



AMELIA E. COLLINS

MILLY

A Tribute
to
The Hand of the Cause of God
Amelia E. Collins

by
Abu'l-Qásim Faizí



GEORGE RONALD
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No better name
could be chosen for this tribute
than that
by which she was known
to all who loved her
MILLY

FOREWORD

Amelia Collins, the subject of this moving personal tribute, accepted the Faith of Bahá'u'lláh in 1919 and for over four decades gave to it her energetic and single-hearted devotion. The great love she bore for its Guardian, Shoghi Effendi, her loyalty to him and passionate desire to render him any assistance within her power and to lighten, however slightly, the heavy burden that rested on his shoulders, not only endeared her to him but to all her fellow-believers. For many years she was a member of the National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahá'ís of the United States and Canada.*

On January 9th, 1951, Shoghi Effendi took what he termed an 'epoch-making decision', namely, the formation of the first International Bahá'í Council. This body – whose members were nominated by the Guardian himself and which, he said, was the forerunner of the supreme legislative organ of the world-encircling Bahá'í Administrative Order, namely, the Universal House of Justice – had its seat in Haifa and to it was summoned, as one of its officers, Amelia Collins, whom Shoghi Effendi referred to as its 'highly esteemed Vice-President'. This great and unexpected honour was followed, on December 23rd of that same

* In 1948 a separate National Spiritual Assembly was established in Canada.

year, by a cable to Mrs. Collins informing her that he was 'moved convey glad-tidings your elevation rank Hand Cause', and the following day his official announcement to the Bahá'í world of her new position, and the similar rank conferred upon eleven to her distinguished Bahá'ís, was made public.

The Hand of the Cause, Abu'l-Qásim Faizí, has made no attempt in these pages to give a biographical history of Amelia Collins. But it is against the setting of her high rank and her distinction as a Bahá'í that this moving tribute to her, as Mr. Faizí came to know her in Haifa, must be read.

You are so precious to us all and . . . a unique asset to the Faith you love so dearly and have served so valiantly for so many years . . .

Shoghi Effendi

The friends who have had the honour and privilege of pilgrimage to the Holy Shrines may remember a slender, white-haired, very upright, elderly lady who lived in one of the rooms of the Master's House. Her great joy, after the passing of the Guardian, was to go to the Pilgrim House. She often said that such visits to the dear pilgrims were her spiritual intoxication that kept her warm, made her soul happy and her heart strong. She longed to visit the Cradle of the Bahá'í Faith.* Whatever was brought to her from Persia she would treasure. To her these tangible objects were spiritual ties to the Faith she so much loved. She wanted to smell the roses in the Persian gardens and to hear the nightingales at dawn. She often mentioned that it was the desire of her life to go to Máh-Kú and see with her own eyes the fortress where the Báb was left all alone, at night without even the light of a candle.

Time and circumstances did not permit her to do this; therefore, with an endless love, she would come to see the pilgrims. First she would be settled in her seat. For a long time she would gaze into their faces, smile and, as if rejuvenated by their presence, at their request she would give them glimpses into her illustrious life. What you will read in the following pages is largely the record of these beautiful gatherings.

* Persia, where the Bahá'í Faith was born.

The candle of her faith, ignited by the Hand of God in 1919, stood firm and steadfast; it burned, but did not last to close the first day of the year 1962. In the afternoon of that day the last flame flickered, to be re-ignited in the Kingdom of God.

Milly – as she was called by the beloved Guardian and by all her friends – began her Bahá'í life with a degree of faithfulness, love and enthusiasm that never lessened to her last breath.

Her first Bahá'í friends in America had told her that she must write a letter to 'Abdu'l-Bahá and beg for confirmation and strength. The night she heard this, she could hardly sleep. Till morning she was contemplating how one should write to such an immensely great Personage. At last she scribbled something, and at dawn when she opened the curtains of her room, as if for the first time she saw the sun shining in all its splendour and glory, giving light and life to all living things in the universe. She thought to herself, the sun shines on the world and all that is therein with such grandeur and liberality; does it need a letter? Does He expect us to appeal to Him? The sun shines in the solar system and never needs any such superficial means of communication. Then she tore up her letter, and in her heart she was certain that the spirit of the beloved Master, 'Abdu'l-Bahá, also would shine upon the world of human beings and grant them faith and love. Like the sun, He had all under His care and protection.

There was no need to bother Him with inadequate words and supplications.

She said that days passed. Then, lo and behold, she received a Tablet from the Master. She never showed me that Tablet. She did not at first show it to anyone. It was a secret between the Lover and the loved one, and was sanctified from any kind of pretension. The only part she revealed to us was this, that the Master addressed her as 'lady of the Kingdom'. But we now know that in that Tablet He stated His 'hope' that she would be confirmed to 'erect a structure that shall eternally remain firm and unshakeable'.

Milly first sought the presence of the Guardian* in 1923. Her husband, Thomas H. Collins, though not a Bahá'í, accompanied her. They went to a hotel, but the Guardian invited them to live in the Pilgrim House.

There were several important incidents during her sojourn in the Holy Land; the most significant were the following:

(1) One evening the beloved Guardian gave Milly some papers and asked her to study them.

As she related this incident to us, she explained that before attaining the presence of the beloved Guardian her sole aim was to learn from him some truths about prayer, and purification of the soul and heart. She said:

'To me he was a door to the world beyond, and through him I longed to have a glimpse of that wondrous world. Therefore, with great eagerness and

* Shoghi Effendi, Guardian of the Bahá'í Faith, from 1921 to 1957.

anticipation I hurried to my room, opened the papers, and read and read.

‘The next day when I saw him, his first question was, “What did you think of the papers I gave you to read?”’

At this point dearest Milly always used to stop, to tell us the following:

‘I started my spiritual life on a basis of truth and frankness. Whatever I felt in my heart, whether right or wrong, I would say without fear of consequence. Now I was standing before the person who could read the innermost recesses of my heart and soul. How could I speak anything but the simple truth? Those papers contained nothing but explanations and elucidations of the World Order of Bahá’u’lláh and how it should be established in the world. And I desired only to know about prayer and glimpses of the world beyond. Therefore, I could only answer the Guardian’s question with these words, “What shall I say? I did not understand anything!”’

Here again, she would pause and look deeply into the faces of the friends, and say:

‘Do you think he reproved me for this? Never. On the same day, in the afternoon, he told me that the Master had walked often in these lanes and streets near His House, and the Guardian invited me to go walking with him. As we were walking together he spoke of nothing except the same subjects he had written about in the papers he had given me to read. But with what a voice and with what sweetness! Words cannot describe them. He explained the details with such patience, as a

father would to a child. But my idea was still lurking in my mind, and I was constantly thinking to myself that soon he would speak the words that would, each one, open a door into the mysteries of prayer and the world of the spirit which I longed so much to know more about. How can we, insignificant and weak as we are, understand the plans of God? We are confined to our humble and limited circumstances, unaware of what He may have in store for us. The Guardian, who was beginning to delineate the spiritual foundations of the Kingdom of God on earth, began to educate me in the administrative principles of the Faith in spite of my own desires.

‘When I returned to America I went directly to the National Convention and arrived during the reading of that very message from the beloved Guardian which he had given me to read in Haifa. I found myself called to the front, and the words that I spoke came from some deep well of consciousness. That afternoon’s walk with Shoghi Effendi and those exalted statements heard from no less a person than ‘Abdu’l-Bahá’s successor, were like seeds that that dear teacher had implanted in my mind and heart, and now each one was bursting forth into expression of these new ideas.

‘And later, wherever I went, I found that the friends had received that same letter,* and that they, and the members of the Spiritual Assemblies, were busily engaged in discussing it. Sometimes there were clashes

* The letter, dated March 12, 1923, was subsequently published in *Bahá’í Administration*, pp. 34-43 (Bahá’í Publishing Trust, Wilmette, Illinois, rev. edn. 1974).

of thought and misunderstanding, and these, I found, I had been prepared by the beloved Guardian to explain and throw light upon. I had been given by him that which was necessary for the service and advancement of the Cause, and not that which would satisfy only my own selfish desires.

(2) 'Many members of my family were Christian clergymen. My father himself was a Lutheran minister. It is a custom among Christians that when a member of the family passes away, he is laid to rest in his coffin and, before the lid is closed, those attending the funeral and the members of the family are allowed to have a last look at their deceased loved one and pay their final homage.

'I remember that I was a small child when my father passed away and I was taken to the coffin to have a last look at him. I stood there and peeped into the coffin, and this incident remains vivid in my mind.

'During my first pilgrimage, one night I dreamt that I was in the very same position, but that my father arose in his coffin as if awakened. This frightened me so much that I woke up very perplexed. The next day I was to meet the Greatest Holy Leaf,* and no one can imagine the condition I was in at the prospect. It was no joke for a humble, insignificant creature like myself to enter the presence of the daughter of the King of Heaven and earth. She, immediately, with her loving and keen insight, understood the great agitation I was in. She very gently asked me how I was; did I

* The daughter of Bahá'u'lláh and sister of 'Abdu'l-Bahá.

sleep well? But not once did I think of my dream. Tea was served, and what a delicious feast, but I was still in the same disturbed state. As I was drinking my tea, she asked me, "Did you have a dream?" She asked me a second time, and suddenly I remembered my dream, and told her about it. She smiled and said, "Of course, your faith in this Cause has brought your father back to life again."

(3) 'My husband was not a Bahá'í, but after two or three days of my pilgrimage he became so enthralled with love for the Guardian that one day, while looking at the new and uncompleted building of the Western Pilgrim House, he became angry and exclaimed, "How can the Bahá'ís see an unfinished building every day in front of the Guardian's eyes? You will see that the building is brought to completion."*

'Mr. Collins was also honoured by being able to meet the Greatest Holy Leaf and other members of the household. He was a very sociable man. He would take part in any discussion with perfect freedom and ease. But before entering the Master's House he was so excited that he arranged his tie and smoothed his clothes and repeatedly asked me what he should do when we arrived there. I replied, "Nothing! In the family of 'Abdu'l-Bahá simplicity reigns, and nothing but love is ever accepted."

'When we entered the room we found the Greatest

* Milly, joined by seven other Bahá'ís, contributed the funds needed to complete the Western Pilgrim House, for which, in December 1925, the Guardian expressed his 'heartfelt and abiding gratitude'.

Holy Leaf sitting in a chair and all the ladies of the household standing reverently and politely around her. We both sat in front of her. Tea was served. Conversation was short and simple. The dignity, the simplicity of the Greatest Holy Leaf, and the atmosphere created by her spiritual station so overwhelmed Tom that he was tongue-tied. Even after we were outside the House, he was absolutely quiet for a long time, and when he did open his mouth, he spoke only words in praise of her, and concerning his own astonishment and wonder.

(4) 'The beloved Guardian had advised me always to be as kind and loving to my husband as possible. I tried always to follow this advice. Nor did I ever disobey Tom. For his sake I stopped having meetings in my home and even going to meetings. As time passed, gradually his heart changed and he allowed me to attend meetings and to hold Nineteen Day Feasts* in our own home. But he never became a Bahá'í in this world.

'On one of our trips to Europe, in 1937, he passed away on board ship. I had to take his body back to the United States. At this bitter moment of my life I received such a bounty from the Guardian that all my sorrow came to an end.'

Here is the message which the Guardian sent to Milly at this sad time:

'Greatly distressed sudden passing beloved husband. Heart overflowing tenderest sympathy. Offering

* Gatherings of the Bahá'ís at the commencement of each Bahá'í month.

special prayers. Advising Geyserville summer school hold befitting memorial gathering recognition generous support their institution. May Beloved aid him attain goal he was steadily approaching closing years of his life.'

Not long after, when Milly again visited Haifa, the beloved Guardian told her, 'Your husband is in the presence of the Master and is proud of your services.' The Guardian reiterated the same thought a few years later, with even greater emphasis:

'How pleased the Beloved must be: how proud He must feel of your truly great achievements! The soul of dear Mr. Collins must exult and rejoice in the Abhá Kingdom. Persevere and be happy.'

He also wrote to her:

'The days you spent under the shadow of the holy Shrines will long be remembered with joy and gratitude . . .'

After returning from this trip, Milly was not the same person as before. Though encircled by a great many family problems, she was confirmed to perform such great and distinguished services that the beloved Guardian not only called her an 'outstanding benefactress of the Faith', but addressed her: 'Dearly-beloved sister', and 'Dear and prized co-worker'.

Over the years, in the many letters he wrote to Milly, Shoghi Effendi prepared her to fulfil her destiny, assured her of her spiritual progress and forecast her elevation to the high rank she would attain. For

example, in the early years of his Guardianship he appended, in his own hand, such precious sentiments as these:

'My Spiritual Sister:

'I never cease praying for you from the bottom of my heart and wish you success in the glorious work that lies before you. It is our duty and privilege to translate the love and devotion we have for our beloved Cause into deeds and actions that will be conducive to the highest good of mankind. . . . Shoghi'

In the year 1926 he wrote:

'My dear and precious fellow-worker:

'Your steadfastness in service, your selflessness and devotion to the work you are engaged in greatly encourage me and inspire me in my work. Your many services, past and present, will ever be remembered with praise, gladness, and gratitude. Continue in your magnificent endeavours for the propagation of the Bahá'í Faith and remember always that in me you have a grateful, loving and admiring brother who will never cease to pray for you from the bottom of his heart. Shoghi'

Again, in that same year:

'My dearly-beloved Sister in the Cause:

'I am inexpressibly touched by this further evidence of your spontaneous and self-sacrificing devotion. I will devote your generous donation to promote such interests of the Cause as are most vital and nearest and dearest to my heart. . . . Your bright and shining example is I am certain acclaimed and glorified by the Supreme Concourse in the Abhá Kingdom and in this

world below you have undoubtedly earned the affection and the admiration of us all. With deepest and truest love to my unforgettable friend and brother Mr. Collins. Your grateful brother, Shoghi'

In 1940:

'Dear and prized co-worker:

'I cannot refrain from adding a few words in person as a further token of my true and abiding appreciation of the ceaseless and most touching evidences of your wonderful devotion to the Cause of God, and of the immense support you have extended, and are still extending, to its divers and evolving institutions, locally, nationally and internationally. How pleased the Beloved must be. . . . Your true and grateful brother, Shoghi'

And in another letter that same year:

'Dearly-beloved co-worker:

'I was deeply touched by your letter and by the assurances you have so lovingly and spontaneously given me of your eagerness to demonstrate your great love for our beloved Cause. For my part I can unhesitatingly assure you that you have amply and nobly, and in different fields and over a long period of time revealed the true character of your faith and the depth of your devotion to the Cause and its manifold institutions. You should rest assured and, with radiant happiness and reverent gratitude, persevere, in the path you are treading with such zeal, determination and loyalty. I will pray for you with redoubled fervour. Your true and grateful brother, Shoghi'

In 1942:

'Dear and prized co-worker:

'Your journey to South America, in these days of stress, of uncertainty and peril, in order to lend further assistance to the sacred, the vital, and manifold interests of our beloved Faith, is a fresh and compelling demonstration of the devotion and zeal that characterize your activities in its service. Your extremely generous contribution on my behalf to the teaching Fund, at this critical hour, is a still further evidence of your unfailing solicitude for its extension and development. I am deeply touched and profoundly grateful. My constant and fervent prayers surround you, in your historic and arduous journey, and I pray that the Beloved may guide every step you take and fulfil every hope you cherish for the advancement of the Cause and the glory and consolidation of its institutions. Your true and grateful brother, Shoghi'

In 1945 he wrote:

'Dear and valued co-worker:

'The work you have achieved in recent years is truly highly meritorious. The reports sent by the believers eloquently testify to its character and significance. I feel truly proud of what you are achieving in so many fields, and with such remarkable results. You should feel so happy, assured, and thankful, for the Beloved is well pleased with you. Persevere in your labours. Your true and grateful brother, Shoghi'

And in 1946 came these words of encouragement:

'Dear and valued co-worker:

'I am deeply grateful to you as I witness on every side and on an ever increasing scale, the evidences of

your solid achievements, your exemplary spirit, your marvellous activity, your beneficent influence, and magnificent labours for the propagation and consolidation of our glorious Faith. My admiration for you grows every day, and I supplicate continually our Beloved to bless, sustain and guide you always, and aid you to win still mightier victories. Your true and grateful brother, Shoghi'

From these letters it is evident that our precious Milly was very close to the beloved Guardian's heart. Wherever the Guardian was, she would write letters to Amatu'l-Bahá Rúhíyyih Khánum,* and answers would come in accordance with his instructions. Often Milly desired to know only whether or not he was in good health.

Sometimes special missions were given to Milly by the Guardian and she, without any ostentation, with great humility and single-hearted devotion, would attend to the work he had entrusted to her and report to him confidentially.

From some of the Guardian's letters written in the 1940's, we can understand that she accomplished great services, of a unique and exalted character. She was indeed a heroine because of such services, her achievements being due to her great love for and complete obedience to the beloved Guardian, her vigilance and immediate response to do what was *his* heart's desire. Thus she received honours attained by no one else.

* The wife of the Guardian.

She preserved all these signs of bounty and grace in the treasure-house of her heart and did not reveal them to anyone. After the bitter grief of the Guardian's passing, these pearls filled her whole existence with light and assurance.

Let us ponder the following letter from the Guardian to Milly, written in 1947:

'Dear and prized co-worker:

'With a heart overflowing with profound gratitude I am now writing you these few lines to reaffirm the sentiments, expressed lately on several occasions and in a number of telegrams, of heartfelt and unqualified admiration for your magnificent services, rendered in circumstances so exceptional and difficult as to make them doubly meritorious in the sight of God. You have acquitted yourself of the task I felt prompted to impose upon you in a manner that deserves the praise of the Concourse on high. The high rank you now occupy and which no Bahá'í since the Master's passing has ever held in his own lifetime has been conferred solely in recognition of the manifold services you have *already* rendered, and is, by no means, intended to be a stimulus or encouragement in the path of service. Indeed the character of this latest and highly significant service you have rendered places you in the category of the Chosen Nine who, unlike the other Hands of the Cause, are to be associated *directly* and *intimately* with the cares and responsibilities of the Guardian of the Faith. I feel truly proud of you, am drawn closer to you, and admire more deeply than ever before the spirit that animates you. May the Beloved reward you,

both in this world and the next for your truly exemplary achievements. Gratefully and affectionately, Shoghi'

And later in that same year:

'Dear and prized co-worker:

'The memory of the services, assistance and support you extended to me in my hour of anxiety and stress a year ago at this time, is still vivid, and evokes my deepest admiration and gratitude. Your services in other fields, and in the course of many years, have, moreover, served to deepen my feelings of affection and gratitude for so distinguished a handmaid of Bahá'u'lláh and Hand of His Cause. . . . Gratefully and affectionately, Shoghi'

In 1949 the Guardian addressed Milly:

'Dear and prized co-worker:

'I greatly welcome the splendid opportunity you now have of contributing your share – substantial and abiding I am confident it will be – to the progress of the Faith and the edification of the believers in Great Britain, Poland, Switzerland and Germany. I have already informed the German and British National assemblies, and I am sure the friends will be delighted to meet you, and will be greatly stimulated by the news you will impart to them, as a result of your wide experience, and particularly by the spirit which so powerfully animates you in the service of our beloved Faith. This latest journey you undertake for the spread and consolidation of the Faith at such important European Centres constitutes another chapter of the truly remarkable and outstanding record of your eminent

international services to the Cause of God. The international Centre of the Faith and its subsidiary institutions are greatly indebted to you for your superb accomplishments. May the Beloved, Whom you serve so diligently, so devotedly and with such distinction, abundantly bless your high endeavours and enable you to realize in whatever field you labour and at every stage of your journeys the dearest wish of your heart. Your true and grateful brother, Shoghi'

In a letter the following year he wrote:

'Dear and valued co-worker:

'I am deeply touched by the repeated evidences of your self-sacrificing labours, exertions and services to our beloved Faith during these momentous days, at so critical an hour in the fortunes of mankind and at so significant a stage in its world-wide evolution and unfoldment of the Cause of God. Your share in consolidating its divers institutions at its world centre, in the North American continent, in Latin America, and in Europe, is indeed memorable and outstanding. I will associate your very generous contribution for the Shrine of the Báb with the memory of dear Mr. Collins, whose soul will no doubt rejoice and increasingly progress as a direct result of the historic services you have rendered, for so long and so devotedly to the Cause of Bahá'u'lláh. He surely must feel proud of you, the Beloved is highly pleased with the standard of your achievements, and I am profoundly grateful for all that you have accomplished for the spread and establishment of His Cause. You should be extremely happy for having been so abun-

dantly blessed in your high and meritorious endeavours. Your true and grateful brother, Shoghi'

In 1956 Shoghi Effendi wrote:

'Dear and prized co-worker:

'I will devote a part of your very generous contribution to the purchase of a few Chinese and Japanese Cabinets, panels and ornaments for the International archives now nearing completion, the exterior and interior of which will, to a very marked extent, be associated, for all time, with your munificent support of the rising institutions of the Faith at its world Centre. I am sure you will be highly pleased, and the spirit of dear Mr. Collins will rejoice in the Abhá Kingdom. Your true and grateful brother, Shoghi'

'Dear and prized co-worker:

'I am deeply touched by these repeated evidences of your great devotion, your unflinching solicitude, and, above all, of the shining spirit of self-sacrifice that prompts you to make these munificent donations for the promotion of the Faith at its world Centre. I am anxiously waiting for the removal of obstacles that prevent you from attaining your heart's desire. I am looking forward very eagerly to the time when we will be able to meet again in the Master's Home. Affectionately and gratefully, Shoghi'

Milly often said that she knew very little about the Writings, but loved to listen to the Tablets and prayers and to hear the stories of the early days of the Cause.

'Out of the immense treasury of all the Writings,' she said, 'I memorized one sentence and did my utmost to follow that one injunction. It served as a lamp of guidance, shedding light on the dark and obscure paths of my life. That phrase is from the Will and Testament of the Master, where He says that the friends should make Shoghi Effendi happy. Whatever step I took in my life, any vote cast in the Assemblies, any trip taken, even any thought, I would first ask myself whether my vote, words, trip or thought would make him happy. When I was sure, then I would take action without fear.'

When, in 1925, for the first time she became a member of the National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahá'ís of the United States and Canada, she found herself, very young in the Cause, sitting with old, accomplished and learned friends. But her initial fears were soon overcome, and for many years she contributed greatly to the consultations of that important body. A letter from the beloved Guardian in 1941, through his secretary, no doubt had reference to this and her many other administrative services:

'It comforts him greatly to know that you are in a position to help watch over and safeguard the interests of the Cause and the believers. Your calm sanity, your great faith, and devotion, are assets of outstanding value to the Faith, especially at present.'

She was a member of the National Spiritual Assembly for twenty years, and was always vigilant to tread a path guided by the pleasure and wishes of the Guardian.

If we look around the Bahá'í world, we shall be amazed to note her achievements; her contributions made possible the purchase of Temple sites, Ḥazíratu'l-Quds,* endowment lands; the translation and publication of books, the support of pioneers in America, the Hawaiian Islands, the islands of the South Pacific, Europe, Africa – all were sustained by her generous, yet unknown gifts. Many a pioneer received her support without knowing it, the fact only to be revealed after her passing. These services were rendered either directly or completely by Milly, or by sharing contributions with others.

It is to be noted with something of awe that this handmaiden of the Lord, in her latter years aching with arthritis, endeavoured so earnestly and perpetually to participate in laying the foundations of so many pillars of the divine institutions raised in the name of Bahá'u'lláh throughout the world. All these services were performed with complete love and detachment, sanctified from any ostentation, and in perfect order to the last moment of her life.

Here we must emphasize two points.

First, Milly herself never mentioned anything about her generous contributions to the Faith, many of them made directly to the beloved Guardian. Even after his passing many of these activities were continued, as she had arranged for them to be, and they were kept confidential, as was her wish. The Hands of the Cause in Haifa came to know about some of them through receiving the minutes of the National Spiritual

* The headquarters of Bahá'í administrative activity.

Assemblies sent to them from all over the world. Whenever Milly would offer a contribution at a meeting of the Hands of the Cause, she would urge us to keep it confidential. 'Just send the money,' she would say; 'don't mention my name.'

Secondly, Milly's eyes were wide open and always bright with longing to see where in the Bahá'í world the friends were confronted with insurmountable difficulties in teaching, pioneering or any other field of activity. At such moments she would say, 'If the Guardian were alive, he would never like to see these tasks unfinished. I am ready to help. But please don't mention my name.'

We need more souls like Milly, dedicated, sensitive and pure. Is there any better way to serve the Cause than to have one's own will, desires and wishes wholly dissolved in the Will of God?

Can we find anywhere a soul purer than hers and a heart more brim-full with divine love? She submerged herself in the ocean of the Guardian's love. She was both generous and shrewd. She never plunged her hands in her pocket to pour out money at random. She was never moved to take any step until she was sure that every penny would be passed along in the channels advised by the Guardian. She did not spend money to please herself. That was not Milly. Her whole aim and purpose was to see her beloved happy and relieved of cares. And when she took a step, she never expected, or wanted, to receive acknowledgement and praise, much less any public announcement.

In her personal habits she was thrifty. She would,

every now and then, go to her clothes-cupboard and choose a dress that had been set aside for some reason, and this she would shorten or adjust to make it more in fashion. When I knew her in Haifa she lived in one small room – which had previously been occupied by Mr. Maxwell, the father of Rúhíyyih Khánum – in the utmost contentment and joy, because it was a room in the Master's House, under the same roof as her beloved Shoghi Effendi.

Once she said that the very first time she saw that divine countenance and beheld those beautiful and expressive eyes, so full of eagerness and expectation, she realized that that divine youth was surrounded by many insurmountable hardships and sorrows. His sorrows dwelt in the very depths of his youthful and loving heart, and he trod the path of suffering, as did Bahá'u'lláh and 'Abdu'l-Bahá before him, in quietude and patience. In his look she could clearly discern his need for love and co-operation from those who claimed to love him. And, she said, having sensed these heavenly traces in his gracious manner, his expectant eyes and his selfless tone of voice, she felt a poignant ache in her heart in response to this need.

This pain grew into something that changed her life and her attitude towards him. It was so strong and mysterious, she said, that she could never presume to mention it to the Guardian. One day, after his passing, she said to us, 'You know, I had never had the joy of having a child. Therefore in my heart and soul I adopted him as my own son, and in the world of faith and spirit enthroned him on the throne of certitude

where he reigned as the sole sovereign of my soul, the ruler of my destiny and the fashioner of my life. In whatever direction he willed, I would go, with the utmost joy and assurance.'

In her daily life, dearest Milly demonstrated this love and faith. Everyone could feel it in the increasing momentum and power of her services, and in her integrity. In the light of this love she remained radiant and glowing. In its consuming flame she stood steadfast with a courageous heart that beat with unprecedented acquiescence. After the passing of the beloved Guardian this love became ever more intense. It was as if she could no longer remain alone in this world. We could almost hear the sorrowful songs of separation as she spoke with words of intense longing for reunion with him. We could behold the fire of her love burning brighter day by day.

The friends should never for a moment misunderstand or think that the cause of such a close and loving relationship was ever due to the large and numerous contributions that she regularly offered at the threshold of his love. That which made her unique was the selflessness and purity of soul and sincere intention with which she offered her wealth to her beloved, to assist him in accomplishing what was dearest to his heart – the progress of the Faith.

There is a large and beautiful wrought-iron gilded gate at the beginning of the path leading to the Shrine of Bahá'u'lláh. The symbol of the Greatest Name

surmounts it and it is called the 'Collins Gate'. When the pilgrims approach the Shrine of the Supreme Manifestation of God, they pass through this main gate, which silently stands as a loving remembrance of the one who adored the Guardian of the Faith – Shoghi Effendi, grandson of 'Abdu'l-Bahá, and great-grandson of Bahá'u'lláh.

This gate has a touching story connected with it that goes back to the years of Milly's childhood. This is what she told us:

'As I have said, sometimes I would make a humble offering to Shoghi Effendi. One time I sent him a sum of money and begged that it not be used for the institutions of the Faith or for teaching or pioneering but in some way for himself. This humble request was expressed frankly and lovingly, with, one might venture to say, the yearning of a mother's heart.'

To such requests, the Guardian would usually reply with a message to the effect that his personal needs were few and limited. This message would be conveyed with such tenderness that Milly never found words to express the feelings that overwhelmed her. But let us go back to the story of the gate:

'Ever since my childhood I had wanted a gate. Even when I was very small and used to build little houses for my dolls, I would try to make a gate for the doll's house. I used little bars of iron and other scraps, but none satisfied my longing.

'When we built a home in New England, Tom asked me about a gate. I said to him, "Tom, I do not

want to put the money into a gate now.” But nothing could satisfy that deep longing of mine.

‘About this time I embraced the Faith and forgot about this desire of mine. I had no thought any more for worldly things.

‘After my husband died and I had been called to Haifa to serve, I offered the beloved Guardian a contribution and expressed the hope that the sum be used for his personal needs.

‘Time passed and one day I received a letter from Shoghi Effendi. It contained a photograph of a gigantic and very beautiful gate and a note asking me how I liked it, and informing me it had been purchased with the money I had offered him! Immediately I sent a message to him, saying, “Exceedingly beautiful”.

‘One night when some pilgrims were present at the table in the Western Pilgrim House, William Foster was among them. In his love for the Guardian he expressed the wish to be of some service while he was on pilgrimage; he was a builder and contractor by profession. The beloved asked him if he could build a gate, and Bill replied, with the greatest delight, that he most certainly could.

‘The Guardian then said he planned to erect the Collins Gate in the Ḥaram-i-Aqdas.’*

This was the first time that Milly heard this expression. At that tender moment as she gazed at the beloved Guardian, the Sign of God on earth, who knew her inmost longing, Milly told us:

‘He knew that my life had no worth except to offer

* The Shrine of Bahá’u’lláh and the surrounding area.

it at his bidding at any moment. He responded to my look with a heavenly smile.’

The Bahá’ís know that in the last years of His life Bahá’u’lláh made several visits to Haifa. On one of these He went to the extreme western end of Mt. Carmel. It is the head of the mountain, in whose heart rests the Shrine of the Báb. The head is indeed beautifully situated. It is a promontory jutting north-westwards into the blue Mediterranean, and the sun rising on one side of it sets on the other. It was while Bahá’u’lláh was visiting this part of the mountain that He revealed the Tablet of Carmel in the vicinity of one of the famous caves where, it is claimed, the Prophet Elijah lived. It is interesting, in view of later events, that the Guardian sent Milly and her husband to visit this historic site during her first pilgrimage.

Many years later Shoghi Effendi very much wished to purchase a piece of land, the highest spot on this promontory, lest it be irretrievably lost to the Faith. His intention was that the future House of Worship in the Holy Land should be erected there. Milly never took any action unless and until she knew definitely that it was the Guardian’s desire. As soon as she knew this was his plan, she begged him to allow her to donate the money for its purchase. This request was granted. She said that if she had ever received any reward in this transient life, this was it. On the day that the transactions for the purchase of this land were completed, she was in her room in the Master’s House, when suddenly someone knocked on her door and informed her that the Guardian was waiting for her in

his car in front of the House. The purpose of that unprecedented drive was the explanation bountifully given to her about the Temple site by the Guardian himself.

Whatever Milly had offered, in whatever way and for whatever institution, her acts had all been from sheer love; never did she expect, or wish, that what she did should be proclaimed. However, when the Guardian announced her gift of land for the Temple site, she explained to us, 'Who was I to say a word, or to wish otherwise!'

The main purpose in relating these unique and beautiful stories about Milly is to awaken in ourselves an awareness, and to cause us to ponder this point: How many opportunities have we, as individual Bahá'ís, had to make the Guardian happy, but in how many cases have we been heedless and passed them by? Milly was wide awake and alert. Even a word breathed by the Guardian would convey many things to her. She had no desire, no will, no intention other than to fulfil his wishes. She knew very well that if he were happy, he could do more for our great and beloved Cause.

When the Guardian announced to the Bahá'í world his decision to erect the superstructure of the Báb's Shrine, thus fulfilling the wistful desire of the Master, Milly sent a sum of money for this purpose and received the following acknowledgement, written on his behalf by his secretary:

'I am enclosing a receipt, at the instruction of our beloved Guardian, for the sum you so spontaneously and generously sent to him to be used for the construction of the superstructure of the Báb's Holy Tomb on Mt. Carmel.

'He wants you to know that this is the *first* contribution he has received for this glorious undertaking, and he is not surprised that it should come from you! You lead the way, in devotion, loyalty and self-sacrifice, in many fields of Bahá'í service, and your spirit of dedication to our beloved Faith and its interests greatly endears you to him.'

In another instance, when the Guardian's contribution for a specific purpose and her own were received simultaneously, the Guardian cabled her: 'Our recent contributions teaching campaign synchronized evidence our hearts attuned noble Cause'.

On one occasion the Guardian had said that the Bahá'ís should endeavour to purchase as many houses around the Temple in Wilmette as possible. Milly said later that when the Guardian had expressed this wish, it was as if she had not heard him. She had not even grasped the significance of such an instruction. Years passed and one day when, as a member of the National Spiritual Assembly, she was hurrying to the Assembly session – for she always tried to be punctual – she noticed a sign on the property across the street from the Temple which read: 'For Sale'. At that moment Milly remembered the words of the Guardian spoken so many years before, and she immediately telephoned the real estate agent and purchased the property

without the least thought of whether or not the price was right. When she reached the session, a little late, the friends could not possibly guess the reason for this delay of one who was always so punctual.

On one occasion it happened that the Guardian did not meet with the friends for a few days and they came to know that he was not feeling well. This saddened all hearts and Milly's sorrow had no bounds. The very first night after that, when the Guardian came to dine with the friends in the Western Pilgrim House and all eyes were fixed on him, he announced for the first time the opening of that great 'Spiritual Crusade', 1953-1963. While listening, Milly remembered being told that the Greatest Holy Leaf had often said the Guardian's hands resembled those of Bahá'u'lláh. That night when he unrolled his map and showed them all the goals of the World Crusade, Milly's gaze constantly followed the rhythmic movement of his beautiful hands and fingers. She was so overwhelmed by the beauty, power and dexterity of his hands that she was in an ecstasy, and waves of joy and astonishment surged in all hearts, at the magnitude of the Guardian's vision. Each one present longed to participate in the fulfilment of the newly-revealed plan. Though old, frail in body and broken in health, Milly could not control the upsurge of her desire to serve, and the words burst out, 'Where can I go?'

The beloved Guardian replied, 'Your place is here.'

As the months passed, following the inauguration of the World Crusade, every night whenever the Guardian came to dinner to meet the friends they could

detect by an extra light in his eyes that he had received good news. With those beautiful hands he would unfold the cablegrams that had come to him and read out their contents. The news of the pioneers and of the Knights of Bahá'u'lláh* arriving at their posts in the first year of the plan poured in to the World Centre regularly. One time the Guardian said:

'The night I explained the details of the Crusade, some of you thought that the goals were unattainable, but now you can all see how the confirmations have descended, and how individuals have been raised up to conquer these goals through the resuscitating power of God.'

When the friends entered the dining-room to meet the Guardian, he would usually ask, 'How are you, Milly?' She would counter this question by saying 'My condition is not important. How is the Guardian?'

Whenever the Guardian passed through the hall of 'Abdu'l-Bahá's House to go to the Shrine, or returned and was on his way to his own room, Milly might have stood in the hall to have a glimpse of him and receive a word from him. But this was not Milly. Her attitude was utterly different from that of many others. Whenever the Guardian was going to or from his room, she would immediately withdraw to her own room, lest a minute of his precious time should be spent in asking how she was. She kept herself out of

* The title bestowed by Shoghi Effendi upon those Bahá'í pioneers who would first open to the Faith the 131 countries, territories and islands which, in 1953, had no resident Bahá'ís.

sight, never in the way, always self-effacing, courteous and considerate.

The Guardian would say of her, 'Day by day she becomes nearer and dearer.'

Never did Milly fail to attend the meetings of the Hands of the Cause in Haifa.* The terrible pain she suffered because of arthritis would have put anyone else in bed, but Milly's conscience was extremely powerful and awake. When the pain was too severe to permit her to sit in a chair, she would ask her nurse to give her an injection to appease it, so that she could come to the meetings.

Sometimes when we heard her footsteps on the stairs we would hasten to reach out a hand to help her. We always noticed that she held her hands together as if holding something between her palms. Coming into the room, with a beautiful and radiant smile she would say, 'The imps are asleep'.

Her presence was a great help. Every word she uttered welled up from a fountain-head of love deep in her pure heart. Her eyes grew wider, bluer and more penetrating when ways and means were found to open up paths towards the fulfilment of one of the goals of the Guardian's Ten Year Plan. Not only her prayers

* After the Guardian's passing, in 1957, until the election of the Universal House of Justice in 1963, the Faith was administered by the Hands of the Cause, whom Shoghi Effendi had appointed in his lifetime, and designated as the 'Chief Stewards of Bahá'u'lláh's embryonic World Commonwealth'.

and her wisdom but also her generous contributions helped to keep such paths open and paved the way to victory.

For several nights one winter, Milly could not attend dinner with the Guardian at the Pilgrim House because of illness. One night, on crossing the street to his home, Shoghi Effendi, accompanied by Rúhíyyih Khánum, went directly to Milly's room. It was very cold, and he was wearing a delicate light woollen scarf made in Kashmir. After speaking some words of strength and hope to Milly, he removed the scarf from his own neck and wrapped it around hers; then he left, saying he hoped she would soon be all right. Milly said that the scarf carried with it the warmth of his blessed body. It became one of her most treasured possessions.

The beloved Guardian, having been forsaken by all the members of his family, had no intimate companions except his wife, Amatu'l-Bahá Rúhíyyih Khánum, who he said served as his 'shield' against the Covenant-breakers, and her father, Sutherland Maxwell, as well as a few old and trusted servants to whom he would sometimes open his heart. To such as these Milly was added, becoming often the privileged recipient of the Guardian's confidences, one to whom he could open his heart and reveal his sorrows, and many a sleepless night such confidences brought to Milly's loving heart!

One night, Milly said, he came to her room with Rúhíyyih Khánum and explained to her the infamous acts of his relatives. Milly could not bear to see the distress and sorrow in his beautiful face. She was heart-

broken and could not suppress her tears. The Guardian, with the greatest tenderness, told her not to weep.

The day came when the beloved Guardian would leave the Holy Land for ever. While bidding farewell to Milly, he looked deep into her eyes and said, 'Do not be sad, Milly'.

Every summer Milly left the Holy Land for Arizona, where the climate is hot and dry and enabled her to ease the arthritic pains from which she suffered a great deal. She would always arrange her affairs, however, in such a way as to be back in Haifa before the Guardian returned. This would give her the great joy of welcoming her beloved.

Therefore, in early November 1957, she reached Haifa and had hardly begun to unpack when she received the news of that fateful fourth of November.* She left immediately for London.

When I first saw her in London, she was like a comforting shadow as she followed Amatu'l-Bahá in her sorrowful tasks, unbelievably calm and serene. That terrible test which shook the foundations of the world of existence could not destroy Milly. Old and heart-broken though she was, she stood firm as a mountain. She was true to her love and, as ever, obedient. The Guardian's words, 'Don't be sad, Milly', rang in her ears.

During the years after the passing of the Guardian, when I had the privilege of being very near to Milly, I received many lessons of love from her. Many a night she and I would sit in the presence of Amatu'l-Bahá.

* The date of the passing of the Guardian.

On those memorable nights I would chant Tablets and poems in Persian and we would reminisce about the days of our beloved Guardian. The poems and prayers would be translated and, although we had so much to attend to during those eventful days, we never felt fatigued or exhausted even though we sometimes sat until the early hours of the morning.

Gradually our precious Milly became acquainted with many Tablets in Arabic and Persian, and also with some of the Persian poets. Sometimes Amatu'l-Bahá would graciously ask her, 'Now, Milly, what do you want?' – Ṭáhirih, Ustád Muḥammad-'Alí the Barber, Ḥáfiz, or Sa'dí. When the title of an ode was mentioned, Milly could follow the subject matter. While the Tablets were chanted or the poems sung, she would close her eyes and go into a world of her own, a world where perhaps she could have a vision of her beloved.

One time I asked her the following question. 'Milly,' I said, 'you are not accustomed to the Arabic or Persian tones of singing or chanting. How is it that you so much want to hear them and are rapt in such ecstasy?'

She replied: 'First of all, for the broken heart of our precious Amatu'l-Bahá, and second, I close my eyes, follow the thoughts and visualize that these songs and prayers and poems had been chanted in almost the same tones in the presence of the Master or the Guardian and even Bahá'u'lláh Himself. This thought gladdens my heart.'

In times of distress and sorrow, Milly would often

repeat, 'Why? Why?' And when one day she was asked what she meant by that question, she said, 'Why am I alive? I am ill, weak and not able to travel and teach. What is the use of my life?'

It was a winter's day when this conversation took place, in the office of the Hands of the Cause, where a small kerosene stove was burning. I said to her, 'Milly dear, isn't the weather very cold now?'

'Yes,' she replied.

'How is it that we can sit here, hold meetings, read letters, send messages to the Bahá'í world, in such comfort and ease? It is because of that little stove that is burning. It doesn't say anything. Does it make speeches? Does it travel? Never! The stove burns as long as it has kerosene. It gives its heat to us very generously and in that warmth we work. This is true of our physical comfort; then how much more do we need spiritual heat to give us energy and power to go on and carry the load to the year sixty-three, when we shall surrender all into the hands of the Supreme Body. Now dearest, you are our spiritual stove. You burn and we speak, write, travel.'

A beautiful smile lighted her lovely face and she reached up her hands to me to signify that I should help her up and accompany her to her room.

On Saturday afternoons Milly and I would meet in her room to review her personal letters and prepare answers. During one of these times she told me of the beginning of her deep relationship with Rúhíyyih Khánúm.

Milly was an old friend of Mrs. May Maxwell, the

mother of Amatu'l-Bahá Rúhíyyih Khánúm; she came to Haifa as a pilgrim in November 1937, after the marriage of the Guardian to Rúhíyyih Khánúm, and this was the beginning of their truly historic relationship to each other as their mutual love for Mrs. Maxwell drew them together. Milly told me that when, on one occasion, she saw Mrs. Maxwell in New York, Rúhíyyih Khánúm's mother embraced her and said 'Take care of Rúhíyyih Khánúm. Take care of Rúhíyyih Khánúm. Take care of her for me.' Shortly after this Mrs. Maxwell left for South America and died in Argentina.

Milly told me that Mrs. Maxwell's words had surprised her very much. How could she take care of the one who had been chosen by the beloved Guardian and was living under his care and protection?

'But destiny,' said Milly, 'proved that the heart of her mother had indeed been inspired. Now you see, in this great House of the Master, where all the rooms are left empty and dark, I now live so close to Rúhíyyih Khánúm. My hope and desire is to be with her in these bitter hours of loneliness and separation.'

Milly did her utmost. Whenever Rúhíyyih Khánúm went on a journey, Milly would utter words of encouragement that gushed forth from the very depths of her heart.

'Rest assured, my darling,' she would say. 'Rest assured that wherever you go, Shoghi Effendi will be standing next to you, and whatever step you take, he will hold your hand and will guide your steps . . .'

In those eventful days and years after the ascension

of our Guardian, Milly's will, determination and absolute certainty of the ultimate victory of the Cause were a great comfort, support and guiding light to her co-workers. Her true comprehension of the greatness of the hour and the exalted significance of the opportunities given to a small group of feeble persons to serve His Cause, inspired us all. She expressed herself very clearly and was extremely frank. Whatever she said had the light and power of conviction.

The passing of the one for whose sake she breathed never changed her love for the Faith, nor her spirit of self-sacrifice and thoughtfulness. In many instances she contributed even more generously than during the lifetime of the Guardian, towards the purchase of Bahá'í centres, the publication of books, sustaining pioneers and supporting the National Spiritual Assembly of the Bahá'ís of the United States, and, especially, the new National Spiritual Assemblies established according to the plan of the Guardian after his passing. Her financial gifts to them were, in her own words, 'for the sole purpose of pleasing Shoghi Effendi in the presence of Bahá'u'lláh'.

Milly's suffering from arthritis had no end, but she suffered in silence. The arthritis became gradually worse; she felt excruciating pains in her feet and joints and her fingers grew increasingly worse. As the Guardian had instructed her to do, she went every summer to Arizona to take advantage of the dry, warm climate. Before leaving Haifa she would visit the Shrines, and I could see in her beautiful eyes the shadow of sorrow and could sense her thought, that

this might be the last time she would gaze at the resting-place of the Supreme Manifestation of God. On the way to the airport she would watch the waves of the Mediterranean Sea washing the shore at the foot of the Mountain of God. She would gaze at the mountains and hills of the Holy Land and suddenly exclaim, 'Won't you sing poems for me?'

Every year she would write from Arizona or Wilmette that her health had improved, but there came a year when she wrote that there was no change. It was during this year that she fell down the stairs in her home in Wilmette. We were all very sad, thinking that our precious Milly would not be able to attend the annual meeting of the Hands of the Cause. But there was nothing in the world that could keep her from fulfilling her duties towards the Guardian. She reached Haifa on time, and the joint message sent out by the Hands received her signature.

Milly was now so frail that she could not walk properly and, when she arrived from the airport, ascending the steps of the Master's House was impossible for her. Some of the friends helped her and almost carried her up the steps. Though she was exhausted and in acute pain, her face shone with the light of love, her beautiful blue eyes glowed with joy that she was in the Master's House again and with a motion of her aching hands she sent kisses to those who had come to greet her.

She attended the meeting of the Hands held in the Mansion at Bahjí, even though she had to be carried to the upper floor in a chair, and spoke with great

conviction and strength, showering her abounding love upon all her co-workers. At the end of the meeting we all entered the Shrine of Bahá'u'lláh for praise and thanksgiving. She recited a prayer, every word of which took wings to the Abhá Kingdom.

It was very evident that this was the last act in her heroic and dramatic life. On returning to the Master's House, her home, she was confined to bed, and her physician would not permit visitors, leaving all of us in acute anguish and deprivation. No more of the frequent visits to the suffering patient were permitted.

Some of her fellow Hands, whose love for Milly was profound, were permitted to go to her bed-side to give her the good news of the progress of our discussions and meetings. Though bed-ridden she was always expectant to hear the news, and to see how she could serve. She shone like a brilliant star from the horizon of that House. She read all the letters written by the Hands, and signed them.

The last letter taken to her to sign was about the deputization fund. With trembling and aching fingers she held the pen and wrote 'Am . . .', and could do no more. This unfinished signature carries with it the pathos of an unfinished melody – the melody of love to the last breath.

One day, towards evening, Amatu'l-Bahá asked me, 'Do you wish to see Milly?' I longed to see her. God knows with what bitter tears in my eyes and strong feelings I entered her room. I remembered that at one time Milly and I had had a little meeting there together once a week, when I used to show her pictures of the

martyrs, of outstanding teachers of the Cause, and of true and faithful servants of Bahá'u'lláh; and would read her private letters and prepare answers. All these beautiful recollections made my heart very heavy, as I stood there looking at her face which was more beautiful than ever. She opened her generous arms and embraced this humble admirer, as I washed her face with my tears.

At this touching moment, in a very faint voice, she said, 'You used to chant and sing. Won't you do it now?' She placed her hands on her breast, ready to listen. When the prayer was finished, she sighed and, smiling faintly, said, 'You used to translate these for me.'

'It was one of the prayers of the Master,' I said, 'in which He recommends that we open our eyes and behold the grandeur and beauty of the Abhá Kingdom . . . When man's soul spreads its wings and gets ready for the eternal flight, he sees some signs of the majesty of God's creation and the immensity of the world beyond.'

I could sense that moment when her frail body would no longer contain the sublime soul that for so long had been yearning to take its flight.

This was my last visit with that lady whose life proved her worthiness to be the 'lady of the Kingdom', as 'Abdu'l-Bahá Himself had addressed her.

During all these years Amatu'l-Bahá Rúhíyyih Khánúm and Milly were inseparable, and in the last

weeks she remained always with Milly, even to the very end when Milly died in her arms. The first day of January 1962 was drawing to a close when Amatu'l-Bahá informed all the friends of the passing of our precious Milly. 'Alí Nakhjavání and I hastened immediately to the Master's House to be with Rúhíyyih Khánum. We were there until midnight, when the three of us went to Milly's room. She was lying on her bed. A heavenly smile adorned her very beautiful face. All the ailments, distress and suffering had gone. With that lovely smile she was able to tell us more clearly than with any words that she had found her lost beloved. The hours of separation had taken her to the banquet of reunion with the Guardian, as was clearly evident in the light of her dear face, so full of confidence, assurance and serenity. We chanted prayers and left her alone with her beloved.

Coming out of the room, Amatu'l-Bahá said, 'Now this corner of the House is dark also.' With these words she showed her loneliness more than she ever had before. She felt the history of that House in which 'Abdu'l-Bahá and the Greatest Holy Leaf had passed away, and now wherever she turned, upstairs or down, she found the occupant gone, the door closed and the room dark.

'How beautiful our precious Milly is on her bed,' I said.

To which Rúhíyyih Khánum replied, 'Of course, death is beautiful and makes every one beautiful.'

I had witnessed many times when about midnight Rúhíyyih Khánum and Milly had said good-night to

each other. How they embraced! What loving words of comfort they exchanged, and what assurances of prayers were given!

As we sat there, the three of us, I thought of Amatu'l-Bahá, who had lost the last person dear to her in this world, and who, from that night on, would have no Milly to embrace her on saying good-night, assure her of prayers, give her confidence and a motherly love.

'Alí and I suggested that we stay in the House for the night, but Rúhíyyih Khánum said, 'Milly is asleep and I will sleep too. You go home. Please take a little rest. Tomorrow we have much to do.'

The next day our dearest Milly was laid to rest in the Bahá'í cemetery, in a spot adjacent to the Afnán, chief builder of the Ishqábád Temple.