

and teach their children as a preparation to the school in the next year. This is the story of our celebration, which it indeed made me very glad. I am very glad that I have laid a good and strong foundation to this school. I promised the missionaries that I'll do the work of four years in this next year and I have done the half, and I pray God to enable me to finish. I hope you will not forget me from your prayers that I may be wise and a man of administration.

One of the boys recited a speech to the missionaries. I have sent it to you. Perhaps you would like to print it. I remain, your very much loving and obedient friend.

ELIAS K. KADER.

TO THE MISSIONARIES AT BAHREIN.

DEAR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

We are too small to know much about thankfulness, but we feel something of the same attraction to you that we feel to our parents, and which we are now going to express to you. We feel a great love to you because we know that you feel more toward us. Can we say no when we are sitting in this beautiful school which has been built by you, in which we are tasting the sweets of knowledge? Can we say no when we remember the many, many times you have cured us by your exceeding love and kindness as well as by your good medicines? We speak of ourselves, but we do not speak of the many, many children whom you have cured for the sake of humanity and



A STREET SPRINKLER IN ARABIA.

love. Can we say no then? No. No! And believe us, dear friends, that your kind features are printed plainly in our small hearts and are indeed indelible! We did not know much about love until you showed us about love by your words as well as by your deeds, when you told us about the Great Love of our Lord, as you narrated the great "Love Story" of the kind Saviour who went about doing good and died for the sake of love, for Whom you have left your countries, your time, your friends, even denying yourselves! We are very sorry that we are not able to recompense you for this, your love. The only thing we can do is to follow your steps in this way of love and do just as you have done to the world.

Pupils of Your School in Bahrein.

A TRIBUTE.

These lines are written in appreciation of those of whom the church knows little, yet whose names will be found high when the story of Arabia's regeneration is written up. Who are they? They are

I. *Human Beings.*

They have their small joys and keen sorrows, their fond hopes and laudable ambitions, as well as we do. Their children are as dear to them as ours are to us. Fever aches with them as much as it does with us. Busrah and Bahrein and Muscat are as unpleasant to them as they are to us. They have the God-given right to self-respect which we claim for ourselves. The highest paid among them gets sixty-four cents a day, and from that he must rent his house and support a family and wife and six children. They are

II. *True Christians.*

That Christianity exists at all in the Orient is a tribute to its vitality. If it were all corrupt we could not much blame its adherents. But that we find so many, as true followers of Jesus Christ as any in America, is the wonder. As I pen these lines to-night I think of Said, as powerful in the Scriptures as many a minister of the Gospel and certainly more true to its spirit than many a theological professor. And they all, from the timid Salim to the daring Pauline Ibrahim, certainly show their love to Christ in a way which I am sure Christ approves. They are, some of them, still Catholics or Jacobites in name, heterodox you say, yet here on the battle-line we do not look at the buttons on each other's uniforms. When the charge is over, and we pass shoulder to shoulder in review before the Great Commander, I do not expect to hear Him say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, you might enter, only you are not orthodox in Article —!" We do not deprecate orthodoxy, dear friends, we adhere to our church