



In 1913 Messrs. Shaw and Haynes built our new hospital of steel and concrete, and it is still a marvel to the native, whose most frequent remark about it is that it will not melt, as their mud and plaster houses have a habit of doing in even the little rain that Kuwait gets.

A second colporteur was added to the staff that year and he began extending the field of canvassing without serious disturbances or opposition from the Bedouin or anybody else. The ships stopping in the harbor were regularly visited for possible purchasers among the passengers. A fuller use was made of the medical department's advantages. Three trips were made to outlying villages. Bible sales doubled and text books in grammar and writing were supplied to the Moslem school.

In 1914 the work was carried on steadily and a slight increase in our acceptibility with the people was noticeable, perhaps because no new strain was placed upon their tolerance. Our school work, however, was begun anew and is slowly growing. The residence for the medical missionary was built near the hospital and the new accommodations for working and living are now being enjoyed. The building operations themselves gave opportunities, which were not, however, used as often as they should have been, for witnessing and proving the value of Christian conduct. But undoubtedly many from Busrah, the Nejd, and the desert tribes have new and better ideas of the ways of Christians, after working with us.

Kuweit is the newest station of the Mission and is indeed fortunate to have secured within its first five years two new buildings for its work and workers. But another house is urgently needed for the evangelistic workers and we are thankful that a portion of the funds for it have already been secured. The necessity for the Mission to build for itself is the more imperative in Kuwait, because, unlike some other of our stations, suitable dwellings cannot be rented at any price. And when the Mission "plant" is completed, as we hope it will be, in the near future, with this second residence, and with a dispensary next to the new hospital, which was planned as only an in-patient institution, and with a school and chapel building, then the full energies of all the workers can be devoted to using to the utmost all the possible methods of winning the Moslems of Kuwait and its environs to Jesus Christ.

Working for Kuwait's Women

MRS. C. STANLEY G. MYLREA

First impressions are often the right and lasting ones, and many of us lay much stress on them, but it is not wise to consider them infallible, as I found to my joy after living in Kuwait for a few months.

One of my first tasks after reaching Kuwait last January was to learn the road from my house to Mrs. Calverley's—only a five minutes' walk, but full of turns and very confusing to a newcomer. As I went back and forth between the two houses I passed many groups

of women either walking along or standing in front of their gates unlocking the padlock or waiting to be let in. I was looked upon as a strange creature with my broad-brimmed topie, or sun-hat, and the conversations that went on about me were something like this: "Wa! Wa! Look what's coming. What is it? Is it a woman? What has she on her head?" The group usually had a good laugh among themselves as I passed, and I could feel the hot blood rushing to my face. The children playing in the streets were little better for they called, "Engresi, Engresi—they never pray." I said to Mrs. Calverley, "These Kuwait women are very rude." But she assured me that they were not really, when one got to know them.

After we had gotten settled, Mrs. Calverley took me to call on the Sheikh's wife, the wife of the heir to the throne, and several other women. I enjoyed the calls very much and wondered how I could



THE GOTHIC ARCHES OF A KUWEIT COFFEE SHOP.

increase my acquaintance. I went to Mrs. Calverley's dispensary twice a week and so came in contact with the women, and hoped in that way to get into their homes.

One day, as I was walking home from the hospital, a woman who lived near me was at her door and spoke to me. I replied as cordially as I knew how, and she asked me to come in. The family consisted of the man of the house, his two wives, the mother of one of his wives and numerous children. The women seemed very much interested in all I told them in answer to their questions, and when I said good-bye, they said they would come to see me. The next day they came, bringing another woman with them. She criticized my tea and my teacups and was generally rude and unpleasant so that I was glad to see her go away, but little did I think that she would

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