I.  **Some Account of Rev. Peter John Zwemer.**

II.  **Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer.**—The Missionary party draws near its journey’s end. —Three days from Bahrein and all well. —Rev. Fred. J. Barny and Miss Margaret Rice married at Kerachi, India, October 1st.

III.  **Rev. James Cantine.**—Summer notes.—More quarantine.—A change in dwelling place.—A notable example.

IV.  **H. R. L. Worrall, M. D.**—Health of Missionaries. —More patients apply for treatment than can be attended to.—Medical statistics for the quarter.

Just before going to press word comes, under date of Oct. 19th, of the safe arrival of Mr Zwemer and party at Bahrein and a quarantine experience far from agreeable. Our latest advices from Dr. and Mrs. Sharon J. Thoms, who sailed from New York *en route* for Arabia Oct. 8th, are from Constantinople, Nov. 22d.
THE ARABIAN MISSION.

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Please draw checks and send remittances, or requests for information, to "THE ARABIAN MISSION," 25 East 22nd Street, New York City.
This dear brother died at the Presbyterian Hospital on the evening of Tuesday, October 18. A brief service was held in the hospital chapel on Wednesday morning, at which a few friends assembled. The Rev. J. G. Fagg read the Scripture and spoke in appreciation of his character, and the Corresponding Secretary of the Board offered prayer. His body was then carried for burial to Holland, Mich., the home he had longed and hoped to reach.

He was born in South Holland, Ill., on September 22, 1868, and was, therefore, almost exactly thirty years old, the age at which his Master, in whose service he had laid down his life, began His earthly ministry.

Of his honored father and his brothers and sisters, so well known throughout our Church, and now bereaved in his departure, it is not needful here to speak, except to commend them in loving sympathy to the God of all comfort.

Born into such a family, and surrounded by gracious influences, he was not able to state the particular time when he was converted. But, as he said, he experienced a "gradual awakening to the duties and privileges of the Christian life." In April of 1888, he was received into the communion of the Hope Church, Holland, Mich., of which the Rev. T. Walker Jones was then pastor. He entered the Preparatory Department of Hope College in 1880, and completed the full course of four years therein, as also in the College itself, from which he graduated in 1888. Coming to the Theological Seminary in New Brunswick in 1889, and taking the full three years' course, he graduated there in 1892, and in that year left this country to join the Arabian Mission, in which
his brother, Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer, had preceded him. His
desire to be a missionary dated back to the beginning of his study
for the ministry. From that time it has always been his desire
and intention to go "to the regions beyond," although having no
conscious purpose as to time and place of service. It was natural
for him to follow his brother’s lead to Arabia.

When the station at Muscat was opened in 1893 it was assigned
to him. From that time until May of the present year, Muscat
was his home. There he remained alone most of the time.
Frequent attacks of fever prostrated him, unsanitary and unpleasant
conditions surrounded him; the heat, constant and intense, often
overwhelmed him; still he clung heroically to his post, uttering
no word of complaint, and quitting it only when Mission business
made it necessary, or tours were to be undertaken along the coast
or in the interior, or when prolonged attacks of fever and the
preservation of his life made a limited absence imperative. When
one considers all that he endured, the wonder is not that he died,
but that he lived as long as he did. No higher heroism fought,
suffered, and at last succumbed at Santiago.

His sympathies were early drawn out for the African slaves,
captured by predatory Arabs, and liberated from their grasp by
British or French intervention. At his earnest solicitation the
school for rescued slave-boys at Muscat was begun, with eighteen
boys rescued from slavery. He would have had a much larger
number had the Trustees thought such increase to be wise. To
these boys his heart went out, and when he was obliged at last to
admit the fact that he might not return to them or see them ever
again on earth, he said, "If I do not, and I am to die, I shall tell
Jesus of my boys."

He had become so much reduced by repeated attacks of fever
and rheumatism that it was thought wise last year that he should
leave Arabia and come home. His desire was to remain until
next year, 1899, but in the early part of this year it became evident
that he must not remain. When in the latter part of May he left
Arabia, his weakness was so great that he was carried on board
the steamer. On the homeward way, though writing back cheer­
fully, concerning his improvement, to those whom he had left
behind, he grew gradually worse, and when he arrived in this
country, on the evening of July 12, was taken immediately to the
Presbyterian Hospital through the kind assistance of a student for
orders in the Roman Catholic Church. Those who have visited
him there, and they have been many, have been struck by his cheerfulness, his hopeful courage, his anxious desire to recover, that he might return to his field and work, and yet his willing submission to his Father's will. Not till the very last did he relinquish the hope of recovery. It was not to be.

Tidings of his departure will bring great sorrow to his associates in the field, to the boys for whom he cared so much and has done so much, as well as to his many friends at home. Shall not his death give the Mission and the people for whom he literally laid down his life, a new claim and a new hold upon the sympathy and prayers, and on the benevolence, of the Church of which he was a son and minister? Shall not his mantle of heroic self-forgetfulness and devotion, his endurance and hopeful courage, fall upon some one fitted to take his place?

So having glorified the Lord in his life, his death will also tend to his Savior's greater glory.

LETTER FROM REV. S. M. ZWEMER.

BUNDAR ABBAS, PERSIA, OCTOBER 6, 1898.

On the 17th of August we left New York harbor in the good ship Majestic with joyful hearts to return to our work. Two new recruits were with us, Miss Margaret Rice and Mr. Stone; their friends and ours crowded the gangway to bid us godspeed and we were off. All the way to Liverpool we enjoyed fair weather and a smooth sea. So smooth, in fact, at times as to remind us of John's vision of "the sea of glass mingled with fire," and at sunset of the time when the gospel message "like a sea of glory shall spread from pole to pole." But when we thought of Arabia that time seemed far distant still. Alas, the tide of missionary interest in behalf of the Moslem world is not yet at its flood and therefore its age-long deserts remain dry.

It was a great pleasure for all of us while waiting in London for the steamship Peninsular, to stay with friends at the North Africa Mission, 21 Linton Road, Barking. Mr. Edward Glenny, the Honorary Secretary and his family showed us true Arabian hospitality, and their store of experience in work for Moslems throughout North Africa gave profit as well as pleasure to our
conversation. This mission now has some ninety missionaries at work, and their monthly magazine is full of interest to those who love the Moslem world. Of course the language of North Africa is Arabic, and at Barking the mission candidates who apply receive a year’s instruction in it before they are finally selected and sent out. Aside from the questions of economy and grammar this method, we are told, has proved a good one to separate wheat from chaff in the choice of candidates; there is no doubt to my mind that the irregular verb and the broken plurals would be sure to bring out any idiosyncrasy that might be otherwise latent to the observations of a committee.

From London we took the overland route to Marseilles to make a break in the long sea-voyage before us. But railway travel in France is little less of a shake-up than real seasickness, and none of our party care to repeat such an overland journey. At Marseilles, where we arrived near midnight and left the next afternoon, there must be a small colony of Syrian or Egyptian Arabs for we saw some of their shops, and an Arabic journal is published there. But one gets the first glimpse of real Arabs at Port Said and along the canal. Our Arabic vocabulary had grown a bit rusty, like an unused pocket-knife, but we whetted its edges once again in the bazaars and on the steamer in conversation with donkey-boys and müllahs. Mr. Stone and I went to the depot of the Bible Society and met the general agent. What an important, difficult and needy field is this Sodom-city on the water highway of the nations. About eleven thousand copies of Scripture in sixty languages are sold annually.

On September 13th we left Port Said, passing through the canal and down the Red Sea along the barren rocky coast of our home-land. From Sinai to Aden, more than a thousand miles and not a single witness for Christ; from Jiddah and unholy Mecca across to Bahrein stretches the great peninsula, and yet no herald of the Gospel has ever followed the great caravans in either direction to prepare the way of the Lord. Darkest Arabia, indeed; in spite of the tiny beacon-lights on the eastern coast, neglected still. It may be a glorious achievement, as we are told, to secure (from other folds than our own church) four new workers for these ten millions and by a year’s incessant preaching, pleading, praying and pumping to raise money sufficient to send them forth! And yet we feel the old burden of Arabia, and cannot help feel it as we look at those untrodden coasts.
"Through midnight gloom from Macedon,
The cry of myriads as of one;
The voiceless silence of despair
Is eloquent in awful prayer;
The soul's exceeding bitter cry:
Come o'er and help us, or we die!"
"Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on.
'I come: who would abide My day,
In yonder wilds prepare my way;—
My voice is crying in their cry,
Help ye the dying, lest ye die.'"

At Aden we arrived late in the evening, so that although it was Sunday, and the Keith Falconer Memorial Church not far from the harbor, we did not see anything of our Scotch brother, Rev. Dr. Young. Six days more on the deep brought us to Bombay and we were immediately transhipped to the steamship Kola with the mails for Kerachi and the Persian Gulf. At Kerachi we were obliged to stay over one week to await a steamer that called at Bahrein; for the boats that go up the gulf only call alternately at Muscat and Bahrein. During our stay Miss Rice passed from the care of tutors and governors into life-partnership with Rev. F. J. Barny, who had come from Muscat to meet her. The marriage took place in the English church at Camp on Saturday morning, October 1st. On the 3d we sailed in the steamship Pachumba for Bahrein, hoping to reach there on the 9th after our long journey. It will be just fifty-three days from the time we left New York harbor; and one year and seven months from the time we left our island-station for our furlough in America. God grant we may never again have to leave any of our stations for so long a time unoccupied.

S. M. Zwenier.

BUSRAH.

October, 1898.

That many branches of religious work in the home churches float on an ebb tide during the summer months is an old story. And that some of the same conditions on the mission field tend to
a like result seems to be our experience as well. A couple of our native assistants left on vacation, and a Busrah July and August did not leave us who remained an amount of energy sufficient to establish a record in any department of activity. In fact, as one looks back upon the three months just past there seems but little worth mentioning to our friends in America. But a log must be kept, even when one is becalmed on the equator.

My last letter was written in the Persian Gulf on my way back from Muscat. I was glad to again see the date trees of Irak, and the familiar scenes of the Shatt el Arab, but the pleasure of getting back to one's own home was somewhat marred by the fact of being kept as it were on the threshold for ten days. It was the old story of quarantine again, though it had the novelty of being my first experience at working out my time at the station on shore instead of on an English steamer. I profited by the distinction which a foreigner generally enjoys in these lands, and had a little room to myself—so far, at least, as regards the companionship of the "children of Adam," as the Arabs say. My fellow prisoners were a motley crew of hajjes, soldiers and what-not, but we got along very well together, taking the same interest in the carefully guarded approach of an occasional visitor from the outside world, perspiring, sleeping and doing nothing at about the same rate, and congratulating each other heartily as the long days slowly swung around to the right side of our account. The native certainly can give us lessons in being free from unnecessary and unavailing worry. But he has other good points of a more positive nature, and I have often wondered in how many other countries missionaries meet the same cheerful good will and courtesy which we enjoy here. A gospel carefully placed here and there, and a word spoken now and again, will, I trust, bear some fruit for those hours of waiting.

Another of our commonplace experiences during the past quarter has been "moving." One gets rather attached to the brick and mortar within which he has lived for five years, and even though the combination is more attractive on a photograph than in reality, still one regrets leaving what has been known as the mission house of Busrah. That moving day was the 1st of August, instead of May, and that the entire outfit of the station had to seek new quarters without the aid of a cart or horse, did not make it a more inviting prospect. But the difference of opinion between ourselves and our landlord was too great for even the usual Eastern compromise, and we are now slowly settling ourselves.
under another roof. It is not an easy matter to decide on location of dispensary, chapel, etc., in a house which was not built for those purposes as was our last, but soon we trust we will be as comfortable as a year ago. We are now about midway between the town on the river and the larger native city, within easy reach of each by our two methods of rapid transit—boat and donkey. At the beginning of the year we hope to have most or all of our force here for the annual meeting, and then we will consider the pros and cons of our present residence and its adaptability to our needs, present and future. As it is rather typical of the native style of architecture it may interest you to know the arrangement. It is built around an open court containing a couple of date palms, and of itself large enough for a city house and lot, and consists of a number of small rooms having no connection with each other and opening into a wide interior veranda. About half of these rooms have but a door and window each and will not be considered very luxurious apartments by our newcomers. However, as we can offer them two or three each, perhaps our generosity as to quantity will cause other deficiencies to be overlooked.

Owing to this change in residence our English Sunday services have been dropped for the past quarter. We felt very sorry in dismantling our pretty little chapel in the other house, but as soon as we are certain of staying here any length of time we will plan for another.

The returns for Bible sales are, as yet, not all in, but I am afraid the total will not be very large, at least not as we would wish. Busrah has been for some time suffering from business depression, and I imagine the coins for the purchase of books are not found as readily as formerly; and, moreover, during the years past the local demand for Scriptures has been largely met, so that we can scarcely hope for a constant increase in sales. Our shopkeeper has mentioned a number of interesting conversations with Mohammedans which assure us that the blessing flowing from our Bible work cannot be fully measured by the number of books sold.

I have lately been greatly pleased in meeting an old friend who first came to me several years ago to be taught about salvation through Christ. He suffered much persecution and dropped out of sight. He stopped to greet me on the street a few days ago, and in answer to my enquiries assured me that his trust was on Jesus, the Word of God. He has since been to our house, but is much afraid of the authorities. Another man who was with us
when we first came to Busrah was reported by a fellow-worker in another city as being still sincere in his faith and assurance, and trying to bring up his children to know and fear the Lord, though withal he was much aged and broken by the heavy hand of the Government laid repeatedly upon him.

That it is not a light thing for one of this land to accept of Christianity, and that a convert is still subject to most bitter persecution, will be shown by the following extracts from a letter of our dear Brother A——, which he somehow managed to smuggle out of a Turkish prison. He had for some little time passed from under our eye, but we often heard, from both Christian and Muslim, of his boldness in depending his belief in Christ as a Savior, and have prayed that he might be kept from trouble, knowing that except the Lord protected him he would quickly feel the wrath of men. His letter which, though without address or signature, eventually reached me, has been substantiated from other sources. He goes on to say: "I inform you regarding my imprisonment, which is because of my speaking until that news of me reached the officers, and they came to my house at night, about twenty from the government, and they searched and found the New Testament, and the Old Testament, and Christian Doctrine, and the Holy War, and they found also letters from the doctor (Dr. Worrall), and they read them and understood that it was spiritual talk, and from these was made known to them my true belief—that I am a Christian. At once they took me to prison and bound my feet in chains, weighing many pounds. Each day they give me one piece of bread and a drink of salty water, and make me work at unclean things for seven hours. In this state I have remained fifteen days, and every day in the morning they ask me about my receiving the Savior. I reply that he is true, and do not deny him, nor fear. And they increase my suffering, and I, by the grace of the Most High, increase my joy in the suffering, and strengthen my heart more. . . . All who see me of my friends spit in my face and strike me with their hands, and revile me and speak much evil to me, but I do not mind it! . . . The room in which I am imprisoned is eight feet square, and in the day they make fires in it to increase my sufferings from the heat and smoke. . . . About my house and family the government has seized them. . . . And with all this I am content with the suffering, because before me there came upon the Savior these same sufferings, and I ask God for
strength." . . . He then speaks of how his father and all his family have cast him off, and that he has no hope of deliverance except in God and in us his friends. We cannot help him except by our prayers, though gladly would we do anything in our power. But all power is with Him, and as our friends think of Mission work in Mohammedan lands will they pray that the faith of this and of others of God's children may remain firm to the end, and that it may please Him to speedily break all chains of oppression and cruelty, and in His own best way to obtain freedom of conscience for the dwellers in the broad expanses of Asia and Africa, as well as for those of the islands of the Eastern and Western seas.

James Cantine.

September 30th, 1898.

Again may we repeat, "Another three months have come and gone." Quietness and peace have been our portion.

Concerning the health of the missionaries on the field, one word ought and does express our feelings, i.e., gratitude. Continued good health has been our portion, although Mr. Barny wrote from Muscat telling us that for a few days he had been feeling tired and disinclined for exertion. This lasted but for a short time. Taking a short tour inland over stony valleys and during hot weather he returned to Muscat refreshed. He had also taken quinine. To which, the tour or quinine, his recovery was due we will not express an opinion. The colporteurs also have been in good health. None having the usual ten days to two weeks' attack of fever as in former years.

A change of residence on August 1st gave us a better and larger room for dispensary as well as a more convenient waiting place for the patients. Notwithstanding, the to us new abode is less convenient in other respects than the old house. The moving caused an omission of a few dispensary days, but we were soon settled and with a larger attendance of the sick, although we purposely limited the number seen. There has been a continuance of the reading of God's word, remarks and prayer before treatment each dispensary day. As in times past there have been "in patients," although we have had no hospital. Some were refused admittance because of lack of accommodation and others were refused operation because of a lack of a "surgically clean" spot.
Several operations for lithotomy were performed. One of the patients died in mission house three days after operation from septic peritonitis. A small boy was brought on horseback through the hot sun late one Sunday morning, having started from his home before daybreak. This poor child had been suffering from fever and was alive when he reached the door, but died as he was being carried in. Another patient came from a place called Sobire, a city seventeen miles away. Others still have come from up and down the river in small boats. I recall two from up river who slept in their small boat while attending dispensary and after operation. It is very hard to say no to these cases and often we ask ourselves how we can refuse them, yet we are compelled to do so. Some of these totally unable to help themselves. We are thankful to say that with the exception of the two above mentioned no others have died in the mission house.

Following is summary of patients. Those treated on "or days" and in afternoons are oftentimes not recorded:

Medical, - 663  Men, - - - 612  Moslem, - 852
Surgical, 187  Women, - 288  Christians, - 185
Eye, - - - 243  Children, - 193  Jews, - - - 55

Total, - - 1093  1093  1093

Quite a number of the above cases have applied for two or more conditions, such as malaria and eye, contusions and ear, etc., but have been classified under the more serious trouble.

H. R. L. Worrall, M. D.