



However, the teacher becomes hardened to these remarks. It may often be the truth, but the girls do not in the least mind telling untruths. They usually act like spoiled children and as if their coming means showing us a favor, and so threatening us to gain an advantage for themselves. Letting them feel our independence is often the best cure for such cases. Then there are the girls whose eyesight is so defective that they are almost blind. When these are little girls they expect to be put in the lower classes. But if they are older girls they want to be with those of their size. The motive of gaining knowledge has not yet been fostered; all they want is to be with the crowd, and so when divisions into classes are made they are not always willing to keep on coming.

While the results may not be immediate and impressive, the daily round of duties will have its own reward, as these Persian girls so often sing:

“Little drops of water,  
 Little grains of sand,  
 Make the mighty ocean  
 And the pleasant land.”

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## New Fields.

DR. SHARON J. THOMS.

When we started for our annual meeting in January everyone thought we would remain in Bahrein, where we had been since 1900, and that Dr. Mylrea would go to Muscat to take up the work for which he had been preparing for the last two years, but certain reasons were brought forward for our going to Oman to establish the medical work there. So we were assigned “to Medical Work in Oman,” to open work, if possible, at Muttrah, a city about three miles from Muscat.

This sudden transfer was a great surprise. I at once began to wonder what the “mem sahib” would think of it. She had stayed behind at Bahrein with the children, and intended doing the annual house cleaning in my absence, her school being closed a part of that time.

On account of poor mail connections between Busrah and Bahrein, I could not let her know until I returned three weeks later. The awfulness of moving and of taking the children to Muscat, or, what seemed worse, to Muttrah, where only a native house could be secured, loomed up pretty hugely. Soon the house that had just been put in order was in disorder; all books, pictures, stores, furniture, and children’s playthings, etc., etc., were being put into boxes.

crates, or sacking, and when all was on the verandah, two hundred packages great and small, and we were waiting for the coolies to take them to the small boats for the ship, we felt like the old lady who was getting into a street car with her ten children. The conductor, after helping her and the youngsters aboard, in a friendly mood said, "Are these all yours or are you going to a picnic?" She said, "They're all mine, and it's no picnic."

We had a stormy passage, and on the day we reached Muscat a very unusual storm was raging. We had a great deal of difficulty in getting ashore in the Muscat small boats, and our furniture was badly scratched and broken, in spite of all the care we had taken in packing and handling it. Mr. and Mrs. Barny and the children had intended leaving for America by the same ship, but the ship dragged anchor, and the captain steamed away without them.

A stormy passage and landing seemed to portend what was awaiting us on shore, as the Sultan showed a fearful dislike to the idea of a Medical Missionary entering his dominions. Mr. Barny and I were called before the Sultan and told that there were already sufficient doctors in his realm, and I must leave, at least not practice. We pointed out that there was only one doctor in Muscat, and none at all in Muttrah, unless he counted the native "hakims," who could not even remove a splinter from a foot without exposing the patient to blood poison; that there would be plenty of work for at least six doctors in either place mentioned, and, more than that, our treaty gives us the right to practice here, especially while there is a doctor of another nation doing so.

The opposition continued, and as the only American representative is a deputy consul, who is a Moslem and a British Indian subject, the amount of support and assistance I received may be imagined. This is the only representative we have from Beyrout to Baghdad, a distance by coast line of five thousand miles. The matter has now been referred to Washington, where I hope that not only this difficulty will be satisfactorily settled, but that at least one properly trained consul may be appointed for this coast with residence at Muscat.

After some difficulty we secured a house in Muttrah, and by repairs and a few changes we have made it habitable. When the small consignment of medicines that I had ordered from India arrived I began seeing patients in Muscat, and in a few days had all I could attend to. This was done while repairs, overseen by my partially trained compounder, were being pushed on the house at Muttrah. We finally moved on the instalment plan, in order not to close the Dispensary to those who came for medical relief. I had to do this work alone, except for such help as my wife could

give me with the women. The day we finally moved to Muttrah, before leaving Muscat, we treated ninety-seven patients, besides overseeing the moving process that proceeded during the day.

We moved to Muttrah April 8, and opened a Dispensary in our house, downstairs, on the 12th, in the meantime having fitted up the rooms for the purpose as best we could with what little equipment we had, and unpacked our little stock of medicines. A few patients came the first day, more the next, and they increased as news of our presence and treatments spread, until the second week when we treated nine hundred patients in that week alone. One day of



GUARDS OF MUSCAT GATE.

the same week we treated two hundred and twelve patients. I say "we," because if my wife had not helped me I would have been completely snowed under. I was pretty tired, though very happy when the week ended. Our prayers were being answered, and we were gaining the favor of the people, which we craved, that we might not only be used mightily for God, but also that our position might be strengthened here, and His cause thereby furthered, and the name of Christ magnified and His claim as Saviour of this needy people finally accepted.

I have been very favorably impressed with the Arab people of this field. They are not only very cordial and friendly, but, com-

pared with the Bahrein Arabs, very clean, their little huts showing often remarkable cleanliness and order. Most of the women wear no veils, some wearing only a sort of mask, which they do not mind taking off while being treated. The poor people make no attempt to veil, and when I go into their homes the women come around and converse like human beings, instead of sitting in a corner with their heads covered, if they come in at all, as I have been used to seeing in Busrah and Bahrein.

We are enthusiastically hopeful of the work at Muttrah.

There are two classes, however, who do not understand much Arabic. The wealthy merchant class from Hyderabad, India, speaks an Indian dialect, a large number of them knowing practically no Arabic. Then there is a large number of people from Beluchistan, who speak a language similar to Persian, but, unfortunately, not enough like it to enable us to use the little Persian we learned at Bahrein. After all, this is only local, and we hope soon to be seeing more people from the interior of Oman than from Muttrah itself, and these are all pure Arabs.

May our surgery, our medicine, and the love of Christ, which we try to reflect through our lives as we come in contact with these people, lead them to accept Him whom we have come to proclaim as their Saviour.

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## Address Before Busrah Educational Society.

REV. JOHN VAN ESS.

[One of the results of the new regime in Turkey was the forming of the Busrah Educational Society. It is composed of army officers, pashas, prominent merchants, mullahs and government officials, who discuss questions of internal politics, literary and moral subjects and all that tends to uplift the empire. Religious discussion is, however, debarred. The following is the translation of an address, delivered on invitation, before the society on May 21st. Twenty years ago strenuous efforts were made to drive out our missionaries from Busrah. That, to-day, a missionary whose purpose is known is accorded a respectful and cordial hearing, in the presence of the Governor, and over a hundred prominent natives, shows *what God hath wrought*.—J. V. E.]

Fathers and Brethren:

I do not know when if this term has ever before fallen from the lips of an Occidental in Busrah. If not, I regret it, and yet I consider it one of the honors of my life to be the first one so to address you. It is eminently fitting. I come to you, by Divine Providence, from the uttermost parts of the earth, and yet, though I am proud of my race, my people, and my country, I do not forget in this hour that the light that has lighted our path to greatness arose from the Orient. It is fitting that I should stand here and with