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Neglected Arabia



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NEGLECTED ARABIA

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Neglected Arabia

Missionary News and Letters

Published Quarterly by

THE ARABIAN MISSION

Muhammadanism versus Muhammadans

REV. GEORGE E. WHITE, D.D.,

President of Anatolia College, Marsovan, Turkey.

It is always fair, no doubt, to distinguish between the public reputation of a system and the actual personal character of some, of many, or of all of the people who live under it. The Turks are Muhammadans, but not all sections of their society are alike, and great numbers of the common people are known to possess certain kind and creditable traits of character.

Turkish hospitality is well known to all travelers in their country. Many times has the present writer eaten at their tables, slept in their houses, and entertained them as visitors in his own home. It is not at all necessary that the host and the guest be acquainted before the one receives the other. I well remember riding into the courtyard of a village bey, the magnate of the region, one evening long after dark. None of our party had ever been there before, but as our horses' hoofs clattered over the rough paving stones a long row of windows in the second story was thrown up, and two or three heads projected forth from each to see who the newcomers might be. "Do you receive guests?" I called. "Certainly," was the answer from perhaps a dozen men, and they immediately hurried down to take our horses and to welcome the weary travelers. I have been many times in that home since then, and the incident is wholly characteristic of the country.

Not far from Marsovan is a piece of macadamized roadway, serving as an important artery of travel, which is evidently deflected out of its natural route along a stream over the rough adjacent hills. When that road was surveyed, the people of a village on the river bank made up a purse and bribed the engineers to carry the road away from their doorways, because they felt that the burden of entertaining free all the travel passing along such a highway would be more than their slender resources could bear.

On one occasion, when on a trip, we wanted some fruit. Observing a man gathering plums from a tree beside the road, I asked him if he would sell some to us. He cordially invited us to help ourselves from the tree. We did so and made provision for our journey, as was natural; but when I offered him the pay, he absolutely refused to

receive it, saying, "God gave them to me, and I'm glad to give some of them to you." There was a Turk who on a feast day welcomed an American traveler at nightfall as princely Abraham might have done, and who told his visitor, as they sat down to the festal meal, that he had waited all day without breaking his fast for some such worthy guest to come and share with him in the cheer of his festival.

Turks are naturally fond of flowers, of pets, and of children. I have seen a flower offered to some one of another race ungraciously declined with the question, "Do you take me for a Turk?" Perhaps the best keynote to Turkish character is found in the word childish. There are many streaks and strains of childish dispositions, one certainly being an impulsive affection for beauty and for friends. There is much happy home life in their humble abodes. Polygamy is authorized, and is practiced by the officials and the wealthy to a considerable extent; but it is not easy to set aside the very laws of human creation, and most Turkish homes are monogamous. The relations between husband and wife, parents, children, and grandchildren are affectionate, happy, and gratifying, at least in thousands of families.

As men are reckoned in this world, Turks are not naturally covetous, and they are not counted good business men. The long process of bargaining, which regularly precedes a sale, is an exercise in logic, rhetoric, and applied psychology; it requires a knowledge of the facts and the ability to state them effectively. The better debater gets the better end of the bargain as his prize. Bargaining takes the place of lyceums, debating societies, spelling matches, political discussions, and arguments about the tariff. Life would become tame indeed, not to say somber, if every article had a fixed price and bargaining were eliminated. After a vigorous altercation, when the price was agreed on, I have observed the buyer offer to give more and the seller to take less if the other party were not wholly satisfied.

The Turk has a strong natural inclination to be courteous. He has abundant and varied formulas for greetings and farewells. His salutations are given not only with the lips, but regularly with the hand, and often with the whole body. He wishes his friend to feel comfortable, happy, contented, in his presence, and as a result of their personal relations. This accounts for one portion of the frequent Turkish mendacity. If your average Turk knows something that would cause grief, regret, or shame, to a friend, he will not for a moment hesitate to deny or distort the facts, rather than by revealing them cause his listener a pang. His sense of personal courtesy is stronger than his sense of obligation to impartial truth.

In spite of the fact that Turks are few who would trust other Turks not to accept bribes if the chance came in their way, many have a clear sight and a strong feeling of obligation as to right and wrong. They are past masters in the theoretical discussion of such questions. The test of a pinch is sometimes successfully met in practice. One of my highly valued acquaintances was approached by a person who

said to him in substance: "Hadji Effendi, they are dividing up a little plum over in the city, and they wanted me to tell you to come along and get your share of it. They reckon it at about fifty liras" (quite a sum, as prices go in that country).

The old man, who was an outstanding personality in the community and a man of high character in his way, was shocked and indignant. He answered: "What have I done that they should make such an offer to me? I am no longer in office, I do not intend to return to public life, I have done nothing to deserve such a perquisite, and I will not receive it."

It was now the turn of the messenger to be surprised, and he said: "What's the matter? Aren't you satisfied with the amount? If not, we can probably fix you up for a larger sum."

But this "Old Turk" was above any such temptation, though rumor had a good deal to say about the sums distributed, their probable source, and the purpose they were intended to serve. Many of the best Turks have been heartsick over the sufferings of their people in the war, needless as they believe; have sympathized to the full with their Armenian friends and neighbors in the hour of their agony, and have befriended individuals; nor will it be questioned by any who know conditions at first hand that the larger part of the Turkish people regard the Americans with whom they have become acquainted with feelings of respect, good will, and confidence.

Earnest Unceasing Intercession

CHARLOTTE B. KELLIEN



CHARLOTTE B. KELLIEN

There are times, I suppose, in the lives of all missionaries when the burden of the non-Christian world presses more heavily than usual, and when its evangelization seems a well-nigh impossible ideal rather than a promised victory. As we gathered around the Lord's table in Bahrein chapel yesterday a small company of believers—how pitifully small one cannot realize until he has stood face to face with the hosts of Islam, the question would ask itself, *Why* this long period of waiting for results.

During the year that has passed work has gone on unflinchingly in the schools, the hospital by the wayside, and in the homes, and yet in all the months of 1916 not one Moslem convert from among the thousands of Bahrein Islands has been

baptized into the fold of Christ. Secret believers we know they are, but here, as in most places in the Moslem world, the fear of man is

stronger than the dread of death and the judgment, and many trust to satisfy their new-found Saviour by the fires of a hidden faith, or are endeavoring to silence the still, small voice that urges them towards the Light.

And confession is not an easy step in a Moslem land, under Moslem rule. It means more than the opposition and grief of one's family and ostracism by one's friends; it means that he who would leave the faith of his fathers must stand alone against a united Islam, whose purpose it is to combat and to conquer, by fair means or foul, his attempts to join himself with the misguided and erring Christians. What is true of all Moslem inquirers is doubly true of the women, who are not supposed to make decisions for themselves, and whose whole training has made them mere echoes of their men folk. One woman especially, belonging to the fanatical Shiah sect, has suffered various forms of persecution, small and great, because of her friendship for the missionaries and her interest in the Message; and has just been divorced by her husband after refusing to obey his command that she cut off all communication with us and even spit on us in the streets!

One's first thought is that we, who have, in a sense, been the cause of this trouble, will now have the opportunity to take her under our care, provide her with means of self-support, and by Christian teaching and fellowship help her forget the bitterness of the past, but here again one meets the organized opposition of this hostile religion. After her mother and brother had turned her penniless out of their house she took refuge with us, but in a few days the ruler sent word that she must leave our compound and return to her family, who have made her pay dearly for this breath of freedom. Her life is made a torment by the humiliating treatment of neighbors and acquaintances, and she is constantly accused of committing, while under our protection, sins so gross that only a Moslem mind could picture them. Her friends are already suggesting another marriage for her, and from day to day we can neither anticipate nor prevent the new plots against her peace and against her very life. What is to be her future and that of her sisters held in the same bondage?

Within sight of our chapel windows is a wide stretch of desert sand, covered by hundreds of rudely made mounds, marked by broken bits of stone, old pottery and glass; here Death harvests daily the outworn bodies of ignorant, sinful, unrepentant followers of a hopeless religion. Such an ingathering for Satan, and not one soul born anew into the Kingdom of God!

Knowing that our apparent failure does not rest with God, who is the same as in the days of the apostles, when there were added to the church *daily* such as should be saved, we are constrained to ask whether it is because of any lack in His church that the husbandman has waited these many weary years. Are those in the homeland following their missionaries with the same interest and fervor that goes

out from the nations of Europe to their soldiers along that awful battle line? Are we, in our isolation, losing the courage and enthusiasm that comes from association with others of a like mind and from influences that are inspiring and uplifting; is the very dearth of great results in the past making us non-expectant of success in the immediate future, so that God can here do no mighty work because of our unbelief?

In Arabia, if anywhere, with our sadly inadequate force, we need to remember that it is not by might nor by an army, but by His Spirit that the miracle will be wrought, and earnest, unceasing intercession for an outpouring of that Spirit is the truest and most needed contribution that our friends at home can make. Will you not pray during the coming year, as never before, for these apparently fast-closed Moslem hearts, for a breach in this stone wall of pride, bigotry and zealous antagonism, and for your representatives, that we may not disappoint those who self-denying gifts make our work possible, and above all, not disappoint the Master Who has called us to Arabia "to show forth His death till He come?"

—*The Mission Gleaner.*

A Christian and a Moslem Deathbed

MRS. JOSEPHINE E. VAN PEURSEM

Have you ever had the experience in your life to be near a Christian mother during the last days of her earthly existence?

Here she lies on a bed of spotless white linen. Her pillows are as numerous as her comfort demands. A trained nurse, sympathetic and cheerful, is meeting every desire possible. Her physical wants are met. The bed is placed near a window where sunshine and fresh air can give their share of comfort. On a table near by are some fragrant flowers a friend just left, with cheer, love and good wishes. The children with anxious hearts, scarcely understanding, tiptoe in and out noiselessly for fear they might wake mother out of her sweet slumber. Mamma, how do you feel? Are you better? The mother knows—Only a few days and I shall leave them. What will become of them? For she is a Christian and feels her responsibility to the end. But oh! She trusts! And as she answers their many questions, and as she looks at her little boy's drawing which he holds up to her, she smiles. Will her little son remember this loving glance? Love, confidence, assurance are written over her face. Her expression is that of Christian peace triumphant over worldly sorrow. "No more pain, no more sorrow, no more parting of loved ones" is one of her many quotations she remembers from one of her favorite hymns. Yes! Our Christian mother loved to sing hymns as a girl in her father's home, and sang hymns to her babies as lullabies. She sang hymns with her children around her, so teaching them to praise their Lord with songs. Her life was a song of praise to her Master. "I

am glad I gave my heart to Christ when I was young" was one of her reasons for joy. Her heart was filled with gratefulness for those who tried to make her last days comfortable. Her faithful companion prayed with her. Her children bade her goodbye. "I will be good, mother." The daughter so promising knew what was mother's uppermost thought. My children. But here again we find the expression of assurance and peace. Happy and peaceful, yes, joyful, she greeted her brothers and sisters and bade them farewell. Gladly she awaited the last hour. She saw the portals of heaven open. Three times during this last night upon earth she repeated her favorite Psalm. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Such is the last of life spent in the Master's service.

* * * * *

A young girl about eight years old knocked at the door with the usual plea "Khatoom, will you come to see my sick mother? She was sick for three weeks and wanted you to come and bring some medicine." "What is the matter, and why did you not come before?" "Father and brother would not let us come to get you. She is going to die, they say. Now father has left for Bombay to sell pearls, and brother went for a visit in Hassa. So uncle says we might come to get you, since she wants the Christians' medicine so badly." "Why certainly we shall come at once and see what we can do for your mother."

As we entered the house the uncle was there to receive us. Distrust was shining through his eyes. Absence of anxiety about his sister's condition was conspicuous. But with the usual Arabs' courtesy he begged us to be seated and have a cup of coffee. As we were in a hurry to see our Moslem sister, we declined. We went to the harem and found the daughters weeping outside their mother's room. Oh, my Christian sisters! I wish I could give you a true picture of what I saw and heard the next two hours.

The room was dark and dingy. The only light came through the door, which was closed most of the time. The mixed odors of tobacco smoke, a low burning kerosene lamp, charcoal fire, etc., almost made one faint, as they overwhelmed us as we entered the door. The floor was covered with all kinds of refuse. In the farthest corner of this filthy room lay the Moslem mother on an old, now half decayed, cotton mattress. Her clothes had not been changed in three weeks, her bed-

ding was a mass of filthy rags. Her face was emaciated and drawn. It expressed submission to the inevitable, with a faint sign of hope. Surely, here was a picture to make any one shrink.

It did not take long to recognize the bubonic plague was here claiming another victim. The usual complication had set in. We first had to prepare a clean place near the door, and with much difficulty we prepared a clean bed. Her clothing was sticking to the suppurating wounds caused by the neglected buboes. As gently as we could, we bathed her and removed her into this new corner. So she received a little comfort. It was too late for human help.

"Why did they not let you come sooner? My own children were afraid to touch me?" They were disgusted with their mother. They hardly gave her the drinks and eatables she asked for. She was so grateful for the little touch of comfort she received, although it had tired her very much. But what heathen or Moslem or any unbeliever does not feel grateful to receive Christian comforts when helpless and sick?

As we thus engaged, I heard her brother's voice at the door. "Is she living yet? Is she testifying?" And off he went again. Her daughter approached her mother's side, not to promise her that she would be good, not to kiss her good-bye; no, but to beg her to testify.

"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," came from the dying lips. In her next breath she was cursing her lazy daughters and neglectful and unfaithful husband. All her life had been a life of misery. Cursing is more natural to the Moslem than singing to the Christian. And yet here was hope in her for a better beyond. She did not blame her false prophet for this loveless life. She blamed God.

Then she received the message we were there to bring her, the beautiful message of Christ's love for her. She listened acquiescently to the words and the call of the Saviour—"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

A half hour later the cries of the hopeless mourners and the dismal sounds of their beating their breasts as an evidence of grief could be heard in the neighborhood.

Reader, compare this experience with the one preceding, and thank God for Christian mothers. Go down on your knees and ask the Lord to guide you in doing your share that the peace and assurance of a Christian death may soon be shared by our Moslem sisters.

Maurice, Iowa.

Kuwait to Bahrein

REV. DIRK DYKSTRA

Owing to lack of steamer facilities between Kuwait and Bahrein during the present war I have twice made the trip in a native sailing vessel. As this mode of transport differs somewhat from that fur-



MR. DYKSTRA AND HIS SCHOOL

nished by the Holland-America Line, or the Hudson River Day Line, it may not be uninteresting to describe how we live when for nine days we rub shoulders with seafaring Arabs. To learn to know the desert Arab one must take passage for some days on what we westerners call "The Ship of the Desert," and to learn to know the sea Arabs it is equally necessary to ride for some days on what the Arabs appropriately call "The Camel of the Sea."

The boats plying between Kuwait and Bahrein are from sixty to eighty feet long by about twenty feet beam. They carry two masts, one large, and one small, each raking its own individual way. One class of boats, called "Sanbooks," boast a deck for their whole length, while the other class, known as "Booms," have a deck aft of about fifteen feet square. This deck is occupied by the steering gear, the steersman, the captain, the passengers, and some of the ship's crew, as well as the beds and boxes of these individuals, while the kitchen adjoins it forward. This latter contrivance is a wooden box about four feet each way, with one side knocked out and a hole in the top. This hole is supposed to be an outlet for the smoke, but my experience is that the smoke generally escapes by the open side facing the deck, bringing with it savoury odors of whatever the cook is preparing. The chief cook and bottle washer is none other than one of the ship's crew, and is often called by the endearing term of "our mother," which, strange to say, he does not seem to resent. The rest of the crew are about a dozen men who all have the appearance of cutthroats, but upon closer acquaintance are found to be exceedingly human individuals, with enormous capacities for food and sleep. As a rule their food is nothing but rice and fat, but when they have the good fortune of carrying a passenger who is either a merchant or a missionary they fare a bit better. For it is a rule which cannot easily be broken that the passenger bring with him a sheep or two for the benefit of himself and the boatmen. The passenger must share his food and drink with all on board, and therefore cannot begin to indulge in nice little tins of cheese, sardines, biscuits, etc. But I for one was bound to have tea, and for what was supposed to be three days' trip I brought a pound of tea, and seven pounds of sugar, and even then long before I got to Bahrein I was drinking sugarless tea. I also brought a good Kuwait sheep. This poor beast lived with us on the deck for the first day, while we lived on the surplus we had eaten in Kuwait the day before. On the second day we began to eat what had almost become a fellow-passenger, and it took me some time to get started on it. Had the crew had their way the whole sheep would have been eaten in one meal, but the frugal "mother" kept part of it for the next day. After the sheep gave out we fell to on what the boat supplied, which was salted fish long since dead, and preserved in such a way that there was no danger of its ever passing the food laws of the most reckless government. I was therefore delighted when one evening we anchored in a harbor said to abound in good fish. I at once put a baited hook over the side

and presently hauled up a young shark, and no other kind would bite. So the next day I had to choose between the ship's "tinned fish" and this cannibal of the sea, and I chose the latter. Some of the Arabs ate of it with me, but most of them refused this delicacy. I had the distinction all through the trip of dining at the captain's table, with the other passengers and the steersman, while the rest of the crew ate by themselves as long as their platter lasted, and then came over to help us finish ours.

We slept where we sat, by day under the burning sun, and at night under the dewy sky. I derived much amusement and instruction watching the Arabs at their various activities, and undoubtedly they did the same by watching me, and I suppose they think they know by this time how a Christian eats, sleeps, washes his face, and prays. My main occupation was reading the Bible and a book on Muhammadanism. They continually asked me what I was reading, and this gave rise to long religious discussions. The book on Muhammadanism was faithfully translated to them, and they heard many things about their prophet and their religion that they had not known before. When I asked them whether they thought it was true they gave me the evasive answer of "God knows."

The means of navigation used by these skippers, who are said to be of the best sailors in the world, are certain points of land, some white patches in the sea, a primitive lead, a dirty compass with a broken glass, and an impossible telescope. How they ever get to their destination is a mystery, or rather, I should say, a special providence. We sailed from Kuwait with a favorable wind and a clear sky, and skirted the shore line at a distance of about five miles. At noon a fierce "shemahl," a northwest wind, sprang up, and with it a sandy haze from the desert. Our guiding points of land promptly disappeared. Coming a little nearer shore to see where the harbor might be we struck rock bottom and with much labor tacked back to deeper water, where we anchored. Before us was the open sea, lashed to fury by the storm, back of us the ominous breakers. Two anchors were put out and we waited for the dawning of the next day. The mast in its wild rocking back and forth described an arc of about 120 degrees. The only way I could get any sleep was to wedge myself into the angle formed by the deck and the gunwale of a foot high. It was amusing to watch the cook preparing our meals in a cooking pot supported on three rough stones, with the cook as happy and as carefree as if no winds were blowing and no waves were rolling high. The next morning we found that we were above the reef that formed the harbor instead of below it. But the sky was clear and the wind veered a bit to the west, so that the captain decided to try and get out of our precarious position and make the harbor, and I devoutly seconded his petition, "We seek a harbor, O Merciful." The harbor contained a dozen other ships that had taken refuge there from the storm, and we spent three days there visiting



DECK SCENE ON A PERSIAN GULF STEAMER

back and forth and going ashore to replenish our stock of "fresh" water. This gave me a chance to visit the Bedouin encampments in the neighborhood of the wells. These Bedouins are all herdsmen, tending the sheep of rich men in Kuwait and other parts, and to our way of thinking lead a lonely and miserably sort of life. I was offered buttermilk from a wooden bowl decorated with brass nails and with countless germs deposited by numerous generations of drinkers.

And thus we journeyed on for nine days, seeing much of the land and all of the sea. Sometimes we lay for a whole day "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Again we were fleeing back to Kuwait before a contrary wind, as the loaded condition of the boat forbade us breasting the waves in a storm. So that on the third day



PEARLING BOATS

of sailing we were back in sight of the Kuwait headland, and I was already promising myself to get out and wait for a steamer if it took all summer. But just as we were nearing Kuwait the wind again turned north, and we faced once more toward Bahrein, and made more than half the distance in one day.

On nearing the latter place we passed over the pearl banks, with hundreds of pearling boats dotting the sea. Thousands of men were down six to fourteen fathoms deep hunting this "gem of purest ray serene." The sea that day was as glass, and as the tide was carrying us backward, we anchored near a boat proclaimed by a flag of sorts (an Arab cloak tied up in a bundle in the rigging) that they had just found a pearl of large value. The crew of our boat dived for some time, till they had collected about half a bushel of oysters. A fellow passenger offered ten rupees (\$3.33) for the lot, unopened.

But the sailors would not take it as there might be a pearl inside that would bring them \$10,000 or more. I was already picturing myself as one of them and using my share to fit up a hospital ship for use among this large population of the sea. It was finally decided that the captain was to have one-fourth of the proceeds, and three-fourths was to be divided among the crew. At the opening of the shells it was discovered that the fourth of the captain was as large as the three-fourths of the crew.

During the afternoon of that day a bad shemahl sprang up, and we were glad to reach at sunset a harbor about twenty miles above



A COAST VESSEL

Bahrein. The pearling boats also came in, and for six hours the phantom-like sails passed us in the darkness of the night. The next morning this wonderful harbor of four miles in diameter was covered with the piratic looking vessels of the pearling fleets of Kuweit and Bahrein.

But twenty miles from home may be a long way in a sailing vessel. As we left this place storm clouds were gathering in the west, but the skipper hoped to get to Bahrein before the storm broke. But the wind turned against us, the sky clouded over, and at noon we were still trying to find the entrance to the sheltered waters of Bahrein Islands. From the north there is a narrow passage between the reefs,

and the ship that does not find this passage known as the "door," is sure to come to grief. In the space of one hour the wind blew from every point of the compass, the rain fell in torrents on our unprotected selves, while our boxes and bedding were slipping about on the watery deck. The clouds prevented us from seeing reefs and rocks, and we were sure of only one thing, that we were nowhere opposite "the door." The captain decided that the passage lay to the east, so we chased along eastward till the lead told us that there were only a few feet between the bottom of the boat and the bottom of the sea. So we anchored, and those who were not too cold and wet partook of the noonday meal, which the wonderfully resourceful "mother" managed to cook in the open box in spite of rain and wind. After that we drove west, till the tell-tale lead again warned us that we were running into danger. So we anchored again, thinking that we would have to spend another night amidst unknown dangers in a wild and roaring sea. But an hour before sunset the clouds lifted, the sky cleared, and by the character of the reef now visible ahead of us it was found that we were fully ten miles to the west of the much-desired "door." So by the light of the setting sun and of the rising moon we backed out of our dangerous position, and at midnight came into sight of the red light of Bahrein harbor, the "place where two seas meet." Wet but happy I stretched myself once more along the sleeping forms of the crew, tired with the day's work. I shall long remember the kind hearts of these rough looking men, and always cherish heartfelt sympathy for those who daily brave the dangers of the deep.

But where is our Grenfel with his ship to minister to this "long since neglected" part of Arabia?

Bahrein, Arabia.

Raymond Lull

J. LOVELL MURRAY.

"*Deus vult*," Peter the Hermit had cried. "*Deus non vult*," thought Raymond Lull.

The Crusaders had hurled their hosts against the Saracens again and again, thinking to please God by their seven campaigns of hate and death. Some of the by-products of the Crusades enriched Europe, but the great objective was defeated and fanatical Christians had to leave the Holy Sepulchre in the hands of fanatical Moslems. And now, as the echoes of the thundering legions and their savage assaults were dying away, out of this age that breathed forth threatenings and slaughter against the Infidels, a clear voice is heard summoning the champions of the Cross to a new crusade against the Crescent.

"I see many knights going to the Holy Land beyond the seas and thinking that they can acquire it by force of arms; but in the end all are destroyed before they attain that which they think to have. Whence it seems to me that the conquest of the Holy Land ought

not to be attempted except in the way in which Thou and Thine apostles acquired it, namely, by love and prayers, and the pouring out of tears and blood."

A Crusader of love was Raymond Lull, the first and greatest of missionaries to the Moslem world, the outstanding missionary between the days of Paul and Carey.

At Palma, in the island of Majorca, Raymond Lull was born in 1235. He came of a distinguished family and was brought up in mediæval luxury. As a young man he was attracted to the gay court life of Philip II, of Aragon, who made him his seneschal. Here he quickly ran the gamut of worldly pleasure and profligacy. But God had better use for the gifts of the young courtier. One day while composing a sensual song to a married lady of noble family, there suddenly appeared to him a vision of the crucified Saviour, the blood flowing from His feet and hands and head. He was smitten by what he saw and laid aside his cithern. Eight days later the vision reappeared. A third time the vision came, and after many wretched days and sleepless nights he threw himself at the feet of the Man of Sorrows. Never did the haunting vision leave him; it had brought him a great gleam which he followed to his death. His break with the old life was as decisive as was that of Francis of Assisi, Augustine or Saul of Tarsus.

It is not surprising that Lull now decided to devote his life to the evangelization of the Moslem world. Had not the island of his birth been but recently in the hands of the Infidels? Had not his father fought for his king against the Saracens? But the campaign on which Raymond Lull entered for *his* King must be one of love, not violence. His weapons must be spiritual. He must bring home the truth of Christianity to the Moslem mind and heart. He determined to make it his first task to write a treatise setting forth the claims and proofs of Christianity and exhibiting the errors of Islam. And as this was to be composed in Arabic, if it was to reach his audience, he bought a Saracen slave to instruct him in that difficult language.

The next years of his life saw Lull in the diligent study of the language and literature of Islam, and, to use his own words, in "the contemplation of God." He set himself to the task of writing his "Ars Major sine Generalis," an elaborate treatise which was meant not only as a Christian apologetic for Moslems, but as a vast compendium of Christian philosophy. He met the Saracen philosophers on their own ground; but the most controversial of his writings breathed a spirit of love and wistfulness for the highest welfare of Moslems.

A second line of Lull's effort was directed to spreading missionary sentiment through the Church and summoning men to devote their energies to a spiritual crusade among Muhammadans. Again and again he sought support from popes and high prelates; but he met with little success. He longed to see gifted and holy monks "forming

institutions in order to learn various languages and to be able to preach to unbelievers." The most tangible results of his propaganda for the establishment of missionary colleges were the founding by the King of Majorca of a monastery for this purpose and the decision of the Council of Vienna that professorships of Oriental languages should be established in the universities of Paris, Oxford and Salamanca.

And now, disappointed by the poor response he had received from his fellow Christians, Lull, in his fifty-seventh year, determined to set out alone on a mission to the Moslem world. In 1291 he went to Genoa to take ship for Africa. But a great terror overcame him at the last moment and he had his belongings brought back from the boat. Under the circumstances the misgiving was easy to understand, but the thought of his cowardice smote him so severely that he was taken with a high fever. Ill though he was, he boarded a second boat, only to be taken off by his friends, who were sure he could not survive the journey. But Lull persisted and took passage on a third boat and sailed for Tunis. Immediately his spirits were refreshed and his health was restored. In Tunis he met the Muhammadan leaders in open discussion, but was soon arrested and sentenced to deportation. He escaped from the ship and lived "like a wharf rat" for three months, preaching Christ secretly.

In 1307, at the age of seventy-one, he made his second missionary journey to Africa, going this time to Bugia. He boldly went to the market place and preached the Gospel. The mob seized him and tried to kill him, but he was rescued, imprisoned and again deported. A few years passed, busy years for Lull, and again he determined to go on a missionary journey to Africa. "Men are wont to die, O Lord," he said, "from old age, the failure of natural warmth and excess of cold; but thus, if it be Thy will, Thy servant would not wish to die; he would prefer to die in the glow of love, even as Thou wast willing to die for him." So once more we find him at Bugia, in his seventy-eighth year, preaching Christ, privately at first, but later in the public places. And he won the crown of martyrdom for which he longed. On June 30, 1315, he was stoned to death.*

"The world has waited in vain," says Robert E. Speer, "for a missionary to the Muhammadans who could approach him in ability, in energy, in fearlessness, in clear discernment of the issues involved, in passion of love."

In passion of love! The superior greatness of this mighty servant of God lay just in this. A celebrated poet, a skilled musician, a gifted scientist, a scholastic philosopher of the first order whose name for two centuries "was the best known and perhaps the most influential in Europe," a prolific and versatile writer of high merit, a man of action, a missionary statesman who anticipated the modern methods of missionary education and the organized work of missionary societies, himself a Student Volunteer Movement, a Layman's Missionary Movement, a Foreign Missionary Society and the entire missionary

* For the best account of Raymond Lull in the English language, the reader is referred to S. M. Zwemer's "Raymond Lull, First Missionary to the Moslems."

force—he was all these. But as a high type of what the message and the spirit of every missionary, and in particular the missionary to Moslem peoples, should be, Lull stands instructively before the Church in all ages. He fell a lonely, aged martyr on the Mediterranean shores, but his spirit breathes still through his classic undying words: “He that loves not, lives not; and he that lives by the Life can never die.”

A Letter from Bahrein

NOTE.—The following letter from Rev. Mr. Dykstra, who at present has charge of the matter of securing and forwarding articles and photographs for Neglected Arabia, indicates the difficulties involved in such a task, especially during war times. There have been many articles and letters from Arabia lost at sea, or held by the censor, during the last two years.

Bahrein, Persian Gulf, Feb. 9, 1917.

Rev. E. W. Miller, D.D.,
Home Secretary Arabian Mission,
New York.

Dear Dr. Miller:

Your most welcome letter of Dec. 14 arrived on the 5th of Feb. and I discovered from this one that there are others which never got here. I suppose the same is true of some of those that I wrote to you, and that we have to bear and forbear a great deal in these days in the matter of correspondence. No one has felt more keenly than myself the inadequacy of material for Neglected Arabia, in spite of the utmost efforts of Miss Schafheitlin and myself to get off four articles every quarter. We rejoice in the accession to our numbers on the field, most of whom have the pen of a ready writer. I am sorry that so many articles did not reach their destination. Foreseeing this I asked you a long time ago to make the best possible use of the missionaries at home, as I did not even know whether my requests to them to write would reach them or not.

About the matter of pictures I also feel that we are not doing what we should, but the number of live pictures from the field depends on the number of missionaries who have time, money, and inclination for this sort of thing. Arabia is a most difficult place to take pictures, as the light conditions are unsatisfactory, and the climatic conditions are such that films deteriorate very rapidly, and hence much material goes to waste, making it an expensive hobby. For some years during my first term out I supplied most of the pictures for our literature and I know what it means in a financial way. I then sold my old camera and expected to come out with a new one with a lens that would take good pictures under the adverse conditions of our field, but I have not yet found the means to carry out my purpose. Not only do we need the pictures for our literature, but also for up-to-date lantern slides. While at home I also studied the matter of making and coloring lantern slides, for while the slides colored at home are undoubtedly works of art, they are more artistic than truthful, as the artists there have not the least idea of the real conditions.

I shall at once make renewed efforts to obtain a surplus of material and have it sent on for use at such time as you need it. The news items I shall also try to collect. Last year I sent some for two issues, but I experienced difficulty in obtaining such items that would still be news when published four months later, and also such news as did not emanate from war conditions pertaining in the Gulf.

Herewith I am enclosing a copy of the article sent last week in case that letter should be lost. I am asking the other missionaries to do the same.

Mrs. Dykstra and I remember with pleasure the pleasant day we spent with you in New York, and trust that we may be privileged to see much more of you next time that we are at home. We have always been sorry that we had no opportunity to see more of the east and the good eastern people and churches. Even of the Board members we have seen but a few.

Thanking you for your good wishes, and assuring you of our continued interest in your work among the churches, I am,

Sincerely yours, DIRK DYKSTRA.

Missionary Personalities

Rev. F. J. Barny arrived at San Francisco on May 14, and rejoined his family from whom he had been so long separated.

Dr. H. G. Van Vlack has also reached this country, having arrived at San Francisco on April 2, and is now at his home at Forestville, N. Y. on April 8. The Trustees of the Arabian Mission, acting upon the earnest request of the Mission, have cordially invited Dr. Van Vlack to become a regular member of the Arabian Mission. It will be remembered that he has thus far been one of the representatives of the University of Michigan.

Rev. and Mrs. John Van Ess are expected to reach this country on their furlough about the middle of June.

Rev. G. J. Pennings and Rev. G. D. Van Peurseem have been spending some weeks in study at the Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford, with special reference to advance work in Arabic with Prof. Duncan B. MacDonald, Professor of Semitic Languages and Muhammadanism.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul W. Harrison arrived at their Station Bahrein on February 9, 1917.

Dr. S. M. Zwemer expects to carry out a long cherished purpose of extending his survey of the Moslem world by a visit to China with a special view to studying the Muhammadan situation in that country, where there are said to be twenty millions of Moslems. He will leave Cairo early in July and return in November.

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