

unslipped shoe. (I do not think it was one of our party.) Dr. Zwemer said something to pacify them; they turned on him torrents of Arabic offended dignity, insulted pride, reasons for and degrees of enormity of such gross and flagrant immorality, all at once and all trying to be heard first. The Arabian veteran was not disconcerted; he put his arm round some one, and as soon as speech was audible, smilingly dropped the oil of proverb lore on troubled waters. The uproar ceased as suddenly as it had started. Such is the inexplicable East!

We wished them happiness and they called peace upon our heads. Ten or fifteen yards down the crowded parapet we were aware of the presence of one with whom a leaflet had been discussed half an hour before; he wanted our souvenir, but "feared the multitude" inside the Azhar. He did not linger, tucking the booklet under his garment, just a word of thanks and farewell.

A Trip to the Mainland

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In the late spring of this year the medical staff of Mason Memorial Hospital were called to Darein and the evangelistic workers accompanied them upon invitation. The call came from the Sheikh of Darein who sent a sailing vessel to get us. Darein is an island, but only at high tide, and lies about forty miles from Bahrein, and with a favorable wind the trip can well be made in half a summer's day. We left our harbor in Bahrein shortly after noon, expecting to be in Darein before night, but the little breeze that was blowing when we set our sail gradually decreased until at nightfall there was none. We had made provision so that we could have our own tea on the boat. One has to live in the East to know how good tea is, what quantities one can dispose of on a hot summer day. Our little picnic lunch and our tea proved to be just what was needed, for our trip was prolonged to the afternoon of the following day. We spent the time resting, reading and singing, and when night came on we spread our bedding and lay down as best we could, five of us in a space about six by eight feet. A few trips like that might make real Arabs out of us, able to sleep anywhere; as it was we had a very good rest. The night was hot and steamy, and the morning found us quite wet with perspiration and sea-damp so that we welcomed the sun, though later we had to protect ourselves against its rays. Our little luncheon of the day before was finished so we had to eat boat's food which was plain boiled rice, garnished with mango pulp for our benefit. In the morning several pounds of meat, which had spoiled overnight, were thrown overboard to feed the fishes, instead of the crew, as was intended. Near noon a breeze sprang up and the last stretch was made in good time. Arriving at Darein, the Sheikh himself was on shore to meet us, and after we had all landed separately, on donkey back, for the tide was out, we were taken to the castle and shown to our rooms and very soon tea was served.

Quite different was this reception to that given to Dr. Harrison five years before. At that time a medical tour was made to the

island but the doctor was not allowed to go ashore; he was therefore obliged to stay in his boat in the harbor. Later they sent for him, only to forbid him to attempt any kind of a landing or stay. That was still in the days of the Turkish régime. The Turks since then have all been turned out of these parts and the country is much more open now. About twenty years ago another call had been made to the island by Dr. and Mrs. Zwemer upon invitation of the present Sheikh's father, the object being medical treatment for some women of the household, but with the exception of these two visits no one has ever gone to Darein in all these years.

The son has lived in India for some years and has come in touch with western customs so that the entertainment in his castle was in eastern and western style. We took our meals alone, seated on the



IT WAS IN A BOAT LIKE THIS THAT MRS. DYKSTRA CROSSED TO KATEEF

floor, but a cloth was spread at each meal instead of the Arab straw mat and at each meal we were provided with forks, spoons and plates. The cloth was not of fine damask, the forks and spoons were not solid silver and the plates were not fine china, but in the eyes of the slaves who waited on us the arrangement of all these things was a very important task, so that it required the supervision of the Sheikh's own son to see that everything was properly placed. Our meals were mostly a la Arab, with such additions as pickles, jams and puddings. Our special treats were Katief cantaloupes, fresh butter and buttermilk, and deliciously crisp Arab bread. Another item of particular enjoyment was that after each meal we had soap and a clean towel! They gave us the best of everything so that the trip hardly comes under the head of touring; it was more like a brief stay in some rest house.

The Sheikh is known for the very lenient and "Christian" way he treats his wife, and we were very eager to make the acquaintance of her, who, in a Moslem household, enjoyed so many of the blessings which are the Christian woman's portion, and we were not disappointed in our expectations. Though a thoroughly Moslem family, one could not help but feel the ease and the lack of restraint due to the master's attitude to the women of the family. In almost all Moslem households when the head of the house comes in, lord of all he surveys, the conversation, which has been carried on with a great deal of animation, ceases at once, the women get up and leave the room for their lord and find humbler quarters, slaves are seen scurrying here and there, going about almost stealthily, hiding behind their draperies, mothers are ordered to hush their crying babies, and even peevish children seem at once to realize what is expected of them and to yield to the general spirit of deference and reverence. But here all was noticeably different. The wife was entirely at ease in her husband's presence, they conversed together much as equals, the little daughter was not hushed by threats of her father's coming, and the slave-women, though quiet and respectful, went about without apparent anxiety and fear. It seemed like a real bit of home-life, refreshing to the spirit, as an oasis in the desert. And all this is the result of Christian civilization which is permeating the East. But even in this oasis we saw the blighting effects of Islám. From a former marriage, the Sheikh's wife has a daughter, now about eleven years of age, and when she left India to live in Darein, she took her daughter with her. But the girl's relatives have secured possession of her, taking her away from the mother. The arguments which the relatives used were first, that there was danger that the girl's inheritance might become part of her mother's husband's family. The second and main reason was that the mother's husband and his sons were strangers to the girl and she could not be kept in proper seclusion in their house for it could never be allowed that they should see her. The last reason was that, child as she was, she must marry a cousin at once. Much as the Sheikh and his wife tried to prevent it, they had to surrender the girl. The mother felt very bad about being so forcibly separated from her child, but in her own words she said, "What can I do about it? It is the portion of Moslem women to suffer, and I try to be happy in spite of it for my children's sake. I try to forget, otherwise my grief would make me ill."

The island of Darein has about 4,000 inhabitants. One large town at one end, where we landed, has not a single tree or green thing in it. It was important in former days as a trade center when no steamers came up the Gulf, for with its good harbor for sailing vessels, there were generally a large number of boats stopping for trade. It was also the terminus for caravan routes crossing Arabia. That is all of the past. The town has lost considerable of its appearance, only the ruined houses show how much larger it once was. But even now during the pearling season, in days of storm, the harbor is still sought out by the divers. It was these divers, some from the very interior of Nejd, who came to call on the doctor when it became known he was there. The place where the clinic was held was down on the ground floor and the room we ladies occupied was above it. It was interesting and

entertaining as we sat in the room, to hear the remarks about the doctor, his work, and the treatments received. What was not so interesting was the way we seemed to become a sort of menagerie for the men below when it was learned that there were women in the room above. Some of these men had never seen a white woman before.

About two miles from this town, which is called Darein, like the island, is another place called Tarout. Darein is inhabited by Sunni Arabs, Tarout by Shiah's originally from Bahrein and so-called Baháranes, and in every community where they are settled there they are the agriculturists. Tarout is a small town surrounded by date gardens which these Baháranes tend. The town itself is at the foot of quite a hill, almost a wee mountain, on which once upon a time some one built a large castle with forts and defences. It is not known by whom and almost all of it has crumbled away, all but a little, which stands there like a sentinel guarding the mystery of past generations. The Arabs are not a unit in national life and so there seems to be no desire to study history that has been made in their own country, not even in their own town. From underneath this rock there flows a hot spring. We bathed in it one night and found that it was as good as a hot bath. The spring is very famous in the island, as any good source of water supply is in thirsty Arabia, and this water is really very good. This is one more reason why the pearling boats call at this island, for Darein is near to the pearl banks and here they can fill their water tanks with as good water as can be obtained in these parts. The springs have a peculiar name, "el-Messieh," "the Christ." I do not know if they are commonly called by that name but one day, in Bahrein, while I was reading to some women about Christ and the man at the pool of Bethesda, one woman answered, "Oh, yes, I know about 'Christ,' that is in Tarout." It was very unintelligible and disconcerting to have this coloring given to the Gospel narrative until after much questioning, the woman added, "el-Messieh is our spring in Tarout."

Besides this town there are several other small villages scattered along the coast of the island. People from these various villages consider themselves as belonging to quite different countries. In Arabia they do not ask each other, "What town or province are you from?" but, "What country are you from?" We did not get much opportunity to make acquaintance with the women in these various towns, our main efforts were centered in the town of Darein and to these the Gospel was given in story and song. The women even learned to sing one or two hymns with us. We met one elderly woman, a mutawwaeh, that is a Koran reader, who impressed us very much. She seemed a singularly sweet character and one to whom her religion was all in all. If all Moslems showed as simple devotion to, as unaffected reverence for and as sincere joy in their faith as this woman did it would be more difficult to bring them the Gospel. She was very much interested in the Gospel narratives when we read them to her and seemed so willing to learn more that we felt very happy when she promised to accept a New Testament from us, especially so, as she was somewhat deaf and very able to read well. After having had the book a few days, she returned it, saying that she could not find in it any reference to Mohammed and

therefore could not keep it. Naturally we were disappointed to have the book returned to us but we were thankful for the opportunity of reading and explaining the messages to her, and for the little study that she did make of the Book while she had it. In all evangelistic work we must remember the exhortation, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

The month we were there was just before Ramathan and so all the women were busy making preparations for the nightly feasting in this month of fasting. They pounded and ground large quantities of wheat, and from the flour made bread, and many other dishes, all mixed with meat and fat, and they also made many kinds of sweets. The grinding at the Sheikh's place was a big affair. For several days each week women were asked to come to the castle and help grind the grain and extra mill-stones were borrowed for this purpose. While the women were busy about these various duties we tried to help them in order to spend as much time as possible with them. They seemed to enjoy the novelty of it all as well as we. To while away the time while grinding, the women sang various ditties, not very edifying to say the least. Whenever we were with them we sang our hymns and they would join in the chorus. The refreshments for the women were fresh butter-milk and very thin bread freshly baked. Perhaps this does not sound attractive, but come and try some of it and you will in all probability agree with us that it is. The grinding did not seem so hard to us, but then we did not work at it from sunrise to sunset!

On each Sunday morning we held a short service in the room we ladies occupied. Several women were present each time and the Sheikh's son occasionally. It seems strange to us how prevalent is the idea that Christians don't pray. For that reason we were glad to have some public service each Sunday, brief though it was, for it did much to uproot such false notions. Being the guests of the Sheikh as we were, no doubt made everything much pleasanter and easier for us than it would have been otherwise, especially since this was our first visit there, but it does not seem, after this visit, that our welcome amongst the people of Darein depends only upon that fact. The people were curious about us of course, they always are in a new place, they have not gotten over being curious about us even in Bahrein, but they were also cordial in their attitude, and several invited us to come to Darein to live. The climate of Darein is better than that of Bahrein and it appealed very strongly to us to have a sort of an outstation in Darein where we could go for a little change and rest from our station work in Bahrein and yet not leave the work altogether. Such a plan, if carried out, would also give us access to Katief on the mainland. We did make a hasty visit to that town while we were in Darein. The distance is about six miles across the water, though at low tide one can go on donkey.

The trip to Darein did us good in several ways. The change of place, faces, climate and routine of work rested and refreshed us greatly. To some of us it was the first time we had been near or on Arabia's mainland in these parts. This seems strange even to ourselves, when we consider how many years we have been here and that