

to find his son freed to be sure, but with his life blood flowing from him. The father came in haste for the Mission doctor. The boy was given emergency treatment at the home and asked to come to the hospital for further treatment.

He came, and after a great deal of work he was finally put to bed with the practical assurance that he would recover. It is now the third day, and we have all the hopes that anyone could have, that he will make a full and perfect recovery as far as life and health are concerned. Without, however, his right hand.

We are reminded of the proverb which says, "the way of transgressors is hard."

Proverbs 13-15.

Good understanding giveth favor: but the way of transgressors is hard.

H. R. L. WORRALL.



An Interview About the Kuwait School.

"I hear that your school in Kuwait is now broken up."

"Well, you could put it in that way, but we would say that The Kuwait Christian Academy has finished its first semester."

"So you expect to open it again. But you had to close, did you not? How did it happen?"

"The father of most of the boys just took them out, and the others were kept away."

"But he was friendly, at least at first, was he not, or why did he let his boys come?"

"It's this way. You see he heard that a number of young men were coming to me for English lessons—there are always some like that out here who want to learn English, you know, and missionaries are about the only ones who will bother with them—and when the Doctor operated on his nephew and did not send him a bill, he probably thought that he could send his five boys to me and save the expense of the teacher he had for them the year before. As they were progressing well, he kept them with us until he had to take them away."

"The medical work gave you the start, then, but it could not keep the school for you in the face of the opposition."

"What it probably did, was to soften the fanaticism down, so that we did not have to stop all our work. The school was the easiest thing they could affect."

"How many boys did you have?"

"We usually had nine or ten Moslems, and three Jews."

"Were they with you long enough to learn anything worth while?"

"Oh, yes! The three months gave them a start in English as well as Turkish, and they learned more about their own Arabic language and arithmetic and geography than their Mullas would have taught them in three years."

"If they were getting so much from you, there must have been strong pressure brought to bear on them. What started the opposition, anyway?"

"Several things, probably. They may have heard that the boys were coming to our Sunday services, and they realized what that might mean more than the boys themselves did, for they enjoyed coming. And then, the Moslems are organizing a big, new school of their own, and of course, they want our pupils, and the support and contributions of the boys' parents. Besides that, just before the boys left, our Bible shop in the bazar had attracted great crowds and sold an unusual number of Scriptures, and that turned the attention of the Mullas to us and soon some began to preach against us in their mosques."

"Did they hurt any other work you have there?"

"Yes, it probably was the cause of the smaller clinics, and it stopped suddenly the Saturday evening gatherings for religious discussion that the colporteur conducted in his own home, as well as two of our Sunday-schools."

"Considering the outcome, do you think the school was worth the time and money you put into it?"

"Oh, the expense was very small, for the boys brought their own desks and paper and pens. In fact, we were eager to spend more on them, for supplies and equipment we ought to have. And as for the time, there was nothing better for us to do than to have a dozen boys under our influence six or seven hours a day."

"But surely, they would not let you teach them any religion?"

"No, not consciously, but they heard a portion of Proverbs read and explained to them every day, and we had splendid opportunities to explain away their wrong ideas about Christianity, and to show them the vast difference between their religious customs and ours. Oh, yes! it was well worth while, even if they had not come to us on Sundays."

"That is something else I wanted to ask about. How did you get them to come?"

"Just invited them to see how the Christians worshipped and to sing with the small organ. Before they were stopped, they came in full force, and I gave them very simple and direct talks on the story of Jesus, and the Resurrection and the Christian life."

"You do not suppose that would make them change their religion?"

"Hardly, but it would help, and it certainly showed them better what Christianity is, and they could never think as they did before, that we were unbelievers and did not pray."

"Why do you value school work so much, even with so few scholars?"

"Because, in Kuwait, at least, it was our only way to influence the same young people continually for any length of time, and the small number made the impression on each stronger, although, of course, we would have taken more if they could have been induced to come."

"Well, here are ten rupees for your next semester, if so little will help any."

"Many thanks! Now we will be able to get some wall maps that we ought to have. Good day!"

EDWIN E. CALVERLEY.



In the Women's Ward.

We will make the morning round together while our patients are gathering and getting numbers assigned. It is a warm morning in May but not as hot as Busrah sometimes is, and we have some serious operative cases in the ward. The room looks clean and attractive though bare, and the air is fresh and cool. We could wish the floors were smooth and polished instead of rough soft brick, but there is hope that that will be remedied before long.

As soon as we step onto the veranda we are surrounded by the friends and relatives of the patients in the ward, wishing the doctor good morning and launching forth to tell of the condition of their friends, all at once. This invariably happens and as invariably they are asked to wait till the patients are seen one by one.

Here at the right of the door is a woman with a pettish expression of countenance; her bed is screened off and she has two or three women in waiting, for she is a sheikh's wife from near Mohammerah, one of four. A very large malignant tumor of the ovary was removed from her a week ago, and she is doing splendidly, but she does not like to admit it; her husband paid for the operation, and she has a great many wants and wishes, many very unreasonable. The doctor thinks she has made a great impression if she wins a smile from her. But there is no doubt that she has learned many things while in the Christian hospital, her greatest wonder, mixed with some displeasure,