



be one of my warmest friends. That day she made some very rude remarks about our Gospel and our religion, but she was the first woman in Kuwait to ask me to read the Gospel to her.

These women took me to see other women and brought friends to see me, and I very soon realized that my first impression of the women of Kuwait was all wrong. A more cordial and friendly lot of women you could not find in this part of the world. I can go to a number of houses with my Gospel and my workbag and receive a warm welcome and a place of honor. I have had numerous invitations to stay on and have supper with the friends on whom I was calling and have dropped in to lunch with several whenever I could.

There is not always an opportunity to read to them, but I am always able to witness for Christ and Christianity. Almost every day I am asked to go to different houses and almost every day I have callers. I thought perhaps the reason for their coming so freely to see me was that we were living in an Arab house, and they felt they could be as secluded there as in their own houses, but since we have moved into the new mission house, which is up on a hill with an open view, I have had a great many callers, women from our new neighborhood and some of my old friends. My old, firm friend who first asked me to read the Gospel to her, came to see me one day, and was much interested in the arrangement of the rooms and the lovely, open view out to sea. She gasped all of a sudden, "Oh! why don't we build our houses like this!" I told her that it was because their women were so afraid of being seen. She clapped one hand over her fist and said, "Our men shut us up—what can we do?" Poor things, they do not realize that it goes beyond that, and that it is the religion of the False Prophet which does it.

The opportunities for work, both medical and religious, among the women of Kuwait are almost unlimited. How many times since Mrs. Calverley left for America have I been called upon to help, and have longed to have the skill of a doctor. We women missionaries get into the home life of these people as our men can never do with Arab men. Who knows but that when the awakening to Christianity comes it will come as much from the women in their secluded homes as from the boys and girls who have attended our schools and had Christian teaching and influence. May God grant it, for the wives and mothers have a big influence in their homes even in this land of Arabia.

Medicine and the Bedouin of Kuwait

P. W. HARRISON.

The work in Kuwait was opened by Dr. Bennett, and in the very early days there was an enthusiastic attendance of the Kuwait townspeople. His stay there, however, was only temporary, and when he had to leave, his work was continued by Dr. Mylrea for over a month and afterwards by a dispenser, who, as Dr. Bennett's assistant, shared in his popularity with the people. The vicissitudes of the

following year gave them another Doctor, new to them, and the change was not at all approved of. The result was that for the first two years of continued occupation the work was principally for the Persian and the Bedouin, with a considerable number from the mouth of the Busrah River at Fao.

The Bedouin dominated the situation. He dominates the situation in nearly everything in the region of Kuwait. There is practically never a time when the city proper is not fringed by some scores of Bedouin tents. During some seasons these increase to hundreds. The Bazaar will always afford a view of at least a few, and generally more than a few, of these men, and the same is true of the Medical Clinics. These men come from long distances. To have a



THE HOSPITAL AT KUWAIT IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

man tell you that he has been on the march for the best part of a month, for no other purpose than to see you, and be treated by you, is enough to put a man on his mettle. There were men from Mesopotamia, and the Jebel Shammar country, from Central Nejd, the Whahabee's country, from the region of the two forbidden cities, and from as far south as Hadramaut, from many regions where no white man has ever been. There is no city occupied by the Mission where the interior seems such a slight distance away. Caravans come and go, and here as nowhere else in our field, the missionary realizes that the seacoast is not Arabia, but that the heart of the field is still hundreds of miles away, and that the key to the situation is there. Once we were invited to go inland for a visit, and we rejoiced exceedingly, but the British representative was afraid that such a visit might

disturb the balance of power in Europe, or have some other untoward effect, so the Sheikh was forbidden to let us go in. Our high opinion of the British Government suffered a temporary eclipse.

No one could claim that the hospital enervated the wild men of the desert, by the unaccustomed luxury of their quarters. Once we had eighteen in-patients. The quarters were an old, tumbled-down Arab house, and the space available consisted in two small rooms, and the courtyard. With most excellent good sense they lived in the courtyard, which looked like a small Bedouin encampment. The Bedouin is very fond of a pow-wow in the cool of the morning, or toward sunset. A walk on the outskirts of Kuwait, toward the close of the day, will often encounter several such circles of men sitting on the sand, busy with some discussion. It was very amusing and not a little pathetic, as well, to see the men in the hospital, sitting in the same sort of a circle, some with eyes bound up, some with legs out of commission, some with other troubles. They never lacked subjects for discussion, the latest news of tribal fights, the particular exploits that had sent some of them there, were frequent topics. There was plenty to talk about, but no one ever got angry, nor do I remember ever seeing the faintest sign of enmity between individual Arabs, even though they might be of warring tribes, and owe their injuries to tribal fights. All were of one tribe, while under the doctor's care.

The Bedouin has suffered at the hands of writers on Arabia, especially at Doughty's. He has very many characteristics that are different from ours, and he can scarcely be termed "highly civilized," but he is a mighty fine fellow for all that. He has a very imperfect code of ethics, raids his neighbors, much as small boys in America steal watermelons, is dirty to almost the last degree imaginable by a Western mind, but he is careless of his life, independent as a duke, and as open and unsophisticated as a child. The confidence that he reposes in the doctor after watching him for a few days, is really very touching. "No, there is nothing for it, but a serious operation." "Medicine will do no good." "Certainly, that is just what I have come a twenty days journey for, to do whatever you say." "Trust in the Lord," i.e., go ahead. They stand by each other in affliction, magnificently. I remember two brothers "Glory" and "Little Sheep" of the tribe of "the mother of the bird." It was the old story of a gunshot wound gained in a raid on another tribe. They had come from a great distance and it was a tedious case. There were several operations, and for months the sick man was tended by the well brother, until finally "Little Sheep" took "Glory" home, quite well. All through those months, there was no faltering, no hesitation, no complaint. It was given and taken as a matter of course.

The key to the Bedouin's heart is friendliness. Both in the hospital and in the tents outside the town we found a readiness to listen to the Gospel, that was very encouraging. For a long time we had a sort of Sunday School in the tent of one of our patients. Usually there would be a certain amount of disapproval manifested, but it was never impossible to hold the service, and sometimes the number

listening was quite large. The Bedouins are ignorant. I have never yet met one that could read or write. They know very little even about Islam. More than once, I have seen men who could not even tell the division of Islam to which they belonged. As one said: "Whatever is the path followed in my home, that is also my path."

Our forces are too small. It ought to be possible for the doctor in Kuwait, to follow up his friends, and work with them in their homes, but he cannot. It is true that only recently has the opportunity been open, and perhaps even now the road to the central cities is closed. There is, however, a great opportunity to work among the Bedouins, but who is to do it? One man can only do one man's work. The influence of the Kuwait work is felt to some degree over the whole of Central Arabia, and may the time soon come when we shall occupy all of that country, for Christ, with Kuwait as a base.

The Other End of the Rope

That the work at Kuwait was possible only through the co-operation of the home churches is obvious. It is probable also that the full story of the efforts put forth here at home would be quite as interesting as the record of the labors on the field. The information acquired, the sympathy aroused, the prayers offered, the support given at the home base resulted, through the grace of God, in the occupation of Kuwait, in patience under special local difficulties, in the gradual overcoming of opposition, and in the constant enlargement of the work.

It is a curious fact that although the missionaries themselves had long realized the importance of Kuwait, and were earnestly praying that its large population should not be left without the Gospel and had made numerous attempts to proclaim our message there, still it was not until after the Church at home also knew the need and had also prayed, and had provided funds for that special place, that it was possible to establish a permanent work there.

Because Kuwait is the newest station of the Mission, the efforts put forth to maintain it can be mentioned with some completeness, and therefore be used to illustrate how missionary work is established in a new field. These efforts have been made by individuals, churches and societies that have had Arabia as a special burden upon their hearts, and have selected Kuwait as the particular part of Arabia that they have most wished to help.

Of the many individuals who have worked in behalf of Kuwait, one may be mentioned by name. Among the first to recognize the importance of Kuwait as a mission station was the late Mr. Francis Bacon, an Elder of the Bronxville Church and a member of the Arabian Mission Board. His very great interest in Kuwait was communicated to the members of the Bronxville Church, and this original inspiration is responsible for the zeal with which the Bronxville Church has responded to the needs of that particular station.