

(29)

My Invitation to Come to Acca.

On Saturday morning Aug. 21st while visiting my dearly loved sister
Cousin Lou. at Fruitport Mich. I received a precious Tablet from Abdul Baha
which reads as follows. Through Mr. Jared.

- upon her to Baha Allah el Akha.
- upon her to Baha Allah el Akha.

O, show eloquent, expressive Poetry.

How many poets have come to this world
who have written elegies and eulogies in the utmost of eloquence
and excellence. but because the meanings were the realities of the
world of nature. the effect was produced in the material world and
the material world is limited. hence the effect of those meanings
were limited.

But how art a composer of a poetry which touches the Divine
Realities and significances. therefore they are the Mysteries of the
Kingdom, and the meanings of the Kingdom are unlimited.

The poetry of the remembrance is perceived in the material
meetings, but thy poetry will forever be read in the Spiritual
meetings.

Therefore as long as thou canst, endeavor to show forth
new and fresh meanings from thy poetry. and cause joy
gladness, mirth and longing to the Spiritual ones.

Show art permitted to come to Acca.

(Sig) Abdul Baha Akha.

Trans. by Dr. Jared.

Haifa - July 1st 1909.

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To a pilgrim, Abdul Baha said. "Some souls come here (Acre) and return unaltered. It is precisely like one who comes to a fountain and not being thirsty, returns exactly as he came or like a blind man who goes into a rose garden, he perceives not and being questioned as to what he has seen in the rose garden replies - Nothing. But some souls who come here are resurrected they come dead. They return alive. They come frail in body. They return healed. They come atheist. They return satisfied. They come sorrowing. They return joyous. They come deprived. They return having partaken of a share. These souls have in reality, done justice to their visit. Praise be to God, you are of those souls and you must be speedily happy. If a soul should go to a beautiful town, a city full of bounties and blessings, and should be questioned as to what bounties and blessings he had received in this town, he would reply, nothing but cucumber pickles and melon seeds. But if a nightingale should fly to a rose garden when it returned the reply would be, "verily I have scented lovely fragrances, seen most beautiful flowers, & most delightful verdure, drunk most refreshing water, and I have found new life." Now a beetle would reply, all you have heard concerning the rose garden is false. There is neither a delightful fragrance, nor beauty of verdure, nor is it joyous. In fact when I entered it I was displeased all you have heard is false. Had I not escaped I should have died."

None is the song of the nightingale's. I have been to the rose garden of Acre. I have scented lovely fragrances, seen most beautiful flowers and most delightful verdure, drunk most refreshing water, and I have found new life"
Louise P. White

My Visit to Acca.

On Wednesday Sept 15th 1909. at 10:30 A.M. on the
Steamship Mauretania. Mr Moody, Mrs Garrison. Mr
Sydney Sprague and I set sail for the "Holy City." There
was a large crowd of friends at the pier to see us off.
and our stateroom was filled with flowers, fruit, candy, and
bakes all tokens of love and best wishes for a "bon voyage".
One box of roses which had been ordered by Mrs Love &
Mrs Popper could not be found, but the next morning at
breakfast they were at our table. four dozen fragrant American
Beauty roses, and the card tied to them sent by Mrs Popper
bore the words of the Benediction upon it. We were but four days
and 13 hours crossing, and the roses were fresh and beautiful
when we left ^{them} on the boat. the card still attached to them. The
spirit of the Benediction went with us for the captain said he had
never known so peaceful a passage at that time of the year. We gave
the message to many passengers on board, and our great happiness
seemed to attract all people to us. In London we attended a
large meeting and met over forty of the believers there. From
London we went to Paris, and attended his meetings, at each
place the dear friends came to the train to see us off.

They all seemed just like "home folks" to us. We stopped a day and night in Lyon. with a young physician believer who entertained us royally. From Marseilles we took the steamer for Alexandria. and here met Mingsa Mohamed Yadyi a most glorified soul. From Alexandria we went to Cairo and spent ~~four~~ days in this wonderful city. Mr and Mrs Hinney Mr Jones and Dr Fared were there. and a meeting was held at the handsome home of Horisami. which we all attended together with forty Eastern believers. when we left Cairo we were laden down with beautiful flowers and fruits and a large party was at the train to bid us good bye. From Cairo we went to Port Said. meeting the believers there. and then we sailed for Haifa. Our journey had been one of unalloyed happiness. We arrived in Haifa. Oct 8th at 4:30 P. M. and our first mishap. befell us. I fell on the gang way and ~~was~~ trodden down by wild Arabs. and when the "mists of battle had rolled away". we discover that Dr Moody had lost her bag containing all of the supplications sent through her. and many other valuable things. We were taken to the Nassar Hotel and ~~had~~ ^{had} a very pleasant room. Dr Moody, Mrs Garrison and I were ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ rooming together. It was very warm. and the three little white enamel beds. draped with white lace. and the white stone tiled floor with soft rugs. looked most inviting. From our windows we could

see the dark shadow of Mt. Carmel. and across the bay the
lights of Acre. how my heart bounded with joy at the sight.
Soon after our arrival Mijja Assad Allah and Enyat Allah
called upon us, and we spent a most delightful evening. Hearing
all the news from home. We arose at sunrise and saw old
Mt. Carmel for the first time by day light. also Acre in the
distance. The sun slowly rising over the "White City" sent forth its
rays, and illumined Mt. Carmel with a golden light. as we
watched it. a cloud gathered. and a sudden storm broke over
the mountain. it lasted but a few moments. then passed away
and "Gods bow of promise" appeared in the sky. never have I seen
so bright a rainbow. one end seemed to arise directly out of
the Tomb of the Bab. which glistened in the morning sun light.
and the other end rested upon the house top of Acre. clear
and vivid it spanned the dome of heaven. its beauty unrivaled
by any I have ever seen. As I watched it a white dove flew up
from the roof of a building near by. and I felt that the Peace
of God was indeed made manifest. inwardly and outwardly to
me. After breakfast Mijja Enyat Allah called for us. and took
us to Dr. Fareed's new home. a beautifully located house on the
side of Mt. Carmel. with a glorious view of the sea. and Acre
immediately across from it. We met his mother Rosaah Khamm

a most remarkable woman also his dear little sister Farahanger
who spoke English very well indeed. Muya Assad Allah soon
joined us and we had a delight visit with them. Then we were
taken over to Madam Jackson's house where we met the greatest
Holy Leaf. I told her of my dream of her sometime ago. where in
I dreamed that she came to me as I was crying bitterly, and wiped
my eyes with, and gave me the fine white handkerchief she
had used. she seemed greatly pleased, and smiled lovingly
at me. I would have known her anywhere, for she bore the face
of my dream. After our visit with her, we returned to our hotel for
dinner. A little later Muya Assad Allah, Muya Quyat Allah &
Farahanger ^{went} with us to the Tomb of the Bab. At his side may
upon the side of Mt. Carmel, is built of white stone, in appearance
is like a stone house, with gravel walked around it, and most
beautiful flowers. Just outside of the Tomb I picked up an
empty earthen water bottle, and I told Muya Assad Allah
that I had earnestly prayed to come to Aca as an "empty
vessel, and this water bottle seemed a symbol of my wish, so
I took it together with a spray of orange blossoms which were
picked and given to me. (the only ones in bloom) into the Tomb.
The bottle I set upon the floor, and the blossoms I laid upon the
Holy Threshold. They were as like the beautiful spotless soul of

"I did come to you!"
and land."

Mr Spague - Mr Moody Mrs Hamson & I

The pure one buried there. When we all entered the Tomb, the holy atmosphere was felt most powerfully. We remained in this sacred spot in silent communion (each having kissed the Holy Threshold three times.) then retired in silence. as I picked up my water-bottle I prayed that Abdul Baha might fill me with the Waters of Life and that I might return bearing a blessing for all. I put my orange-blossoms in the bottle. Their fragrance was almost overpowering. We returned to the hotel. Then went with Emyat Allah to his little home and met his wife and little boy. Mirza Assad Allah and his wife were both there and we all enjoyed a cup of Persian tea together and I took some pictures of them, singly and together. While we were drinking our tea, Mr Moody chanted in Persian and I sang "Hill the Wondrous Story" and "Softly His Voice is Calling". They were very much delighted and both Mirza Assad Allah and his dear wife wiped the tears from their eyes. They were especially fond of "Softly His Voice is Calling". We were told of Rouha Khamis' serious illness. and we three women were taken over to see her. Mirza Jalal, her husband greeted us and took us to her room. Rouha is very beautiful, and her great soulful eyes brightened by fever, haunted me for days. We kissed her fondly and she assured us of her great joy that we had arrived. &

"and I did come to you."

her keen regret that she was ill and could not be with us. As we left the room we met the nurse with her dear little baby boy Moust. a wonderfully beautiful child. very fair with skin as white as an American. When we returned to the hotel Emzat Ulah came over from his shop. directly across the street and Mr Sprague played for us. later while I was playing the Benediction word came that we were to go to Acrea Monday morning. that being Saturday ^{night} our hearts were filled ^{with} joy. "only one day more. before seeing our Beloved One."

Sunday Oct 10th 1909.

Dr Moody, Mrs Hannum and I arose at dawn and again watched the sunrise from our window. Rising over Acrea as it does, one feels as if it were the great orb of Love coming forth from the heart of Him who reflects its splendor in all its perfection. His first rays ever fall upon the Tomb of the Bab. pure and white in the very heart of Mt Carmel. As does it rise daily speaking to every ear that is opened to hear. It was a perfect Sabbath day on the Holy Mountain of God. That wonderful mountain over which each Manifestation of God has trod. to gaze upon it was to be filled with deepest reverence. After we had finished breakfast we went to call on Madame Yadyji (Perronier) sister in law to Ahmad Yadyji. she was

a most attractive little woman. her baby being ill we
staid but a few minutes. returning to our hotel. After dinner
we called at Mirza Assad Ullah and enjoyed another cup
of Persian tea. again they asked us to sing. "Softly He
is calling." which we did. to their evident pleasure. again
their eyes filled with tears. Amzal Ullah had gone for a carriage
that we might drive over the mountain and when it came
we started out on a most interesting ride. when we reached
the summit. we all got out and went into the chapel of the
Convent there. built right over the "Cave of Elijah". While
Mr. Sprague and I were standing in the cave. directly
under the altar. the monks came in and began their
vesper service. As the organ pealed forth. the tones seemed to
be resounded in the cave. and the effect was most impressive.
when the music had ceased. we went up in the reception room
of the monastery. here a register is kept. and in that very room
in another register. (preserved by these monks. unknowingly)
Baha Ullah wrote in Persian. that the day foretold by the Prophets
had arrived. Amzal Ullah wrote in Persian. "you are looking
for the coming of Christ here on this mountain. where He once
walked. and these people from afar have come to this land
knowing that He has again appeared on the Holy Mountain of God"

under this we all signed our names. After our drive we had dinner with Umyat Allah. The Persian dishes were most delicious. Umya Assad Allah. Mr Sprague Dr Moody Mrs Garrison and I were seated at the table and Umya Umyat Allah served us most graciously. While we were eating Umya Assad Allah gave us many beautiful lessons. I told him of my wonderful vision on the Sunday of the Convention when I had seen the perfect lotus blossom lift its head above the clear water and how it gradually unfolded until every petal was out stretched and its golden centre scintillating with light of its rare sweet perfume and then the light in the hall that seemed to beautify each face then I realized the reality of their being & saw them all as perfect children of God. Then of the effect of the Benediction upon me. He interpreted it all for me and defined the difference between imagination and the "Reality of Spirit" and said what I had seen had been the Reality of Spirit and not a psychological or imaginary thing. Then he talked of the Wisdom of God and how "He doeth as He pleaseth" and we should not question His Will. For example he said "a fly may light on a man's hand and be very happy and comfortable but the man wishes to reach out for an article upon the

table and in so doing the fly is disturbed. is upset. and it wonders why this should be? The fly does not understand but the man does. So God in His Wisdom often upsets our plans. and our comfort. changes our place but we should not question why? but accept His Will. After dinner little Jara hanger took us over to meet the Holy Mother and the greatest Holy Leaf. at Rocha's home. we enjoyed a short visit with them answering their many questions about the work in America. Then we saw Rocha again for a few moments. after which we return to our hotel and prepared for our journey to Acca the next day. Our hearts were full to overflowing with joy- joy- joy- such as only the thought of measures to Acca. can give.

Monday Oct 11th 1909.

We arise at dawn. and see the sun climb over the house tops of Acca. the day of days had arrived. perfect was it in every way. as each day had been ever since we left America near a cloud. saw the one slim cloud that had gathered over Mt. Canal when we first looked at it by daylight. and this cloud had but served to bless us with the heavenly vision of

that wonderful rainbow. At 9 o'clock the three seated carriage was announced, and we started for the Holy City, the emotion of my heart defying expression. The happiness of "home going" was mine. Just before we entered the carriage I took a picture of "dear sister Cecelia" standing beside it with the market basket on her arm, containing bottles of sweetmeats and boxes of candy & nuts. It had been sent to the boat father ~~or~~ by her daughter, for a birthday present, which fell upon our second day out at sea. The contents were so beautifully arranged, and the basket of green and white straw, so artistically decorated with a large red ribbon bow, ^{it} was ^{all} so attractive, she had decided to keep it as it was and take it to the dear one in Acre, and to that end had put it in a half bushel basket which had contained fruit sent for me all upon leaving. This basket had been her constant care, from London, on to Cairo, and on to Haifa, and many a hearty laugh had we had over "Cecelia and her basket" it was now on its "homeward trip," and was considered most worthy of being photographed. As we drove along that wonderful "highway by the sea" we all sang with the hearts of little children, happy and free. Softly His Voice is calling, and the "Benediction." O the unspeakable

ing of that side. At the "half way" house I got out and
took two pictures of the carriage and the dear ones in
it. then we drove on. All the way our goal was in view.
Acrea, the "White city" by the sea. Both of the rivers were
very low so we forded them easily. and the waves rose
and fell gently on the beach. every thing bespoke the
Peace that as a dove was hovering over us. The sky and
sea were as blue as sapphires. The breeze warm as
summer. a truly perfect day. Every now and then a
heavily laden donkey or camel with its owner would
pass. and every turn of the wheel brought us nearer and
nearer to Him whom our hearts knew to be the Centre of
the Covenant of God. Many have told of their noisy entrance
into Acrea. of the many beggars and boisterous children
how they climb up on the carriage. and the general
confusion. but we saw none of this. all was peaceful
and quiet. as if the spirit of the Benediction preceded
us. We drove through the quaint old town. with its narrow
streets lined on either side by funny little shops. and
soon we passed through the stone gate. into the large
open court. adorned with beautiful flower beds. and up
to the door of that wonderful prison home. We were

greeted by a ~~large~~ group of men believers, who embraced
Mr Sprague with that loving embrace of welcome known
only to a true Bahai. We ladies shook hands with them
all, then were taken up to our rooms. As we mounted
those old-well worn stone steps, I felt an ecstasy come
over me, and I seemed literally to fly with wings from
the bottom to the top, while my heart cried out aloud, "joy
to the world our Lord has come" thus I reached that blessed
door and entered in, and came face to face with that other
door which gives access to His room. It seemed as if my heart
would burst with the intensity of the joy welling up ~~in it~~
within it. The room that Mrs ^{up} Garrison and I were directed
to was right next to Abdul Bahai in the upper open court
way. Mrs Garrison took the bed to the left as we entered, and
lay her things upon it, and I lay my traps upon the other.
Later we found that Abdul Bahai's bed stood against the same
wall and as this was the partition, I could hear His slightest
move. It was just 11. A. M. when we entered our Real Home
in Acca. How strange it all seemed to me. The simple white
washed walls, devoid of all pictures. The exquisite nature, and
simple simplicity of our room. The ²heavily shuttered windows
looking out over the open court yard, and into the beautiful

garden with the fountain and Summer House where the
men visitors were entertained. It seemed like a beautiful
fairy story. come true. so really true. that all the world
out side of those stone walls seemed but a dream world.
and all my dear ones seemed to be there with me. There
was no sense of separation. but of complete oneness.
Ordinarily when we think of one our thoughts seem to
fly forth to them. but I felt in Acre always that my
thoughts of them brought them instantly here. O the peace.
the exquisite heavenly peace with which the atmosphere was
charged. how I longed to share it with all the friends in
America. After we had rested awhile dear Mousa Khanum
came to our door and lovingly greeted us. kissing us on
either cheek. and embracing us most fondly. just as a
real sister would. and I instantly realized that she was
indeed my sister. After she had left us her dinner was
announced and we four ate alone. it being the fast of Ramadan.
The dining room commanded a beautiful view of the sea.
and the whole room was fragrant with the perfume of
jasmin blossoms. These flowers devoid of all foliage being
heaped high at each place. and a border of them arranged
in the shape of a star. ~~was~~ adorned the centre of the table.

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I mentioned me again to pass on. I came towards Him
 and when I had reached His door I looked up into
 their wonderful eyes. I knew that every act, every thought
 of my life was known to Him. yet knowing this I
 could look firmly, fearlessly, unflinchingly at Him.
 for He understood me, as I could never understand my-
 self. I could not pass on, until He turned and entered
 His room. then nearly overcome by the radiation that had
 shined me through and through. I passed on, and into our
 room. In a moment more Mr Moody and Mrs Garrison
 entered and with greatest joy I exclaimed. "I have seen
 Abdul Baha. Mr Moody said she thought I must be
 mistaken but I said I know it is He. That was the
 supreme moment of my life. When I first accepted the
 message. which was immediately upon hearing it. I
 had a dream. I dreamed that I was climbing a high
 rocky mountain, and there were crowds below calling to
 me to come back, offering me jewels and all material
 pleasures. but I shook my head, and climbed on. As I
 reached the top, my feet and hands bleeding, my body
 bruised. I fell, and suddenly a great ray of light

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Came forth from heaven like the rays from a search
light and Abdul Baha was walking down it. He
then came to me and lifted me upon my knees. Then He
took from His bosom a noan of ⁹⁵ diamonds. so brilliant
they seemed like a rope of Light. then He placed around
my neck. saying "just one of these would make you
rich. I give you ⁹⁵ because you were faithful". Then He
placed His hand upon my head. and I looked up into
that heavenly face. and knew what Divine Love was. then
He was gone. for days I was supremely happy. and the
word He had said was indelibly stamped upon my
heart. Again last spring in a dream He came to me.
the same face. and as I watched Him He seemed to
become more and more luminous. until there was no
body or personality left. just intense all inclusive light.
and ^{so more} I felt ^{that} God through His great Love and Bounty
had proven the Reality of my dreams to me. and that
I had indeed seen the Real Abdul Baha. the Centre
of the Covenant of God. face to face. Mavour came
to our door again and visited with us for a few moments.
No one I have ever met is just like Mavour. she wins
all hearts by her great love nature. She told us that

Abdul Baha would see us a little later in the afternoon.
so when she left Mrs Garrison and I lay down to rest for
a while. Sooner than we expected Mowen returned and
said "Abdul Baha will now see you in Dr Moody's room
We arose and hastily prepared to meet Him. As we reach
the room Abdul Baha also enters with a kindly step.
He shook hands with each of us and extends a loving welcome.
As He ~~shook~~ my hand firmly and warmly. I felt as if He
were bringing me back from the realm of Bliss - to a
more practical human view point. I had seen the Divine
Reality, now I saw the fatherly side of His nature. There was
the tenderest love shining from his eyes. but that radiant
glory was veiled from my sight. He directed us to a large
divan. He drew a chair up beside us while Mowen sat near
him. His first words were to ask if we had had a pleasant
journey. and Dr Moody told him of the shortness of our
trip from New York to London. and of the people we had
given the message to. He smiled with pleasure and said
"I am very well and happy. when we
assured Him that we were He said "I am very happy
that you are here. and that you had a pleasant journey.
"When one has so great an aim, ^{for a journey} in view all the little

Trials and losses or that you have on the way should not upset you. for now you 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 broken window or has a crack. so long as you possess the house. therefore you must be very happy. He then arose saying He would now go and see Mr. Shrague. He then left us. Dear Mavour remained with us. and for some little time we sat in silence. then we talked of our great privilege in being there. yes she replied it means much more than you now realize. Many do not appreciate the blessings of this privilege. it is like giving a precious jewel to a child. they treat it as a child does a toy. It is worth nothing to them. If it does not benefit ones life if they do not strive to live the teachings. all is lost. thus some go away without receiving any benefit. Is it not strange that little Aeca should be the place of this great Light. think how many beautiful cities there are and yet little Aeca. a prison town is the Place

Many have not even heard of it and many right here do not know Abdul Baha. They realize that "He is a great and good man. but they are indifferent they will not even stop to enquire why He is different from other men." We then spoke of the dear hearts following us every step of the way and longing for the meeting here with us. of the great love they had all sent to all at Acca. we asked her if she would not like to come to America. and she smiled very sweetly and said "It is better in life to be where one is most useful. and can best serve. to be useful is the greatest thing in life." she then added. "would it not be a great thing for America if Abdul Baha should go there." We assured her that it would be a heavenly blessing to many loving and longing hearts. The Garrison then asked if it were possible for one to remain in a state of great spiritual upliftment and intorption of emotions and still contact with the world. Monrose replied. "It would not be best so. for one must strive to attain these great heights then have a season for assimilation and giving forth that which they have received. before another height is gained. Monrose great wisdom is only understood when one knows

that she is her father's constant attendant - and interprets
for all the women pilgrims who come there. Truly is she
named the "Enlightened One" after this delightful visit
with her. Mrs. Harrison and I went to our room - and
from the window I could see and hear Abdul Baha
as he sat in the little summer house in the beautiful garden
teaching the men believers - while they drink their tea.
I was wonderfully impressed with the system and order
which everywhere prevailed in this wonderful Household.
No one seemed in a hurry - peace and quietude was
keenly felt - yet every moment seemed systematically used
to the very best advantage - and trivial interruptions were
not permitted - there was plenty of time for every thing - and
every thing was done at the proper time - As I sat at the
window looking down through the blinds at the Beloved
of the hearts of the believers - my joy was merged into sorrow
for I felt it seemed selfish for me to be there - When ever His
melodious voice rang out in its deep vibrating tones I
could feel it penetrate to my innermost heart - when He
left the garden I turned from the window and prepared
for dinner - when dressed I stood and looked out at the
glorious sunset over Mt. Carmel - and soon I saw the

beautiful evening star. Venus the planet of Love & Beauty
shining brightly in the sky. Mirza Assad Ullah had
told us while in Haifa that we had come to Acca under
the most wonderful and powerful planetary influences
and in the greatest month of the Mohamadan year. All
the way from America Venus had illumined our evening
sky. Now had I seen it so beautiful. When dinner
was announced we went to the dining room and
Mirza Mowser directed each of us to our seats. As we
aloud behind our respective chairs Abdul Baha entered
and took the seat next to mine. Mrs Garrison sat
next to me. Then Dr Moody, Mr Sprague, Mirza Mohsin
Mirza Hadi Ullah, and last Mirza Mowser. leaving
a vacant chair between him and Abdul Baha. on
his right hand side. He asked if we were all well and
happy. then 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. In the time of Christ
it was 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 fruit.

The love of the Bahais is different from any other love it is that of our real relatives. it is the real relationship. We are all as parts of one body. There are many kinds of gatherings, take this bouquet of flowers He said (pointing to a beautiful bunch of flowers in the middle of the table) for an example. the flowers are all of different form and 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 and into one. and then flowing on form a river which flows on and then we have the sea. and the ocean. such a meeting is this which will be eternal. Mirza Mowat spoke to Abdul Baha of an article which Ella Wheeler Wilcox had written where in she had stated that there was nothing new in the Bahai Revelation. it was similar to the old Hindu religion. Abdul Baha replied. opposition but makes the cause grow stronger. It is like the earth the more you plough it, the more fruitful it becomes. There was an impressive silence. Then Abdul Baha said

very forcefully - "you must expect great opposition. you will be persecuted for my name sake. and when stones are thrown at you in the street. then it will come to pass. Mr. Moody with a kindly smile replied. "what a blessed privilege". With these last words so dramatically uttered. Abdul Baha looked searchingly into each of our faces. turning and bowing His head that He might the better see into mine. as I sat so near Him. Him as if He had found in each what He longed to see. He smiled in His heavenly way. and arose from the table. patting me on the shoulder as He did so. He went to the wash stand in the corner of the room Dushrough pouring the water for His use. and as He washed His hands He said. "It is a custom in the East to wash over hands after eating. again smiling sweetly He left the room. always He seemed to enter and leave a room with the dignity of a King. To me His entrance seemed even to suddenly illumine it while on His departure the absence of that great Light was keenly felt. Our first dinner. or "Lodge Supper" at His table was most wonderful. between each course He would talk to us. ever taking up the dropped thread

of His discourse when the next course was finished
in perfect continuity. When we were all served He
would always say, as He bade us eat, "Bismillah"
which means "in God's name". After dinner we all
adjourned to Mr. Sprague's room which was just off
of the dining room, and soon there was a gathering
of believers never to be forgotten. There were 15 at first
and later the number was increased to 19 in all
16 men and 3 three American women. There were many
of the greatest teachers of the East there, including Haji
Meyza Haydar Ali, an old patriarch and most learned and
all religions were represented and in perfect love and
unity we sat together. When the meeting was over we
retired to our rooms, and to bed, but I could not sleep.
I could hear Abdul Baha pacing up and down His room,
and later in the night as He threw Himself down upon His
bed, I heard Him moan, never will I forget that moan. It
seemed as if the weight of the whole world was laid upon Him
and He was being daily, hourly crucified by the lack of
perfect unity among the believers. I felt that once again
the Christ spirit was crying out in the silence of the
night, Jerusalem, Jerusalem. Who is that smother the Prophet.

and killeth him whom God hath sent. How would I
have gathered you at a fair gathered her chickens
but ye would not. Henceforth your house is left unto
you desolate" How I longed to go to Him, and declare
my love and faith. Towards morning I fell asleep with
these words ringing in my heart "you will be persecuted
for my name sake, and when stones are thrown at you
in the street, then it will come to pass, and I
wondered what that "come to pass" meant, but this I
knew that I was ready to endure all things for His
blessed name sake.

Tuesday Morning Oct 12th 1909.

On awakening after my almost sleepless night, I arose and
dear Aishi Beechi came to me and kissed me so tenderly
and said "see Louise there are your two white doves on
the roof across from us. you can't get away from them dear,
and it was true ever they seemed to follow me. At 6:30
an uncle called, and gathered with the maid servants in the
large family room where the morning devotions are
held. When we entered the room Abdul Baha was seated

upon the divan in the corner by a window. The divan
extended around three sides of the room. The fourth side
through which we entered being mostly of window panes
with a side open door looking out into a large court room.
Abdul Baha looked up and welcomed us lovingly and
motioned us to our seats. Mr Moody sat at His right
I at His left. next Mrs Garrison. then Leah and ^{Miss York} ~~Monica~~
there were many other women present. some the wives of the
great martyrs. Abdul Baha was busy reading over and
signing His name to the Tablets. He was sending out. As He
walked He asked us if we had rested well and were we
"very happy". then He asked if we had seen Mrs Bede
and was she well. we told Him we had seen her the
night before we sailed. at a large meeting held at Mrs
Mac Nuth. that she had just returned that morning and
was very well and happy. then He asked if Mrs Buckingham
and party had started. then added "how is the New York
Assembly are they happy and united?". Mr Moody said
they had shown her great love while she was there. and
Mrs Garrison spoke beautifully of the maid servants there
He then asked with deepest interest. "How is the
Chicago Assembly are they happy and united?"

we assured Him that we were united in the bonds of
unity and love. That ever since the wonderful convention
when there seemed to be a down pouring of the Holy
Spirit there had been greater unity. He smiled with
such tenderness and evident pleasure and closed His
eyes. Then with eyes still closed. He said so lovingly:
"you have many brothers and sisters where ever you go
you will find them. The ties of the flesh amount to
nothing. your earthly relatives may not love you. but
their spiritual ties are the real eternal ones. They
will never be severed. He opened His eyes and looked
out of the window for a few moments. far off into space.
Then he looked at us and smiled. Then told Leah to chant.
There was a wonderful contrast to Leah's voice. A tender
pleading quality that went straight to my heart. after
she had finished. Mavour chanted a Commune. Her
voice is also beautiful. but of a deeper richer quality
than Leah's. I realized the great power of the Word.
while attending this service. for I could not understand a
word. ^{system} yet the vibrations affected me most deeply.
showing that it is the Holy Spirit embodied in the Word
that gives life. After different ones had chanted

their morning lessons. Just then Mr Moody came in to our room, she too had seen this beautiful picture from her window and we talked it all over. I how happy we were. what real love, pure happiness was ours. and each little event. each simple happening seemed of vital importance. because it was done in Aca. As we were thus sitting together. dear Roseah Khanum came to see us. and said that Mr Fared had come over from Haifa with her. having just returned from Cairo. where we had left him in attendance upon ~~the~~ ^{the} Kinney who had been very ill there. She asked us if we were "very happy and glad to be in our spiritual home" and we assured her we were. the more I saw of Roseah Khanum the more wonderful I thought her. here is an absolutely fearless soul. and when Mr Fared told me of the brave things she had done. I knew her face bespoke her true nature. While we were talking Mowen came in and said that Abdul Baha wished to see Mr Moody. alone. when she returned to us her face illumined with ecstatic joy. we had not time to hear of what Abdul Baha had said to her. for Mrs Harrison and I were told just then that Abdul Baha would see us together. As we crossed that blessed threshold into that sacred room. when He appears and bids you open your

heart to Him. I realized most deeply into whose presence I was entering, and a sense of ^{my} great unworthiness and of humility came over me. Mowser interpreted for us, sitting at His feet with her arm at times resting upon His knee. He as she spoke He would tenderly stroke her head, and I thought what a heavenly privilege to be His constant attendant and the object of His tender cares - to be His earthly daughter as well as spiritual.

Tuesday morning, Oct 12th, 1909. 11. A.M.

As Mrs Garrison and I entered Abdul Baha greeted us most lovingly, and said, "I hope you are well and very happy. He then 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 you be throughout all the worlds of God." He then asked us for our supplications ~~we~~ we had brought with us. He reached out His hand for mine, and I gave Him first the supplication I had been entrusted with from the House of Spirituality, and I said to Mowser tell Abdul Baha that this is very important as it pertains to a question

regarding the Mashrak al Uqbar. and I am most anxious
to have His answer to take back to America with me. When
she had fully explained it He smiled and said "very good"
and I placed the supplication in His hands. then I
handed Him the other supplications I had been given by
the different believers. He smiled in His glorious way and
again said "very good". He then wrapped them all up in
one package and wrote my name upon it. I then handed
Him Madam Linn's picture (which she had sent Him.)
telling Him of her generous work for the Cause and of her
desire that He bless her future work in music. He was
greatly pleased and looked longly at her picture and
smiling said. I will pray that she receive a blessing.
Next I handed Him a ^{small} book (or tablet) in which I had
written down the verbal messages from the friends as
they had been given to me. together with many other
names for whom I supplicated a blessing. there were 45
in all. Among them our Chicago Assembly as a whole
our Woman's Assembly of Teaching. collectively and its
officers and chairmen individually. the young Peoples
Society. the Bahid Choral Society. and its officers
the girls at the Refuge where Mr Windust does such beautiful

work. Then dear ones individually. This He took and laid
with the other supplications. I told Mamma that it was my
hope that Abdul Baha might have time before I left to
write some one word if only His name under what I
had written that I might bring it back to them. Owing
to the shortness of our stay this was impossible. but Mamma
promised to see personally to it later. Of this I am sure
each one named in that book will receive a spiritual blessing
in some way from Him. for they will surely be read and
considered. Mrs Garrison then gave Him the supplications
and messages she had been entrusted with and He showed
great happiness and constantly repeated "my good - my good."
Mrs Lavin had sent through Mrs Garrison her ring that
Abdul Baha might bless it. This she handed to Him. and
He pressed it to His lips then to His forehead. I tried to get
mine off that it too might be blessed. but I could not do
so. Abdul Baha saw my struggle and smiling sweetly
put out His hand. and took my hand. and imprinted
a kiss upon my ring. as He did so His precious lips
rested upon my finger. Then He raised it to His head. I
felt that not only my ring but my "right hand" had
received a blessing. and I pray it may ever be used in

His heart. "yes in Abdul Baha. Then with a confirming nod of His head He looked right into our eyes. I felt He was looking right into my very soul. And He repeated again "yes in Abdul Baha" (this He said each time in English). I then told Him of the Bahai Choral Society and of Mr Windust's faithful service as its director, also of his work at the Refuge explaining the condition of these unfortunate girls. And the good effect of music upon them. He was most happy and kept saying enthusiastically "very good. very good." I then told Him of the baton belonging to Mr Windust which he had asked me to carry to Him. That it might be blessed by Him. if it be His will. He bade me bring it to Him. While I was about dear Sister Cecilia asked that He pray that her sins be forgiven her. and she had a few precious moments alone with Him. When I returned with the baton. I unwrapped it. and handed it to Him. I looked straight into those glorious eyes as I did so. He took it from me. and looked it all over with ^{the} greatest interest at the greatest name engraven on the top. and at Mr Windust's name on the side. He seemed very happy and smiled with such marked pleasure. He held it closely to His

breast saying "very good. very good" then He lifted it to His precious lips and kissed it. Then pressed it to His forehead. Then looking straight into my eye with that wonderful look of divine love He handed it back to me. I could feel the power of His touch running through it. Instantly I wrapped it up in the paper in which I had brought it. That it might remain unbothered until delivered to its owner. I then asked Abdul Baha if I should study composition and music. or should I depend upon the inspirations I received. He said "it should be well. it is good. but if you have no desire to do so. or find you do not love it. you should not." He then added "you will continue to compose just the same" I then told Him that before I came to Acca I had felt that when I met Him I would want to cry all the time. I would be overcome by my emotions. instead I felt that I had come to my real home. and I realized that my spirit had been there ever since our wonderful convention. that my soul had found its home. and the only feeling now in my heart was intense joy. that as I mounted the stairs for the first time my heart cried out "joy to the world, our Lord has come" He seemed

greatly pleased and said "very good" that is right
that is as it should be" He then arose to dinner, and
as he shook my hand he put his arm across my
shoulder and drew me closely to him - patting my
shoulder in such an encouraging way - there was the
light of Infinite Love shining from his eyes. This I left
the room. Mrs Garrison followed. She too received the same
tender dismissal. With hearts overflowing with joy unexpressed
we went to Mr Moody's room - where Mr Sprague joined us.
and we told them in part of our talk with Abdul Baha.
Luncheon was soon served, and Mr Farred ate with us. After
luncheon we rested, and I wrote some letters and cards to
dear ones at home. Later in the afternoon, while drinking tea
in Mr Moody's room. Mr Sprague and Mrs Garrison the
English governess were also with us. Abdul Baha came in
and sat with us talking informally with Mr Sprague.
He said he hoped we were all very well and happy and
enjoying our visit here. He staid but a few moments
then was gone. Mr Sprague then told us that he and
Mr Moody were to leave the next day. Oh how the sorrow
of us short a visit with Abdul Baha most beautifully.
saying to "do His Will was ever her greatest joy".

Evening Meal. Tuesday Oct 12th 1909.

Dinner was announced. we went to the dining room. It seemed so strange to pass out of one room to another through an open court with the stars shining brightly over your head. I sat in my old seat close to his left hand side. Mr Fared and Merya Assad Ullah also dined with us. Mr Fared had said of us when we entered. being all dressed in white. how like angels you look. It was most unexpected as far as I was concerned. but most sweet and gracious of Amen to say so. Abdul Baha greeted us all cordially upon entering. and when he was seated began his talk by saying. (Mr Fared being the interpreter) "you must have no fear as going to Persia, no thought of the political condition, all political, and commercial affairs will right themselves. your only concern above the work of God. When a constitution is weak it 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 condition return. God has not chosen any of you for political or commercial

work but for the Word of God. When you breath forth the
breath of the Holy Spirit from your hearts into the world.
Commerce and politics will take care of themselves in
perfect harmony. (I thought of Jesus' words "seek ye first
the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things will be added
unto you). All arts and sciences will become revealed
and the knowledge of God manifested. It is not your
work but that of the Holy Spirit, which you breath
forth through the Word. This is a fundamental truth.
The real teacher is the one who can teach the hearts.
can open the spiritual eyes and understanding through
the power of the Word of God. When the divine Word is
given forth only the attentive ear can hear it. The receptive
heart feel it. When the Sun of Truth dawns the
perceptive eye can alone see it. The pure and polished
mirror can alone reflect the light and express it.
The thirsty alone crave the Salsabil of the Cupphates. but
if one be not thirsty, he cares not for this life giving
water. only the spirits attracted by the fragrance of God
can enjoy the mentioning 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, that is why Jesus said "I will come and find you sleeping." in other words the power did not become manifested in Jesus time, His sun did not ~~move~~ dawn, His sea did not move. but after His departure, the power of His Words became manifested in the world. But now in the time of the Blessed Perfection His light has shone His Word has become manifested, His fame has taken 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, unawakened. In His time the Realm has progressed as you see it now advancing. This is a topic which require 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 manifested. for example. when we see the meadows green and fertile, the springs flowing and most enjoyable fragrances spread. the birds returning. and the black soil has become adorned with variegated flowers. we know a great event has occurred. the sun has traveled 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 His Divine call, you have been ushered into the Kingdom. What a great meeting and what a great blessing this gathering is - right here - and now! in such love and sincerity. Abdul Baha paused impressively between these last his sentences. and all remained silent. and every heart at that table seemed blended into one. and that one His. then He arose. as He did so. He pushed his beautiful pink roses. which had lain beside His plate. and which He had off and on tenderly handled during His talk. over to beside my plate. I felt He knew how much the rose meant to me. of my great love for it. and a feeling of deepest joy filled my heart. as He turned He gave me another of those "hacking up" pats on the shoulder. He then went to the stand and as usual washed His hands. We all stood still for a few moments. the great power of His Words nearly overcoming us. then all adjourned to Mr. Sprague's room. where another wonderful meeting was held. but first I went and put my precious pink roses in

my book of Tablets. that I might thus preserve and
preserve them. they had been brought over from the Bazaar
by the gardener. for Abdul Baha. how doubly dear they
were to me. As I returned to Mr Sprague's room
Munza Moneer said "you are taking the notes I see." I
said yes and I feel it a very great responsibility. and
am constantly on a nervous strain to catch every word.
he replied "it is hard. but then the blessing is three fold
to the one who does this work." and I am just beginning
to realize how true this is. The friends began to gather
amongst them, ^{Munza Haydar Ali} Munza Reza (the one who had helped
Abdul Baha cook the food for Baha Allah when in prison.
Munza Mahram. the father of India. so called because
of his great work there. he had also been Mr. Sprague's
teacher and helped to care for him while he was ill
in India. Munza Wazir. Munza Dushire.
Munza Moneer. Munza Assad Ullah. Mr. Fared.
Sayad Mahdi. who had come from Port Said with us
to Acca. and Mr. Sprague. together with a number of
Gowastrians. Munza Assad Ullah requested us to sing
some of the Bahai Hymns. and we sang "Tell the
wonderful story. and softly His Voice is calling." Mr

Farid translated the words for them - and they all showed such great pleasure. Lion Ad Mirza Hayder Ali said we all know the Wate from her poems and hymns. she is the Bahai nightingale - and Mirza Mahmam said - yes even in India they know you. as the West sheds forth the light again to the East." I felt overwhelmed by this great and undesired honor - and realized that it was thus that God took the ignorant to confound the mighty in this great day. Mr Moody was then asked to chant in Persian which she did most beautifully - how delighted they all were. Then Mirza Assad Allah requested me to tell of my remarkable experience. when I composed the Benediction - which I did. they were all deeply interested and Mirza Momen said - I translated your letter to Abdul Baha when you wrote Him of it last spring. Mr Farid asked us to sing it and when we had done so - there was a silence for a few moments - then Mirza Hayder Ali gave us a lesson on the Proof of the Bahai Revelation. Mirza Mahmam also talked most beautifully - and then Mirza Assad Allah said - (Mirza Assad Allah's talk) The words of Abdul Baha tonight were very wonderful. (referring to His talk at dinner) and had an inner

significance which would gradually dawn upon us -
but more we pondered over them the more their meaning
would be revealed to us. "Many people" he said
have ~~come~~ 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 not
only to that of the state, but also to each individual.
Our faith is our constitution and Abdul Baha has
planted the seed of faith in your hearts. You may
not understand the meaning of His words now. we
consider their great worth. The ground does not realize
that it is being ploughed 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 unfolded before you
the carpet. He has taken you into the Kingdom.
He has filled your castles to overflowing with
precious jewels. To night you are rich indeed."
After this beautiful talk we said good night to our dear

brother and retired to our rooms. realizing deeply that we were "rich indeed". Again I spent a sleepless night the power of the Spirit filled my heart and soul. and it all seemed so wonderful to spend the hours in sleep. Again I heard Abdul Baha pacing up and down His room and at intervals lying down distinctly upon His bed. one wonders when He sleeps and yet when morning comes He is strong and energetic. only the power of the Holy Spirit could this sustain Him.

Wednesday morning Oct 13th 1909. 6:50 A.M.

At our morning devotions we sat as we had done the morning before. I was very close to him. and while the words were being chanted by Mowser and Leah. He sat with closed eyes. I felt the waves of great Spiritual power from Him flood through my being. so strong were the vibrations I could hardly remain in the room. As He breathed deeply and regularly. I found myself breathing in unison with Him. He looked up once and found Him looking at me. I felt as if he were charging me with a great power. and later Mr. Morley said she felt it for me. and knew how I felt. It seemed as if He were pouring forth the power of Love upon us all. He did

not look over any Tablets this day. but sat mostly with closed eyes. when they were through chanting Rosah Khamm asked Mr Moody to chant. which she did very sweetly. then she asked me to sing "Softly His Voice is Calling." but I was obliged to refuse as I had a very bad cold and was quite hoarse. Abdul Baha then arose saying to me in English "you have a bad cold" He smiled at me so tenderly. then left us. He seemed very quiet and really sad. and I missed it keenly. and my heart ached deeply for Him. I realized that His Gethsemane is not for a few days and nights. but has been for years and years. and will be until there is perfect love and unity between all of the believers. for He has said that only as we love one another can we draw close to Him. and that loving one another is just the same as loving Him. "I will go away from this world but Love always abays. but Love therefore you ought to love one another very much. Baha Allah endured all difficulties and hardships only for the sake of establishing love in this world" - and Abdul Baha is suffering now. for that same great Cause. After He had left we talked a while with the

maid servants. Then went to the dining room for breakfast. It being the fast of Ramadan we were deprived of Abdul Bahad's presence at any meal save dinner. We did not see any other member of the household eat with us during the day. After breakfast we went to Mr. Moody's room and dear little Rouahengee (Zahra's little girl) came in and I took some pictures of her with Abdul Bahad's beautiful white cat, also of Mr. Moody & Mrs. Garrison. Then I went out in the open court and took one of "his" door. His shoes lay on the threshold as I knew he was within. Mr. Sprague came by, and I had him stand beside that Blessed door. While I took another "snap shot" of it. I said he looked like a brave soldier awaiting orders. When I returned to Mr. Moody's room. Mowen & Jack were there, and Mrs. Garrison brought us in a tray of most delicious pomegranates which we greatly enjoyed. Rouah Khannum came in and again asked us to sing. Softly "His Voice is Calling" and also for Mr. Moody to again chant. They seemed never tired of hearing us. I could not sing but dear Mr. and sister Cecelia helped me out. I sent for a copy of the Pymms' Benediction and Tante's Alphabet. which I gave to them all, and I showed

sent.
him my dear little girls picture. Mother took it and said, "What heavenly eyes. How beautiful!" and her own "heavenly eyes" filled with sympathetic tears as she put her arms about me, and lovingly kissed me. When they left us, we had a farewell talk with dear Mr. Moody, and right after luncheon, she left for Persia. Myza Assad Ullah and Mr. Jared both had luncheon with us also. It was very hard to bid our dear ones good bye. Mr. Moody whom we so decidedly loved, and dear "brother Sidney" who had come so close into our hearts and lives during the past weeks of our journey together. Mr. kissed me good bye first as Mrs. Garrison said. "I want the last kiss to take to Vera." when she had lovingly embraced and kissed her. She went in our room, and I followed, but came out again just in time to see a picture which I shall ever carry in my heart. a picture of Mr. Moody as I last saw her as she passed Abdul Baha's door. she stopped, and placing one hand on either side of the casement, she pressed her lips, lovingly, reverently against the door. a heavenly light seemed to radiate from her face. then she bowed her head for a moment, then turned.

faithful servant that she was. and bravely marched down the old stone steps. stopping to gather a few of the beautiful blossoms from the vine along there side. she did not know that I had seen her. she passed down and out into the open court. and after some words with Abdul Baha she and Mr Sprague were on their way to Haifa. to sail the next day. on their way to Persia to work for our glorious Cause in His Name and with the spirit of His Love. dear faithful maid servant. dear to Abdul Baha's heart. and to the hearts of all the Bahais who know her.

Later in the afternoon Mounir and Leah come for us to drive out with them to the old summer home of Baha Allah. as it was rather cool and I was thinly clad. Mounir brought me a coat belonging to her mother. I told her I felt I was indeed wrapped in the cloak of Holy Motherhood. Miss Bolles and little Roubenague also ^{went} ~~go~~ with us. As we were about to drive out of the yard. we met the widow of the believer who had given his life in service to Mr. Sprague when he was ill. having contracted the fever, through which he had nursed him. and from which he died. After his death Abdul Baha had taken the widow with her two sons into His home. One son had died just

two weeks before we arrived, and the other boy, a frail delicate fellow. Mr Sprague had adopted, and that afternoon had taken him with him to Persia. The boy was to live with Mr Morley and under his what assistance he could, at the same time receiving an education in English. As the mother reached up her hand to greet me, the sorrow in her eyes was heart rending. I put my arm out and reached them around her kissing her tenderly. How my heart fled for that poor mother's heart, yet it was her great privilege to live near Abdul Baha, and it was his will that his last son should go with Mr Sprague, and in His will is ever perfect joy, and rest.

We drove through the streets of Acca with no attempt at privacy. Movers and jacks were above riled. The carriage was an open, three seated one, with three horses. When we had driven a short ways we stopped for a young Armenian woman. She was very much "dressed up" and looked a veritable "village belle". After leaving the town we drove out over the battle fields of Acca, over the Hill of Napoleon, and up to the old summer home of Baha Allah. Our drive was a reckless one. The horses, urged by their driver, dashing over rocks and gullies. There was no consideration shown

either for man or beast. one poor horse became entangled
in the harness in some way. one leg was over the shaft
he fell and in this helpless condition the driver continued to
lash him. we were all obliged to jump out. and dear little
Rouhanguer was very much terrified. After the horse was
extricated. and succeeded in getting up. we all climbed in
again. and drove on again as recklessly as ever. How
deeply I realized the crying need of Baha Ullah's teachings
in this bright but cruel nation. Their inhumanity ^{to their race} ^{is so rampant}
is appalling. no does it stop there. to each other are they most cruel.
When we reached the "summer home" we alighted and wandered
around its gardens and open courts. Then down to the spring
where we all sat down and enjoyed some freshly picked
oranges. as they were not very ripe. Mowua gave us some
salt to eat on them and we enjoyed them very much.
As we drove home. and through the gate of Aeca. still at
a "break neck" pace. Mowua pointed out the horrible prison
and dungeons in which the Holy Family had been so cruelly
imprisoned. To read of this imprisonment is to shudder with
the horror of it all. but to come "face to face" with the actual
dungeon. is to realize the reality of that torture. endured by
their Holy souls. endured unflinchingly. joyfully. to this

end. "That love might be established in this world"
So Mr Kinney's ^{partner} Abdul Baha said. Baha Allah came for
the purpose of uniting the hearts. That He might link
them together. He bore all troubles and assistance for this
purpose. Now you must prove the means of uniting the
inhabitants of ^{the} earth. This is His hope for you. If
among yourselves there is no love, no unity, how can
this become possible. Are you willing that His labor
be as sorrowful as in vain? Those prison walls with the black
dungeons beneath seem to cry out their very words. at least I
felt it so. and with it came a sense of sadness and
heavy, personal, responsibility. The shops were all closed as
we drove through the streets. The people were either in the
mosques, or at their homes feasting. it being the fast(?) of
Ramadan. when from sunrise to sunset nothing is eaten,
no drink. but after sunset a regular feast is spread. the
spiritual nature of the fast being entirely forgotten.
When we reached "home" as we were preparing for dinner
Monem came to us and said that "Abdul Baha wished
us to return to America with the Kinneys. at first
we were told we were to wait until the Nottingham
party came. but Monem said that as this was four

women in that party. Abdul Baha felt it was unwise
for so many women to be in Acrea at once. Besides He
personally wished us to be with the Kinneys. (The great
blessing He was conferring on us was later revealed, for
when our stay was further shortened by Rouha's illness
Womera said that Mr Kinney had some beautiful talks
on music etc which he would share with us.)

Miss Harrison and I consulted our guide book and found
the next steamer for Port Said left on Friday the next day
but one. At first there was a keen sense of disappointment
but it was soon overruled by the thought that God's will
was ever best. Still there was the thought of parting that
momentarily brought a pang to my heart. That night we
were alone with Womera, Leah and Miss Bollew at dinner
with Abdul Baha. none of the men believers being present.
we missed dear Dr Moody and Mr. Sprague greatly.
When Abdul Baha entered He greeted us lovingly.

Wednesday Evening Meal. Oct 13th 1909.

I hesitated. Thinking my place might have been changed
Abdul Baha smiled sweetly and placing His hand upon
my shoulder, motioned me to my old seat beside Him
Womera interpreted. and there was a home like informality

about the meal. The daughter and Miss Weller talking
with us. While Abdul Baha ate. Not until he had finished
his soup did he begin to talk to us. Then he said
"Well Dr Moody and Mr Sprague are in Haifa tonight
we replied that we missed them very much. Abdul Baha
said. "Dr Moody is 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 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 as the
friends in America must be. I said to Mowsey, ask
Abdul Baha to pray for us that we may reach this
high station. and 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 every thing 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 for

facing us. Then He lifted His his first finger to His right hand to His temple. as one does in giving a military salute. He stood thus for a moment. Then dropped His arm to His sides bowed His head. as He raised, it His eye met mine. and He smiled and turned and passed out of the room. I could not understand the meaning of this act. nor do I now. but I felt at least He was teaching me the lesson of "patience".

It was during this meal that I thought "how I wish I could be entirely emptied of all self. and be filled by Him with the fresh waters of life. He had just finished saying "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" then was a pause here. and Bushrough began to serve us. as I began to eat my wish came to me. Abdul Baha called to Bushrough. and spoke to Him in Persian and handed him His glass. filled with water. the boy took it and emptied it in the wash basin. then handed it back to Abdul Baha. who took it. and reached out for the water bottle on the table. refilled His glass. and then sat it beside His my plate. no word was spoken

and no one else at the table had noticed what had passed. for I looked up and all were eating. I realized from this how every thought one holds in mind in Abdul Baha's presence is known to Him - and also that the Holy Spirit through Him was thus speaking to me. I drank that precious water - not for myself but for all the dear ones at home. After Abdul Baha had left the room. Mrs. Garrison and I went to our room. and dear Maura joined us. I was sick from my cold and still feeling I had been rebuked by our Beloved One I began to cry like a child. Maura put her arm around me tenderly. saying you are mistaken dear. Abdul Baha smiled at you and I know He loves you very much. He will answer you later. often when pilgrims come here they ask a question and maybe He will not answer until they are about to leave. she kissed me lovingly. and then said that she wanted to "doctor up my cold". she went out and returned with a tray on which she had a tea pot full of hot lemonade. a box of "Bromo Quinine" pills and a bottle of camphor. she insisted upon my going to bed. so after taking the pills, and drinking the lemonade. and having been comforted by her love and assurance. I

covered up warmly in bed, looking out of the window for
a ~~just~~ moment just as Venus came out of sight - over
the top of Mt. Carmel.

Thursday Morning Oct 14th 1909.

We arose early. My cold was much better, and I had
slept more than usual during the night. When we entered
the morning room Abdul Baha was seated in His
accustomed place on the divan by the window. He
smiled warmly and motioned Mrs. Garrison to the seat
that Mr. Moody had had at His left. I sat in my old
seat at His right. He sat very silently, while the different
members of the household chanted their prayers & verses.
Only as He selected the one next to chant did He speak.
I felt the silent communion with His great and powerful
spirit as I ^{sat} so near Him. As Mowen chanted in her
melodious way, I saw his sparrows fly about the open
court and hall eating the crumbs from the floor, fearless
of all harm. a beautiful parrot hung in its cage by the
open window and Abdul Baha's pure white cat lay
daintily in front of Him on the floor. Peace seemed to
hover over all. after the prayers were over Abdul Baha
arose and silently left the room. He did not bid us

good bye as formally. but walked out with eyes down cast.
When I had left the room Mowser told us that Rouha
was much more. we knew then the cause of his added
sorrow. Mrs. Garrison and I ate breakfast alone. at its
close before we had left the table Mowser came in and
sat with us a while. and expressed her views on the
subject of marriage. and what it should mean to a
true Bahai woman. she has imbibed Abdul Bahar
teachings on this subject. saying that without the real
spiritual love. it was not really marriage. only a legal
contract. I was ever deeply impressed with Mowser's great
wisdom. and yet ^{with} her keen appreciation of humor. and fun.
there was a mischievous spirit that would twinkle in
her eyes at times that was irresistible. How dearly I
love her. Mowser. "the Enlightened One". After breakfast I
went down in the garden and took some pictures of the
garden and the stone steps. as I climbed up them after
taking the pictures. I gathered a big bunch of the purple
jassimin. that hung close beside the door. then went
to my room. and wrote letters to the dear ones at home
enclosing a spray of the jassimin. knowing how deeply
it would be appreciated. I had written 12 letters and

had intended to write many more. When Mowse came in and told us that Rouha was so ill. There was grave doubt of her recovery, and that all of the family including Abdul Baha were going immediately after luncheon to Haifa, and as it would not be pleasant for us to remain alone until the next day, ^{when we sailed} we had best prepare to go with them. We expressed our love and deep sympathy, and her spirit of resignation was most beautiful. With tears in her eyes, yet with a glorious light in her face she said, "It must be as God will." When she had left us I gathered up my letters, and we began to pack up our things. While in the midst of it Mowse came and said Abdul Baha will see you separately. Mrs. Garrison went first. In a little while she returned to our room radiantly happy, her face beautiful with spiritual joy. Abdul Baha had told her that the Holy Spirit had taught her correctly, and that the revelation she had received was true, but that she must look these precious pearls of wisdom in her breast. There was much more he said to her of a purely personal matter so I feel I have no right to speak of it. It gave me great joy however to have her so beautifully

confirmed. I arose to go to Abdul Baha thinking it
"was now my turn". When Mowser entered and said. visitors
have come and Abdul Baha must see them. As you
will have to ^{and he may not be able to see you} wait, I had often heard before coming to Aca
that everyone who came there was severely tested in some
way. and as yet I had felt nothing that could really be
called a test. Other than that of my patience in having
my question answered about the organ in the Temple.
and I was beginning to doubt the truth of his statement.
but when Mowser said these words. my heart seemed
to jump up into my throat. then sank like lead into
my heart. there was but a few minutes more. (not
over an hour) and the carriage already stood at the
door. waiting for Abdul Baha. My test had come.

I thought of the many many questions I wanted answered.
not for my self but others. First the organ in the Temple
and music in general. its use etc. If our organization
work was approved. and this matter on which I wished
to be instructed. This of matters lying close to my heart.
and at this moment the horrible thought came to me.
"did I sacrifice so gladly my dearly loved piano. my
wedding present from Mr. Wate and the one on which

I had just played my Bahai music - for the short
visit and the comparatively few words I had received -
and was I going back empty - with nothing to tell
the friends about the organ - or our Assembly work - etc.
The thought had no sooner intruded itself into my mind
when my real self arose in honor and said "What does
this mean. I don't feel that way at all. I am thankful
beyond all expression for the great Bounty & Love
God has bestowed upon me, just to be permitted to
see Him "face to face" as I had done - to see the
Quality of His being - and see that marvellous smile
of welcome - even though I had never heard Him speak
nor with the sacrifice of everything on earth I had
and life itself - I thought of dear Mirza Assad Allah
words "many have come long distances just to see the
Manifestation's face - and hear one word - see how blessed
you are - for you have received many words." Blessed
indeed - my heart rose with joy - and I felt that if I
did not see our Beloved One again - I had received far
more than was my share - and was God's Will was best.
My whole mental sky cleared - and the Sunshine of joy
was illuminating it. I picked up an unfinished letter

to Mrs Wagner of Cal. and began writing. When Mowen
came for me, she put her hands on my cheeks, and
kissed me and said, "You may come now dear"
O! the music of those words. I arose, taking ^{with me} my book of
"Abdul Baha's Tablets" (upon which I had been writing),
together with my little girl's picture, the manuscript
of some poems recently written, entitled "Talks with
Uncle David, beside the Garden Gate" and a copy of our
"Bahai Benediction". with deepest gratitude to God, in my
heart I went to Him.

My visit alone with Abdul Baha. Oct 14th. 1909
Mowen interpreting.

"Come in. Come in." Abdul Baha said in English, and
smiled a loving welcome. There was no sense of hurry
or of His own anxiety, in his welcoming tone. I said
that it is a very welcome call, it will ring in my heart
forever. He smiled tenderly and motioned me to a chair
directly in front of Him. While Mowen took one close beside
me. O the Divine Love that shone from His eyes as He said
"I love you very much, for your great love and sincerity.
Abdul Baha carries you closely in His heart. He

placed His right hand over His heart as He spoke and smiled at me in that marvellous way. Then He added "you have been very faithful" - instantly I thought of my dream. "I give you this because you were faithful" and here was the living face of that dream before me. I said - I want to lay my life at your feet and do alone as you desire. Tell me just what my work is to be. He said - Continue to work for the Cause as you have been doing. you must be kind and tender to the poor and by your love heal the sick you must love all old people as if they were your own parents, all the friends as if they were your own brothers and sisters all little children as if they were your own children. The Bahai love is not like of this world. it is a spiritual love. this love is not acquired, it is a gift from the Bounty of God. I asked shall I continue to work for the Cause. and Abdul Baha replied very emphatically - yes. that is your work. it is my good. very acceptable to God. I then asked that He pray for me that my sins be forgiven. my sins of negligence and ignorance, and that I have strength to overcome my weaknesses and do what was right. He replied

with great tenderness. "Your sins are forgiven you through His Mercy and Bounty of God. Your heart must be kept as a clear crystal that reflects all the radiant beauty of His Sun." I looked at Him with tears flowing down my cheeks and He said "O so lovingly. Abdul Baha knows all you have suffered. all the trials and heartaches you have had. I have seen it all. but now you must be happy." I then asked if there should be an organ in the Mashra'at al Aqdas. almost fearfully I asked it. and He replied freely. "no, no organ in the Temple but one in a building near by. in one of the accessories. I said an auditorium for that purpose and He replied "yes." I said will not music and singing be used in anthems of praise and hymns. and He replied "yes. but not in the centre of the Mashra'at al Aqdas." I asked Him if He approved of our Choral Society and their part work. there was real joy in His face as He replied yes. music has a great place. it is one of the highest forms of expressing spiritual ideas. it is a great art and should be cultivated. all who have talent should study and develop it, and the work of the Choral Society

It was most acceptable it was very good. I said
I wish you could have heard them sing at the
convention on the 21st of March. They sang as if
they were inspired. Abdul Baha replied. "I did
hear them and saw them too. and Abdul Baha
will always hear them" I thought with so much
joy, what greater inspiration can they need than
His that He has given me to bring back to them.*
I then showed Him the photograph of my little girl
and He looked at it with a heavenly smile. Then He said
it. Then He pressed it to His heart. saying in English
"she is very beautiful. she is my daughter. and you
are my daughter. then in Persian" your child is safe
she has a high station in the Kingdom. you shall
be with her again. you should be very happy"

I then asked Him to bless our Woman's Assembly
of Teaching telling Him of their great love and unity
and beautiful work. and He said "This makes Abdul
Baha very happy. I then explained to Him our
organization work. how we had started to organize
Woman's Assemblies all over America. and the object
of the encouraging letters and hearty responses we

had received of the good work already arising from organization in their Assembly. I showed Him Mr. Wagners letter onto the list of the officers of the Cal Assembly, of which Mrs. Rose Whitehorn is President, and He was greatly pleased. I said "then it is your wish that the Women organize Assembly of Teaching, having officers and chairmen, explaining in full the duties of each and our mode of election." He replied very decidedly, "yes it is my wish, there must be organization to ^{do} orderly and systematic work, without it there would be no head way made." He added "I will pray God to bless their Assembly." I told Him of the work our own Assembly had done since we had become organized and I read Him the list of all of our officers, and chairmen & assistants and placed in His hand ^{all} the copies of letters on organization which we had sent out. He was greatly pleased and said over and over "very good". He was especially pleased over the hospital work done by Mrs. Loding as chairman of the sick committee. I then to all He sent His love and blessing. I then

handed Him my book of ²⁴ Tablets, asking that He
write His name in it. I told Him how I had fed
upon them night and day, how they had comforted
me in the darkest hours. He took the book from me
and turned over its well worn and marked up pages
then He smiled and looked up into my eyes with such
evident love and approval, saying "very good, very good"
then He took His pen and wrote these words on the
fly leaf, right over the initial Tablet of His own.
"Dear maid servant of God, whenever you feel sad, read
these words and you will become happy." Then He
handed it back to me and said "you must continue
to read these words daily. These words will feed you
and open your spiritual insight more and more
they are the words of life." He expressed great joy
over their publication, saying "it was very good
and had made Him very happy. He repeated
many times "very good"

I then asked again to be my sure of His words
about the organ in the Mashakel ^{Organ}. Telling
of the great organ we had in our church. again
he replied "no there must be no organ in the

Temple. but in a building near by or connected with it. here festivals and services would be held here the anthems and hymns sung. Conventions and public meetings. and spiritual gatherings. but the chanting and singing of the Word would be unaccompanied by any organ in the centre of worship"

I told Him of the Temple work in Chicago. how faithfully all were working for it. of the many noble sacrifices that were being made all over America. and He expressed great joy. He asked how much had been paid on the land. and when I told Him. (as nearly as I could) He said "look what the East has done for the West. they were very poor and yet see what they have accomplished God has allowed them the privilege to be of the first to give". then with a tender smile He added "the poor are always the first to come into the Kingdom the East has arisen nobly. you must tell the believers in the West. that they must work equally hard with great love and zeal to show the East their appreciation" I then spoke of my songs which I had recently composed of a sentimental nature. and I asked

my dear friend I had compared you with him and think I had said what I came to see.

He approached of them and He replied you must continue to compose such music also for using one's talents for a means of wealth is most praiseworthy. I said I can best express my feelings in music and verse and can give the message better in a hymn than by word of mouth." He replied "music is the heart's own language. its vibrations uplift the spirit. it is very beautiful and a great art." He smiled and looked way off out of the window and His face became illumined and He repeated softly in English. Music. music. as if He were brought forth Divine melodies to His ears. as if He were indeed listening to the "choir Invisible". How I longed for every musician in the world to thus see Him. it seemed to me as if the air was full of divine Harmony. as if through the power of His spoken, creative word He was bathing the souls of all with the pure water of "Music" that water which "washes away from the soul the dust of every day life". We were all silent a moment then I told Mamma of my pianist and how just before it was taken out of my home. I had placed

a book of our Bahai Hymns. a copy of the Benediction
and several booklets and leaflets on the Revelation.
in the top of it and closed and locked it. Then I
had lifted the top to the key board (it being a
grand piano) and played the Benediction upon
it. Then closed and locked that. The noise still
whistling within. and then said "now go and
spread the Message" When she translated my words
to Abdul Baha He showed great pleasure and
said "God will bless you for the sacrifice. and that
seed will grow that you have thus planted". I
told Him God had already blessed me beyond all
I could ask. through the blessings He had
bestowed upon me. How lovingly He smiled. That
smile is with me night and day and will be evermore.
I then presented my manuscript of "Uncle David"
Mona slipped down on the floor at her father's
feet. and looked it over explaining it to Him.
I asked if I might insert ^{some} ~~the~~ quoted words of His
upon the fly leaf. His words being "Man's spiritual
light must be so developed. that he can see God in
every thing. every thing can speak to us of God"

Abdul Baha seemed greatly pleased - and said
"very good" - you have my permission to have these
poems published with any words on the fly leaf."
I then handed him a copy of the Bahai Benediction
and told him under what circumstances I had
written it - of the wonderful upliftment - the feeling
of the presence of the Holy One hovering over me -
the sense of the whole room being filled with a
wonderful essence that seemed to permeate my
whole being - of the ecstatic state in which I remained
for several days. He looked at me searchingly in
an earnest way while I was talking. Then he
looked with a beautiful smile said that was a great
blessing. Then he took the copy in his hand and
looked at it in silence for a few moments - as if
studying it. Then his eyes grew ^{wonderful} ~~luminous~~. The
ring of white around his iris grew luminous and
the pupil seemed to dilate. Then he drew ^{his} ~~his~~ eyes
partly closed as if he were concentrating his thoughts.
Then he opened them fully and looked at me again
^{with} ~~with~~ that wonderful smile of love lighted up his
face. I asked if he would write his name on

that copy for me. He took His pen and wrote
"Sing this melody in all the gatherings of Love and
Harmony of the blood of God" and while the ink
was still wet upon it, last used on the Benediction
He handed it to me. I ask that He bless it - and
He took it and pressed it to His lips - then to His
forehead - then He placed it in my hand and said
"my daughter use this." I asked that He would also
bless me and my work and when I knelt down
He placed His hands upon my head covering
every hair with a tender caress and when I arose
He drew me closely to Him and took both my
hands in His. my right hand still holding my
pen. then He patted me upon my shoulder and
said "my daughter. my good. will done. Is happy"
(in English). and thus I left Him my cup full to
overflowing with His Love and Bounty. What was all
the sorrows of my past life. Its misunderstandings
and heartaches. I had heard His "sweet will done"
and had indeed entered into the "joys of my Lord"
I went to our room and when I showed dear sister
Ceceba my pen and told her that Abdul Baha

had blessed it and given it to me. She too took it
in her hands and blessed it. I then wrapped it
up into the baton for both stood for music to me.
Just then Momen came to the door. I had when
I first came to Acca expressed a wish to Momen
that Abdul Baha would "spiritually baptize" me
and give me a new name. I had said nothing to
Abdul Baha of it in any way - as my joy can
well be imagined. When at the door Momen said
to me "Abdul Baha says your name shall be Shahnay
which means Melody." Mrs. Harrison told of a dream
she had had when in a voice had said your name
shall be "Justice" and she asked Momen to ask
Abdul Baha if He would give her a name, or should
she keep that one. Momen carried her message to Him
and returned and said "Abdul Baha says as that
name was given to you, you had better keep it"
We then continued our packing, and in a few moments
Abdul Baha came to our door, leaving His hatchel
out side, on the floor. He was already to leave for Haifa.
Our good bye at Acca.

As Abdul Baha entered He took us each by the

hand. There is a wonderful charm in His "hand shake" it is not a listless, heartless, flabby clasp of the hand, cold and meaningless, but a warm firm grasp, a pressure that comes straight from that great living heart, that centre from which every act of His life springs. It cheers and warms you through and through. It is one of those ever comforting, "I mean it" shakes, and the memory of it will ever remain with me. After shaking our hands He said, "you are not going away from here. This is your real home, you are my daughter, and we shall always be together. You must now return with great love and joy in your hearts, and become happier, and happier and happier each day. (He walked up and down as He said these words, and lifted up His arms as if He were using them as wings -) for there is no separation." Mrs Garrison asked Him to write His name in her Hidden Words, and in one for Mrs Lincoln. This He did with her indelible pencil, writing the greatest Name and His own. I then handed Him my Hidden Words and a book of Bahai Hymns, and He wrote the

came on both. ~~also~~ He again said. there is
no separation. we will be together throughout all the
worlds of god. Mr Harrison then knelt and received
His loving blessing. how tenderly he covered her head
with His hands. I then did likewise and again
every hair of my head was covered. to both He
lovingly said as He blessed us "my daughter"
you are both my daughters. and as He passed me
on leaving the room He again bestowed upon me that
encouraging. brave inspiring pat upon my shoulder
thats He left us while my heart seemed almost bursting
with the joy of it all. We felt that this was our
last good bye. not knowing that we would be blessed
by seeing Him again in Haifa. yet feeling as I
was supremely happy. for I had already found Him
"to be a blessing greater than I could hold" and
I longed to return to the blond one and share these
precious jewels from my overflowing basket with them.
After Abdul Baha had left us Mowen wrote my
new name of Melody in Persian in my Hidden
words she told us that we would leave immediately
after luncheon. and on our way to Haifa would

visit the Holy Tomb. and she added. Abdul Baha
wishes that you pray for Rouha while there. dear little
Woman thinking and doing every thing in her
power for us with that heavy, sorrowful heart. what
a lesson in true hospitality. what pure Bahai
unselfishness. how my heart ached for her. Mr
Harrison and I ate our luncheon alone. I gathered
up the white jessamin blossoms on the table and
the sugar from the bowl. each night after Abdul
Baha had left the table. I had gathered up the
bread he had left at his place for I sat on
that side by him. this I had always shared with
Dr Woody & Mr Harrison. and I had cherished
my share knowing how much happiness it would
give to those with whom I ^{shared} dined it when I returned.
I put most of my jessamin blossoms in a box containing
a little doll. which I had bought for dear little
Sarah Windust in Paris. the rest I pressed in my
book of Tablets. this book also contained the orange
blossoms I had been given at the Tomb of the Bab
and which I had taken into the Tomb with me and
laid upon the threshold. they were in the book when

Abdul Baha looked it through and He had for a moment held them in His hand as He looked at them the two pink roses from the Rizwan were also there and His beautiful words in His own hand making what a precious treasure ~~was~~ my book of Tablets to me. I put ~~them~~ ^{it} the very last thing into my suitcase and soon we were ready to leave. The maid servants of the household all came into the court to bid us good bye. There was such real love manifested in their faces. Gajah and her little baby & Buharanges and Momen were all dressed to go with us. I wanted to leave a little monetary remembrance for Buehrough the young fellow who had served us so beautifully at our meals. But Momen would not hear of it. She said he would feel very much wounded were you to offer him any thing for His service was an act of love and a real joy to ^{us} "them". They assisted us down to the carriage with our many bundles & traps - and soon we were all off. once more riding for the last time through the dirty narrow streets of Acca. How little it seemed to mean. now that He the Light himself had already left it. It was such a pleasure to know

that He had gone on before us. After leaving Aca
we drove through the open plains and soon reached
the Holy Tomb of Baha Allah. Of those who have visited
this Holy Spot Abdul Baha has said is a pilgrim.
"We cannot realize in this world the Bounty of God
nor can we appreciate His Love, but in the next world
we will. When man is in the world of the womb
God showers upon him all Blessings. He gives him
all the organs, eyes, ears etc. but man cannot put
them into use. They are not manifested. When the
child is born from the world of the womb into this
world, then all these Blessings and gifts which God
shower upon him in the world of the womb become
manifested and useful. His gifts were not known in
the world of the womb, though he possessed them there
but the world of the womb did not have the capacity
of receiving the manifestations of these gifts. Likewise
with the gifts and Blessings which God showers upon
man in this world. This world has not the capacity
to manifest these Blessings, but when man enters into
the realm of the Kingdom, then these gifts will become
manifested. One of the gifts of God is to be able to

visit the Holy Tomb. but man cannot fully realize it while in this world. but when he enters the world of the Kingdom. then these blessings and gifts will become evident and clear."

Visit to the Holy Tomb
- Baba Allah.

Thursday Oct 14th 1909.

Of this visit, this wonderful experience. I can find no words adequate to express all I felt. all it meant to me. physically, mentally and spiritually. Only Mowser went in with Mrs Garrison and me. Leah remaining outside with her little ones. First we entered the outer chamber. ~~and~~ here we stood in silence for some time. Silence such as I had never known in my life before. gradually every atom of my body seemed to vibrate with the power of the Holy Spirit. As I stood facing that Holy Threshold. I began to realize more fully the power of the Great Name as I silently repeated it. After our silent communion, Mowser drew back the heavy siltan curtain, and opened the door. Within that room, beneath the floor

covered over by an exquisite rug. rests the remains of
him whom God should manifest the Blessed Perfection.
Baha Allah of whom Abdul Baha has written. "The
remains of Baha Allah rest within the Holy Tomb
but His Spirit liveth forever" and that mighty Spirit
was filling the room at that moment so powerfully
that the Peace and stillness were almost as a tangible
substance. wonderful beyond expression, and well nigh
overpowering. We entered one by one. Women going first.
As each entered we knelt and kissed the Holy
threshold three times. Then we passed into the "Holiest of
all spots on Earth to day. I have prayed in hours of
distress, of opposition and sorrow, prayed, as I thought,
as earnestly as it was possible for a human heart
to pray, but when I threw myself upon my knees, my
face buried in my hands and pressed closely to the floor.
I prayed as it is only possible for one to pray in that
Holy Tomb. I prayed for my mother and dearest ones, for
Rouha Khannum, and the Holy Family. Then I cried from the
depths of my heart. "O God bless all the friends, and all
I know." We are told that an experience covering hours
or even days, can be dreamed of in only a very few moments.

in deep

That time becomes annihilated. So was it with me in the Holy Tomb. I could not pray for myself. My identity seemed lost. I did not exist to my own conscience. but a throng of people seemed to pass by. as I said "God Bless them all" It seemed as if every one I had ever ^{found a foe} known, and all the Bahais of our Assembly ^{and their wives & children} individually. passed by me I could see each face distinctly. all my dear ones on earth and in heaven. ^{were there} until there seemed to be a great throng. an ocean of faces. and each moment seemed a day. then this vision passed. and I realized that Mourner was sobbing bitterly. then my heart seemed to burst with a great aching pain. for her sorrow. and for all the heavy laden hearts on earth today. and my sobs mingled with hers. then came a calmness a stillness. ^{I heard the music - and I repeated the words of the Benediction as felt as if they must go forth and the whole nation never to be forgotten. We arose and left the room - in grace of love & peace} I had left my pen matted with the Bahai baton. out side on a chair. then I rose took. and laid upon the Holy Threshold. and I knelt and prayed that my work in music might be blessed. for our glorious Cause. and that I be enabled to follow His commands to me. As we prepared to leave. Mourner gave us each his little tangshines. that were on a table in the anteroom.

and Loken Khanum. Abdul Baha's half sister gave us
9 candles each. They had all been partly burned in
the Holy Tomb. She also gave us some of the land.
After gathering some flowers we started for Haifa. My
heart was full of an unspeakable joy and peace - ^{and}
~~at~~ ^{we} rode on in silence along that "beautiful highway by the
sea".

Thursday evening Oct 14th 1909.

Mrs Garrison and I were at our hotel in Haifa thinking
that we had said our last goodbye to our Beloved
Abdul Baha as Rouha was much worse and we were
to sail the next afternoon. I was busy writing in my
journal the account of my visit to the Holy Tomb. It was
nearly 5:30 P. M. when Bushrough came for us. Saying
Abdul Baha wished us to come to Him. It was a joyful
surprise and we went at once. When we entered the beautiful
spacious room in His Haifa home given Him by Madam
Jackson. He received us with the same loving welcome
we always receive from Him. We told Him how
happy we were and what a surprise it was to ^{us to} see
Him again. He said "It makes me very happy

to have you with me again also. I told Him of our visit
to the Holy Tomb. of the effect it had upon me. and of
the change experience I had had. and He was very
much pleased. and said "very good" many times. and
^{arranged me that all whom I had seen especially in spirit here and my visit.}
Mrs Harrison said as sweetly. He want to go back
to his daughter. and Abdul Baha replied. "yes I pray
so". then added. It is a great blessing to visit this
Holy Spot. greater than you 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 the little ceremony she and a few others had
performed on the Temple grounds. when they lay a few
stones upon it and prayed. He smiled happily and
said "very good". Then she told Him of the first tent
erected here. on the Feast of the Ridwan. and why she
felt it was God's will that it should be so. and
Abdul Baha expressed great approval. His dear "very
good" was again repeated.

I asked once more that Mrs Harrison might hear about
the organ in the Temple. saying that He had

written me that my hymns would be "sung in the
Mashrakel Ayhan forevermore" but if there was to be
no organ where would they be sung. I wanted Him
to make it very clear to us both. He again said "There
will be no organ in the Temple but in the building
near by. there the hymns will be sung. and at all
other spiritual gatherings". Mrs Garrison asked "should
they begin to build the Temple when the grounds were
half paid for or not. Abdul Bahia replied. very
emphatically. no. the grounds must be all paid for
before they begin to build. there must be no debt on it.
We told Him how faithfully Mrs Lane was working
for the building of the Temple. and we both spoke
highly of her to Him. He said "very good" I then
told Him of our "Unity Band" and of the letters we write
monthly to the women of the Orient. and He showed
his greatest pleasure and approval. saying "very good"
many times. adding "so it should be. the East and the
West. must become united in Love and Harmony. I
told Him of the faithful work of our little children for the
Temple Fund. especially the "Gale children" and all
would have felt a thousand times repaid. could they

and could almost wish to see him - and send the word that I had called
had requested - telling him who she was. At the mention of the name
I then said that he had a power for those with whom he spoke as she
have seen his face as illumined with love and real
joy. He said again - The East West must arise
and show the East their appreciation of their earnest
efforts. The Garrison then mentioned many names
in His Presence - asking a blessing upon them - also
some personal questions in regard to different dreams
she had had - after which He arose and with
great dignity yet with the smile of a loving father
He bade us good night and left the room.

It had been such a joy to my heart to see Him
in such handsome surroundings - and yet in prison
or palace. He was just the same - tender and gentle -
highly and commanding - the father - and yet theavior -
the perfect way - shown - into the Kingdom.

After Abdul Baha had left us. Mowin and the Great
Holy Leaf visited with us for a while. Then we returned
to our hotel. What a wonderful day it had been - the
greatest day of my life. In it I had had my
precious moments alone with Abdul Baha - and
received His down pouring of blessings - together with
His sacred pen - a new name - and the assurance
that He ever carried me closely in His heart.

and that we would never be separated. That Acca was my real home. and I would never leave it in spirit. Then the visit to the Holy Tomb. and now this last heavenly visit with Him. The fountain of joy and gratitude was overflowing in my heart. and I felt this great "overflow" must reach out. and there all. It was quite late. and Mrs. Harrison retired. I sat up by the light of one candle. and wrote down my notes for the day. finished in my book. having roughly jotted them down on paper. finished the account of my visit to the Tomb. and of our last talk with Abdul Baha. a little after I had written down the last words I looked at clock in the hall. it was a quarter to two A.M. my candle went out. and I retired by the dim light of the stars. but there was no darkness in my heart. the "Light of His Face" was before me.

Friday Oct 15th 1909.

Mrs. Harrison and I arose very early and for the last time I saw the sunrise over the Holy City. and shine forth upon Mt. Carmel. There was no parting pang in my heart as I looked at Acca. for He the Light

kind was near us. we even upon Gods Holy Mountain.
we packed up our belongings. and after breakfast
went over to Enyat Allah shop. and there met Dr Farud
both he and Enyat Allah went with us to Cooke office
to secure our transportation after which we started back
to the shop. I was walking on ahead with Enyat Allah
not knowing that Mrs Harrison had stopped on the way
at Dr Faruds home. While I was sitting in the shop
Bushnough came and said Abdul Baha wished us to
come to Him. I looked up the road. for Mrs Harrison
and then went over to our room thinking she might
be there. but I could not find her. Enyat Allah said
he would hunt for her. and tell her to follow. so I
went on with Bushnough to "Madam Jackson House."
I was shown into the big reception hall by Mirza Jalal
who greeted me cordially. as I sat there I could hear
Abdul Baha talking to some Persian khimer. He
was in the room in which He had received in the
night before. He called to Mirza Jalal. who immediately
went to Him. and after Abdul Baha had spoken to Him
in Persian. he came to me and said. "Abdul Baha
says that He wishes you to go into His room."

and wait there. Myra Jalel pointed out the room to me. I could not tell them. No can I now tell why Abdul Baha so wished. unless it were to add another measure of joy to my already overflowing cup. I entered His room. how dear every thing seemed to me. On the divan was His satchel full of Tablets, there also being scattered all around the satchel, on the divan. His pen in its case, just like the one He had given me, and His glasses lay there, with the Tablets. His glasses, or spectacles, were silver rimmed, and the nose bar was bound around with a piece of string, (proving His great simplicity.) I picked them up and kissed them, also His pen, and then as I looked at the many Tablets, I involuntarily dropped upon my knees, and from the bottom of my heart I 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 that there

sacred Tablets were to go forth to the East & West.
to longing and expectant hearts which He was
also praying should become united. I then prayed
for my dear one at home. Then I arose and as I did
so I saw from the window a pure white dove fly
up from the roof and out towards the blue sea.
my beautiful symbol of Peace. As I looked around
the room I found on Her dresser His comb and from
it I lovingly gathered the hairs from His head. That
were still in it. These I put in an envelope in my
hand bag. I had longed to possess some for many
years. now they were mine. how happy I was. just
getting this "waiting" as He had sent me word to
do. Just then Mamma came for me and said her
mother wished me to come to her room. So with Mamma
I went to the room of the Holy Mother.

^{day} Talk with the Holy Mother.
It was the feast of Ramadan and the family had all
gathered together. every member save Rukha Khanna
was there under the same roof. As I entered the
room I felt that comforting sense of "at-home-ness"

deal over me as if I were indeed a real daughter too among the daughters there. It was a simple home picture. Mrs. B. was a guest was sitting on the floor cutting out a wooden skirt for the mother and after receiving a loving welcome. I sat down on the floor with her and besides my advice discussed the merits of the different makes of patterns and skirt making in general. There was present the greatest Holy Leaf - the mother. Momen Khanum, Gah Khanum, Tooba Khanum and one by one the grandchildren came in until I had met and kissed and fondled all 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 Momen Khanum sat with her arm around me as I held Foruh's beautiful little baby boy. Momen asked me 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 all of my own clothes, did my own house work etc. and yet we all were making hard for the Cause. 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, whether it be reading His Words or sweeping a room. When you do your house work, your cooking and cleaning, you are making a comfortable and pleasant home. Baha Allah has said the home must be clean and orderly to be harmonious. To sit and read His Words all day and let the home duties go is contrary to the Blessed Perfectionist Command. A few words held in the heart daily and loving service doing each duty well is best. The Hindus think they cannot worship God unless they are alone in the silence. They must concentrate; they are all dreamers and not doers. But Baha Allah says we must be able to enter into the Holy Temple in our hearts where all is still at all 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 had written most of my poems and songs when in the midst of house work, especially when washing dishes (that which I like least to do.) I felt ^{account} myself of my own life

and more 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 Baba Allah 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. So it is with the spiritual faculties. They must
all be developed. The greatest Holy Leaf sat beside
me holding my hand and smiling and nodding 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
great love for children" (how great that love is only
my mother heart knows) I told the mother of the
great honor I felt had been bestowed upon me by
being permitted to wear her coat. The holy coat of
motherhood. I had called it. she seemed greatly
pleased and put her arms around me. drew me

lovely to her and kissed me three times. Those kisses
I knew were for all the dear maid servants and
nurses at home. tied to home duties. but privileged
through those duties faithfully done to serve in the
Kingdom of El Acha. I was so happy to have been
blessed by this helpful talk. and the verse I wrote
some years ago came to my mind.

Love Service.

It may be but the laying of our hand
With tenderness upon an aching head.

It may be but the sweeping of a room.
The kneading and the baking of the bread.

It may be but the mending of a sock
Worn through by baby's iron denture feet
The washing of the little face and hands
The kissing of the rosy lips so sweet.

It may be but the making of our home
A haven fair where tired hearts may rest.
It may be but the greeting in His Name.
The loving ^{agony} ~~welcome~~ to the welcome guest.

The gentle patience with an erring one
The love that still is love in spite of all
Which lays all thought of self ^{and pride} aside
And ever answers to the wanderer's call.

To generals great who in the battle fight
The world give adoration, praise and thanks.
But how oft times is more justly due
The brave but humble soldier in the ranks.
'Tis easier far sometimes to climb the heights,
Than walk along a flat and dreary road.
To mount on eagle wings to realms above
Than carry all about some heavy load.
To give one ^{whole} free and undivided time,
To some great cause, be ever free to serve
Be glorious, yet shy whose hands are tied.
To duties small, the same true praise deserve.

And as I feel that He who reads each heart, who understands the struggle of each life
Looks not upon the station high or low, but gives the crown to him who lives the life."

Mourning talk in Haifa - Oct 15th

After Mrs Garrison arrived Abdul Bahá sent for us
and as we entered 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 sapphires tinted sky made a most beautiful background for His strong and wonderful profile, clear cut as a cameo. The flowing white hair, the white bearded 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 share with Him. He was looking over the numerous Tablets, the same I had knelt before. He looked up with that marvellous smile of welcome and lovingly greeted us, while continuing to sign and place His seal upon each Tablet. This seal He kept 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 and more. He asked if we were comfortable at our hotel and we assured Him that we were. His great solicitude over every little matter where in 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 East and West" I said. They go forth as doves do they not? He looked up

and smiled so sweetly. I felt He understood just how
holy the symbol of the dove was to me. I then told
Him of matters close to my heart and He taught me
much of the mysteries of existence. I told Him that
dear Mrs Garrison 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
you love must grow warmer each day." I then asked
if women were to take part in the spiritual meetings
such as we held 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 arise
and speak unless what they had to say was first
presented to those in charge of the meeting. They arise and
say or do that which would cause confusion or inharmony."
Mrs Garrison then 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 downtown. He
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 unnecessary expense I asked if the singing of hymns, the Benediction, and other music was still to be used in our meetings of worship and He replied, "yes have the music as you now do singing the hymns etc. until the Temple is finished. I shall have the music in the other building for that purpose." All during our conversation He was listening with deepest interest, yet at the same time carefully looking over the Tablets, and every here and there making some slight correction. I was thus permitted to see the gesture of a mind that could concentrate upon two things at once, reading over Tablets and listening to questions upon the deepest mysteries and answering them with infinite wisdom. It was as if there were two distinct personalities present. Abbas Effendi who was attending to the material signing and sealing, and Abdul Baha the Centre of God's Covenant who was listening to and answering us. After Mr. Garrison had told Him of several "visions" he had had, asking an explanation, He arose saying "you must excuse me as I am very busy, and pointing

to the Tablets He added. Abdul Baha's work is the work
of a hundred men. He then lovingly dismissed us.

Dinner in Haifa. Oct 15th 1909.

Friday - the 1st of Ramadhan

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. Garrison 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
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 America, England, one from Syria other from
Persia, and you too 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
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 always loving to each other. Here He looked at me and gave that marvellously sweet smile, again my doves were thought of. 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. (Rouba Khanum's little girl who sat in the next room playing with her toys, saying in English "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 to His brother-in-law, and soon arose and left us. Our last dinner with our Beloved One was over. As we left the dining room I took one last fond look at the table from which we had been fed. The air was laden with the fragrance of the jasmine blossoms, which were

heaped upon the table. again devoid of all foliage.
and forming a star-shaped border in the centre of
the table. in the center of which stood a bowl of soft
pink roses. The fragrance in the room seemed to me
like the exquisite spiritual fragrance ^{or after-trail} which Abdul
Baha. ever left behind Him. When leaving the room.
and in my heart the white jacinth will ever suggest
Acrea. and Him.

. Last Good bye. Oct 15th 1909.

After sitting with the maid servants of the household
for a short time. Abdul Baha again sent for us
when we entered His room. He motioned Mrs Garrison &
me to a seat. 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 with a sweet smile
said "Thank God that your hearts are pure". it seemed
just like a continuation of His conversation at the
table. when He had spoken of Marion. and the pure
heart of a child. Only God knows how much that
meant to me. for that had ever been my constant prayer
"Give me a pure and loving heart. from pride and envy

face. Let it become a mirror bright, reflecting God but
"the" and now He had said "Thank God your heart
is pure" all the wealth of the world. all honour and
glory could not equal the joy that His words bestowed
upon me. I recalled His words to me when alone with
"Him" "you must keep your heart like a clear crystal
which reflects all the radiant beauty of the Sun." How
hard this task would be only Abdul Baha the Sun
of Love knew. but by prayer and His aid I shall
ever strive to do. often failing, yet ever striving unto the
end. After these blessed words it seemed as if He let
loose the floodgates of power and raising His hand
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 even pass you by on the streets
will feel it. and each home and town you enter will be
charged and quickened. you must make all people
feel that you have come away from here changed. so
much so that they will say how changed you are.
you are different. for you are now reborn. made anew.
you must reflect Abdul Baha's face and His love is 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
Bahá love 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 Bahá's
picture is in it on a page with others around it.
This must not be Tell them to place his picture any
where in the book they choose. here, or here, or here.

(turning over the envelopes as if they were pages) first
or last it does not matter. but always above. He then took
us both by the hand and drew us closely to him. I had
hold of Mrs. Harrison's hand. and thus we all unintentionally
formed a circle of love. He then placed his hands upon
our shoulders and said "my daughters. I said I would
earnestly strive to be more worthy of that title. and of all
the great blessings He had bestowed upon us. adding my
one wish is to lay my life at your feet. and to do your
will. We both knelt again at His feet. and our heads
were again lovingly covered by His hands. as I arose
He again gave me that encouraging pat upon my shoulder
and I heard once more and for the last time "Khali Khali."

"Good bye good bye" and with a fond last look into those wonderful eyes we left Him, my heart overflowing with that joy and peace, which the world can never give nor take away.

Friday afternoon in Haifa. Oct 15th

After bidding Abdul Baha "good bye" we found all of his holy family gathered together in the large ^{awaiting us} reception, that is the ladies. The children were not there now. The greatest Holy Leaf brought me a fine white handkerchief filled with rock candy and sugar. This she handed to me. She had with her also his white bone comb, which had belonged to Abdul Baha. one she handed to Mrs Garrison and the other to me. I thought of the words of Baha Allah. "I have granted thee wings that thou mightest soar in the holy atmosphere of Reality. and not in the air of salame fancy. I fanned thee with a comb, that thou mightest comb away Black Locks. and not to wound thy throat" and I sent forth a prayer from the bottom of my heart. that God would enable me to use the spiritual comb aright. Abdul Baha had

said that my poems were of the Divine Realities and of
the Mysteries of the Kingdom. And so through His help
I pray they may ever be. That my wings may ever be
used to fly in the "Holy atmosphere of Reality" and not
in the air of "satanic fancies". That I may never wound
the throat of the Nightingale of Significance, by dumping
his Melodies. There must be a very deep meaning to
a comb - as there is the symbol of the hair. Monner had
told me that a Persian woman would not only hide
her face but none of her hair could be exposed to the
view of any save her own family. (the male members)
and the spiritual cause seems ever to include the hair.
How much every thing in life means if we can but
see it spiritually. When the Greatest Holy Leaf gave
me the handkerchief full of sugar. I immediately
thought of my dream of her, and that now instead
of tears in the handkerchief, there was only sweetness.
"as I kissed her good bye again and again she said
"You will soon come back." and I replied "God grant this
may be true. Upon leaving these dear ones, each having
lovingly kissed and embraced us, we went to Mr Farid's
home. Mitha Assad Allah. Roseah Khanum. Sh Farid

Cenyatullah and Farahanger were all there. We learned that the last report was that Rouba Khamm was a little better though still in great danger. She had sent us word while we were with Abdul Baha that she wished to see us to say good bye. but I told Moum Khamm I felt it most unwise and left my box and a good bye kiss for her.

We had a most delightful visit with Mirza Assadullah and his family enjoying our last cup of Persian tea while dear saintly Mirza Assadullah talked most beautifully with us. He said "you must go back to America with great power and vivify the hearts of the people. You are like the clouds which gather and gather the vapors. There 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 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 that are yours. but the seed planted in your hearts by Abdul Baha will 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
Kissed pen and his new name of "Melody" He said
you will now write music and verse better than ever
before. You make it to be the sweet accompaniment
to your own compositions. you will write them and
another will produce and sing them." I told him that
I was taking back to America my "empty water bottle"
which I had found at the Tomb of the Bab. and he
gave me a basket to carry it home in. a basket that
had been carried by Abdul Baha and by him. I said
I am going to put on a head dress and when I arrived
in Chicago. walk out to meet Mr. Warts with the basket
on my head. This I put the basket up on my head. as
the women carry them there. and Minga Assadillah
laughed heartily. Mr. Garrison was in another room with
Mr. Hurd. and mixed our little by play. In speaking
of the bottle Minga Assadillah said. 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
good bye he said. "Give my love to all the believers in

to America and say we have not worldly goods
to send. only our love and our prayers. but these
are the real jewels. and they are easy to carry,
they will not take up any room in your satchel
and while as valuable, yet best of all. you will not
have to pay any duty on them. His lovely face
showed as he talked. How few in America realize
his high station. I am thankful to have seen
and however that he is a prophet having grown in his
own country. for they all recognize his great wisdom
and reverence and love him. He and Haji Mirza Sayyid
Ali are said to be the "two wings of Abdul Bahá"
for having had the great privilege of seeing them both
together under Abdul Bahá's roof and hearing them
talk. I can perfectly understand this statement.
When we left all of these dear ones we returned to the
hotel. and soon Mr. Farid and Mirza Inyatullah
came in a carriage for us and took us to the pier
I carried my precious basket with the water bottle
in not on my head but on my arm. & thus I carried
it throughout all our homeward way. even after
of reaching Chicago. not even to Mr. Water's care would I

extract it. After a little farewell chat with Mr. Farid
in which he said in regard to the organ in the Temple.
"I suppose that you are very happy to have received
definite instructions about the organ. I know many
have asked Abdul Baha ^{in my presence} in regard to it, and also
written. but He never answered them definitely as He has
you it must be that as you are the Bahai righting at
and the first writer of any Bahai music. that you
were the one to first hear it from His own lips" I
told him how unworthy I felt I was. but still. I was
a most loving and willing messenger. I said I felt
these five days spent in the Holy Spot are measured
by my down pouring of Blessings equal to five
years. and he ^{replied} ~~said~~ yes that is true. it is not the
length of time. but the capacity which measures the
Blessings of a visit to Acca. we then bade them good
bye and embarked for our ship that lay at anchor
out in the bay. as we were rowed out we turned
and waved a farewell to our dear brethren. 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 one whose thoughts had I knew
followed us every step of the way. and I longed
to share their great joys. Their precious jewels with
them when we had disposed of our traps. Mrs. Garrison
and I abided on deck 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 opalescent shades.
It seemed as if the mountain, like a great jewel
was sending forth these rays. from its innermost
heart. when in rest that precious 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 the greatest privilege and blessing
to see "Him" face to face" to visit the Holy Tomb and
to be crowned by so many blessings. Slowly as we
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 Venice the evening
star shone 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 Revolution, which embodies all Beauty
and all Love, and also of the Bab, who was called
the star - of it. I saw the light streaming forth from
the home that sheltered the "Keeper of the Keys to the
Kingdom" - and the Light of guidance to the people.
Abdul Bahá, the "Mystery of God" and as I stood, I
prayed - and just as the evening star seemingly
touched the true top 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 ~~His~~ 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, but on His throne upon the holy
mountain - free and surrounded by His devoted family.
I prayed that I might some day return 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 good bye. "You are not leaving me
you will never leave me - this is your real home and this

is no separation. Again in my visit alone with Him when He had 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 for me alone but for all the beloved ones who turn their hearts to Him. As the vessel began to move I did not arise to have another last look at Mt Carmel. I wanted to carry over in my heart the beauty of the scene as I had an hour ago beheld it. The evening star just touching the true top of the mountain directly over the Tomb of the Bab. and the light from Abdul Bahas window just below the Tomb. as shall I ever see it. As we sailed away I had no sense of the physical separation creeping in between us. 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. I felt the dove of the Holy Spirit hover over me. and I realized that this peace. which was a veritable essence. which permeated into my being. was the real contents of the Holy Grail. found only through Abdul Baha. Divine

"Love. As I fell asleep my last conscious thought was
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 through out all the worlds
of God.

Homeward Bound.

We reached Port Said Sunday morning at 5:30. A.M.
went to the Post Hotel. and later to Consul's office. here I
immediately wrote to Abdul Baha and Mowena Khanum
to the latter asking that the letter to Abdul Baha be
delivered as soon as possible. and thanking her for the
sweet hospitality shown us while in Acca. I also enclosed
the notes taken of our last talk with Abdul Baha as
there were points of great importance which had been
brought out. and I wanted Mowena to see that I had
written it down as she had said. it. This letter I
mailed at once. and was assured it would go out
that night on a steamer going to Haifa. This letter would
be received in two days by Bah Bahad. and handed to
Mowena as she was to remain in Haifa some time.
I asked for a reply at Naples if possible as we

were to be there on a week before sailing to America. On our way to Naples we gave the message to several and one young man, a Hindu, highly educated and belonging to the Church of England, who was returning to London to take up his work as an architect accepted it most beautifully. When Mrs. Garrison asked him what he would think of a Temple of Worship that would be built by people of all religions, Jews, Mohammedans, Christians, etc. he replied "that will never be." We told him that it was an already accomplished fact that the grounds were partly paid for and the money received for it had been sent from all the corners of the earth and people of different religions. He replied, "then a miracle has been performed this was all the proof he needed of the power of the Words of Baha Ullah. he said he hoped God might allow him in some way to assist in its building. He took Mr. Fareed's address and said he would write to Abdul Baha, but he felt that with the weight of the world upon him, that he would be most presumptuous to expect Him to take the time to read a letter from him that unless it were a matter of importance to the Cause

one should not write." I told him that it would be a
real joy to Abdul Baha to hear from one who
had at last a realization of His Station. He was
a beautiful soul and already in the Kingdom and
I am sure will grow rapidly. We were in Naples
for days before the Kinneys met us and as they were
waiting for a cable from Mr. Faced to know whether
he would return to America or not with them. They
asked us to delay our return or wait longer, which
we did, putting in the time visiting the points of
interest near by. On Nov 3rd we "set sail" for dear
old America. Our voyage of 14 days was very rough
but none of us were sea sick, and during these days
Mr. Kinney allowed us to copy all the beautiful talks
of Abdul Baha's which he had taken down in his
14 days in Acre. Thus were we still further pleased by
our Beloved, for He had bade us all to come back
together. Mr. Kinney being a fine musician and
composer, we spent many happy hours together in
"music's realm". The first words that came to me to write
after receiving my sacred pen from Abdul Baha
were those of "The Author of the Covenant" which are

O Show who art the chosen of God
To be the Centre of His Covenant.
An Ark of Safety unto man
And the Dispenser of Gods Word
The establisher of His Kingdom
And the Keeper of the Keys of Heaven
Show forth mirror forth the Beauty
And the strength of Love Divine -
High and glorious is thy station
Exalted far above that of man
Thou sittest at the right hand of the Father
One with Him in might and Power
Thou hast chosen above as thy title.
Abdul Baha the Servant of God.
This is thy crown of glory
This thine eternal Sovereignty.
This thy Manifested Light
This thine everlasting Life.
Thus shalt thy name be ever praised
Throughout all the worlds of God.

This I wrote on the morning of the 9th of Nov. and
immediately upon reading it. Mr. Kimmy set it to music

beautiful music. Later in the afternoon Mr. Kinner
played an exquisite little melody, a composition of
his own - one for me. He said that one day while
working upon a composition for his opera. This
little melody crept into his mind and heart and
for days it haunted him and he had actually
cried over it. only these words could he "catch." In the
night when all are sleeping wrapped in silence like
a veil - the music struck deeply into my heart. There
was the soothing motion of a rocking boat, and then
it changed to a great unexpressed longing, and a
heart cry. I went out on deck alone, and this is
what the notes said to me. "In the night when all
are sleeping wrapped in silence like a veil. Thoughts
of love to thee I'm sending, o'er the sea of dreams thy sail
all the day I bear in silence, pain and sorrow unexpressed.
Push the longing and heart hunger, love for you all unexpressed.
But at night when all are sleeping wrapped in silence like a veil
Thoughts of love to thee I'm sending, o'er the sea of dreams thy sail"
I took the words to dear "brother Ned", and he was greatly
delighted with them, and thus our song of "Unexpressed"
which he is to have published, was written, and now I

not in a way fulfilling Abdul Bahá's command
to write the verse of "longing". I felt so, and as He
had said to use our talents as a means of "wealth"
was ^{most} praiseworthy, as the second verse written after
my gift from Him, were those of "unexpressed". My
kinney sang it to the passengers, and they in turn
sang it, and then and then it became most popular.
I found that Mr. Kinney had with him several songs
in which he had used my words, long before he knew
who I really was, as it seemed we had already been
working together in music and more, and I feel that
we will continue to do so for our most glorious cause,
and for the "means of wealth", for he understands the
heavier things, such as Canticos, and part singing,
while I know nothing but simple melodies, and both
are "acceptable to God".

Back to America.

Early on Sunday morning, Nov. 20th, we docked at the
Cunard's pier, and found many of the dear friends there
waiting to welcome us home. I remained but two days
in New York, then hastened on to my home in Chicago.

Q The joy of seeing them all once more and the still deeper joy of sharing my blessings with them and though I felt I could hold no more in my already overflowing cup. still there remained another added blessing from that "giver of gifts" to His most unworthy "daughter". He had received my letter sent from Port Said and had acknowledged it. This tablet with a beautiful "home-welcoming" letter from dear Ahmad Sohrab was here to welcome me. also one for the Bahai Assembly of Chicago. To the Assembly Abdul Baha had written

To the Spiritual Assembly of Bahais in Chicago
He is God.

The song and the anthem that Louise R. Wate raised in the Assembly of the Unity of the Bahais. reached to the ears of the people of the Kingdom. It bestowed joy and fragrance to the spiritual ones. I ask God that this song may be sung eternally and this anthem and melody become everlasting.

Upon ye be Bahá'í Abbas
(Sign) Abdul Baha Abbas.

Trans. by Mirza Ahmad Sohrab

My precious Tablet read.
Through Ahmad Sahab.
Louise R. Wate.

He is God.

Oh how daughter of the Kingdom.

Thy letter was received. Although the dove and the nightingale. Both of them are two sweet singing birds yet in the East especially in Persia they call the nightingale a sweet singing bird and in natural singing they present it to all other birds.

I call thee a "sweet singing bird." so that in the rose-garden of significance thou mayest raise the harmony and melody of Truth; that the birds of the Kingdom may soar upward and become the means of kindness and union between different communities and nations.

The attraction that thou hast in thy heart is through the power of the magnet of the love of God that is - thou hast become the magnet of the Heavenly Beloved and surrendered thy heart to the Beauty of Allah.

Praise be to God that thou art delivered from attachment to this terrestrial world and attached thy spirit to the

Realm of the Kingdom

Expressed the utmost kindness on my behalf towards Mr. Windust. I ask God that the Choral Club may become assisted by the guidance of the people the love of the human kind and the attraction of the hearts.

O how maid-servant of God. by the expression of "dove" and "nightingale" the same meaning is intended because both of them are endowed with sweet melody and song.

Upon this to Baha. of Akha.

(Sig) Abdul Baha Abbas.

How can I ever show my appreciation of all of their blessings? gladly would I give my life in His pathway. but there is even a greater sacrifice than this. it is to endeavor to "live the life" and to strive daily to follow His commands for only as I manifest perfect love am I worthy in the slightest degree to be called His "daughter". a "daughter of the Kingdom". finding, following, keeping, struggling

What are the keys?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs
answer: yes.

Laura R. Watts.