

Annual Meeting in Bahrein would not be complete without a donkey ride. It was a large party that rode out across the desert one sunny afternoon. There is something irresistibly attractive about the jingle of the bells around the donkeys' necks and the excited chatter of the little donkey boys. Better than this was the fragrance and greenness of the date gardens past which we rode, and the coolness of the limpid pools of water.

Time flies during Annual Meeting, and farewells are inevitable. As we feel the parting hand-grasps of our fellow missionaries and realize that in future years the increasing size of our mission may make such a convention impracticable, we are thankful once more not only for the spiritual uplift, but also for the social intercourse afforded by our Annual Meeting.

ELEANOR E. CALVERLEY.

The Place of a Thousand Sorrows.



MRS. H. R. L.
WORRALL.

If you could be transferred to this dispensary on a hot August day and sit there with the perspiration streaming down, and hear the tales of woe, of want, of sickness and suffering you might well call it

THE PLACE OF A THOUSAND SORROWS.

The long neglected chronic illnesses and the sudden severe ones, the intolerable headaches, the ears blocked with wax for years causing deafness for the time as surely as disease; those terrible diseases only spoken of under the breath with us but openly acknowledged among them and often the cause of divorce from the ones who have given the disease. The great amount of blindness and impairment of sight, the malaria that so weakens and debilitates that life is only a burden especially when the spleen fills up almost half the abdomen. Some cases come from so far and wish to go back at once thinking that once taking medicine will cure them. Cases of cancer which have often gone too far for operation. Skin diseases of all varieties. Children with terrible dog bites and many others in whose ears insects have long since burrowed and died. Many cases of consumption with none of the comforts of a modern sanatorium, and when it seems so difficult to instruct how to live altogether in the open, when they are not allowed to see the face of man. But as each day dawns we cannot help but think, another day of privilege, of opportunity to relieve poor sick ones of the intolerable burden of suffering, and

point them to Christ. But another day of responsibility and of sorrow for the few who are beyond human help. What joy to relieve one who has been in agony for days because of the ignorance and inability on the part of those attending her. What joy to save the lives of little children almost at death's door; what happiness to help those who although not ill in bed are yet so miserable and run down in health that life is a real burden. How good to see them become a new creature as time goes on. What a privilege to heal those who have long been going to native doctors and who count it almost magic as surgical cleanliness, day by day, speedily cures that over which they had almost grown discouraged. What a privilege to be enabled to help one's own sex in those diseases which cause so much suffering and undermine the health. Especially so because if Mohammedan women have not good health in this respect it means divorce and poverty added to her misery. Sad to say her troubles are often brought on by the application of native medicines. Altogether how good it is to be used of God to help poor sick ones, but what a greater privilege it is to teach them the way of salvation. Oh that we might be able to open the eyes of their understanding that they might see the Christ the Son of the Father. We pray that our lives may be such that their vision may not be blurred by us. May God make us fully consecrated, take all selfishness out of our lives, take away all low aims that all may see and know, that truly we work only for Him who has saved us and not for the praise of men, nor for any personal gain. So may we be as shining lights pointing the way to souls lost in darkness and sin. And not only to Mohammedans would we seek to be helpful but to those who work with us in this service. The temptation to them is strong to use their opportunities of service for personal gain, either in money or other gifts. They need our constant prayers that they be not cursed as was Elisha's servant nor as Achan. But we cannot help but feel that it must help to keep them true if our lives are free from any such taint. In working among the people one is often struck by their superstitions. Often a mother carries a knife with her when bringing a sick child to ward off the evil spirits. The names given to children, too, show much superstitious fear, such as "Death" to prevent the child dying, "Anger" to try to make the evil spirit believe they are not pleased at the birth of the child, "Tired" to indicate that they have had enough children when, in reality, the larger the family the happier they are. One is often surprised when a child is brought and you ask how long it has been ill and they say for months. After they have tried burning the child on different parts of its body, having the Koran read over it and various remedies they finally hear of the Mission Dispensary. But oh, some-

times they wait too long, as did a mother not long ago. Her beautiful baby died just as she entered the door before we could even see it.

Then the case of a Jewish woman a few days ago saddens us beyond words. She had the dreaded septic fever after the birth of her child. The Turkish doctor was called in and as no man doctor is allowed to give the necessary treatment to women here by the time we were called in she was beyond hope. Although we were able to do a great deal to relieve her yet the time had passed for local measures to be of much use. Her whole system was poisoned and death had set its seal on her brow. If we had been in India we might have been able to obtain from laboratories there the serum which might have saved her life. Such remedies will not keep in the great heat here and are very expensive. So many such cases if seen early have been saved and it seems so sad to think of this bright young life going out without the knowledge of the coming of the Messiah, when it need not have been, as far as we can see.

And oh! what sadness when a case comes as did a few days ago. A bright pretty young girl of twelve years old had run a thorn into the sole of her foot ten days before. They had removed it and it did not trouble her, but last night she had begun to have peculiar spasms of her limbs and back, so that she threw herself backward in great agony whenever these came on. She was so frightened of us when she came that she screamed, and screamed, whenever one came near her, especially when we tried to take her temperature. She feared that the thermometer was a knife. But gradually, by explaining it to her and treating her kindly, we won her confidence so that she allowed us to cleanse and disinfect the wound in her foot. If we were in America or even in India we could get anti-tetanus serum and probably cure this poor child. But as it is in all probability she will not recover. (Later on we heard that she had recovered and hope that it is true.) Another sad part of our work is when so often women come imploring our aid to get them out of trouble. Patiently, gently, and lovingly, we try to explain to them that we could not sin against God, as to do this great wrong, and we encourage them to bear their trouble, and sorrow, and not seek to further grieve God, but to repent and ask His help, that He may show them a way out of their difficulties. Their great cry is "they will kill me if they know." Though it seems hard to say it, yet we tell them even so, it is better to die than to commit further sin and die eternally. One thing which makes our work especially difficult is the great ignorance of the mothers in regard to the care of children. Often mothers come bringing babies desperately ill and say that they have had eight or ten children and only this is alive! Often God has blessed our efforts and answered our prayers

and given back to these mothers their children, but we wish that we might give them the knowledge that would enable them to care for and rear their little ones. They have no idea of any special diet for a child. It is nursed till it is two years old or longer, but in the meanwhile as soon as it shows any inclination for other food it is allowed everything. Even green pomegranates, watermelons, muskmelons, baked melon seeds and raw carrots. The wonder is not that so many die but that so many live.

So much for their ailing bodies. How about their poor sick souls, so dark with lives so full of jealousy, envy and strife! Of the peace of God they know not nor understand what it is. How can we explain it to them? How can we raise the curtain and let the light shine in? We cannot, but the Holy Spirit can, and that is His work. Ours to sow the seed, just as much of it, and as constantly as we can, and in the best way we can, not stopping to select the best places for sowing, but everywhere and all the time, for we know not whither shall prosper this, or that. Make us faithful, oh Lord, in Thy work, and let not their physical ills, sad as they are, make us forget their greater soul sickness.

EMMA H. WORRALL.

On the Way Out.



REV. G. D.
VAN PEURSEM.

We looked forward with great longing and anticipation to September 10th, the day we were to sail for Arabia. Our party consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Zwemer, with their children Amy and Mary; Rev. and Mrs. Barny, with Fred and Esther; Miss Kellien, Miss Spaeth, and myself.

I am sure that I express the sentiment of the entire group when I say that the presence of the many friends at the boat made the parting much harder, although a great deal more pleasant. Each member of the party had his own

particular friends who came to wish him Godspeed, but there were some who were the friends of all. We were especially glad to get a last word from our Secretary, Dr. Chamberlain, and from Dr. Amerman and Mr. Olcott. Personally I wish to thank the people who came from Passaic and Somerville for the occasion.

Through the kind efforts of Mr. Olcott we were able to get our staterooms amidships, and this being the fall of the year when but few passengers go East, we had room enough and to spare. Our accommodations throughout the trip were quite satisfactory.