

at home to pray for the White Residents of the Persian Gulf, that they, too, may honor God among the Moslems? Surely the Gulf needs it as much as the West Indies, and "White Residents" does not exclude missionaries. They also stand in need of much fervent prayer, both on their own part, and on the part of the church at home. Sometimes the missionary unwittingly allows his daily walk and conversation to minimize if not to nullify the effect of his teaching and preaching. No one is watched so closely as the missionary, and of him it may truly be said, "What he does speaks so loud that men do not hear what he says." Nor is it enough for the missionary, that his conduct does not obstruct the work of grace about him, but he may not rest till he can make the words of Paul his own, "Be ye imitators of me, even as I also am of Christ." "Brethren, pray for us." We need your prayers day by day, and hour by hour.

D. DYKSTRA.

Everyday Life in Bahrein.

It is interesting to observe everyday life in this little town of Manamah—which, being interpreted, is a sleeping place—here among the Pearl Islands of the Persian Gulf. One finds a strange mingling of Western and Oriental ideas and commodities. In the "sook" (bazaar) a patent meat-grinder may be hanging up beside a square soft woolen shawl which is used as a native headdress. You can purchase patent pills and medicines from the United States, so that even in this secluded corner of the earth the physician must compete with the cut-rate drug store; and the sick man as at home may buy a wonderful cure consisting of a little bitters and poor alcohol, come to the hospital, or, if he wishes to be thoroughly up to date, take a native remedy in the shape of an inky drink from the washings of freshly written portions out of the Koran.

The ways of the foreigners are past finding out to these simple people and the windmill on the mission compound affords an ever-present attraction to visitors from the interior. Every day some one can be seen gazing intently at it from the road.

The Koran forbids pictures, but Mohammed never thought of the looking glass, much to the delight of the Arabs who have visited Bombay. Mirrors of all shapes and sizes adorn the walls of the best room of his home. Calling a short while ago, I counted eight large, beside several smaller, ones. They certainly would be delighted were they to sit down in an American ice-cream parlor of the glass-wall variety. Are we so different from our brothers of a darker hue?

The Indian Government has an official meteorological station here, so that when the first newspaper in Bahrein is published one important item, the weather man's report, will be on hand, which might read somewhat as follows:

Menamah and Vicinity—July 14, 1909.

Continued fair. Light northerly winds.

Maximum temperature to-day, dry, 92 deg.; July 14, 1908, 94 deg.

Maximum temperature to-day, wet, 90 deg.; July 14, 1908, 90 deg.

The weather prophet predicts a final drop in the wind by to-morrow night which will last for three months with an occasional zephyr.

When the breezes cease and the wet bulb thermometer stands nearly equal to the dry, it means that the native water coolers are



BAHREIN
REFRIGERATOR.

worthless, since their refrigerating properties depend upon evaporation. These coolers consist of porous earthenware bottles which are set out or hung up in the breeze, so that dry wind, even though the temperature be 107 degrees, means cool drinking water. Alas, that in the hot months the breezes are so capricious. An enterprising Indian has undertaken to make ice on a small scale and occasionally we get a pound for dinner, sending our own servant to the bazaar to bring it wrapped in a thick cloth. It is a great luxury, for were you to buy the 25-pound cakes you use in the homeland at the same rate you would pay three dollars a cake. But a pound is quite sufficient to give us each a

deliciously cold drink. When the sample of "thelg" (snow), as they call it, came and we told our little Persian boy to touch it and it would burn, his eyes grew big, but he soon admitted that we were right.

The servant problem is not confined to the United States, and the varieties of languages spoken are certainly rather numerous. You speak in Arabic to the Persian cook, who is taking the place of your own, who is ill, and ask if he can make dessert, and he answers, "Brown pudding?" And so it goes, this strange mixture of occident and orient. When the telephone rings in the middle of the night and the doctor must go down and answer it, and then to the hospital because a patient is suddenly worse, or a neighbor's phonograph keeps you awake, you feel quite at home; but when the strange wild song of a man strolling along by the wall is heard, or the continuous chanting of the worshippers in the mosque, "There is no god but Allah. There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet," you realize that your home is indeed in the regions beyond, and the people here have a zeal for

God, but not according to knowledge. Or when a call comes at noon on a hot summer day for the doctor to go miles over the desert on the back of a donkey, and he gets thirsty yet dares not drink any water because he is not sure it is safe, there is not much difficulty in locating one's precise geographical position. Of course, no such trip falls to my lot this year, for these are the days of language study.

Soda-lemonade has also found its way to this odd little town, and the boys can be heard calling, "Nemolade, nemolade, nemolade bard," not unlike our "poiper," which would hardly be intelligible to one acquainted with book English only. There are two varieties, one of a pink color which retails at two cents, and a cheaper at a penny per bottle. The town now supports three manufactories of these beverages; and, to judge from the amount seen everywhere in the bazaar these hot summer days, a thriving business is done by all of them. With the little fellow who is selling the bright-colored bottles it is always, "Nemolade bard (cold)," even though he has been walking about in the sun with it for half the day.

THYRA H. JOSSELYN.

Bahrein Hospital Notes.

The medical work in Bahrein has gone along its accustomed lines this year. As much of the work would make dull and monotonous reading for the subscribers to *NEGLECTED ARABIA*, I shall merely select a few interesting cases.

The first one is a woman—she has fallen off the roof and has cut her hip so badly that four or five stitches are necessary—she gives permission for this to be done, and even consents to stay in the hospital for a few days, for she is badly hurt and needs attention. We feel rather pleased that we have persuaded her to stay with us, so seldom will the women tolerate such a thing, but we rejoice too soon. In the afternoon two women come over to see her, and so work upon her with their arguments that at the first opportunity she slips out and runs away. Alas! she never came back even to the dispensary, and I fear the stitches being left in place indefinitely did more harm than good.

The second case is a man who was sent me by the heir to the reigning Sheikh. He has cancer of the foot, but does not want amputation—indeed there would be a good deal of risk in amputating, for he is a man getting on in years. For two months he stayed with us, and though we were not able to benefit him much physically he learned to know a great deal of the truths of the Gospel, spending much of his