A YEAR WITH THE BAHAIS IN INDIA AND BURMA

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BY

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PREFACE.

IT is chiefly at the request of certain of my friends that I have written this account of my experiences in India during the year 1905.

I have confined myself, as much as possible, to relating my intercourse with the Bahais and what the Bahai Cause is doing in India and Burma.

This will, naturally, interest much more those who are directly in touch with this movement, but I feel sure that what the Bahai Movement is doing in India to promote the cause of unity and friendship among different peoples, will interest all thoughtful persons.

Everyone who has looked into the matter at all, must acknowledge that the Bahai Movement is enlightening and educating people in a very wonderful manner. Although all may not accept it, yet their eyes will be opened through it to the beauty and truth of other religions, and a realization will come to them that all the world is kin.

The Bahai teacher preaches universal religion; he does not speculate so much about miracles, the re-

surrection of the body, or what the future life is to be; but rather he shows how the miracle of hatred being turned into love may be wrought, of how the body by combating the evils of uncleanliness, intemperance, and other vices, may be raised up, a pure and sanctified temple unto God, and how it is possible while walking on this earth to be in Heaven.

The Bahai Faith teaches that the great Universal Spirit, which is God, has manifested itself to every race and people at some time or other, and that it comes again and again, like the spring, to make all things new.

To me, the Bahai Religion is constantly unfolding and revealing new beauties; but it was necessary for me to go to the Orient to see it in its true, broad and universal spirit. For it is difficult in the Western world to get away from the name or thought of sect; but in the East, from all Bahais, goes forth the same sincere love for all humanity, irrespective of race or creed.

I have the greatest sympathy and respect for any man who believes he knows a way of bettering Humanity (whatever that way may be) and throws himself heart and soul into that work. The thing to be condemned is to be indifferent and stand by idly. I have friends who have said to me: "We belong to such and such a society, and are working for Unity as you are"; others express a desire for Unity without joining any organization. All are to be commended

for their efforts in this direction, but I hope those who read of what the Bahai Movement has already accomplished in India, to say nothing of what it is doing in other countries, will ponder carefully if there exists in the world to-day a greater instrument for bringing about the Unity and Brotherhood of man they are all wishing and striving for. The detached clouds that float about in the sky, can never bring the heavy fall of rain, it is only when they combine and become as one that the parched earth is watered and refreshed. Were the Bahai Movement a mere sect, it could not have accomplished what it has. It is the great Unifier, and for this reason demands that earnest men and women of every religion devote their lives to it.

The words of Baha Ullah: "Ye are all one soul, in many bodies; ye are all the fruits of one tree, the leaves of one branch, the drops of one sea," is the golden rule by which Bahais try to fashion their lives. They know that to try to save "one's own dirty soul," as Charles Kingsley puts it, is not enough, but that our duty is to save the soul of the human race. How selfishness will shrivel up and sneak away, ashamed, when the dawn of this glorious truth illumines the world!

One day, while I was in Bombay, I met a Bahai who had just arrived from Yezd, where that terrible massacre of Bahais took place, not very long ago. To hear this massacre described by one who had

been there, and who was one of the Faithful, was to experience an emotion impossible to describe—one of aching pity, and yet triumphant joy, that men can rise to such sublime heights of heroism and unselfishness, and that love is victor over all things.

Is there not in such love as was there poured out, a more vital power and means for regenerating the world than in the ancient creeds, or any cold, calculating philosophy? The solution of the ills and troubles of the world lies in such self-sacrificing love. While living in the Orient, I have seen the effects of this love and service, which the Bahais are so abundantly showing forth, and I earnestly believe that we in the West need this same spirit, which will bring about the regeneration of the world and the quickening of the nations.

SYDNEY SPRAGUE.

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AKKA.

THE week in Akka had just come to a close; my last day there had been one of the most beautiful. I had taken a walk with one of the Persians, and we had spent the afternoon in the garden of the Rizwan; a veritable garden of Eden it seemed to me in its luxuriant foliage, where every fruit could be eaten in safety.

We spoke together of the days when Baha Ullah himself sat under the large spreading tree near the fountain, and taught his disciples. We seemed to feel a spiritual atmosphere in that spot, where so many words of life had fallen from the lips of the great Teacher. I remember saying to my friend: "The pictures painted of the joys of Paradise, seem to me no more ideal than this," and he said: "Think of it —you an American, and I a Persian, and yet our hearts are quickened by the same love, and we sit in Paradise together."

Nothing had been said about my departure from Akka, and I had begun to hope that my stay might be indefinitely prolonged. Two or three things

encouraged this hops, I had been making myself useful in a small way. There is a school in Akka for the Bahai children; and while I was there, their regular teacher was away on a long journey, and I asked the Master* if I might teach them during his absence, to which he graciously consented.

The school is held in the room of a large inn, which is used by Mohammedan traders. The court of the inn was usually crowded with the donkeys and camels of the travelling caravans, and often our lessons would be disturbed by the discordant bray of some "locomotive of the Orient."

I taught the boys Grammar, Geography, Physiology, and other subjects, and found them all very bright and eager to learn. They would write out exercises in English for me, which afterwards they would show to the Master for his inspection. The Master takes a great interest in the progress of these boys, and often gives them helpful little talks, one of which I will reproduce here in the words of one of the pupils, which he wrote out in English for me and which I have but slightly altered.

The History of a Sunday Morning.

How lucky I was and what good fortune I had yesterday in the morning. While all the scholars and

* Whenever the word "Master" is used it has reference to Abdul Baha (Abbas Effendi), the present Leader of the Bahai Movement.

I were assembled together in the school and reading our lessons, suddenly our hearts were filled with joy by hearing our Master's voice blessing the Believers; then He entered the school with shining face and smiling lips, and began to walk very calmly through the room, addressing us and saying: "Endeavour and strive eagerly that you may progress and advance rapidly. You are born in this Holy Day, attaining this great privilege by the favour of God, therefore you must not waste or throw away this Bounty and Mercy. Think always for that which is the way of getting more manliness and humbleness, and to love one another. You are like a small plant newly sown. If the rays of the sun reflect on it, and it is watered by showers of rain, there is no doubt it will by-and-by grow and at last become a very fruitful tree; but, if cold winds blow and the plant be deprived of the shining of the sun and the rain, it will certainly be withered and become a useless thing.

Now, if you occupy yourselves, for instance, in affirming some reasons for the Truth of this Holy Cause and how to deliver the Word of God to everyone, these things will support and strengthen you, and will prepare you for the good of this world and that which is to come; but if, God forbid, you lose your time in vain chattering and useless talk, and running hither and thither, these things, be sure, will never lead you to the way of salvation.

Never think whether you will have more or

less wealth, for riches will never guide any man in the right way.' 'O children,' addressed our Master, 'there is a matter which is very important, and that is this, let none of you at any time be puffed up with pride or despise any other being. Never, never do this, this is worse than all things. Man is a sinful blunderer, therefore he must acknowledge his faults.

His Holiness, the Blessed Bab, mentions in His Book that everyone must consider at the end of each day what have been his actions. If he finds something which would please God, he must thank Him and pray to be strengthened to do this good act throughout his life; but if his actions have not been approvable or honest, he must earnestly ask God for strength to do better."

"'And now," said our Master, "the report of your weekly work is good and free from blunder and fault, therefore I am greatly pleased and very happy. I want you to work for the sake of God, and not for my own interest. Therefore I am advising you, with the greatest love and kindness, for your own benefit and comfort."

These were our beloved Master's utterances yesterday in the morning.

* * * * * * *

The second day of my visit in Akka the Master called on me, in the little house where I was lodged

with two of the Persian Believers. The house was a plain, one-storey dwelling, consisting of three small rooms.

The Master inspected every article of furniture in the room, and found fault with one or two things, which he said were not good enough for me, ordering a carpenter to come, a new curtain to be brought. Surely, I thought, all this care bestowed on me must mean that I am going to stay some time, I did not realize that the Master is so thoughtful that he would not leave anyone uncomfortable for a single day if he could help it. But to go back to my last day in Akka. When I returned from my afternoon in the garden of the Rizwan, I was told that the Master wished to speak to me. I found him in the large room upstairs, which looks out on to the Mediterranean, sitting on the divan. He beckoned me to come and sit beside him, and after taking my hand and holding it in his, in a grip of steel, he said to me very impressively: "I wish you to leave for India to-night." This announcement came as a thunderclap out of a clear sky. It is true that I had wished before to go to India, and had written to the Master while I was in Paris, asking that I might be allowed to do so some day, but while in Akka I had forgotten everything except that I wanted to live there always. The Master knew my thought. "I want you to consult your own wishes in this," he went on, "I only desire your happiness. It will be a very good thing, a very good thing, if

you will go now to India, but if you wish to stay in Akka longer you may do so, otherwise you may go to India and return to Akka, sometime, to finish your visit, and you can study Persian, so that I may be able to talk to you when you come again without an interpreter."

The Master, as all his followers know, never commands or compels obedience, he only sweetly suggests, and his followers have found that to follow his suggestions will surely lead them on in the right way.

I thanked the Master for his confidence in me, and said, "if I could be of service to his Cause I would be glad to go."

"This is a very important mission on which I am sending you," he said. "The results of this journey will be very great; you may not see them, but in the future they will be known."

I realized the importance of it all. I was to be the first Western Bahai to go to the far Orient, and carry tidings that my fellow Believers in Europe and America are one in love and unity with their Oriental brethren. I was to see the literal fulfilment of that beautiful prophecy of Baha Ullah: "The East and West shall embrace as lovers."

I expressed to the Master my doubt as to my worthiness to carry out this great mission. "Do not worry," he said, "you shall be strengthened. My thoughts and my prayers will follow you. Remember

that the thoughts of the King are always with his generals who are fighting in the front rank."

During the whole of the interview, the Master never relinquished my hand, but held it in a vice-like grasp, so that I felt I should feel its impress all the days of my life ; and I felt, too, as though he were imparting to me some of his own strength and courage, which have never failed him during the half-century of his wanderings, exile, imprisonments, and persecutions. Truly, no prophet, or man of God, has endured what he has endured. The sword has been ever hovering over his head. The way to Calvary has been trodden many times. He has been betrayed in the house of his friends, nay, even in that of his very brother. But through all the mists and clouds of these sorrows and afflictions pierces ever the sun of his countenance—that radiant and divine smile of his which scarcely ever leaves his face, and which to see is to have a glimpse of "one like unto the Son of Man."

The Master gave me a few more special instructions about my voyage, and after giving me his blessing left me.

Before saying farewell to Akka, I wish to tell of an incident which occurred there, and which will illustrate better than anything the effect of the Bahai teaching.

One night during my stay there, the Master invited all the pilgrims present to supper. We were gathered together in a little upper chamber that evening—some forty men and women. Would that I had the pencil of a Raphael, or the pen of a Dante, to fittingly describe that scene! We sat round that common table, old and young, rich and poor, dark and fair; the various coloured robes and turbans giving striking colour to the scene. We represented five of the world's great religions, and many different races. We had come from places as far away as America on the one hand and India on the other. We had been complete strangers a few days before, but now we all felt a warmth of friendship and affection for one another.

The Master himself did not sit with us at the table, but served us, going from one to the other, heaping the rice on our plates and saying a kind word to each, thus bringing home to us the beautiful saying: "Let him that is greatest among you be your servant." Some of the Orientals there were strong, rough men, of humble birth, and I saw that they could hardly bear that the Master should wait on them. I knew that they felt as did Peter when Christ washed his feet. After the supper a Tablet was chanted in Persian, and then one of the oldest men there made a beautiful speech to us, the Westerners present; it was like the thanksgiving of an aged Simeon that his old eyes had witnessed such a scene and that he could

depart in peace. A certain Bahai from Washington replied for us. This supper, truly the Lord's supper in all its spiritual significance, will ever be to me the most beautiful and impressive incident in my life. Let those who sincerely desire love and unity to be brought about on earth, think of the significance of this scene which took place in a Turkish prison.

I left Akka at two a.m., in order to catch a boat leaving Haifa at an early hour in the morning. Two of the Persians accompanied me in the carriage. What a wonderful ride it was! The night was luminous with many stars—great brilliants, sparkling in their deep purple setting.

We drove through the dark, narrow streets of Akka, not a sound to be heard but the clatter of our horses' hoofs. At the gate of the fortress, the Turkish sentinel challenged us, but a satisfactory answer being given by my friends, we were allowed to pass. We drove along the beach of the sea, which is the road to Haifa. As we passed the garden of the Rizwan, the palm trees, stirred by the evening breeze, waved us an adieu. Then we forded the two shallow streams which Naaman boasted of to the prophet as the rivers he possessed, afterwards passing a caravan of camels, which moved in the dark like some strange uncanny creature of the night, and seeing fishermen with their nets hurrying for an early morning catch

Nearing Haifa, the first streaks of dawn began to appear, and then, with a suddenness which always surprises one in the Orient, the sun arose, and we entered the town by daylight. I found four Zoroastrian pilgrims there, Ardeshir, Khosroe, Bahram, and Feridoon, who were returning to India, and were much surprised to see me.

"The boat is very late," they said, "and we should have been off long before this."

The steamer had arrived at the same time as myself, so no time was lost in getting aboard, and I laughingly said to my friends: "You see I have given up my two good Mohammedan friends and have gained four good Zoroastrian ones in their place." As we sailed out of the Bay of Akka, I looked up at Mount Carmel, and saw the tomb of the Blessed Bab, shining in the morning light like a great pearl brooch on the emerald breast of the mountain. In the distance were the gleaming minarets and domes of Akka.

Here, on the holy mount, reposed that glorious Herald of Truth, the Dawn of this great Day; and there, a few miles distant, lived the third of the great Trinity of Revelators and Teachers, continuing that mighty work for the spiritualising of the world begun in Persia sixty years ago. Who could have believed, when the Bab arose in the black night of Persia like a glorious morning star, that its light would have endured and its beams spread over the whole earth?

Little did the persecutors who put his followers to the sword and finally gave him a martyr's death, think that the hated and despised sect would blossom forth as a universal and honoured religion. Could anyone have predicted that when his wounded and bleeding body was thrown out into the streets of Tabriz, to be dishonoured, that it would one day be brought by loving hands over hill and plain to the Holy Land itself, and repose for ever on God's mountain, and that fifty years after his heroic death, men and women from all parts of the earth would meet at his tomb and remember him in their hearts?

FROM PORT SAID TO BOMBAY.

ON our arrival in Port Said we were met by Bahaí friends, who had secured a passage for us on one of the English merchant vessels. We were the only passengers on the boat, and the deck and a few cabins were placed at our disposal. The Persians transformed the deck in a very short time into quite a luxurious abode; rugs and carpets were spread, divans and beds arranged, the tea-service set out, and we had all that constitutes comfort in the Orient. The Red Sea and the Indian Ocean have a temperature warm enough even in the middle of November to make sleeping out of doors thoroughly agreeable, so that I enjoyed going to bed by moonlight and being awakened very early in the morning by the warm rays of the sun.

The steamer was heavily laden, and seemed to crawl along, so that the voyage took about nineteen days. The weather and the sea were perfect all the way and my fellow voyagers excellent company. Our party consisted of Jenab Adib, a well-known Persian

philosopher; Mirza Mahram, a Bahai teacher who has been chiefly responsible for the growth of the Bahai Movement in India; Mirza Isaac, a merchant of Bombay, and Mushkin Kalam, the famous writer who, together with his son and family, was going to India for the first time. Counting myself and the four Zoroastrians, we were sixteen altogether.

A splendid opportunity was afforded me during this long trip to learn Persian. I had already studied this language in Paris, but my knowledge of it was slight and I had had little opportunity of hearing it spoken, but now I set to work with a will, and my friends were all most kind in helping me, so that before the end of the voyage, I could follow a conversation and express myself fairly well. The cooking was mostly done by two of the Zoroastrians. We would sit in a circle on the deck around the samovar, Mohammedan, Christian, Zoroastrian, cheek by jowl, and, while the tea was being drunk, different experiences were related by each one and sometimes animated discussions took place. There would be sad and stirring tales of the Bahai martyrs of Persia, perhaps that of a relative of one of those present; there would be anecdotes told of the Bab, Baha Ullah and Abdul Baha; there would be discussions on theological and philosophical subjects. Then the conversation might take a lighter vein; Mushkin Kalam, though the oldest of the party (I think he was nearly ninety years old), seemed always brimming over with fun and good

spirits, and told many amusing stories which convulsed everyone with laughter.

There is one thing I have always remarked about the Persian Bahais, that notwithstanding the earnestness of their faith, their truly deep spiritual natures, their readiness to become martyrs for the Cause, that they always seem happy and enjoy a good hearty laugh ; they do not take their religion, as did our ancestors the Puritans, with long faces and acid countenances. Religion is a thing of joy to them, and they rejoice in the spirit and are glad.

BOMBAY.

ON the first day of December in the morning we arrived at Bombay and found some of the Bahais waiting to greet us on our landing. I was welcomed most cordially as though I were an old and dear friend.

The news that we had arrived spread quickly through the city, and soon large numbers of Bahais, chiefly Zoroastrians, were crowding the Mashreg-ul-askar to see their new brother from the Occident. The Mashreg-ul-askar is a large hall which they have rented for their meetings, and in a room off this I lived. There are three meetings a week held in Bombay, on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings at six o'clock. The Tuesday meeting is reserved for the House of Justice, composed of nineteen members. I will speak of this later. The other two meetings are general, and there are, as a rule, eighty to a hundred men present. This does not constitute the numerical strength of the Bahais in Bombay, for many have shops which they are unable to leave

more than once a week, on which occasion another Bahai friend takes charge of the shop for them. The women have a separate meeting and there is a school for the children.

At the meetings Tablets are chanted (there was one young Zoroastrian boy who chanted especially well). Talks were given by different men. I spoke through an interpreter, and on Sunday evenings there were always strangers present, and their questions were asked and answered.

The Bahai community enjoy an excellent reputation for honesty, sobriety and polite and just dealing with their fellow-men. By these qualities they attract others to investigate their religion. Drunkenness has unfortunately become a vice among the Zoroastrians of Bombay, so when a Zoroastrian is seen never to touch liquor it is at once said he must be a Bahai. It is needless to say that these new converts to Bahaism are obliged to stand a good deal of opposition, and even some persecution from the orthodox Zoroastrian. I knew a school teacher who used to come to the meetings, though he had not openly proclaimed himself a Bahai. The Zoroastrian parents of his pupils suspected him, however, of a change in his faith, and so took their children out of his school, which left him penniless.

My experiences in other Oriental cities made me realize that it is no easy thing to become a Bahai in India. It often means a great sacrifice on the part of

the believer, a loss of friends, money and position. There is great solidarity, however, among the Indian Bahais, and this is always most wonderful to see when we think that these groups are composed of men of different castes and creeds who were but yesterday strangers, if not actual enemies—such, for instance, as the Zoroastrians and Mohammedans.

There has certainly been much reason in the past for followers of these two religions to have little love for one another; now a seeming miracle has occurred, and we see Zoroàstrian and Mohammedan working together in perfect unity and harmony for the common good of the community. I am referring especially to the Council of nineteen, two-thirds of which are Zoroastrians, the remaining third Mohammedan. I attended some of the meetings of this body and wish to cite one or two incidents to show how affairs are managed by the House of Justice. A Zoroastrian Bahai shopkeeper came one evening and told the Council that affairs had been going very badly with him and that he was on the point of failure. The Council deliberated and decided that different members should give a part of their time each day to helping him in his shop, lay in a new stock of goods to attract customers, and give pecuniary help if necessary. This was done, and soon the man was on his feet again.

On another evening, a Mohammedan Bahai arrived in a state of much perplexity. He had just received from a Mohammedan friend a hundred lot-

tery tickets to dispose of, the lottery being for some Mohammedan charity. "I do not know what to do with them," the man said; "in the Kitab-el-Akdas (book of laws) Baha Ullah has strongly forbidden gambling, but I am not sure whether a lottery would come under the head of gambling or not. If I accept and distribute these lottery tickets I may be breaking one of the laws; on the other hand, if I refuse them I will probably make this friend of mine, who is an influential Mohammedan, my bitter enemy." The nineteen members of the House of Justice consulted together as to what should be done. Finally a Zoroastrian member saw a way out of the difficulty, and he proposed that each one of the Bahais should take a ticket and then return them together with the hundred rupees, writing that they did not care to take a chance in the lottery, but they were very glad to help a Mohammedan charity. I wonder if all who read these lines will appreciate the beauty and the greatness of this act. It impressed me perhaps more than anything else that I saw in India. It showed forth two great results of Bahai teaching; first, that the Oriental Bahais look upon gambling, one of the most prevalent vices of the Orient, with aversion; secondly, that the feeling of animosity and hatred of Zoroastrians for Mohammedans which has endured for centuries, has become so modified thad they are glad to help a Mohammedan charity. Truly this is no small fruit from the Bahai tree.

I left Bombay at the beginning of the year 1905. My stay had been so pleasant there, my friends so kind, that I said good-bye to them with real regret. I think everyone had shown me some kind act of attention; some would send me fruit, others sweetmeats and cakes, others flowers. As I spent Christmas Day in Bombay, some sent me gifts, knowing that was a Western custom.

On the day of my departure the great railway terminus of Bombay presented a very animated picture, for all who could get away from their work had come to bid me farewell. The sight of so many persons dressed in different robes and turbans, representing different races, saying such enthusiastic good-byes to a Western gentleman in a straw hat, attracted a good deal of attention and apparent curiosity from the other passengers.

A very unusual thing as well was my travelling with an Oriental dressed in the robes of a Mohammedan Mulla, for my travelling companion was Mirza Mahram, who had been with me ever since we left Port Said; he was a very congenial fellow-traveller and kindly helped me much with my Persian, also giving me valuable explanations of the Bible, Koran, Zend Avesta, and other holy books. The journey from Bombay to Calcutta was a very pleasant one, the railway carriages on the Indian lines are very spacious and comfortable, and the meals served at different stations very palatable; everything was new

and strange to me, so the long journey of two days did not seem at all monotonous or tiring.

We stopped a short time in Calcutta,* and I was glad to meet again Jenab Adib, who was now teaching there. From Calcutta we took a steamer for Rangoon, the voyage taking about four days, at the end of which we found our Bahai friends of Burma awaiting us at the pier.

* At the time of my visit, there were only a few Bahais in Calcutta, but now there is quite a large assembly.

RANGOON.

Before entering Rangoon we were subjected to a strict inspection according to the plague regulations, for the dreaded plague so rampant in India had not yet made its appearance in Burma, but two days after our arrival the plague broke out in Rangoon and numbers of deaths were recorded daily.

The city of Rangoon is one of the most cosmopolitan in the world. Though in reality a Burmese city, the number of Burmese inhabitants are less than the combined number of Chinese, Mohammedan and Hindu inhabitants. Every religion under the sun is represented there, and, as a rule, in large numbers.

The Buddhists have many splendid golden pagodas; the Mohammedans have fine mosques; the Hindus their strange looking temples; the Chinese many Joss houses; the Zoroastrians and Jews their well-built fire temples and synagogues; the Christians of every sect their various churches and meeting-places. I should imagine there was no place in the world where one could study the customs and rules of different religions so well as in Rangoon.

Each day in the week seemed to be a feast or fast day of one or the other of the religions. I saw the festivities of four different New Year's Days. The Buddhists celebrated this day very much as the Carnival is held in France and Italy—only, instead of throwing confetti, they pour water on each other. No one is respected on that day, not even the highest dignity of the land, and the only way to escape a ducking is to shut oneself in the house.

The Hindus have even a more disagreeable way of celebrating their festal day, for they throw a red fluid on each other which remains on their clothes for some time to come.

The Mohammedans celebrate the day in a more dignified manner, and instead of trying to ruin their neighbour's clothes, they try to outshine him in the gorgeousness of their raiment. They don their very best robes and fezes embroidered in gold, and pay each other visits and pass the day in merrymaking.

The Chinese New Year reminds one of the American Fourth of July, for crackers and fireworks form the leading feature.

It would fill a book were I to describe all the remarkable religious customs that I saw in Rangoon, and as my desire is to confine myself as closely as possible to the narrative of my experiences among the Indian Bahais, I will return to my friends whom I have left welcoming me on the pier.

I stayed in Rangoon at the house of Syed Ismael

Shirazi and his father, Syed Mehdi, Persians, formerly of Shiraz. Their house is a very large and handsome one, and here the meetings were held on the same evenings as those in Bombay.

I should like to speak here of the great hospitality and kindness that was shown to me during my three months' stay in Rangoon by the two noble gentlemen whose guest I was. It was largely through their earnest solicitations that I made my stay much longer than I had intended, and they did everything in their power to make my visit a pleasant one.

Here the Bahai Movement has achieved perhaps its greatest triumph, for in this most cosmopolitan of cities one is able to see representatives of six great religions sitting side by side at a common religious meeting and united in a true spirit of love and brotherhood.

The meetings, as I have stated, are usually held three times a week, but during the whole of my visit we had meetings every evening, and there was scarcely a time when the room was not well filled, often to overflowing, so that many had to sit in the garden. It was a wonderful and inspiring sight to see the room filled with Buddhists, Mohammedans, Hindus, Christians, Jews, Zoroastrians, and even an occasional Chinaman. Strangers came to make enquiries, not only at the evening meetings, but also at all hours of the day, eight o'clock in the morning not being thought too early in the Orient to

seek for Spiritual knowledge. Large numbers of Christians, both native and English, came to see me; most of them I am afraid if not to scoff at least to criticise, but some remained to pray. There were both Roman Catholics and Protestants who became Bahais during my visit, and one of them was a missionary. Who, possessed of an open and unprejudiced mind, could help but be impressed at seeing that marvellous example of Bahai Unity, so strikingly shewn forth every evening?

"I cannot believe," said a missionary to me one night, "that all these men are really Bahais." "It is easy enough to find out," I replied, "you have but to ask them." The answer he received left no doubt on that score. The Bahai is never a luke-warm Believer: he has good reasons for his faith and he knows how to express them. There was, naturally, some opposition to my presence in Rangoon. The Roman Catholic priests forbade their flocks to come to the meetings, the Protestant ministers spoke against us. A Mohammedan Mulla preached openly in a city square, warning the Mohammedans to keep away from the Bahais, who possessed a power able to turn them away from the true faith. One ardent Buddhist used to come to the meetings with the sole purpose of drawing away the Buddhists, a Hindu came regularly to interrupt and argue against us. Perhaps one of the most remarkable cases of opposition was that concerning a young Jewish soldier of the British

Army. He had dropped into one of our meetings, and becoming interested, had returned again and again, and finally announced that he had become a Bahai, and a very ardent one, too, for he used to talk to his fellow Christian soldiers, and soon our meetings were made more interesting, and certainly a new touch of picturesqueness was added by having several young soldiers in their white and gold uniforms. Some sailors from the many foreign ships lying in the harbour also attended our meetings.

But to return to our young Jewish friend. It seems that great efforts had been made by army missionaries to convert him to Christianity, but without success. He had always remained true to the faith of his fathers. When, therefore, it became known that our young Jew had become converted to something that was not called Christianity, and was actually preaching it and converting others, great consternation and indignation were aroused.

One night our meeting was interrupted by three or four young soldiers entering, one of whom was an Evangelist who held revival services in the Army. He began in an excited manner to preach against the error into which his friends had been drawn. He challenged me to answer him, and when I tried to do so in a quiet way he would not listen, but continued his invectives, finally surprising everyone by falling on his knees and bursting forth into emotional and impassioned prayer, calling upon Heaven for some

miracle to turn his friends away from what he deemed error. I felt very sorry for him, for he was evidently in earnest. I felt sorry, too, that there still exist in the world such narrow and bigoted spirits who have distorted the broad charitable spirit of Christ's teachings into something so different. When the Evangelist had finished his prayer he called upon the three Bahai soldiers to leave their evil surroundings and return with him to the barracks. They remained fixed in their seats, and the poor man was obliged to confess himself defeated and to go away. "I wonder," said the Jewish soldier to me afterwards, "why this man who has tried so hard to make me believe in Christ, is so angry now that I do believe in Him." Alas, it is too often the Christ of the creeds that one is asked to believe in, and not the Christ of humanity.

There are many interesting incidents which occurred during my long stay in Rangoon, but were I to speak of them all, there would be little space left to recount my experiences in other Indian cities. I will mention but one or two others. One day, soon after my arrival, an Englishman called to see me and questioned me minutely about my object in coming to Rangoon, and what the teachings of the Bahai Faith were. He seemed interested in my replies and came again and again, finally saying that he believed all I told him was the highest and most beautiful Truth, and he could accept it all and call himself a

Bahai. Then he went on to say: "I must now inform you who I really am. I am a member of the Rangoon secret police, and it was my duty to find out about you, to see if your mission in India was a peaceable one, and one that would not lead to a native uprising. I little thought that my investigation would lead to my ultimate conversion." Mr. R. proved himself to be a kind friend and a devoted Bahai during the rest of my stay.

The friendly protection of the Bahais by the police in India is not a thing to be despised, for on one occasion it has been shown that, though India is governed by such a progressive and enlightened country as Great Britain, persecutions for religious beliefs are possible. I shall have occasion to speak later of a Bahai who narrowly escaped a martyr's death in the city of Mandalay.

How easy it is to excite the fanaticism of a crowd. I remember the anxiety of my friends one night while we were holding a meeting. Diagonally across the street from us was a Mohammedan mosque, and on that evening a large meeting was being held in front of it in the open air, the Imam preaching from the porch and the hundreds of Mohammedans standing or squatting in the road. The preacher's voice was so loud and clear that we could hear it across the road, and my friend told me he was preaching against Bahaism. I looked

across and saw by the flaring light, the excited face of the Mulla, waving his arms about, the swaying forms of the white-robed figures on the ground, and heard the pious ejaculations with which the speaker was occasionally interrupted. Ah, I thought, it needs but one word from that man to bring about a Bahai massacre. Even the fear of the English police would not restrain that crowd, now worked up to the white heat of hatred and fanaticism.

In violent contrast to the fanatical spirit existing in all of the religions in India, is the spirit of liberality, charity, and broadmindedness among the Bahais. Not once have I come across the least tinge of bigotry and narrowness, and this is the more wonderful when one considers that most of its adherents have been brought up in the strongest atmosphere of fanaticism. To us, brought up in the broad spirit of Western thought, this should be a constant lesson if we are ever tempted to show an intolerant spirit to any who do not think as we do. Consider how difficult it must be for a Mohammedan to acknowledge that there could be anything of truth in religions such as Brahmanism or Buddhism, which he has always regarded with abhorrence as rank idolatry. "Think of it," once said a Persian Bahai to me, "I once thought I was polluted if I was obliged to shake hands with a Christian—now I am glad to shake hands with all the world."

What a great and noble work are these pioneers of the Bahai religion doing! They are laying the foundation of a mighty edifice which shall endure throughout all ages; the stones of love and harmony and unity and brotherhood which they are laying shall never be swept away, but the human race shall rise upon them to higher things—to its true destiny.

I left Rangoon in a rather exhausted condition; for the strain of talking to people day and night, for three months in extremely hot weather, was very great. It often happened that our meetings would last until one o'clock in the morning, and our meals were held at most irregular hours—whenever the coast was clear and there were no visitors.

MANDALAY.

I ARRIVED in this city, together with my ever faithful companion, Mirza Mahram, the first week of April. Here I spent six weeks of pleasant days. I lived among the native Burmans, and the simple and primitive way of living appealed greatly to me. The whole life of the people is passed out of doors: men, women, children, goats, chickens, all together—the children running about naked. Of a morning I would look out of the window of my little bamboo hut among the trees, and see the women cooking dinner, and the men weaving silk at very primitive looms. Then, in the evening, they would sit out under the luminous stars, while one would play a weird, appealing air on a rude pipe, and very happy and contented they all seemed. How complicated we make our lives, what slaves we are compared with

these people! "Not what we are, but what we shall be thought," is the question with us. Everything with us must be bought for a price, there all is free as God meant it to be.

The Bahais number several hundreds in Mandalay and are nearly all native Burmans, and a very gentle, kindly race of people they are.

In Rangoon the Bahais are drawn from all classes, and some had had excellent educations. There were doctors, lawyers, and employees in the English government among them. In Mandalay, the larger number of Believers are drawn from the silk weavers, and few of them could speak English, though all the children are brought up to do so.

While I was in Mandalay, plans were being drawn up to build a Bahai school for the children. The idea is to build a meeting place and school in one. At present the meetings are held in a private house, that of a Burmese widow where I was staying. The room is much too small for the large number who congregate together twice a week, so those who cannot find room in the house hold a meeting out of doors. In these meetings the women took part; this was not the case in Bombay and Rangoon where the conditions are different, but in Mandalay the Buddhist women have always been accustomed to a good deal of liberty and freedom, and now that they have become Bahais they naturally do not abandon that,

and their Mohammedan sisters who have also become Bahais are only too glad to enjoy their freedom with them.

There are some impatient reformers who have said to me: "I thought the Bahai Movement was going to improve the condition of Oriental women, but I do not see that it has." Such people must remember that the emancipation of women in the Orient is the most difficult of all reforms to bring about, because of the deep-rooted prejudices that exist. It is a thing that can only be done very gradually. This reform has a prominent place in the Bahai programme, but were the Oriental Bahai women suddenly to throw aside their veils and mingle freely in the world, it would simply stir up enmity and scandal and do more harm than good to their cause.

Baha Ullah has made a law that every girl should be educated as well as every boy. When the Oriental women are sufficiently educated and know what to do with their liberty, then, and only then, should they be emancipated. However, the meeting of Mohammedan and Buddhist women with the men in Mandalay is an answer and proof to all, that this will be the condition of affairs in the future, and that woman shall finally come into her own.

The children, boys and girls, of all ages, also take part in these meetings. They squat on the floor, their hands folded, listening attentively, a good model

for some of our restless Western children ; the women in their light pink and blue and green silk robes, their immaculate coiffure, usually crowned with wreaths of white roses, their delicate Japanese type of beauty, made a very pretty picture. The men were dressed in the native silk skirt and white flowing jackets, and silk turbans around their heads. After chanting the Tablets, someone would give a little talk in Burmese. I often addressed them through an interpreter, and it was inspiring to see their radiant spiritual faces turned to me. The meeting ended with tea and cakes being served, and then the pretty custom of children going round with baskets full of flowers and giving handfuls of roses and jasmine to each one. I doubt if any meetings in any other part of the world could be more impressive than these. The meetings of the early Christian Church must have been like this before religion became cold and formal and fashionable.

A remarkable testimony to the unity and harmony existing among these Mandalay Bahais was once given by a Mohammedan. There was a convention of Mohammedans from different cities meeting in Mandalay, and certain matters were discussed which ended in angry disputing among them. Finally a prominent Mohammedan got up and said: "I wonder why it is that we Mohammedans can never get together without coming to blows, while the

Bahai company has lived for years in the greatest peace and harmony, although they come from many different sects." Of course no one could answer him, but his question must have given them much food for thought.

In spite of this beautiful love, there is much animosity and opposition displayed against the Bahais by the other religions in Mandalay. It is a common saying that it is only necessary to go to one Bahai meeting to become a Bahai, so the greatest effort is made by religious leaders to keep their flocks from attending the meetings at all. Great anger was kindled against my Persian friend, Mirza Mahram, some five years ago, because of his remarkable success in converting people to the Bahai Faith. Finally some of the Mohammedans and Buddhists decided that they would make him leave the city or threaten his life if he refused. A band of hoodlums gathered together one evening and with sticks and stones proceeded to march to Mirza Mahram's house. When they reached it they found him waiting calmly to receive them. He spoke gently to them, but firmly refused to leave Mandalay. How he would have fared at the hands of the infuriated mob it is easy to imagine if a detachment of English soldiers had not arrived in time to keep order. The officer in command advanced towards Mirza Mahram and addressed him angrily: "What did he mean by

creating all this disturbance in Mandalay? Why did he come to preach some heretical schism and so anger the population?" Mirza Mahram explained to him that he was only doing what the early Christian teachers did when they were accused of the same things that he was now being accused of, and he went on then to explain the true mission of the Bahai Religion, which so impressed the officer that his whole manner changed, and he held out his hand genially, saying: "There is nothing to find fault with in these teachings; if you get into any new trouble you have a friend in me, and I will order a special detachment of police to protect your house." "I thank you," replied Mirza Mahram, "but I do not wish for any protection, I have a Higher Protector than even the English government." However the officer insisted on placing his men around the house to preserve order, and they remained there several days No more open attacks were made by the populace hostile to the Bahai Faith, but often some malicious hand would hurl a stone at some passing Bahai. During my stay in Mandalay I was never allowed to go out without some Bahai with me, for they feared some injury might befall me. It was generally known that a Western Christian Sahib was living among the Bahais as their friend, and this further enraged their fanatical enemies.

There is a statement which nearly all western writers on Oriental affairs make—it is this, that the

Oriental has no idea of truth or honesty as we conceive of them in the Occident. I have not seen enough of Orientals in general to either accept or refute this statement, but among the Oriental Bahais whom I did know well I found a sense of integrity and honour often higher than I have found in America or in Europe, as the following incident will show:—

One very hot afternoon a young Bahai walked to the post office, a distance of over two miles, to get some stamps for me. On his return he gave me the stamps and then said: "Now I must go back again." "But why?" I said, "Surely on so hot a day you don't want to take that long walk again?" "The man at the post office has given me four annas too much change," he replied, "and I must return it at once."

There is a beautiful passage of Baha Ullah's in the Tarazat (the Adornments) in which he describes Honesty as the greatest ornament of the people of Baha. "Honesty," he says, "is the door through which come the repose and peace of the world, and the maintenance of all things is bound up with it."

Towards the end of my stay in Mandalay, I received a letter from my old friend and brother Bahai, M. D———, of Paris, stating that he had arrived in Bombay and would soon join me in Mandalay. It was pleasant meeting him again and receiving news from the home circle of Bahais. I say home circle, for it was in Paris that I first became attracted to the Bahai Cause. I found

D———, as enthusiastic as I had been over the splendid reception given him in Bombay and Rangoon. We stayed nearly a week in Mandalay, he also being a guest of the Widow Mong Taw. I remember how amused D———, was that he could never get a glimpse of her. With all that sense of politeness which Frenchmen possess, he insisted that he must see his hostess to thank her for her hospitality. But the widow could never be found. The most attractive and well-cooked meals were sent to us from somewhere, and everything was kept in perfect order, but the widow remained invisible. D———, began to think she was some mysterious being who had no earthly existence; when, the day before our departure, some friends brought her to see us she seemed much embarrassed, and on D———, thanking her profusely she said: "But I have done nothing at all; you would do the same for me if I came to see you."

We had interesting talks with Buddhists and members of the Arya-Samaj, who invited us to speak at one of their meetings. The Arya-Samaj is a society recently started among the Hindus, and attempts to draw them altogether away from idolatry and give them a Unitarian form of faith.

D———, Mirza Mahram, and myself, with perhaps a Buddhist and a Mohammedan Bahai, used to take walks through the streets of Mandalay, naturally attracting much attention, for it is not a usual sight in the Orient to see people in Christian,

Mohammedan, and Buddhist dress walking together chatting and laughing in a friendly manner. I remember one day when we were walking with a certain doctor, M. Ali, a devoted Bahai, a man of position and much respected, that we passed a group of Mohammedans standing at a corner; they beckoned to him and asked him who the Sahibs were he was walking with. "The venerable old gentleman is a Persian, born a Shia Mohammedan," he said; "one of the two men in European clothes is a Frenchman, born a Jew; the other, an American, born a Christian; while I, as you know, was born a Sunni Mohammedan. We have all laid aside the old names," he went on, "which once divided us, and we have become united and are friends and brothers through the teachings of Baha Ullah."

This striking and visible example of Bahai Unity made a great impression on these Mohammedans, as I am certain it did on many others. It became noised abroad that an unheard-of miracle had taken place. A Mohammedan, a Jew, and a Christian, had joined hands and were all teaching the same thing.

If those who read these lines could only realize what animosity exists between the different sects of Islam, such as the Shia and Sunni, which corresponds to the feeling between Roman Catholics and Protestant Christians in Western countries, they would realize how difficult it is to weld even these sects into one. Then, indeed, would they marvel at

the power of the Bahai movement, which has done not only this, but has gathered into one fold people of every creed known on the face of the earth.

Our departure from Mandalay was the occasion of a scene which will always remain in my memory. It was a worthy climax to the many wonderful experiences I had been having in India. We, that is to say, Mirza Mahram, D———, and myself, were to leave by the boat which left at the earliest streak of dawn. We had heard much of the beauties of the Irrawaddy River, and were anxious to return to Rangoon that way. On the eve of our departure, a farewell meeting was held. Every room in the house was full, and the crowd overflowed into the garden. After D———, and I had spoken a few words of farewell, an aged Burman, the oldest Bahai in Mandalay, arose, and with a voice that shook with emotion, made a most touching and beautiful speech. He told us what our coming had meant to all of them, how much they appreciated our visit, and he spoke of the barrier that had always existed between East and West, which was partly their fault as well as the fault of the English who governed them. He thanked God that he had lived to see the day when, through the manifestation of Baha Ullah, their hearts in the Orient, in far away Mandalay, had been united by so wonderful a love to the hearts of their Western brothers in Europe and America.

By this time, although it was after midnight, the

whole assembly, men, women and children, insisted on coming with us to the steamer. Some mistake had been made in ordering the carriages for us, and there were none to be found. "We will all walk," they cried —the distance was over two miles. We started off, a curious and picturesque procession. The light of a full moon made it almost as clear as day, and the bright silk robes of the Burmans shimmered and waved in the breeze, and it seemed as though some ethereal army of pink and white was being blown gently down the road. The effect was startling in its beauty. Before we had gone half-way some bullock carts caught up with us, and we finished the journey in these.

On reaching the river bank all grouped themselves around us to say good-bye. The solemnity and the beauty of that scene were indescribable. What a picture it was! The red fezes and the long white robes of the Mohammedans, the pink and yellow silks of the Burmans, the little children in their bright dresses, the women with their big white combs and wreaths of jasmine in their hair, standing under the waving palm trees flooded by the glory of the full moon. Again some kind words were uttered, and the tears were streaming down the faces of all as we said goodbye. I said to my friend D———, "Wuold that all the people of the world could see this; there would be no need of teachers to prove the truth of the Bahai

Cause, for this is its proof. Where such love exists, there is God." To think that a group of Buddhists and Mohammedans should weep at the departure of a Christian and a Jew from their midst!

We much enjoyed the restful three days' journey to Rangoon. The scenery along the river is very picturesque—the little villages among the palms, the many ruined pagodas, and a continuous background of blue hills.

RANGOON AGAIN.

My second visit to Rangoon lasted about two weeks, and during that time D———, and I both gave public lectures, an interesting fact in connection with the lecture given by D———, being that it was arranged by Christians who had been attracted to the Cause during our stay, and the hall was lent by a rich Jew.

The lecture I gave was under the auspices of a Hindu society. I was much pleased to have been asked to speak before them, for I understood that I was the first Westerner, or one of Christian origin, who had been invited to address them in their own building. The letter from the secretary inviting me to speak ran thus: "We have heard that you are teaching very noble and beautiful ideas in Rangoon, and that you have much sympathy for our religion, Brahmanism, therefore we ask you to present your ideas to us."

On the day of my lecture about 150 Hindus, chiefly of the high caste of Brahmins, came to hear

me. After the lecture, some came up and told me how much they had been impressed by what I had said, and of their desire to read, study and know more of the Bahai religion; others asked that the lecture might be printed for circulation among their friends. This was afterwards done. Editors of different native papers asked me to write articles for them, which were translated into many languages. I remember my surprise about a month later, on arriving in Lahore to find one of these articles printed in a Punjabi paper; oddly enough, the article appeared on the very day of my arrival. Letters came to me from different parts asking questions about the Bahai religion; all this kept me very busy.

The time had now come for us to leave Rangoon, and we began to plan where we should go to next. A certain Hindu wished me to go with him to Madras, his native city, and speak there, which I had intended to do later, but was prevented. D———, was planning to travel through the North of India, stopping at several cities, and finally embarking at Kurrachee for Persia, and he urged me to go with him. Mirza Mahram also approved of this plan, and said he would come with us. I had not been told by the Master to visit the North of India, but I thought this would meet with his approval, for he had said to D———, when in Akka, "It will be good for you and Mr. Sprague to be together in India." Before we left Rangoon

our friends gave us a farewell picnic. We spent the day in a beautiful garden. belonging to one of the Bahais, outside the city. Refreshments were served, all sitting in a circle on the ground. Afterwards our photograph was taken, and in that group all the great world religions were represented. We were permitted to see at this time a beautiful tomb of white marble intended to hold the body of Baha Ullah: a similar one had been made by the Bahais in Burma and sent to Akka to contain the body of the Bab, but it had not been found advisable to send this one at present, so it is resting in the grounds of a Rangoon Bahai.

We said good-bye to our friends here with as much regret as we had done in Mandalay. D———, went on ahead to spend a few days in Calcutta, while I was to follow with Mirza Mahram, and meet him in Benares, but out plans were upset and I did not see D———, again in India. The weather was chiefly responsible for this.

The summer months in certain parts of India are made very cool and pleasant by the enormous amount of rain which pours down daily. These rains take place after the arrival of the monsoon. During the year 1905 the monsoon was much delayed, the month of June had come to an end with no prospect of rain. The papers were full of the terrible suffering caused in Calcutta and other northern cities by the excessive and exceptional heat and the drought. We had hoped by the time we reached Calcutta the

rains would have commenced, but D———, wrote that he had encountered such terrible and unbearable heat there that he was obliged to go on. In Benares and Lucknow he found it the same, so he hastened on to Kurrachee to take a boat for Persia. When Mirza Mahram and I arrived in Calcutta a week later we found the same condition of affairs. The heat was considered exceptional even for India; at least so the papers said. We spent a day in Benares, but I think if we had stayed longer we should both have been stricken down by the heat. Men were dying every day from its effects. The hot air which one inhaled seemed to scorch the lungs, and there was no escaping from it. We hurried on to Aligarh, the trip across the Indian plains being a terrible one; had it not been for the tatties, a sort of straw curtain over the windows which we continually dampened, I think we should have been roasted alive.

ALIGARH AND DELHI

WHEN we reached Aligarh the weather had changed, the monsoon had broken, and the rain was descending in torrents.

Aligarh is a small town, and is not usually visited by tourists. It contains, however, a very fine Mohammedan college, one of the largest Mohammedan institutions in the world. We stopped at Aligarh partly to see the Mohammedan Prince who was at the head of the college and who was a friend of Mirza Mahram, and partly to meet some Bahai students. The head of the College, the Nawab, was one of the finest gentlemen I have ever met; he was a true nobleman, courteous and gentle in all his ways. He gave us a most cordial welcome, and during our stay of nine days we saw him daily. Every afternoon at five, when his work was finished, he would send his victoria to fetch us, and we would spend the evening chatting in his garden. His sympathy toward the Bahai Cause was very great, for he was a most broad-minded Mohammedan and realized the tremendous

need there is for reform in Islam. He made a brave fight for many years to make education more general among the Mohammedans, but he met with much opposition from the Mohammedan Mullas, who look with suspicion on Western learning, thinking it leads to Atheism. The Nawab introduced us to the professors and scholars, and I made some good friends among them. One evening I was invited to a college debate, and asked by the president to speak. As the subject of the debate had something to do with education, I spoke warmly of the advantages of education in broadening the character, in uprooting bigotry and prejudice, and preparing the mind to receive the highest forms of truth. When I finished there was much applause, and one of the Bahai students whispered to me: "I am so proud and happy that you spoke that way, for it is generally known in the college that you are a Bahai, and this will make our Cause more popular and liked." In fact several of the students came to ask me about the Bahai Movement, and became very much interested.

The next stop on our journey was at Delhi. The Bahai Movement has not yet gained a footing in this old city of the Mogul Emperors, called the most fanatical Mohammedan city in the world, but we had some letters of introduction to certain prominent Mohammedans, so we thought of spending a week in Delhi to present them and then return later on to stay longer.

We met and had animated discussions with some of the leaders of Islam, including the head Imam of the big mosque, the Jumma-Musjed. One of the Mohammedans, a gentle old man, more broad-minded than the others, seemed to have taken a great fancy to me, and urged me many times to return and live in his house, which was one of the handsomest in Delhi; he said I could have my private apartments, and he himself would give me opportunities of spreading the Cause. This, as well as many other invitations from different towns of India, I was obliged to refuse owing to a serious attack of illness, about which I shall have more to say later. From Delhi we proceeded on to Lahore. There we were met by Mirza Mahmoud, who had been teaching in the Punjab during the last two years, and we stayed with him at his house, which was situated in the crowded native quarter.

LAHORE.

LAHORE is a great centre of missionary activity. Here the Americans have a large college, and there are numerous other institutions of learning.

Great interest was aroused by my coming, and many enquirers from all religions came to see us. Mirza Mahmoud is possessed of an unusually sweet and winning personality, and has made many friends in Lahore; even those who had not yet accepted his views, told me how much they admired his excellent character, and he is teaching continually by his beautiful life, which Baha Ullah has said in many of his Tablets is the best way of teaching.

I felt that there were great opportunities for work in Lahore, and planned to stay there some time. Two Hindu societies had asked me to give them lectures, and I had received invitations from Amritsar and Rawalpindi to visit those places. But, alas, for human plans, I had only been a fortnight in Lahore when I was taken ill with a severe attack of typhoid fever. The great heat I had experienced, the strain

of meeting and talking with so many people, had all told on me, and I had little strength to fight the disease. The first attack was followed by a relapse, and it was nearly six weeks before my temperature went down. At times I seemed hovering on the brink of the great Beyond, and as I look back and think of the terrific heat of the Lahore climate and of my own high temperature, it seems wonderful that my life was spared. In fact, the doctor had said: "I can do nothing for him, his life is in the hands of God."

Although my illness was a severe test to me at the time, I can now look back on it with pleasure, for it was the means of the bringing out and the making manifest of what stuff the Oriental Bahais are made.

Some Western writer has said that the Oriental is cowardly, and when a contagious disease appears he flees in horror from it, leaving others to their fate. How different was my experience. No one could have had two more devoted and loving nurses than I had in Mirza Mahram and Mirza Mahmoud; they tended me day and night, never thinking of their own rest or comfort or the danger they were running. I was not taken to a hospital, for the hospitals were overcrowded, there being a great epidemic of disease in Lahore. I could not, as the Doctor said, have received better care there than I had at the home of Mirza Mahmoud. Finally, these two good friends were completely worn out, and it was necessary for

someone else to look after me, so a telegram was sent to Bombay, and as soon as it arrived one of the Zoroastrians volunteered to come and take care of me.

Dear Kai Khosroe, when I saw his strong powerful form, his kind manly face by me, and felt his tender care, I already began to feel better. Alas, that I must record that his coming meant that he was to sacrifice his life for mine. Scarcely four days had passed, when he was stricken down with cholera, which was raging in Lahore, and died in less than twenty hours before my eyes. The two Mirzas were obliged to divide their attention between us, and they bravely ministered unto him until the last, holding the poor man possessed by so frightful and contagious a malady in their arms. I lived through all this, but the death of this good friend was a shock which it was difficult to recover from. I thought with many a pang of the heart, of the wife and children he had left behind—and he had done this for me—no, not for me, but for the love of God.

Other friends came and looked after me in turn. I remember one young Hindu who was especially devoted to me, he would sit for hours by my bed, saying nothing, but ready for any service. In his desire to cheer me he used to bring me presents from the bazaar, ranging from perfumery to sleeve links. The incongruity of these presents at such a time made me smile even then. I was told that special meetings had been held by all the Bahais in India,

and prayers offered for my recovery. As soon as it was possible for me to be moved it was decided that I should leave the unhealthy climate of Lahore and seek a cooler clime. I wished to go up in the Himalayas where a Sikh Bahai had invited me to visit him. It was thought, however, the trip would be too difficult, so I was put on a cot and taken by the rapid express to Bombay, attended by the ever-faithful Mirza Mahram, and the change to the much cooler atmosphere—for it was the rainy season—was very beneficial. Here, surrounded by the many friends whom I had left some eight months before, my health and strength returned. The father and two little sons of Kai Khosroe came to see me, and they came with tears of joy rather than of sorrow, happy that he had been able to render so great a service to the Cause. "He was a humble shopkeeper," they said, "and had no ability to teach, but you are able to go about and teach great multitudes; he could only give his life to serve the Cause of God, and he was glad to do it." Noble Kai Khosroe, you will always be remembered as the first Oriental friend to give his life for a Western Bahai brother.

I had the pleasure of meeting at this time too Jenab Ebn Asdaq, a well-known Bahai teacher from Persia who had just arrived in India to teach.

I was scarcely well enough to walk alone when a telegram arrived from Akka saying it would be better to leave India and return to Europe. This

indeed proved to be the very best thing for me, since the fresh sea air and the quiet voyage were of the greatest benefit. During the voyage I used to lie in my steamer chair, close my eyes, and think of the wonderful year I had spent in India, and the kind faces of every colour and nationality would flash before me, and I would hear again their regretful good-byes, and see their eyes full of tears. I was glad to think that as a result of my work some had entered into the Bahai fold of Unity, and that the sympathy and love I had tried to show to all had been so liberally responded to, and that I had been brought into touch with so many of my Oriental brethren. Even some who had not become Bahais had said to me: "We have never opened our hearts to any Westerner as we have to you"; so that if I, a worker in a great Cause, have succeeded in removing some of the prejudice and misunderstanding which separate the Oriental from the Occidental, and have helped to make East and West advance but one step nearer to each other, then I am well content.

ONE SHILLING NET.

One with the Eternal.

By EDGAR DAPLYN.

"THIS admirable book deserves to be widely read, for in a small compass it contains much fresh thought, many shrewd sayings, and some really eloquent writing. It consists of an exposition of the 13th Chapter of 1 Corinthians, and in reading it we find that it is still possible to say something new, which is also true, about St. Paul's celebrated words. Mr. Daplyn possesses a wide knowledge of literature and art, which he displays not ostentatiously, but in apt and agreeable illustration of his subject. Unconventional and interesting from first to last, this is a book to be read and kept."—*The Commonwealth.*

"It is a wise and practical little book and holds the attention by virtue not only of its literary quality but of its sincerity and earnestness."—*The Bookman.*

"Mr. Daplyn is steeped in mystical and other intimate Christian literature, and he does not so much expound the chapter himself as allow the great literary and mystical writers to expound it through him."—*The Expository Times.*

"The writers outlook is deeply religious, but it is the layman's not the priest's outlook, and dogmas do not enter into his scheme of faith."—*Oxford Chronicle.*

"We should like to see this book in the hands of every minister, teacher, and employer of labour."—*Dundee Courier.*

"Mr. Daplyn's analysis of the spiritual context of the chapter is searching, subtle, and suggestive. The book is not merely worth reading, but one to be studied and pondered."—*The Christian Life.*

"One guesses not at the creed of the writer or at what books of philosophy he may have read. It is the pure lyrical singing of a spontaneous, natural religion such as all, whatever their learning, may hear, and hearing, go away refreshed and comforted as with a new illumination on life, with a brighter hope for its future."—*Brighton Herald.*

"A plain little book, in a quiet cloth cover, but it is at the heart of all that is most worth having in life."—*The Inquirer.*

THE PRIORY PRESS ♣ HAMPSTEAD

NEW YORK,
Longmans, Green & Co.

NOTES ON SOME BOOKS

PUBLISHED AT

THE PRIORY PRESS HAMPSTEAD

No. 2 1908

LOVE is the mystic art of the soul. She comes to us with gentle movements, clad in quiet garb, speaking of heavenly things. She is the consecrating spirit whose presence vivifies and sanctifies all human aspirations. Without her they may interest but cannot command. She must be in them, then through her gracious presence will they glow —pillars of fire to men in the dark nights of the wilderness. Love flows through the whole human race from God as nothing else does. All other visions may fail us; all other voices be stilled for ever, but love remains, and she will go with us all the way, bringing us ever nearer to that Eternal Love through which the soul becomes one with the Eternal. Thus it is written in this little book, which is at the heart of all that is most worth having in life.

"One with the Eternal," by Edgar Daplyn, 1s. net.

The Pilgrim of the Infinite bids us remember that we are not to allow ourselves to become soured or disappointed, or to think life a failure, because we do not find that acceptance which our mission seems to warrant. The largest measures of good the world has ever known have been effected by those whose lives, regarded from an individual or personal point of view, were failures. It is by failure we succeed, just as by doubting we learn. Our failures educate a faculty in us; they take their place as instruments in our evolution; they do not leave us where they found us; they record themselves on our being as steps of progress and elevation, for there may be accomplished within us by failure something much more enduring and far more valuable than we obtain by any of the rewards of temporal success, for the reward of every right act is contained in itself, and its value is not increased in any degree by accidental or subsidiary additions. In the Chinese *Tao* of Chuang-tze, which contains a noble lesson of the worth of directness of purpose in life and conduct,

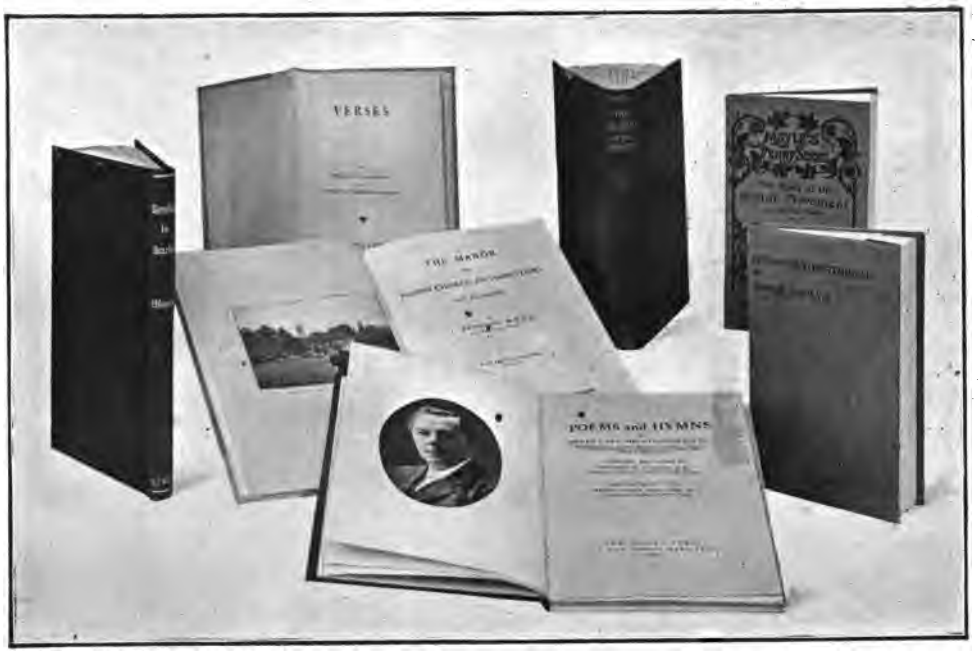
there is given a wholesome illustration of an independent and disinterested course of action in the instance of a famous archer, "who did well in hitting the mark, but ill in accepting praise for it." We must learn, whether we will or no. A higher and more desirable good is only gained by abandoning a lower one. Thus St. Paul said, "I die daily," and every such death was the commencement of a new life in a loftier state or condition. We fail in order that we may succeed. The narrow and oppressive creed of to-day must be superseded by the wider outlook and clearer illumination of to-morrow. The All-father lives and rules and acts, entirely uninfluenced by our views, just as the sun in itself is uninfluenced by the clouds that veil our atmosphere. The Divine Fatherhood once seen remains a fact for ever, whether perceived at a given moment or not. We must trust in growth, not in standing still; freely abandoning the transitive and intermediate for a more advanced manifestation of spiritual progress within us. The sincere searcher for truth will go fearlessly forward, undismayed by decaying modes and caducent forms, content to see his most cherished notions and opinions crumble and decline even before he can see the fuller light, on his upward way to a better evolution.

* "The Pilgrim of the Infinite," by William Davies, 2s. 6d. net.

In *Five Beads on a String*,* Mrs. Rhys gives us the tentative expression of such musings as are started in the quietness of thought, when a word or a chance memory seem to put one on the track of a discovery. In the first of these meditations, which is called "Eidola," the imperishable memories of the acts and appearances of a man are conceived as peopling the world with gentle ghosts, offspring of the man himself and of the minds that perceived and remembered him, each eidolan being some relation to its parents and yet living and sometimes persisting with a strange life of its own, with unpremeditated powers and ineluctible emanations. "The Squirrel on the Nut-tree" takes us again to the land of memories, which is so precious a possession of those whom pain or disability debars from active life, that land where "we can walk unwetted in the rain, untired on the longest way," that land of enchantment of which Heine wrote so wistfully, but which is free only to those who have abandoned craving. In "The Church Roof" is celebrated one of several wonderful Norfolk churches whose hammer-beams are peopled by an angelic host, and "The Daughters of the Green Bay Tree" is a gentle little sermon on the theme that women must eat of the tree of knowledge of evil as well as of good.

* "Five Beads on a String," 3d. net.

The "Poems and Hymns" of the late Professor Shuttleworth, the well-known rector of S. Nicholas Cole-Abbey, have just been issued under the editorship of the Rev. E. H. Koch; and Canon Scott-Holland has contributed a charming introduction. The poems of Henry Cary Shuttleworth reflect a fine and spiritual intelligence, and they are full of the sympathetic vitality of the author; he wrote his hymns from the heart and they spoke as directly to the hearts of others. As the writer in the *Guardian* recently expressed it, "the poems, even apart from their personal interest, are worth preserving, and in the more than pretty dedi-



cation to his wife, the line in which he very modestly depreciates their merit is enough itself to stamp him as a poet. He likens them to 'Dull water moving through a waste of grass.' Many of the poems have a flavour of Home; some are devotional, for Christmas and Easter; all are sunshiny. There is a fine war-song about Montrose, not unlike the 'Bonnie Dundee,' ballad."

* "Poems and Hymns," by H. C. Shuttleworth, 3s. 6d. net.

Verses,* by Mrs. Allhusen and Mrs. Robertson Glasgow, is a little book of short lyrical poems and songs which ring alternately with patriotism and homely tenderness. In them the less obtrusive side of the results of the Indian Mutiny and of the South African war are touched picturesquely; we see the human being in the midst of the great event itself. After these songs of the soldier and the exile, the homelier verses come. In "Twice Wounded," there is the subtle suggestion of a soul half released and then recalled, and "The Abbé Sicard," recalls to us that teacher of the deaf and dumb in Paris, who was guillotined during the Revolution. "Laborare est Orare," is a mother's plea to God in excuse for her prayers neglected in the bustle of a busy life.

* "Verses," by B. M. Allhusen and G. R. Glasgow, 1s. 6d. net.

THE PRIORY PRESS BOOKLETS, 3d. each net.

Thoughts from Amiel's "Journal Intime."
Thoughts from "The Layman's Breviary."
Selections from "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre."
Thoughts from Epictetus.
Thoughts from Marcus Aurelius.
Hope, by Robert F. Horton.
Thoughts from Goethe.
Selections from "Sartor Resartus."
Thoughts from Joubert.
Thoughts from Lacordaire.
Thoughts from Shelley in Prose and Verse.
Five Beads on a String, by Grace Rhys.
Readings from William Law.

"Think on living," was, so Emerson tells us, the chosen epitaph of a certain wise man. It is in the hope of conducing to such thought, that the *Priory Press Booklets*, consisting of selections from great thinkers and writers of all time is being issued. While passages from the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius to himself" have been chosen to pioneer the series, because he, though a Roman emperor, a man full of affairs, never forgot the supreme place that thought should occupy in all life. While regarding all man's natural cravings as legitimate, he nevertheless considered their satisfaction was lawful only when it did not involve any infringement of the universal good. Thus to him, as to Paul, while "all things were lawful, all things were not expedient." For this reason he lays much stress upon Man's Inner Self, that Self which, renouncing those individual passions and desires that isolate and divide man from his fellows, recognises that it can only fully realise itself when it enters into conscious harmony with all cosmic life. Through that Self man may

enter into communion with the Godhead; for in it God speaks to man, censuring or approving his every action.

* * * *

In his meditations Amiel clearly discerns and emphasises the lack among Western nations of soul-culture; he dwells upon the superiority of the East over the West in this respect, prophecying that unless meditation and contemplation have their place in man's life, progress will be but another name for retrogression. Religion is the one means by which this soul-culture is possible; thus man cannot live without religion; man cannot live without meditation; man cannot live without God, are Amiel's constant themes.

His most marked characteristic was an unquenchable love and reverence for Truth. So strong was this feeling that even in his lectures he purposely repressed himself and his views, in order to present to his students truth unembellished and unadorned; with the result that they remained wholly unattracted and untouched by his expositions. His own love of Truth was too intense for him to realise that others might not share it with him: he forgot that personal love and enthusiasm are often the mirror in which man first beholds Truth's marvellous beauty; it was when gazing into Beatrice's eyes, that Dante first saw God. Thus to many Amiel's life has seemed a failure. It is for the reader to decide, after reading these selections, whether Amiel did indeed live in vain.

* * * *

Carlyle's gospel to the world was, that only by accepting one's limitations could one become truly blessed. Man is not free in the sense that he is free from all law: he is free only as he obeys the law of his being. The able man, the true king of men, is he who can most clearly discern what that law is. Then, when once it has been declared, Carlyle held that all men should be made to conform to it; for in such obedience alone could they realise their truest welfare. He believed in the unity of all life, hence to him it seemed impossible that man was made for happiness, but rather for blessedness. This was because he had but a vague idea as to what constitutes happiness, it being to him synonymous with getting. But if we accept Amiel's definition, and regard it as the free development of the god within, independent of environment and all externals whatever, then happiness is only another name for blessedness, and stands for that deep abiding sense of peace which is the outcome of the knowledge that God is just, and that law, order and love are the absolute facts of existence. Such happiness may be the lot of all of us.

* * * *

It was Carlyle who did most to bring Goethe prominently before the English people; it was he who translated Wilhelm Meister into English, and it is from his translation that the following selections have been made. The book is a sketch of the development of man in all his endowments and faculties, gradually proceeding from the first rude exhibitions of puppets and mountebanks, through the perfection of poetic and dramatic art, up to the unfolding of the principle of religion, and the greatest of all arts, the art of life, and in these quotations we see typified

the best manner in which our youth may be trained, so that when the *Wanderjahre* arrives they may possess in themselves a sure guide that will never fail.

* * * *

Epictetus is chiefly concerned with the practical application of the ethics and theology of the Stoic philosophy; and our extracts are confined to these subjects. Epictetus virtually admits that his teaching is a counsel of perfection; he frequently utters bitter complaints against the Stoics whose philosophy is empty talk, belied by their conduct; and he does not himself profess to have attained to the ideal which he expounds.

* * * *

In the "Layman's Breviary" of Leopold Schefer, we find the spirit of pure optimism, under its two chief aspects of rapturous contemplation of the Divinity, and joyful acquiescence in the lot of man and the order of Nature.

* * * *

The peculiar beauty of Joubert is not in what is exclusively intellectual—it is in the union of soul with intellect. He is the most prepossessing and convincing of witnesses to the good of loving light, and his Thoughts, those emanations from his subtle and spiritual being, still shine for us with inextinguishable lustre.

* * * *

Those sayings from Goethe have been chosen which show him in his speculative mood, as the man who, like Plato's ideal philosopher, was "forever longing after the whole of things, both human and divine."

In this booklet will be found aphorisms from Professor Huxley's fine translation of the Essay on Nature, which few seem to know, and which Professor Huxley called "this wonderful rhapsody on 'Nature,' which has been a delight to me from my youth up."

* * * *

Emerson, more than any of the other great writers of the age is a Voice. He does not argue but he announces; he speaks when the Spirit moves him, and not longer. He would have been a light of the age of Buddha or of Solon, as well as of ours. Most of the extracts which are given as well as those from Shelley, were selected under the supervision of Dr. Richard Garnett. Those from Shelley are chiefly from his prose writings.

* * * *

Henri Lacordaire, one of the greatest of modern preachers and orators, won men to the truth by his eloquent reasoning. His voice was like a burning torch, and its flame penetrated into all minds and hearts. His life well fulfilled his own ideal of being, "strong as a diamond, more tender than a mother."

* * *

Dr. Horton in his preface tells us that the turning-point in William Law's teaching was his acquaintance with the writings of the German

mystic, Jacob Behmen. It produced a change in him not altogether unlike that which was produced in Wesley by his contact with the Moravian Böhler. The passages in this booklet are taken from *The Spirit of Prayer* and *The Spirit of Love*, works which followed this transformation, and they present a contrast to the earlier and better known work, *The Serious Call*. William Law is known to these two centuries of studious and devout readers mainly by *The Serious Call;* and rightly, for that is a work of literary genius, which ranks its author with the masters of Eighteenth Century prose.

If these later writings do not make the same claim to a place in English literature, they deserve even more fully a place in English religion, in the practical application of Christianity.

* * * *

THE PRIORY PRESS BOOKLETS are well printed on antique paper, and form dainty substitutes for the customary Christmas card. They can also be had in limp leather (1s. 6d. net), and in Japanese vellum (9d. net), bindings.

A DAINTY GIFT AT ANY TIME.

A case containing any six numbers of the ordinary edition, together with a beautiful hand-embroidered silk book cover (4s. 6d. net), makes a pretty little gift.*

* The Priory Press Booklets, **Threepence** each net.

Uniform with this series are two little anthologies of Christmas Hymns, Carols and Poems, selected from the writings of Luther, Th. à Kempis, Jeremy Taylor, Southwell, Ben Johnson, Bishop Hall, Wither, Shakespeare, Herrick, Vaughan, Watts, Hemans, Scott, Southey, C. Rossetti, Thring, Hawker, Phillips Brooks, Lowell, George Macdonald, Addington Symonds, Canon Wilton, H. C. Shuttleworth, Stopford Brooke, and others.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

If in thy dreams some vision haunt thy way,
  If in thy heart some hidden hope abide,
Too deep, too dear, to live in common day—
  God give thee joy of it this happy tide.

If in thy prayer some keener sense awaking,
  Shew thee glad angels on life's dark hillside,
Tell thee the Christ is born, the bright day breaking—
  God grant thee grace of it this holy tide.

H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH.

From *A Second Garland of Christmas Verse.*

* A Garland of Christmas Verse, 3d. net; A Second Garland of Christmas Verse, 3d. net. In leather binding, 1s. 6d. each, net; in Japanese vellum binding, 9d. each, net.

In reading Mrs. Glasgow's *Sketches in Scarlet*,* we feel, as the writer in the *Bookman* remarks, "that we have soldier-sketches written from the life—written with a pen dipped in sympathy, and that sympathy which comes from knowledge and experience. Every day affairs in a soldier's life, entirely understood and simply told, these are the things that make up the little book. Humour and pathos, the bare facts and the underlying emotions of joy and pain, the common lot of man which is often so uncommon to each individual man—the writer has grasped all this, and her words ring true."

* "Sketches in Scarlet," by Mrs. Glasgow, 1s. 6d. net.

The same writer has written two attractive and amusing little plays for amateurs, which, as they require but little scenery, and are easy to act, would do admirably for home or school, or charity entertainments. The *Burglar* contains parts for three women, two girls and two boys; *Mr. Vereker's At Home*,* of which the scene is an artist's studio, for a man, three women and a girl.

* "The Burglar" and "Mr. Vereker's At Home," by Mrs. Glasgow, 6d. net. each

In *Where Wild Birds Sing*, we are told in a series of monthly notes about the birds, insects and flowers that are to be found in the woods and fields and lanes and gardens of our country at all times and seasons of the year. The writer is evidently a true lover of nature, and his eyes have been trained to notice, not only the beauty of the June hedgrows, but Nature's slighter touches, the lichens on the grey bark of the oak tree, the silver threads of floating gossamer and the sheen of the dragon-fly's wings. The author in his preface says, he has tried "to make his records in the simplest possible manner." In a large measure he has succeeded, simply because his love of nature is quite spontaneous, and not simulated for literary effect, as it is in so much modern writing of the kind.

* "Where Wild Birds Sing," by James E. Whiting, 1s. net.

*A Prose Poet of Childhood** is a little volume of selections from Richter, compiled by Mrs. Sharman. All who are interested in the education of children, will find valuable suggestions in the ideas contributed to the subject by the great German poet and philosopher. Richter rightly views education as the development of strong and beautiful character, and lays the duty of watching and keeping its growth where it ought to lie, with the parents. In his opinion, the cultivation of individual character eclipses the mere acquisition of knowledge, although upon this point also he has much to say. Few men have possessed such insight into the workings of a child's thought and feelings, and perhaps fewer still have deemed the study worthy of all the care that can be bestowed upon it. Philosophic thought poetically expressed, practical hints glowing with the rainbow hues of imagination, and a mingling of humour and pathos truly characteristic are to be found in "Levana" and the Autobiography of Jean Paul Richter.

* "A Prose Poet of Childhood," by K. B. Sharman, 1s. net.

Sir Samuel Wilks has re-published in pamphlet form three lectures delivered before the Hampstead Scientific Society. *The Relation of Science to Art in Reference to Taste and Beauty**—*Spirals*—*Ambidexterity*. The subject of the first lecture is a large one on which much could be said on many sides and it is inconceivable that any two people would agree on all the questions which might arise out of it. Sir Samuel Wilks deals with a very popular subject of dispute when he discusses the relation which exists between the utility and the beauty of buildings. He does not agree with Ruskin in disliking the London Terminus of the Midland Railway Company, which, "being Gothic, suggests an ecclesiastical edifice." He discusses the perennial question as to whether there is a standard of beauty existing in the human mind and he favours the negative view on the ground that the Hottentot and the Greek ideals are not identical, and quotes Ruskin's opinion that "why we receive pleasure from some forms and colours and not from others is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar or dislike wormwood."

* "The Relation of Science to Art in reference to Taste and Beauty," by Sir Samuel Wilks, Bt., 6d. net.

The writer tells us that his early interest in the subject of *Spirals** was owing to his intercourse with his old colleague James Hinton, widely known as the author of a little book styled the *Mystery of Pain*. Hinton contributed several articles on "Life and Nature," to the *Cornhill*, then under the editorship of Thackeray. In one of these he wrote the following lines:—"The most superficial glance reveals a spiral tendency as a general characteristic both of the vegetable and animal creation, but a minute examination traces it in every detail. An evidently spiral construction is manifest from the lowest rudiments of life upwards through every organ of the highest and most complex animal. The beautiful spiral form of the branches of many trees and of the shells which adorn the coast, are striking examples merely of a universal law. The spiral is the direction a body moving under resistance ever tends to take. Growth under resistance is the chief cause of the spiral form assumed by living things. The formation of the heart also is an interesting illustration of the law of spiral growth." This was the idea expressed by Hinton many years ago, and is the text of the lecture. There is an interesting drawing showing the close likeness of the human brain to the walnut, first pointed out by Cowley in the time of Charles II. Other illustrations show Hogarth's Curve of Beauty, the Spiral Pump of Archimedes, and the Human Heart.

* "Spirals," by the same writer, 6d. net.

The lecture on *Ambidexterity** points out in a most lucid manner the limitations of the use of the left hand and exposes the fallacy of the belief that true ambidexterity simply consists in teaching the left hand to copy slavishly movements which have been acquired by the right. The author points out that the left hand is not an exact copy of the right and the natural writing for the left hand is "mirror writing," the thread of a screw intended to be driven in by the left hand should be the reverse of that intended for the right, and so forth. Hence it follows that to train

the left hand to copy the writing of the right cannot be the foundations of ambidexterity as some maintain but is based on an ignorance of anatomical details. Sir Samuel Wilks does not discourage the training of the left hand, but he does urge that the left hand should be trained to do on the left side of the body *similar* things to those performed on the other side by the right. To do this it will naturally move in the reverse direction to that taken by the right hand.

* "Ambidexterity," by the same author, 3d. net.

Under the title of *The Relation of Man to the Animal World*, Sir Samuel Wilks has republished an address which he delivered at the Church Congress at Folkestone, a few years ago. The writer endeavours to bring before the reader what our actual position is as a nation towards the lower kingdom of animals; and to show how very little the majority of people have considered this wider question of our relation to all animals generally.

* "The Relation of Man to the Animal World," 1s. net.

The Secret of the Universe and other Essays,* are merely attempts to indicate the lines along which future thought should progress; they aim at being suggestive rather than conclusive in the ideas they formulate, and are published in the hope of stimulating man's individual thought upon the deep problems that underlie existence. The basis of their thought is evolution, with all its magnificent possibilities: evolution, however, regarded from a philosophic, as well as from a scientific standpoint.

"Men grow too great
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good: while peace
Rises within them ever more and more."

—BROWNING.

* "The Secret of the Universe and other Essays." 3s. 6d. net.

A HELPFUL LITTLE BOOK.

Hope,* is the title of a little book by Dr. Horton, in which the writer speaks "to the prisoners of hope," having himself lodged some time in the dungeon of despondency. For Hope dwells in dungeons rather than in palaces, and her speech is for the sorrowful rather than for the joyful, and her music is more allied to the dirge than to the pæan.

* "Hope," by Robert F. Horton, 3d. net.

In introducing to children and their friends a popular re-issue of *Happy Hours for Children, or, The Parents' Cabinet*,* Miss Constance Hill writes that:—

The idea of such a publication was first started by my mother, Mrs. Frederic Hill, then Miss Martha Cowper. Her plan, and that of her co-adjutors, was to combine, in each volume, writings upon a variety of subjects suited to the different ages and differing tastes of the members of a young family.

Several generations of such readers have proved by their enjoyment of fresh editions of the work that its purpose has been successfully carried out.

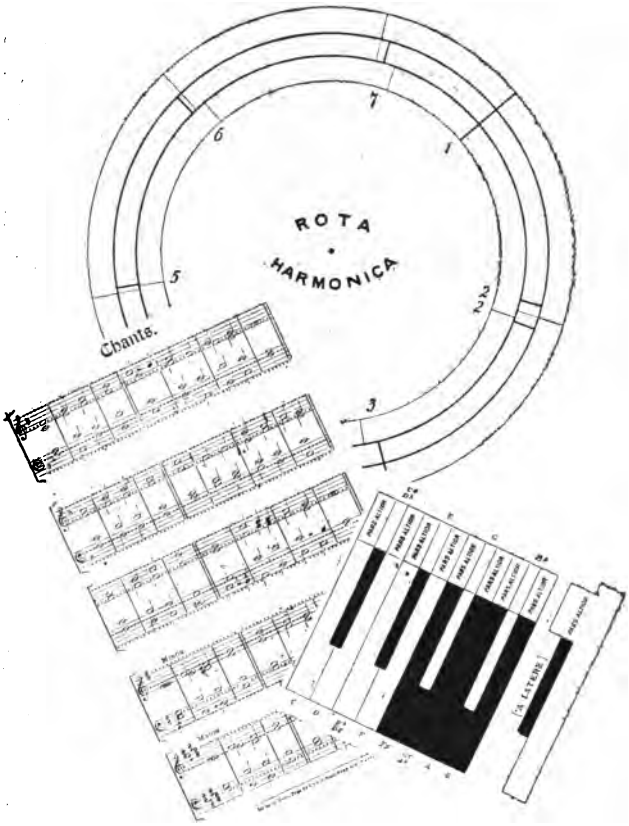
Many children have been inspired with a love of mechanics, and have made articles described in the writings on that subject. Others have been taught to observe Nature, and even in earliest childhood to comprehend some of her wonders; while all have found entertainment in the tales and biographies.

Happily the ideas started by the authors of this work have been adopted to a great extent in recent years, as is shown by a more enlightened manner of teaching children than was formerly in vogue. Object lessons of all kinds are being introduced into our schools to give clear ideas and to open up paths in which the child himself may delight to push forward. But these instructions are specially connected with the desk and the teacher, whereas "Happy Hours for Children, or, the Parents' Cabinet," is essentially a book for home and holiday.

* "Happy Hours for Children," price 3s. 6d. net, for the set, which comprises six crown octavo volumes.

In *De Urbibus* (3d.) the author makes a vigorous protest against the modern craze for straight wide roads, and by means of diagrams shows the superiority of a "honeycomb" to a "chessboard" pattern. Several reasons are adduced in support of a narrower type of road than finds favour with the authorities that nowadays regulate such matters. The paper concludes with a strong appeal for limitation of cities in the matter of size, and enforced preservation of the country immediately round a town. The same idea of "country *versus* town" is illustrated in a short allegory by the same author, entitled *The Island* (1d.) In neither of these papers are the suggestions, whether made or implied, of a revolutionary character; and the same moderation and mistrust of *drastic* changes is shown in the little paper entitled *The Shilling, the Foot, and the Pound* (1d.) which is in effect an earnest appeal against the introduction of the Metric System, and an expression of doubt as to the practical advantages of *any* Decimal system; though certain simplifications are at the same time suggested. The recent Esperanto Congress at Cambridge drew from the author of the above papers, a pamphlet on *Modern Latin* (4d.) in which the possibilities of the classical language as a medium of international communication are carefully examined. The conclusion arrived at is that a simplified post-classical Latin is eminently suited for the purpose required, owing to the wide spread study of Roman literature and the absence of any possible international jealousy.

Lastly, we may refer to the booklet entitled *Rota Harmonica* (6d.) in which the physical relations underlying the Harmonic Scale, are discussed in a clear and popular manner, and exhibited in a convenient graphical form. An interesting feature is a page of ordinary music, *with the key-note indicated throughout*, which music has been set up in and printed from the usual type. A further attempt to simplify music takes the form of a novel and interesting keyboard, very similar to the existing one, and (we are assured) much easier to play upon owing to the fact that only *three* key-forms require to be learnt.



"Schema Declinationum Conjugationumque Latinarum," being the Inflections of the Latin Declensions and Conjugations tabularly arranged, with illustrative examples for repetition. This is specially adapted for use in schools, in conjunction with an ordinary grammar. It is in a limp cloth cover, and the price is fourpence net.

Dr. Horton has written three little books; in the first of these, he speaks to us of Purity, Love, Unselfishness and Discipline, which he describes as being the four pillars which bear up the home; in the second he tells about the Admiration of Success, of Success which is Failure, and of Failure which is Success; in the third he describes Living together, Living together in the Family, and Living together as Husband and Wife.

* "The Four Pillars of the Home," by Dr. Horton, 6d. net.
"Success and Failure," by Dr. Horton, 6d. net
"On Living Together," by Dr. Horton, 6d. net.

MAYLE'S PENNY SERIES.

In 1856 Fitzgerald first saw a MS. of Omar Khayyám, the astronomer poet of Persia, and recognising the beauty of the verses he issued his translation of them in 1859, and it is through this version that most people will probably make their acquaintance. FitzGerald was long in coming into recognition, even after Meredith, Tennyson, Swinburne and Rossetti had joined in his praise.

But few poems have been more widely read during the past few years. This little penny reprint contains a Persian-English vocabulary, which should be of considerable use to those who possess copies of this poem, for such a vocabulary is not to be found in the more expensive editions published in this country.

The second number of this series is *The Story of the Bahai Movement*, by Sydney Sprague. The distinct claim of the Bahai Faith is that the Eternal Word has manifested itself to the world in our day in the person of Baha Ullah, and that the Logos speaking through him, is giving new spiritual life to the people through the power of the creative word.

Hidden Words from the Arabic, was probably written by the Founder of the Bahai Movement during his imprisonment at Akka. It has been termed by some the Bahai Gospel, by others the Bhagavad Gita of the Bahais. It is presented as the third number of the penny series.

The Story of Hampstead, traces its growth from a Saxon village of of sixty souls to a borough with a population of over 80,000. It is issued at One Penny, and illustrated with reproductions from scarce old engravings.

The Rosslyn Hill Sermons now in course of publication, are being issued every month. The first number was issued in January, 1908. The price is One Penny monthly.

I. The Mystery of Sorrow.
II. The Alchemy of Sacrifice.
III. A Free Catholic Church.
IV. The Sense of Sin.

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Before Hampstead was swallowed up in Greater London, that is to say, before the latter part of the nineteenth century, the old village of Hampstead and its surroundings had a character of their own. Ever since that *feckless* King James I. came to the throne of England, Londoners used to come to Hampstead in search of summer qaarters, or a long summer holiday. Retired tradesmen who desired to end their days in pure air amid rural scenes, settled there; patients came to drink the waters of the once famous wells; and rich lawyers spent their hard-earned leisure in the shady gardens which lay on the outskirts of the village. From the time of Pope and Gay Hampstead became a favourite resort of authors, actors, and divines; the artists who made Hampstead famous came somewhat later. But the continuous history of the place does not centre round any of these groups; it is to be sought in the history of the Manor and the Parish Church. The Manor belonged to the monks of S. Peter, Westminster; the Parish Church was their creation; and both Manor and Church were in the charge of the Prior of the Abbey. The records which the monks have left throw much light on the economic and social condition of a rural village near a great metropolis in the Middle Ages. After the Reformation the interest becomes more personal; it turns largely on the lives of the lords of the Manor, notable personages, whose fortunes were intimately connected with the history of the place; and the lives of the vicars, who were men representative of their age, leaders of the local society, and closely connected with the village life. We have many types, from the vigorous Tory High Churchman of Queen Anne's day, Dr. Warren, who bullied schoolboys and dissenters with equal gusto, to Dr. Ainger of early Victorian times, the model of a pious and energetic Evangelical. We have too the Parish Clerk, frequently somnolent, who disturbed the congregation by his irrelevant "Amens." Park, the historian of Hampstead, was imperfectly acquainted with the early history of both Church and Manor; and it has been worked out for the first time by Mr. J. Kennedy, from the Westminster Abbey archives, in his recently published work, "The Manor and Parish Church of Hampstead and its Vicars." * The post-Reformation history also is given more more fully than in any previous work; and in subordination to the history of the Manor, of the Church, and of the Vicars, the history of the village itself is sketched in for a background.

* "The Manor and Parish Church of Hampstead and its Vicars," by J. Kennedy, illustrated, with portraits, views and maps, 4s. net.