



days. I had, however, indulged in that luxury before arrival at the hospital. Dr. McKinnon has the best equipped Missionary Hospital that it has been my privilege to see. In one ward hangs a picture of Queen Victoria, and in another of Queen Alexandra. A personal gift in each instance.

The trip took us to no other city as interesting as Damascus. The suk, which with all the bright colors, made one think of a kaleidoscope. The narrow streets, with crowds of people; the displays of Damascus brass work in some of the shops; the melancholy contrast between old Roman foundations, with precision and power in every line, and the poor mud-brick superstructure of degenerate modern days all make Damascus a wonderful city.

P. W. HARRISON.



In the Operating Room.

The long-looked-for operation day has come! Khadija has traveled all the way from Naseriah, on the famous old Tigris river, to Busrah. She left her blind husband and her two little children to get along as best they could, in hopes that she would soon return well and strong, and able to earn a better living for her little family. In spite of great difficulties, her mother has come with her to protect her, as she is young and has never traveled before. They have met many who have been operated on for stone, in the Busrah hospital; and from all they have heard they have decided that Khadija must have a stone, and if that can only be removed, she will become well and strong. So the little hoard of money was carefully fastened in a dirty bit of old cloth, and concealed on the mother's person. All the way down they ate only dry bread and what they could manage to beg from the other passengers.

At last they reached Busrah and went to the Lansing Memorial dispensary. There they met Jasmine, the Bible woman, who talked to them of Jesus and read to them out of the Bible and prayed with them. Then they were called into the consulting room, and what was their surprise to be assured that Khadija did not have a stone, but that she would need another operation. It was hoped that a radical one might be done and all her terrible symptoms cured permanently; but after consulting with the other physician just the night before the operation, it was decided that only temporary relief could be obtained. Knowing the great hope Khadija and her mother had of her complete recovery, it was very difficult to tell them and we feared they would not understand. Yet when operation morning came and all was ready, it seemed

only right to explain that poor Khadija could never be entirely cured. So, gently, the sad news was broken, and the alternative of the lesser operation given. They bore it pretty well, those lonely women, so far away from home. But suddenly the dear old mother went to the other end of the room, and from her little hoard quickly brought two dollars and said, "Do take this money and cure my poor daughter." As they certainly seemed poor, nothing had been requested from them for the operation. So now, as patiently as we could, we explained that we would gladly and freely do everything to cure Khadija, but that she had waited too long before coming, and the disease had gone beyond hope of complete recovery. So, sadly, they submitted to the simpler operation. Soon Khadija was back in her bed again and coming out from the effects of the chloroform. She improved very much and went back to her home much stronger, with all her symptoms practically gone. But, oh! how sad to know that no power on earth can cure her at this late day. Perhaps ere a year has passed her life will have ended. But at least she will have been helped some spiritually and physically.

Next comes Butera. She, poor woman, has been divorced by her husband, because of her sad physical state ever since her child was born three years ago. She comes for operation, and we gladly assure her that in all probability she can be cured. How happy she is at the prospect! Then she need no more shrink and fear to be among others lest they shun her. It proves to be a long, tedious and difficult operation, but is at last successfully finished. Although all who have helped have aching backs and arms, still it is worth it to help poor Butera. No doubt when she goes home she will send many others needing operation. If it had not been for the good operating table, how much more difficult the work would have been.

Um Khathem also has come to us from up country (Amara). The moment she saw us, her mother said that Um Khathem had a stone, and on examination it proved to be so; and was the cause of sleepless nights and days full of misery. As it was not large, it was removed without either cutting or crushing, and soon her mother was rejoiced to have the dreadful stone in her hand to carry away and show to all interested friends, far and near. When Um Khathem herself woke from her merciful unconsciousness, how glad she was to see it and to be told that she need fear no more pain. Now she could prove the truth of her words to the Bible woman: "If God wills, I will love Jesus."

Oh, that we could do a spiritual operation for each of the thousands treated every year in dispensary, and open up their hearts to receive Jesus in faith. Oh, that they believed in His atoning death. Oh, that

we could draw away the veil that hides from them His surpassing love and the agonizing Cross; how He was tempted, bled, and died for them, and is now interceding before God that they, too, might be happy for evermore and share in His glory.

But we can only tell them and pray and keep on working to relieve their suffering, believing that God's Holy Spirit will do this great major operation, on which the eternal life of each one depends. It remains for the church at home to send more evangelistic workers, specially trained and practiced in prevailing prayer, to help us in carrying out more effective preparations for these great operations about to be performed to save souls from everlasting death.

EMMA H. WORRALL.



Touring in Oman.

Ezekiel's prophecy, "and everything shall live whithersoever the river cometh," occurs to the missionary traveler in Oman with redoubled force. For Oman is a land of sterile rocks, bare as a bone, and stony, unproductive valleys; in very truth a "land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof." However, there are exceptions to this. Here and there wells or natural springs furnish the life-giving water, and forthwith the "desert blossoms like a rose." Vigorous palm trees and luxuriant fodder furnish a sample of what the country would be were it supplied with an abundance of water. It is not so much the country itself, however, as the inhabitants that demand the attention of the touring missionary. Therefore, instead of giving a chronological report of a recent trip into the interior, we will mention a few of the more prominent experiences common to all missionary touring in Oman.

First we wish to call attention to two institutions, the one the social center, and the second the social pledge, both of which come into great prominence for the traveler in Oman. The first of these, the social center, is the "majlis." The literal meaning of this word is "a place for sitting." Usually it consists of a large hut. The roof of palm-branches is supported on pillars, and the floor is spread with mats or clean sand and pebbles. Usually there is also a hearth for making coffee.

In Oman true friendship is rare, and the interchange of visits between friends is not common. Moreover, most people are poor and cannot afford a special guest room, while besides all this, religion forbids anyone but the very nearest relatives seeing the faces of the women of the house. Hence it is impossible for most to entertain