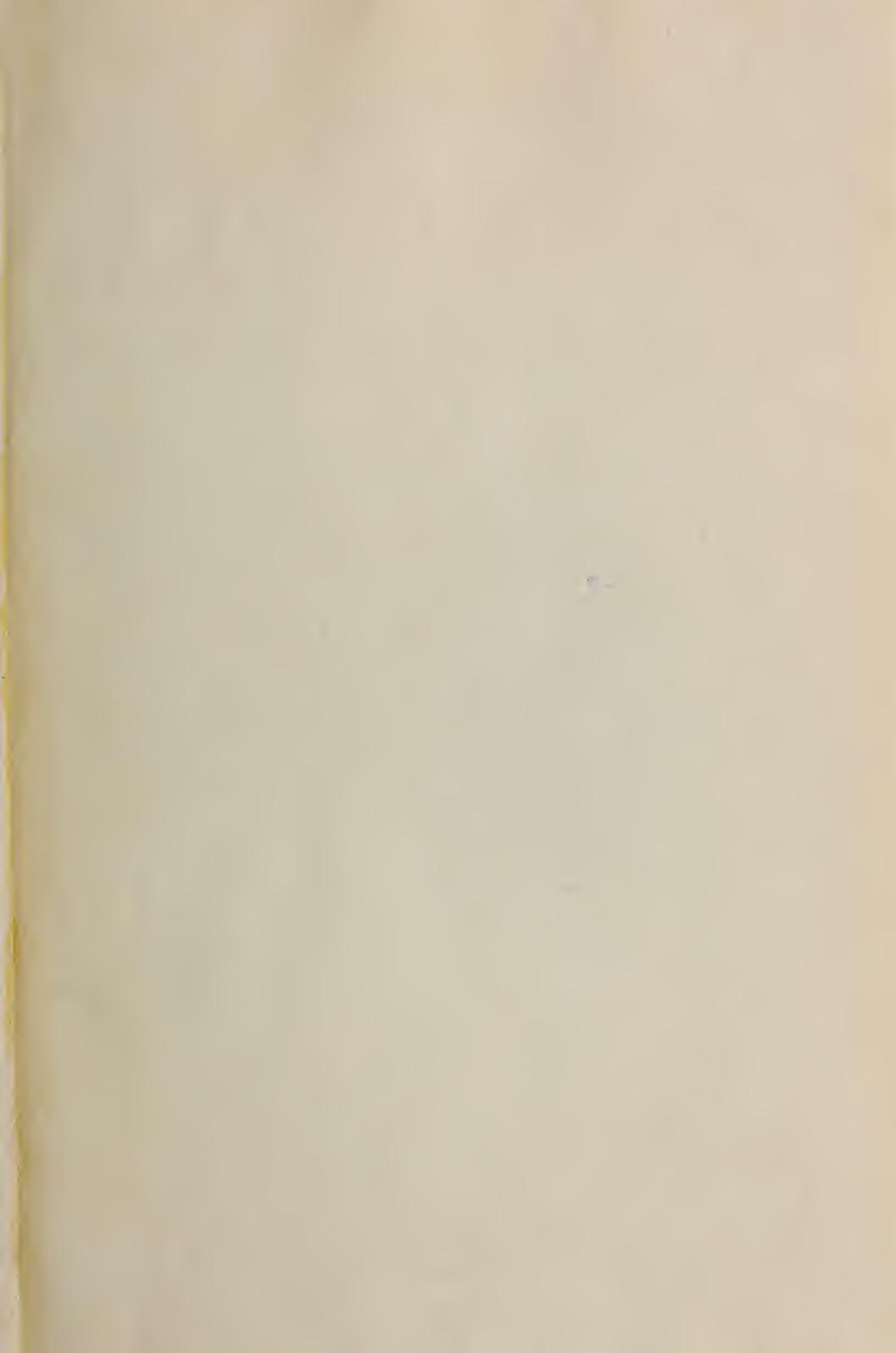




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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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The Arabian Mission

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OLD CASTLE ON MOHARRAK ISLAND.

NUMBER EIGHTY

JANUARY - MARCH, 1912

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The Arabian Mission.

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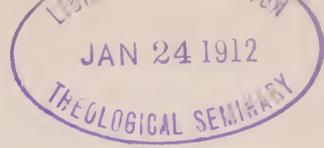
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NEGLECTED ARABIA.

January - March, 1912.

A Good Story.

The following story was taken verbatim from the lips of one of our colporteurs, Ibrahim Muskof, who, with his brother Saeed, has toured in the mountains of Oman for many years. It is a selection from many similar experiences which fall to the lot of those who carry the Word of God, and leaves no doubt in our minds that the Word of God is living and powerful, and that its wide circulation, together with the simple preaching of the Gospel, will yield fruit in God's own time, as bread cast upon the waters:

"Twenty-four years ago a missionary left Urumiah to return to America. He stopped the caravan on Sunday, because he would not travel on the Lord's day, and invited all the people of the caravan to stop and hear him preach that day. As they were sitting on the ground, he opened the Gospel and read John 3:14, and preached on that text to all those who were listening. When the sermon was finished, he offered prayer, the caravan broke up the following day and traveled on.

"One of the men in the caravan on his journeyings and wanderings came to Bahrein, and then settled down and lived in the mountains of Oman. One night there came to his memory the story of the sermon and he could not throw it off, but spent a sleepless night thinking of Moses and the serpent and the wilderness. So he knelt and prayed to God that He would send some one to him who could teach him more about the wonderful verse which he had once heard and never forgotten. Then it seemed as though he was in a dream. Some one said to him, 'To-morrow morning people will come to you carrying Holy books, and they will explain to you the verse which is perplexing you.' So he got up before sunrise and sat by the wayside, expecting the fulfillment of the promise he had received in his dream. And the

place where he set was a little village in Oman, between Birket (where George E. Stone died) and Um Saná. At about one o'clock, Arabic time, my brother Seyyid and I, on our way from Muscat to the Batinah, reached this place on the road. This particular village was a place where they never allowed us to sell books because of fanaticism; nor were the people obedient to the Sultan of Muscat. They belonged to the Beni Saad who are in constant rebellion against Seyyid Fasil, the ruler of Muscat, and on a previous journey they not only took away the books from my brother, but beat him and burned the books publicly. That is why we hoped to enter the village secretly, buy some food and then get away before trouble should come to us. But we saw the man sitting on the road, and his name was Mirza; he rose smiling and said, 'Come on; everything is ready and I am expecting you.' We thought it was only a trick to get us into the town where they would treat us ill, but we followed him nevertheless and came to his house. There he gave us refreshments, coffee and food, even though he belonged to the Shiah sect which seldom do this with Christians. Immediately he began to ask us about the Holy Book, and bought a Bible in Persian and in Arabic, and said, 'Please show me the verse about Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness.' When we explained to him this verse and the message of the Gospel, he began to understand and to believe that the serpent in the wilderness was indeed a type of Christ and that Jesus was the Saviour of sinners.

"We stayed with him three days. At the last he was bold in his confession that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and that apart from Him there was no salvation. He took from us Bibles and sold them himself publicly. When the three days were up we asked permission to go, and left him.

"We then went to Um Saná, and we stayed at the house of a man there who was also an inquirer, named Rashid; and after we had been there two days, we found that Mirza had followed us to this very village. When we asked him why he had come, he said, 'I find I am in debt to tell the news which I have heard, to a dear friend of mine, a brother who lives in this village. So he went to the bazaar and brought a man named Abd Erub, from Hyderabad, India, who also desired a Bible, saying, 'I have heard from my brother Mirza that you have with you a precious Book which leads men to the way of Truth.' At first he wanted it for nothing, but we told him that we only sold books, so he paid for it. After we had eaten, we went to the bazaar and were surprised to see Abd Erub sitting in his shop reading the Bible and

explaining it to a crowd which had gathered around him and Mirza. A discussion was going on between them, so they asked us to sit down and help them explain some of the verses in the Bible.

“That same night we were surprised that they invited us to come and stay at their house, where a company of friends had collected to hear the message of the Book. After a discussion of three hours the people went away, and the only ones left were Mirza and his brother and ourselves. He also witnessed that Jesus was his only hope, and that he believed Christ was alive at the right hand of God, interceding for His people, after which we closed the meeting in mutual prayer for each other and returned to our house.

“After two days we went on our journey, selling books in other villages, and in a couple of days we heard, much to our surprise, that Abd Erub had died. When a few days later we called on Mirza to express our sympathy in his loss, we saw that he was sorrowful and yet full of joy. He said, ‘I am glad that my brother died believing in Christ, before persecution or trouble came to him because of his faith.’ Now all the people in that region call him *Mirza Injili*, or Mirza the Gospel man. He has endured persecution in no small degree because of his boldness in confessing Christ and reading the Bible to the people.”

Mirza now lives at Birket, and is married to the daughter of the man in whose garden George E. Stone fell sick and died.

IBRAHIM MUSKOF.



The Nearest Way to the Moslem Heart.

Like attracts like. The nearest way to the Moslem heart is to use what appeals to the heart, rather than to the intellect. Our individual attainments, or the attainments of the Christian Church and Christian nations, in knowledge, in riches, or in power, are not in themselves persuasive. These things held up as the fruit of Christianity will not lead many Moslems to desire to be engrafted into the True Vine. Neither, I think, has our superior theology been the way by which Christ has approached the hearts of most converts from Islam.

The Moslem heart is not different from yours or mine. What would appeal to us will to him. It must be the heart that touches the heart. The things of the heart—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness and the like, are what the heart esteems worth while the world over. The way then for him who would enter the door is to bring of these gifts which the heart always craves. If it were enough to tell of them and of the Source from which they spring, our part would be simple. But the human heart demands more than this, else had the Gospel ended for us with the story of the disciples. There is only one way to prove to our Moslem friend that Christ can and will give to him now these blessings, and that is to show him that He has given them to us. We must not alone ask him to listen to us speak and read about them, but also to examine and prove them; and this can only be done as they are exhibited in our lives.

To use an analogy, which will be familiar to many, we are as commercial agents, persuading merchants to trade with the Firm which we represent. We have abundance of printed appeal at hand, clear and convincing, but in addition to this, there is need of the living epistle. We must show our samples, and these, for us missionaries, are nothing less than the fruit of the Spirit in our own lives. We say to him, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and He will give you the blessings of peace and joy and holiness. At once he replies, You have believed; I will judge of the worth of your belief by what **you** have of these blessings. And so we must be very particular about these samples of ours. We are not introducing our goods where there are none like them, but rather do we have to show that we have, that our Head can supply a better article than has been before known. The Moslem has something of all these things that we would offer to him with Christianity, and unless he is convinced that we have in our own characters and lives more than he,—more of love and benevo-

lence, more of brotherliness and pity, more of true prayer and true submission to God—our progress will be slow indeed. There are things in the Moslem faith of which he is proud, and justly so. We must show him that in these we are better Moslems than he. There are things in which his faith is lacking. We must show him in these our riches, that he may recognize his poverty. It is just in showing this, the evidential value of Christian love and pity, that our hospitals are such a help in reaching the heart. It is the opportunity given for brotherly help wherein is the present value of our schools.

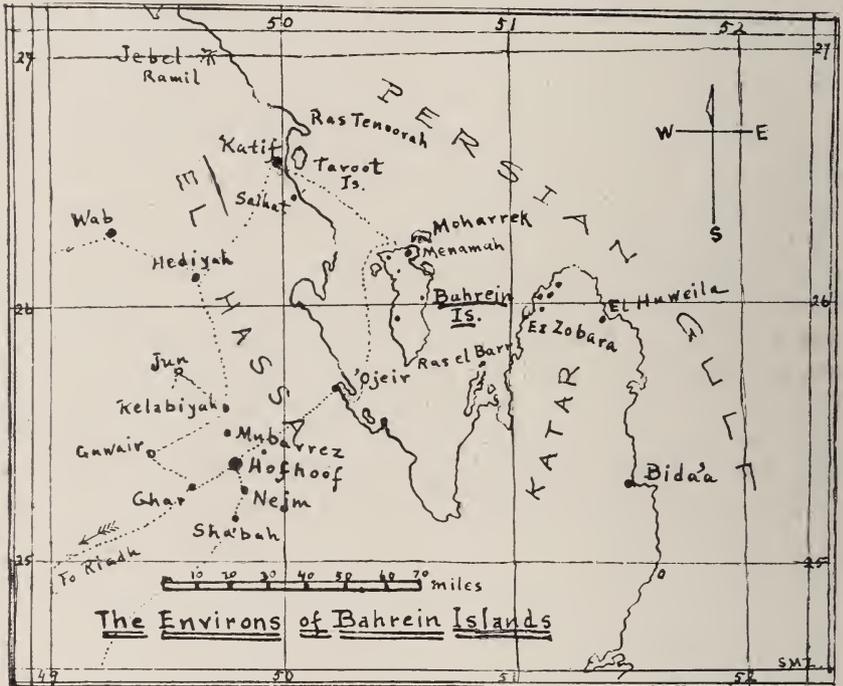
This all means that the nearest way is the hardest way for us. We have first to know the Moslem heart and the things he holds dear. We cannot know, understand, appreciate, without first loving. We have to touch his heart with our hearts, to come into intimate contact with his life. For this we want no faltering tongue nor imperfect means of communication. We want to enter into his life and forget the things in which we think our own civilization is superior. In short, we must approach him just as Christ approached the people of Judea and Galilee. And it is only by such a way of self-denial and service that we can get near enough to show, to *show forth* those things that commend our faith and will lead our Moslem brother in God's providence, to accept of it as his only comfort in life and death.

JAMES CANTINE.



Three Notes at Random.

1. *THE ENVIRONS OF BAHREIN.*—In the July-September number of *NEGLECTED ARABIA* last year, there was a map of North-east Arabia showing Busrah and Kuwait in their relation to the other towns of the river country and the interior. Here is a small sketch



map of Bahrein and its environs. Maps on a small scale are among the biggest foes of missions. They minimize the task and give a false impression of the real situation, putting a dot for populous villages and a quarter-inch penstroke for journeys of weary days.

This map is not on a very large scale. It does not show the nearly two hundred villages and hamlets on the Bahrein Island group, which to-day have a population of nearly 100,000; nor does the map indicate the Bedouin tribes and settlements of Katar. There is no map in existence, as far as I know, that even attempts to locate the tents of Kedar in the wilderness of Arabia. The map, however, gives the most important villages and centers of population on the mainland west of Bahrein. Even on a scale of ten miles to the half-inch, one can form some idea of how much land there still is to be possessed, and the journeys attempted or accomplished to Katif, Hofhoof,

Ojeir and the regions beyond will be more intelligently followed in our future reports by comparison with this sketch map. The two main trade routes and routes of travel are indicated. One is by boat from Katif northwestward; the other is south of Ojeir, the landing place for all the cargo that goes from Bahrein by this route into Hassa and Nejd. Within the area represented by this map there is probably a population of 220,000 souls!



BIBLE SHOP AND THE CUSTOM HOUSE, BAHREIN.

2. *THE BREAD OF LIFE AND THE BREAD THAT PERISHETH.*—The above interesting photographs taken by Mr. D. Dykstra, startlingly illustrate the growing importance of Bahrein as a distributing center for bread. The picture on the right is that of the new custom house and warehouse being built by the sheikh, which is to cost 500,000 rupees, or about \$170,000. It is intended especially for the storage of rice and grain at Bahrein, and even before the building is completed one can see how the space is utilized for the thousands of bags of rice from Rangoon and Calcutta, not only for the people of Bahrein but for Hassa and all the coast.

The other picture is that of our new Bible shop from which the Bible sales for last year have reached the total of over two thousand portions; which is open every day except Sundays, and where hundreds gather and hear the message of Life. The room above the shop is occupied by one of our colporteurs, and he has frequent visits at

night from men who come like Nicodemus, to seek the Truth. This Bible shop was built from a special fund received from a farmer in the West at a mission festival.

When one remembers how the Portuguese power was followed by the Dutch and that in turn by the Arabs, Persian and the British, one wonders about the future political history of the Persian Gulf and of Arabia.

“O, where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.”

3. *AN INSCRIPTION AND A CORRECTION.*—Arabia is as poor in architectural monuments as the language is rich in literature, yet once and again archeologists have made interesting discoveries in the peninsula, especially in Yemen. As far as I know, the only inscriptions or records of past history to be found in the Persian Gulf, however, are those of the Portuguese, who came to the Gulf about 1506 and remained in power until 1650. We are constantly reminded of the Portuguese conquest and their settlements in the East Indies by the fact that next to Arabic, Persian and Turkish, our mission disposes of more portions of Scripture in Portuguese than in other languages. Nearly all the butlers and table-boys on the steamers in the Gulf are Goanese, and their language is that of their ancient conquerors, Portuguese.

Mention has already been made in previous articles of NEGLECTED ARABIA of the Portuguese castles that hem the harbor of Muscat and are found at Bahrein and other places in the Gulf. Through the kindness of Dr. M. J. Saldanha, whom I met on one of the British India steamers, I am able to correct a statement given on page 81 of “Arabia the Cradle of Islam,” and to reproduce one of the interesting inscriptions which mark Portuguese rule.

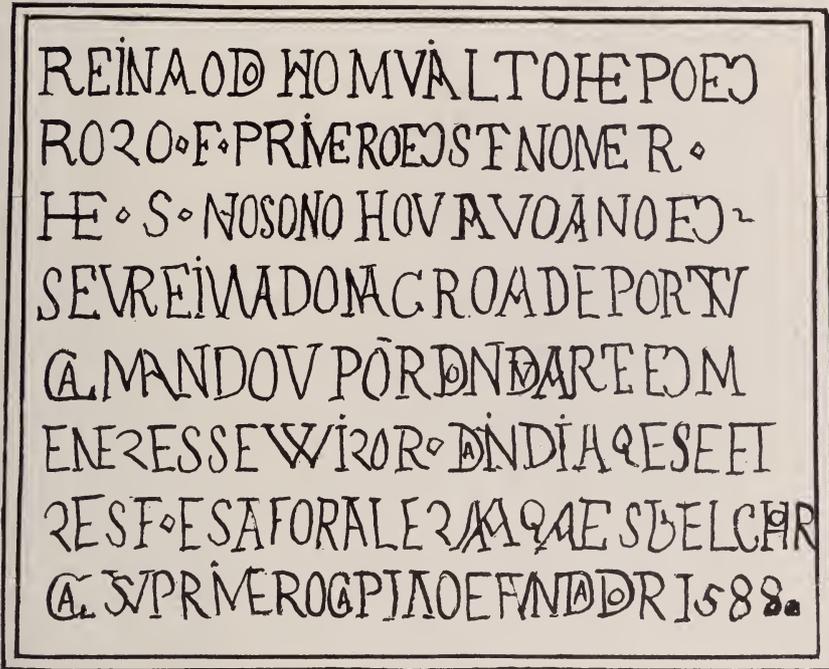
Over the front door of the fort called Marani, (which means Santa Maria,) at Muscat, there is the following inscription which Dr. Saldanha interprets and translates as follows:

Reinado ho mui alto he poderozo Filippe primeiro deste nome, Rei he Senhor nosso, no houtavo ano de seu reinado na croa de Portugal mandou por Don Duarte de Menezes, seu Viso-Rei da India,

que se fizesse esta fortalez, a qual fez Belchor Cal (?) seu primeiro capitao e fundador, 1588.

“When the very high and powerful Filipo, our King and Lord, was ruling, in the 8th year of his reign in the Crown of Portugal, he ordered through Don Duarte de Menezes, his Viceroy in India, that this fort should be built, and it was built by Belchor Cal (?), its first captain and founder, 1588.”

We notice how one letter is often made to do duty for two, as is the case in old inscriptions elsewhere.



A PORTUGUESE INSCRIPTION.

The high and powerful Philip at that time King and Lord of all the Portuguese dominions, would scarcely recognize the fort in its present condition, battered by warfare between the Persians and the Arabs and disintegrated by the weather. The inscriptions quoted from Pelly in my book on Arabia is over the window of the chapel, and contains only the following words in Portuguese: “Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord be with you.” Pelly evidently combined the translation of both inscriptions, or it is possible that the remainder of the inscription was destroyed.

There are still some Portuguese guns among the other antiquated field-pieces kept in the castles. One of them bears this legend:

DON PHILIPPE
ELREY DE SPANA
DONIVAN DE ACVNA
DE SV CONSEIO DE GVERA
Y SV CAPITAN GENERAL
DELA ARTILEERIA ANNO
1606

X 38 X Q X 36 LS. X

FERN. D. STEROS

S. M. ZWEMER.



Hodeidah and the Danish Mission.

Extracts from Letters of Mr. Oluf Hoyer.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. CHRISTINE I. BENNETT, M.D.

"Monday morning I was up early in order to take the boat to Hodeidah. During my absence the carpenter Hussain had finished the bookcases. The books had come also from Beirut and Cairo, and I had brought a good many with me from Aden. The shop, which had been utilized for carpentering was now put in order, whitewashed, and opened to the public. This was something of an event in the history of Hodeidah. For the first two days the shop was full of people from morning till evening; they came to see what books I had to sell. Practically every one expressed delight with the school books; they had seen none like them before, the Koran being the book studied by the children in the two schools of the place. A well-disposed man at once sent to the schools to show the books there, as a result of which I sold about \$5.00 those first two days.

But not only school books were desired; people were not at all afraid of the Bible, and I sold eighteen Gospels besides some copies of the Psalms and Proverbs. I could have sold double that amount, had I had them with me. Of course I had a much larger supply, but in the more expensive editions which they hesitated to buy, especially since I agreed to send to Aden for more of the cheaper kind. But I could praise the Lord from a thankful heart, for He had heard my prayer of the morning, "Let the Gospel be spread among the people."

The very first day I was visited by a "Mufattish" or police inspector, who came to investigate what books I had to sell. . . . I permitted him to take what books he wished to his home or office, in order to examine them more closely. He came back the next day and de-

clared them to be exceptionally good. I have been careful to get most of the books from Beirut, the manuscripts of which have been passed upon by the Turkish Government and permitted to be printed; hence they are free to circulate anywhere in Turkish dominion. But I also have books from Cairo where freedom of the press now exists, and these are all books dealing with religious controversy. Strange to say, this man did not ask for any samples of these. . . .

Everything went along in peace and quiet with our many visitors until the fourth day. We say in Danish, "One has peace as long as one's neighbor wishes," and I have found this true. The highest city official (*Mutasarrif*) lives next door to our shop. The aforementioned police inspector came with the chief of police and informed me on the spot that it was wrong of me to open such a shop in Hodeidah where the people were not civilized. To this I answered that that was the very reason for our coming; we wished to help the government to civilize the people, though undoubtedly by a somewhat different method than the one hitherto used. The chief of police then said it was against the law for me to keep such a shop. I told him this was hard for me to believe, as I had dealt with the British consul who had informed me that it was lawful. The chief of police then objected that it was no business of his since I was not a British subject, but Danish. Whereupon I had to explain about myself and added that in Hodeidah I was under the British consul, etc., etc. . . . Finally we finished that question, but he was not put off so easily. He next wanted to know what books I had in the shop. I pointed to two bookcases saying, "Nothing is hidden here; you are welcome to examine whatever book you wish." "Where are the books from?" he asked. "Most of them are from Beirut." "It is prohibited to bring in more books from Beirut; a command touching this has been issued," he said. "That is impossible, for they have all passed the customs; furthermore you may yourself see the government's permission in each copy." Finally the chief of police said, "I command you in the name of the Mutasarrif to close this shop and sell no more books." . . . So the shop was closed. When he had gone the bystanders told me that what the Mutasarrif wished was a bribe, and to have a little private income from the shop. I went to the consul and told him what had happened; he ordered me to go back and reopen the place, and if the man came again to "kick him out at once." I did as he told me, with the exception of the last named injunction, and now I am again sitting here selling books."

Hodeidah, June 13, 1911.

I am now in Aden and have been here about ten days. My pres-

ence here was very necessary. When I look at things as a whole it seems to me they have never looked so dark as just at this moment. . . . I understand we cannot expect Miss Henriksen until early in 1912, and that there is not the least prospect of any man's coming out from Denmark for some years. This strikes me as the most depressing of all. . . . It is again necessary for me to stay in the Bible and book-depot the whole day through, and how I am to arrange the future I cannot see. Sheikh Salim was at home in this part of the work and it is not easy to find any one to take his place. And what shall I do with Hodeidah? The carpenter, Hussain, has oversight of the shop, but that necessarily is only a temporary arrangement. Shall we close Hodeidah? It does not seem to me that we can possibly do that, for it would mean new trouble to open it again. We need to seek new strength in grace which hitherto has been sufficient even under the most difficult conditions."

OLUF HOYER.

Aden, July 12, 1911.



Domestic Life at Bahrein.

One always hears that everything moves very slowly in the East and it is quite true, but that is no reason why the missionary's life should also be slow and time hang heavily upon his hands. Strange to say, although the Arab takes his time about everything and spends many hours every day sitting still, the missionary often wishes there were more than twenty-four hours in a day. One soon realizes that time flies as fast here as it does in busy New York. And the most trying thing one has to put up with here is the slowness of the people when one knows how much work has to be done.

Even the best of servants has to be constantly reminded of the everyday duties. The mistress of the house must keep everything on her mind, and inquire whether the drawing-room has been dusted, the drinking water jug filled from the filter and the jugs in the bathroom filled up. To keep house as one would at home would require almost the entire time of the housewife. It is difficult to make these servants shoulder responsibility. In the morning you must listen for sounds downstairs, and until you hear them you are not sure whether your table will be set and ready for breakfast. The natives get up with the sun, and when the sun does not rise until 6:30, it is rather difficult to get your breakfast at seven. After breakfast you must visit the pantry, where you often find little odds and ends stuck up on the shelf, supposed to be washed or thrown away, but waiting for a more convenient time. The dish towels must also be inspected. The average servant has no idea what it means to have clean hands; consequently the towels are far from white when they finish with them.

After starting the work for the day, you must inspect it every little while, or things will not be done as thoroughly as you want them; if you do not get the sweeping and cleaning done in the morning, you must wait until the next day. The servants go home to eat and sleep after lunch and do not return until tea time. They do not expect to do anything but prepare the tea and clear away the things, after which they are free until dinner time. One often feels that it would be easier and quicker to do the housework one's self, but this is not wise. It would leave no time at all for missionary work, and besides working day after day in a Christian home must have an influence on the servants. One is often able to bring the Gospel message to them when they would not listen if it were preached to them.

One must try to study and understand the temperament of one's servants. There are times when you can see that something is wrong,

and you must try to find out what is the matter. It may be that the boy has fever and feels that he cannot drag around any longer. The quinine bottle is always at hand. Or the trouble may be entirely outside, and one day your boy does not come. You find out that he has decided not to work for you any more, and by careful questioning you learn that some of his companions have been telling him that he must not work for Christians—they will make him become one soon; he must not take their money as it is unclean. Then they suggest his going with them as coolies to work the cargo on the British India steamers. It never seems to occur to them that this company is composed of Christians, and therefore their money also must be unclean.

Well, you engage another boy, and after a day or two find that he is one of those who influenced your boy to leave as he wanted the place himself because you keep your boy in nice, clean white clothes. After a short time the original boy has seen through the underhand workings of his friends and begs to be taken back.

And so it goes. One literally lives one day at a time. You see there is the servant problem in Arabia as well as at home. Just a word about the *dhobi*, or washerman, in closing. In the early days of the mission there was no *dhobi*, and it must have been very difficult for the missionaries in the hot weather. Now there are a number of Indian washermen here. We know something of the trials of the early missionaries, as a year ago our *dhobi* and his brother wanted to go back to India for the hottest part of our weather. We said they could not go until they sent for another man, but as no other *dhobi* would come, they finally left us in the heat of summer. A Persian washerman turned up, but he kept the clothes so long that we were quite discouraged, especially as they looked as if he had sat on them instead of ironing them!

Our *dhobi* makes a large bundle of the clothes and carries them on his back a mile or two away to a pool or small lake. He stands in the water and beats the clothes on a stone, so it is not difficult to understand why one's things are torn and the buttons broken. Then he spreads them on the sand, fastened down by big stones, and they soon dry in the hot sun. In the evening he brings the bundle of clean clothes home again. He goes to the water several days a week and then irons, and finally once a week brings you a pile of clean white clothes.

There are advantages and disadvantages about the Indian *dhobi*. The great advantage is that one does not have to think of wash-day every Monday and ironing day every Tuesday.

As most of you know, we can get very few things to eat, such

as vegetables and fruit, in Bahrein, and the things you can get are almost always very dirty. One dislikes finding sticks, feathers and other odds and ends in one's sugar. So on the whole it is cheaper and cleaner to get one's stores from India or London. When stores are due, you do not feel quite sure they have arrived until you see them come in the gate on a donkey's back. The possibilities are that the steamer did not discharge all her cargo, and so your provisions have gone down to Bombay again, or the boxes have been broken and a great deal of your stuff stolen. But I am glad to say that more often than not one's stores come through undamaged. It is an anxious time in the winter when you know the steamer has brought you a bag of flour. You send a man to get it from the custom house, but he comes back with the information that it has not been landed, but is in one of the small boats. That night it thunders and lightnings and rains, and you lie awake wondering whether or not your flour is under cover. And oh! how you rejoice when you hear the jingle of a donkey's bell in the morning and see your bag of flour being brought into the yard as dry as if it had just left the flour mill.

On the whole the missionary has more to rejoice over and more thanksgivings for what might have happened but did not, than causes to mourn and be downcast. We are glad for the rejoicings and thankful for the trials, as you can see for yourselves in this short page on the domestic life of the missionary.

MRS. C. STANLEY G. MYLREA.



Impressions of the Arabian Mission.

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Having lately had the pleasure of spending a month in the Arabian Mission of the Reformed Church, the thought occurred to me that your readers, and especially those who have friends in the work and who give it money and prayers, might like to see it through the eyes of an "outsider." The first contact was really gained at the Lucknow Conference, where four of its members were present; one, Dr. Zwemer, being chairman of the meeting, which, like the one at Cairo, owes so much to his inspiration and leadership. He belongs so truly to the Church at large, and has been so manifestly raised up for the part he has taken in directing attention to the evangelization of the Moslem world, that all Christians must acknowledge a debt of gratitude for him to the Reformed Church.

The first station visited was Muscat, where Ibrahim the colporteur had just come in from Muttra, near by, for a new stock of books, having sold out all he had. His face shone in telling of his work and how Dr. Harrison is kept busy from morning till night. Mr. Barny had about eighty guests, Arabs, in the guest room, and fine opportunities are secured through them to reach the homes. Miss Lutton has work for the women systematically planned. In Bahrein, from which place she has been transferred to Muscat, many were the loving inquiries made by Arab and Persian women for their "Lady of Light," as they call her.

In Bahrein a stay of three weeks made me familiar with the routine work of the station. At 7:30 a. m. workers, missionaries and Arabians gather for prayers in the church, then scatter for their respective duties—the school, the medical department, literary work, study, etc. The neat little book shop, standing in a good location, is opened, books and reading matter brought out, nor is it long before passers-by begin to drop in. There are many readers, even among the Arab women, so extensive use is made of the printed page. The out-patients have meanwhile gathered in the waiting-rooms of the hospital, the men on one side, the women on the other, and the first thing is reading of the Scriptures, an evangelistic talk and prayer, the missionaries taking turns in conducting this service, often visiting the in-patients as well to give them the Gospel message. Here they find Arabs, Persians, Turks, and even men from India. One cannot but wish that the friends in America who support this work could see how well the patients are cared for. In one bed is a Moslem sailor from India, just brought from the steamboat, partially paralyzed from an accident. No one knows his language, or that of his comrade, who

has come to care for him; it is doubtful if he can recover; we can only reach him by prayer. In a bed near by sits a man from Persia with bandaged eyes, having been blinded by an enemy. A remnant of light lingers in one eye, so he has come several days' journey hoping that the doctor can help him. A jet black Moslem in another bed has been badly burnt, but is recovering, and vows he will never leave the missionaries, but stay and become a Christian. The helpers take good care of the patients. One nurse is a young Afghan, one a converted Moslem. The hospital alone should command the time of an evangelist and offers fine opportunities to the missionaries for work which is far-reaching and successful.

The school work is also progressing, and a night school is held for some who cannot come by day. On the island is located quite a large colony of black slaves, freed by the British Government, whose good influence is much in evidence. Bahrein, like the other mission stations, made one think of a hive of bees all at work, and with good results to show. They have a good report, also, from "those who are without," especially on the steamships, on which they travel.

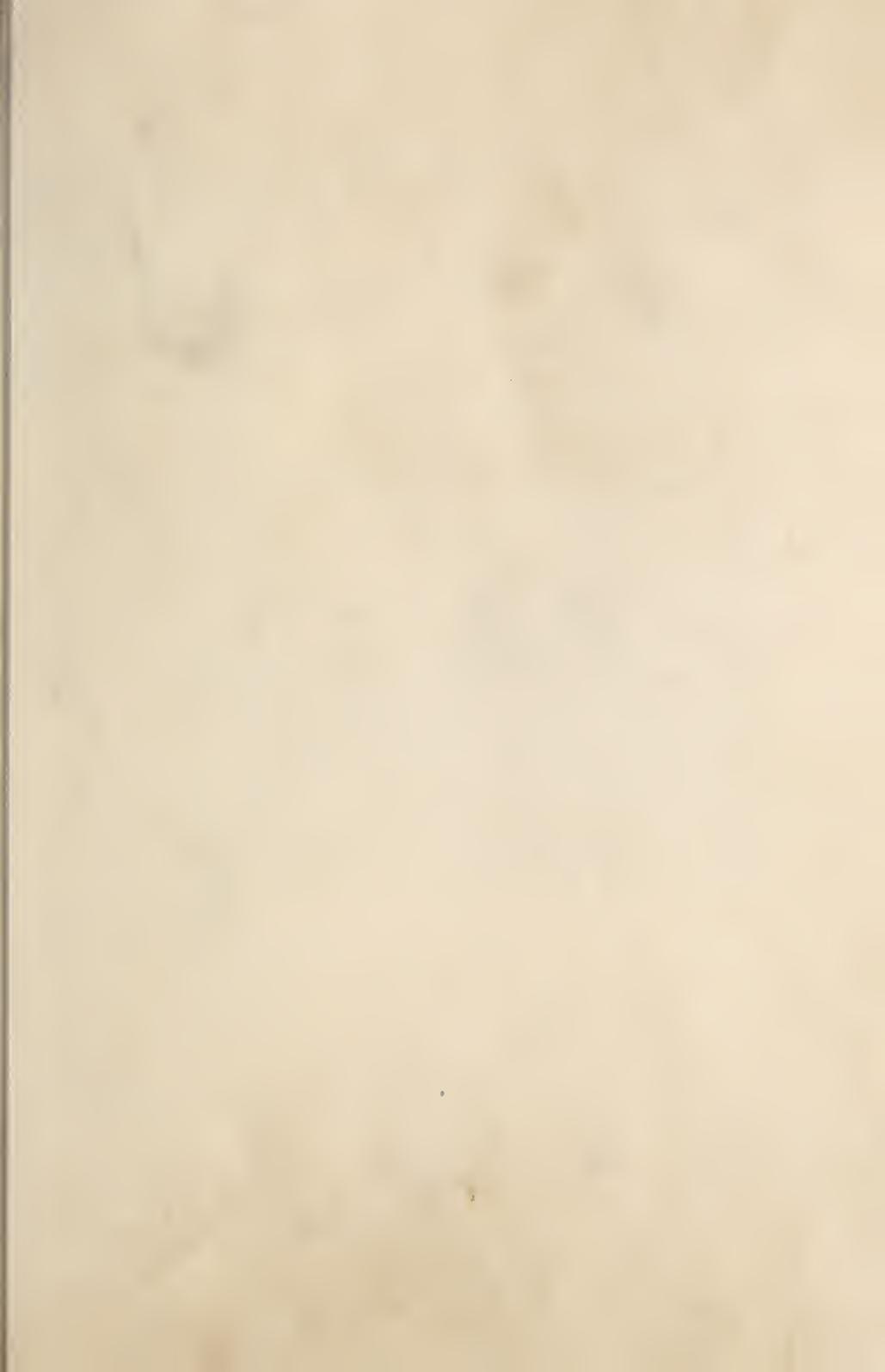
My stay was much shorter in Busrah, but I was most fortunate in seeing the new hospital just occupied and the meetings for men and women. The spirit and work were the same as elsewhere. I had a glimpse of Mr. Pennings, the solitary worker at Kuwait, recently reopened to Christian work, the ruler there having asked for a hospital and a medical man. It was a disappointment not to see Mr. Moerdyk with Mr. and Mrs. Calverley, at Amara on the Tigris, as our boat passed in the night. Mrs. Vogel, too, was absent from Busrah on a tour.

The Reformed Church is to be congratulated on its location on the Persian Gulf, which before many years will probably become very important in the commercial world. Business men and governments are making large plans in which this portion of the world plays a conspicuous part. It is to be hoped they shall not prove to be wiser in their generation "than the children of light."

It is the time for great projects and swift execution in the mission field. How desirable that not only the Arabian, but the Persian side of the gulf, as yet untouched, should be occupied for Christ! It would be so easy to put mission work into Bandar Abbas, Lingo, Bushire, Mohammerah, where capital has already gone and men and women are sacrificing much in purely commercial enterprises.

Can anyone looking for a life work find a better place for his energies to tell for God? Can capital be invested elsewhere and meet with a higher return in the shape of treasure laid up in heaven? Is not this a good place for one to use his spare hours in prayer for the Moslem population of the Persian Gulf?

N. B.—The Arabian Mission depends for its support and the extension of its work, not on the treasury of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America, though under its care and administration, but upon contributions specifically made for this purpose. The churches, societies and individuals subscribing are not confined to the Reformed Church. Members of other denominations are among its supporters and its missionaries. Regular gifts and special donations are invited from all who are interested in Mission work in Arabia. Regular contributors will receive quarterly letters and annual reports, without application. All contributions, or applications for literature or information, should be sent to "THE ARABIAN MISSION," 25 E. 22d St., New York.



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