

DIARY OF A VISIT TO ACCA

BY

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Diary of a visit to Acca.

Haifa, Syria. June 26, 1909

As I write I look out on Mt. Carmel - the white, block-like house of the Orient with their bright blue blinds in immediate view, - the white walls - the white road.

What can I say? I am speechless. "Jesus from the ground suspires." This line has been singing and singing in my mind all the morning. And yet - it is more - oh, far more than that! The Spirit of the Living Redeemer is breathing its peace into the air. As I sat side by side with Alice this morning in our little white-plastered, high-ceilinged room, looking out on the grand old mountain, suddenly I felt that heart-consuming spirit, - and melted into tears.

Haifa, June 28.

We are still here - in the hotel at Haifa - Hassar's hotel. I am sitting in the lofty, airy hall, looking through the wide, high window with its three arches, out across the bay to the Holy City. Acca, dreamed of for nine long years, is before my bodily eyes. I am absolutely inarticulate. What I have seen - what I have felt is too vast to be expressed in human language. I can find no words great enough to convey the impressions of the last three days - or two days - I lose track of time! And as yet I have not seen Acca! In His infinite mercy, wisdom and love - in His gentleness - the Master is preparing us. Yet even the preparation has been almost too big for a human heart.

That first sight of Carmel with its mystery \* the Holy Mountain - \* the Mountain of the Lord\* - broke me down. I am still overpowered when I look at it, and as I grow more sensitized it must overpower me more and more. Here the Divine Spirit breathes and reveals itself. I know now. Ah! the poor human hearts to whom that Divine Spirit is not revealed - to whom the material is all - who are blind to the Spiritual Kingdom surrounding them - who have not rent the veil! Will they believe me when I return to testify? I would "ascend to the cross" for them! To breathe this Truth into the world I would give my own last breath with joy. I can now understand the ecstasy of the martyrs. I pray to be one of them - to be worthy of their destiny. I know now what the Master means by the "holy fragrances". I have come to the center of their emanation. The air is laden with the divine incense - verily the breath of God! It is almost unbearable. I am immersed - lost in it. My prayers used to grope through space. Now I am conscious of a close communion with a heart-consuming Spirit of Love - a spirit more intensely Real than the world and all the stars put together. (than all the human hearts in the universe - than the essence of all the lovers' hearts that ever beat for the beloved - even than all mothers' hearts.)

( Later )

I have been sitting close to the window - my window into heaven, my eyes fixed on Acca. The phenomenal world has faded away. This is indeed Reality. That City in the distance, white in the sunlight, has been drawing the very soul out of me. I have been feeling the power of the Magnet there.

Now I shall try - only try- to tell you of what I have seen --- these privileged eyes!

Friday afternoon, the day of our arrival, we went with Enayatullah to his house on Mt. Carmel: a simple house, flat, square, white; the doorway, an arch above high, rough stone steps; on each side of the arch a cypress tree. Two women were standing in the arch, waiting to greet us - one, a little spirit of a woman, - I should say, a girl. Her dress was like one of our negligees, a simple little loose garment, the grace of it heightened by a long, soft white veil, lightly framing her flower-like face. Her heavy bronze hair hung in two long braids, loosely curling at the ends, - the ends of her veil flowing in with them. Her great gentle eyes, wide apart in the drooping little face, were like velvet, and beneath them in her ivory pallor were purple-brown shadows. She seemed too fragile for the weight of her hair and the size of those dark velvet eyes. This was Khamum Zeah, - Enayatullah's wife-, daughter of martyrs - the niece of "the King of the Martyrs." The other was a tiny old Jewish servant with a face like old parchment, framed, nun-like, in a close white veil. Her gown, too, was flowing, and of the blue of twilight. They received us with a tender love, like nothing I had ever felt before. We were their sisters from the West. In effect, in spirit, it was like the days of Jesus.

From this blessed household we went to the Holy Household to see the holy sister of the Master and the daughters.

I shall never forget the little procession as they entered the room with the dignity of queens, led by that spirit, the daughter of Baha'o'llah. She was all in white - the daughter of the Blessed Perfection. Her face was the face of a crucified one. In it shone great blue eyes, of purity and love divine. Behind her came Teuba and Moneva Khamum, Abdul Baha's daughters.

Ah, what can I say! My pen halts. As well try to describe the light of the stars! All I know is that they shone. Such luminous eyes, such majestic bearing, voices so rich with love, I could never have imagined. There is nothing I can say save this - as a bud that was little and hard opens in the glowing sun, so my heart opened to a wealth of love inconceivable by my human mind.

That night we went again to the Holy Family. They are staying in the home of Madame Jackson, just above the base of Carmel. We sat on the broad marble steps, before us a scene of the chaste beauty. The moon shone above Mt. Carmel, touching the houses of the little Palestine town - each house square and white, almost every one with its spire of a cypress tree. Moonlight in Palestine! What could be purer? Suddenly I whispered to Moneva Khanum: "What is it? It cannot be imagined. What is it which emanates from Mt. Carmel? It is too strong for me - it is unbearable! I covered my face with my hands. She pressed close to me. "Ah! you feel it too!" She said in her low rich tones.

I have not spoken of Rooha Khanum - beautiful Rooha Khanum, the Master's youngest daughter; beautiful in face, a queen in spirit, her heart overflowing with divinest love.

Each of these wonderful women, with their dignity, not of this world, their loftiness of spirit, their poise of soul, exhales in her own individual

way the ineffable sweetness of the Love of God - that Love, warm as the summer sun, rich above everything, which, since I entered this blessed Kingdom, has been such a revelation to me.

Next day we had tea with Rooha Khamam in her beautiful, perfectly simple house. The lofty and airy room in which we were received was painted white, a divan covered with linen extended around the wall; that was all, no decoration; absolute repose. The sister of the Master was there, Tooba and Mon-ova Khamam and two little women in blue, with blue veils on their heads, relatives of the Bab.

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### The Approach to Acah June 30.

After fording Kishon and Hebron, at last we reached the wall-girl City of Peace! A forbidding City in its outer aspect - its streets of a medieval narrowness, and deep and sombre, - high, prison-like houses almost touching across them, as in their decrepitude they leaned toward each other. I had the impression of a city of solid masonry, of walls within walls, impenetrable, repellent - of gloom and atony aridity. The Turkish soldiers followed our carriage. We were stopped several times.

A sudden turn brought us to an open space, bordered by a garden and bounded by the double sea-wall. Our horses stood still. I knew we were at the door of the Master. My heart almost ceased to beat. I felt we had arrived too abruptly - that I was too unprepared.

The shades of the carriage were raised. In front of a very large house, so broad it almost appeared low, its massive old walls mellowed to a warm white, stood a group of men waiting to receive us - serene, dignified men with wonderful faces - pure, awakened, revealing. They wore turbans, the Persian djebbas (or long, full but straight coat) and flowing white under-dress.

One who had the tenderest of smiles - whose face was peculiarly illumined with joy and love - led us through a vaulted passage into the blazing sunlight of a great inner court. In this court were two giant date trees, their palms rising high above the white, flat roof. From the white wall that faced us an old well projected. In diagonally opposite corners and outside the walls, two uneven stone stairways led, one to the roof, the other to the Master's living apartments on the third floor.

The railing of the stairway leading to the living apartments was covered with vines. Up this stairway they led us and across a small court, its whitewashed walls open to the blue of the oriental sky, to the room I was to share with Alice.

Soon Edna Ballora came in. She took us to the window. Outside was a square of bare ground; across it a short distance four trees in a line; beyond these Oriental houses with rows of arched windows, and to the right a long leafy garden, bounded by the sea-wall. This was the Master's garden.

"The Master is in the garden" said Edna.

He was in white, seated by a well in the centre of the garden, surrounded by guests.

"Oh King of men!" I whispered, when I first saw that figure, - enthroned in its majesty and purity at the fountain.

Soon He came to our room. He burst into it like the sun, with His strong joyous greetings: Mahraba, Mahraba, "Welcome! Welcome!" And His effulgence struck me blind.

Alice fell at His feet. I could not kneel. I could not do anything. At last unnaturally I knelt for a moment, bending one knee. Then He led us to the divan, where, speaking almost formally to me, He placed me at a little distance from Him, while to Alice, at His feet He spoke with a smiling and caressing tenderness.

All I was conscious of was my own utter unworthiness. "O God, remove the screen!" I cried in my heart.

Suddenly He changed His seat. Beah! (Come) He called to me lovingly, and when I obeyed, drew me to His side. He asked us many questions, answered by Alice, for I could not speak. When the father of John saw the angel, he was struck dumb, and I was in the Presence of the Long-expected One.

The great overwhelming Personality deprives one of all one's powers - even the power of sensation - for a time. Yet He manifests such simplicity - in the fullness of His Love He bends so near.

Suddenly my heart burst open to the outpouring from His Heart - just as a flower will open in the sun - I could feel it open. At that instant He flashed a lightning glance at me. When He left us - as He did almost at once - I was filled with a great dilation. The moment it seized me, He sent for me to come to His room.

The dear little wood-pannelled room, with its canopied bed, draped with gauzy mosquito-netting over slender posts, - its linen covered divan, its simple little dressing table, and the two stone water-jugs in the window - the dear little room.

When I entered He called me to sit beside Him. (As I passed Him my knees almost drew me down; but fearing to be insincere, I would not yield - tho' my body was reminding me!) He took hold of my hand with His strong, vibrating, life-giving one, which is still the most sensitive in the world.

"Are you well? Are you happy?"

But I was mute - my lips locked.

"Speak! Speak to me!" (In English)

A sacred passion was growing in my heart. My heart was almost bursting.

"Is not my heart speaking to Thee, my Lord?"

"Yes, your heart is speaking to me - and your spirit is speaking to me. I hear - I know!"

Then He inquired for two of the believers I cared for least - though I had kept my aversion hidden.

Of one I could honestly say that when he returned from Aoba he was on fire.

"And he remained but a few days" said the Master.

Then?

"Do not think your services are unknown to me. I have seen. I have been with you. I know them all. For these you are accepted in the Kingdom."

Then He ~~dismissed me~~ "Forgive my failures."

"Behave of this." After a moment He repeated, "Behave of this."

As I passed Him my knees drew me down to His feet.  
 "I wish, Lord!"

Later that evening He came to our door - a little blue wooden door with a latch - very rough and simple. We knelt in the doorway - Alice and I.  
 "We are at home, Lord" I said, "at home for the first time!"  
 "Yes - Home - Home - it is your Home!" (In English)

That night I sat on His left at dinner. Ah! the little dining-room! It opens on the court, at right angles with the Master's door. It is simple and small, with rough, white-washed walls, and its two windows face the sea. Always the immaculate table cloth was strewn with flower-petals - usually, rose-leaves and jasmine.

This is what He said at the table, constantly turning His face to the sea, sometimes looking up, sometimes closing those wonderful eyes - waiting - communing with that which we could not see or hear - then speaking:

Mr. Kinney having said, "We have no questions to ask - We wish the Master to fill our spiritual needs," our Lord said:

"The most important thing is that which comes through the Spirit. The Breath of the Holy Spirit. The soul, through the Spirit, can realize the Kingdom. The soul can recognize and feel the Love of God. Distance cannot prevent the receiving of spiritual bounties. Hills and mountains cannot check that! Why? Because there are the chains and bonds of the Spirit. The sun is very far - in the highest horizon; there is a great distance between earth and sun, - yet remoteness and distance cannot prevent its rays from shining. (Upon us).

"Without firmness there will be no result. Trees must be firm in the ground to give fruit. The foundation of a building must be very solid in order to support the building. If there be the slightest doubt in a believer, he will be without result. How many times did Christ bid Peter to be steadfast in His belief. Therefore, consider how difficult it is to remain firm - especially in the time of trials. If man endure and overcome the trials, the more will he become firm and steadfast. When the tree is firmly rooted, the more the wind blows, the more will the tree benefit; - the more intense the wind, the greater the benefit. But if weak, it will immediately fall.

"As Christ foretold, we will take the real food in the Kingdom with the Father. That is the real meeting. It has no limit - no end, - no separation."

July 1st.

Next morning we were called at six to early tea.

I wish I could put into word-pictures that dear old shabby palace - the most homelike of homes! I wish I could make it exist in words for every Baha'i of all the future. I should like to take them all with me into the sweetness of that early tea hour!

Just outside of our door a sunny white court, open to the sky; then a narrow arched passage with a great square hall at the end, vaulted, the stone floor sunken, uneven - a huge gray place, - two gaudy-colored parrots on stands near a dark wall. Here little birds, flying in through open arches, hopped about the floor. From this hall the tea room opened, - bright

and airy, - very high, its walls white-washed, - high arched windows, - matting on the stone floor - a divan extending around three walls. In one corner of the divan, the Master sitting, silhouetted against the window, - the powerful face, with its surpassing sweetness, bent over a package of ivory-colored Tablets, which it was His custom to correct at that hour. Here and there on the divan the sister, the daughters, the wife of the Master, in their simple eastern dress-veiled heads, braided hair, flowing cotton gowns. In a corner in front of the samovar the happy-faced widow of a martyr, and kneeling about the room the children and the little serving girls and women survivors of the martyrs sheltered and protected by the Master.

As we entered the Master asked how we were - had we slept well?

"Here" He said, "you cannot be very comfortable. In New York it is better and more beautiful than here." He smiled and added, "There it is beautiful; you have parks and trees. But here the heart is good."

"You have all received letters from me," He said, continuing to correct the Tablets. Then, handing one to Monever Khamum, "This is a Tablet to an American believer which I have just corrected."

In the Tablet He had said, "Thank God you are all helpers." And I had just been thinking, "Never can we hope to help this All-Powerful Being." He had also spoken of the Word of God as the great uniting Power which had brought together in the east Jews, Turks and Christians, and said we had all been made, through the Power of the Blessed Perfection, as one soul in many bodies, one light in different lamps. Therefore we must strive to increase and spread this divine unity and love.

Then He began to talk to us:

"Thank God He has gathered us all together here. Before the Cause was established the East and the West never met. But now since the Cause is established in Persia and America, the East and the West are united, happy and in perfect love with one another. It is only a mighty Power that can accomplish this. Formerly, in Persia, it was impossible for Mohammedans, Christians and Jews to meet lovingly. But now in this same Persia, all creeds come together in perfect love. I hope all will make an effort in order that this love and union may progress."

Then turning away and gazing through the window, as though out into the future, each sentence like a prophecy seen in vision:

"That all religions may become one - All people be of one creed.-- All nations as one.-- That all differences may be removed. -- And this is what I hope."

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At Luncheon, July 1st.

".....I desire that each of you become so great that each may guide a country. Now the friends must endeavor to attain such stations, as to teach the people of America. Divine qualities are unlimited. For this reason you must not be satisfied with one quality, but must try to attain all. Each of you must improve himself that he may attain nothing short of the best. When one stops, he descends. A bird when it is flying soars, but as soon as it stops flying it falls. While man is directed upward, He develops. As soon as he stops, he descends. Therefore I wish the beloved of God always to ascend and develop.

"There exist in man two powers. One power uplifts him. This is divine attraction, which causes man's elevation. In all grades of existence he will develop through this power. This belongs to the spirit. The other power causes man to descend. This is the animal nature. The first attracts man to the Kingdom; the second brings him down to the contingent world. Now we must consider which of these will gain in strength. If the heavenly power overcome, man will become heavenly, enlightened, merciful;

but if the worldly power overcome, he will be dark, satanic and like the animal. Therefore, he must develop continually. As long as the heavenly power is the great force, man will ascend.

"I have met many of the beloved of God this year - therefore I am very happy."

(Added later) I think of Him often as He sat at table. I see Him there often; But I cannot write of it. I found it impossible at first to raise my eyes to the splendor of His face. But later I had many marvellous glimpses.

July 2nd. Early morning Tea.

After these first dear fatherly questions, "Were we well? Were we happy?" and after Monever had chanted a prayer, He said,

"Our real happiness is in the Kingdom. Here we seek no happiness because in this world happiness does not exist. If you consider you will see that people are all in trouble. The majority of people whom you question have nothing to tell you but of their troubles. Their hearts are not at rest. And they cannot have this rest of heart save through the Love of God. Therefore we must know that happiness does exist in the Other World and not in this."

Still correcting the Tablets, He said,

"There are many letters I should write because I have to communicate with the East and West."

Handing a Tablet to Monever Khamam, "This is the Tablet in regard to events that have happened in Persia."

He asked me not to take it down. It referred to the political situation in Persia and prophesied that unless they changed and union was affected between the opposing sides, foreign powers would step in and divide the country. After this, "It is very nice" He said lovingly, "to see you here - that you have at last reached here. Tomorrow I am going to take you to the Tomb myself" (the Tomb of the Blessed Perfection). "I was going to take you today but as I am busy and have to take the Governor out, I cannot do so."

Then He rose and left us. Always when He left us we felt left desolate. The withdrawal of His Presence was like the withdrawal of the sun.

July 2nd,  
Morning, in His room.

He sent for me. In my self-consciousness I had been screened from Him - yet my heart had been continually crying out, with ever-increasing love, to Him. When I entered His little room and knelt at His feet, looking up into eyes of Love which suddenly I found I could meet, He put out His hands and said, "Now - now!"

I laid my head on His knee - the tears came. He lifted my face and wiped them away. "God shall wipe away their tears". Ah, this blessed day! I cannot remember exactly what happened - only that love immeasurable flowed from Him and was reflected in my unworthy heart. One thing I do remember. When He lifted my face - while He was wiping away my tears - He said in a voice of such appealing, infinite sweetness, like the sighing of the wind which "bloweth where it listeth and we know not whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth":

"Speak - Speak to me!"

His words in English sink into your very soul -- what I lose by not



understanding Persian!

"Oh my Lord, may my life speak to you!" I cried; then I presented Him with the petitions. First I gave him Lua's and read Him a portion of one of her letters, speaking of her tests and difficulties.

"You love Lua?" He asked in that voice of heart-piercing sweetness that voice which is indeed the calling of the Spirit, the instrument of Divine Love, - "she is dear to you - your friend?"

"She is my spiritual mother. I love her with my whole soul. Thy Love" I said, "has united so many hearts in eternal bonds," I spoke of my love for May Maxwell.

"Your sister?" He asked.

"My sister - and - she too has been a spiritual mother to me."

He said it was this that made Him happy - to see that the sisters loved one another.

"Help me to love all" I begged, "In this I have failed."

"That is what I wish for you - that you will love all."

"With Thy help!"

I gave Him the letter from Mr. MacNutt. He smiled at his name.

I gave him "Mother" Beecher's message. Moncey translated: The Master will pray for her that she will attain to all she wishes.

I gave him Mrs. ....message - that she longed to establish a spiritual city on the ....River, the inhabitants which would live for the good of the whole rather than the one; and asked that the way might open for her to come to Akka.

"My Lord - you know Mrs. ....?"

"I know - I know." Then He said,

"That city I hope will be a spiritual city, and of course the people of such a city are perfectly united. In a physical city of course it is impossible to have every one in it united; but in a spiritual city it is possible that all be united and in every way cemented. The spiritual city is like the sea and the inhabitants of this city are like the waves of the sea - in every way they are connected and united. I hope she will be able to build such a city as this. And I hope she will be able to do all the services she wishes and that the way will be opened for her to come here."

His eyes were half closed as He gave this message - He seemed to be communing with her.

I read Him Bernard Guinzig's message - that "he had heard the voice of the Spirit in the realm of art - that he was a seeker of truth in this world of mysteries."

"Tell him - Give thanks to God that you are a seeker after the mysteries of existence - and ask God that He reveal to you the Mystery of the Kingdom. Should you know all the mysteries of the world and not know anything about the Mystery of the Kingdom, it is useless. To know the mysteries of the world is very good, when it is joined with the Mystery of the Kingdom."

He also said it was good for him to follow the art of designing.

In my hand, among the supplications with which I had been entrusted, was a letter from Barakatullah to me. As he did not know at the time of writing that I was going to Akka - as his letter contained no message for the Master - it was merely in remembrance of him that I had taken it into our Lord. - In it he had said he feared I had forgotten him. I did not read it to our Lord - just held it up.

"You love Mr. Barakatullah?" He said.

"Ah yes, my Lord!" He smiled.

"Write to him and say that you are in Akka and say that you wish very much to have him here too. Tell him - you have not forgotten him!" With a sudden captivating smile. He always smiles thus - archly - when he surprises us with His superhuman knowledge of intimate things.

"Tell him you have not forgotten him and that you wish he were with you. Say that you mentioned his name in the presence of Abdul Baha and he gave you this message for him:-- 'Abdul Baha says He loves him very much and He will pray for him that he may be assisted to do some work in Japan. Until now the Word of God has not been raised in Japan. Perhaps he may become the cause of its being proclaimed there. In every country in which a new founder appears who will raise there the Words of the Kingdom, that man will become greatly helped. Therefore Abdul Baha hopes that Mr. Barakatullah will be wonderfully assisted."

I then gave our Lord Ahmad's message.

"Give Mirza Ahmad my greetings and love and say, 'You have been enabled to render services in this Cause and you have served very much and this shows that God has showered upon you great favors, and I hope in the future also you will be able to render great services. I hope you will be able to do a very great service in this Cause."

I gave him Claudia Coles message.

"Give my salams to Claudia Coles and say I will pray for her that she may obtain all her desires and that everything, including herself, will be exactly as she wishes."

I read Him Mrs.....'s long message.

"Say: 'She must make every effort to enlighten her soul and to attain to such a condition where no sorrow nor disappointment will have any effect upon her. And the condition of entire and complete submission is the best one; for when one reaches this condition, one is perfectly submissive to everything. And when she will be so, she will entirely forget her own will and ask nothing but the will of God. Whatever is done in the world is the Will of God. And as one, when in this condition, has no will of his own, his will is the Will of God and whatever he does is the Will of God."

To Mary Little: "I will pray also for her and ask help from the Kingdom for her - and pray that she may become as she wishes."

"How do you like all these messages?" He said, smiling His smile of enchantment, "I give you such long messages because of the love in your heart. It is for this I love you, because you are so sincere, and have a great love in your heart and love many of the believers. I see a great love in your heart. That is why I love you."

I said "If I have any love, it is your gift to me. I pray for the universal love - that I may love all, my Lord."

"Inshallah! That is what I desire for you - that you love each and all - that you love all the people of the world -- this is my wish for you."

Just then C. was announced - a poor girl who had been a lawbreaker - who, when I had met her in New York, had formed a touching attachment for me. Some months ago, she had left New York for Egypt, and when she heard I was in Haifa, had followed me there. Our Lord asked Monever Khanum to bring her in.

"You have been so kind to me, my Lord, to permit C. to come while I am here."

"It is for your sake. You must be sure, when you are with her, to say only those things which will help her, for should she do anything wrong again it would not be good for the Cause."

"My Lord" I said weeping, "I am so conscious of my own imperfections, that I can never feel here are greater than mine."

"You must never think of your own imperfections, but of the power of Baha'o'llah which can free you from all."

I was at His feet. Raising my hands I said,

"Dear Master, free me from this terrible self-consciousness."

(For the fact, often proved, that He knew every thought passing in my mind had put me in a state from which I was suffering acutely.)

"I will pray for you that you may be freed from it."

Again the tears came to my eyes and again He wiped them away, smiling His divine smile.

Then Monever Khanum went out and brought C. back. We two had a sacred meeting with the Master. She spoke so tenderly of me. He answered tenderly. He then sent for Mrs. .... As she entered the room He said with His enchanting smile: "Friends - friends?"

Alice spoke up in her impulsive way: "If people are your friends! they are mine."

"All are my friends - each - every one my friends - my friends!"

This was said in English - and oh the tone!

I was moved to extend my hand to take C.'s. "She is mine?" I asked "Mine forever?"

He smiled and said "Yes -yes."

Next He sent for Carrie Kinney and when we were all at His feet, Monever translating for us, He said:

"I hope a great love may be established among you and that day by day this love will increase. I have gathered you all together here that you may be gathered in the same way in the Kingdom of God, and that you may love one another very, very much. If you love one another as you should, it is just as though you had loved me as you should. The more you love one another, the nearer you come to me. I go away from this world, but Love always stays. Therefore you should love one another very much. And I hope you will become the cause of establishing great love among humankind; and that, through the help and assistance of God, you will be able to establish in this world the Love of God. Baha'o'llah endured all these hardships and difficulties only for the sake of establishing love in this world."

C. said, "I wish I might be like this rose and exhale such fragrance."

The Master: "One could be much more beautiful than this rose, for the rose perishes, - its fragrance is just for a time. No winter has any effect upon such a rose as man!"

Alice said she wished we could go out into the world diffusing all we had received at akka.

"As I have said before, man is first like a pupil; he becomes a learned man; then he becomes a teacher. First he is a patient; he must attain perfect health; having attained it, he may become a doctor. What I wish is that these who have attained the Kingdom of God will themselves become doctors.

"All the people of the earth are patients - are ill; they are in great need of doctors, so that through the help of these doctors, they may be cured of their spiritual diseases.

"The life of man will at last end in this world. We must all take out of this life some fruit. The tree of one's existence must bear fruit. If a tree has no fruit you must cut it down and burn it. It would be useless for other purposes." And what is the fruit of the human tree? It is the Love of God. It is love for humankind. It is to wish good for all the people of the earth. It is service to humanity. It is truthfulness

and honesty. It is virtuous and good morals. It is devotion to God. It is the education of souls. Such are the fruits of the human tree. Otherwise it is only wood-nothing more."

July 3rd. Early morning tea.

Abdul Baha: "I want to tell you that most of the nations and the majority of the people are in perfect ignorance. They are trying night and day to do something to destroy the foundation of man. There are among them political fights and wars. There are conflicts and disturbances. Every day they are inventing new instruments for the destruction of human life. There are among them also religious disputes and conflicts, conflicts and disputes of art, conflicts and disputes of trade and also conflicts and disputes of patriotism. You hardly find two men between whom there is real harmony and sympathy. Now you must do your best, that you may be able to remove all these conflicts and disputes. You will change this darkness into light; you will change this hatred and meanness into love and harmony, because your aim is a glorious one. It is sure you will have to endure many difficulties in this Cause and that great obstacles will come before you; you will have many hindrances; but you must confront all, and you must endure all these difficulties. You must give up all differences among you - differences of opinion - and all work for the same aim. You must be qualified with divine attributes, so that the Word of God may assist you, so that the Bounties of God may descend upon you. And know that without the help of the Holy Spirit you cannot be able to do this. And the magnetism of the word of God is sincerity of intention. And until you are entirely severed from yourself and emptied of yourself, you will never be sincere enough. You must entirely sacrifice yourself. You must close your eyes to all rest. You must give up even your happiness and your enjoyments so that you will be able to do this. It is true that you will be blamed very much and that you will have some difficulties and troubles. It is sure that people will show enmity toward you, and it is possible your own relatives will even try to oppose you. But you must be firm, and if you will be firm and steadfast, be sure that you will triumph. As the Christ said to a rich man, "Go, and give all you have, and take up your cross, and come, and be my follower!" This saying of the Christ's indicates that unless one is free from everything, one cannot be a real follower of Christ."

Luncheon, July 3rd, 12:30

His Holiness Christ said: "Freely have ye received; freely must ye give. That is to say, man has received the bounties of the Kingdom for nothing, so you must give it to others as you have received it, that is you should look to God for your reward.

But in this new revelation many of the believers have attained the Kingdom with great difficulty - they gave much to obtain it.

The blessed Bab and Baha'ollah were the possessors of the Kingdom - They gave the Kingdom to the people. But they had many trials and difficulties. The Bab exposed His breast to thousands of bullets from the enemy; Baha'ollah, too, spent all His life in the prisons; the beloved of God obtained the Kingdom by the sacrifice of their lives, under calamities and oppressions. Their houses were destroyed - and their honor; all their properties were pillaged, their families, their children were taken captive, and at last they, themselves were martyred. Now consider how difficult it was for these people to obtain the Kingdom. Notwithstanding this, the Kingdom is so great that still they received

(the fight of) it freely. This is what Christ meant.

Now the purpose is this, - that you, also, should secure the Kingdom with so many sacrifices. It is possible that you may have these calamities and difficulties. The people will accuse you, blame you and injure you. But you must show forth firmness and steadfastness. And should there be no trials, nothing will be accomplished. But when trials appear, many will greatly develop, - that is to say, those who are sincere believers, firm in the Cause will develop and advance, but, on the contrary, those who are weak in their faith will escape. But my hope is that you will show forth firmness.

Tell Miss Juliet Thompson" He said suddenly, laughing, " that I am going to strike her. Others are delicate, but she is strong and can stand it! He laughed again, " I am going to beat her!"

"It has seldom happened" he continued, " in any age or cycle that women have been killed as martyrs, - but in this great revelation many women have been martyred. It happened many times that enemies among the women collected together, striking and beating a Bahai woman. Still they could not appease their hostility - their rage by striking - they bit with their teeth and this was due to their great rage!"

The Master laughed all through this - from the time when He spoke of me to the end. I was sitting by His side at this meal.

Early morning tea, July 4th 6 A.M.

Monever Khanum chanted a prayer Then Abdul Baha Spoke.

"In this prayer which we have just heard, Baha'o'llah meant Abdul Hamid, the Turkish Sultan who has lately been deposed. And the verses are I implore thee, O my God, the King of the nations, and I ask Thee by The Greatest Name, to change the throne of tyranny into a centre of justice and the seat of pride and iniquity into the chair of humbleness and justice. Thou art free to do whatsoever Thou wilt; Thou art the all-knowing, the Wise!"

" A power above the power of Kings!" I whispered to Monever Khanum "And still" whispered she, " and still we ask for miracles!"

July 4th 1909

That day - the 4th of July - He took us Himself to the Holy Tomb of Baha'o'llah. In the morning.

First, with a father's care, He saw us to the carriage, and started us. At the house at Bahje He joined us, in a long, low, airy, white-washed room, with a divan extending around it, under three great windows. Outside stood wonderful trees, like still sentinels guarding the Tomb. Sanctity hung in the air - a breeding spirit. Nowhere else in the world is the outer aspect of nature so impregnated with divine beauty. It is as if at this spot nature had found her soul - had attained deep consciousness. In the air of Carmel and Akka is - Life!

On a table was a single photograph - Luá's. The master called me to a seat by His side and pointing to the picture of Luá said, " Your friend?" I took it from the table and placed it on a small stand near Him. As I did so He smiled.

Tea was brought in, in the usual little clear glasses, and He

served us with His own hands. Then, resuming His seat on the couch, He called the four children who were with us to Him - - two of His own little nephews and the Kinney boys - and with a lavishness of tenderness, a superabundance of overflowing love - such as could only have come from the very Center and Source of Love - He drew them down beside Him, clasped them in His arms, gathered and pressed and crushed them to His Heart of hearts! Having sat with them folded to Him thus, for a few minutes, during which they looked up with beatific faces into the Face smiling down upon them, He put them down gently on the floor, and rising, brought their tea, himself, to them. Words absolutely fail me when I try to express the divine picture I saw then. With the Christ-love radiating from Him with intensest sweetness, He stooped to the floor to serve the little children - children of the East and of the West! - He sweetened their tea for them, stirred it, fed them with a spoon, smiling all the while celestially - an infinite tenderness playing on the great, Immortal Facelike white light! I cannot express it! In a corner sat an old believer - a Persian - in a state of complete effacement before his Lord, his head bowed, his hands crossed upon his breast. I looked up to see his tears raining, beneath the lowered lids.

Then our Lord took a chair and facing the window, pointed out those beautiful trees to us. In His full white robe, with His majesty of pose ( a sudden great majesty after that tender humility - in a way Michael Angelesque, only far transcending that) - He appeared at first glance as the King of Kings to me; the next instant, the Spirit of the Son flashed once more upon me; then the two aspects were one. He then said:

"We cannot in this world realize the bounty of God, nor can we appreciate His love, but in the next world we may do so. When man is in the world of the womb, God showers upon him all blessings, - He gives him all the organs - eyes, ears, etcetera, but man cannot put this favor into use there; it is not manifest there. When the child is born from the world of the womb into this world, then all those blessings and gifts which God showered upon him while in the womb become manifest and useful. His gifts were not known in the world of the womb, though man did possess them there, but the world of the womb did not have the capacity for the manifestation of these gifts and blessings. Similarly with the gifts and blessings which God showers upon man in this world. This world is not fit and has not the capacity for the manifestation of these gifts and blessings. But when man enters into the world of the Kingdom, then these gifts will be manifested. For example, one of the gifts of God is to be able to pay a visit to the Holy Tomb; but man cannot fully realize it while in this world; but when he enters the World of the Kingdom, then the blessings and gifts will become evident and clear. Is this clear to you?"

Then, giving us each a handful of jasmine, He led us, one by one, to the jasmine-strewn threshold of the Tomb. As He led me, His hand quickened me. Never can I forget its vital pressure. We knelt at that divine threshold I know not how long. Suddenly He was beside us, luminous, silent. Bending, he anointed our foreheads with attar of rose; then He lifted each of us to our feet; and then in a voice which struck across my heart-strings, causing my entire being to quiver, the memory of which even now pierces and wrings my heart, He chanted. After He had ceased, He asked Mr. Kinney to chant. My soul revolted at the thought of a human voice following His. Yet Mr. Kinney sang beautifully: "Oh Lord make us pure and without desire!" My whole being echoed this prayer. Our Lord then requested us all to sing and the hymn we chose was "Nearer, my God, to Thee". While our Lord was chanting I could not look at Him, but during the singing that followed I kept my face turned toward Him. I still see His

standing by the window - the grandeur of the profile- the luminousness of that still face, white-turbaned, against the white wall.

We left the Tomb

"Come, and I will show you my garden" He said, "Come! Follow Me!

With the little children - Sandy pressed close to one side, Howie to the other, He led us. In folds indescribably graceful, His white robes blew about His figure; divineness breathed from it. That which He manifest Footsteps over the stony fields, - His garden.

"Other sheep have I that are not of this fold - My sheep shall know My voice - and there shall be one fold and One Shepherd."

As I followed, my heart chanted this.

Having gone about a quarter of a mile, He stopped and pointing out the Mediterranean;

"Look!" He said, "the sea! the sea!"

Mr. Kinney said, "America is beyond."

Then our Lord". "America and this land are one. The world is one- IS ONE" ( in H's ringing English) "America and this land are one. The five continents of the world are one! All the nations are ONE, through the Power of Baha'o'llah! "

So these privileged eyes saw our Lord, gazing toward America, make it free! Perhaps he meant it was the world that was " His Garden".

In the morning a slight discussion had been going on in our room. In the midst of this discussion there came a tap at the door, and there was the Master, in white, in the sunlight, His hands full of jasmine for us!

That night He called us to His room and when we were all seated on the floor, gave us the following talk. He looked very wonderful that night, very mysterious and majestic, in the fitful candle-light.

"The world is in prison and bondage through the heads of religion who have captured the Spirit.

The rabbis have always tried to convince the people that their religion is the true one, that they are the chosen nation, by their descent from Abraham and that they are the only people who can enter the Kingdom. Also the Catholic priests; what they say to the people is this, - that they possess the true religion, they are the accepted people of God and the only people who are saved. Also the Sheikhs. They speak against the Christians and say; "God had a Son and the people crucified this Son of God! They say, What a foolish thing these Christians teach, - that God Could have a Son and He could be crucified by human hands! "

You see how the heads of each of these religions have captivated the souls and brought them under this narrow control.

Now Baha'o'llah has come and given freedom to these captive souls and released them from this bondage."

Mrs. Beede said, "It is the 4th of July- the day we celebrate our independence in America."

"Yes, it is a good day in America - the day of your physical freedom, but today you celebrated your spiritual freedom. Physical freedom is a good thing, but spiritual freedom is of greater importance. Really the first thing is to have the soul free. And you must be very thankful to have attained spiritual freedom on the same day when you attained the

physical freedom. I hope that as on this day you have attained the physical freedom, in the same way you will be free from all passionate desires and human inclinations."

He had begun His talk by asking, "How are you? Are you happy? You should be happy after your visit to the Blessed Tomb today. Did you think of Lua?"

C. and I told him that we had done so. Carrie Kinney said she had thought of each and all the believers. His face lighted up with that marvellous smile which always shines forth when we speak of our love for others.

"Very good - very good (Kheylee khub -Kheylee khub.) That is what pleases God."

In reference to our walk behing Him over the thistles of Palestine I quoted: "My sheep shall know my voice and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." C. referred to His serving the little children, - "Suffer the little children to come unto me." I said it was a symbol, I thought of His serving us, who are His little children.

"They are my sons - you are my daughters, my descendants by the Spirit - which is the nearest relationship. This day you are spiritually free". He then dismissed us, saying, "Go and rest."

As we were leaving the room I told Him it was my mother's birthday.

"God will bless her -God will bless her!" He said, "I have a message for your mother. I will give it to you tomorrow."

Alas, for the sin of disobedience! He had said "Go and rest." But we were so anxious to write down His words while they were fresh in our minds that we remained in the dining-room till late - and - shameful to confess after our day in Heaven -got into a discussion about the New York Assembly as to whether or not it was united. Mr. Kinney declared it was; I said it was not. I even went so far as to mention the breeder of the discord - to condemn her destructive work.

But when C. and I crept off to the room we were temporarily occupying - crept through the black vaulted rooms, over the uneven stone floors, a feeling of guilt such as I could hardly bear, consumed me.

Next morning when I met our Lord outside of the dining-room door, in the little sunny court I so love because it is so associated with His dear footsteps, with the benediction of His Presence, -looking with eyes that-forgave? - me, that understood deep, deep into my eyes, He put out His hand and took mine in a clasp of love.

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July 3rd, 1909

On the night of the third of July, while I was on the roof with Monever Khanum - a little miracle! - one of the countless miracles I experienced while in the Palace of the Divine Magician.

That roof - the roof of the House of our Lord - surely the place for the revelation of mysteries --- I find I can scarcely speak of it; yet I long to keep a picture of it. To me it represents the summit of my existence.

When we first went to Akka, every night we would all go up to that roof and walk or sit in the moonlight; - Tooba and Monever Khanum, Adna Ballora, C., Carrie, Alice, Miss Gamblin, the governess, and myself. Later, just Monever and I would go up. On the concrete floor the roof was spread a rich rug, on which we would rest together, Monever and I, and, under the starry heavens, whisper deep things till Our Lord appeared. And indeed on that roof He was an Apparition! I can see Him now, pacing up and down, up and down, with that swift, indescribably noble tread, His white garments blowing in those free, sweeping lines which His only take, His background, - the spangled sky!



But on the night of the third of July we were sitting - Monever and I on a ledge of the roof, looking out beyond the sea wall to the Mediterranean; on our right, in the moonlight, the minaret and dome of the Mosque and a tall date-palm; to the left, the garden of the Master; behind us the grim barracks, - first prison in Akka of the Blessed Perfection and the Holy Family.

"I have such a funny little message for our Lord from my mother" I said, "I don't know how I shall ever give it to Him!"

"I wonder if it is like the message of the mother of Laura Barney!" Monever laughed in her contralto tones.

I shouldn't be surprised! It is about my art! She wants me to give up teaching in the Cause - that I may devote all my time to art! My precious little mother - she wants me to ask the Master to instruct me to do this!"

"Well - isn't that funny!" said Monever Khanum, "That is just what our Lord was saying to me yesterday. He said He had a message for your mother - that she did not understand your giving up everything for the Cause - neglecting your art to devote yourself to the Cause. Europeans, He said, did not understand these things. He was going to speak to you about it."

That day, too, - the third of July - we went to the House of the Blessed Perfection in Akka. It is a palace, spacious and stately and in beautiful preservation, but it has not the charm of the Master's House. In the room of the Manifestation (He was confined to one floor of this Palace) there was a marvellous atmosphere. Something tangible to the senses. I felt intense vibrations - currents.

July 5th.

He sent for me. Taking off my shoes, I entered the beloved room and sat in my place at His feet - on His left. My place. May I be there forevermore in spirit! It was always to this place He called me. First I would kneel, then sit in the Oriental way; He would draw me close, would gather my hand into His, would sometimes press my head to His knee.

"I am going to give you a message for your mother today" He said, with His smile of love; "Now give me her message. Speak - say - do not be afraid" (In English)

"She told me to give you her dearest Love."

"Ah!" He smiled.

"And to tell you I was her dear, precious child..."

"Ah, very good!" He pressed my hand, smiling.

"And to say ----"

"Speak - go on!"

"That she did not wish me to be a teacher in the Cause: - she wishes me to devote my time to my art which was a gift from heaven; - that I was not qualified to teach; that I was too sympathetic to enter into people's lives to the extent I did; that I let people make inroads into my home for the sake of what I thought my duty; that she wanted me to change all this and become devoted to my art."

"Is there anything else?" He asked.

"No - I think not."

"Give your mother my best love. Tell her you are her dear child, her dear daughter; but though you are her physical child, you are my spiritual child and I love you and you are dearer to me than you are to her, and I am kinder to you than she is, and I want your good more than she does. As to your art, it is one of the teachings of Baha'ullah that

art is identical with an act of worship, and you must go on with your art and improve in it; and through this very cause you will be able to make great progress in your art, for you shall be helped from Above. But as to your being a teacher, - in a short time your mother will be proud that you are a teacher. This is an eternal honor upon your family. Lately I have been that God is looking upon your family with eyes of providence. Though your mother does not realize it now, in the future she will know that this is a cause of eternal honor to your family.

"You must do both. You must be a teacher and go on with your art, and give some time to your mother."

"What do you think of these messages to your mother?"

"I am glad to see so much love in your heart."

"His it that the Lord of mankind has drawn to Himself such an atom - such a piece of nothing?"

"My wish for you is that you make spiritual progress more and more."

When he spoke of my art He pressed the palms of my hands; when He spoke of my teaching He pressed my head and shoulders.

To be so near, so near that great Dynamo of Love --- to have been lifted up out of the mass of God's needy creatures and drawn to the Heart of the Divine Magnet --- may my life - blood flow in gratitude!

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July 5th, Luncheon

He called Mr. Kinney's attention to the rice.

Rice - rice" He said in English, "Very good". Then looking at me and smiling!

"She is smiling at my English!"

"I know that!"

Soon sensing my wish to speak to Him; "Speak - Juliet; speak."

"Even this physical food is the best in the world!"

"That is because of your intense love. A poison received from a friend is like honey. A Persian poet says: 'The poison which comes from Thee to me is my antidote. A wound from Thee is remedy!' Certainly these physical dishes are tasteful to you because you have the greatest love."

I supplicated that He might give me poison and wound me in His Cause - that I might be found worthy of this.

"I will. When afflictions and bitter conditions taste sweet to man, it shows that he is favored in the sight of God."

Mr. Kinney said, "I am not eating now, but my Master is feeding me."

"I myself am the Food."

Mr. Kinney!

"How like Jesus that sounds!

The Master!

"Jesus was the Bread that came down from Heaven. I am the Food prepared by the Blessed Beauty, Baha'o'llah."

After a moment of dazzling silence, little Sandy said,

"Why are you crying, mother?"

I could not cry. I seemed to have been translated into the Spiritual Kingdom. A great mystery flooded the room. In a few moments He smiled and said: "Eat - eat!" Because He had told me to eat I felt that I must and I did; I finished the food on my plate to the last morsel, - though I could scarcely swallow it. For the time I was breathing in the Heavenly Kingdom; was conscious only of my soul-life and thus seemed to

be composed of other elements, and the physical food was like dust and ashes in my mouth.

Afternoon tea in the large tea-room,  
July 5th, 5 P.M.

Our Lord: "We ought to pray for Miss C." (who had left that morning) "that she become just as God wishes her to be. If she be so, it will be very good, because God always loves those who repent and are sorry for what they have done. Such people are ashamed before God and become very humble.

"Once a Pharisee and a Publican entered the Temple to pray, The Pharisee said, "Thank God I am not as other men!" The Publican said, "God have mercy upon me - a sinner." Christ said of these two: "The Pharisee is not acceptable in the Kingdom of God, but the Publican is acceptable, because the Pharisee is trusting in his own action, but the other is depending upon the forgiveness of God. But the only thing is, one should remain steadfast in his repentance.

"I will pray for her."

July 6th, morning, in His room.

He sent for me -- called me to His room - this morning. Taking my hands in His life-giving hands, He asked me those first questions: "Was I well - was I happy?" "He knew!" I said. He told me He was pleased with me. Then He asked me for the verbal messages. He forgets nothing.

I gave Him dear Silvia Gannet's message .....

"She is such a beautiful spirit!" I said, "She is a peacemaker. She never criticizes anyone."

"It is a very good quality - that she does not talk about others' faults, for much trouble is caused by speaking against one another. To talk unkindly behind the people is very wrong."

To M<sup>rs</sup> C: (Who had sent the humblest of messages).

"Give my kindest love to Miss C. and say: You are worthy of everything. Tell her that if she were not a worthy soul she would not have been blest with entering this Cause and she could not be able to follow the Word Of God. She was not unable to hear the Words of the Kingdom! I will pray for her."

"What do you think of all these messages, Juliet? I give them to you because of the love in your heart."

I spoke of May Maxwell and Mariam Haney and said they were so beautiful. I meant of course the spiritual beauty, though they both have the other, too- in abundance.

"You are all beautiful" he so lovingly replied.

"And Mrs. True?" He then asked.

"I do not know Mrs. True -except through correspondence."

"I love Mrs. True very much."

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"Why is it that the Master has been so bountiful to such an atom?"

"If you all could know how I love you, you would fly away with joy!"

"Think of me often" He said, "Think of the times you have spent here.

I hope you will become the daughter of the Kingdom; that you will become the essence of purity and very heavenly; that you will become enlightened by the Light of the Love of God and the cause of the enlightenment of other maid-servants."

"Is there anything else?" He asked.

"There are three little things in my heart, my Lord."

"What are they?"

"I have a little god-child, named after me, who has come into the world greatly handicapped-under the most unfortunate circumstances.

"I will pray for her that she may be blessed both in this world and in the Spiritual World."

The love and understanding beaming from His face set my heart forever at rest for the little Juliet.

"My brother?"

His smile became brilliant. "Your brother!" In English - His ringing English. Every one of His words in English burns into your soul. Ah, if I only knew Persian! "Well, what is it for your brother? Speak!"

"My Lord, to me he is like a beautiful rosebud that has not yet opened."

Looking at me with divine loving kindness, He said, "I hope that this bud may become a beautiful full-blown rose and exhale the sweetest fragrances." What else?"

"My Lord, I pray that .....may become a believer."

He pressed my hand two or three times - and laughed- and smiled down at me. "DO you want this very much?"

I saw that He was playing with me as a dear, indulgent father might when he was just on the point of giving some beautiful, pre-ordained gift-long-desired, long-withheld. But I was so in earnest that I just pled!

"I will pray for this" said the Master, "I will pray for this! But" and again that indulgent smile as though He were about to make me very happy, "You, too, must make an effort; you must help."

When He dismissed me, kissing the hem of His garment I left Him.

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July 6, Luncheon.

The Master:

"Afflictions and troubles are due to the state of not being content with what God has ordained for one. If one submits himself to God, he is always happy.

A friend asked another: "In what condition are you?" He answered, "In the utmost happiness."

"Whence does this happiness come?"

He answered: "All the existing things move according to my wish; I do not find anything contrary to my desire; therefore I have no sorrow. There is no doubt that all the beings move by the Will of God, and I have given up my own will desiring the Will of God; this my will became the Will of God, for there is nothing of myself. All are moving by His Will, yet they are moving by my own will. In this case, I am very happy."

"When man surrenders himself" the Master concluded, "Everything will move according to his wish."

"Today I have answered the questions of all. Now you are left, Mr. Kinney?"

Mr. Kinney: "There is only one question in my soul. How can I love you more?"

"I will answer you later."

Mr. Kinney: "The Board of Counsel has met for three years past in my studio and I am very proud of it."

"It is indeed worthy to be proud of. I hope your house may always be the place for the gatherings,- that the beloved of God may always come together there, be engaged in commemorating God, have heavenly talks and speak through the Confirmation of the Holy Spirit. Your house will be one of the heavenly constellations - Inshallah! - and the stars will gather

Mr. Kinney: "What could I ask for more?"

The Master: "There is nothing superior to this."

July 6, dinner.

The Master:

"The spiritual food is the principle food; the physical is not so important. The effect of the Spiritual Food is eternal. Through the material food the body exists, but through the spiritual food the spirit will be nourished. The material food, - that is, the food for the body, is simply water and bread; the intellectual food is knowledge and the food for the spirit is - the significance of the Heavenly Word and the Bounty of the Holy Spirit.

(The Master, we were told, has written a Tablet to Teheran to the believers to organize a meeting for the Bahai women to teach them lessons by which they will be able to teach others the Cause. Now they have written the news to the Master that they have arranged and organized this meeting and about 19 girls and women attend. This meeting will advance directly and will be the cause of developing the girls in every way.)

Taken down at Mirza Moneer's dictation.

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While Monever Khanum, Carrie and Alice and myself were in the room of our Lord this morning, suddenly smiling at me, He said,

"How do you think your mother will like my message to her?"

"Her heart is so good and pure, she must love it, my Lord." My hand was in His.

"She will like that part about your art" He said, with His arch smile.

"She said you would straighten out my life."

"Say to her: ( I have two arts, one physical, the other spiritual. The physical one is that I draw the images of men; my spiritual art is that I draw the images of the angels, - and I hope that at last I shall be able to draw pictures of the Perfections of God. My physical art will at last end, but my spiritual art is everlasting. My physical art can be done by many, but my spiritual art is not the work of everyone. My physical art makes me dear to men; but my spiritual art makes me dear to God. Therefore I work to perfect both of them."

"Thou hast straightened out my life and made the way clear!"

With His smile of light He said, "I am the Heavenly Artist. Though I am sitting here, my pen is working in every part of the world, over the pages of the hearts."

July 7th, luncheon.

(At this meal I was sitting beside Him.)

Our Lord, through the interpreter: "The Master's love for you (all) is like the ocean, and your love is like a drop. The distress and calamities which the Master has endured for your sake for many years, you could not endure for one day; and now, should anyone offer Him the entire existent world in exchange for one of you, He would not accept it. This means that one of you is dearer to Him than the whole world. If a thousand swords be used on the Master's neck, or against Him, He accepts that, but He would not be content that one hair of your head should be taken."

Every afternoon Tooba and Monever Khamum, Carrie, Alice and myself had tea in the room of our Lord. On this 7th of July we had a most heavenly talk. Returning to my room with a yearning heart, breaking under His love, and with a sense of my own unworthiness, I wrote Him a supplication; I told him my heart was paralysed by His bounties and it killed me to think that this heart, receiving so much, realized so little. I begged Him to open it wider and wider to the rays of His Sacred Love. Scarcely had I finished this pitiful little plea, when He came to the door ... Ah, that figure at the door - that Holy Figure in white in the sunlit court! I gave him my supplication. He took it and calling Monever Khamum and beckoning to me, led us to His room. When Monever read it aloud to Him, He simply said, "Very well" and dismissed me. Then there came a supreme test. It was something He asked me to undertake which entailed great sacrifice. At a moment when I was poignantly feeling this, in the late afternoon of July 7th, He took from the inside pocket of His long, flowing coat my little supplication. Unfolding the paper and looking at me with grave sweetness, He pointed to the last paragraph, "May my heart open wider and wider to the rays of Thy Sacred Love". He then folded it again and returned it to His pocket.

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Sunday, July 28, 1911. S.S. Lusitania,  
Off the Coast of Ireland.

.....  
I am moving forward in a dream now - the immediate wondrous future - a blank - unimaginable.

Ten days ago, on July 13th, I received a letter from Ahmad. To my infinite surprise - for I had only just heard from the Master - I found it contained a Tablet. There were the words of the Tablet:

Oh thou who art attracted by the Breath of the Holy Spirit! When thou wert leaving to return to America and this made you unhappy and sad - and you wept, I promised I would summon you again to my presence. Now I fulfill that promise. If there is no hindrance and you can travel in perfect joy and fragrance, you have permission to be present. In this trip there is a consummate wisdom and in it praiseworthy results are hidden. Upon thee be Baha' El Abha. Signed E.E.

No hindrance! I had to leap over walls to get away! But I took the flying leap and, in each instance, the walls proved no real hindrance!

.....  
London, August 9th, 1911.

I should like to record a recent vision, for I feel that it is something that ought to be kept, - only, it is difficult to write it. These symbolical dreams, I think, can only be told when one is inspired.

I had it at home, two days before my Tablet came. I had been praying at dawn. After praying, wrapping around me the Master's coat - and hoping for a vision, I fell asleep.

First, I was alone in a crypt, very vast and dim. Then two figures, turbaned and in long white robes, emerged from the shadows. I recognized the Master and Mirza Hayder Ali. Close beside me was a great sarcophagus. As the Master and Mirza Hayder Ali approached, I hid behind this, and, to my bewilderment, saw them get into it. Then feeling that something great, something awful and mysterious, was about to happen, I tried to steal away noiselessly, but as I passed the sarcophagus, my shoes made a little

noise, and the Master rose and looked out. "You may stay" He said, "But keep perfectly still." Once more I hid, holding my breath. Then followed an unearthly thing. First I heard the Master chanting,--which is always unearthly, but of Heaven! What came next was of hell-- the powers of darkness in their final battle with Spirit? I heard great groans from the sarcophagus and cries that froze the blood. Then out from it flashed - I could not tell what, except that it was something screaming -rushing up and down with a swiftness impossible except in dreams, - so that I only saw a flying thing. It was not until it sank to the ground exhausted, but still screaming, that I saw he at least had a human appearance. He seemed to be a persian, or a Turk - he must have been one or the other, for he wore a fez - a black one. His head was closely shaven, blue with the just appearing hair; his nose large and hooked, his cheeks thin, and he has a black mustache. After crouching for a moment, demoralized with terror, he sprang to his feet and flashed back again into the sarcophagus. And then, from all sides of the crypt, people gathered in front of the sarcophagus. They were in the costumes and colors of all the nations and some in their midst held aloft the flags of the nations. In the foreground was a lovely woman, her robe glistening white and her hair glistening gold. Her face, as I remember, reminded me of Ellen Terry's. While I watched this brilliant scene, wondering how the Master could be concerned with a pageant, suddenly that evil figure re-appeared. This time he crept out silently. I could see him quite plainly now - the bluish head, the black fez; but he had thrown off his mantle and was naked and this revealed a strange thing- in his shoulders were great black bat's wings and he had a tail- the orthodox devil's tail! Stealthily he crept in and out among the nations, until he had circled around them all. Then the scene changed. I was in the "People's Forum", Mr.... on the platform and ..... And Sylvia Gannett standing in the hall. I bent to kiss Mrs... and saw that her face was wet with tears. "I - have - seen - him" she said, "the Master! He spoke to me! Oh there was never such a Face in the world!" "You have seen Him" I cried, "why - where was He?" "In here - a moment ago." "But- a moment ago - He was in the sarcophagus!"

August 16, London.

Still I am waiting for the Master. There is war in Persia - internal war - and the greedy Powers are poised above their certain prey. Suddenly strife has broken out here - between capital and labor. And only last week I was told - and by Americans- how contented the people were here - how much better the conditions were than in America. Then blood was shed in Liverpool. Now the men employed on the railways and docks are preparing to strike. This means that all travel will be tied up. Tonights conference, the papers say, "will decide peace or war".

Well, - "remain" was the word of the Master, so, serenely and joyously I remain. These conditions, these upheavals are not appalling; they belong to the earth-realm. The Spirit is poised above them, in eternality. The power of Abdul Baha is above all. Tonight I am recalling my vision- when that evil figure with the bat's wings, driven from the sarcophagus by the heavenly chanting, wound sinously among the nations. "You may stay" the Master had said to me, "but keep perfectly still."

How enormously significant- these signs of great wars - these rumblings and threatenings - immediately following the Races' Congress!

August 23, France.

I am on the way to the Master! And though I am sitting up all night long in a second class coach with a family of five Swiss peasants, (by which I mean to say only that I am crowded) I am so happy - so happy - drawing deep breaths of happiness-dreaming wondrous dreams of happiness.

OH TOMORROW! It I cannot imagine tomorrow! Tomorrow I shall see Him in Europe! ( the spiritual Teacher for the first time in history in Europe - in the snowy mountains of Switzerland. The Universal Teacher moves westward and in this majestic advance, in this thrilling moment of time and of eternity, - this little earth-child is to be with Him! What does it mean? As I draw nearer and nearer to those great pure heights, I feel more and more of a child. All day as I traveled through France, I seemed to be approaching the Presence down a path of white radiance.

Hotel Du Parc, Thonon, On Lake Geneva,  
August 27.

On the edge of the Lake and with two mountains behind it, a big white hotel - a tall block in the centre with wide-spread wings; at the entrance two little slender bushes, bright pink against the white; the lofty white interiors, partitioned off with glass casements, carpeted and furnished in rose-color. Gay with people who look like the demi-monde, but are only fashionable! In the midst of these people - the Master moving - majestic - detached - pure; - unknown, unrecognized, but not unheeded. As He passes, these dull eyes follow Him, lit up for a moment with a look of wonder.

On the morning of August 24th, - on my way to His door, - I met the last person I should have looked for - Prof. Miller.

"Why!" I gasped, "You here? I always wanted to tell you of this!"  
"Why didn't you?" he asked.

I left him in a moment - I could not wait - and went flying up the hall - till I came to an open door. Tammadun ul Molk had gone in. I hesitated. As I did so, I saw - saw once more, after these years of unspeakable longing - my father, my King and my Beloved.

He was moving forward in His room - the black and white flowing garments dominated by that head of eternal majesty. In an instant I was at His feet.

Words fail me. I cannot express His divinity -- that divine, smiling Face looking down on me ..... I know one thing - God always smiles - smiles mysteriously.

"Are you happy? Juliet?" It was the first thing He asked me, - "happy to be here? How many years since you were in Acca?"

"A life-time!"

He laughed.

"You had a long wait in London? When did you arrive? You were put to trouble to wait?"

"No! Your Presence was in London during the Congress; the friends were very kind to me; and if I was waiting, it was for you."

"Of course the friends were kind. The believers must all serve one another ..... I want you to be the first handmaiden of God. I am the believers first Servant. You know how I serve them."

I covered my face with my hands. I realized our puniness - and I saw HIM as the Word of God.

"How is your mother?" ( in English) "Your Mother? She is good -- very good?"

"She is always good!"

"She is pleased with you?" looking at me very archly, knowing quite well that she was not!

"Not very, I'm afraid." I laughed too.

"The day will come when she will be pleased with you - when she will be very proud that you have received such bounty and favor from Baha'o'llah."

"Will it come in her life-time, Lord?"

"In Shallah!" - then He nodded His head assuringly.



I had been very tired when I came, after staying up all night long - I had not been able to wash and refresh myself, - but suddenly from His strong Presence I felt life emanating - I felt an electric vibration revivifying me, and when I went into my room and looked into the mirror, afraid of the travel-stained image I should see, I found I had a bright color and that my lips were brilliantly red.

Vevey, Switzerland, Aug. 28th, 1911

I am in Vevey with Edith Sanderson. My wondrous visit is over. Yet I am not separated from Him. And I am happy - as HE would have me be!  
As He would have me be -- oh to be that really!

I am too tired tonight to express myself. I must wait until to-morrow.

I realize now that what others have told me was true. I adored the Personality. Now the Eternal Face has unveiled itself to me - the Glory of God - the Baha'o'llah.

Abdul Baha has unveiled His face and it is the face of Baha'o'llah. Everywhere I see that face - Its majesty - Its affluence - Its immortal beauty!

Oh Eternal Christ - I worship Thee!

(Later)

I have just been praying. No! I am not separated from Him. For the first time I have found Him. Therefore I am glad. For the first time I have found Him.

"We will never be separated" He said to me, "I shall be with you always. You will go back to America and I may return to Aca; but we will be together."

And is it not so?

Geneva, August 30th.

I sailed from Vevey today - down the misty Lake of Geneva to Lausanne -- Lausanne opposite Thonon -- hungrily I strained my eyes toward Thonon - when suddenly the boat veered around and made for Thonon! The wonderful surprise was almost a shock --- we were going back to Thonon! Oh surely this meant that some miracle would happen to lead me back into His Presence! Eagerly I scanned the faces at the landing when the boat at last touched at the sacred spot. Surely, surely Molk would be there - or Hippolyte - or Laura - someone to save me from crushing, unbearable disappointment. No - there was not one face that I knew. The boat turned from Thonon. With unspeakable desolation, - with a sense of utter helplessness, I found myself carried away from the spot that had become Heaven to me.

The perspective of the mountains changed; the row-boats rocking on the waving metal of the water, the funicular railway, the gray, hoary old house with its shaggy brown roof that Laura and I had thought so interesting all the familiar little landmarks, become in these four full days so intensely intimate, - receded and were blotted out by the haze. Only the hotel remained - a "white spot" - seeming to grow with the distance, miraculously white, flashing its message of purity to me, as though with a faithful love, as long as it could; for though at last it grew dimmer with the haze and the shadows, it was not until a physical obstruction intervened, - till, with a turn in our course, a ridge of the shore came between, - that it disappeared.

Then came a frantic desire to communicate with Thonon. "I cannot lose

it!" I thought, "This must not be the last!" I shall telephone as soon as I get to Geneva."

True Instinct!

"Ah, Juliet!" said Hippolyte's dear voice. "Do you know that the Master is coming to Geneva tomorrow?"

Now let me try to tell you of those wondrous days. I feel curiously passionless - curiously passive. Is it not a part of the dream-state of this spot - or - perhaps - the dream-state of my own soul between this sojourn with the Master and my realization of its significance. At first, one is always dazzled.

When I left Him last, in Haifa, it was in a paroxysm of weeping. But this time -- I have not left Him. It was only at that moment of turning from Thonon that I felt lonely - really. He is with me. I wake in the morning immersed in His Love - and in consciousness of His Presence. He suffices me now.

Will this always be so? Will the earth-desires cloud my soul again? God knows! Now - with the Glory of the Face blazing upon me - with the heat of His Love enveloping me - it seems impossible.

But now to go back - back to that first blissful day in His Presence I have not yet told you of the lunch hour. The Master was so vivid that day that no one else seemed to be alive beside Him - a burning glorious Presence; yet in speaking with Professor Miller, He mentioned religion very little. Mr. Miller, (who was sitting, with me, at the head of the table, I being by the side of the Master, who was at the corner) asked some interesting questions. He had just resigned His chair at Columbia University to become ordained, and one thing he asked was about work in the church - was it encouraged by Baha'ollah. In luminous phrases, the wording of which was unhappily escaped me, the Master replied that Religion was One Truth which sectarianism had divided; however, the light can be found everywhere, and it was well to unite with the people, especially in work for humanity and when one's own motive was pure. He dwelt on the purity of the motive. Everything that tended to unite was good - whatever resulted in division was harmful.

I am sorry to repeat only these broken fragments. His answers fell so brilliantly - so conclusively - so simple that you wondered at your own question. But His words are elusive. Mortal lips could not frame such phrases, - nor mortal ears register them.

Mr. Miller asked a question about the experiences of mystics.

"Most certainly the mystics and saints had real experiences" said the Master. "The proof of the reality of the experience was its fruit. If the result was spiritual, we might know the experience was of God."

"Ask a question for me" I said to Prof. Miller. "I know how the Master will answer, but I want the answer for Mr.....He cannot see the special need for the Master's work. He thinks it a sort of 'Quietism'. He says that if we would change the social order, we must begin from the economic side."

Mr. Miller put the question beautifully. "There are some who feel in this way" he said "and one man in particular who feels it so strongly that he is making it his life work."

"Such people" said the Master "Are doing the work of true religion."

Then He went on to say that a new order of things must come, but it must be built upon a solid foundation, and religion, which was the love of God, was the only solid foundation. Such a basis, He said, would inevitably result in the structure of a new social justice - and a new individual love and justice. The Master then told Mr. Miller of the House of Justice to be - and the Mashrak - el - Askar.

After lunch we sat in the reception room, - a large, airy white room, all mirrors and glass, looking out on the Lake and a terrace with a stone balustrade.

In the morning in the room of the Master I had mentioned my acquaintance with Prof. Miller.

"I always wanted" I said, "to give him the Message."

"How I have given him the Message?" laughed the Master

"How I see why I did not!" I replied.

After lunch Mr. Miller spoke of his acquaintance with me.

"Your love must increase from this day" said the Master (whereupon poor Professor Miller, who is very shy, blushed as deep a rose as the chair he was sitting on and looked really scared.) "You must become like a brother and sister" amended the Master hastily, then added another lovely phrase, the wording of which has escaped me - as usual! - on the progress of our spiritual relationship.

As Prof. Miller took his leave, he said very earnestly to the Master, "I shall never forget this day."

The Master put His arm around him - then gave him a good strong slap on the back and said something very loving. When he had gone, the Master turned to me.

"Now there is something for you to do, Juliet" He said, "I put him under your charge. There is a chance for you!"

All day was very sweet. The Master was either in my room, with Laura and Hippolyte, or we were in His. We were perfectly informal; He gave us no spiritual teachings - in words - only talked gaily or tenderly with us, - I had no private interviews - indeed He took very little notice of me. But in spite of all this, I saw something ~~rather~~ rather than I had ever seen before; I felt His unearthly power, His divine sweetness, as I had never felt it. Once as He stood on the stairway talking with Mirza Assefullah, the sweetness that I saw brought the tears to my eyes. It is useless to try to express it. But I said to myself as I looked on this celestial radiance, "If He never gave me so much as a word - if He never deigned to glance my way, - just of see that sweetness shining before me, I would follow on my knees through eternity!"

The next day - August 25th - was wonderful. First, numerous meetings in the morning, each one overflowing with sweetness; then Prince Bahram came to lunch. Prince Bahram is the grandson of that Shah who rose against the Bab and in the end, ordered His execution. The Prince's father, Zella Sultan, had condemned many Bahais to death. Zella Sultan, (who is now in Geneva) himself came to the Master just a few days ago and expressed profound contrition for his past enmity. He was once a very powerful noble, brother of the Shah, but the recent change in the government has resulted in the downfall of his family. Prince Bahram, his son, is a beautiful boy, race written on his face, which reminds you of the Persian miniatures; but he is very young and unawakened - and - he hasn't any manners at all! However, the Master said later, Bahram Mirza had need! (Prince Bahram is not bad!) - so I suppose he will learn them in time.

After lunch, returning to the white and rose room that looks out on the Lake, the Master placed the prince on His right and me on His left and we sat thus till He left us to rest.

At three, bidding Bahram Mirza good bye, we did a most astonishing thing - Hippolyte, Laura and I went out motoring with the Master.

Did you ever think, Juliet? said the Master laughing as we got into the car, "that you and Laura would be riding in an automobile with me in Europe?"

He was very gay and happy, constantly discovering beautiful things and pointing them out to us. One tiny town, high up in the hills, caught His attention. "What do they do in the winter?" He wondered pityingly, "it must be too severely cold for them!" Once breaking a little silence He said, "There was no one in the world who loved trees and water and the country so much as Haha'e'illah." It was almost a sigh and I guessed what He was thinking. He had been released at last, into the world of beauty and activity, but Haha'e'illah had died in barren Aona.

I cannot begin to tell you the effect of His joy in the beautiful upon me. It was touching, moving - heartrending, indeed, to the last degree. The Master - as the Christ - had always been the symbol of Sacrifice to me - I had dared to take for granted His sacrifice. Now something was conveyed to my dullness of His deprivation.

He came to a water-fall - a diamond white stream, dashing and frothing down a black precipice. Almost with excitement the Master stopped the car and got out alone, telling us to wait for Him. Then he walked to a spot at a little distance, where we could see Him in profile, and first stood, then sat upon the ground, just above a deep abyss, in rapt contemplation of that pure, tumultuous torrent, never taking His eyes from it. I can still see that Figure of quiet power at the very edge of the precipice, - the unearthly luminous Face, with its majestic stillness. Tears came to Laura's eyes and mine.

We got out of the motor at the door of a country inn, picturesquely set in a cleft between two mountains, looking down upon a river. In the woods nearby, at the foot of a hill very steep and rugged, was a spot of celebrated beauty, called the Devil's Bridge. Hippolyte proposed our going to see it, but as Laura, on account of her lameness, did not feel equal to the walk, and I did not want to desert her, it ended by the Master and Hippolyte going alone - the Master in advance. But - I should have loved to go to the Devil's bridge with the Master!

Sitting on two rocks, we waited for them to return. When they did so, the Master sat down and called me to His side to share the same rock with Him. I was deeply awed by that wondrous proximity, and conscious of breezes of holiness wafting to me. "Oh Christ!" I said in my heart, "Oh Christ!" Thus, 1900 years ago, had the disciples of Jesus rested with their Lord. I dared not look at the noble profile so close, luminous against the translucent green of the woods, but I caught indirectly, as I sat a little behind, its pure, sculptured beauty. When He rose from His seat and walked up the shady path, through the trees, we falling behind Him I quoted, "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of Life." "And oh" I added, "What a light that is! - We are just beginning to learn what it means - the universal light. It is HE who is leading us into that knowledge!"

It was wonderful to be so conscious while we were with Him - I found it to be the joy of joys!

I omitted a little incident. As we got out of the motor, a little group of peasant children, their hands full of violets to sell, clustered around the Master. They were so many and they clustered so close and held their violets so high that they hid Him below the waist. I can still see the benediction of the look bent upon them. He took from His pocket a handful of francs, which He distributed among them. Gravely and wonderingly they received His gift - then, pressing closer, they held out their hands for more!

"Do not let them impose!" cried Laura.

"Tell them" said the Master gently, "that they have taken. (Hoga,

greftand)

He turned and walked into the forest, followed by the three of us. When he came back again they swarmed around him - poor, unsmiling children. And again Laura sternly ordered them away, for their hands were out stretched (He would give away everything he has!" she whispered to me) But the Master discovering a little unfamiliar face, a younger and smaller child than the others, whose eyes, raised to his, looked more wondering than the others, said,

"But to this little one I have not given."

After this, we went into the old inn, built just in the cleft between the mountains and above a turbulent stream, and sitting on rough country benches at a table equally rough, had tea and the country wine and bread and cheese. At a table close by sat a man whose eyes constantly sought the Master's face. Soon he spoke to us. He told us he understood Persian and had lived in Persia. Then at the Master's invitation he joined us. Ah, if he had only known at whose table he was sitting! But he was attracted and will surely know some day. The Master invited him to the hotel.

Again, when we left the inn, the children swarmed around us and again Laura ordered them away.

"But here" said the Master "is a boy to whom I have not given.

"No, you have given to them all" said Laura.

"Call Hippolyte" the Master said; "I did not give to this boy - did I?"

"No, I believe you did not.

Then the Master gave.

In the years to come they will tell stories throughout this country side of the visit of Abdul Baha to Thonon - then these little wondering children, remembering the Face that so drew their hearts, will whisper in awe to each other, "Was it He?"

As we drove toward home, the colors of the late afternoon touched sky and mountains with glory. Behind the immortal head of the Master rose another mountain, their peaks veiled in rolling clouds.

"Oh Mystery!" I thought, "Oh perfect symbol! Oh picture for the Future!"

Though I mentioned it first, it was on the way home that we saw the waterfall. After leaving it, the Master said to me, when I come to America will you invite me to see such waterfalls?"

"I will invite you to see Niagara if you will come! But does your coming depend on my invitation?"

"My invitation to America will be the unity of the believers!"

"Louise Stappler asked me to give you her love and beg you to come, yourself, and unite us, since, otherwise, we never will be united!

"No, you must do that yourselves! See in what perfect harmony we are now! You are not complaining of one another! But, if I went to America, they would all be complaining of each other and" He laughed and made a vivid motion with his hands, "I would fly away!"

Once, during the drive, I said, "If only, like the disciples of Christ, we could follow you everywhere - all through life!"

The Master beamed brightly on me. "We are together now" He said, "Be happy in the present."

I mentioned the vision I had had just before leaving America, and asked if I might tell it to him; but it sounded so awfully queer as I told it that Laura and I began to laugh - and the Master's own face twitched a little, I thought. However, He told us not to laugh and asked me to continue. But just as I finished, there came an interruption, - our motor

drew up at the gate of an old castle and we got out and walked around the ruins. I thought that after this I should probably hear no more of my dream, but when we were settled in the carriage again, the Master re-opened the subject.

"You must write down your dream, Juliet" He said.

"I have already done so."

"Ah, Kneylee Khabi!"

Then He turned and, laughing, said something to Hippolyte, and, with those vivid motions of the hands, His face brilliant, continued to talk for sometime. What He said I could not catch - I know such a tiny bit of Persian, but Hippolyte told me afterward - rather reluctantly - that He had been talking of dreams, laughing at his (Hippolyte) because he did not believe in them and explaining the three kinds of dreams - those that proceeded from a disordered condition, the dreams when one clearly foresees events and symbolic dreams. He then told a story of a man - a Christian - who had I believe, come to Him in Acha once and had expressed his disbelief in dreams. "But" said the Master, "Your own sacred writings mention such things". Still he said he did not believe. Some time later he came again to the Master. Greeting His hand he attempted to kiss it, but the Master would not allow this. "In the Name of Dera's'ikh said the man, "let me kiss your hand!" This surprised the Master, for the man had not been a believer. He then told the Master he at last believed in dreams; he had received proof through a very deep experience. One night, he said, when he was away from home, he had dreamt of his daughter. In his dream she came and sat on his knee and complained of a headache. Soon she grew worse, they sent for a doctor, - there was all the horror of a hopeless illness, and then, her death. He returned to his home the next night - and his daughter came and sat on his knee. "Father" she said "I have a headache". Then followed every incident of his daughter's illness - her death.

"As the mind has the power when awake to think constructively, or, to dissipate its powers uselessly, so, when the body is asleep, it can either construct or dream meaningless dreams."

"Can it construct at will?" I asked, thinking of some theories I had heard advanced.

No - no!" said the Master.

As we passed through Thonon we drove by a sign painted on a fence, - an advertisement for Chocolate - the letters so big that the sign was a block long.

"What is that?" asked the Master suddenly.

When Hippolyte explained, He laughed.

"Is Chocolate so important in Thonon?" He asked.

In the early morning of August 33 I had this talk. I wrote it down almost immediately after and will now copy it. Tamschun ul Malk was the interpreter.

"Are you happy, Juliet?"

"So happy - and so at rest. This is the happiness of the Kingdom."

He asked about the new election in New York.....

Afterwards He laughed - with that wonderful gleam of humor in His face.

"All these boards and committees - of what importance are they? The really important thing is to spread the Cause of God! I am not on any committee! Tamschun ul Malk and Monsieur Drayfus (for Hippolyte

had come in) "are not on any committee!"

"Speak to me!" said the Master.

My heart was too full. I could not. After a moment I said.

"May I sit on the floor?"

"But you will be tired?"

"Oh no!" I sat on the floor at His feet. "This is like Acon." I said looking up into that matchless Face of strength. Then to surprise Him in Persian: "Man shuma ra kheylee, kheylee doost daras" (I love you very, very much.)

Taking my hand and pressing it - smiling down at me - He said something in Persian to Tazandun ul Molk.

"What is He saying?" I asked.

"He is praising you very much. He says your heart is pure. He, Himself, bears witness to this. He is your witness. He proves your heart to be pure."

"If HE says that nothing the world says could make any difference."

The Master spoke again in Persian to Tazandun ul Molk.

He says that He sent for you out of pure affection - it was nothing but affection. There was no other motive in His sending for you. (Molk had told Him how badly I felt about my broken engagement.) "He had promised to send for you again and He thought that while He was in Europe would be a good opportunity - that you could come to Europe more easily than to Acon."

"Beg him to so fill me up with His love that I may express my gratitude for this affection by ~~have~~ service in America."

"He says you are already full of love for Him and when you return to America you will serve Him - that your attraction in this Cause and your devotion to it are in themselves service."

"Say: I feel that I have failed in all I undertook to do when I last left Him - I have had great lessons in my own weakness."

"The Master says your weakness will be turned into strength."

"You will be strong - strong!" said the Master Himself in English), - "and when you go back this time you will have a greater power."

Letters were brought to Him and He talked of different things. Tazandun ul Molk handed Him a booklet of Warwick Castle, where, at the invitation of the Countess of Warwick, the members of the Congress had spent a day - we with them of course. He laughed, picked it up and gave Molk a slap.

"What do I care about it?" He asked. "If a good believer lived in it, that would be different!" Once when I lived in Baghdad He commented "I was invited to the home of a poor thorn-picker. In Baghdad the heat is intense even than in Syria, and it was a very hot day! But I walked twelve miles to the thorn-picker's hut. Then his wife made a little cake out of some meal for me - and burnt it in cooking it. Still, that was the best reception I ever attended!"

I find I have another note of August 24th - evening - at the dinner table.

"Did you ever expect, Juliet, to be in such a gathering with me in Thonon?"

"No indeed I did not! May we all be in such a gathering in New York with you!"

"I have made a pact with the American friends. If they keep the pact, I will come."

"The believers are much better friends than they were."

"I shall have to know that!"

"Baha'o'llah He continued, " was bound with a chain no longer than the distance from here to that post. He could scarcely move. Then He was exiled to Baghdad - to Adrianople - to Constantinople - to Acre - four times! He bore all these hardships that unity might be established among you. But if, among themselves, the believers cannot unite, how can they hope to unite the world? Christ said to His disciples, 'Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt has lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?'"

"It is not Juliet's fault" said Hippdyte

"No, it is not Juliet's fault ....."

"If I had done my whole duty, I might have accomplished more toward unity."

"I hope you will become perfect. Inshallah - through the help of Baha'o'llah - you will be perfect. When you return to America, Juliet, I want you to do your best to bring about unity."

"I will do my utmost to carry out every suggestion you make to me." I will work, not alone for the sake of the believers, but for the sake of others who would follow if they could see you."

"Had it not been for these divisions the Cause would have made great progress by now in America."

During my first little visit in His room, some remark of mine called forth this answer. The child does not realize the love of the parents, but "Can the creature ever know the love the creator?"

"Yes, if not in this world, then in the next, - as a sleeping one awakens."

It was during my second little visit to Him that I spoke of the Holy Household, - spoke of each beloved soul with tears in my eyes. His own eyes kindled with the warmest love as He answered,

"They, too, love you, Juliet, and always talk of you, especially whenever. It is always, 'Juliet-Juliet!'"

"Ah, may I go to see them again?" I asked.

"Assuredly, you will go and see them again!"

On the following day we were to go to Vevey and my disappointment was great when we missed the boat. Alas! It did not end there: ..... came over from Lausanne, surprising us all. She came in a state of revolt against the election in New York ..... But - the Master disappeared for the whole day, and I thought of His words the day before, "If I came to New York they would all be complaining of each other - and I would fly away!" He had flown! We did not see Him even at lunch, and only for a very few minutes in the afternoon, when He gave this message to ..... (She had asked for one for the New York believers).

"In this Cause hundreds of families have sacrificed themselves. There have been more than 30,000 martyrs. The breast of His Highness the Bab was riddled by dozens of bullets; Baha'o'llah suffered years and years in prison; and we have had all these difficulties and borne all these trials that the canopy of Unity might be uplifted in the world of humanity; that Love and Unity might be established in the midst of mankind, until all the countries become as one country, all religions merged into one religion; that all the continents of the globe be connected together; and that between all hearts a perfect understanding and love appear.

"The people of Baha must be the cause of uniting all the nations. They must dispel inharmony and dispute; - So now we must consider deeply how the Bahai must really be, what characteristics they must have and what actions they must perform.



"And if there is not this love and harmony among the Bahais, how can they cause it to appear among the inhabitants of the earth? How could an ill man nurse others? How could a pauper give wealth to others? So the first thing the Bahais must do is to feel love and unity in their hearts before they can spread it among others.

"Is it possible to conceive that all the troubles, all the trials of Baha'o'llah and the martyrs have been without result? Surely you will not have it so! If you would all act entirely in accordance with the teachings of Baha'o'llah, no discord would ever appear. Then all disagreements will vanish; and be certain that the pavillion of Unity will be hoisted in the world of humanity.

"Each nation, each people who has understood and felt the Love of God has progressed and developed, but where discord has sprung up in the midst of a nation, that nation has been dispersed.

"I know you would not have all these trials and difficulties produce nothing; therefore I am waiting and expecting to hear that love and harmony have blossomed in the hearts of all the Bahais in America.

"Now the Baha is must be occupied in spreading the Cause and furthering the instructions of Baha'o'llah; and not spend their time in disputing with one another. If they do the first, all will be happy; they will be assisted by the Breath of the Holy Spirit and become the beloved of his heart."

Looking up suddenly at me, while He was giving this message, He said,

"What is the matter, Juliet? Are you not happy?  
I said in Persian that I was unhappy.

"You must be happy that you are returning to America to serve Me."

I was suffering great torture, - I have no other word - crucifixion.... The Master, sitting by the window ( I think in His days of imprisonment He must have acquired that habit of sitting by the window looked tired and worn - and I knew that He was suffering. That feeling such as these should have been brought to the Light of His Presence - that hatred should ignorantly flaunt itself there, that His happy holiday, - the first of His life - should be thus intruded upon, almost killed me.

When.....had gone, He came into my room. Tammadan ul Mokk was with me, and we placed a chair by the window for Him, from which He could see the dark mountains' sweep of line. He looked very tired. I told him it had torn me to pieces to hear the jangle of discord in His Presence.

"I know" He said, "and that was the reason I told you to be happy, for you were returning to serve me in America - I meant you were returning to work for unity."

"Oh my Lord!" I said, "Was it not Abraham who prayed to the Lord to save Sodom and Gomorrah for the sake of five righteous men? Now" I laughed, "I am going to be like Abraham and beg you to come to America for the sake of the few, for some will never understand!"

He laughed with a great gleam of humor in His eyes when Tammadan translated this.

"If it were not so long a trip - it it were a little trip, like Paris or London, or Vienna - I would come for your sake" He said tenderly, "But when I come, it must be for a long visit. I am going to Chicago, to Washington and even to California, and I have not the time this year. But I will come - Inshallah - when the moment arrives."



Hippolyte told me that night that if the Master felt well enough to sail, go to Vevey on Sunday and that, after asking the Master, we would sail with me, - at seven. But it was the Master who woke us all! At six came a rap on my door. I opened it a crack - and there stood the Master. "I want to go" He said in His dear English.

At that day - that day! We drove down to the boat - the Master placing me opposite Him in the motor. At the landing is a dense grove of trees. I don't know what kind they are, but they are not very tall and their leaves are of a dark polished green, spreading a low canopy, which casts the most sombre and cool shade. In the midst of this grove-like place is a bank of white lilies - near the lilies a bench. Here the Master seated Himself, calling Laura and me to sit beside Him. Soon, however, he left us to stray off alone and for a while we lost sight of Him. Then suddenly Laura exclaimed,

"Oh Juliet - see where He is! - Look - through the fish-net!" - shimmering gold in the pale light of early morning, and beyond there we saw the Master, walking on the shore of the mist-veiled Lake, white-turbaned, a golden-bronze aba thrown over His white robes, and almost translucent figure in that crystalline light. It was like a vision of Jesus the Christ. From that moment I realized the Eternal Christ.

He turned and re-entered the grove a little distance up. The sun flickering between the trees, flicked His bronze and white robes, rose of His turban and diadem and drew His majestic profile with a dazzling line. A golden-haired child - as tiny as some little cupid - danced up a road to His left. He turned His head to watch it.

He joined us on the landing. We followed in a little group, Laura and myself, Hippolyte and the Persians, - there were just nine of us. Every eye turned to look at him as He moved quietly forward with that strange power and holy sweetness. Little children raised their eyes. He put out a tender hand and caressed them.

His disciples gathered around Him on the boat, while He sat in our midst, divinely commanding. Suddenly He turned and smiled at me.

"You never dreamed, Juliet" He said, "that you would one day be with me in a boat?"

"I have often dreamed I was with you in a boat!"

"But you never thought it would be fulfilled in this way."

"No" I smiled, "I never did!"

To be with Him in a boat on this lake so like the Sea of Galilee He sat with His sleeveless aba around Him, the folds of the bronze colored stuff massive, statuesque. He had the Alps for a background and His Beauty dominated them - relegated them to background! Mists veiled the mountains and veiled the gleaming water, - it seemed an immortal world, our boat cleaving ether; it was as though we were leaving earth with Him. Suddenly He said,

"Others are going from an immortal to a mortal kingdom, but the Saints are journeying in the Ark of the Covenant from a mortal to an immortal world. The Jews had turned toward an immortal Kingdom, but, when they looked backward to mortal things, they became dispersed. Again Christ led men on to an immortal Kingdom; therefore their signs remained. God be praised for now you are on a ship bearing you to immortal realms. Day by day your signs will become clearer."

Later they brought Him some tea and after He had finished, I begged to drink from His cup; Kirza Ruffia, adding some water to the

Juliet, poured out a cup for me. The Master turned around to me with His brilliant smile.

"The tea for me, the water for Juliet!" He laughed.

I think that the future will adore Him also for His humor! The joy of His spirit overflows in delicious humor and gives Him an aspect of unconquerable youth.

"O Son of Delight" -I have just seen this phrase in the H<sup>2</sup>dan News. The Master is Delight! -all Delight!

Off Naples, Sept. 3rd.  
In the Bay of Naples.

On Sept. 3rd, 1909, after leaving the Holy Presence in Haifa, I sailed from Naples. Here I am again on Sept. 3rd, 1911. How strange - this coincidence of dates. On July 13th, 1909, at Acco, I tore myself, weeping, from the Master. On Aug. 22, at Haifa, broken-hearted, I left Him. On July 13th, of this year, came His Tablet: "When you were returning to America, and this made you unhappy and sad and you wept, I promised I would summon you again to my presence. Now I fulfill this promise." On Aug. 22 came the summons to Switzerland.

Tonight as I saw that great pile of beauty, Naples, rising, begemmed with lights, against the clear, rosy sky of twilight - as I heard the voices of singers in the distance, how vivid were my memories of Acco, Haifa, of the Master there! The East - the East is calling to me!

It is twelve o'clock now - I cannot write longer, but tomorrow I will take up my story of the Master at Vevey.

We reached beautiful Vevey. Dear Edith was waiting at the landing. We drove to the hotel with her. When we reached the hotel, we went straight to the room Edith had taken for the Master. To my joy, He called me to sit beside Him. Mrs. Sanderson has never believed; she has been like my own dear mother about the Gospels; but she could not take her eyes off the Master's face. "His beautiful face!" she said to me. Two others came in - Miss Norton and Miss Hopkins, Miss Hopkins is a Roman Catholic, Miss Norton an agnostic. Miss Norton, as she looked at that Face, was, I could see, strangely overcome. Her face quivered, her eyes opened wide, as though she were looking at a spirit. I thought at any moment she would burst into tears. She and Mrs. Sanderson brought up the question of immortality, and the Master answered it thus, (though I hate to give it in the primitive English of Tammachun-ul-Molk. Edith understand Persian quite well. "You cannot imagine" she said to me, "how different it is when it is translated. The Master puts life into every word; translated they seem flat. Besides the Persian is right; and He has a way of saying the same thing over differently, in various possible forms, with subtle shades of meaning. In the translation it is all alike.")

"Christ and the other Prophets have all taught immortality in their holy books.

"Jesus, during His Life, had so many afflictions and no happiness or comfort; and at the end He was crucified. If there were no immortality to follow His Life, then nothing could be more useless than such a life.

"Take for example the life of Hannibal. In the world of existence we could find none happier than he, for his life was one of pleasure and conquest and he triumphed wherever he desired. But Jesus had many afflictions. If there were no immortality, we could say that Hannibal was the happiest man in the world and Jesus the most unhappy.

"All the prophets of God have suffered so much just for the immortality of the soul. Were there not immortality we would say that Jesus was not even rational. But at the hour of His crucifixion He knew He was leaving the mortal for the immortal life, He knew He was leaving the material to ascend to the Spiritual world. When they put the crown of thorns on His head, He thought of the crown of the Kingdom; while He was hanging on the cross, He thought of the eternal throne.

"But now we come to prove it. Those who do not believe in the immortality of the soul have some proofs. For example, one is this:- they divide existence into two kinds; one is only imaginary existence, the other, that of the senses. They say that as the immortal Kingdom is not of the senses, there is no such kingdom. This is their proof! By the proof they deny!

But, on the other hand, Jesus and Baha'o'llah answer the people who do not believe thus, "Every rational man can see that the world has come from non-existence to existence. It progresses from the mineral kingdom to the vegetable kingdom, from the vegetable kingdom to the animal kingdom and from thence to the human kingdom. If there were no spiritual kingdom, then life is entirely useless. For example, we plant a tree, we water and care for it; from branches we see it come to leaf and from leaf to fruit; then should the fruit be opened and found to contain nothing, it will be useless.

"Therefore the people of common-sense, studying the universe, see that creation must have a result.

For example, suppose one should go to a mill and watching the machinery at work, should say, "What is this? In the end the result is nothing but ashes."

The people of the world say, "Where is the immortal world? When we look, we do not see it! We only see the world of elements."

Therefore the Prophet says, "Those in the station below cannot see the station above". We are in this room, we cannot see above the ceiling; we are downstairs, we cannot see upstairs!

For example, the mineral kingdom has no knowledge of the vegetable kingdom. The mineral cannot understand the conditions of the vegetable.

The vegetable Kingdom exists but the mineral cannot comprehend it. The vegetable kingdom knows nothing of the animal kingdom, nor is it possible that it should understand the animal kingdom, because it, the vegetable is of a lower grade; the animal is in the higher condition. If the vegetable, deny the existence of the animal kingdom, does this disprove its existence? No, the animal kingdom exists, but the vegetable cannot understand or imagine the reality of it. The reason the vegetable cannot imagine the animal kingdom is because it cannot comprehend it. But this does not disprove it.

Now we come to the human kingdom. In the human kingdom there is an intellectual power not possessed by the animal kingdom. The animal kingdom cannot imagine this power. A Spaniard discovered America. The animal could not understand this. The intellectual power is not disproved because it is not understood.

Now as to the spiritual kingdom. An unborn child cannot understand this world - it cannot imagine a world beyond the womb. If we could tell an unborn child that there is another world, with mountains, villages, cities - so many beautiful things - could he understand? Never! Therefore Christ said one must be born a second time. As a child must come to this world to understand conditions here, so should we go to the spiritual world to understand its conditions.

The Prophets were born in the spiritual condition to understand the immortal world.

For example, the unborn child would deny the existence of this world

for the reason that he knows nothing of it; and the womb is to him the best condition; his nourishment there, the best of food. He could not understand or believe in this world. But when he is born and arrives at understanding, he perceives what a beautiful world this is. So with the spiritual kingdom.

The people of this world cannot comprehend the conditions of the immortal world; but, when they reach it, they see that this, in comparison, is just like the world of the womb. The unborn child says, "This is the best world. I am quite satisfied with it. I must not leave it."

"Do you understand all this, Juliet?" asked the Master, turning to me (I was taking notes); "I want you to know these things very well when you return to America."

To return to Veyey -ah, if I could in reality!

Mrs. Sanderson asked Him about divorce, - if Baha'ollah approved of it.

"Baha'ollah says that in this world there is nothing more abhorred than divorce. If one has accepted another and is a good Bahai, he never likes to believe in divorce. But if there be a case of difference between husband and wife where it is entirely impossible to re-create another, then both should go to the House of Justice and, together, in perfect agreement, lay their case before it. And after this, they should still wait a year, living apart but not permanently separating, and their friends should give them good advice meanwhile. If, after one year, there is no possibility of becoming united again and no one is able to influence them, then is the natural divorce.

"But between the real Bahais there is no divorce. No one has ever heard of a divorce between real Bahais. The Bahai husband and wife will not let affairs reach such a condition."

Luncheon was announced. The Master invited me to sit by His side. He spoke tenderly to Mrs. Sanderson, who was at the head of the table and on His left. She mentioned Lua.

"Have you heard from Lua lately, Juliet?" she asked, adding, "I love Lua!"

"My mother loves Lua, too" I said.

"Your mother!" said the Master, turning to me at the sound of the word "mother" - that rich intonation of tenderness in His voice which colors it always when He mentions Mama.

"I wish my mother were here with Edith's mother" I said.

"I shall see your mother!"

I tried to speak a little Persian to Him and He helped me to construct the phrases. He had told me a day or two before that I must be sure to study Persian. "You see" He had said, "I can speak with Laura."

Lunch over, He retired to rest for awhile. I joined Mrs. Sanderson and Madame Haber, who had just met the Master. As I approached them Madame Haber was saying, "il a l'air si bon-si simple!" "et les yeux de feu!" said Mrs. Sanderson. (He has an air so good, so simple. "And eyes of fire".)

Mrs. Sanderson suggested my going out on the terrace to look at the wonderful view of the lake, so I went out for a moment. What was my astonishment when I saw sitting on the terrace Mrs. G. and Prof. M. of the

Church of the Ascension! Mr. G. and Prof. M. have been for sometime vestrymen of the church and have always actively opposed the People's Forum. They are Theosophists, but are curiously conservative. But I was glad to see

them just because they were from the church and I flew up to speak to Mrs. G.

"Why, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"I have come from Thonon with Abdul Baha to lunch with the Sandersons. I said, 'Do you know Mrs. Sanderson? Won't you let me introduce you?'"

"I should prefer to talk to you!"

"I asked on the impulse of the moment. I explained, fearing I had blundered, 'because it would be such a joy to present you to Abdul Baha.'"

"Thanks, I'm not at all crazy to meet Abdul Baha."

The silly, aggressive answer was an icy shock to me.

"I'm glad, however," she added politely, "if He gives you pleasure!"

"He does much more than give me pleasure, Mrs. G. He is doing a great, unifying work among all the religions of the world; so you see He is accomplishing a far more important thing than contributing to my personal happiness."

"I am one of those, however, who do not deary personal happiness—and I really don't want to meet Abdul Baha!" she said.

"You will see Him" I replied, smiling as I moved off, "and then you will regret refusing."

I returned to that Blessed Presence tingling all over—really suffering physically. It had been agony to hear the blasphemy and to see a soul turn away from the Light, burning so close at hand. "Pity that the sun hath come among the blind!"

Later we went into the garden and sat on the terrace for awhile. Mrs. G. and the Professor had left it, but were watching at their window, Edith said!

This whole thing is extraordinary and I am sure is not ended yet. It was through Prof. M that Professor Miller was attracted to the Church of the Ascension. Now both meet in Switzerland and are drawn within the zone of the Light of Abdul Baha. The soul of Prof. Miller was like the butterfly that could not be withheld from that light. The soul of Prof. M.—was it like the bat? I think I can scarcely call it by so severe a name! He is more like a perfectly good Pharisee, satisfied within his own limits.

He, Professor Miller and Mr. Grant belonged about four years ago to a sort of club, where, with other professors of Columbia University, they met to discuss religion. Prof. M., whose memory is very accurate, wrote reports of those meetings and published them in book-form. The book is profoundly interesting. All through it the note is sounded that a great new Light has shone upon humanity. It ends something like this:

"The Mathematician, left alone after the departure of his guests goes to the window. In his ears ring the words of the clergyman, 'The re-birth of the Christ in the whole of humanity is close at hand'. The Mathematician looks up at the stars and the vision of John and Patmos recurs to him. 'Even so' he whispers, 'come quickly, Lord Jesus.'"

The Mathematician is Prof. M. and the clergyman Mr. Grant.

And if this is not tragic, then I don't know what is!

Off Sardinia, Sept. 5th

As we stood on the landing at Vevey waiting for the boat the Master proposed our waiting in a near-by garden, where, under a tree,

Edith and I sat beside Him for some moments. I dropped my gloves,—he stooped to pick them up, which gave me the strangest sensation. "Oh,

my Lord! I gasped, "don't!" He mentioned again my studying Persian.

At last the boat came. He staid a short time with us, during which I sat very quiet, no wishing to speak - wishing only to fix in my mind that God Like head, the veiled mountains its background.

After He had left us a man, whose seat was on the same bench with the Master, spoke to Mirza Raffie.

"I am very much attracted to that Face" he said, motioning in the direction the Master had taken; "May I ask who He is?"

"Abdul Baha, a Persian exile" said Mirza Raffie.

I thought it might be the brother of the Sultan" He is staying in Geneva I hear."

He evidently meant Zella Sultan. Imagine the Lord of the Bahais being taken for their persecutor! To the man, however, this merely meant royalty. He is one's idea of a king! Yet - when you think of what kings really look like!

They say that Zella Sultan has a wicked, ugly face - and the Sultan is beyond words - I mean, the Shah. Even those beautiful princes, Bahram and his brother, look like dolls beside the Master!

The subject thus opened, Laura gave the Message very ably.

Beside the man sat a boy, about sixteen years old, with curly fair hair and a face like a Botticelli angel. He leaned forward and eagerly listened, but said nothing.

Later the Master came out from His retreat, but the man and the boy had gone - they had gotten off at Eviana.

He called me to sit by Him, dear little Molk sitting on the other side.

"Are you tired?" I asked.

"No, I am never tired. I am very comfortable."

He spoke in His sweet English.

I talked to Him of M., coming to the subject in a rather round-about way.

Touching the beautiful bronze-colored aba, I said,

"The coat you wore when I was in Haifa which you afterwards gave to Edna, was like this in color - it is such a beautiful color! And we shared it, Edna and I. She was so sweet as to lend it to me; then I would return it to her; then she would lend it to me again. It was such a comfort to me, - that dear coat. At night, or in the early morning, I would bury my face in its hem and pray. Then I would seem to be kneeling again at your feet! - to be in your actual presence!"

He smiled very tenderly while I was telling Him all this.

"Edna has become very dear to me; and she loves you very much; her love is increasing day by day."

"Ah, khaylee, khub!"

"I want to speak of a friend of Edna's and mine - a very dear friend of mine, a girl who is very, very close to me, whom I love with all my heart - M.M. It is difficult for her to serve in the Cause on account of her husband."

"She loves Thee very much. Her life has been one of great trial and sorrow."

"Brave, brave!" said the Master, "It makes no difference that she has sorrows. These have been the cause of her development. Thro' sorrow the soul always advances. The greater the difficulty the greater the progress of the soul. Now she must begin to serve firmly in the Cause. So she will make great progress."

That evening - Sunday evening - He came to my door. Elisabeth and William were there. I was off somewhere. He had in His hands three Eb were One spray with three blossoms He left for me. "This for Juliet" He had said. When I returned He came back and brought me a chocolate which He put into my mouth with His own fingers! - as a father would feed His little

child! He often brought me chocolates -

On Monday - I went away.

He called me into His room in the early morning, with Kolk to translate for me.

"Now will you give me the messages, Juliet?" He asked.

I had many and I gave them all. When I spoke of Marian D. He said quickly:

"Give her my affectionate greeting. She must be educated for a teacher. She must be taken great care of and treated very well - taken great care of" He repeated.

In my hand I held a letter from A.S. - with a message for Him.

"Here is something interesting" I said. "Years ago I read a book written by A.S. The spiritual insight revealed in it was so great that I longed to give her the Message. 'Here' I thought, 'is a soul already a Bahai.' Eight years went by - and I never forgot Miss S. or her book. Then one day to my great surprise she walked into my studio on business. Before she went out I had given her the Message, and now she is longing, she says, to offer all her gifts to the Cause. In this letter is a message to thee, my Love. She sends you the loving greeting of a sincere seeker."

Smiling He took her letter from my hand.

"Give her my most affectionate greeting, my most loving greeting" He said. "Tell her I took her letter away from you."

He spoke some most tender words to me.

"I shall see you again" He concluded, "When the time comes I will write for you."

I realized suddenly that I was going to leave Him. A great wave of love and sorrow swept over me. I strained my eyes to see His face.

And there -----

My pen falters!

His face was like the sun! The divine blaze of Love revealed to my opening capacity cannot be expressed save to those who have seen it. And to those who have seen it -- only by tears!

"Always?" He breathed.

"Always!" I answered.

Yet - even as I answered, - even in the blinding glory - even with Divine Love revealed - fear smote me.

Could I be steadfast "always" in renouncing everything?

Ah, what a weak and miserable thing is this human heart! Why should God want to win it? Yet how patiently, how sweetly He wooes and wooes it! That look was the last!

Tannadun ul Kolk was called out and this left me alone with the Master for a while. I sat silently at His feet, not looking up, but feeling through and through me His holy calm - and the peace of the realization that I was in the Christ-Presence.

Suddenly Laura knocked at the door! Then Hippolyte came in and they begged to talk of my plans. While I was talking with them, silently and swiftly, the Master went out.

I went on to Vevey to Edith and her mother for two sweet days. Then I came down to Geneva. I am tired and cannot write intelligibly. I must stop.

(Later )

I have rested myself by reading His holy Tablets to me: I have refreshed myself at those "cooling streams". Through the Heaven of His Word I have come again into the Heaven of His Presence. Now I shall try to express that last visit.

Oh - Lake of Geneva! To me it is not earthly at all. Hemmed off from the world by mountains - ethereal in mist - hallowed by His Holy Presence it is like a vision descended from Heaven. I can scarcely think of it as



permanent, but rather as a shining bit of the Immortal World revealed for the time as His environment.

Edith, whom the Master had invited to Geneva, came before He did, and she, Miss Hopkins and I had a happy afternoon together. Miss Hopkins is a wonderfully interesting girl - a pure soul of the nun-like type - and mediaeval - her mind her personality. One thing she does very beautifully is to illumine cards made of parchment after the fashion of the missals. When she had said good-bye to the Master that day at Vevey, He had said, "I will pray for you." And I will pray for you, too" she answered. At the table at lunch - after Miss Hopkins had gone, of course - Mrs. Sanderson had referred to this, saying that her own feelings had been outraged by it. "No" said the Master, "do not feel that way. It came from the heart. Therefore it was beautiful."

Before dinner, and before our Lord came, I went out on the balcony alone to pray. Mt. Blanc was rosy in the sunset; a diadem of lights encircled the lake; the mountains on the opposite shore, grizzled, almost barren, striped with whitish rock, made me think of Palestine.

While we were sitting at dinner, Edith, Miss Hopkins and I, we saw His coat approaching. Edith and I rushed out, but alas, were too late to meet Him on the pier. We met Him on the street, however, - and that seemed so strange to meet and be greeted by Him on a European street!

We entered the Hotel de la Paix. His rooms, we found, were on the same floor with ours - the top floor. The Master would not take the elevator, but with astonishing endurance, walked up those four flights of stairs, never pausing to rest, yet reaching the top not out of breath at all. That gliding ascent, majestic, of astonishing ease, was almost like the soaring of a spirit and put me in mind of something Roche - His daughter had said to me - that even His body, she thought, was of different fibre from ours.

There was some discussion about the rooms - Hippolyte not being there to arrange and Tamasdun ul Halk not understanding the proprietor. Suddenly the Master came out of His room. "Who is that?" the proprietor asked with a startled look.

"Abdul Baha, of Persia" I replied.

I can see Him now pacing up and down the square, spacious, white hall with its slender columns (opened by the central stairway to the ground floor) His hands behind His back in a way He has, His step firm and royal: - I can see the turbaned, majestic head - the calm noble profile. The unearthly Power of Him. { The unearthly Beauty of Him!

He sat in our room till His dinner was ready, talking to us tenderly. For one moment I found myself alone with Him. Looking up at me with questioning eyes (He was sitting - I standing) He breathed, "Always?"

After dinner He sent first for Edith and then for me. While Edith was with Him, I prayed, standing on my balcony. Twilight had come, Mt. Blanc had vanished; the diadem around the lake sparkled more brilliantly.....

As I took my place at His feet, I said,

"Dr. Hakim has told me that you were not served well tonight down-stairs, - that you have had almost nothing. This breaks my heart. You are hungry I know. Let us go out, Tamasdun ul Halk and me - and bring you some fruit with our own hands."

(I would have done so before, without asking, but there was not time before He sent for me.)

He always thinking for others and to see His appreciation of the slightest thought for Him- the warm, happy love that at such times beams from His eyes, is unbearably touching. But He would not let us get Him anything. "no-no" He said, "no, thank you. I was beautifully served. There was chicken - and many other things to come. I was too tired to wait - that was all."

"What have you to ask, Juliet?"

"That I may always see Thy Face. The vision of it will protect me from temptation."

"You must always see It- there must be no temptation."

Then followed a long talk which I will not attempt to reproduce. He touched on many phases of my life- displaying an almost appalling power of foreknowledge - and a divine sympathy. At last He said,

"See how I love you! I have come from Geneva to tell you these things and have staid up so late (it was nearly mid-night) to talk to you about them."

He really looked very weary and my heart smote me. How we accept His sacrifices- as though this Eternal King belonged just to us.

"Is there anything more you wish to ask?"

"Only to say once more that I long to forever fix in my mind Thy Face. This will keep me firm and steadfast, desiring nothing but Thee.

"When your heart is perfectly pure and your love for me increasing, then you shall see my face."

"Come and rap at my door in the morning" He said.

"But I must be up so early - I must take the 6.50 train."

"Come whenever you are dressed. I shall be up."

Edith woke me in the silvery dawn. Stillness brooded on the lake - a crystal-filled cup in its rim of dim mountains. The horizon was crimson.

I went to the Master alone. With that exquisite thoughtfulness He had left His door ajar. I knelt at His feet. The sorrow of parting swept over me. Suddenly my heart was stilled - the rising flood of feeling curiously checked.

"Don't cry!" said His tender voice and I felt His delicate, vital fingers wiping my eyes.

"Always?" He questioned.

"Always".

After a moment I added in my broken Persian:

"I will be with you always."

In English He replied, in that tone of consummate comfort, of incomparable consolation,

"With me - always."

I HATE all I have written! As well try to put light on canvas - the fire of the sun- the crystal of the moon - the iridescence of the rainbow. Who can express the Master?- who can understand Him? - who can even adequately love Him? That is the pain of being with Him-- that you cannot adequately love him!

Sept. 6th.

I forgot to tell you a wonderfully sweet thing. The Master, when he came to Geneva asked me to go to London with Him.

At Thonon He had said to Me; "I love you so much I should like to keep you with me, but I want you to return as quickly as you can to the New York believers. Otherwise, I would take you to London. But to go and serve me is greater than to be with me."

But at Geneva He asked, "could you go on to London, Juliet, Miss Rosenberg has written, inviting you to stay with her."

"My steamer-ticket is bought and the boat sails Saturday. In order to catch the boat, I should leave Geneva tomorrow on the early train; and they told me I could not exchange my ticket; but if you wish me to go to London, which I long above all things to do, I could stay until a later train and try to arrange it."

"No, it is not necessary. It was just that Miss Rosenberg wrote about it. Miss Rosenberg loves you very much. Everybody loves you and Edith!" He added smiling.

Here is a message which I overlooked to set down. It was given me in Thonon for a friend.

"Miss Juliet has told me all about your preaching. What you have said lately is very good. It is exactly so.

"In the time of Jesus, the Pharisees lit a lamp in opposition to the light of Jesus. Only darkness resulted. But the lamp of the Teachings of Jesus afterward became a great flame; then it became as a sun and brightened the whole world.

"Such teachings as the people of today have in their hands cannot stand against the Teachings of Baha'o'llah. Soon the East and the West will be ablaze with these lights.

In the life-time of Jesus - eleven disciples became illumined. See what happened afterward! The whole world became illumined! But in the life-time of Baha'o'llah no one can deny. For one who comes to know the reality of the Teachings of Baha'o'llah it is impossible to deny. "Up to the present time you have been building an edifice on a weak ground. Now I hope your foundation will be strong rock, that it may become an everlasting foundation.

"In the time of Jesus there were thousands of priests who laid a foundation, but their foundation came to naught. But the foundation laid by Peter under the bounty of Jesus is everlasting; - though Peter was but a fisherman.

"Then do you lay the same foundation that Peter laid - till it last forever."

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Naples, June 19th, 1909.

In Naples - in an old palace on the bay - the Via Partenope, - palaces all around us - palaces in ruins on hills behind us; Vesuvius to our left - Capri before us; - this is the view from our window. Yet all the rich beauty of Italy is as fantasy to me - the Reality of the Master glows warmly beyond. It is to the Master's heart I would fly! And we are going to fly there! We arrived this morning and sail tomorrow night for the Orient.

Haifa, June 26th, Saturday.

As I write I look out on Mount Carmel - the flat cream-color houses of the Orient, with their bright Blue blinds, in immediate view.

What can I say? I am speechless. "Jesus from the ground sighs". This line has been singing in my mind all morning. And yet - it is more, oh far more than that. The spirit of the Living Redeemer is breathing its peace in the air. As I sat ~~side~~ by side with Alice Beede this morning in our high eadged, white washed room looking out on that grand old mountain, suddenly I felt that heart-consuming spirit and melted into tears.

Haifa, June 28th.

We are still in the hotel at Haifa. I am sitting in the lofty, airy hall, looking through the wide, high window with its three arches, across the bay's horse-shoe, to the Holy City. Acca, dreamed of for nine long years, the Mecca of my prayers, is before my bodily eyes. I am absolutely inarticulate. What I have felt - what I have seen - is too vast to be expressed in human language. I can find no words big enough to convey the impression of the last three days - or, two days, - I lose track of time! And as yet I have not seen Acca! In His infinite mercy and wisdom and love the Master is preparing us - in His Gentleness. Yet even the preparation has been almost too divine for a human heart.

That first sight of Carmel with its Mystery, - the Holy Mountain- the "Mountain of the Lord"- broke me down. I am still overpowered when I look at it, and, as I grow more sensitized, I must become more and more overpowered by it. Here the Divine Spirit breathes and reveals itself. I KNOW NOW. Ah the poor human hearts to whom that Divine Spirit is not revealed - to whom the material is all; who cannot know of the Spiritual Kingdom surrounding them - who have not rent the veil! Will they believe me when I return to testify? I would "ascend to the cross" for them. To breathe this Truth into the world I would give my own last breath with joy. I can now understand the ecstasy of martyrs. I pray to be one of them - to be worthy of their destiny. I know now what the Master means by the "Holy Fragrances." I have come to the centre of their emanation. The air is laden with the divine incense, - verily, the Breath of God. It is almost unbearable. I am immersed - lost in it. My prayers used to grope through space; now I am conscious of a close communion with a heart-consuming Spirit of LOVE - a Spirit more intensely real than the world and all the stars put together - than all the human hearts in the universe - than the essence of all the lovers heart that ever beat for the beloved - even than all mother-hearts.

Later.

I have been sitting close to the window - my window into heaven - my eyes fixed on Acca. The phenomenal world has faded away. This is indeed, indeed the Reality. That City in the distance, white in the sunlight, has been drawing the very soul out of me. I have been feeling receded. Could it be that I was again deluding myself, and even by unconscious untruth, by self-deception, disconnecting my soul from Truth's Fountain-Head? Yet He said,

"I am pleased with you, Juliet. You are so truthful. You tell me everything. She said, "he turned laughing to Lua, "This is my heart, - what can I do with it?"

I laughed, too, through my tears. When they burst out afresh, He said,

"Don't cry - don't cry! Unhappiness and the Love of Baha'o'llah cannot exist in the same heart, for the Love of Baha'o'llah is happiness".

Ah, I wish all the world forever could hear the Master say, "Don't cry!" Tears would soon cease to be! "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes! What an exquisite reminder of a voice and a look and a touch upon the eyes!

"I weep for love of you!" I said, "My heart is on fire with love for you. My tears come from my heart. I cannot help it!"

"Your eyes and Lua's said the Master, "are two rivers of tears."

He had seated Himself on the couch and Lua and I were on our knees before Him. Again He said, "I love Juliet for her truthfulness.

"I told Juliet" said Lua, with her arms around me, "of your words to Mrs. K. - that these human loves were like waves, rolling one by one toward the shore, then receding."

"Bale!" (Yes) said the Master, "This is true. You will not find faithfulness in humanity. All humanity is unfaithful. Only God is faithful. Baha'o'llah spent fifty years in prison for humanity. There was faithfulness."

From this moment" said Lua, "Juliet and I dedicate our lives to Thee - and be beg at last to die in Thy Path, - to drink the cup of martyrdom. Oh it

would be so good for the Cause if two Americans could do this! Oh grant it! Take hold of His coat Juliet and beseech! I touched the hem of His garment in silence. 44

"Khoylee khub! said the Master, which was very non-committal!.

"Say yes!" implored L. A. "Oh Juliet, beg him to say yes!"

"I accept the dedication of your lives now; the rest will be decided later" said the Master.

And it was clear what He meant! How He must smile at His infant children!

But I have not yet told you of the night at Mr. Randells church. This antedated my last little story, as it was the night of the Master's return from Boston, May the 26th. Lawrence White had come down from Utica to see the Master and had been waiting for Him, and he, Silvia Gannett and I went together to the church. We entered to see a picture at which we caught our breath. The church, which was perfectly plain and simple, had one feature which was quite beautiful and suggested some old Jewish Temple;- this was the Baptist expression of our altar, - an impressive arch, or arched opening, hung with a dark, massive curtain. In front of this curtain was a low, ecclesiastical seat, also suggestive of a Temple and here - and now I have come to that part of the picture which I find indescribable - the part which of course we saw first and which so stunned us - here, in this low round seat, sat the Master - rather, He almost lay in it, - prostrate either from complete exhaustion or from perfect relaxation - I could not tell which, - though He did look exhausted, pearly gone, - except for His luminous uprolled eyes, which seemed superhuman. Motionless against those dark masses of the curtain, He was like a mighty statue, the eyes only terribly alive. It might have been the Holy of Holies - the ark of the Covenant within, and He keeping guard there! His bronze ana, concealing His arms, spread out like great wings from His shoulders. One felt the Head alone. There was awfulness, mystery about this dominance of the Head. It seemed to detach Him from the human condition and reveal Him as the Face of God. In the roll of the eyes, too, was awfulness, mystery. What was such a gaze witnessing?

Later, when He rose to speak to us, the Manifestation of the Glory was absolutely different. He sent forth softer rays. "Look at Him and see the Christ" whispered Lawrence White - who had not, till that moment, believing.

Later He spoke in the Church of the Open Door. Again the Shepherd. Again I gazed through blinding tears.

Next for the Theosophists. I can give you no idea of His glory that night. He was very effulgent. He was the King of Glory.

"And His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." This, indeed, is descriptive of Abdul Baha.

Next ~~sp~~ He spoke for the Public Forum and there He was much simpler - less dazzling majestic. He manifested less. But how He addressed the heart of that meeting! The subject was, "What can the Orient bring to the Occident....."

Lua and I sat in the front pew on the left with Valiolah Khan and Mirza Mahmoud.....

"The Orient" the Master said, "brought to the Occident - the Manifestation of God." He defined the Church as that "Collective centre" which by becoming the magnet for many diverse elements, thus united them into one ordered system revolving harmoniously, - adding that the church was but a reflection of the real Collective Centre, the Shepherd, who, whenever His sheep became scattered, re-appeared to unite them. Thus the Church, established by

the Manifestation, was the Law of God, and when Christ said to Peter, 'Upon thee will I build my church' He meant that He would build His law upon him. Upon him Christ built the law of God, by which all peoples and creeds were subsequently unified.

Afterwards the questions. It is the custom there to ask questions. In the centre of the Chancel sat the Master, Mr. Grant in a choir-stall at His right, Dr. Farre d behind Him. Dr. Fareed has been called "the golden echo". He is a striking and interesting contrast to the Master as he stands facing Him, interpreting with wonderful readiness that rapid outflow of the Master's utterance. (sometimes I think with too much readiness.) Abdul Baha usually in white in a church, with His silver hair and white turban, - His brilliant eyes, - the whiteness of His Glory, if I may express it thus, - appallingly majestic at times - alternately Shepherd and King, - Great King of Love! -- and Dr. Fareed, black-bearded, in a bronze aba, with that odd, level look which somehow makes one think of a young bull and fixes his face in one's consciousness with the very splendor of sensuous Oriental youth upon him and yet, curiously cool and impassive--both heads, tho' so different in degree and manifestation and giving the impression of a strange oppositeness, strikingly Assyrian.

The questions were sent up to them. How at home the Master looked there! He pushed back His turban and smiled as He answered, - often very wittily. Once He held one finger up high. I caught my breath then! Here was the Christ in the synagogue, confounding the scribes and Pharisees!

Extracts from the Diary of Juliet Thompson.

-----G O O-----

Words of Abdul Baha to Mrs. Thompson.

It is my hope that thou mayest forget everything save God.

Nothing in the world is sufficient for man. All the world will not protect  
thine soul.

Abdul Baha said:-

Jesus was indeed a King, but the King of spirits. His  
word was the Word of God and His reign in the hearts of men.

Abdul Baha said in Haifa to Juliet:-

Keep my words; obey my commands and you will marvel at  
the results.

On July 24th. in speaking of tests Abdul Baha said:-

Even the sword is no test to the Persian believers. They  
are given a chance to repent; they cry out instead, "Ya Baha ol Agha! I  
When the sword is raised; they cry out all the more, " Ya Baha Klabha!"

Abdul Baha said to Juliet:-

Teach, always teach. The confirmations of the Holy Spirit  
will give you the words to say. Never fear. You will grow stronger  
and stronger.

Abdul Baha said to Juliet:-

I work by the confirmations of the Holy Spirit. I do not  
work by hygienic laws. If I did I would get nothing done.

Words of Abdul Baha.

"And now", cried the Master rising to His feet with the  
actions of a king, " You here in America must work with me for the  
peace of the world and the Oneness of humanity."

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A Talk given by ABDUL BAHA to Mr. Percy Woodcock, Acca, Syria, 1909.

"In answer to the question, 'Why should one pray through Christ as the Christians do, or through another manifestation of GOD and why should we not pray to GOD direct?' Abdul Baha said:

"If we wish to pray, we must have some object upon which to concentrate. If we turn to GOD we must have direct our hearts to a certain center. If man worships GOD otherwise than through his manifestation, he must first form a conception of GOD, and that conception is created by his own mind. As the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite, so GOD is not to be comprehended in this fashion. Therefore, that which he conceives with his own mind he comprehends. That which he can comprehend is not GOD. That conception of GOD which a man has is but a phantasm, an image, an imagination, an illusion. There is no connection between such a conception and the Supreme Being.

"If a man wishes to know GOD, he must find him in the perfect mirror, Christ or Baha'o'llah. In either of these mirrors he will see reflected the Sun of Divinity.

As we know the physical sun by its splendor, by its light and heat, so we know GOD the spiritual Sun, when it shines forth from the Temple of Manifestation, by its attributes of perfection, by the beauty of its qualities and by the splendor of its light. The manifestations of GOD are the focal centers of the world.

"The Christians have created an imaginary GOD in the Body of Jesus, but this is not the Reality. The Jews worship an imaginary GOD, a GOD of their own creation. They despise the heathen because they worship idols, but in truth, the heathen has a better conception of GOD than they, for his GOD at least has an existence. It is of the universal kingdom of gold or stone, whereas the Jews worship a phantasma of their own creation.

"The epitome of all worship is the worship of the attributes of Christ - not his personality."

.....

Rebb B7



Notes taken at Acca, by Mrs. Louise R. Waite, October 1909.

Abdul Baha's words to  
Mrs. Cecelia M. Harrison, Dr. Susan I. Moody, and Mrs. Louise  
R. Waite.

October 11, 1909.

His first words:

Abdul Baha shook hands with each of us and gave each a most loving welcome; then motioned us to be seated upon a large divan, while He sat in a chair facing us. He said: "I am very happy that you are here. Did you have a pleasant journey? When one has so great an aim for a journey as this, the little trials and losses that you have on the way should not upset you, for you now have all things. When you have the ocean, you do not need the river; When you have the sun, you do not need the lamp; When you have heaven, you do not need the earth. All the Prophets longed to attain to what is yours today. You must be very happy while you are here. When you possess a large house, it does not trouble you if it has a crack or a broken window so long as you possess the house. Therefore, you should be very happy." He then took us each by the hand, saying: "I will now go and see Mr. Sprague." And with a tender, loving smile He left us.

Evening meal, Oct. 11, 1909.

Interpreter, Mirza Moneer.

Present: Mirza Mohsin, Mirza Habibullah, Mrs. Harrison, Dr. Moody, Mr. Sprague, Mirza Moneer and myself.

Mirza Moneer has directed us to our seats when Abdul Baha entered. He greeted us lovingly, then bade us be seated. I sat at His left; next, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. Sprague, Dr. Moody, Mirza Mohsin, Mirza Habibullah and last Mirza Moneer, leaving a vacant chair on the right of Abdul Baha. He first asked if we were all well and happy, and added: "This is a great day - greater than you can comprehend - and you ought to appreciate it. Truly the East and the West now meet together - Persia and America. In the time of Christ the disciples met with Him - it was then also the meeting of the East and West - and their meeting made this one possible, but this meeting is far greater on account of the greater love and unity. Their meeting was the seed and this meeting is the fruits. The love of the Bahais is different from any other love - it is that of our real relatives - it is the real relationship, and this love is unending. We are all as parts of one body, There are many kinds of gatherings. Take this bouquet of flowers (pointing to an exquisite bunch of flowers in the center of the table) as one example. The flowers are of different form, color and odor; each is individual in its essence; yet they form a beautiful whole. Another kind of gathering is like a flock of birds - they are each of different intention. Then there is the gathering of the elements, which are united and form a new substance. Also, the various parts of the body, which unite to form a being. There are the drops which meet and flow together

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into one, and these flowing on form a river which flows on and then we have the sea and the ocean. Such a meeting is this, ~~we~~ which shall be eternal."

Mirza Moneer spoke of an article written by a prominent newspaper writer, wherein it was said that the Bahai Revelation was nothing new - that it was similar to the old Hindu religion. Abdul Baha replied with great force: "Opposition but makes the Cause grow stronger. It is like the earth - the more it is plowed, the more fruitful it becomes. You must expect great opposition. You will be persecuted for My Name's sake, and when stones are thrown at you in the street, then it will come to pass." With these words He turned and looked searchingly into each of our faces and, as if finding what He longed to see there, smiled with infinite love; then arose and left the room.

Morning Meeting, 6.30 o'clock, Tuesday, October 12, 1909.

We were called at 6.30 and gathered with the maidservants of the household for their morning devotions. When we entered the room Abdul Baha sat upon the divan, in one corner, by a window. The divan extended around three sides of the room. He was busy reading over Tablets, here and there making corrections and signing His Name to each. He looked up with a welcoming smile and motioned us to our seats. Dr. Moody sat at His left, I next on His right, then Mrs. Harrison, Zeah Khanum, Monever Khanum and five or six other women of the household. Abdul Baha said: "How are you this morning? Did you rest well and are you happy?" We assured Him of our great happiness and peaceful night's rest. Then He asked if we had seen Mrs. Beede and was she well - had Mrs. Brittingham and her party started? When we had answered these questions He asked with the deepest interest: "How is the New York Assembly - are they happy and united?" Then, "How is the Chicago Assembly - are they happy and united?" We assured Him that ever since the wonderful Convention, when there seemed to be a down-pouring of the Holy Spirit, there had been great love and unity. He expressed much joy; then, with a tender, loving smile, He closed His eyes; then said, with eyes still closed: "You have many brothers and sisters; wherever you go you will find them. The ties of the flesh amount to nothing; your earthly relatives may not love you; but these spiritual ties are the real and eternal ones. They will never be severed." Then He opened His eyes and bade Zeah Khanum to chant, and after she and several other of the maidservants had chanted the Words, He arose and gathered up His writing materials. As He did so, one Tablet fell to the floor and I stooped, picked it up and handed it to Him - our eyes met, and as I looked deeply into those wonderful eyes, I felt the vibration of Divine Love pass through me. He then shook hands with each of us, saying He would see us later - and left the room.

Tuesday morning, October 12.

At 11 o'clock, after Abdul Baha had talked with Dr. Moody, He sent Monever Khanum for Mrs. Harrison and me. It was in His

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own room. Dear Monever Khanum interpreted for us, sitting lovingly at His feet. He greeted us most tenderly and said: "I hope you are very happy" - and added: "Many have started out upon this journey and never reached the end, and many have come here but have not attained the real meeting, but you have attained. Therefore, you should be very happy, for GOD has greatly blessed you, and as you are with Me today, so will it be throughout all the worlds of GOD. Therefore, you should be filled with great joy." He then asked for the supplications we had brought. These we gave to Him, after which we received explicit answers to many personal questions and realized the great comfort of coming to ~~the~~ One who understood us as we could never understand ourselves, and could make all the crooked paths straight. On leaving Him I said: "I felt before I came to Acca that when I reached there I would be overcome with emotions and would want to cry; but instead I felt that I had come to my 'real home' and that I realized my spirit had been there ever since the Convention, and the only feeling in my heart was intense joy; that as I mounted the stone steps for the first time, leading to my room, my heart cried out aloud, 'Joy to the world, our Lord has come!'" He was greatly pleased and said: "Khale khoob! (Very good!) that is right; that is the way you should feel." He then lovingly dismissed us.

Evening meal, October 12, 1909.

I sat beside Abdul Baha. He began His talk by speaking of Dr. Moody's and Mr. Sprague's trip to Persia. Mirza Assad'ullah, Dr. Fareed and Mirza Moneer were present, Dr. Fareed interpreting. Abdul Baha said: "You must have no fear in going to Persia; no thought of the political condition. All political and commercial affairs will right themselves. Your work concerns alone the work of GOD. When a constitution is weak, is ill, and an organ has begun to decompose, no medicine can rebuild it; it must pass away. It is so with the constitution of the state and of the individual. When one is weak, a glass of wine will stimulate for a while, but the reaction soon sets in and the old conditions return. GOD has not chosen any of you for political or commercial work, but for the Word of GOD. When you breathe forth the breath of the Holy Spirit from your hearts into the world, commerce and politics will take care of themselves in perfect harmony. All arts and sciences will become revealed and the knowledges of GOD manifested. It is not your work but that of the Holy Spirit which you breathe forth through the Word. This is the fundamental truth. The real teacher is the one who can teach the hearts, can open the spiritual eyes, ears and understanding, through the power of the Word. When the Divine Word is given forth, only the attentive ears can hear it, the receptive heart feel it. When the Sun of Truth dawns, the perceptive eye alone can see it. The pure and polished mirror can alone reflect the light. Only the thirsty crave the 'Salsabil of the Euphrates' (Water of Life), but if one be not thirsty he cares not for this Life-giving Water. Only the spirits attracted by the fragrances of GOD can enjoy the mention of GOD. Therefore, you see the Prophets have not been able to enlighten the people. They do not see; they are slumbering in the sleep of negligence.

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That is why Jesus said: "I will come and find you sleeping." In other words: The power did not become manifest in Jesus' time; His sun did not dawn; His sea did not move; but after His departure, the power of His words became manifest in the world. But now, in the time of the Blessed Perfection, His light has shone, His Word has become manifest; His ~~name~~ fame has spread through out the East and West, and this can be witnessed by all. Notwithstanding this, the people are negligent and indifferent; eyes are blinded, ears are deaf, nostrils are choked and understandings are unawakened. In His (Baha'o'llah's) time the realm has progressed as you see it now advancing. This is a topic which requires close scrutiny.

"When we consider the realm of existence, we discover a great motive factor, and when we discover this factor we know a great matter has occurred and has become manifest. For example: When we see the meadows green and fertile, the springs flowing, the birds returning, the black soil has become adorned with variegated flowers and most enjoyable fragrances spread, we know a great event has occurred. The sun has travelled from the winter zodiac to the spring zodiac, although the sun itself has stood still. Therefore, you must thank GOD greatly for He has opened your eyes; you have heard the Divine Call; you have been ushered into the Kingdom. What a great blessing this gathering is right here - and now in such love - such sincerity."

Abdul Baha paused impressively between these last two sentences. Then, with another silence in which every heart at that table seemed blended into His, He arose and as He did so, He pushed two beautiful pink roses, that had lain at His place (and which He had tenderly handled while He talked), over beside my plate; then smiled and left us. We all stood still for a moment, the power of His words nearly overcoming us, or, rather, the great, quiet, spiritual force with which He had uttered them.

We then adjourned to Mr. Sprague's room and another most wonderful meeting was held. There were present Haji Mirza Hayder Ali, Mirza Reeza (the one who had helped Abdul Baha cook the food for Baha'o'llah), Mirza Mahram (called "the father of India", having converted many hundreds there; he was also Mr. Sprague's teacher and the one who nursed him when he was so ill in India, and whom he had not met since), Mirza Noure-Din, Mirza Bushrah, Mirza Moneer, Mirza Assad Ullah, Dr. Farsed, Mr. Sprague, Mirza Seyyid Mahdi, who had come from Port Said with us, and many other believers, all having once been of different religions. There were just nineteen of us present. We received many wonderful lessons, one of which, given by Mirza Assad Ullah, was most impressive. He said:

"The words of Abdul Baha tonight were very wonderful and had an inner significance, which would gradually dawn upon us. The more we pondered over them, the more their meaning would be revealed to us. Many people have made long pilgrimages just to see the Manifestation's face, or to hear one word. See how blessed you are, for you have received many words; and each word is a seed and will bear much fruit. The constitution of which Abdul Baha spoke refers to that of the State but also to each individual. Our faith is our constitution, and Abdul Baha has

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planted the seed of faith in your hearts. You ~~may~~ may not understand the meaning of His words now, nor consider their great worth. The ground does not realize that it is being plowed and planted with seeds, but the seeds grow just the same. Abdul Baha is the wise gardener and the seeds He has planted in your hearts tonight will later bear much fruit and affect the whole world. He has unfurled before you the carpet; He has taken you into the Kingdom; He has filled your casket to overflowing with precious jewels. Tonight you are rich indeed."

Wednesday evening meal, Oct. 13, 1909.

There were only Zeah Khanum, Monever Khanum, Miss. Ballero, Mrs. Harrison and myself with Abdul Baha, Dr. Moody and Mr. Sprague having left for Persia. I hesitated, thinking my place at the table might have been changed. Abdul Baha smiled sweetly at me and placing His hand upon my shoulder, motioned me to my old seat beside Him. There was a silence after we were seated for a few moments; then Abdul Baha said: "Well, Dr. Moody and Mr. Sprague, are in Haifa tonight." We replied that we missed them very much. Then He added: "Dr. Moody is so good and kind. I love her very much. They will love her in Persia very dearly. The Bahai love is not like any other love; it is spiritual and eternal. When Mr. Sprague was ill in India, a Bahai came a long distance and endured many hardships that he might take care of him. Mr. Sprague recovered but the man died, happy to give his life in service. It is so the friends in America must be." I said to Monever Khanum: "Ask Abdul Baha to pray for us that we may reach this high station." He replied: "I will pray that it may be so." Then returning to the subject of Persia and the great love of the believers there, He said: "When Dr. Moody comes to them they will do everything in their power to make her happy and that she may be comfortable. This love is spiritual and will last. If a queen were to come to them, they would not show her the attention they would a Bahai sister. Once a Bahai was mistaken of for his friend and arrested. He said nothing, hoping to bear the punishment for his friend. But the friend, when he heard of it, immediately gave himself up and released ~~himself~~ the wrongfully accused one. Another Bahai was condemned to die and his friends went and begged that one of them be put to death instead. When Mirza Ali Kuli Khan was in Persia with his American wife, they all loved her very dearly and did all they could for her comfort. Such is the true Bahai love. Your hearts must be like mirrors brightly polished, which reflect the light of the One Sun. This love never changes no matter what its form, because it is from the One Sun - the One Love. You must become intoxicated with the wine of spiritual love. When one is intoxicated with material wine, it sometimes increases the love in the heart, but this love does not last; the next day it is entirely gone. But the intense love created from the wine of the Holy Spirit intoxicates the heart and the effect is eternal, growing stronger each day. A material love for a person will sometimes change. All material ties will sooner or later pass away, but the spiritual love never changes, - it is eternal."

Mrs. Harrison then spoke of one of her Tablets written by Abdul Baha, and quoted the beautiful promises in it that He had made. He smiled sweetly and said: "Yes, Inshallah." I then

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asked if He would talk to us of music and its use in the world, and if there was to be an organ in the Temple. I also told Him how we had enjoyed the lessons on music given to Mrs. Lucas. He smiled sweetly, but made no reply. After a silence He spoke in Persian to Monever Khanum. I felt I was to receive an answer to my questions, but when Monever Khanum interpreted His words, she said: "Abdul Baha says that your journey from New York to London was very short. How wonderful it was!" There was another silence - then He arose, washed His hands, and at the threshold of the door He turned and faced us, drew Himself up to His full height, raised the two first fingers of His right <sup>hand</sup> up to His temple and for a moment so stood as if giving a military salute. Then He dropped His arm to His side, bowed His head and as He raised it, His eyes met mine, and He smiled with infinite love; then turned and left us. I had received no answer to my questions and I ~~felt~~ felt He was teaching me patience.

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### Report of the chairman of Organization.

Notes taken at Acca, October 14, 1909, by Louise R. Waite.

In Abdul Baha's room, alone with Him, Monever Khanum translating.

I asked Abdul Baha to bless our Women's Assembly of Teaching, telling Him of their great Unity and love, and of their beautiful work, and He said: "This makes Abdul Baha very happy" - and His face became gloriously illumined.

I then explained to Him our organization work. How, since we had reorganized our Assembly of Teaching, we had endeavored to organize Women's Assemblies all over America and in the Orient; of the encouraging letters and hearty co-operation we had received, especially in the West; of the Assembly in California, of which Mrs. Rose Winterburn is President, and I read Him Mrs. Wagner's letter, in which all of their officers were named; of the good work already arising from organization in these Assemblies - and over and over He replied with marked pleasure, nay more, with real joy: "Very good! Very good!"

I said: "Then is it your wish that the women organize Assemblies of Teaching, having officers and chairmen (and I explained fully the form of election that we had employed, of the duties of each officer, chairmen and their assistants) and He replied very emphatically: "Yes, it is My wish; there must be organization to accomplish orderly and systematic work. Without organization there would be no headway made" and added - "I will pay GOD to bless these Assemblies."

I told Him of the work our Assembly had done since we had become organized, and I placed in His hand copies of all of the letters we were circulating in regard to our organization. I read Him the names of all of our officers and chairmen and He was greatly pleased saying over and over: "Very good!" He was especially delighted over the work of our chairman of the sick committee, saying: "To care for the sick is most important."

To all He sent His love and blessings, "Tell them," He said,

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"That Abdul Baha loves them very much."

Louise R. Waite,  
Chairman Organization,  
Woman's Assembly of Teaching,  
Chicago, Illinois.

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Thursday, Oct. 14, 1909.

As we were packing up our things to leave, after having been blessed with seeing Abdul Baha alone and receiving instructions and blessings untold, He came to our room and said: "You are not going away from here. This is your real home. You are My daughters and we will always be together. You must now return with great love and joy in your hearts and become happier and happier each day, for there is no separation. He then gave us a final blessing and drew us tenderly to Him as a loving father, assuring us again that in reality we were not leaving Him, and with a final pat upon my shoulder, He was gone. There was much strength and courage that always came to me when He would pat my shoulder thus and it will ever remain with me, as His Spirit will, throughout all the worlds of GOD."

Thursday evening, Oct. 14, 1909.

We were at our hotel in Haifa, thinking we had said our last good bye to our beloved Abdul Baha, as Rouha Khanum was much worse and we were to sail the next day. It was nearly 8.30 when the boy came for us, saying that Abdul Baha wished us to come to Him. (He was then at Madam Jackson's house in Haifa.) It was a joyful surprise and we went at once. When we entered the beautiful, spacious room He received us with the same loving welcome one always received from Him. We told Him how happy we were and what a joyful surprise it was to us to see Him again. He said: "It makes me very happy to have you with me again." I told Him of our visit to the Holy Tomb, of the great effect it had had upon me, of the wonderful experience I had passed through of seeing all the friends passing before me, and He was much pleased. Mrs. Harrison said: "We want to go back better daughters" - and He replied: "Yes, I pray so. It is a great blessing to visit this Holy Spot - greater than you can ~~realize~~ now realize. When one feels fatigued and visits a beautiful garden, he is at once refreshed; his mood and thoughts are changed. The garden you have visited is the Holy Land. Therefore you will be greatly changed. You are now reborn." Mrs. Harrison told Him of two hearts that were estranged and of her having united them, and He replied: "That is very good-. You must do all in your power to unite the hearts of the people. When any misunderstanding arises you must strive to overcome it. It is easy to remove a small tree before it has taken root, but when allowed to grow, it becomes deep rooted and is bigger each day. Then it is very difficult to remove it. You must do all you can to bring the hearts of the people together in love and harmony." Mrs. Harrison then told Him of the little ceremony she and a few others had performed upon the Temple grounds, when they laid a few stones

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upon it, etc. He smiled sweetly and said: "Very good!" She told Him of the first tent erected there on the Sunday of the Feast of the Rizwan and why she felt that it was GOD's Will that it should be so, and He expressed great approval. His dear "Very good! Very good!" was again repeated. I then asked once more - that Mrs. Harrison might hear - about the organ in the Temple, saying that He had written in one of my Tablets that my hymns would be sung in the Mashrak-el-Azkar forevermore, but if there was to be ~~no~~ no organ, where would they be sung? I wanted it to be made very clear to us. He again said as He had said before when I was ~~alone~~ with Him: "There will be no organ in the Temple, but in the building near by. There ~~will~~ the hymns will be sung and at all other spiritual gatherings." Mrs. Harrison asked: "Should they begin to build the Temple when the grounds were half paid for or not?" Abdul Baha replied very emphatically: "No! It must be all paid for before they begin to build. There must be no debt over it." We told Him how faithfully Mrs. True was working for the building of the Temple and we both spoke lovingly of her. He was greatly pleased and said: "Very good!" I then told Him of our Unity Band and the monthly letters we wrote to the Orient, and He showed great pleasure and approval, saying, "Very good!" many times and added: "So it should be. The East and West ~~must~~ become united in love and harmony." I told Him of the faithful work of our little children for the Temple Fund, especially of the Gale children, and all would have felt a thousand times repaid could they have seen ~~in~~ His dear face so illumined with love and real joy. He said again: "The West must arise, and show the East their appreciation of their earnest efforts." Mrs. Harrison then mentioned many names in His presence, asking a blessing upon them, and also asked some personal questions. When He had answered her, He arose and with great dignity, yet with tender sweetness, bade us good night and left us. The Greatest Holy Leaf then came in and she and Monever Khanum visited with us for a while, after which we returned to our hotel, our hearts overflowing with joy.

Friday, Oct. 15, 1909.  
The great Feast day.

We had gone with Dr. Fareed and Mirza Enyatullah to Cook's to secure our transportation and upon our return I had walked on with Mirza Enyatullah, not knowing that Mrs. Harrison had stopped on the way at the home of Dr. Fareed to see Mirza Assad-Ullah. While I was resting in the shop, Mirza Bushrah came for us, saying that Abdul Baha wished to see us again. I looked up the road and over ~~the~~ in the hotel for Mrs. Harrison and not finding her, I went on alone, as Mirza Enyatullah said he would look for her and tell her to follow me. I was shown into the big reception hall in Madam Jackson's ~~home~~ home and as I sat there I could hear the deep, melodious tones of Abdul Baha's voice speaking to some Persian believers. My heart was full of deepest joy. Abdul Baha called Mirza Jallal and said something to him, after which He came to me and said: "Abdul Baha wishes you to go to His room and wait." I could not tell why He so wished it unless it were to add another measure of joy to my already overflowing cup. I entered His room. How dear everything seems to me! There on the divan was a satchel full of Tablets; many,



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also, were scattered all around it; His pen in its case and His glasses, (Plain, silver-rimmed ones with a bit of string around the nose piece) lay beside the satchel. I picked the pen and ~~gave~~ glasses up and tenderly kissed them. Then I fell upon my knees beside the Tablets and from the bottom of my heart prayed:

"O my GOD! O my GOD! Unite the hearts of Thy servants and reveal to them Thy great purpose. May they follow Thy commandments and abide in Thy law. Help them, O GOD, in their endeavor and grant them strength to serve Thee. O GOD, leave them not to themselves, but guide their steps by the light of knowledge and cheer their hearts by Thy love. Verily Thou art their Helper and their Lord!"

I realized how these sacred Tablets were to go forth to the East and West, to longing and expectant hearts which He was ~~is~~ also praying should become united. As I rose I saw from the window a pure white dove fly up from the roof of the next building and out toward the blue sea - my beautiful symbol of Peace which had followed me all along my journey. After a few more holy and sacred moments spent in silence, Monever Khanum came for me and said her mother wished me to come to her.

Talk with the Holy Mother.

October 15, 1909.

It was the feast of Ramadan and the family had gathered together. Every member, save Rouha Khanum who was very ill, was there under the one roof, in their home in Haifa. As I entered the room I felt that comforting sense of "at-home-ment" steal over me, as if I were indeed a real daughter, too, among the daughters there. It was a simple home picture. Miss. Ballero, a guest, was sitting on the floor cutting out a woolen skirt for the mother, and after receiving a loving welcome from them all, I sat down on the floor and tendered my advice, discussed the merits of the different makes of patterns and skirt making in general.

There were present the Greatest Holy Leaf, the mother, Monever Khanum, Zeah Khanum and Tooba Khanum, and one by one the grandchildren came in until at last I had met and kissed and loved all of the little ones, nine in all. It was a wonderful gathering to me. When I arose from the floor I sat upon the divan and dear Monever Khanum sat with her arm around me as I held Rouha Khanum's beautiful little baby boy.

Monever Khanum asked if I had made the white waist that I wore and I told her that I was like most of my Bahai sisters at home, as I made my own clothes, did my own house work, etc., and yet we all were working hard for the Cause. ~~That is the life of a true Bahai, always~~

The mother said: "That is the life of a true Bahai, always busy. When we love the Blessed Perfection and turn our faces to Him, every act may become worship. When you do your house work,

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your cooking and cleaning, you are making a comfortable and pleasant home. Baha'o'llah has said the home must be clean and orderly to be harmonious. To sit and read the Words all day and let the home duties go is contrary to the Blessed Perfection's Commands. A few Words held in the heart daily, and loving service, doing each duty well, is best! Some religious sects of the East think they cannot worship GOD unless they are alone in the silence - they must concentrate; they are dreamers and not doers. But Baha'o'llah says we must be able to enter ~~in~~ into the holy temple in our hearts where all is still at all ~~in~~ times and under all circumstances, amid discord and confusion. When we are doing our simple duties it is then the Holy Spirit can teach us, if we have only the love of GOD in our hearts."

I told them of the conditions under which I have written most of my poems and songs, when in the midst of housework, especially when washing dishes (that which I like least to do). I felt that my talk of my own life and work was not egotistical, but what a real daughter would tell a loving mother upon her return home after many years of separation and every little detail seemed of deepest interest to them all.

The mother said: "That is as Baha'o'llah commands. The East has much to learn from the West. It must learn this great lesson, that true worship is labor as well as prayer and praise. Each organ of our body must be in order and perform its functions, must be properly used if we would have a healthy body. ~~As~~ So it is with the spiritual faculties, they must be all developed."

The Greatest Holy Leaf sat beside me, holding my hand and smiled and nodded her head approvingly as we talked.

When we had finished, I gathered the little ones around me again and the mother said: "I see you have a great love for children." (How great that love is only my mother heart knows!)

When driving out the day before, as it was quite cool and I was thinly clad, Monever Khanum brought me her mother's coat to wear. So I told her of the great honor I felt had rested upon me by being permitted to wear her coat - "the Holy Coat of Motherhood" I called it. She was greatly pleased and put her arms around me, drew me closely to her and kissed me three times. Those kisses, I knew, are for all the dear maidservants and mothers tied to home duties, but privileged, through those duties faithfully performed, to serve in the Kingdom of El-ABHA.

#### Morning talk in Haifa.

After Mrs. Harrison arrived, Abdul Baha sent for us and as we entered ~~His~~ His room, He was seated in the corner on the divan in front of the window. The intense blue of the Mediterranean Sea and the sapphire tinted sky made a most beautiful background for His strong and wonderful profile, clear cut as a cameo. The ~~flowing~~ flowing white hair, the white turbaned head, and the soft brown robe over the under one of white made a picture of rare beauty. How I longed for all the dear ones in America to thus see Him! He was looking over the numerous

Tablets - the same that I had knelt beside. He looked up with that marvelous smile of welcome and lovingly greeted us, while continuing to sign and place His seal upon each Tablet. This seal He keeps, together with a small key, on a string around His neck. He asked if we were well and happy and again said how happy He was to have us with Him once more. He asked if we were comfortable at our hotel and we assured Him that we were. His solicitude over every little matter wherein you are concerned is wonderful. He then said, pointing to the many Tablets scattered around Him: "See how busy Abdul Baha is. His work is to unite the hearts of the people all over the world. These Tablets are going to the far East and West." I said: "They go forth as doves, do they not?" and He looked up and smiled so sweetly at me. He understood just how holy the symbol of the dove was to me, for I had told Him of the beautiful experience I had passed through when I wrote the "Benediction." I then told Him of other matters close to my heart and He taught me much of the mysteries of existence. I told Him that dear Mrs. Harrison had been my spiritual mother and I impulsively put my arms around her and kissed her. His face became illumined and He said: "This makes Abdul Baha very happy to see you so love one another. Your love must grow warmer each day." I then asked if women were to take part in spiritual ~~meetings~~ meetings such as we hold on Sunday, and Abdul Baha replied: "Yes. In the Kingdom women are equal in all things with men - there is no difference - and they may take part, but always in an orderly way. They should never speak unless what they had to say was first presented to those in ~~the~~ charge of the meeting. They should never arise and say or do that which would cause confusion or inharmony." Mrs. Harrison asked if a small house for worship should be built on the grounds and the meetings be held there, or should we continue to rent a hall down town. Abdul Baha replied: "To rent the hall is best, for no building should be erected upon the grounds, of any nature, for worship until the grounds were paid for; then the Temple should be built. It would otherwise be an unnecessary expense." I asked if the singing of the hymns, Benediction and other music was to still be used in our meetings of worship and He replied: "Yes, have the music as you ~~do~~ now do, singing the hymns, etc., until the Temple is finished. Then have the music in the other building for that purpose." He then lovingly dismissed us, saying as He arose: "You must excuse me as I am very busy." Pointing to the Tablets which He had been signing, as He talked, "See," He said, "Abdul Baha's work is the work of a hundred men."

Dinner in Haifa.

Friday, The Feast of Ramadan, Oct. 15, '09.

To our great joy we were invited to remain to dinner with Abdul Baha. He bade us come to the table and as we neared it, He took Mrs. Harrison by the hand and led her to a seat next to Him; then patting me upon my shoulder, He directed me to the one at His left hand side where I had sat from the first. I felt so close to that great, loving heart where all are so tenderly held. He began His talk by saying: "You now see what the power of GOD is today. Here you are sitting at this table, one from England, another from Syria, others from Persia and you two from America. This could only be accomplished through the love of GOD in your hearts. This love unites you all and soon it will unite the

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whole world. You must go back to America as signs of Love and love the people very much, more and more each day. All the believers must reach that station where they will be willing to die for each other. Their meetings must be held in great love, just like the gathering together of doves which are so loving to each other. In the East the love of the believers is very great, but America has not yet reached this station. It is much better, but they must grow in love for each other. Tell them that Love is the one great thing. - It is life - the only life of the spirit." He then called Marion (Rouha Khanum's little girl), saying: "Marion, come here." She ran to Him and nestled closely beside Him. He held her there in silence for a while as he ate; then laying His hand upon her head, He said: "Little children are very close to the Kingdom, for their hearts are pure and they are so sincere." There was another impressive silence; then He said to the little one: "You may go." He then began talking in ~~the~~ Persian to His brother-in-law and soon arose and left us. Our last dinner was over.

Last Goodbye.

Friday, Oct. 15, 1909. 2.30P.M.

After visiting with the maid-servants of the household for a short time, Abdul Baha again sent for us. When we entered His room He bade us be seated; then He sat down in a chair directly in front of us. He looked long and tenderly at us both in such a searching way; then said: "Thank GOD that your hearts are pure." Then it seemed as if He let loose the flood gates of power, and raising His hand up high over us, He said: "You must go back from here filled with joy and fragrance and with such love in your hearts that all who ever pass you on the streets will feel it and each home and town you enter will be ~~changed~~ charged and quickened. You must make all people feel that you have come away from here changed, so much that they will say: 'How changed you are!' You ~~have~~ are different, for you are now reborn, made anew. You must reflect Abdul Baha's face and His love to all. Your joy must be greater and greater each day that all may feel it and be refreshed by it. I send my love to all in America. Tell them that Abdul Baha loves them very much." He then arose and taking a package of envelopes to simulate a book, said: "There is a book in America, a collection of photographs of believers there, and Abdul Baha's picture is in it on a page with others around it. This must not be. Tell them to place the picture any where in the book they choose, here, or here (turning over the envelopes as if they were pages), first or last, it does not matter, but always alone." He then took us both by the hand as we arose and drew us closely to Him. Mrs. Harrison and I had hold of each other's hands, and thus we formed a circle of love. He then placed His hands upon our shoulders and said: "My daughters", We said we would earnestly strive to be more worthy of that title and of all the blessings He had bestowed upon us. I said: "My one wish is to lay my life at your feet and to do your will." Again that loving, encouraging pat upon my shoulder and that sweet, "Khali Khoob!" "Good bye! Goodbye!" and with a fond look into those wonderful eyes, we left Him, our hearts overflowing with that joy and peace which the world can never give nor take away.

Haifa. Friday Afternoon, Oct. 16, '09.

After bidding Abdul Baha "goodbye", we found all of the holy family gathered in the large reception room, awaiting us (all save the children). The Greatest Holy Leaf brought me a fine white handkerchief filled with rock candy - this she handed to me. She had also two combs of white ~~bone~~, having belonged to Abdul Baha, one of which she gave to Mrs. Harrison and I was honored with the other. I had told the Greatest Holy Leaf of a dream I had recently had, wherein I was crying bitterly and she came with a fine white handkerchief and wiped my eyes, then gave me the handkerchief, and now in reality I had seen her, for I recognized her at once, and she seemed greatly pleased. As she gave me this handkerchief full of sugar, I immediately thought of my dream and that instead of tears in the handkerchief, there was only sweetness. As I kissed her goodbye again and again, she said: "You will come back" - and I replied: "GOD grant this may be true." Upon leaving all these dear ones, each having lovingly kissed and embraced us, we went to the home of Mirza AssadUllah. Dr. Fareed, Mirza Enyatullah, Marahangese and Razeah Khanum were all there. We learned that Rouha Khanum was a little better, though still very ill. She had sent word, while we were with Abdul Baha, that she wished to see us to say goodbye, but I told Monever Khanum I felt it most unwise and left my love and a goodbye ~~for~~ kiss for her.

We had a very delightful visit with Mirza Assad Ullah and his family, including Dr. Fareed, and dear, saintly Mirza Assad Ullah talked most beautifully while we enjoyed our last cup of Persian tea. He said: "You must go back to America with great power and vivify the hearts of the people. You are like the ~~the~~ clouds which gather and gather the vapors. These you have gathered while here. Now you must return and be like refreshing rains, pouring out this Water of Life upon the people. But, ~~unlike~~ unlike the material clouds, the more you give forth of this Water, the more you will receive, You do not realize now all the great blessings you have received, but the seeds planted in your hearts by Abdul Baha will ~~keep~~ forever continue to grow. You must not hesitate to speak when you return. GOD will inspire your words if you turn to Him. You must do all in your power to unite the hearts of the people - that is the greatest wish of Abdul Baha." When I told Him that Abdul Baha had given me His pen and the new name of "Melody", he said: "You will now write music and verses better than ever before. You will write them and another will produce or sing them. Your work is to be the sweet accompaniment to your own compositions." I had found a water bottle beside the Tomb of the Bab the day we visited it, and ~~as~~ as I had earnestly prayed to go to Acca as an "empty vessel", this empty vessel seemed symbolical of my great desire, so I had taken it into the Tomb with me. I was now given a basket to carry it home in, a basket that had been carried by Abdul Baha and Mirza Assad Ullah. In speaking of the bottle, he said: "That bottle has been blessed by resting in that Holy Spot. You must give the believers a drink from it when they come to see you and they will be spiritually refreshed!" As we bade him goodbye he said: "Give my love to all the believers in America and say, we have not ~~riches~~ riches nor worldly goods to send - only our love and prayers -

but these are the real jewels and ~~they~~ they are easy to carry; they will not take up any room in your satchel, and while so very valuable, yet best of all, you will not have to pay duty on them." His saintly face shone as he talked. How few in America realize his high station! I am thankful to have seen, however, that he is a "prophet having honor in his own country," for they all recognize his great wisdom and revere and love him. He and Mirza Haji Hayder Ali are said to be the "two wings of Abdul Baha". Having had the great privilege of seeing them both together under Abdul Baha's roof and hearing them talk, I can perfectly understand ~~h~~ this statement. We left all of these dear ones and soon, accompanied by Dr. Fareed and Mirza Enayatullah, embarked for our ship that lay at anchor out in the bay. We waved a farewell to our two dear brothers, the last of the "dear folks at home", the real true home of every Bahai heart. I was not sad for I felt that my cup was indeed overflowing and I longed to return to the dear ones whose thoughts had followed me, I know, every step of the way, and to share these joys with them.

When we had disposed of our traps in our stateroom, we returned to the deck and stood and watched the sun set over Mt. Carmel for the last time. How majestic the old mountain looked - how glorified - as the sun gradually dropped behind it, leaving an after-glow of glory in the sky, with its many opalescent shades! It seemed as if the mountain, like a great jewel, was sending forth these rays from its innermost heart, wherein rests that priceless jewel, the body of the Bab. As the light faded and the shades of eventide fell, my heart dilated with joy unspeakable that I, so unworthy, had, through GOD's great bounty, been allowed this, this greatest of all privileges, to see Him "face to face", to visit the Holy Tomb and to be crowned by so many blessings. Slowly, as I stood watching the western sky and the old mountain, the lights, one by one, began to shine forth from the little homes dotting its side, and Venus, the evening Star, appeared in all her beauty. Never had I seen it so large and brilliant. It seemed as if the very points of the star were accentuated by rays of light - the planet of love and beauty. How symbolical of our glorious Revelation and also of the Bab who was called the "star" of it! I saw the light streaming forth from the home ~~of~~ that sheltered "the Keeper of the keys to the Kingdom" and the Light of Guidance to the people, Abdul Baha, the Mystery of GOD, and as I stood I prayed, and just as the evening star seemingly touched the tree tops of the "mountain of GOD", I gave one fond last look at it and at the Tomb of the Bab, then at the light streaming forth from the window of Him who is our Ark of Safety; then I went below, thanking GOD that I was leaving Him not in a prison home - but on His throne upon the holy mountain, free. I prayed that I might return some day more worthy to be called His "daughter". Then His precious words began to ring through my heart, words that He had uttered as He bade us goodbye; "You are not leaving Me - you will never leave Me - this is your real home and there is no separation." Again, in my visit alone with Him when He said: "Abdul Baha loves you very much and carries you closely in His heart. Always we will be together throughout all the worlds of GOD." And I rejoiced that this was not alone for me but for all ~~the~~ the beloved ones who turn their hearts to Him.

As the boat began to move I did not arise to have another last look at Mt. Carmel.

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I wanted to carry ever in my heart the beauty of the scene as I had an hour ago beheld it - the evening star just touching the tree tops of the mountain directly over the Tomb of the Bab and the light from Abdul Baha's window just below the Tomb - so I shall ever see it. As we sailed away I had no sense of the separation creeping in between us physically. I could hear the strains of "Softly His Voice is calling now", the pleading tone of "O! be ye tender, kind and true, ever it seems to say", then the peace of the Benediction fell upon me, the dove of the Holy Spirit hovered ~~at~~ o'er me - and I fell asleep, saying: "There is no separation, no distance, for lo! He is with us always, not only unto the end of the world (which hath no end), but ~~thru~~ throughout all the worlds of GOD."

----- Louise R. Waite.

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Impressions of Abdul Baha

by Mrs. Louise R. Waite, of Chicago, who visited Acca, October, 1909.

To describe Abdul Baha so as to form any mental picture of Him that would in any way do Him justice, is as impossible as to try to paint a sunbeam. The artist may put the ray of yellow light in exactly the right place and with most beautiful effect; but, no matter how great his skill, he cannot catch the real essence of the sunbeam - that golden luminosity, which is like an elixir of life, is uncatchable, unpaintable. So it is with the likeness of Abdul Baha. His expression is ever changing; each thought and emotion is mirrored forth and the face becomes so illumined that words are but as the dull, lifeless paint which cannot reproduce the sunbeam - yet some idea can be gathered from them.

When I first saw Abdul Baha I was alone and I came face to face with Him all unexpectedly. He stood not over four feet from me. It was in the upper court, with the blue sky over head and the sunlight shining down brightly upon Him, it being but a little while after "high noon." It might have been anyone else of the family, as His sons-in-law were often passing to and fro, but every atom of my being, my heart and my soul cried out: "It is He." The face of my dreams of Him stood before me with that same heavenly smile of welcome. The light of Infinite Love was radiating from His countenance. Majestic and yet sublimely tender, He was looking right into my eyes. I gave a start as if I had suddenly plunged into an ocean - then stood transfixed. It seemed as if I had come upon Him unawares and saw the "Glory of the Lord" shining forth around Him, and I know I must have felt as Mary Magdalene felt when Christ revealed Himself to her in her vision after the crucifixion - "The Risen Lord." He motioned me to pass on. I could not. A sense of my great unworthiness made me bow my head - then He passed by me. He was dressed all in white. His hair fell in soft waves about His shoulders and His head was crowned with a white turban bound around with a white cloth. His step was firm and kingly. When He reached His door He turned and motioned me again to pass on. I came toward Him and when I reached His door, I looked up into those marvelous eyes. I knew that every act, every thought of my life was known to Him. Yet, knowing this, I could look fearlessly, unwaveringly at Him, realizing all my sins and weaknesses, yet knowing He understood me as I could never understand myself, and that He was indeed "Infinite Love Incarnate." I could not pass until He turned and entered His room - then, nearly overcome by the vibrations which thrilled me through and through, I passed on. Later He came to greet us and I was fully confirmed - it was truly Abdul Baha, but a very different one, I now felt, from the one I had first seen. As He firmly grasped my hand with that welcoming pressure that comes deep from the heart, a hand-shake that warms you through and through, I saw the Divinely human man, the personification of my highest ideal of an earthly father. I never again, while in Acca, saw Him as I had in that first meeting. It was then as if I had seen the Reality of His being, with the shades of flesh all raised that the Light of Spirit might stream forth.

In height, Abdul Baha is in reality but of medium height, but He holds Himself so superbly, with such a commanding dignity, and carries His head so high, with such a majestic air, that He ever gives the



impression of greater height. His voice is wonderful, full and vibrant, each word uttered with marked distinctness and with that tone quality that leaves a faint echo, as it were, or wave vibrations such as come from a beautifully toned bell. All through the day it rings out, first in one place, then another, for with astonishing rapidity Abdul Baha seems to be everywhere - now in the garden, now in the room close beside the entrance, now in a guest's room - or you may hear him calling someone in the "family section" of the "prison home." Always, when I heard it, I felt its vibrations most deeply. Like His face, His voice expresses every emotion, from tones that are stern and emphatic to those as tender and loving as the cooing of a dove.

His eyes defy description. I only know that to me they seemed gray, with a circle of white around the iris, which at times became luminous. Sometimes in the light I caught a shade of blue, and again by lamp light they seemed almost brown - ever changing were they and wonderful. They, too, like His face and voice, expressed every emotion felt by Him.

I was deeply impressed by His <sup>perfect</sup> naturalness, His lack of conventionality and set form, and His refreshing simplicity. Divinely simple is He and simply Divine. His hair, which is gray and long, but rather thin, would at one time be flowing softly around His head, and at another it would be tucked up beneath His turban in a careless, comfortable way. All of His physical senses seem intensified and when eating anything which He particularly likes, He shows the keenest enjoyment of it. Likewise, the perfume of a flower will seem to entrance Him. I thought of what one pilgrim to Acca had said: "When Abdul Baha inhales the odor of flowers, it is wonderful to see Him. It seems as though the perfume of the hyacinth were telling Him something as He buried His face in the flowers. It is like the effort of the ear to hear a beautiful harmony - a concentrated attention. How He understands the mystery of all these things which we know nothing of!" This, indeed is true.

While there was a deep undercurrent of exultancy in Abdul Baha, yet, while I was there, which was but for a few days, to my consciousness there seemed a strain of sorrow and sadness, as if the weight of the world was upon His shoulders. Especially did I realize this upon my first night in Acca. I occupied the room directly next to His. His bed rested against the same wall that mine did and I could hear His slightest move. I could not sleep, and as I lay there wide awake I heard Him pacing up and down His room; then He would throw Himself upon His bed; then arise and walk back and forth again. Once, when He threw Himself down upon the bed, He moaned. Oh! that moan! It came from the depths of His soul and it pierced me through the heart. I felt that once again the Christ Spirit was daily, hourly, being crucified by the lack of perfect love and unity among the believers; that once again it was crying out: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." How I longed to go to Him and declare my love and faith in Him! Then I realized that it was not our love and faith in Him, but our love for one another, that is His crown of glory and the balm for His soul, for He had said to a pilgrim: "If you love one another, it is just the same as if you love Me. The

closer you draw to one another, the closer you draw to Me. I will go away from this world, but love always stays. Therefore, you should love one another very much."

I felt that every inharmonious thought and action of the believers was painfully registered on that great heart, and with this thought came the overwhelming sense of the personal responsibility falling upon each one of us. Having seen and met Abdul Baha, I realized that "His Words are the Words of GOD, His Utterances are the Utterances of GOD; that He is indeed the Center of the Covenant of GOD." And with this realization came the deepest joy. No need of arguments and worry over intricate problems of life and death, which have confounded the greatest philosophers; no need to spend the precious time in delving into the unknown and unknowable - He has, or can, explain it all and His explanations are true. Once having accepted Abdul Baha's station, it is as useless to vex our minds with all these "whys and wherefores" as it would be for a "way worn" traveler, when a wagon comes along and the driver offers to "carry him to town and he gladly climbs in, yet continues to carry his heavy burden on his back." At Acca I not only climbed into the wagon of Truth, but I also left my heavy bundle of self opinions and perplexity of ideas by the roadside, knowing that this Divine Driver would carry me safely to the town. GOD has indeed given us an "Ark of Safety" in Abdul Baha. Abdul Baha, the Mystery of GOD! Who can comprehend that Mystery? Surely not finite mind nor intellect - only through the heart can we catch a faint glimpse of His station. Let me quote His own words said before Mr. Sydney Sprague and others, while Mr. Sprague was in Acca last July. In speaking of a letter He had written to some believers in Persia, Abdul Baha said: "I did not of Myself write this. Nay, the Confirmation of Baha'o'llah wrote it; of Myself I did not write it. Therefore, the believers of GOD must refer to Me only as Abdul Baha; but

This is My glorious crown,  
This is My eternal sovereignty,  
This is My everlasting life.

Whosoever questions Me concerning My name, My answer is, 'Abdul Baha' and there it ends."

And with the name also ends any attempt to fully describe the Great One who bears it.

Louise R. Waite.

Written mostly while in Acca,  
October, 1909.

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A Message from Abdul Baha, through Miss Elizabeth Stewart, given in  
Acca, Syria, October, 1909.

To the members of the Assembly of Philadelphia, Pa.

Love and greetings:

If they would realize what great blessings ~~were~~ were showered upon them and what great bounties were granted to them, their spirits would not be able to abide any longer in the cage, because they have been in far countries and they became near; they were strangers and became friends: You (the members of the Assembly) will be scattered in distant parts of the world: You have come and entered into the Kingdom. You were extinguished lamps; you became lighted: You were thirsty and became filled: Before long you shall see the results and fruits of these providences and blessings. Give them all My Love.

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From Notes taken at Acca by Miss Juliet Thompson. (1909).

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 WORDS of ABDUL-BAHA: *to all nations and people who are in*

I want to tell you that most of the nations and the majority of the people are in perfect ignorance. They are trying, night and day, to do something to destroy the foundation of man.

There are among them political fights and wars; there are conflicts and disturbances. Every day they are inventing new instruments for the destruction of human life. There are among them also religious disputes and conflicts; conflicts and disputes of art; conflicts and disputes of trade, and also conflicts and disputes of patriotism. You hardly find two men among whom there is real harmony and sympathy.

"Now you must do your best, so that you may be able to remove all these conflicts and disputes. You will change this darkness into light; you will change this hatred and menace into love and harmony, because your aim is a glorious one. It is sure you will have to endure many difficulties in the Cause and that great obstacles will come before you. You will have many hindrances. But you must confront all, and you must endure all these difficulties. You must give up all differences among you: differences of opinion, and all should work for the same aim. You must be qualified with divine attributes, so that the Word of GOD may assist you; so that the Bounties of GOD may descend upon you. And know that without the Help of the Holy Spirit you cannot be able to do this. And the magnetism of the Word of GOD is sincerity of intention. And until you are entirely severed from yourself and emptied of yourself, you will never be sincere enough. YOU MUST ENTIRELY SACRIFICE YOURSELF. You must close your eyes to all rest. You must give up even your happiness and your enjoyments so that you will be able to do this. It is true

that you will be blamed very much and you will have some difficulties and troubles. It is sure that people will show enmity toward you, and it is possible that even your own relatives will try to oppose you. But you must be firm, and if you be firm and steadfast, be sure that you will become victorious. You will be the cause of the union of the world of humanity.

"As the Christ said to a rich man: "Go, and give all you have, and take up your cross and come, and be my follower."

"This saying of Christ's indicates that unless one is free from everything, he cannot be a real follower of the Christ.

"Jesus Christ said: "Freely have ye received; freely must ye give." That is to say, man receives the bounty of the Kingdom for nothing, so he must give it to others as he has received it; that is to say, he should not wish for any reward or compensation from the people; you should expect your reward from GOD.

"But in this Great Revelation many of the believers have obtained the Kingdom of GOD with great difficulty; they gave much in order to obtain it.

"The Blessed BAB and Baha'o'llah were the Possessors of the Kingdom; they gave the Kingdom to the people; but they had many trials and difficulties. The BAB exposed His breast to thousands of bullets from the enemy; Baha'o'llah, too, spent all His life in the prisons; the beloved of GOD obtained the Kingdom by the sacrifice of their lives under calamities and oppressions. Their houses were destroyed and their honor was lost, all their properties were pillaged, their families were taken as captives, and at last they, themselves, were killed- martyred. Now condiser how difficult it was for these people to obtain the Kingdom! Notwithstanding this, the Kingdom is so great that still they received the

Kingdom freely! This is what Christ meant.

"Now the purpose is this: that you also should procure the Kingdom with so many sacrifices. It is possible that you may have these calamities and difficulties. The people will accuse you, blame you and injure you; but you must show forth firmness and steadfastness. And should there be no trials, nothing will be accomplished; but when trials appear many will greatly develop, - that is to say, those who are sincere believers, firm in the Cause, will develop and advance; but, on the contrary, those who are weak in their faith will escape. But My hope is that you will show forth firmness.".....

"It has seldom happened in any age or cycle that women should be killed as martyrs, but in this great Revelation many women have suffered martyrdom. It happened many times that enemies among the women collected together, striking and beating a Bahai woman. Still they could not appease their hostility, their rage, by striking; they bit her with their teeth! And this was due to their great rage!"

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