

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.

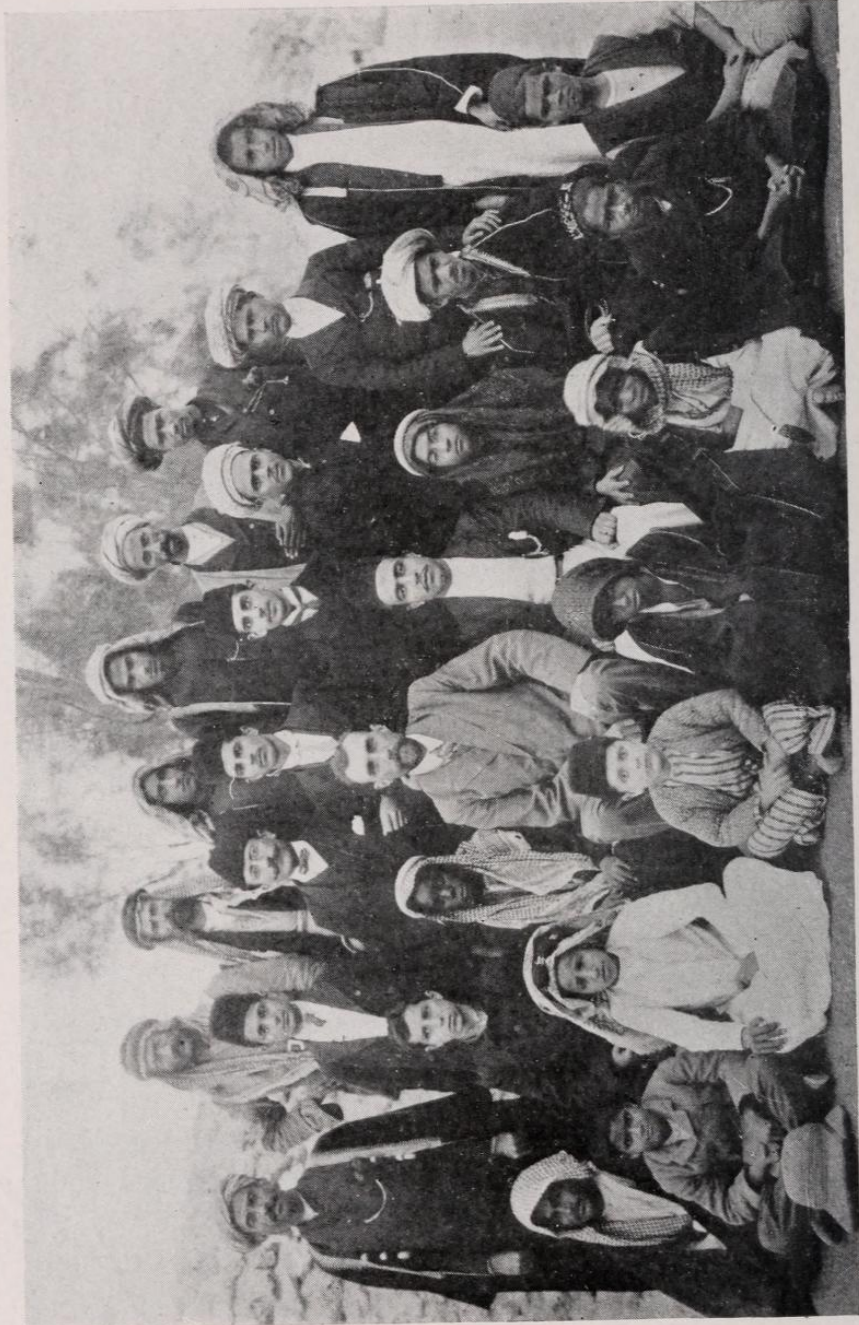
Reader, compare this experience with the one preceding, and thank God for Christian mothers. Go down on your knees and ask the Lord to guide you in doing your share that the peace and assurance of a Christian death may soon be shared by our Moslem sisters.

Maurice, Iowa.

## Kuweit to Bahrein

REV. DIRK DYKSTRA

Owing to lack of steamer facilities between Kuweit 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-Amerika 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



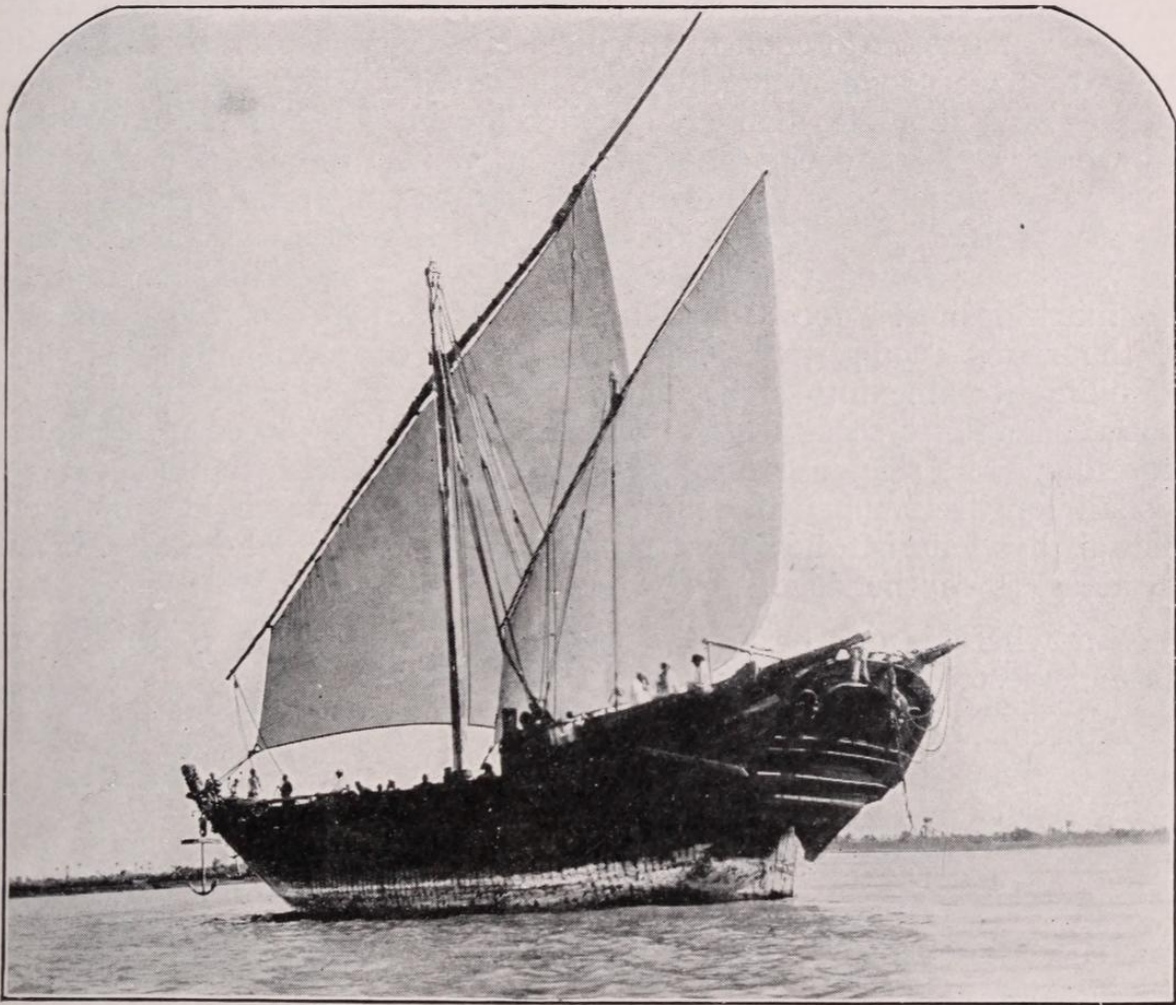
PEARLING BOATS

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 that 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 Kuwait 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 mon 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.