

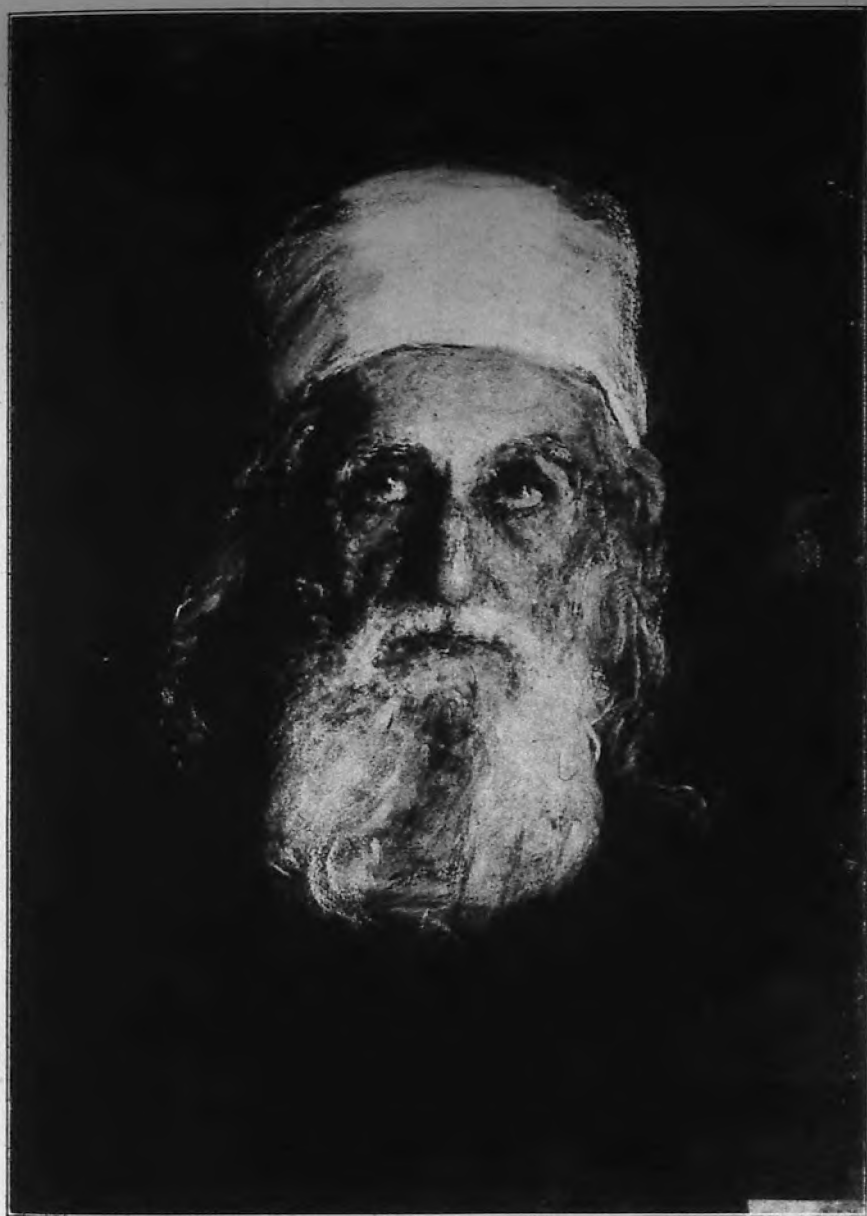
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REALITY

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G. J. R.
Mrs. Harrison W. Sykes
Feb. 26, 1920.



ABDUL BAHA
The Servant of God

IN offering this little pamphlet to the Public — with its great Spiritual and Human Feeling — I am fulfilling part of my debt of gratitude to the Bahai Revelation for the reconstruction of my own life — and if it takes its Message to any hungry heart — then it has succeeded in its Mission.

THE EDITOR.

BLESSED is he who is charitable for he shall inherit
Eternal Life.

Blessed is he who overlooks the faults of others for he shall
enjoy Divine Beatitude.

Blessed is he who associates with all with joy and fragrance
for he has obeyed the commands of BAHÁ'O'LLAH.

Blessed is he who is kind to his enemies for he has walked
in the footsteps of Christ.

Blessed is he who proclaims the doctrine of Spiritual Brother-
hood for he shall be the Child of Light.

Blessed is he whose heart is tender and compassionate for
he will throw stones at no one.

Blessed is he who will speak evil of no one for he hath at-
tained to the good pleasure of the Lord.

Blessed is he who will not uncover the sins of others for he
will become favored at the Threshold of the Almighty.

Blessed is he who hath a forgiving nature for he will win
the spiritual graces of God.

Blessed is he who diffuses only the sweet fragrance of the
flowers of friendship and mutual association for he will obtain
a goodly portion of the bounties of the Merciful.

Blessed is he who teaches union and concord for he will
shine like unto a star in heaven.

Blessed is he who practices loving kindness and co-operation
for he will be encircled with celestial benediction.

Blessed is he who comforts the downtrodden for he will be
the friend of God.

—Words of ABDUL-BAHA.

1833/VII/30

A Late Letter From Abdul Baha.

To His Honor
David Buchanan,
Portland, Oregon.

Upon him be Baha'o'llah el Abha!

HE IS GOD!

O thou who are turning thy face to the Kingdom of GOD!

Thy letter dated Dec. 2nd, 1918, was received. Altho the representatives of various governments are assembled in Paris, in order to lay the foundations of Universal Peace, and thus bestow rest and comfort upon the world of humanity, yet misunderstanding among some individuals is still predominant and self-interest still prevails.

In such an atmosphere Universal Peace will not be practicable; nay rather, fresh difficulties will arise. This is because interests are conflicting and aims are at variance.

We pray and beseech at the Divine Threshold and beg for the world of humanity, rest and composure. For Universal Peace will not be brought about thru human power, and shall not shine in full splendor unless this weighty and important matter shall be realized thru the Word of GOD, and be made to shine forth thru the influence of the Kingdom of GOD.

Eventually it shall be thoroly established thru the power of Baha'o'llah.

Verily, his honor, President Wilson, is self-sacrificing in this path and is striving heart and soul, with perfect good will in the world of humanity.

Similarly the equitable government of Great Britain is expending a great deal of effort.

Undoubtedly the general condition of the people and the state of small oppressed nations will not remain as before. Justice and right shall be fortified, but the establishment of Universal Peace will be realized fully only thru the Power of the Word of GOD.

(Signed) ABDUL BAHHA ABBAS.

To Live The Life Is—

To be no cause of grief to any one.

To be kind of all people and to love them with a pure spirit.

Should opposition or injury happen to us, to bear it, to be as kind as ever we can be, and through all, to love the people. Should calamity exist in the greatest degree, to rejoice, for these things are the gifts and favors of God.

To be silent concerning the faults of others, to pray for them, and to help them, through kindness, to correct their faults.

To look always at the good and not at the bad. If a man has ten good qualities and one bad one, look at the ten and forget the one. And if a man has ten bad qualities and one good one, to look at the one and forget the ten.

Never to allow ourselves to speak one unkind word about another, even though that other be our enemy.

To do all our deeds in kindness.

To cut our hearts from ourselves and from the world.

To be humble.

To be servants of each other, and to know that we are less than any one else.

To be as one soul in many bodies; for the more we love each other, the nearer we shall be to God; but to know that our love, our unity, our obedience must not be by confession, but of reality.

To act with cautiousness and wisdom.

To be truthful.

To be hospitable.

To be reverent.

To be a cause of healing for every sick one, a comforter for every sorrowful one, a pleasant water for every thirsty one, a heavenly table for every hungry one, a star to every horizon, a light for every lamp, a herald to every one who yearns for the kingdom of God.

—ABDUL BAHA.

An Incident of the Capture of Haifa and How They Found Abdul Baha

As told by his Secretary Mirza Ahmad Sohrab.

There is to be held in New York, April 26—30 inclusive, at the Hotel McAlpin a convention of these people who call themselves Bahais whose greeting is "Alaho Abha." They are followers of the Persian Prophet Abdul Baha.

This is interesting from the fact that several months ago Abdul Baha and his followers were found alive and in good health by the British upon their occupation and capture of Haifa, Syria.

The capture of Acca was most dramatic and inspiring, as the taking of Acca and Haifa were the most brilliant and spectacular of the Holy Land campaign.

There is a small chain of mountains just back of these towns and upon the other side lies an extensive plain. The British occupied the plain and directed a bombardment over the mountains which lasted for a number of days. Then without a moment's warning fifteen thousand British cavalry composed mostly of Colonial and Indian horsemen charged through the passes, split into three columns and each yelling his own battle cry surrounded the two cities, broke up into smaller columns and entered through every street.

This was accomplished with such promptness that though the Turks had their horses ready for instant flight, over a thousand were captured. It seems that, prior to this, all the division Commanders had been instructed that, immediately upon occupation, Abdul Baha was to be found at once and that he and all his followers were to be placed under the protection of the British Flag.

When the Commanding General arrived at the house of Abdul Baha, he found the venerable prophet serene and undisturbed—the General's greeting was "Alaha Abha"—for he was a Bahai.

TO THE EDITOR OF REALITY

Your publication "Reality" designed to be another "voice crying in the wilderness", will, I am sure meet with a hearty response by the seekers of Light, and the Pilgrims who have lost their way.

May its columns be alive with the words of Baha'o'llah and Abdul-Baha!

That Sun of Reality,, Baha'o'llah has indeed risen, heralading the day of Life, of bestowal, of deeds. It will illumine and direct the world of motive, enlighten the sphere of thought, and shed its rays of the love of God upon action.

This Sun of Reality has risen at the appointed time, that time foretold by all the prophets. No night will follow its rising. "But it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord not day nor night but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light."

This Sun of Reality will illumine the West and the East, and will shine eternally from the meridian of its glory. Its rays are the fire of the love of God, that pure alchemical fire that will refine and purify the hearts of humanity. Through knowledge and the understanding of wisdom it will adorn the right hand of the West and the East with the mystery of the spirit of the Brotherhood of Man, that will fulfill the purpose of God and His creation.

Verily His greatest harmony is in His greatest diversity!

A. N. N. C.

Reality

By *Isabel Fraser Chamberlain.*

The word "reality" is on the tongues of men.

The great reality of this age is the teaching of Baha'o'llah. Who is Baha'o'llah?

In the last century the reality of all things has been uncovered.

There appeared on earth three great beings—The Bab or

Herald—Baha'o'llah or Glory of God—Abdul Baha or Station of Servitude.

The Bab foretold the coming of one through whom all nations and peoples of the earth would be united.

Baha'o'llah came as prophesied and proclaimed the law for the age of peace.

Abdul Baha is the expounder of the law.

Verily this is the fulfillment of all the prophecies in all the Holy Books.

Abdul Baha in addressing the sons of men declares that "The Hosts of the Kingdom of Abha are drawn up in battle array on the plane of the supreme apex and are expecting that a band of volunteers step upon the field of action with the intention of service so that they may assist that band and make it victorious and triumphant."

Prayer When Assuming Daily Duties

He is the Exalted and Truthful!

I have come to this day, O my God, by Thy Generosity, and I depart from the house, depending upon Thee and delivering my affairs unto Thee.

Send down upon me from the heavens of Thy Mercy a special blessing from Thy Presence: Then bring me back in peace and righteousness, as Thou hast sent me forth.

There is no God but Thee! Thou art the One of Knowledge and Wisdom!

I ask Thee, O Ruler of existence and Beloved of all who are in the world of creation, to assist me in all conditions, that I may advance toward the Goal of Thy Command, and that I may ever show forth Thy Love among Thy creatures: Then grant me, through Thy Bounty, that which will benefit me in this world and in the world to come. Thou art the Almighty, the Supreme, the Precious, the Powerful!

—From HIDDEN WORDS.

THE SIXTH SENSE.

After sight, hearing and taste, after touch and smell—after or before the five senses—inscrutably the sixth sense reigns. No man but is dominated by its power. It is the image we feel ever behind our own when we gaze into the mirror of consciousness, the image that never stands revealed because we ourselves are in the way. It is the shadow of the knower falling upon and destroying knowledge. It is the recoiling ecstasy of remorse, those wings feathered black and gold. It is the calm majestic recession of triumph, like the flowing of waters or the drawing of curtains, by which the mind learns the futility of all desire save the desire to be. It invokes the most sensitive element in us all, whether memory or hope, will or desire, fear or love, bringing by whatever means are available an awareness of a beyond, an outside, less of place than of self; an awareness not so much knowledge as compulsion, like the irresistible on-thrust of time. Like sleep it comes and goes—present, it is most absent; absent, nearest at hand. Superior intelligence can more closely seize its apprehension, though thought cannot bid it come. Virtue can refine its influence and effect, though even love may not encompass its flight. It levels all experience as the sun levels the hills. It levels all experience by the suggestion, the promise or the threat, of one imminent experience infinitely different and supreme. Before that imminence, whatever life has been seems the shadow of nonbeing, poetry written upon water, motherhood expended for a doll. The sixth sense in men is the sense of mystery.

All motive, whether primal instinct or intellectualized conviction, flows into our personal apprehension of mystery as streams flow into the sea. It gathers every experience into its own invisible deep. Experience enacts itself for each life within a landscape friendly or ominous as each life's contact with mystery has descried. In the sense of mystery our values take their essence and their form. For some, its light turns things evil to good. For some, its darkness turns things good to evil. The sincere witness, cross-examining himself, will testify at last one thing only; the nature of that vision he had when the world of the five senses withdrew, the sixth sense compelling. The sincere witness is he who finds himself beyond the range of word or sign.

But where words and signs dominate, the mystery with-

drawn, they divide conviction as the seasons divide the year. For the sense of mystery leaves behind among men two different impressions, by which men are stationed more truly than by mind or hand or blood. There comes from old the witness of the mystery of dice—blind chance, without meaning, without interpretation, without response. More than half the symbols by which the race has recorded its spiritual landscapes could be expressed by the gambler's apparatus. As the dice fall, so the day and the man. As the dice fall, so the days and mankind. The high and the low of earth alike wait helpless before the revolving wheel. Rewards and penalties are various, but chance is one. Illusion has many veils, but reality is one. Go to the end of your own tether—but none can ever break the invisible cord. Freedom—that is the subtlest illusion of them all. And why not? The stars ride above all, the fatal stars, themselves haphazard flung within the nothingness of space. The king's robe, brodered with knowledge and dream—the king's robe, too, covers a prisoner's chain.

Across the watershed, where experience flows the, opposite way, mystery from of old takes to itself another form. To the child, music is mysterious, yet music can be learned. To the savage, mathematics are mysterious, yet from savages mathematics slowly, gradually came. And so it is that although war follows war, and famine on famine feeds, and the world's increasing control of nature is only matched by its increasing recklessness of life, yet those in whom the sense of mystery has registered not as chance but as the attainable unattained—those meet the argument of fact with hopeful insistence, relying upon a truth for which no reality avails. And as science shifts its attack from the emptiness of space to the mechanics of heredity, these still faithful to their vision admit even their own pre-natal inferiority but exult in a superiority that knows nor birth nor death. Let life be chemistry, if it must, yet the seething caldron of consciousness has for some at least set free an element with which they feel themselves familiar to an eternal God.

Impression cannot be matched against impression, for all are equal in the democracy of truth. It is through its alliance with external fact that impression acquires currency and value. And so the two opposed intuitions have, throughout the ages of speculation, attached themselves to the universe of sense and event, brooding over it, drawing near and nearer then far and farther away, constantly changing their perspective in the effort to set claim to one more weapon in the clash of minds. Now if a man sees a pattern before him in a dim light, he will believe

the pattern is upon the wall. But if he turns about, now to one side, now to another, and still sees the same pattern, he must realize that the pattern is not of the wall but of his own spectacles. The test is whether the pattern moves with his moving, or remains motionless in one place. But the philosophies elaborated to justify intuition move constantly as experience moves. And thus since the sense of mystery accompanies thought and emotion to their farthest bound, both in the devotee of chance and in the believer of spiritual truth, we know that neither philosophy had its origin nor its justification in outer fact, but each alike derives inevitably from the quality of the consciousness to which it is habitual. There is but one justifiable form in which the everlasting debate may be discussed: whether consciousness itself, in its essence, is a mechanical or a spiritual thing.

And it is no slight, unimportant furtherance of inquiry to come to feel that the inquiry stands upon this particular ground. For the external world of space and event has ever favored a belief in chance as the essence of fate. To search a lifetime throughout matters external is to become at last part of their restless movement and actuality. It is to lose the sensitive discrimination testing the qualities of experience by the recollection of faith—by the recollection that faith once justified itself to the inner guardian—and accept a standard for things offered by the things themselves. It is a fact that the mystery of chance as dominating the world never came from the depths of life, but is the glittering surface of concrete things and events permitted all too unwisely to blind the lustful eye. It is a fact that while two opposite mysteries seem unalterably opposed, there is but one mystery to which illusion itself opposes. But there is a gradual transition from the sense of mystery to the sense of illusion: seemingly mysterious, a transition so gradual that any one consciousness may pass over without awareness of the fact. It is a transition downward, a subtle degradation of vital energy into destructive motion—motion, which, once released, never can of itself be raised to that height of energy again. So to accept the debate upon the grounds of truth as truth is presented by the universe is for the spiritual to lose their entire claim. It is even more—they join themselves, unwittingly, to their enemies and make a hostile cause their own.

If we draw closely to the debate as it has gone on from school to school, we perceive very readily that the *force* behind each argument can be measured in terms of a certain condition in social development. It is more particularly when the individual mind is surrounded by a great accumulation of treasure—when

its own capacity seems weak in comparison with its inherited knowledge—that the doctrine of chance becomes generally acceptable. The universe, and consciousness itself, become apparently mechanical and devoid of spiritual claim precisely when consciousness tends least to exert its own innate power. As a merely passive force employed to register an abundant inheritance of art, philosophy and experience, the soul actually comes to justify the mechanical theory. As society grows in institutions, the soul diminishes by functions. It witnesses power all about itself, and the spectacle overawes its own instincts. Then the soul is caught up into the restless movement of mechanical things, and the only record it leaves behind is the record of aimless wandering abroad for a happiness and a peace it left unrecognized at home.

For all knowledge and all art, yes all wealth too, originally came from active functions of the soul. The soul dismayed at the world is dismayed at its own creation. For the soul gave these things of its own abundance to the world; the world never gave one thing to the soul. The world is a dry desert filled only from the overflow of the soul. It is in this desert that so many are walking, walking, each with his cup which never can be filled save with the bitterness of salt; an eternal spring all unknown flowing in the depths of his own heart. Before him rises a mirage which day after day he pursues, past the bodies of the dead, until he too lies down wearily among them, dying. The glitter of the world is the glitter of a mirror, bright by the sheer perfection of its own nothingness.

"I have created thee rich, why hast thou made thyself poor? Noble have I crowned thee, why hast thou degraded thyself?"

As the soul subsides within itself, like a flame to ashes, the presence of God grows incredible and remote. For God is to the soul as heat is to the flame, and the only "proof" of God is His possession. God does not inhabit the world of chance; His law does not control that world; His traces are absent from it. The world of chance derives from men's own experience of darkness and cold. To escape that world, and enter the world where God is, one must rekindle the flame. This is of the essence of spiritual experience: that the realization of soul is identical with the realization of God.

But there is a characteristic condition of society, also, when the soul comes into its own. From time to time strange forces blow across the world of minds, as winds blow across the wheat. And before these forces men bow and are bent, even while they

cannot perceive whence the forces come. For a new experience enters the mind by the most accesible door—and the mind judges it by comparsion with the experience entering most often the same way. It is only by standing outside the personal attitude, and estimating the force historically, that one can perceive that behind the force whose influence begot confidence in the soul—confidence *to be*—invariably a Messenger stood. Invariably it has been the Message that inspired the soul. It is the Message that awakens the soul to itself, as the lover awakens the unconscious heart of a girl. Being is a gift from without, not an attainment from within.

The sense of mystery in life is a harkening to the Messenger's footsteps; the footsteps that echoed away long since, but surely to return.

—HORACE HOLLEY.

The following are from the Persian "Hidden Words"

O MY SON!

The Company of the wicked increaseth sorrow, and the fellowship of the righteous removeth the rust of the mind. He who desires to associate with God, let him associate with His Beloved; and he who desires to hear the word of God, let him hear the words of His chosen ones.

O FRIENDS!

Truly I say — all that ye have concealed in your hearts, is clear to Us, clear, manifest and open as the day; but the cause of concealment is from Our Generosity and Mercy, not from your merit.

O SONS OF ADAM!

"The good word" and pure and holy deeds ascend to the glorious Heaven of Oneness. Strive that thy deeds may be cleansed from the dust of hypocrisy and from the turbidness of self and passion, and thus enter the glorious Presence of Acceptance. For soon the Assayers of Existence, in the portico of the Presence of the Worshipped One, shall accept naught except pure deeds. This is the Sun of Wisdom and Significances which has dawned from the horizon of the Mouth of the Divine Will. Blessed are they who advance.

THE STEPPING STONE

THAT GATHERS NO MOSS

Trials are stepping stones unless we make them stumbling blocks.

Some seven months ago was the above sign engrossed in golden letters on the show window of a modest store, No. 203 East 9th Street, New York City.

Some thirty days ago a similar sign went up at No. 44, Bowery, about twenty blocks away, close to Chinatown and the "Tin-Pan Market", between Bayard and Canal Street.

Poor Men's Clubs are they, wherein material and spiritual food is served night and day with Bahai 'love and fragrance'.

Born in **Loving Service**, their household desires to remain unknown except as the "Servants of the Servants". Their founder craves but for the station of "The Shepherd's Dog at the Shepherd's Feet".

These are stepping stones in fact as well as in name, helping men to step from the lowest of earth's strata to the highest of heaven's realms.

Following the example of the Master, the hungry are first fed wholesome material food 'ere they list' to the spiritual harmonies.

Strict vegetarianism is practiced. Neither are coffee, tea, nor condiments, served. Smoking is absolutely prohibited.

Bahai meetings are held in the evening, bringing together the most cosmopolitan of people from all parts of the city, particularly from the East Side.

The Message has been delivered to thousands of eager listeners of all creeds, races and stations, who in turn sow the seed in all parts of the city and country.

In co-operation with Joe Justice — "Joe the Jew", — material and spiritual food has been delivered every Wednesday night at the Midnight Mission, of the Rescue Society, at No. 5 Doyers Street, Chinatown, and in co-operation with John Carroll, at the All-Night Mission, every Friday night. About 10,000 men were thus fed. The very best of vocal and instrumental music was also furnished by Bahai friends.

By invitation of Dr. Hallimond, the Sixth Anniversary of the visit of Abdul Baha at the Bowery Mission was held at that Mission, on April 19th, 1918, and the Twelve Basic Bahai Prin-

ciples have since been presented there, at monthly meetings, by Bahai friends, together with excellent music.

In connection with the "Bread-line", spontaneously organized at the two Stepping Stones, thousands have been fed. In all, about 35,000 people have been freely provided with food, about 3,000 with lodging, and hundreds helped along to positions. Through securing work for the "Breadliners," the backbone of the "Breadline" has been broken and both suffering and danger averted.

Some of the Bahai friends have come forward with both service and financial help, and are now paying the rent of the original Stepping Stone, on Ninth Street, contributing to its furnishing and decorating, as well as helping to furnish and support the Bahai Home, now being organized at No. 12 Stuyvesant Street, just across the way, where aged working-women will find lodging amidst loving service.

And what inspired all this—the following passages of the Hidden Words:

The poor among ye are My trust. Therefore guard My Trust, and be not wholly occupied with your own ease.

Guidance hath ever been by words, but at this time, it is by deeds. That is, all pure deeds must appear from the temple of man, because all are partners in words, but pure and holy deeds belong especially to Our friends. Then strive with your life to be distinguished among all people by deeds: Thus We exhort ye in the holy and radiant Tablet.

These Stepping Stones are simply the Glad Tidings announced by the Master in a Tablet addressed "To the Assembled Friends in the Bowery Mission", April 5th, 1913, in which he said:

Glad tidings be unto you, for the Doors of the Kingdom of God are open before your faces and the Glances of the eyes of Mercifulness have encircled you.

The noble soul inspired to do this Great Work is Urbain Ledoux — whose name is on the lips of thousands who have heard of his Mission and whose image is engraved in loving remembrance of kindness, sympathy and helpfulness on hundreds of hearts

(Editor's note.)

From A Worl ding

The Hope of the Multitude is in the Spiritual Education of the Individual.

WHAT IS A BAHAI?

He is the richest man on Earth—his Heaven is Here and Now—his home is the World—he can not be lonely—for every man is his Brother—he cannot be sad for the Joy of Knowledge is his—he can not be poor for the Treasury of God is open to him—he cannot worry for his hand is in the Hand of the Great Protector.

A woman once told me she thought every one had a soul save a plumber—she did not stop to think that much of the refinement and exquisiteness of life comes from the work of a plumber.

If you worry too much to-day you won't live to worry to-morrow.

If you love enough and have faith enough in the Greatest Love of All you can change your own condition and the condition of the World.

Man struggles to amass a fortune—so he may "take it easy."—The greatest slave on earth is the man who has to take care of millions.

Lust is like the tiger brought in its infancy from the jungle—it is sweet and playful at first—but bye and bye it turns and rends you.

Hurry up and do a great work for Humanity—millionaires are dying every day and taking nothing with them—if you help the needy you will take their prayers, and if you don't think they are any good now you will when you "cross over."

The quest for a new sensation is the most boring thing in the world—try helping others for a while and being good,—It's really delightful.

— WANDEYNE.

Eleventh Annual Mashreck El Askar Bahai Congress

AND

Feast Of El-Rizwan

HOTEL McALPIN — NEW YORK CITY

April 26—30, 1919.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26th.

5 P. M. Reception in Congress Hall to all the friends.

6 P. M. Feast of El-Rizwan —

Chairman: Mrs. Alice Ives Breed, New York City.

SECOND SESSION BAHAI CONGRESS

SUNDAY, APRIL 27th, — 3 o'clock P. M.

Chairman: Howard MacNutt, Brooklyn.

SUNDAY APRIL 27th, — 8 o'clock P. M.

Chairman: Mrs. Mabel Rice-Wray, Detroit.

MONDAY, APRIL 28th, — 10 o'clock:

Meeting of Masheck el Askar

Convention for transaction of business.

MONDAY, APRIL 28th, — 3 o'clock P. M.

Chairman: Horace Holley, New York.

MONDAY, APRIL 28th, — 8 o'clock P. M.

Chairman: Grace Ober, Cambridge, Mass.

TUESDAY, APRIL 29th, — 10 o'clock A. M.

Meeting of Mashreck el Askar

Convention for the transaction of business.

TUESDAY, APRIL 29th, — 3 o'clock P. M.

Chairman: Roy C. Wilhelm, New York City.

TUESDAY, APRIL 29th, — 8 o'clock P. M.

Chairman: Zoraya Fraser Chamberlain, Boston.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30th, — 3 o'clock P. M.

Chairman: William H. Hoar, Fanwood, N. J.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30th, — 8 o'clock P. M.

Chairman: Juliet Thompson, New York.

List of Publications

WORDS BY BAHÁ'OLLAH

Tablets of Baha'o'llah. (Postage 10c additional)	\$1.75
The Book of Ighan (Certainty). 190 pages, bound in cloth. (Postage 10c additional)	\$1.50
Three Tablets of Baha'o'llah. 32 pages, bound in paper	\$0.25
Surat-ul-Hykl. (The discourse on the Temple) 63 pages, bound in paper	\$0.50
The Hidden Words. 102 pages, bound in paper	\$0.25
Same bound in leather	\$1.25
The Seven Valleys. 56 pages, bound in paper	\$0.25
Same bound in leather	\$1.25
The Hidden Words and The Seven Valleys. Combined under one cover. Bound in leather	\$1.50
Books of Prayers. — Revealed by Baha'o'llah and Abdul-Baha. 108 pages, bound in paper. 15c. Bound in leatherette.	\$0.50
Some Answered Questions. Compiled by Laura Clifford Barney. 366 pages, bound in cloth (Postage 15c. additional)	\$1.75
Appendix to European edition: Chapter on "Strikes." 8 page pamphlet	\$0.10
Tablets of Abdul-Baha—Vols. 1, 2 and 3. 238 pages, bound in cloth (Postage, each, 15c add'l.)	\$1.75 each
Mysterious Forces of Civilization. 131 pages, bound in cloth (Postage 10c additional)	\$1.75
Abdul-Baha's Addresses in London. 134 pages, bound in paper (Postage 5c additional)	\$0.50
Abdul-Baha's Addresses in Paris. 171 pages, bound in paper. (Postage 5c additional)	\$0.75
Divine Philosophy. Compiled by Isabel Frazer Chamberlain. 184 pages, bound in paper. (Postage 5c additional)	\$0.50

WRITINGS BY ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL BAHÁIS.

The Bahai Proofs. By Mirza Abul Fazl Gulpaygan. 288 pages, bound in cloth (Postage 10c additional)	\$1.50
The Brilliant Proof. By Mirza Abul Fazl Gulpaygan. 37 pages, bound in paper	\$0.25
The Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi (Abdul-Baha). By Myron Phelps. 243 pages, bound in cloth (Postage 15c additional)	\$1.75
The Universal Religion. By Hippolyte Dreyfus. 176 pages, bound in cloth (Postage 10c additional)	\$1.25
Bahaism: The Modern Social Religion. By Horace Holley. 223 pages, bound in cloth (Postage 15c additional)	\$2.50
Before Abraham Was, I Am. By Thornton Chase. 16-page pamphlet	\$0.10
The Bahai Revelation. By Thornton Chase. 187 pages, bound in paper (Postage 10c additional)	\$0.75
The Bahai Movement. By Chas. Mason Remey. Bound in cloth (Postage 10c additional)	\$0.50

Observations of a Bahai Traveler.	By Chas. Mason Remey.	
Bound in cloth (Postage 10c additional)		\$0.60
Constructive Principles of the Bahai Movement.		
By Chas. Mason Remey.		
Bound in cloth (Postage 5c additional)		\$0.40
The Mashrak-El-Azkar.	By Chas. Mason Remey.	
Bound in cloth (Postage additional. This book weighs 2 pounds. For postage, see parcel post rate between your town and Chicago.)		\$1.00
Bahai Teaching.	By Chas. Mason Remey.	
Bound in cloth (Postage 5c additional)		\$0.60
Through Warring Countries to the Mountain of God.		
By Chas. Mason Remey.		
Bound in cloth (Postage additional. This book weighs 2 pounds. For postage, see parcel post rate between your town and Chicago.)		\$2.00
Dawn of Knowledge and The Most Great Peace.		
By Paul Kingston Dealy.	48 pages, bound in paper	\$0.20
The Revelation of Baha'o'llah.	By Mrs. Isabella D. Brittingham.	
32 pages, bound in paper		\$0.15
Martvrdoms in Persia in 1903.	By Hadji Mirza Hayder Ali.	
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