

school-room on week-days, and reception-room after school hours. Here I could assure them that they might remove their veils without fear of having their faces seen by any man.

A Sunday-school picture roll hung on the wall, and this seldom failed to excite questions and give us a chance to tell the Bible stories which



PATIENTS—A WOMAN AND CHILD

they represented. Then there was a baby-organ. The women had never seen an organ before, and always wanted us to play and sing to them. This furnished us an opportunity to explain such hymns as "Jesus loves me" and "I need Thee every hour."

Baby Grace was also an attraction, for the Arabs love children and were eager to see the little girl who was as welcome to us as tho she had been a boy. One woman, very friendly but none too clean, wanted to kiss Grace on the mouth. Of course I had to explain that we do not like people to kiss babies on the mouth, because it isn't good for the babies' health. Immediately the woman thought that what I feared

was the influence of evil spirits, and she began to spit three times in the direction of Grace's face, exclaiming, *Ma sha ullah, Ma sha ullah, Ma sha ullah*. "Whatever God wills," which she considered a charm capable of keeping off evil spirits!

One day the wife of a wealthy Arab came to see me. She was very haughty and reticent at first, as she sat there drest in her beautiful silks and jewels, but after we had done our best to entertain her, and had served refreshments in Arab style, she began to tell her troubles.

"You know," she said, "Khatoon, my husband has another wife, I have never seen her. She lives in another house, and just as I have two children—so has she. She hates me, and I hate her. My husband says he can not afford to keep two houses; that we must live together. I can't do it! I won't do it! I will die first! Do you think I could sit and watch that woman cross my courtyard? If she ever comes into the house, I shall leave!"

In that very room, a few months previous, that woman's partner-wife had told me the same story. A sweet, pretty little woman she was, who had not been consulted when the other woman's husband bought her for a wife. Oh, the heartaches of Arab women! What comfort can I hold out to them! In my heart I knew that I should feel the same way under the same circumstances. I could only read them the words of Jesus about marriage and divorce, and show them that God had not intended them to suffer in this way. Each of the women agreed that our way is better. "But," they said, "our religion allows a man to have

four wives at a time, and any number of concubines, and what can we women do about it?"

Before my friend left I showed her our living-room where our dining-table stood.

"And do you and your husband eat together?" she asked. "Come, see," she called to her companion;

husband belongs to the royal family. He loved this gentle wife—but God had given her no children, and he could not think of making her his only wife. She became very friendly with one of our women missionaries, and told her story in this way. "Every time my husband is planning to take a new wife he comes to



THE GOTHIC ARCHES OF A COFFEE-SHOP IN KUWEIT

"this is the table where they eat. The Khatoon sits on this side, and her husband on that side. What do you think of that?"

After that I took her to another little room, about as big as a hall-bedroom, which has a very rare advantage: two small outside windows, one of which commands a view of the sea and the customs house.

"O, look! look!" cried the woman, "there is the customs house where my husband works! O, you lucky woman," she exclaimed, turning to me. "I would give anything to have that window in my house."

There is a lovely, gentle Arab woman in one of our stations, whose

me and says, 'Now Lulua, I am going to be married again; but I don't want you to think that I don't love you any more. Here is a gift for you to remind you that I love you best of all.' Then I say, 'Oh, all right; I know it must be God's will, and I hope God will bless you in this new marriage.' But when he has gone," she said, "I throw myself upon my bed, and cry until I think my heart will break." What a Christian this woman would make!

Relieving the Suffering

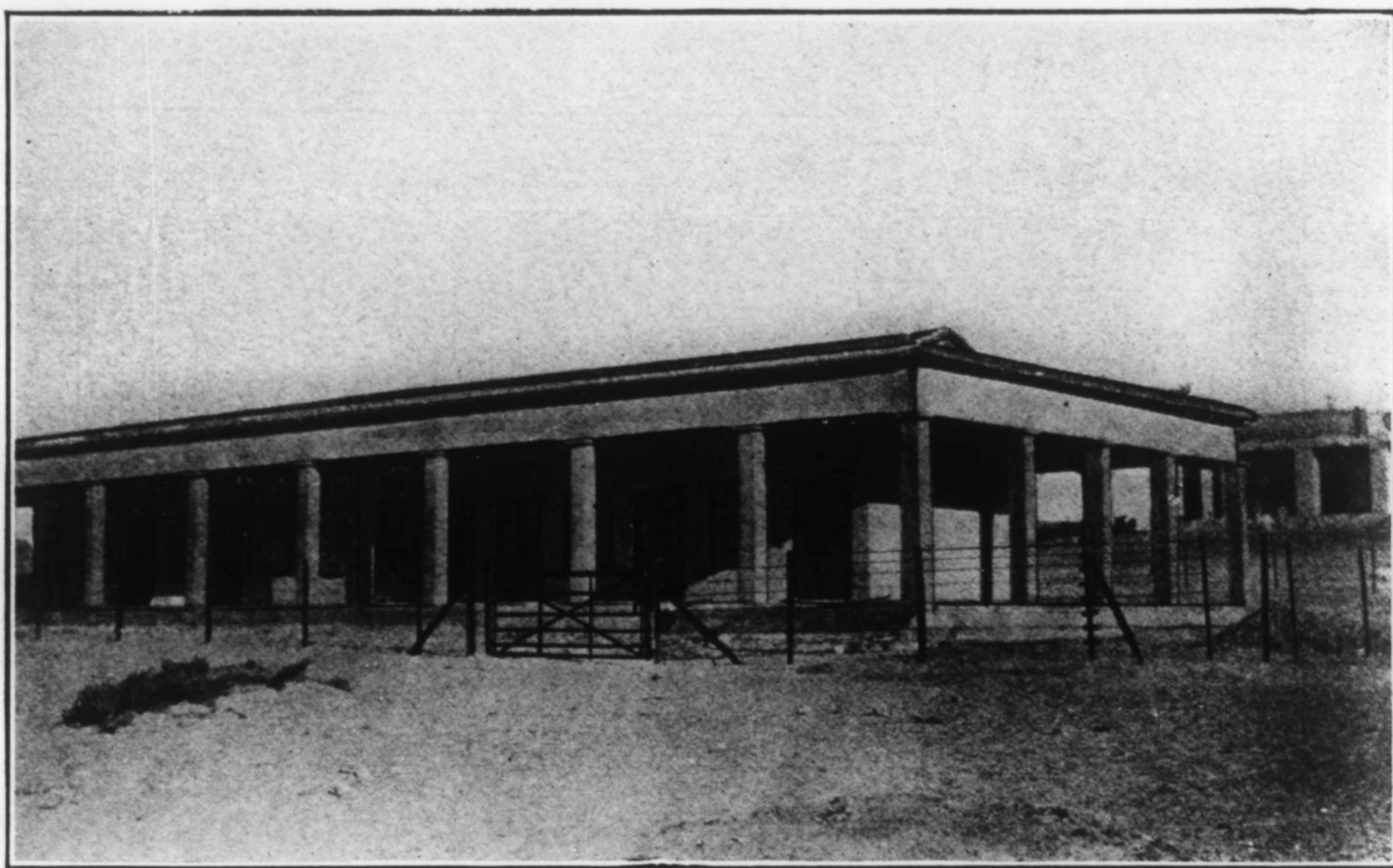
The medical work allows one to get an even more intimate knowledge of the life of Arab women.

When we went to Kuwait the people had never before seen a woman missionary, and most of them had never seen another white woman.

Two rooms of a native house built of mud and plaster, a big table, a little table, a chair and a bench, a box, and some basins for washing the hands; these, and a pink calico curtain stretched across one of the rooms

curtain was poured out many a tale of sorrow and suffering. During the last year we were frequently asked to treat members of the royal household, who contributed generously to the support of the hospital. My Arab costume was a gift from the wife of the heir-apparent to the throne.

If we had been doubtful as to whether medical work was having



THE MISSION HOSPITAL (FOR MEN ONLY) IN KUWEIT

to lend privacy to the part of the room used for examination and treatment, constituted the equipment of the Woman's Hospital of Kuwait in the beginning.

At first there were few patients and much distrust, but confidence increased, and numbers grew until during the last eight months before our return to America, three thousand patients were treated in the woman's dispensary alone. Modern operating furniture was gradually acquired and a collection of good instruments; but the rooms remained the same, and behind that pink calico

any effect upon Kuwait, we were reassured when the prominent Arabs of the town held a meeting and decided to send for a Turkish doctor and establish a Moslem dispensary where the poor might be treated free without coming under Christian influence. The doctor came and spent much money on equipment, but his work was not very successful, and he was not willing to treat the poor free, because he had not the spirit of Christ as an incentive. In a few months he became so unpopular that he left town, leaving all his drugs to be confiscated by the ruling sheikh.

At first the patients were sometimes afraid to take our medicines, but confidence grew. Toward the end of our stay in Arabia I was called to see a woman whom I had never met before. She was suffering terribly, but I feared she might not allow the operation which was necessary. Before I had even time to suggest an operation, she said: "Doctor, do with me as you think best. I have perfect confidence in you. You may even cut me open if you like." How sad it would have been had this woman's confidence been in vain. God blest the operation and she recovered, and became our firm friend.

Our opponents also threatened to secure a Moslem woman-doctor to be my rival; but we were not greatly alarmed at this talk, for we knew that in the whole Turkish Empire

there is but one woman with a license to practise medicine—and she is a Christian missionary.

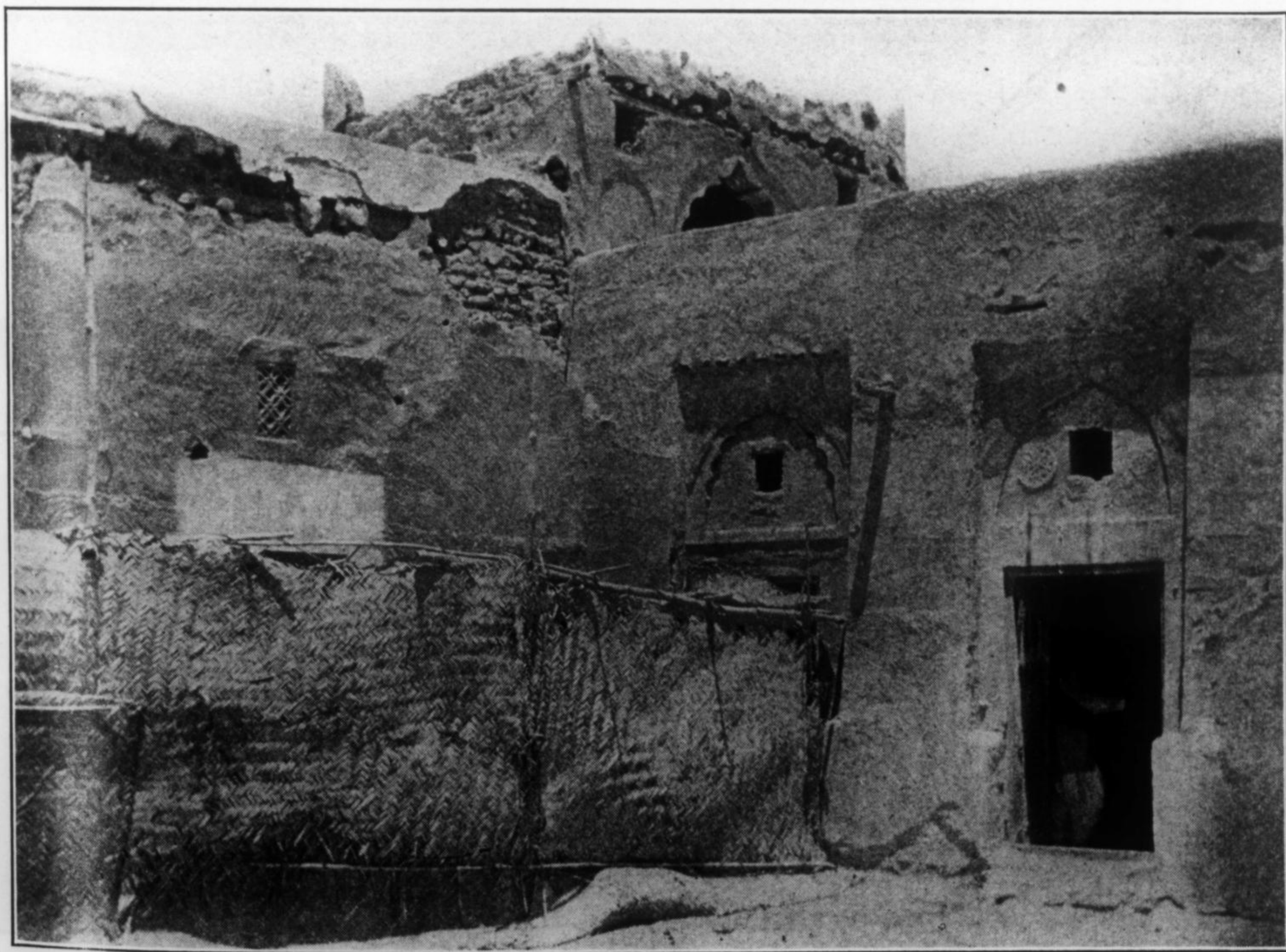
The work was not always encouraging; but one day we chanced to overhear a conversation between two women patients.

"The doctor," said one, "takes just as much pains with those who can not pay as with the rich patients."

"Yes," said the other, "and look at her dressing that dirty ulcer on that poor woman. What Moslem would do that!"

We have prayed that they might see from our lives that the religion of Jesus Christ gives something which they need, and do not have.

Six days a week the waiting-room of the woman's dispensary is more or less filled with women and children of every station in life and all degrees of intelligence. When the



A CORNER OF THE KUWEIT DISPENSARY
The Women's Department is behind the screen of mats

crowd seems to have reached its largest size—20, 30, or even 40 patients, besides companions who do not come for treatment—all treatments are stopt for about ten minutes while the doctor takes her seat with the patients gathered before her on the floor and bench. There is sometimes great confusion, with the women laughing and talking, and babies crying. It takes several minutes to get them all quiet. "Do not talk," we say in Arabic. "Keep quiet," the assistant echoes in Persian—"you women over in the corner; the doctor's going to pray and ask God to heal your diseases."

"I have rheumatism in my feet," shouts a deaf woman who has not understood. Then there is a giggling among those who see the funny side of the situation.

Finally, when all is quiet, we begin by a short prayer asking God's blessing on each one, and especially upon the reading which is to follow. The prayer is very simple, but God has many times answered our request.

After the women have been assured that they may open their eyes we read a short passage from Matthew's or Luke's account of the life of Christ and His teachings. The explanation which follows seeks to teach the lesson in every-day language, with illustrations from the Arab's daily life. Some of the women will never have another opportunity to hear the Gospel of Christ, so we never omit an explanation of the way of salvation, with its message of hope for every heart. At the end of the reading every one is given an opportunity to buy a Scripture portion for two besas (one cent).

The audience is generally attentive, and only occasionally an especially fanatical woman objects to the teaching.

Does it do any good? We have often wondered just how much of the talk was understood and remembered. Sometimes patients with chronic complaints come every day for months. One day, when we noticed several such women in the crowd, it occurred to us to give them a short test to find out how much they had understood.

"Whose son was Jesus?" we asked.

"The Son of Mary, but conceived by the Spirit of God," they answered.

"Was Jesus a rich prophet who spent His time enjoying Himself?"

"No," they answered. "He was poor and spent His time doing good and healing the sick."

"After a few years of preaching what happened to Jesus?"

"His enemies took Him and killed Him."

(The Koran says they did not kill Him.)

"Was He willing to die?"

"Yes—because it was the will of God."

"What good did it do for Him to die?"

"He became a sacrifice, a Redeemer, for all who believe in Him."

"How long did he remain in the tomb?"

"Three days."

"Then what happened?"

"He arose from the dead."

"Where is He now?"

"In Heaven, on the right hand of God."

"Is there hope for every one who