

# The Arabian Mission.

---

## TRUSTEES

Rev. E. B. Coe, D.D.,  
Rev. J. G. Fagg, D.D.,  
Rev. Lewis Francis, D.D.,

Rev. J. P. Searle, D.D.,  
Rev. J. H. Whitehead,  
Mr. John Bingham,

Mr. E. E. Olcott.

## OFFICERS FOR 1911-12

Rev. J. G. Fagg, D.D., *President.*

Rev. J. P. Searle, D.D., *Vice-President.*

Rev. J. H. Whitehead, *Recording Secretary.*

Rev. W. I. Chamberlain, Ph.D., *Cor. Sec.*, 25 East 22d Street, N. Y.

Mr. W. H. Van Steenberg, *Treasurer*, 25 East 22d Street, N. Y.

Rev. J. L. Amerman, D.D., *Asst. Treas.*, 25 East 22d Street, N. Y.

## HONORARY TRUSTEES

W. A. Buchanan, Esq., London, England.

Dean V. C. Vaughn, M.D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

## MISSIONARIES

|                                        |                        |
|----------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Rev. Dr. and Mrs. James Cantine, . . . | Busrah, Persian Gulf.  |
| Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, . . .       | Bahrein, " "           |
| Mrs. S. M. Zwemer, . . .               | Mt. Vernon, N. Y.      |
| Dr. and Mrs. H. R. L. Worrall, . . .   | Bahrein, Persian Gulf. |
| Rev. and Mrs. Fred J. Barny, . . .     | Muscat, Arabia.        |
| Dr. and Mrs. Sharon J. Thoms, . . .    | Muscat, Arabia.        |
| Rev. James E. Moerdyk, . . .           | Muscat, Arabia.        |
| Rev. and Mrs. John Van Ess, . . .      | Busrah, Persian Gulf.  |
| Miss J. A. Scardefield, . . .          | Bahrein, Persian Gulf. |
| Miss Fanny Lutton, . . .               | Muscat, Arabia.        |
| Dr. and Mrs. Arthur K. Bennett, . . .  | Busrah, Persian Gulf.  |
| Mrs. Martha C. Vogel, . . .            | Busrah, " "            |
| Mr. and Mrs. Dirk Dykstra, . . .       | Bahrein, " "           |
| Dr. and Mrs. C. Stanley G. Mylrea, . . | Bahrein, " "           |
| Rev. Gerrit J. Pennings, . . .         | Bahrein, " "           |
| Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Calverley, . . .   | Kuweit, " "            |
| Dr. Paul W. Harrison, . . .            | Kuweit, " "            |
| Rev. G. D. Van Peursem, . . .          | Bahrein, " "           |
| Miss Josephine E. Spaeth, . . .        | Bahrein, " "           |
| Miss Sarah L. Hosmon, M.D., . . .      | Bahrein, " "           |
| Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Shaw, . . .      | Busrah, " "            |
| Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Van Vlack, . . .    | Busrah, " "            |
| Mr. Philip C. Haynes, . . .            | Busrah, " "            |

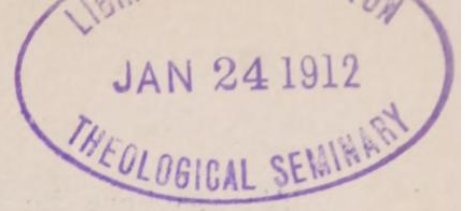
---

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

Draw checks and send remittances or requests for information to

**THE ARABIAN MISSION**, 25 East 22d St., New York City.





# 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-