I. Rev. James Cantine.—Tribute to Rev. Peter J. Zwemer.—Visit to Amara.—Bible Sales.

II. H. R. L. Worrall, M. D.,—Boat Ride to Nasariyeh.—Notes.

III. Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer.—Map of Bahrein Islands.—Notes.—A novel advertisement.—Dispensary Work.—Woman's Work for Women.

IV. Rev. George E. Stone.—First Experiences.—Arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Sharon J. Thoms.
THE ARABIAN MISSION.

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Please draw checks and send remittances, or requests for information, to "THE ARABIAN MISSION," 25 East 22d Street, New York City.
The last quarter of 1898 will long be of sorrowful memory as bringing to us the sad news of the death of our associate and brother, Peter J. Zwemer. The first of our little band to be called hence, he is missed by the many who, meeting him in this land, quickly grew to respect and love him. And as the work for which he offered his life appeals more and more for the care and guidance which it was his pleasure to give, so will our loss doubtless grow upon us.

Our personal relations were perhaps more intimate than those usually known by the missionaries of our scattered stations. I was at Busrah to welcome him when in 1892 he responded to our first call for volunteers, and was also the one to say good-by a few months ago as he left behind him the rocks and hills of Muscat and Oman, among which the precious cruse of his strength had been broken for the Master's service. His course was more trying than that of the others of our company, as he came among us when the impulse and enthusiasm which attach to the opening of a new work were beginning to fail, and before our experience had enabled us to lessen some of the trials and discomforts of a pioneer effort. A thorough American, appreciating and treasuring the memory of the civilization left behind, he yet readily adapted himself to the conditions here found. Of a sensitive nature, he keenly felt any roughness from friend or foe, but I never knew him on that account to show any bitterness or to shirk the performance of any recognized duty.

Of those qualities which make for success in our field he had not a few. His social instincts led him at once to make friends among the Arabs, and while his vocabulary was still very limited,
he would spend hours in the coffee-shops and in the gathering-places of the town. His exceptional musical talents also attracted and made for him many acquaintances among those he was seeking to reach, besides proving a constant pleasure to his associates and a most important aid in all our public services. And many a difficulty was surmounted by his hopefulness and buoyancy of disposition, which even pain and sickness could not destroy.

However he may have spoken or written to me about his trials and troubles, still I cannot recall other than a cheery end to all his communications and a hearty expectation of the divine blessing.

To his enthusiasm in advocating his plans is due both the inauguration and development of the Mission Station at Muscat. The school for freed slaves at that place is the outcome of his individual effort, carried forward in the face of many difficulties, and it will, we trust, prove an enduring, living monument to his...
memory. As his successor at Muscat, as was then expected but for the short period of his furlough to America, I was witness to the affection with which the little fellows clung round him at his departure, and to their sorrowful bearing for many days, a sorrow which must have risen with a fresh and deeper pang when they heard of his death. Two of the oldest have just written to me how sorry they feel and how they think of the "dear Sahib" when they sing the songs he taught them. He surely was a father to them from the time when, dispirited in mind, broken in body, and warped in morals, they were taken from the slaver's hold. Their steady growth in many directions was a great joy to him, only to be exceeded by that with which he will welcome them to a place by his side in the great hereafter.

We may well hesitate as we face the problem for the future of the Muscat Station. Yet it is true that our sense of the fulness of God's resources, and of our utter dependence upon his will, is never so clear as when we thus see taken from our midst a life which in its strength and beauty was so well adapted for the place it held. I remember when in 1891 the veteran missionary Bishop French said good-by to me at Aden with the words, "My dear brother, I am starting to-morrow for Muscat. I hear that your thoughts are also turned in that direction. You need not fear to follow me, as I am but an old man seeking to end my years among the people I love, and it may easily be that to your young mission it is given to carry on the work in Arabia which is so dear to me."

A few weeks after he was laid to rest in a little cove among the rocks of Muscat not very far from our mission house. He offered up his life to preach Christ among the dwellers in this little corner of the wide world; so also has our brother whom we lament, and it is not hard to believe that God will put it in the heart of another who holds not life dear unto himself to follow on in their footsteps.

One of the duties of the closing year was a short visit to our outstation on the Tigris, Amara. I remained for about a week, and including a day on the river steamer both going and coming, the whole trip was very enjoyable. This time I found the khans either full or refusing a place to the "unbeliever," so Murad, our colporteur, gave me one of his two little rooms, while the entire family lived, ate and slept in the other. It was for me much nicer than staying in a corner of a dirty caravansary, especially as I would have Murad, his wife and children in for evening prayers.
They come from far to the north, and the plaintive airs of the Kurdish hymns they sometimes sang for me were very touching. I was also pleased in having a couple of my old friends come frequently to talk and pray with me. One of them said that he was advised of my arrival by his Moslem neighbors calling out, "Ha! Ahmed, your master has come," which shows that they are in some measure counting him as of our number. The other one, who is in the Turkish service, begged me to send him out of the country, but I sought to show him that he could be a better witness for Christ here than elsewhere, and that his example would count for more than mine, or others Christian-born. It may, however, be a long time before either of them will come to Christ other than Nicodemus-like. Our own faith and love must be very strong before we can be successful in persuading others that suffering for Christ's sake is the greatest of joys!

Our brother whom I mentioned in our last letter as suffering much persecution has at last been released from prison, though he still is being watched and kept from meeting any of his Christian friends. He writes to me in a cheerful mood, saying that he finds sometimes an opportunity for speaking a word for the Master, and thanking God that his troubles have been the cause of his wife's being brought under Christian influences. If together they will take up their cross and follow Christ it will be a blessing to them and to many others.

I have lately sent in my yearly report of Bible sales at Busrah to the British Bible Society, which has the oversight of the work in this part of Arabia. I was glad to be able to say that our sales were about twenty per cent. above those of the preceding year, though in this as in other branches of our work we hope for a still greater increase in 1899.

James Cantine.

THE MEDICAL REPORT

for the last quarter of 1898 resolves itself naturally into two portions—work in Busrah and in Nasariyeh—one month of the three having been spent for the Nasariyeh trip.

It may therefore be interesting to have a short description of the way we reached Nasariyeh. A "small boat" is an indefinite expression which may express a canoe holding a boy of ten or a boat holding thirty or more. Our conveyance is a small boat of which for greater clearness I will give the dimensions. The boat
is about twenty-five feet long over all, four feet wide at its widest part, and its depth two feet. On each side of bellam (name of the kind of boat) are rings used for the various purposes of sailing, etc. Through two or three of these are inserted palm branches deprived of their leaves. These branches being very flexible are bent over and fastened together, forming an arch from one side of bellam to the other. Over these arches are placed rough straw mats, these together forming an imperfect covering against both sun and rain, serving for warmth at night and coolness during the day. The height of the space is about three and a half feet; its length from ten to twelve feet. Forward of this is a smaller one without covering, about four by four feet, utilized by the servant for dishes, food and various culinary and household articles necessary for the immediate uses of the journey. Here he cooked the food and stayed most of the time. At night he slept under the protection of the mats. In the rear of the covering of mats a space corresponding more or less to the space just described we stored our boxes of medicine and household utensils necessary for the khan or hotel. This is unvictualed as well as unfurnished, necessitating the carrying of all necessary appliances on every trip. On the road our food consisted largely of supplies purchased before starting. In fact, our only purchases on the way were bread, found quite readily; meat, a small amount at Medina (on Euphrates); and two chickens. The latter bought within five hours of Nasariyeh. At Kornah, on our way up, we unexpectedly met a Turkish river steamer, on which were a few friends and old patients, who kindly furnished a quantity of fruit—pomegranates, melons, and sweet limes. With us on our trip were my assistant Elias, colporteur Micha, and servant. Besides which were the three boatmen. Of these three latter two slept in the stern on top of the household stuff and various boxes, the third in the bow. They took what opportunity they had to cook their food, which consisted of boiled grain, with fat. Not always is the grain rice—usually a cheaper grain. In fact, the crew who took us had rice but twice or thrice on their way up.

At Souch a shouch, or perhaps a better spelling would be suke-a-shuke, we made the necessary arrangements to have our passports and custom house papers examined and endorsed. We here also saw many patients of all sorts and conditions and troubles, ranging from a trivial abrasion to a purulent ophthalmia. Here we left the colporteur to distribute Bibles and portions.
At Nasariyeh we met our colporteur, Esa, some little distance below the city. He gave us a glad and joyous welcome, domiciling us in his abode. The house adjoining belonging and occupied by same owner, it seemed fortunate that two rooms therein were vacant. These were placed at the disposal of the colporteur, who gave us the use of his.

Colporteur Micha joining us a day or two after our arrival we took advantage of the presence of the two, Micha and Esa, and sent them together on a tour to Shattre and Hai. Micha to travel on alone beyond Hai to our Amara station, thence to Busrah by river Tigris. Esa to return from Hai to Nasariyeh. After his return I left for Busrah by the same route as going.

Of the many pleasant incidents of my stay a serio-comic one is often recalled. On the morning of our departure, while conversing with friends and waiting coming of boatman from market, I was surprised when I saw the second in command of the Turkish forces at Nasariyeh approaching with an aide-de-camp and guard. He was coming directly to us with a sober face and pace. One of the bystanders was asked is this the hakeem (doctor). The answer being affirmative, he looked at me for what seemed a long time and then said, "I have a daughter sick and want you to see her." No excuse would suffice, I must go. Taking my hand in his he led the way through the main street to his house. On the way I overheard a passer-by question: "What's the doctor done. Where is he being taken?" I heard the answer given: "He wants him for his daughter." It seemed and seems strange that one should be both honored and dishonored in the same manner. As I found on inquiry afterwards an honored guest is lead by the hand, a prisoner also. In the latter case a common soldier would have lead and not a colonel. After treating the patient—and the usual coffee and segars—I was permitted to return to the bellam and start for Busrah.

Of the Busrah work very little more can be said than that the usual variety of cases were treated. The analysis of patients treated are as follows:

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<th>Type</th>
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<td>Women</td>
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<td>Others</td>
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H. R. L. Worrall, M.D.
Nearly three months have gone by since we returned to Bahrein, and over a year since we last wrote letters from our island home. Let us take our bearings on the little map at the outset. The group of islands called Bahrein, although twenty miles from the mainland of East Arabia, is the depot and mart for a vast population outside of the 50,000 that dwell on the group; the only post-office and post-of-call for steamers between Busrah and Muscat, and the centre of the pearl-fishery not only but of the rice import for all East Arabia. The largest island is about twenty-seven miles in length and ten in breadth. The shores of the island are low, and along the north end is a little belt of very fertile land about four miles wide, with fresh water springs and date groves. The principal town and centre for our mission work is Menameh, with about 12,000 inhabitants. The island of Moharrek is the residence of the ruling family of Sheikhs, and the people are less sophisticated and more fanatical than elsewhere. Saturday is our regular day for visiting this island. Near the Portuguese fort (an old ruin) we spent three miserable days in quarantine on our arrival from America, October 9. A ride on donkeys to the minarets is often on the program for us or our colporteur on Thursdays, when a large market is held there. At Ali are the ancient Phenician mounds, of which I once wrote an account. Beyond is the well Hinany, whence camels bring us water fit to drink in big leather bottles, at a fair price—unless something happens to camels or driver—then we are forced to drink the ordinary brackish water.

During the past months most of the villages in the northern part of the island were visited, but south of Rifa it still awaits exploration and evangelizing. On December 11 Elias, the colporteur, left for Hofhoof, the capital of Hassa, on the mainland, and about a day's journey from the coast. This important centre, the gateway for all Rejd, has not been visited by any of us since 1893, and we hope this second effort may open the door for further Scripture distribution. As usual our Bible-shop was the centre for opposition on the part of those who hate our work. On Nov. 14 I was using a copy of the Koran to prove from it the integrity and truth of the Scriptures when a Moslem joined the crowd of listeners, seized the book and raised a disturbance. He
founded his conduct on the Koran text: "And none shall touch it but the purified." The stolen book was not restored and exaggerated rumors of what took place caused the Sheikh to station a man before our shop armed with a stick to beat off all who came! A real boycott; but an advertisement as well. When we could no longer sell from the shop, we took to the streets and the colporteur sold even more books. On November 23 the boycott was ended by the withdrawal of the watchman. But complaints continued against our preaching about the Mohammedan religion, and at one time there were threats to kill us. One man offered the owner of our Bible-shop double the present rent if he would turn us out; we are still in possession. The total sale of Scriptures for the quarter was two hundred portions.

THE DISPENSARY.

After our former experiences it was impossible to avoid opening dispensary work for the poor and sick on our return. So every morning the entrance of our court-yard becomes a sort of Pool of Bethesda—without a ministering angel, unless Mrs. Zwemer comes down-stairs in that capacity to see the women. No accurate record was kept of the number of cases; it was impossible. But the numbers increased daily, and we estimate that at least 480 patients received treatment. The most common ailments were fevers, rheumatism, toothache, eye troubles and ulcers. Several Persians came suffering from guinea-worm (*filaria medinensis*), a parasite taken into the system from impure drinking-water and coming to maturity in the muscles of the arm or leg. It is often several feet in length, and causes intense inflammation. The native remedy, which seems to be the only one, is to wait until the head emerges from the skin surface and then to wind up the skein on a bit of wood little by little, day after day. A Hindu suffering from overdoses of a native "tonic" containing strychnine; an Afghan dervish with bruises and putrefying sores; other dervishes from Baluchistan, who first came for dysentery and afterward to read the gospel; an Arab coolie whose fingers were smashed between two boats in the harbor, and another who fell down the ship's hold while unloading cargo; a poor orphan girl, emaciated, scrofulous, pock-marked, and with cataract on both her eyes, yet withal
most patient and grateful; a crowd of hungry-looking, bony, dirty beggars, who need a meal more than medicine—such were samples of our daily clinic. Many times there was fit opportunity for the word of witness, and the poor heard the gospel of the Great Physician.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMEN

although yet in its beginning, was carried on more systematically than before. In a place like Bahrein, where civilization is so primitive, a hundred household cares, which in India can be delegated to servants, take up a woman's time and strength. Mrs. Zwemer, however, has visited a score of houses and read the Gospel to over a hundred women. At all times of the day they come also in troops to our house on every conceivable errand, for clothing, counsel, or medicine. A native Bible-woman would find plenty of work to occupy all her time, and we hope such an one may soon be found to join us in this work.

During the early part of November our hearts were gladdened by some inquirers who came, of their own accord, to hear more about the way and the Master. One of them, a Hindu lad, is reading through the New Testament. Others, Mohammedans, are learning the difference between Christ and Mohammed from books like "El Kindy" and "Mizan el Hak." But we long for the time when these inquirers will become true disciples. Now, alas, we have yet to cry with the early Galilee fishermen: "Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing."

God grant we may soon hear the command, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." Pray for Bahrein.

S. M. Zwemer.

FIRST EXPERIENCES.

January 2, 1899.

The time has come for me to begin to give an account of myself as a missionary. I began with fever, and thus having had the worst first, it has been growing better every day. By the grace of God the work which I entered with reluctance and dread has become pleasant and increasingly interesting. Bahrein, the abhor-
rence of the steamer captains, a byword and a hissing among all the Europeans who are acquainted with Persian Gulf, has many things to recommend it to the missionary.

First—It stands in awful need of the Gospel. Religion is here a formality, immorality well-nigh universal and honesty and truth-speaking a lost art.

Second—A good beginning has been made. God has blessed the labors of the past few years to break down prejudice and to awaken thought and inquiry. We have now a good fighting chance with the odds on our side.

Third—The situation of Bahrein as the main port between Muscat and Busrah means that whatever stand is made here for Christ will not be limited in its influence to this little group of islands, but will move along the lines of traffic to Hasa and the Neyd.

Today we have been more than glad to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Thomas on their way to Busrah, none the worse for their long journey. It begins to look now as if the friends of Arabia are getting in earnest. If now our friends will see to it that the reserves are ready to hold the ground gained God will not fail of his part.

So far I am in the "awkward squad," drilling every day in Arabic, said to be one of the worst results of Babel. I have received orders to "break its backbone" this year. In-sha-Allah.

Geo. E. Stone.