

## FOREWORD

THE writing of this book has been to me no joyful task, as its making has been at the expense of much-needed rest and peace of mind. In returning to my dear native land after a long imprisonment, I cherished the hope that I might as quietly as possible be permitted to take up the threads of outward existence so cruelly broken, little dreaming that trials hardly less grievous than those left behind awaited me; for no sooner had I touched these hospitable shores, when I was met by the fear-inspiring cry, "You must write a book—you must give the world an account of your sufferings"—as if one could never suffer enough. My well-meaning friends could hardly have known what they were asking in forcing upon me a mental return to the