

When there is time I visit the women in the mud huts on the way from hospital. Poor souls! I wonder when we shall have sufficient workers to teach them and their children. The mothers are often called "cows," and truly they have little more intelligence. Their outlook is indeed narrow. The better-class women often live in the upper part of the house with only a slit in the wall to show them the world beneath. The child mothers, of whom we see little, take everything as a matter of course. When a child is born, its eyes are rubbed with *kohil*, its little dark face colored with yellow powder, patterns marked on its hands and toes, its head plastered with mud and oil, and a few charms to keep away *ginns* (evil spirits) are hung on various parts of its body. The climate being so hot, few clothes are necessary, and the child simply lies in a corner of the mother's garment.

Boys are much more thought of than girls, but the latter are valuable because the father is willing to marry them to the men who can give most for them. It is strange to hear even little children say "Min Allah"—"It is from God." A little girl of three one Sunday climbed where Miss Miller had forbidden her to go. The result was a broken leg, but when picked up she brightly said, "Min Allah."

When a man shoots another he says, "Min Allah," for he thinks God has delivered his enemy into his hands. If a man steals he thinks just the same. In this way one begins to realize something of the fatalism of the Arab mind, and its utter lack of any sense of personal responsibility.

Is it all worth while? Ian Keith Falconer's bright, brief life; Dr. Young's twenty-three years of strenuous lonely toil, lightened in the past seven years by the help of his colleague, Dr. MacRae, and the nurses, one of whom now rests in God's Acre there by the sea.

Surely it is! This "arid spot" is the gateway to Arabia, the cradle of Islam, so long closed to the gospel of love. In the bright day that is dawning for the world this country, too, must have a share; and those who are working at Sheikh Othman are looking and longing for the time when the Gateway will be swung wide open, and, reinforced by other laborers, they shall go forward bearing the light which, one day, will illumine every corner of that dark land.

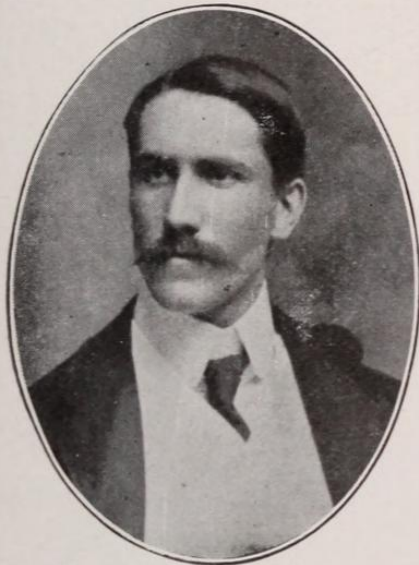
—*The Women's Missionary Magazine, United Church of Scotland.*

## Annual Report of Men's Medical Department, Kuwait

C. STANLEY G. MYLREA, Physician in Charge

After some five years of pioneer work, done in a native house in the native quarter of the town, medical work in Kuwait entered the second phase in its history when the new and modern hospital was opened last November. The first in-patient was admitted on November 9th, and the first dispensary was held on November 25th. Sheikh Mubarek was good enough to inspect the hospital on January 27th

and expressed his admiration of all that he saw, although he admitted that the making of wounds was more in his line than the healing of them. In my office he asked what the microscope was for so I showed him a flea highly magnified, which perhaps persuaded him more effectively as to the possibilities of the microscope than any amount of talking would have done. He has never forgotten that flea, and people come out to the hospital asking to see the flea that entertained Sheikh Mubarek.



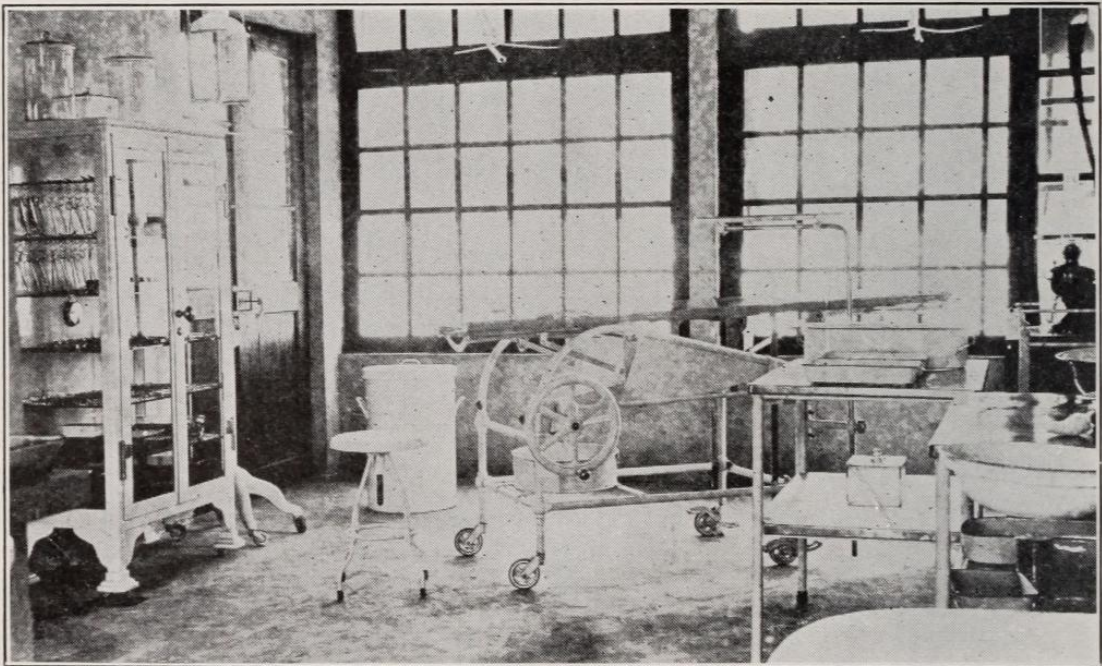
DR. MYLREA

On February 2nd, only a few days after the Sheikh's visit we were privileged to show Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy of India, round our hospital—this visit has already been described in detail in "Neglected Arabia," so I will not dwell further on the matter except to say that I believe that we have in Lord Hardinge a firm supporter of Medical Missions. His gift to the hospital of three hundred rupees I propose to spend on a few articles of furniture for the operating room, amongst other things a clock and a lamp. Early in the year, Seyyid Rejb, the Nekib of Busrah, visited our hospital, and on January 20th gave us the pleasure of his company at lunch—he has been a frequent caller at our house and has shown the same sympathy with our hospital work here as he does at Busrah.

We had one more state visit when on July 23rd Sheikh Mubarek brought Sheikh Khazal out to see us. On this occasion the Sheikhs came into our house and accepted refreshments, staying half an hour. This, so far as I know, was the first time that Sheikh Mubarek has entered the house of a missionary.

I only mention these visits by way of a pleasing contrast between the standing of the Mission in Kuwait to-day and its standing a few years ago. All honor to those who did the pioneer work. Comparing this year's work with last there is a slight increase in the number of in-patients—58 as against 52—the average stay in hospital was the same this year as last, viz., 16 days. The 58 were made up as follows: Surgical 37, medical 10, eye 11. These patients spent, in all, 933 days with us. We could have taken in more patients, but lack of accommodation has forced us to turn people away in the cooler weather when the verandah afforded insufficient protection. In this connection it gives me great pleasure to say that Lieut.-Colonel W. G. Grey has bound himself to raise Rs.1000/ for the erection of two additional rooms, which will be put up as soon as possible. This act of kindness on the part of Colonel Grey is the last link in a long chain of gifts to our work in Kuwait this year not only in money but also in deep sympathy and association with all that we are trying to do. Among our in-patients this year we have not only had the

poor and needy, but the upper classes are beginning to enter our wards. Examples of this are Sheikh Naer, the son of Sheikh Mubarek, and a prominent member of the Khamiss family here. The number of visits this year is 177 as against 95 last year—39 of the 177 were made by one of the assistants acting under my directions. In about 90 of these visits we took a fee, the remainder were made without charge. I mention this latter fact because there seems to be an impression about that missionary doctors never make a visit unless they get paid for it. With reference to this branch of the medical work in Kuwait, something should be said about the need for some means of conveyance. Distances in Kuwait are great and the time consumed in going to a house between two and three miles away is a consideration on busy days. There are no carriages or bellums here as in Busrah, and for some reason it is not considered the thing to ride a donkey in Kuwait. With the exception of the Sheikh everyone walks everywhere. Besides the time consumed there is also the matter of physical fatigue, which cannot be left out of the account. In fact, it seems to me that long distance visits will be more or less out of the question for any lady doctor who may be appointed to Kuwait.

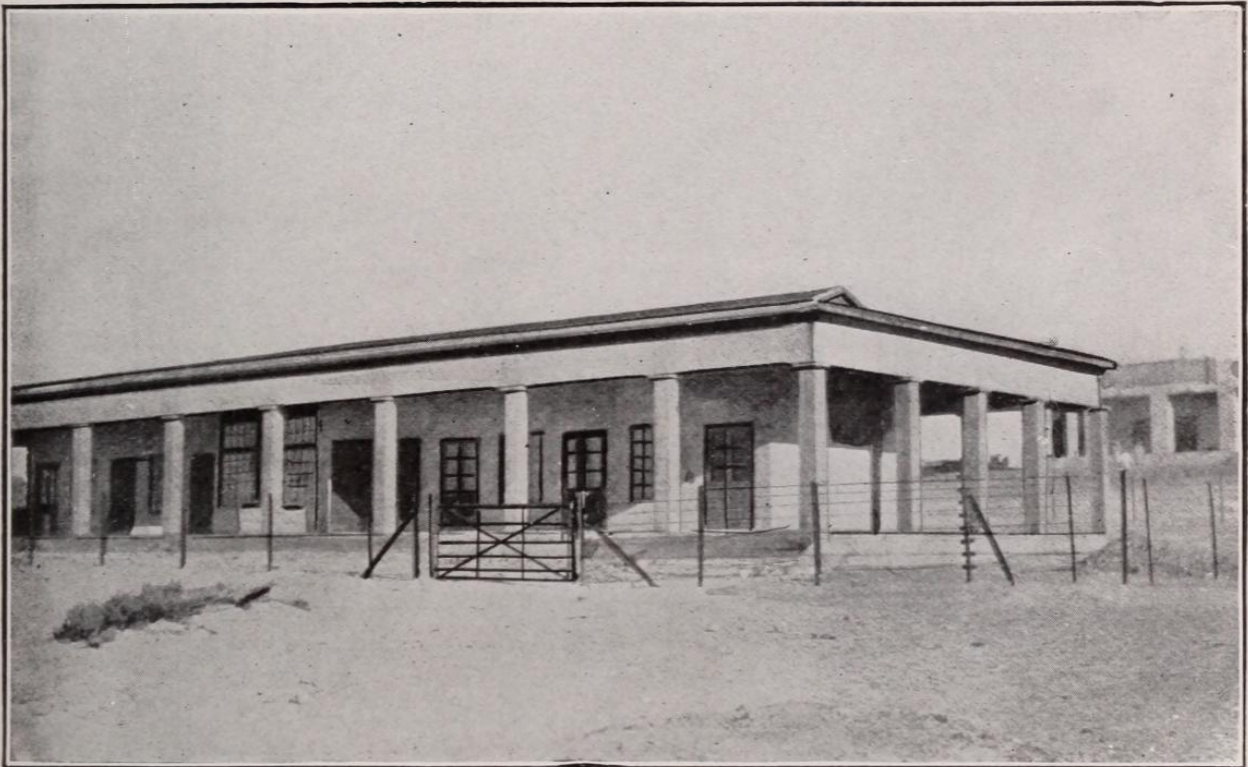


OPERATING ROOM IN NEW HOSPITAL AT KUWEIT

Fees and dispensary receipts this year brought in Rs.1625/13/6; of this total Rs.115/ were contributed from the Women's Side, making the net increase on the Men's Side over last year nearly Rs.700. The number of dispensary treatments is smaller than last year by 1896—this is, I think, merely due to the lean attendance during the days when our hospital was first opened, before people had time to find out where we had moved to. In the month of November we saw very few people. However, everything is going steadily now and there is no lack of work. All classes of the community have

come to the dispensary, from the Sheikh's family to the wandering Bedouin. The actual figures for dispensary attendance are: New cases, 2,387; old cases, 4,287; total treatments, 6,674.

Surgical operations this year numbered 165, exclusive of teeth extractions. Chloroform was administered 25 times and Novocaine 51 times. It has been a great pleasure to use the new operating room, with its complete outfit of appliances and instruments.



HOSPITAL AT KUWEIT PRACTICALLY COMPLETED

The evangelistic work has been carried on along the same general lines as last year, viz., dispensary services conducted by myself or one of the colporteurs, with personal work among the patients by the colporteurs after the service. It is also the colporteur's business to see that there is always a table set out with Scriptures and portions upon it. Unfortunately, our hospital lacks a waiting room, and the verandah has to serve in that capacity. A verandah, on account of its lack of privacy, is not the most suitable place for dispensary services, especially since the Kuwait Hospital is only some twenty feet from the road, and only separated from that road by an open wire fence. Then in the winter the verandah is often cold and wet—I hope that the day is not far distant when we shall have a proper waiting room. I am not able to give the exact figures as to attendance at the dispensary services, but about half the number treated is a fair estimate. We have been lucky this year in having an excellent colporteur for hospital work. Ever since Michael came in April we have put him on especially to hospital evangelistic work and he has spent his mornings at the hospital talking and reading with patients as opportunity offered. Personally I think that this kind of

work, with the right kind of man to do it, is of far more value than the dispensary service. Michael has made something like two-thirds of his total Scripture sales in the hospital, and moreover, by this method, the late comers do not escape personal contact with the gospel. I would suggest that all of our hospitals have a colporteur regularly attached to the hospital during dispensary hours, if suitable men can be found. There are no tours to report from Kuwait this year, but I received a very pleasant visit one day from a man whom I knew in Shargeh some eight years ago—Sheikh Ahmed—nephew of Abd-el-Latif, the British Political Agent in Shargeh. He assured me most positively of a welcome if ever I should come to either Shargeh or Dubai, in spite of the strong anti-foreign feeling prevailing there, which latter fact he acknowledged. He left me his full postal address and said he hoped I would write him if I felt able to accept his hospitality. He spent at least an hour with me, thoroughly examining everything, and expressed the wish that Dubai could share Kuwait's advantages. In connection with the subject of touring, the Mission will be interested to know that I was able in October to visit Doha, the principal town of Katar, and to meet Sheikh Abdallah there and his son Ali. I do not think that Doha is ready yet to receive a missionary, but if we have patience there will probably be a welcome there for us before many years are past. It is doubtful if the place will ever be worth occupation by a regular missionary force. It is of no particular strategic importance from any point of view, and being only twenty-four hours sail from Bahrein, medical advice is not altogether out of the reach of its inhabitants.

## Sowing and Reaping

MRS. MINNIE W. DYKSTRA

It was interesting and encouraging to be told on our first Sunday in Bahrein after our return, "Be sure you go to church in time if you wish to have a seat," and the well filled church certainly was a cheering sight. This attendance has kept up well until the present diving season, which employs about three thousand men, who are at sea for several months at a time, and among them are those who attend our church. The attendance of the women has, however, remained the same.

Last spring the missionaries in Bahrein organized the Sunday School on the plan of the Sunday Schools at home. Two classes were organized for women, one for Christians and the other for Moslems. Then there is one class for boys, one for girls, a men's adult Bible class for the Christians, and a class for Moslem men who happen to be present at the church services. The attendance at the two all-Moslem classes naturally varies, but there are always some present.

At our communion service in April we had the blessed privilege of seeing three individuals confess Christ and unite themselves with His body, the Church. These three represented three faiths, Islam,

Catholicism, and Protestant Christianity. The representative from Islam was the woman convert of four years ago who fell away into sin and because of her life was placed under censure. God has now graciously brought her back and her admission on this day was a reinstatement into the community of believers, a rededication of her life to the Saviour whom she has grieved so deeply and whom she loves so dearly. The convert from Catholicism had lived under Christian influence for some years, but more so during the last year. In January this girl's grandfather, a man of four score years and more, a nominal Catholic, was led on his death-bed to accept the Saviour, and died rejoicing in Christ. The third to unite with the church is the eleven-year-old daughter of a Christian family in Bahrein. Her parents are of Syrian and Armenian origin, who suffered much in the massacres and persecutions that have taken place in their country. The faithful, earnest Christian instruction which is the foundation in this home has brought forth its fruit. Of those privileged to witness this beautiful service no one can readily forget the picture. On the one hand it was a picture of the three stages of the history of the Christian church, first its purity, then false doctrines corrupting and despoiling, thus opening the door for a still greater deviation from the truth in this false faith. On the other hand it illustrated the fact that there are coming into the Kingdom redeemed ones from the darkness of Mohammedanism, from the twilight of Catholicism, as well as from the full light of the Christian home.

The Zenana work also is showing results. Formerly the missionary asked for the privilege to read the Word, or threw out bait to draw from the hostess a request to do so. Now conditions are generally reversed. In many houses the request to read is altogether voluntary, and there have been visits made by special request for the sole purpose of reading the Word. The women's weekly prayer meeting has been well attended, and it has been a matter of special encouragement to have the more bigoted Shiah women come to these meetings. Our evangelistic work has no drawing card nor a favor to bestow upon those that come as the medical work has, therefore the desire to meet with us must be based on something a little higher than selfish gain. These Shiah often let us feel that it is not very pleasant for them to have to sit down with Sunnis, but still they come and seem to like it. These two Mohammedan sects are far separated and at times they are bitter enemies, but the cross will break down the middle wall of partition here also. Usually there are after meetings on these Tuesdays. Such meetings are not what they would be at home, for further inquiry or to confess Christ. Usually it is to hear more singing, or if a large crowd comes in late, the message of the afternoon is repeated, and generally all of the first audience remain for the second talk. It is usually the missionaries who suggest leaving before the meetings are closed. This proves at least three things, namely, these women are glad to meet with the Christians, these prayer meetings fill some need in the lives of these women, and more and more these women break out of this imprisonment to satisfy this need and craving.

Three instances have occurred in Bahrein this spring which have greatly strengthened our own hope and faith in the power of God to quicken into life those that are dead. The first case was that of a young woman in-patient in the hospital. From the very first day she was eager to listen to any reading or explanation, and this eagerness grew apace with the disease from which she was suffering. The last two days she was with us she prayed in Jesus' name for light and guidance. It was at the suggestion and the encouragement of the Christian messenger, it is true, but there was a childlike simplicity in her faith and acquiescence that gave hope for true life. The last Sunday that she was with us the Moslem Women's Class met in the ward with the patients, and Fatima drank in every word, she was so hungry for the least message. She thanked us all for meeting there with her. On the following morning she was worse, and the relatives, fearing the end was near, removed her to the house. They feared the consequences of her dying surrounded by Christian influences, and were anxious to perform their own ceremonies upon her dying or dead. About an hour after she arrived at her house she died, leaving us the sweet hope that the Light had led her Home.

Another incident proved that the darkest heart can be lightened and the simplest mind can receive understanding. A Bedouin woman, who was caring for a sick son in the hospital, was a very regular and earnest attendant upon all our meetings. She was very much interested from the beginning, but frankly admitted that she understood nothing of all she had heard, that she did not know who Jesus was or what we meant by the cross. But each day she would follow us about and finally she said, "I do not know anything at all, my heart is just like this (locking her hands tightly), but I want to know. All of you seem to know so much that makes you so certain and so happy, why cannot I have it too? My heart seems to be like a stone." Slowly, patiently, she was taught in the very simplest way and for her there was the promise that the stony heart can be turned to flesh. When the time came for herself and son to leave she cried bitterly. She seemed to have caught some of the truth and to be so hungry for more. She was comforted by the story of the demoniac and Christ's command, "Return to thy house, and declare how great things God hath done for thee," and also by the message that as Jesus increased the bread and fishes, so He would increase her faith and understanding, if only she continued to ask Him and depend on Him alone. She is gone, but surely in her case God's Word shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that for which it was sent into her life.

The third case, even more than the others, is a miracle of God's saving grace working unhelped and unhindered by the crude efforts of his messengers. A mother requested us to come and see her sick daughter. The first visit was sufficient to prove that she was indeed a very sick woman, and since they know so little of caring for those who suffer, the only chance to do anything for her would be under direct care in the hospital. But when this was mentioned the young woman cried out in fear, "Oh, no, never, I am afraid, I know they

will kill me, I would rather die than go there." Then we appealed to the mother and she gave apparent consent, but this renewed the terror and fear in the woman's heart, and she cried out in tears to her mother not to allow it. We sat down then and talked, reasoned and prayed with the patient, who finally consented to come, but she wished it to be at night so that the neighbors could not see her go. We had gained our point and left, promising to come again in a few hours to see about her removal to the hospital. When we returned it was very evident that we were in the presence of some wonderful power that made the humble hut seem holy ground. The evidences of death coming to claim its own were there, although we did not realize how near. But there was more than death, there was an eagerness, a trust, a questioning look on the face of the woman that told of a change in her heart. We had come to tell her that the doctor thought best to wait until early in the morning or the next evening to take her over to the hospital. Immediately she said, "Oh, no, you must take me now, I want to go. I know I was afraid of you, but ever since you left me you have been in my heart. I have thought of you and what you told me. I love you, I trust you." She begged most earnestly to be taken along at once, if only to our house. Caressing us she said, "Oh, I love you. You have something I do not have, and I want it, I want it. I do not know what it is, but I want it and you have it. I cannot stay here, I am going, I must go." Again we soothed her by our prayers and by quoting the promises of Christ. At last she said, "If I cannot go, will you not send M—— to me? She has what I want, she can talk to me." M—— is one of our woman converts. We gladly promised and M—— as gladly went. All night long the dying woman asked for the truth, and all night long M—— talked to her about the Saviour. Several times during the night her mother tried to get her to give the Moslem's dying confession: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his apostle," but each time she said, "Do not stop M——, mother, I want to hear more." Towards morning she said, "I am going now, they are calling me, and I cannot stay. Tell the missionaries I love them." And so she died in M——'s arms, not as a Moslem going out into the dark alone, but as a Christian redeemed and brought home, going gladly, a happy smile on her face. Can we, may we doubt the miracle of grace God wrought in that neglected life? And who shall say how many of those who have so long been neglected shall one day like her arise, and with "Arabia's raptured millions sing His love for them?"

As for inquirers there is a woman from a nearby town who heard the Word read by two of the missionaries nearly two years ago, and the message brought new desires into her life. Since then she has come at various times to hear that Word explained, at the hospital prayers, at our Sunday services, and in our prayer meetings. Another has heard, has read for herself, became interested and was imprisoned in stocks. She was charged with a debt, was given a chance to earn or secure her release on condition that she promised to leave alone everything Christian and become a Moslem. She refused and was

beaten while in stocks. At the present writing she has been released from prison but it is not known who secured her release or where she has been taken. Two other women have been receiving instruction for some time, one of whom has asked for baptism. The other has been deceived, persecuted, beaten, threatened, villified, slandered, all without measure. But through it all she has clung to her confession of salvation through Christ, although it has cost her husband, children, houses, land, reputation, ease, affluence.

That Mission work in Moslem lands is one of the most difficult and that this is particularly true of Arabia has been stated so many times that it seems unnecessary to reiterate this fact. But just as the brightest bow is traced upon the darkest cloud so these promises and signs of an awakening are more apparent because of the dark background. The hard and stony field is beginning to show signs of life that tell of the workings of God's Spirit. The efforts, tears, and prayers that have been expended on this part of God's vineyard will some day have their full fruition and who shall say it is not even now the beginning of the harvest? Only let us not imagine that the harvest will be without its cost. Those that have sowed have perhaps often thought how happy those would be who would reap. And no doubt they will be. But it will be a joy mingled with tears and blood and prayers. The converts are not going to come into our churches to confess Christ and they with us to be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. It will rather be the joy that Christ foretells when he says, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." and the joy of the apostles when they glorified God because they were counted worthy to suffer for His name. And when God in His own good time shall give us an abundant harvest may we both at home and abroad be prepared to bear the burden of the reaping.

## Quackery and Medical Superstition in Arabia

MRS. BESSIE LONDON MYLREA

How many of us protest that we are not superstitious in the very least and yet how often unwilling to acknowledge our feelings even to ourselves, we throw spilt salt over our left shoulders, and knock on wood when we say we have not had a cold this winter. There are people who dare to walk under ladders, but there is always some one ready to remind them of it if anything happens within the next year. It seems difficult even with all our Christianity and civilization to get away from superstitions, so we must have patience with the Arabs when we see some bad results of a sickness due to their superstitions.

In spite of our toleration for their superstitions we cannot help but pity when we see an eye gone or a foot twisted and hear the reasons they give for such misfortune. Some of the superstitions