joined with thousands all over the world who would at that time be repeating the "family prayer", and separated with hearts encouraged by fellowship with the Lord and with one another.

THE CITY OF FEZ.



(Continued from page 156)

but more often those that gradually destroy the will-power, moral vigour, virility. Such women may well be, during the brief years of their fleeting youth, man's slave: but, in their later years they become objects of fear — of terror, even!

From cradle to grave the unenlightened Kabyle is closely trammled by superstition. There are certain days upon which no work must be done; certain things that it would be unlucky to attempt; certain places that must on no account be visited; certain forms of speech that must be employed on set occasions.

For instance, when the first spit is turned on new soil, a Kabyle will never fail to cry out: "May Allah confound thee!"—for who knows whether or not Satan or one of his emissaries may be lurking in that very spot!

When yawning, in case demons may be bent upon entering his wide-open mouth, the Kabyle gives expression to some protective formula. Should he be sneezing, however, he will render thanks to Allah, for who knows whether demons may not have been expelled in this explosive act!

Around the Kabyle's neck will be hung an amulet written by

some *marabout*, consisting, not of some quotation from the Koran, but of a mysterious combination of letters and figures inscribed on a draughtboard-like design of sixteen or twenty-five squares.

If he is ill, the same *marabout* will write a verse from the Koran upon an egg-shell. Having dipped the shell with its sacred writing in water, the patient will swallow the drink, and expect to get better.

The time may come when, returning from a sojourn in France, the very same Kabyle will scoff at such practices, and dub them "sheer humbug": yet, a few months later, he will once again be doing like everybody else!

Yes: as their proverb insists, it may well be a waste of time to teach the old men of Kabylia. Nevertheless every day — and occasionally several times daily — one is impressed by the immense influence that they exercise upon the native population. And when we write "old men" you may be sure that we mean "old women" as well!

(To be continued)

BIRTH

To James and Jean Harris, at El Jadida, on April 12th, a son, James Andrew.

GUIDED GIVING

Although it was possible to send our Missionaries only a half-allowance for the month of May, a full allowance was dispatched for June.

We acknowledge with gratitude an anonymous gift of £20 from a friend at "Southgate".

THE N.A.M. PRAYER CALENDAR

DAILY PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES AND OTHERS

1. **Tangier:** Rev. L. J. BOCKING & Mrs. BOCKING (1928) (on furlough), Mr. C. A. HARVEY (Field Treasurer) & Mrs. HARVEY, Miss G. FOX (1956), Miss M. LANDIS (1962), Mr. & Mrs. H. J. H. MORGAN (Associate Members). **Hope House:** Mr. & Mrs. I. MAXWELL, Miss L. MORRIS.
2. **Tangier: Tulloch Memorial Hospital:** Dr. F. A. R. ST. JOHN (1945) & Mrs. ST. JOHN (1950), Dr. & Mrs. N. J. CARLILE (1955), Dr. & Mrs. W. CAMPBELL (1956), Mr. & Mrs. T. WILSON (1952). *Nurses:* Misses W. LLOYD (1949) (Deputation in U.S.A.), W. G. THEARSTON (1945), M. SMETANA (1954), G. HAVELI (1958).
3. **Tangier (contd.):** Miss P. M. ST. JOHN (1949) (temporarily in England), Miss I. LARSON (1958) (on furlough), Miss D. EVANS (1957), Mr. B. LEAT (1952), Mrs. B. LEAT (1954).
4. **Tangier Schools:** Mrs. L. J. BOCKING (1928) (on furlough). **Carpet School:** Misses W. DRURY (1929), E. PRIDEAUX (1948). Spanish believers.
5. **Tetuan:** Misses E. BRADBURY (1929) (temporarily at home), & E. LOW (1931), Mr. & Mrs. S. R. SMURTHWAITE (1952), Mr. & Mrs. R. RAWLS (1959) (on furlough), Miss R. BARKEY (1960). Spanish believers.
6. **Alcazar:** Misses M. E. CHIPPERFIELD (1945) (In England), S. KLAU (1954) (on furlough).
7. **Fez:** Mr. & Mrs. J. THOMPSON (1952) (on furlough), Miss C. BOWRING (1930), Mr. & Mrs. R. KLAUS (1959). **Rabat:** Miss I. Dew (1924), Rev. R. & Mrs. BURNS (1957).
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. HAUENSTEIN (1953) (on furlough), Mr. B. HOLLINSHEAD (1956), Mrs. B. HOLLINSHEAD (1948), Miss J. MORGAN (1954).
9. **Casablanca: Missionary Training Centre: Staff:** Rev. R. I. BROWN (Deputy Field Director) & Mrs. BROWN, Miss K. MORRIS (1958) (on furlough). **Language Students:** Misses L. HUGLI (1959), E. GAMBER (1960) (on sick leave), Mr. & Mrs. G. RIDER (1961), Mr. & Mrs. W. CALL (1961), Mr. & Mrs. R. COX, Mr. & Mrs. D. GOLDMANN, Mr. A. WIEBE (all in 1962), Miss J. AMES (1963), Miss D. SMITH (1963).
10. **Settat:** (Unoccupied). **Azemmour:** Miss D. M. HENMAN (1935), Miss A. SWANK (1959) (on furlough). **Safi:** (Unoccupied).
11. **Marrakesh:** Misses F. LOGAN (1949) (furlough), E. JACOBSEN (1953), B. ANDERSEN (1951), (furlough), H. WILSON & D. PARILLO (1958), Mr. & Mrs. B. COOKMAN (1955) (on furlough).
12. **El Jadida:** Mr. & Mrs. J. A. HARRIS (1953).
13. **Taroudant:** Mr. & Mrs. W. JACKSON (1953) (on furlough). **Immouzer du Kandar:** Mr. & Mrs. D. R. HARRIS (1953).
14. **Algiers:** Miss R. STEWART (1954), Miss M. BALLARD (1958) (on furlough), Rev. & Mrs. I. HOFFMAN (1957), Mr. & Mrs. C. ADAMS (1955), Mr. R. L. HELDENBRAND (1958).

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15. **Oran:** Mr. W. EVANS (1958), Mrs. EVANS (1960), Miss E. SMETANA (1954), Miss M. BUTCHER (1957). **Tlemcen:** Mr. F. EWING (1932) & Mrs. EWING (1931). **Cherchell:** (Temporarily unoccupied).
 16. **Djemaa Sahridj:** Rev. & Mrs. B. COLLINSON (1950), Miss K. CASTLE (1954), Miss R. MCDANIEL (1958) (on furlough).
 17. **Tunis: Station Work:** Mr. & Mrs. W. GASTON (1954), Mr. & Mrs. D. RICKARDS (1951), Mrs. C. W. MORRIS, (1927), Mr. & Mrs. W. BELL (1960). **Language Students:** Miss E. HALL (1961), Dr & Mrs. J. GREEN (1961).
 18. **Sousse:** (Temporarily unoccupied).
 19. **Sfax:** Rev. & Mrs. R. LILLEY (1957), Mrs. A. STRAUTINS (1938) (on furlough), Mr. S. SCHLORFF (1959) & Mrs. SCHLORFF (1961). **Gafsa:** (Unoccupied).
 20. **Deputation Work in Britain:** Mr. & Mrs. E. J. LONG, Rev. A. COFFEY, Mrs. E. L. LILEY, Mr. & Mrs. R. S. MILES, Miss A. CLACK.
 21. **Deputation Work in U.S.A.:** Dr. F. STEELE, Rev. DALLAS GREEN.
 22. **All believers in N. Africa, Secret Believers, Backsliders and Enquirers.**
 23. **Translation Work; Distribution of Scriptures; Publication of Evangelical Literature; Bible Shops; Colportage**
 24. **Children of Missionaries, and Children of Converts in North Africa.**
 25. **Members of North American Council and U.S.A. Headquarters Staff.**
 26. **U.K. Council Members and Headquarters Staff.**
 27. **Local Secretaries and Prayer Groups.**
 28. **Retired Workers. In England:** Miss N. ANDREW (1945), 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), Miss D. RICHARDSON (1945), Mrs. A. ROSS (1902), Mrs. T. J. P. WARREN (1911), Mrs. F. M. WEBB (1899), Mrs. A. G. WILLSON (1922).
 29. **Retired Workers. S.M.M.:** Mr. J. HALDANE (1912), Mrs. J. HALDANE (1913), Miss C. POLLOCK (1936). **In U.S.A.:** Miss E. BROOKES (1932) **In France:** Mrs. S. ARTHUR (1923). **In Switzerland:** Miss I. COULERU (1923) (S.M.M.).
 30. **Dispensary Work; Classes; Visiting; Work among Europeans; All Testimony among God's Ancient People.**
 31. **Special Remembrance of Financial Needs.**
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