

his shop. Inasmuch as the said lieutenant hath lied, and done infamously, I have presented to you the eye of the truth in order that there may accrue no harm to the true and faithful.

COL. _____,

Nasariyeh Reserves,

[SEAL]

15 Ramadhan, 1325.

A few days ago word was received that Saleem was acquitted of the false charge. He has been instructed under no circumstances to seek retribution, nor in word or deed to betray any trace of grudge against his enemies. We thank God that even in Turkey the truth is beginning to be appreciated, and even "in Cæsar's household."

NOTES FROM MUSCAT.

REV. JAMES CANTINE.

The earlier numbers of *NEGLECTED ARABIA* were usually but simple reports of work at each station, and this time I will return to that old custom.

Since our return, August 1st, from our two months' stay at Bahrein, the most important item of mission work has been our tour to Nachl. At our last mission meeting I had obtained permission for Dr. Bennett to stop at Muscat on his way back from vacation in India, and make the first medical tour in inland Oman. Our choice of destination fell upon Nachl, where we have a house, and where our colporteur, Ibrahim, who has been staying there with his family this summer, had been promising the visit of one of our missionary doctors. We were away less than three weeks, as Dr. Bennett's work claimed him at Busrah, but every day of that time was a busy one. Half of it was spent on the road, going and coming.

We had a very pleasant time with one of our friends, the Shiekh of Wady Mu-aw-wal, and with difficulty was he persuaded to let us go on to Nachl. We were several days at each of these large towns, where we could make more of our medical work than we could during our few hours' stay at the various villages on our way. The people were everywhere glad to see a doctor, and our only disappointment was that a number of operations, especially upon the eye, had to be deferred until another time. There was no trouble about holding prayers before the dispensary hour and in gathering good audiences at our Sunday worship. At Wady Mu-aw-wal, Shiekh Nasir, whose guests we were, thought his hospitality required him to furnish a goodly number of listeners, so he sat in a window and hailed all the passers-by up to listen to the Christians' prayers. At our own house in Nachl, the second Sunday, we could observe more decorum, and perhaps those who were present were more edified. In the least count, it is

a great thing to be known as men of prayer by those who are traditionally taught that Christians are unbelievers, who never pray.

On our tours we have proved again and again the possibility and value of brief visits at various places, but until we are more than *one* missionary family at Muscat it scarcely seems possible to remain long away from our work there.

We would not have chosen the month of September for touring had not Dr. Bennett then been passing through. We found it pretty hot and very tiring. Again and again we determined to make it easier the next time, but were never very successful. We travel on donkeys, and this trip we could only hire them from village to village, making it always uncertain what kind of riding animals we would get next, the result of the change generally seeming to be for the worse. We all felt used up on our return. Dr. Bennett and his servant both came down with fever, one of our boys with pneumonia, and my wife has been quite ill from the fatigue of the journey.



TYPES OF ARABS SEEN IN MUSCAT.

A good deal of my time lately has been taken up in superintending the erection of the Peter Zwemer Memorial School. It will be finished before this is read, and will merit fuller description later. It occupies one end of the plot of ground recently purchased from the Sultan, and there is abundant room left for the dispensary, which we hope to build soon. This school building, I am sorry to say, represents about all we have done in the educational line for the past two months. When we went to Bahrein in the summer our school was given up. In fact, nothing of the sort can be carried on in the very hot weather. On our return, we found our teacher considering an offer from the Sultan to come and teach his children in the palace. After taking everything into consideration, we gladly advised him to accept. Since we began educational work, there has been more or less talk at times of rival Mohammedan *high* schools, and once the Sultan built a room and brought a learned moolah from somewhere inland, but his learning was simply Koranic, and, being not at all in sympathy with the enlightened attitude of many of the Muscat residents, he was soon sent away. That the Sultan should have chosen one of our Christian missionary teachers for this position seemed to mean much for us in the future in disarming prejudice, and to overbalance the temporary loss and the difficulty of getting another man down from the North.

Perhaps our readers may remember that in our absence last year on vacation our colporteur, Ibrahim, was recalled by the Sultan from Nachl. This year he has remained there with his family for several months, and, although false complaints have been made against him to the Sultan, no notice has been taken of them, and it seems as if our position now in this inland town was assured. In this town, where half the day only is given to manual work and the other to meeting the various claims of Eastern social life, Ibrahim has used his mornings in having our house thoroughly repaired, until now it attracts universal attention by contrast with its tumble down neighbors. The scripture sales there have also been most encouraging, while here in Muscat Ibrahim's son, Abd Elahid has done good work, and we are hoping that our sales will not fall behind those of '96, our record year.

Mrs. Cantine's medical work among the women was progressing nicely until her trip to Nachl, since when she has been obliged to give it up. The enquirer Hafith, from his little village up the coast, often comes to us for simple remedies, which he dispenses among his neighbors. It is one of our hopes that when we get a medical missionary at Muscat, Hafith and another enquirer, Mirza, will come to us for medical instruction, enough to enable them to help support them-

selves in their own villages, and to accustom the people to our remedies, encouraging them to come to us in serious cases. They both are anxious for this.

Our home life this quarter has been enlivened by the coming of Miss Wilterdink. We missionaries have taken her studies in hand, and perhaps our more lucid explanations of the initial difficulties of Arabic grammar may compensate for the present lack of a good native teacher and prepare her for the hard work of next year. It is a great pleasure to have one of our number with us for this short time.

PICNIC AMONG DATE PACKERS.

MRS. H. R. L. WORRALL, M.D.

Jasamin and her party wished to start before sunrise for their visit to the churdocks (places where the dates are packed), and the boatmen had promised, after extra inducements, to be ready. To show their good intentions, they had given their boat cushions, saying, "Sell them and take another boat if we do not come at the appointed time." But the party waited and waited, and could get no other. Then, finally, one and a half hours after time, the tardy boatmen appeared. It was of no use to grumble, as such instances are common in the East. As the boats were poled against the tide, it took three and a half hours to reach the place. The north wind blew, and that helped them on their journey, but made the water rough. The boatmen regretted not having brought a sail. In the Busrah harbor they first passed a large river steamer from Baghdad, then an English one from London, which would sail for America filled with dates to feed the hungry (for dates) millions there. Then a British India ship from Bombay, then one from Russia, then one from Germany, and others from England, and many small sailing boats. The harbor itself is pretty, but as they went along they greatly enjoyed seeing the date packing places on the banks, set in an almost endless forest of date palms. Some packing places were only open spaces, with mats overhead to protect from the sun, and many with pretty little reed-latticed houses for the ones in charge of the packing. Others where old brick houses were utilized. But here, there and everywhere in sight were the date palms, some stripped already of their luscious fruit, but many still in their full glory, bearing great golden and brown clusters, drooping with their own weight.

Some trees of giant height, some no taller than a camel; but many of these also with a goodly allowance of beautiful fruit. Others with no fruition yet, but with their grace of form and beauty of green color-