

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

loves Jesus, no matter how poor and miserable and wicked?"

"*El Hamdu lilah!*" (The praise be to God!)

At least three of the women had known the answer to every question, and their faces beamed with pleasure.

From this test it is evident that a large proportion of the women really understand. What is lacking is a sense of sin. Pray that the Holy Spirit may convict the people of Arabia of sin and of righteousness and of judgment.

Worth the Cost

People ask "Are you going back to that burning, feverish, God-forsaken place?" Yes, we hope to go back. Why? Because we are like the man, who, when he had found a treasure hidden in a field, went

with joy and sold all that he had to buy that field. That man believed the investment was worth all that it cost—and so do we.

Men, how would you like your wives and mothers to be like the women of Arabia! And the beautiful, blooming girls with the promise of wonderful womanhood before them—could you give them over to the life of Moslem women?

Women, we are not more worthy than the women of Arabia. What makes the difference between us and our Mos'em sisters? Nothing but the blood of Jesus. Shall we withhold from them the blessings which mean so much to us?

Some day we shall hear Christ saying: "I gave my life for thee; what hast *thou* given for me?"



SHEIKH MOBARREK OF KUWEIT, WHO GAVE THE LAND FOR THE MISSION HOUSE



THE REV. SAMUEL M. ZWEMER, D.D., F.R.G.S.

This acknowledged leader in the Christian campaign to win the Moslem world to Christ, was born in Vriesland, Michigan, on April 12, 1867. He comes of good Dutch stock, being the son of Adrian and Katharina Boon Zwemer. After graduation from Hope College, Holland, Michigan, and from the New Brunswick Theological Seminary in 1890, Mr. Zwemer went out with Rev. James Cantine to establish missions in Arabia. He has traveled extensively in Arabia, is the editor of the *Moslem World* (quarterly), and the author of many valuable volumes on Moslems, their land and their religion. After serving as candidate-secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement during a recent furlough, Dr. Zwemer removed to Cairo, Egypt, where he is now teaching and preaching, and is chairman of the Local Committee of the Nile Mission Press.

The Beginning of a Story

A MOSLEM CONVERT'S JOURNEY IN SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE

BY REV. STEPHEN VAN R. TROWBRIDGE, CAIRO, EGYPT
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ABD-UL KERIM spent his boyhood in Garhwa, near Calcutta. His father was a Moslem physician, and was known throughout the neighborhood as a man of skill and learning.

One day another doctor came to Garhwa. He had once been an Animist, worshiping strange idols and spirits, and cherished crude superstitions. But he had become a follower of Christ, and, after a hard struggle, had put aside his heathen fears and legends. He was following diligently the sayings and the life of the Prophet Jesus. This new faith had taken strong hold upon his character and conduct, and, being a man of frank and friendly disposition, he narrated his experience to Abd-ul Kerim's father.

As the men were in the same profession, and as Garhwa was not a large town, one might expect them to be rivals, and jealous of one another. But such was not the case. They found pleasure in each other's company, and often spent their evenings together. The Moslem physician's son, Abd-ul Kerim, became much attached to the kindly guest who always spoke to him, and sometimes told him stories of other cities and wonderful countries far away. Sometimes the doctor would play with the boy, or they would sit down under the trees and talk of golden

deeds in Indian history. Nothing was said about the Christian faith, but as Abd-ul Kerim was now twelve years old and had learned to read freely, the doctor several times gave him some Christian leaflet or story. The boy's curiosity prompted him to read these, tho he felt certain that the Christian religion must be all wrong. He knew that his father was a devoted Mohammedan, and, according to what the *Maulvi* (the leader of a Moslem congregation) said at the Friday service, there was no truth in any but the Moslem faith. So in his boyish enthusiasm Abd-ul Kerim resolved to prepare an argument against Christianity to show that it was all an error.

Abd-ul Kerim's father wished him to receive a modern education, so he entered him in the government school at Garhwa. Among the pupils was the son of a Bengali, and Abd-ul-Kerim was struck by the purity and sincerity of his speech. This boy's father was a Christian convert from Hinduism. Altho Abd-ul Kerim did not know it, he became more and more conscious of the contrast between the Bengali boy's straightforward, clean language, and the coarse phrases constantly on the lips of his other schoolmates. He felt that there must be some reason for this, and he resolved to cultivate a closer friendship with his new acquaintance.

About this time Abd-ul Kerim