

The Arabian Mission

TRUSTEES

Rev. H. E. Cobb, D.D., *President*,
Rev. J. P. Searle, D.D., *Vice-Pres.*,
Rev. T. H. Mackenzie, D.D.,

Rev. E. G. Read, D.D.,
Mr. John Bingham,
Mr. E. E. Olcott.

HONORARY TRUSTEES

W. A. Buchanan, Esq., London, England,
Rev. James Cantine, D.D., Baghdad, Mesopotamia,
Rev. S. M. Zwemer, D.D., LL.D., Holland, Mich.

OFFICERS

Rev. W. I. Chamberlain, Ph.D., *Corr. Sec'y*, 25 East 22d Street, N. Y.
F. M. Potter, *Associate Secretary and Treas.*, 25 East 22d Street, N. Y.
Rev. W. J. Van Kersen, *District Secretary*, Holland, Mich.

MISSIONARIES

Rev. and Mrs. James Cantine,	Stone Ridge, N. Y.,	On furlough.
Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Zwemer	Cairo, Egypt,	Evang. and Lit. Work.
Rev. and Mrs. F. J. Barny,	Basrah, Mesopotamia,	Evangelistic Work.
Rev. James E. Moerdyk,	Grand Rapids, Mich.,	On furlough.
Rev. and Mrs. J. Van Ess,	Basrah, Mesopotamia,	Educational Work.
Miss J. A. Scardefield,	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.,	On furlough.
Miss Fanny Lutton,	Maskat, Arabia,	Evangelistic Work.
Rev. and Mrs. D. Dykstra,	Amara, Mesopotamia,	Evangelistic Work.
Dr. and Mrs. C. S. G. Mylrea,	Marple, England,	On furlough.
Rev. and Mrs. G. J. Pennings,	Bahrein, P. G.,	Evang. and Educ. Work.
Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Calverley,	York, Pa.,	On furlough.
Dr. and Mrs. P. W. Harrison,	Catonsville, Md.,	On furlough.
Rev. and Mrs. G. D. Van Peurseem,	Maskat, Arabia,	Evangelistic Work.
Mrs. Sharon J. Thoms,	Tarrytown, N. Y.,	On furlough.
Miss Sarah L. Hosmon, M.D.,	Maskat, Arabia,	Medical Work.
Miss Charlotte B. Kellien,	Basrah, Mesopotamia,	Educational Work.
Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Bilkert,	Baghdad, Mesopotamia,	Evangelistic Work.
Miss M. C. Van Pelt,	Kuweit, P. G.,	Medical Work.
Dr. and Mrs. L. P. Dame,	Bahrein, P. G.,	Medical Work
Miss Ruth Jackson,	Bahrein, P. G.,	Language Study.
Miss Rachel Jackson,	Bahrein, P. G.,	Language Study.
Miss Cornelia Dalenberg,	Bahrein, P. G.,	Language Study.
Miss Grace A. Strang	Kuweit, P. G.,	Language Study.
Dr. Norman Leak,	Kuweit, P. G.,	Medical Work.

Address all letters to Missionaries in the field, Via Bombay.

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 be placed upon the mailing list for "Neglected Arabia." All contributions, or applications for literature or information, should be sent to "THE ARABIAN MISSION," 25 East 22nd Street, New York.

NEGLECTED ARABIA

Missionary News and Letters

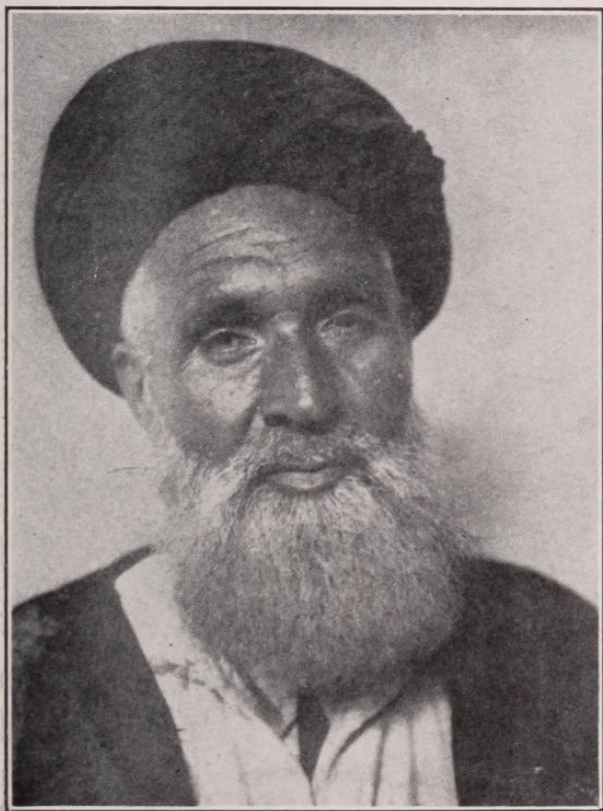
Published Quarterly

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION AMONG THE FRIENDS OF
THE ARABIAN MISSION

The Life of a Convert

REV. EDWIN E. CALVERLEY

THE life that a convert from Islam is compelled to live claims our sympathy and something more. The Arab or Persian who becomes a Christian needs more than our sympathy because he would be put to death if the Mohammedan law were enforced. The Khalifah Ali burnt alive some early apostates from Islam. Ibn Abbas, who was the cousin of the Prophet Muhammad and an early governor of Basrah, said that the Khalifah had not acted rightly, for the Prophet had said: "Punish not with God's punishment, (*i.e.*, fire), but whosoever changes his religion, kill him with the sword." (Hughes: *Dict. of Islam.*)



A MOSLEM PREACHER AND JUDGE OF THE
SHIA SECT

To this day, even where the Moslem law is not allowed to operate, this desire to kill a convert remains and it must be guarded against.

"I shall certainly shoot my brother with this revolver if I ever see him going to the Christians' Sunday afternoon service!" So declared recently the brother of one of the converts baptized in Basrah in 1920 by the Rev. Dr. T. H. Mackenzie, the Chairman of the Board's Executive Committee.

"Oh, please stay away from the church service, so that your brother will not carry out his threat," the convert's mother pleaded with him. "You say your new religion is a religion of love," she continued. "You will not show love if you give your brother a chance to kill you."

For her sake he staid away some Sundays until his brother went to India.

This Arab convert and the Persian baptized several years ago have both been threatened with death. Neither of them has any expectation that the threats will be carried out. The Moslem preacher who urged from his pulpit that his hearers should slay the Persian convert was only paying lip-service to his law. Neither he nor his hearers cared to follow the recommendation. But while these converts are not living in the expectation of being killed, yet they live with the knowledge that many people would rejoice in their death. We need to overbalance that cause of unhappiness by the ministry of friendship and assurances of affection.

The Arab convert whose experiences are mentioned here has become an outcast to all his family except his mother. When he returned to his home town some months ago he called at his cousin's house. "So it's you, Fulan!" they said. "Please go away and never come again! You are dead to us and we to you," and they shut the door upon him.

This convert's mother has not forsaken him. The family allow her to visit him. They use her to try to win him back. At first she brought offers of mercenary reward if he would renounce Christianity. Five thousand rupees she said his brothers had collected to give him. The offers afforded him excellent opportunities to explain his motives in changing his faith, while their misunderstanding of his position and sincerity emphasized the inferiority of their appeal. One day the mother brought with her the little girl that they had planned should later have become his bride.

His mother finally became convinced that he was in very truth determined to remain a Christian and her visits have become less frequent. Recently she said to him, "It would be a feast-day for me if you would only say, 'Secretly, I'm a Moslem.'" He countered, "It would be a feast-day for me if I could only hear you say, 'I'm a Christian, but secretly.'" "There's no doubt of it," she declared. "You are indeed a Christian."

Not only are this convert's relations with his family heart-breaking and pitiable, but his position with his former friends and school-mates is likewise distressing and depressing. There is a little comfort for him in the fact that some of these friends would remain friendly if they could, but they dare not oppose the general contumely and antagonism towards him. One friend who is a slave and keeps a shop for his master said to him, "From the crown of my head to my feet I am under obligations to you, and to the day of my death I will not forget your favors, but I must beg of you not to come and sit in this shop any more."

Another of his former fellows paid him a brief visit one day and told him, "When your name is mentioned in any group I am in, I curse you more than the others do, and before the others do, so that no one will think that I am a friend of yours. I have to do it because I would not be able to get a job if people thought that I was your friend."

It is probable that there is not a harem in the city which has not



THE ARAB CONVERT, AHMED, WHEN A STUDENT AT KUWEIT

Women who have seen him there have picked up sand and cast it in his direction as they flung their bitter words at him. To make life miserable for him is the object of all who meet him except the mission community. The missionaries must needs do much to make life pleasant for him.

Added to his trials is the affliction of tuberculosis. Truly his burdens and heartaches are many and heavy. He needs our aid and more than our human aid. Let us give him our help by praying now that he may accept from the Lord the comfort of heart and the freedom from burden that belong to him through his coming to Christ.

heard of our friend's apostasy. Callers come to the hospital just to look at him and to see how his change of religion has changed his appearance. Two Arabs from the interior came once while he was taking a noon-day nap. "Where is he? Where is he?" they asked. A patient uncovered our friend's face. "Here he is," he said. "But he still looks like a man!" they exclaimed. "What did you expect to find?" they were asked, but they hastened away without answering. Children point him out to each other as they pass the hospital and see him on one of the benches, and they all curse him with expert tongues.



A FORM OF PUNISHMENT USED IN THE MOSLEM SCHOOL AT KUWEIT

Flower, the Freed Slave's Story

MRS. G. J. PENNINGS

IN connection with the good news that along the Debai Coast the slaves are going to be set free by order of the British Government, you may be interested in the story of Flower, as told by herself, which is typical of the life story of many of the freed slaves in Bahrein.

"My country of birth is the Jungle. It is called Nyassa, and has a river as big as the Basrah one. And such good things as we used to eat—sugar cane and peanuts and lots of other nuts and potatoes and egg-plant and all sorts of great big vegetables. We also had lots of meat, for the country was full of sheep and goats. But of rice we ate very little and dates I never saw there. Our houses were built of grass and mud, with very strong wooden beams, because they had to be strong enough to keep out the wolves. Our country is just full of wolves.

"But one day when I was only five or six years old I was playng out in the woods with other boys and girls, when three men came along. They seized us, filled our mouths with flour, tied up our chins and put us on camels. First they took us to Ali's house in Zanzibar, where we remained for about a week. But then he became afraid that our people would come after us, so he put us on a sailboat bound for Sur in Oman, Arabia. There they separated us and put us in different houses so that we could not see each other any more. I, myself, was taken to the house of Sheikh Sagr bin Khalid.

"When after about five years I grew up into a pretty woman, they told me I must learn Arabic and become a Mohammedan. I became one of the Sheikh's seven concubines. He was good to us and gave us jewels and clothes, but his wife tore our clothes and beat us every day. When she used to beat us so much, we used to say to our master, 'Uncle, take us to the bazar and sell us!' He said, 'I will never take you to the bazar—you are like my wives and cannot be bought and sold. Your children are my children.' I gave birth to a little boy, but when he was only seven months old my master's wife took him away from me. She, herself, had four children and feared that if my child grew up, the Sheikh might leave him some of the inheritance.

"I was so angry that they had taken my child away that when I found out that there was in Bunder Abbas a Sahib who could free slaves, I fled from my master's house. To pay my passage I gave my necklace to the captain of the sailboat, telling him to take me there. The trip took us only a day and a night and part of another day. We arrived at dusk and my master got there the next morning, but he found me already at the consul's house. I was holding on to the flagpole, I was so frightened. After the consul got up and ate his breakfast, he came out on the veranda. Then he saw me and sent a servant to ask me who I was and from where I came. I told him I was from Sur in Oman. Then he said, 'Who is your master?' I said

'Sheikh Sagr.' The consul then ordered 'Take her to the cook's wife.' She gave me rice and meat and bread and buttermilk till my hunger was satisfied. After that the consul sent for me. He asked 'What is your name?' I said 'Flower.' 'Who is your father?' I said 'Othman.' 'Who is your mother?' I said 'Jedaya.' 'Where is your country?' I said 'The jungle.' 'How many years have you lived in Sheikh Sagr's house?' I said, 'Fifteen years.' 'Why have you come here?' 'They beat me, they broke my teeth, they took my child from me and killed him and so, Sahib, I have come to you and to God. Whether you help me or whether you kill me, one thing I know—I shall never go back to my master.' The Sahib then took a piece of paper, wrote on it my release and handed it to me, saying, 'Look here, Flower, you are free, so free that if you want to go to London to see the land of Queen Victoria no one can hinder you. No one can hinder you or say anything to you or take you, for you are free. If your master has anything to say, let him come to me.'

"For about a week I remained in Bunder Abbas, and after that went back to the consul to ask permission to go back to Linga. He said 'You are free; go.' I went to Linga and stayed for a year with the sister of my former master. She was fond of me and I served for a year about the house. She provided me with food and clothes. Then a black man, named Bilal, asked for me. My mistress said, 'This poor man wants you for his wife.' I said 'Thank you.' He gave me two hundred and fifty-five rupees and brought me mats, bedding and clothes. We remained in Linga for four years. He was a diver, and when he went to dive, I stayed with my former mistress. He did make some money but he spent it all on opium. He went from bad to worse and began to commit all kinds of wickedness so that I did not want him any longer. One Ramathan we left Linga and came to Bahrein. We built a house, but he began to steal again. To get money for opium he began to steal even from me, my clothes and pots and pans. Then I went to the missionaries to complain. I said, 'My husband steals from me and beats me.' The missionary lady took me to the hospital and told me to serve there for twelve rupees a month. My husband was caught stealing and taken to the consul's prison. He fled from the prison and I never saw him again. Two years later he sent me my divorce papers. I took them to the missionaries, who all read them, and told me I could now serve in the house. So I left the hospital work and began my work in the house. I lived in a room back of the Mission house.

"I know I have often been naughty—I have run away and left the dishes unwashed—when other women laughed at my reading, I would not come again to learn to read. When I listen to the Gospel it often makes my heart happy, but sometimes it makes me cry and I ask what will happen to me in the Day of Judgment. I have cursed, I have lied, I have sinned and am like dirt beneath the feet of the Lord. Then I pray like you do, 'Forgive my sins, Lord, wash away my guilt and give me a clean garment.'"

My First Arab Meal

MISS CORNELIA DALENBERG

OF all our new and interesting experiences since we came to Bahrein I think the picnic at Moharrek was one of the happiest. Not a jaunt out to the woods, to be sure, with baskets loaded down with sandwiches, pies and wienies, but a Picnic just the same!

It was during the Christmas holidays that the ladies of our mission received an invitation to spend a day with Ayesha, who lives on the island of Moharrek. It seems that this had been planned for some time and all of us were looking forward to the event eagerly. Unfortunately the invitation came on a day when the Mission was holding "Open House" for all the Persian women and children of the vicinity, so only three of us could go.

Mrs. Harrison, Miss Rachel Jackson and I set out, leaving Bahrein about noon. It was about a half-hour's ride by sailboat to the other island and the tide was out when we arrived, so we had to go ashore by donkey. My first donkey ride! That is commonplace enough for anyone who has been here, I presume, and the donkeys, too, seemed to be serenely unconscious of anything unusual as they splashed through the water. My donkey's back was broad enough to insure safe transit so there really was nothing to be alarmed about but the giddy spectacle of the two figures ahead of me trying to keep their balance was too much for me, and I must confess I was glad to reach dry land.

With such an exciting initiation the day promised to be full of interest and it surely turned out to be so. Our hostess was one of the wives of the heir apparent. She lives with her father who is also a sheikh. He is very solicitous for her welfare and as a result she is given rather more freedom than most Arab women seem to enjoy, especially when her husband is away. On this particular day he had gone away, I understand, and Ayesha had planned her feast accordingly. When we reached the sheikh's house, which was about five minutes' walk from shore, we were welcomed at the door by some of Ayesha's friends who ushered us up to her mejlis (reception room) on the second floor. A few guests were already seated in this room; we went through the formalities of greeting and then found places on the rugs beside them. After a few moments Ayesha herself entered. She was elaborately dressed, bedecked with jewels, and heavily perfumed. There was a quiet dignity about her that I have not seen in any of the other Arab women we have met, and she looked almost queenly as she walked about the room greeting her guests. She welcomed Mrs. Harrison warmly—they are very good friends—and seemed interested in the two new "Khatuns." How I wish we could have talked to her! She had such a sweet wistful look; I longed to ask her hundreds of questions. But all we could do was gaze admiringly at her as she seated herself gracefully on the rug and proceeded to tell about her plans for the afternoon. We were to wait at the house until their two machines,

owned by her father and husband, returned. So the women chatted with each other while we slid up closer to Ayesha in order to inspect and admire her jewelry. She slipped one of her broad gold bracelets from her arm and let us try it on. It was too small, of course; all the Arab women I have seen are very slight.

Soon there was a commotion outside and we heard the two machines chugging into the court space. We went down, all of the Arab women drawing their veils and carefully keeping their covered faces averted from the crowd as we entered the court. Amid the awe-inspired gaze of the onlookers who had gathered from the streets round about, we piled in, ten of us in the seven passenger car and the remaining number, seven or eight, in the other car, which was a five passenger. The velvet-jacketed Indian chauffeur clicked the doors and we were off.

I wish you could have seen those two cars dashing, actually *dashing*, through the narrow tortuous passageways between the houses,—streets, did you say? while dark figures scurried away out of the path of danger, and curious faces peered out at us from narrow cracks and openings in the buildings. We finally reached the broad opening outside the village, and, needless to say, breathed more freely. All except the chauffeur, whose equanimity had not been disturbed in the least. He seemed to have been utterly calloused to danger! The ride through the open, over the wide white sands, was delightful. Recent rains had made the paths beautifully smooth and solid, as good as any boulevard in America. In less time than it takes to tell it we reached the end of the island and saw before us a magnificent date garden which Ayesha told us was her father's. We alighted there and the machines were sent back to the village.

Ayesha and some of her friends went to a small building at one end of the garden to receive other guests who were coming and incidentally to supervise the preparation of the meal. Meanwhile the rest of us wandered about the garden, walking on the soft shady paths between the vividly green patches of alfalfa, or sitting on the edge of the well, watching some of the women eat radishes which they had pulled out of the ground. A most unusual sight to me, because they ate leaves and all! After a bit our hostess came out and joined us; we admired her garden and she showed us all around. When we came to the windmill, an American one which has been set up just recently by Mr. Pennings and Mr. Dykstra, she showed us how it pumped water into the little irrigation ditches. But she was puzzled because it was not working. Why wasn't the wheel going round: was the machinery out of order, she wondered. Mrs. Harrison explained to her that the wind made the wheel go round and there was no wind just then. When we had seen all of the garden she led us back to the mejlis where the others were assembled. The number had grown surprisingly; there were approximately fifty of us, but the room was large so we all found comfortable seats on the rugs spread around the sides. The women seated nearest Mrs. Harrison began asking her about us, the new Khatuns, as we are