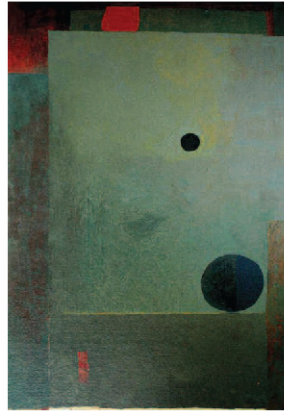


The following story is from the book

*The Central Figures*  
*The Báb*  
*Volume Two*



These stories are lovingly provided to download as a convenience to teachers or communities otherwise unable to acquire the book. Each book in this storybook series also includes an appendix with questions for discussion and reflection, a glossary of words and phrases used in the stories, a bibliography, and an index.

These books may be purchased from the Louhelen Bahá'í School bookstore for \$15.25 each, including shipping in the United States, or \$23.00 to most international locations. Email: [Louhelen@usbnc.org](mailto:Louhelen@usbnc.org) for details.

Graphic Design by Pepper Peterson Oldziej

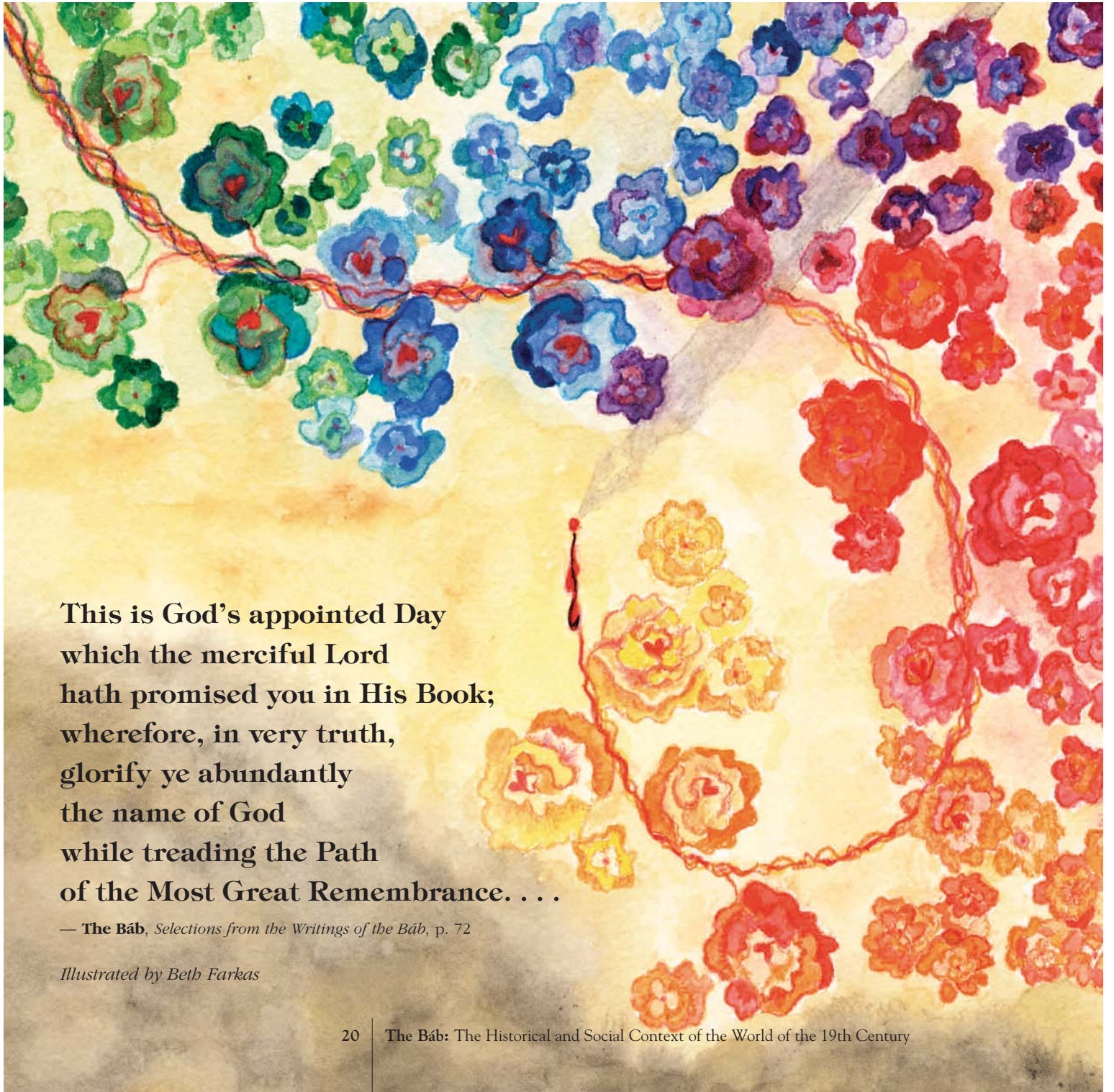
Bahá'í Publishing Trust, Wilmette, Illinois 60091-2886  
Copyright © 2005 by the National Spiritual Assembly  
of the Bahá'ís of the United States of America  
All rights reserved  
Published 2005  
07 06 05 04 4 3 2 1

Printed in the United States of America

Illustrations: cover © 2005 Otto Donald Rogers; p. 116 © 2005 Haydar Barnes; pp. 26–33, 152–60 © 2005 Winifred Barnum-Newman; pp.56–60 © 2005 Carl Cordini; p. 20 © 2005 Beth Farkas; pp. 44–49 © 2005 Martine Hubbard-Helwig; pp. 139, 141–45 © 2005 Cam Herth; pp. 1–7 © 2005 Chester Kahn; pp. 66–73 © 2005 Carrie Kneisler; pp. 98–103 © 2005 Marilyn Lindsley; p. 8 © 2005 Anna Mohr; pp. 25, 36–42 © 2005 Omid Nolley; pp. 25, 36–42 © 2005 Majid Nolley; pp. 117–20, 128–31 © 2005 Cindy Pacileo; p. 122 © 2005 Mitra Paik; p. 140 © 2005 Ed Phillips; pp. 43, 50–55, 87, 104–109 © 2005 Barbara Trauger; pp. 63–65, 110–15, 146–51 © 2005 Carla Trimble. All other illustrations © 2005 National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahá'ís of the United States.

**Core Curriculum for Spiritual Education • Stories**  
National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahá'ís of the United States

  
Bahá'í Publishing Trust  
Wilmette, Illinois



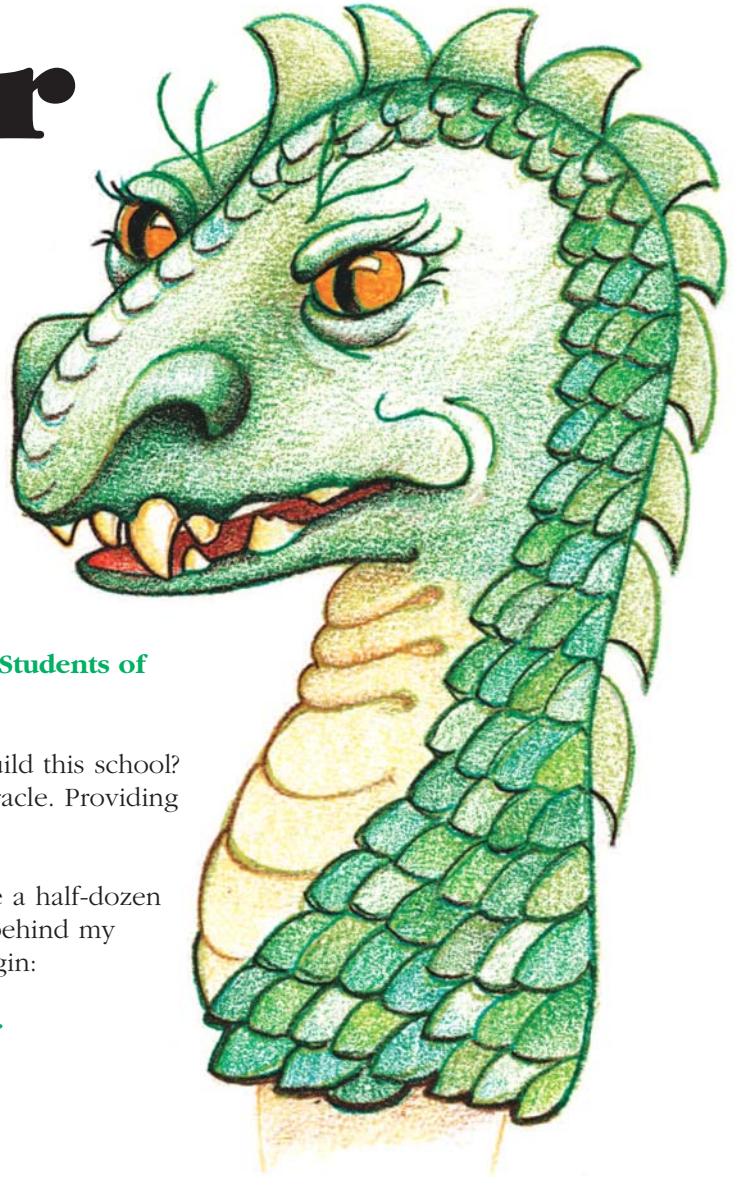
**This is God's appointed Day  
which the merciful Lord  
hath promised you in His Book;  
wherefore, in very truth,  
glorify ye abundantly  
the name of God  
while treading the Path  
of the Most Great Remembrance. . . .**

— *The Báb, Selections from the Writings of the Báb, p. 72*

*Illustrated by Beth Farkas*



# A Mightier Pen



## Daniel Mayfield's Remarks to the Teachers and Students of Morgan School, July 26, 1915—

You ask: Why did I donate my fortune to build this school? Simply put, I received education only through a miracle. Providing education for all requires a system *for all*.

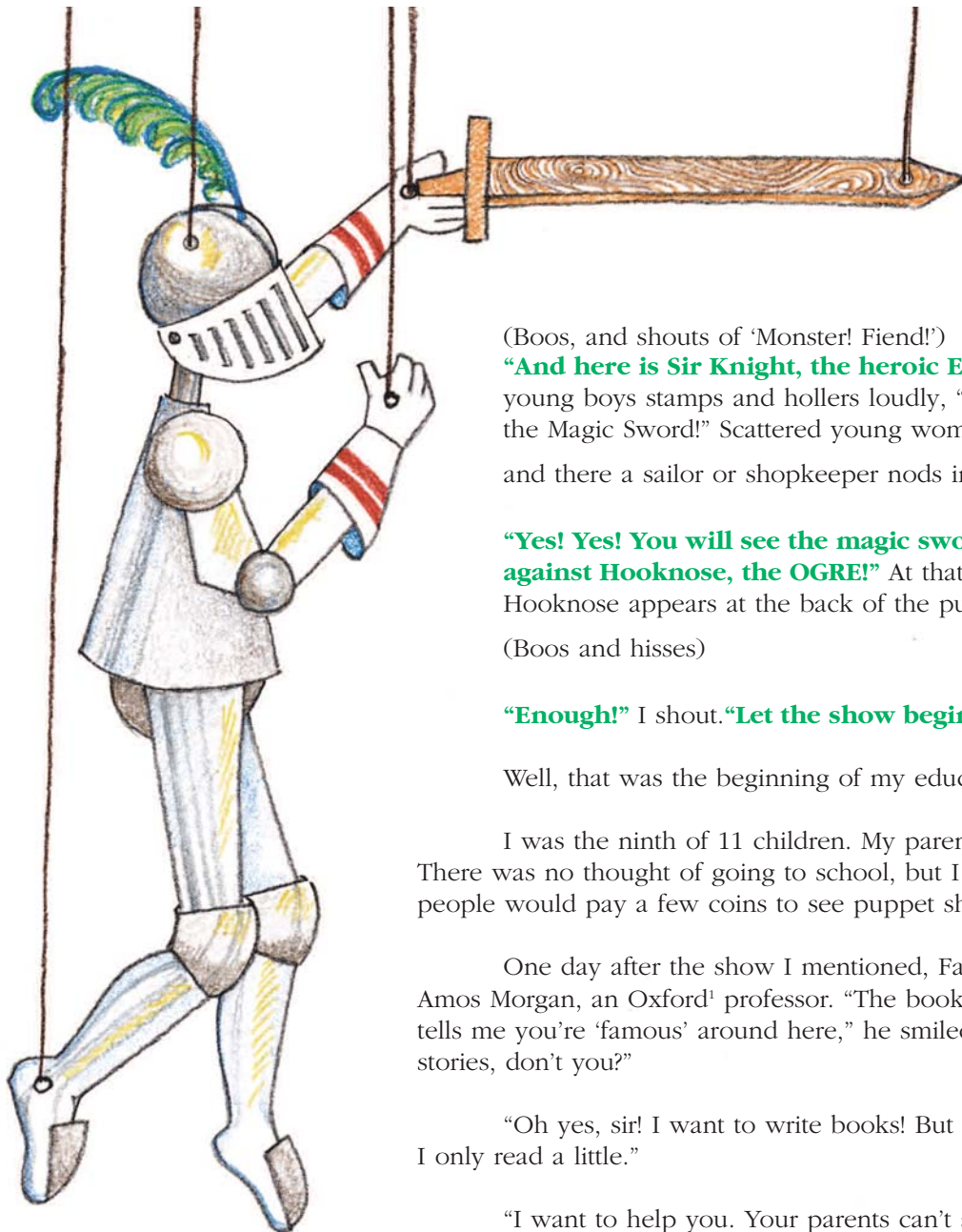
I give you a scene in London, 1850. Imagine a half-dozen wooden benches clustered around a puppet stage behind my father's tailor shop. Listen! The show is about to begin:

**“Ladies and gentlemen, I present the fair Princess Mary!”** (Applause)

**“What welcome for the Glorious Fool?”**  
(Laughter, and cries of ‘Madman’ and ‘Donkey’)

**“And the fire-breathing dragon, Morrgon!”**

*Written by Rick Johnson  
Illustrated by Nina Scott*



(Boos, and shouts of 'Monster! Fiend!')

**“And here is Sir Knight, the heroic Edward!”** A crowd of young boys stamps and hollers loudly, “The Magic Sword! Use the Magic Sword!” Scattered young women clap politely. Here and there a sailor or shopkeeper nods in amusement.

**“Yes! Yes! You will see the magic sword! Most of all against Hooknose, the OGRE!”** At that, the fearsome Hooknose appears at the back of the puppet stage.

(Boos and hisses)

**“Enough!”** I shout. **“Let the show begin!”**

Well, that was the beginning of my education . . .

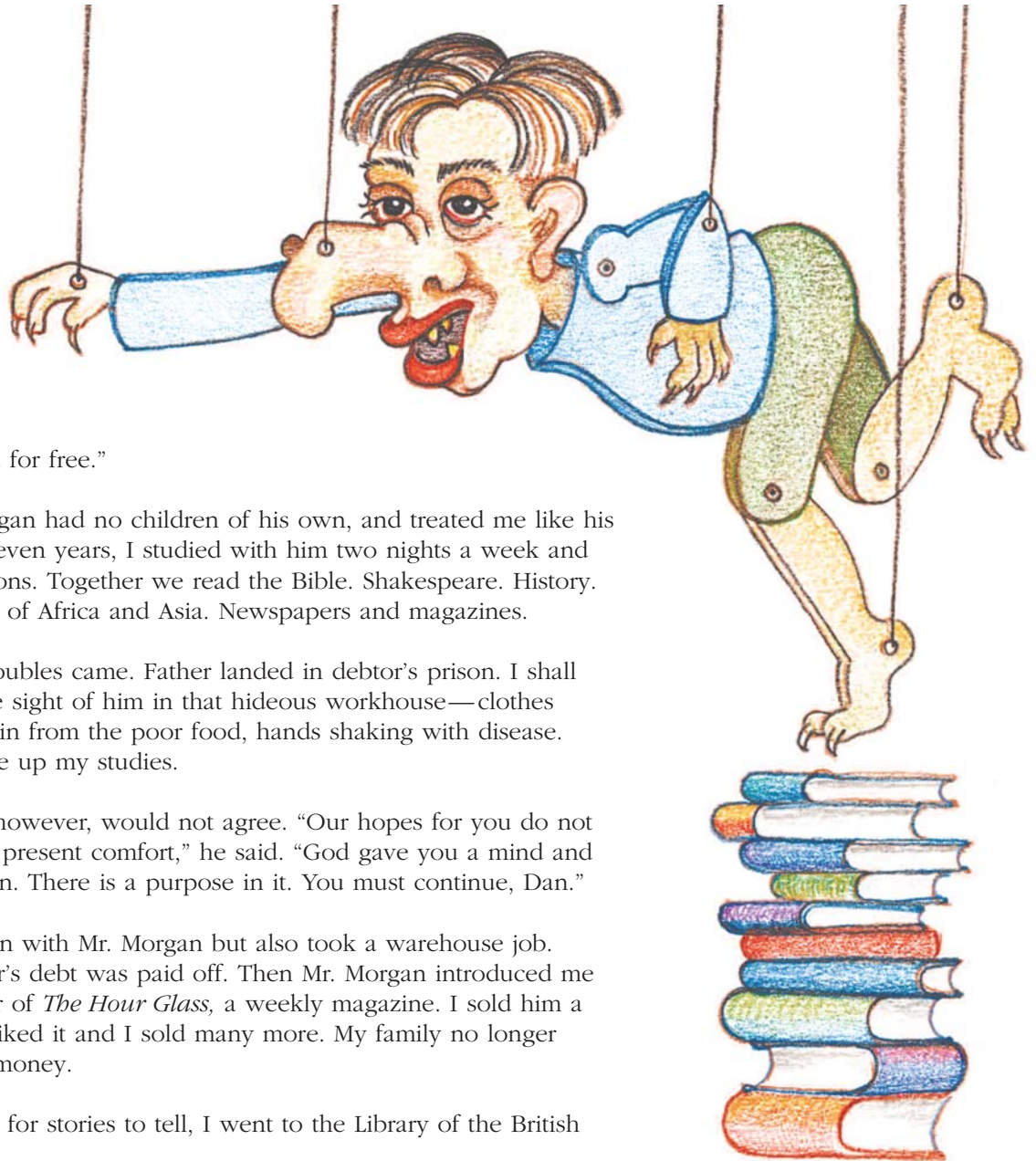
I was the ninth of 11 children. My parents made little money. There was no thought of going to school, but I discovered that people would pay a few coins to see puppet shows.

One day after the show I mentioned, Father introduced me to Amos Morgan, an Oxford<sup>1</sup> professor. “The bookseller down the street tells me you’re ‘famous’ around here,” he smiled. “You like telling stories, don’t you?”

“Oh yes, sir! I want to write books! But it will never happen. I only read a little.”

“I want to help you. Your parents can’t afford schooling, but

<sup>1</sup> A famous English university.



I will teach you for free.”

Mr. Morgan had no children of his own, and treated me like his own son. For seven years, I studied with him two nights a week and Sunday afternoons. Together we read the Bible. Shakespeare. History. Travel accounts of Africa and Asia. Newspapers and magazines.

Then troubles came. Father landed in debtor’s prison. I shall never forget the sight of him in that hideous workhouse—clothes tattered, face thin from the poor food, hands shaking with disease. I wanted to give up my studies.

Father, however, would not agree. “Our hopes for you do not depend on our present comfort,” he said. “God gave you a mind and a means to learn. There is a purpose in it. You must continue, Dan.”

I kept on with Mr. Morgan but also took a warehouse job. Gradually father’s debt was paid off. Then Mr. Morgan introduced me to the publisher of *The Hour Glass*, a weekly magazine. I sold him a story. Readers liked it and I sold many more. My family no longer worried about money.

Looking for stories to tell, I went to the Library of the British

<sup>2</sup> *Les Religions et les Philosophies dans l’Asie Centrale* (1865). More than any other book, Gobineau’s work first made the Bábí Faith widely known in the West.





Museum. There I made my greatest discovery. A book<sup>2</sup> mentioned a new religion—the Bábí Faith.

The Báb's story excited me. I read everything I could find. Many people knew of His life! Magazines in England, France, Germany, Russia, and America wrote about Him.<sup>3</sup>

My first novel appeared in 1871. Others followed. My books sold well, but success felt empty. The Báb stayed in my mind. Was this a new Jesus?

In 1889, a Portuguese friend sent me a new novel that had been published there. The Bábís were in it. On a visit to Paris soon after, I found cafés buzzing—there was a new play about Ṭáhirih, a Bábí heroine. An actress wanted someone to write a play about the Báb. I decided to write the play myself.

But about that time, my beloved teacher, Amos Morgan, died. Grief-stricken, I laid my work aside.

Then I heard about a Russian play featuring the Báb. Audiences loved it. I began work again on my own play. Alas, it was 1910 before I was satisfied with what I wrote.

By then publishers were not interested. My years of interest in the Báb—*fruitless!* But, in December 1912, I had astonishing news! 'Abbás Effendi—the Head of the very Faith the Báb had proclaimed—was visiting London. I eagerly went to hear Him.

For fifty years I had struggled to find words worthy of the Báb. Now the living spirit of His Cause stood before me in that Holy Person—*no more third-hand accounts!* Even now I cannot stop talking about what I saw. That memorable night provides a fitting close for my remarks. "All the children should study and acquire a profession," 'Abbás Effendi said. Those words still crackle with electricity as I recall my own life. Not a single one should be without an education. Let us, together, make a mighty campaign to fulfill that noble vision. Good day. ★