

Deity as shall blind him to any distinction between Good and Evil.¹

I must not forget one pretty passage of Jámi's Life. He had a nephew, one Maulána Abdullah, who was ambitious of following his Uncle's Footsteps in Poetry. Jámi first dissuaded him; then, by way of trial whether he had a Talent as well as a Taste, bid him imitate Firdusi's Satire on Shah Mahmúd. The Nephew did so well, that Jámi then encouraged him to proceed; himself wrote the first Couplet of his First (and most noted) Poem—*Laila & Majnun*.

This Book of which the Pen has now laid the Foundation,

May the diploma of Acceptance one day befall it,—

and Abdallah went on to write that and four other Poems which Persia continues and multiplies in fine Manuscript and Illumination to the present day, remembering their Author under his Takhalus of *HÁTRIF*—"The Voice from Heaven"—and Last of the so reputed Persian Poets.

¹ "Je me souviens d'un Prédicateur à Ispahan qui, prêchant un jour dans une Place publique, parla furieusement contre ces Soufys, disant qu'ils étoient des Athées à bruler; qu'il s'étonnoit qu'on les laissât vivre; et que de tuer un Soufy étoit une Action plus agréable à Dieu que de conserver la Vie à dix Hommes de Bien. Cinq ou Six Soufys qui étoient parmi les Auditeurs se jettèrent sur lui après le Sermon et le battirent terriblement; et comme je m'efforçois de les empêcher ils me disoient—'Un homme qui prêche le Meurtre doit-il se plaindre d'être battu?'"—CHARDIN.