



This hope has in measure been realized. At one time, when the Arabic Christian congregation worshipped in Basrah, we had a short service on Sunday for the Hospital, and one for those Moslems living near who could be persuaded to attend. The closing of our Hospital, however, did not allow us to continue, under favorable auspices, this experiment of having a service especially for Moslems. I believe we have come to the conclusion that in Basrah, our enquirers and converts, and Moslems generally, will feel more at home, and get more good, from a service more adapted to their own needs, than at that where the large majority of worshippers are those born in the Christian faith. We always have, however, in our general service, a certain proportion of Moslem hearers; the total attendance, being under favorable circumstances fifty or sixty.

Our friends among the English residents were the more ready to recognize the need of a Protestant place of worship, as the alternative meeting in a private house, either theirs or ours, was not always convenient, or in the minds of some of them, suitable. The fact that our subscription list was circulated among all, without regard to denominational ties, made it necessary to state that while the building would be under Mission control, yet it would be always available for any regular religious service whatsoever. Before the war it was used by the Church of England Chaplains from India, at the time of their semi-annual visits to the Gulf ports. A year or two ago, when the presence of the troops at the Base necessitated large audience rooms, we were asked if our Chapel could be used by the military Chaplains, and if it was not found large enough, if we would consent to its enlargement. We agreed to this, but it was finally decided to build a Garrison Church. In pre-war days an attendance of from twenty to twenty-five was considered an excellent showing, while on Easter and Christmas we could count upon a larger number. With the coming of the troops we often had sixty and more. After the erection of the Garrison Church, not far away, with its officiating chaplains, both Church of England and Non-Conformist, this number was greatly reduced. Our service has always been held in the late afternoon, but at times during the summer have been discontinued, when at that hour the building has been unendurable from the heat.

Besides the Arabic and English services, we have been glad to have it used for services for the many Indian Christians now in Basrah, belonging both to the army and labor corps. This service has usually been in Urdu. We have also loaned the building several times to the Y. M. C. A. At one Christmas reception to Indian Christians they provided for a thousand guests.

The fact that the Chapel has been used to such an extent by the Force has enabled us to ask from the Military, for the installation of both electric lights and fans, and to obtain from them a substantial reduction in the charge for the current. We hope eventually to have a bell, and to make some needed improvements in the interior arrangements. In the meantime we have been assured that it has been a Church-home to others besides our missionaries; and we know that some have there met and become better acquainted with their God and Father.

## Spiritual Patriotism

MISS CHARLOTTE B. KELLIEN

"There's a land long since neglected,  
There's a people still rejected,  
But of truth and grace elected  
In His love for them."

The Arabian Mission hymn was first sung at the old Cantine home-  
stead in New York State in 1889; this year we sang it in Dr. Cantine's  
Basrah home, and thanked God for his past thirty years of service in this  
land of his adoption. The three voices that first sang these words have  
swelled into a chorus of twenty-seven members, and some have gone to  
sing in another and fairer land, while the memory of their lives remains  
to sweeten our association and friendship. Much has been accomplished  
in the past three decades; the watchword and the hope of our pioneers  
as they dreamed their dreams of a Mission to Arabia, is the goal towards  
which that Mission strives, and yet Arabia is still neglected.

It is neglected in respect to the numbers needed to adequately carry  
on existing work. With a smaller staff than was available several years  
ago—in 1912—hospitals have had to be closed in two places, and only in  
one station is the burden of the educational work taken from the evan-  
gelistic missionary's time and heart. Then in point of strategy: the  
vision of inland Arabia occupied for Christ is still unfulfilled, and many  
of the important towns that fringe the peninsula, are unoccupied. Tour-  
ing, that useful entering wedge, is sadly curtailed, and the expected call  
for a medical man to settle in the interior would create a problem grave  
enough to rob the opportunity of much of its joy. Then, is Arabia neg-  
lected even in our prayers? The meagerness of the harvest shows that  
we have not yet inherited the full spiritual blessing that God is so abun-  
dantly able to bestow, but which He will give only when our whole foreign  
missionary policy is more worthy of Him, in its consecration and its faith.

The war, with its common perils and common purpose, has taught us  
many things. Patriotism has been exemplified in self-denial and pro-  
digious toil, in lonely homes and horror-swept trenches, in the free sur-  
render of wealth, not only material, but the true riches of life poured out  
in glad and glorious liberality, that the ideals of our native land might be  
maintained; and those who suffered most would not hold back a fraction  
of the price. More than this, the experiences of the war have proved the  
"one touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin," and we have a  
new sense of the brotherhood of humanity and of our own world citizen-  
ship. We have learned to give broadcast of our interest, our sympathy,  
and our prayers, and our own lives have grown richer in the giving. Now  
that peace, with its new and solemn note, has brought relief from the  
anxiety and strain of those four fateful years, do we find that this  
broader, nobler vision has touched our spiritual lives, quickening them  
to a more ardent patriotism for Christ in His spiritual warfare which is  
yet unaccomplished?

The work of foreign missions has gone on during the war, but only feebly when compared with the great opportunities and needs, and now when we hear so much of the necessity for a new program for a new day, let us not forget that the dark places of the earth are still full of the habitations of cruelty. There are still great fields that have not been entered, and which call for men and women of pioneer spirit whose desire is to build on no other man's foundation, but to preach the Gospel in the regions beyond; there is the ignorance and superstition of false faiths and false philosophies to be counteracted and dispelled; there are burdens of pain throughout the whole non-Christian world that invite the physician's tenderest skill, a vast sisterhood of darkened, hopeless hearts, to which only Christian women can minister; little, helpless children, whose innocence appeals to us to save them from a future that holds out little promise of mental and spiritual development and privilege. We gave our best and utmost for the honor of our country. Can we offer to Christ a less full measure of devotion?

It will not be an easy thing to win the non-Christian world for Him, but to us, as to all good soldiers, the very call of difficulty and danger should be the call of duty and of a compelling challenge. If we are loyal to our great Captain, many cherished plans of worldly ambition must be relinquished; parents' hearts will be wrung by the sorrow of separation, perhaps by the added bitterness of misunderstanding; old associations and the brightest dreams of earthly happiness may become only memories in lonely souls, as they follow their vision of the Christ through deserts, in fever-stricken marshes, into hostile lands of bigotry and exclusive fanaticism. It may mean the aching discouragement of hope deferred, and the apparent waste of youth and all its possibilities, when lives of brilliant promise are cut off at the very threshold of their career, but the real influence of that "crowded hour of glorious life" can only be measured when we, too, see with unveiled face. The evangelization of the Moslem and heathen world will mean all this,—our selfless devotion and united effort, and above all, it will require prayers and prayers of dauntless faith that the labor of love may not be in vain. Perhaps we cannot even picture to ourselves what it has cost and will cost to spread the message of the Kingdom; God alone, Who sees all hearts, can measure that. Only He knows what it cost to give His Son to be a "foreign missionary," and He expects us to fill that Son's Commission.

For those who are "pacifists" in relation to this spiritual warfare, and many of us seem to be such in policy if not in principle, there is the reply of the Duke of Wellington to the English curate who did not *believe* in foreign missions: "What are your orders, sir? I will repeat them for you,—'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' It matters little whether you believe in them or not, but it matters very much whether you obey." Yes, it *will* matter to us what measure of obedience we render, and in this service our Lord wants none but volunteers, constrained only by love of Him. Surely *His* love demands our

full surrender and consecration. In hours of worshipful aspiration, we devoutly sing:

“Dear Lord and Master of us all,  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine.”

As we think of the Christless lands that are waiting, dare we test them even by the life or death of the humblest patriot, whose grave lies where he fell, on Europe's satiated battle-field?

## Pressing Need for Reinforcements in Arabia

At its last meeting the Arabian Mission heartily thanked the Board for their untiring efforts to secure reinforcements for Arabia. The following appeal is taken from the Mission minutes:

“We thank God and take courage that Dr. and Mrs. Dame are on their way to join us, but the need of the field is in no way satisfied by this addition to our forces. The Lansing Memorial Hospital is still empty, and the appeal of Upper Mesopotamia for a doctor is, if possible, stronger than that of Basrah itself. The money given for the Maskat Hospital is still idle, and what is infinitely worse, the whole district of Oman, with its wonderful receptiveness and promise, is unreached, because we have no doctor for them. Debai and Hassa are open to medical work, as indeed is Riadh itself, to some extent. It hardly would be an exaggeration to say that the whole peninsula is ready for the medical missionary.”

“In addition to this, our staff of helpers from the Mardin district has been practically wiped out by the war, and their work must now be done by the missionaries themselves. The doors which open in every direction find us with a terribly depleted staff, surveying with a feeling akin to desperation, a field whose vast extent and acute need surpass anything in the mission's history.”

“In view of these really desperate needs, may we be permitted to express our most earnest hope that prayer and effort be put forth as never before, to secure at the earliest possible moment, at least

Three doctors,  
Two clergymen,  
One educationalist,

for the work in Arabia; also, *Resolved*, That we ask the Woman's Board to secure at the earliest possible moment:

Two women doctors

for the work in Arabia; and further, that we call the attention of the Woman's Board to our need for

Three additional women workers,

one for evangelistic work in Bahrein, one each for evangelistic and educational work at Basrah.”

## The Mahmal

MISS GERTRUD SCHAFHEITLIN

*Note.*—The Mahmal is a covered litter borne on a camel, both from Cairo and from Damascus, to Mecca, as an emblem of royalty at the time of the pilgrimage.

It is said that in 1272 the King of Egypt, who was also the Sultan, for the first time sent a Mahmal with the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca.

A beautiful Turkish female slave, who became the favorite wife of the Sultan, performed the pilgrimage in a magnificent litter borne by a camel. And for successive years her empty litter was sent yearly to Mecca, as an emblem of state. After her death, a similar litter was sent each year with the caravan of pilgrims from Cairo and Damascus.

The Mahmal itself is a square skeleton of wood with a pyramidal top, and has a covering of black brocade richly worked with inscriptions and ornamental embroidery in gold, in some parts upon a ground of green or red silk, with tassels, surmounted by silver balls. It contains nothing; but has two copies of the Koran, one on a small scroll, and the other in the usual form of a book, also small, each enclosed in a case of gilt silver, attached externally at the top. The Mahmal is borne by a fine tall camel, which is generally indulged with exemption from every kind of labor during the remainder of its life.

### *How I Got the Pictures of the Mahmal*

In 1912, when I was on my way to Arabia for the first time, I happened to be in Cairo at the time of the departure of the Mahmal. My friends all said, "O, you must see the Mahmal." But they were all busy people, missionaries or Y. W. C. A. secretaries or school teachers, so I asked one of the guides that I thought a bit brighter than the rest, to take me to some place where I would get a good view of the Mahmal and of the crowds, as I would never have another opportunity of seeing this ceremony. He did his best and in truly Eastern fashion. He met the street car at the appointed time, and took me to the citadel, saying something in Arabic to the soldier on guard, and fortunately I did not know enough Arabic to catch what he said. He left me on a big platform near the top of the citadel, where I had a magnificent view of the city and of the square below where the crowds were waiting to see the, to them, holy object. I considered myself lucky to be sitting in this comparatively cool and breezy place instead of standing down in the warm street in such a crowd. On this same platform with me there were only about a dozen well-dressed ladies, with British officers paying attention to them, and passing around refreshments. They kindly included me in the latter, though they wondered a bit who I was, and seemed to think that my particular officer had failed to meet me.

The British troops were lined up to the right of the square and the Egyptian regiment to the left. When the Mahmal arrived, followed by seven other camels with musicians playing native instruments, it circled several times around the center of the citadel square, stood still, British and Egyptian troops saluting (since the war the British troops no longer salute this Moslem emblem) and then passed up the street, the crowd trying to follow and touch the Mahmal or throw their sandals after it, hoping that the sandals that had touched the sacred Mahmal would cure their sick at home.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE MAHMAL FOR MECCA

I then went down from the citadel as quickly as I could and got into the crowd and close to the Mahmal to get a picture, my guide joining me from somewhere in the crowd. Then, when the Mahmal was out of sight, and I wanted to visit the big mosque to the right of the first picture, I asked my guide how he had secured such a good place for me, and he answered: "I just told the guard that you were the sister of the Commanding Officer of the Citadel."