

portant news is Carlo's arrival. We expected him about this time; but it was a wonderful coincidence, to say the least, that he reached here at 8.40 Pm. March 17 and he came in 22 minutes later, or at 9.02. This was by no means prearranged, as we had absolutely no intimation of his plans; but needless to say it made us very happy to see him at the Station, and vice versa. It made the long journey safely, and is quite well. We have gotten

9m 90th Book
p 23

Desperloch, Stuttgart,
March 23, 1909.

My Beloved Mother:

The date of this letter suggests the American Skiddoo, and reminds me both of the fact that I should be hurrying to write to you, and also that it will soon be time to Skiddoo back home.

The former fact is due to conditions about which I shall tell you, and the latter is the cause of much joy as I contemplate the families and loved surroundings and dear ones from whom I have been so long and

My last letter was written
in Cairo. From that point
we went to Alexandria,
arriving there Mch. 8 - Monday.
Left in steamer 10th
Mist for Naples, arriving
Mch. 13th, thence to Rome
14th and 15th. Venice 16th
and here 17th. We leave
here morning of April 2nd
for Paris, leave Paris 5th
for London, and leave South.

Ampton April 7th for
"Mrs. Sweet Home". Have
gotten our tickets for the
"Kronprinzessin Cecilie", north
German Lloyd, which is
due to arrive N.Y. April,

13th. As we shall prob-
ably have to remain the
a day or so to meet the
friends and deliver message
I figure that we should
be in Washington some
time Thursday. April 15.
A Friday. 16th have
written Mr. Sharp that I
expect to go to work the
latter date. A much for
our itinerary and plans. 4
Can now see. Perhaps, why
it has been so difficult in
the last two weeks or,
thereabout, to write.
Of course, the most

Really uncomfortably warm.
Dr. Arithen, Italy, too,
two forms of flowers, with
Palms & Palmettos
out doors; so that it was
like going from Summers
to winter to come here. But
Altho we shall find Spring
far advanced at home; I
hope so, any way.

Fanny sent the papers
and I see that you had
a strenuous 4th of March
indeed! On that day
we were basking in the
sunshine, on the veritable
streets of Paris!

²
him in the best school
in Stuttgart. Where he
started in on Saturday;
he is boarding in the
same house with Anna,
will be well looked after
by several good people. So
that with all arrange-
ments consummated we are

quite happy in that direc-
tion. Carl seems to like
it, & while surroundings
will be new and work
difficult at first, I think
he will take hold and
"make good".
We are quite well, and

while on first settling down About 35 Behavior present
After our long siege of They are all lovely to us
hitting we were very tired, inviting us daily & leaving
we are now beginning to feel little gifts for us. It is
quite normal. It is quite indeed delightful to see
wonderful that neither the Bahar Spirit here, as
of us has had so much we have found it every-
where - so loving and devoted
As a severe cold in all The weather here is still
these days and many changes. The weather here is still
We like it here very much, Just old show was
& naturally Athma is glad on the ground when we
to have us. There is an arrived, and Spring is
Assembly of few folks not yet manifest. This seems
in Stuttgart, also brought odd, as in Egypt, as in Egypt
together by Athma. The flowers were in bloom. There
the Warooy Feast day in full leaf and in the
before yesterday they had middle of the day it was

of the Biberens, I seeing
 the men and pushing the
 women. Subsequently
 we visited Pompey's Pillar
 and the historic pence
 in this old City, strolled
 along the sea wall watching
 the Mediterranean, & in other
 ways passed the time pleas-
 antly until our ship -

the "Johann" of the North
 German Lloyd left for
 Naples, & we bade adieu
 with much regret. At
 Gyar and the Arment
 the ship board we viewed - horses, & found ourselves

It seemed a bit odd after
 going so much just to
 sit & watch sea and sky,
 or to read, & to free
 from duties & responsibilities.

The trip took 3 days.

We reached Naples Sat
 Midday at about 7 P.M.
 A perfect babel of con-
 fusion greeted us with

Hotel Men. baggage pa-
 ters, etc. clamoring for
 attention. Finally we
 extricated ourselves from
 this & thro' the Custom

Now for an outline of
 the places visited, etc.,
 in my last letter.
 Finishing the Pleasant
 days in Cairo, we went
 by rail to Alexandria,
 a journey of about 3/4
 hours. Muzn Abul Fajl
 and others of the Cairo
 Believers were at the
 Station to see us off, tho'
 the hour was quite early.
 The journey was quite pleas-
 ant. Egyptian Railroads
 are very comfortable, as
 we found them, & well
 run, making ~~or the dull~~ time.

Reaching Alexandria, we
 were driven to our Hotel.
 & after dinner found
 some of the Believers to
 our surprise and great
 pleasure. We found the
 M. Sigmund Rubnel, who
 had accompanied us to
 My - was in Alexandria,
 as well as Mr. Woodcock
 and family, with other
 American Believers.

There was a Meeting that night
 at the beautiful home of
 Khawassani, in Ramleh,
 a suburb of Alexandria
 & there we met a number

The Churches of San Giovanni
(St. John) and St. Paul,
as well as the exteriors
of many other old churches
and shrines. We were
blessed with good weather -
in fact have been particularly
fortunate throughout in
that respect. A modern

Rome one sees many
priests and monks, lots
of soldiers & officers, fine
mansions and prosperous
looking folk and again
tenements and poverty.
A combination, alas!
As found every where, ~~Southern~~

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in a carriage from 5 to
the RM Station. We
reached there about 8
o'clock, and the train
for Rome left at 12.

It was a long wait, but
finally over. On the
train we managed to
sleep a little. In the second

Class there are compartments
seating four persons. Only
3 were in our class. So
we could stretch out a
little & sleep (?) in our
clothes & I with my glasses
on! Thus we spent
3 nights, going to the

in Italy only one night had given us the name
out of four!

We reached Rome "The Food (& cheap) hotels
Eternal City" Sunday in Rome & Venice. and
morning. 14th street. also a bit of places to
a downpour of rain. Found be seen. so that we were
our Hotel near the station prepared for the visits.

After the breakfast was Rome is wonderful!

Finished. the sun came out. It is truly an experience

Then. tho. we knew no to walk where the great
one in the City. & our men of ancient history

Hotel folks spoke little or a food, to inhale

English. we proceeded to the air they breathed

see the City alone. This and see the mingling

Codivise and a Miss ^{Styberg} of old and new. We

whom we met in Paris. Saw the Forum. the

and Port Said (guess I Coliseum, the - the name.

wrote you about her) + St. Peter's. etc. etc.

famous Alps. Snow
Clad, these wondrous
peaks were truly sublime,
and their aspect added
another grandeur to
the many we have im-
pressed upon us in this
great journey.

Stuttgart is situated
between mountains, and
Degerloch is on one
of them. We had first
accommodations at a
Hotel down town near
the station, but now
we have a room very

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Our next stop was in
Venice; we left Rome
at about 9. and at 9
the next morning were
there. It had long
been our desire to visit
this strange place. -
We found it as wonder-
ful as fancy had painted
it. Think of a large
City, 400,000 persons,
when there is not a
single horse automobile
wagon. Carriage or bicycle
The City was constructed
on a number of islands,

transportation from one
to another is by gondolas
or in some cases by little
steamers which latter
ply the Grand Canal joining
by a few minutes making
regular stops like a
street car - fare 2 cents
each way. One can walk
quite long distances too,
for not every street is
in the water. We visited
St. Mark's Church and the
Doge's Palace, saw the
"Bridge of Sighs", crossed
the Rialto Bridge, rode
in a gondola by sunset, and

spent a most profitable
& beautiful day. In
the great Public Square
we fed the noted flock
of St. Mark's doves, about
which I shall tell you.

This we had expected
to spend a night in
Venice, it seemed best
to leave that night at
11. We found out why.

When we arrived here, as
I have told you.
On the journey, we passed
through the mountains,
Mrs. Dr. Good and Pass,
and saw the towers

6,
near Alma. It is now
nearly 11:30 & he will
soon come after us. We
shall then go downtown
to meet Carl & have a
dinner at the Y.M.C.A.
We have breakfast in
our room, which is very
nice indeed & has a
beautiful view.

I must now close. As
Pauline can add a few
lines. Truly rejoicing
in the prospect of so
soon seeing you. I am
Yours most devotedly
Frank

He has to make up three years of French and learn the German & while it will be very hard for him we feel that he can do it. The three Profs. are very much pleased with Joseph & Gategh, & they had no trouble at all even the Prof who is notoriously crusty and hates foreigners was very kind to them & said to Prof Wagner, "this boy & his uncle have made a very good impression upon me - How wonderful are the ways of God."

The expenses are more than we counted on but it must be done because the Hand of God is visible, I don't know just how I feel. I can't bear to leave him, yet I know it will be the making of him. He seems bright & happy & is well. How thankful I am for the money you helped me to save, & Joseph was not angry at all when he found out, in fact seemed quite delighted. We don't expect to use Fanny's money at all, though we will take \$25 of it in order to be sure that we land with some money.

I must close Alma is here, good bye
Affectionately
Pauline
Please tell this to Fanny.

Dearest Mother, Joseph has covered the ground so well that there remains little for me to tell.

We are having a wonderful time here, the believers are more like those in the Orient so thoughtful & kind & love us so much. and the greatest miracle of all to me is to be told continually, "you speak a beautiful German again when you translate then it is ^{interesting} very time for you speak so well, and on the first evening I told of my trip to

Abba in German & did well. Those people of course do not understand but Alma & Joseph & I know this is nothing short of a miracle. At both meetings Joseph, Gategh and I sang one of our S. School songs & all the people were deeply moved, with tears in their eyes, though there was nothing to cry for. Many told us it was the sweetest trio they had ever heard. For the sake of

Abdul Baha & Alma we are very happy that the people are pleased with us all are fond of Gategh & said they would help to look after him & pray for him, for they feel that he is their charge from Abdul Baha. The friends here call him Gategh and he is entered in school as Gategh, the boys will know him by this name. Isn't it great!

~~Rehail~~ ~~Wafiq~~ of ...

Al-Jawshan " " " "

Al-Jahab " " " "

Al-Jawshan " " " "

Al-Jawshan of ...

Al-Jahab " " " "

Al-Jahab Mithal of ...

Al-Jahab of ...

Al-Jahab of ...

Al-Jahab of ...

Al-Jahab of ...

Al-Jahab of ...

Handwritten notes in Persian script, including names and descriptions.

Names of Persians Believers present with us, at the Holy Tomb of the Bab. February 21-1909. This was the second half of the Pilgrims who were to continue the Feast of the 20th

Portion of letter concluding Luca
account.

Also on page 7. Beginning of
account in Cairo, Egypt

Written on Board Steamer Ludwig
March 12-1909

*was written by Carlo
Beginning on page 7.*

Portion of a letter concluding the Akka account.

Lchudwig Steamer

March 12, 1909.

Dearly Beloved Ones,

My last letter had to be mailed in such a hurry that i am unable to remember just where i left off. But believe i was telling about the wonder ful drive along the sandy beach where we witnessed the sad sights of a wrecked steamer, we did not see the steamer itself at this point but various parts of it. We saw the steamer before it went all to pieces at the foot of Mt. Carmel and wonderful to relate many of the pilgrims we meet at the Tomb on Sunday had just left this same steamer it was after leaving Haifa it was dashed against these rocks. It was hoped that by relieving the ship of the freight they might float it;with this end in view many boats came to their assistance and worked day and night but on Wednesday the sea was so very rough and the boat went all to pieces. The poor passengers after having been rebbed of every thing by the sailors and Arab boat men, so they say, were taken to the Hospice on Mt. Carmel where we saw them and here was the chance to invest little Mrs Coles money. Perhaps she would be glad to know where it went. Our party of four helped them a little by leaving four dollars for them, only a drop in the bucket but the best we could do. The beach was lined with natives who were gathering together the lumber and oranges, bales of hay and cotten and many strange looking pieces great wagon loads were being carted away and still the beach was littered, our hearts were heavy when we saw such evidentsigns of grief and sorrow and aside from this my heart was in a strange condition. We had just left Akka and the wonderful Believers who were loath to part with us, then the wonderful visit to the Holy Tomb where i wanted to stay and the dear little Rizwan Garden

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where we had tea, now this drive to our home in Haifa where perhaps the dearly Beloved Abdul Baha would not be seen until the next morning. We went to our room to rest. Joseph did take a nap, but I (poor me) was nearly heart broken with unutterable longing to return to the Holy Tomb or to see the Masters Face. In the depth of despair I cried out, oh Lord come to me now or I shall perish, scarcely had the prayer been spoken in my innermost heart when a voice from the back of the house rang out loud and clear, "My daughter, my daughter, my daughter." until our Lord stood in our room and I was at His Feet weeping telling Him how I missed Him etc. But in my heart I was ashamed to have disturbed Him, He had just returned from His trip to Tiberious and was and looked very tired. He was very gentle and kind to me said he had been with us to the Tomb in Spirit and had prayed for us and because of us he had returned. that evening, be sure, though my body was absent my spirit was with you. After this little speech I arose from my knees He shook hands with Joseph patted him on the back and said "My son," and left us without further speech save to say, "I am very tired so will leave you, good night." This night Joseph and I both had a dream in which we were told we must prepare ourselves to leave on Sunday. On waking in the morning we both spoke of it, but Friday passed, and Saturday yet no word had been said, but we knew as though the word had been said, on Sunday morning our Lord called on us and after the regular talk he arose and said you will be leaving this afternoon, remember I shall be with you always, I love you very much, in dream He had spoken to us.

One afternoon while Abdul Baha was out for a walk, with a group of Believers about Him, which is in itself a Christ picture, He turned to His followers and said when I came here forty years ago there were only a very few houses now see the size of it, the many beautiful homes and well kept grounds since Baha'u'llah and His followers

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passed this way. In surprise, I said to the one who repeated the incident to us (for of course we were not of the party) We have been taught that the German colony came here expecting the Lord in 1868. It is quite evident from what our Lord has said that they did not establish themselves in Haifa until after the Lord had passed through in 1868. After this Baha'u'llah came again to Haifa and visited the Nuns asking them if they would know the Lord when He came and was told, Oh yes, we will surely know Him and Baha'u'llah, passed on. The master has also visited the same convent and we saw the window where the nun watches for the coming of the Lord.

On another walk of this kind, Our Beloved Abdul Baha pointed out some sisters, nuns, who were walking in a body just ahead of them and said these are pure souls who have sacrificed themselves, given up the world in order to know God, now consider how great is your blessing. If I write all that happened there will be nothing to tell though I feel like going on. One thing more of personal interest. I had been told in America and here also that some ladies had asked permission to dress like Sua but were told not to, I may dress just like her if I wish, but I will not do so because I asked, had he told me to do so it would have been different. The Holy Mother and Dr, Fareeds Mother both gave me a white scarf to put on when I teach as they put it and it was a beginning. I said I would wear them when I pray. They were all so good and kind to me and they remember you with so much love. One afternoon we had a drive, Miss Godwise, Marquise, Joseph and I to the Monestary on Mt. Carmel and to Elizahs cave. The later was of real interest because the prophets of old had really been in this cave and taught by Klizah. The Master said this was the truth. The cave was very large, twice as large if not larger than the hall alaround are narural stone benches Arabic and Hebrew, inscriptions cut into the stone walls, opposite the entrance is a Mohommadan altar on the left

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side of the cave as you come in is a smaller cave and stone bench around it, here it was easy for me to imagine the great Elizah in this smaller cave with about seven or more of his people around him the other, fifty or four hundred prophets seated in the big cave. How very strange to be in on the Mountain where the Holy men of ancient days, did walk and talk. While the trip was proposed and our Lord gave His permission for us to go, I had not the least desire to go but already I am thankful to have been to this Holy Spot. Joseph has a little sea-weed from this place, I picked up a few shells for Thabet.

That morning Miss Codwise and the Marquise had arrived and were in my room when our beloved Abdul Baha came in to greet them and bid them welcom, Joseph had been called out of the room in order that a dear little Persian lady might visit us. And very shortly the Master entered. He addressed Himself to the new Believers of course and began to speak and she would interrupt several times and differed some times. I of course was using the Greatest Name for her but was at a loss to account for the merry twinkle in the Masters eyes, and some times He turned His side to her and looking out of the window His Face wreathed in a smile. He left in a little while and we went on talking in a general way finally wandering out into the great central room or hall when they were in the midst of a laugh the ladies and Joseph I mean Mirza Moneer said "will you be quiet the Master is here." We had not seen Him come in but when Marquise saw Him she was taken completely by suprise and and talked away in a lively wisper about the freat suprise. I wispered that explains the twinkle I saw in His eyes, she said, I caught that twinkle too, several times. We were called to dinner where the Master explained the meaning of Cain and Able, afterwards we had a hearty laugh at the expense of the Marquise. Some of us should have introduced her, but we thought she knew by our manner that it was the Lord. I am devoutly thankful our Lord did not teach me as He found it

wise to teach her.

One afternoon I was visiting the ladies when Abdul Baha came in and sat down beside me. This was in answer to an unspoken wish, but I did not say what I wished to say but after His saying speak to me, I thanked Him for the magnificent flower He gave me and said in English this flower is called a flag, but it was more beautiful than any I had ever seen, and that I hoped He would make me a flag beared in this Most wonderful Cause. He smiled and said the opportunity may present itself, this was a very pretty thought of yours. I answered and said You can make the opportunity if you see wise. Again He smiled and said in shallah, because of your great love for the Cause I love you very much.

This same afternoon, I was leaving the ladies to go to my own room, when glancing through the front door which is of glass I saw, oh the most wonderful sight you could imagine to have happened in the days of the Spirit Christ. There was our Lord walking up and down the gravel kalk from the house to the gate His turban pushed back, His head, erect, the great Eyes full of deep thought, on either side of the walk were pure and holy men both old and young with hands crossed upon their breasts, heads bowed in reverance ears and hearts open to recieve the Words which fell from His lips. My eyes were looking for them, for I was fairly glued to the glass but after a while I felt it was not lady like for me to peep as it were, though the ladies knew I was there, I quietly turned went swiftly but quietly out the back way to my room in the other house, not looking at this scen, until I reached the door, just making sure they were still there I walked into to Joseph and told him to hurry to the side window, I was too deeply effected to go again, but He had gone before Joseph could see. This was made up to Joseph the same night or the next one, whin Abdul Baha went out the back door to His house, we were told to come that supper

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was ready, when we came to the door we saw our Lord walking Joseph and I stepped quick by to get near Him, Joseph first when halfway between the two homes without turning his face, our Lord took Joseph by the hand and held it until we reached the table. Was Joseph happy, well I guess.

I am telling only the little events, because Joseph had taken the messages and talks in short-hand. These you will have when we return. I will tell one more thing then leave the scenes of that inexpressible life for some other day when we meet. After our Lord left us I packed the things while Joseph went to buy the tickets. We had dinner but our Lord was not present, after a long-long wait as it seemed, He came to our room to say goodbye, it seemed to pain Him to send us away seeing this I used every effort not to cry and thanked God, I did not, my eyes were dim with tears but they did not flow. My goodbye was like the meeting He permitted my head to rest on His shoulder for a minute called me daughter, kissed Joseph and called him son, said I will be with you always, remember these days, then He left us. In a minute or two I was told to come and say goodbye to the ladies, I ran quickly thinking to have it over with before I broke down but on reaching the door saw our Lord walking very slowly with bowed head on the very path I must walk to reach the ladies, I stepped back a little, that I might not disturb the thoughts of this Heavenly One battling with the inclination to run after Him and falling at His Feet and just once more seeing those eyes oh those Eyes of love. But I conquered this selfish thought, but when He went into the house and I finally went to see the ladies, my strength was gone, I wept and wept and have done so a number of times since. Abdul Baha has given us much work to do and now we go forth to live a new life. Yes, one more thing tell Ahmad, that first I then Joseph with me, went on our knees before our Lord and supplicated for permission for Him to come. Our Lord said

He shall come but it is not yet time, there is much work for him in America, and be ye especially kind to Ahmad, "he is very dear to me" or "I love him very much" It was one of these two, can't remember which. Also tell Ahmad that His spiritual Father in Akka, Sezid Assad Ullah, the venerable old gentleman who taught him of this Truth said, "tell my son he does not behave well to leave his spiritual father so long without news from him, that I love him, and would like to hear from him now and then.

x x
x x
 x x
 x x
 x
 x x
 x x
 x x
 x x
 x x
 x x
 x x
 x x
 x x

End of Acca account.

We arrived at Port Said too late to go right on to Cairo, so we called on Ahmad Yazdi again, he is so kind, and again saw the dearly beloved Taki Manshadi for the last time, since on arriving at Cairo we heard he had passed out suddenly, the day after the day after we left. It was a great shock to us all. Here in Port Said I had the great pleasure of meeting ^{May} Mrs. Maxwell, she in an angel on her way to Heaven known as Acca.

We left for Cairo after making these visits and taking a walk along the beautiful beach where we picked up some more shells for Thabet, if they do not get broken we will have quite a few for our little lamb. Oh how we miss our boys, even Joseph's eyes were moist with tears sometimes when he is thinking of them. If only we might hear something about them, it is now the 12 of March and we have heard nothing. Where is my big son "Nategh" if I only knew? Perhaps lonesome

out on the deep sea, perhaps still at home? Soon we will know something next week we will be with Alma and she will have some news for us I know. I am running away from my subject, we arrived in Cairo safe and sound but oh so dirty as Joseph said he had to cut the dust around me before he could see my face. It was not quite so bad as this but truly it was the worst I ever saw. We took a carriage to the hotel where Miss Holtzbecker was stopping. After securing our rooms we looked her up and while with her, Mirza Kho^uny came in bless his heart, he kept us busily engaged during our six days stay in Cairo, this long stay was due of course to the fact ^{and of the 50} that we had to wait for a steamer for Naples. We had a ride on a camel to the Pyramids and around the Sphinx and the temple of Isis. This was all very interesting yes even the spinx was of interest to us. But when we reached home we were dead tired and there was ^{in my} ~~Roughly~~ ^{Abdul Fazel} waiting to take us to our Mirza. I simply had to rest a little which of course shortened our visit with our beloved Mirza, he was surely happy to see us and well you know. He mentioned many of the friends by name and wants us to give them all his love spoke of your visit and Alma, he asked many questions and we were able to answer all but one, that was if Mrs. Boyles husband was now a believer. This is not the most comfortable desk, I have written on it is a magazine on my lap and I am seated on a pipe that pushes and throbs with the movement of the machinery in the very bow of the steamer. Joseph is next to me reading, it is the only spot on the deck of *the* steamer where we can sit and not be blown away. This queer motion makes writing difficult, still this is my only chance for a week at least. Being well we are going it pretty lively. Now to go on with Cairo.

We met about ten or twelve Believers at Mirza's needless to say we were very happy. On leaving Mirza ^uRho^uny walked us to his house, through a beautiful part of the city, after a long walk we reached the

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very, very large open space before it where the soldiers practice and parade before the Ruler, the great barracks to one side of this great court and to the other side a very large and elegant apartment house, which we admired extravagantly and with bows and graces were told that is where Rhouy and his family live, now on the lower floor and gradually we will move higher and here it is I hope some day to bring the Master, our Lord, if HE will so honor us. ^{our ord} OUR LORD has sent word that He will visit ^{airo} CAIRO and Egypt Isn't it too wonderful, the Believers are beside themselves with joy. Well we went into Rhouys Apartment and met the ladies, yes Joseph did too, saw all the family. also saw the typewriter Mr Phelps sent him.

After some tea had been served and some cakes, and a Tablet had been read we left for home, our Hot el I mean, though it was quite late, about nine oclock we went into our lunch room and had supper. Then we retired by candle light, dead tired but happy. The evening before Rhouy had taken us through the bazaars and on the Moski, these were strange and wonderful sights, but no doubt you saw these narrow streets arched over by upper stories to the houses and indeed hard to explain this scene, it must be seen to be understood, streets where we would never venture into without a native. many beautiful things, ^{to see} but no money to buy. Donkeys walking through ^{narrow} these/streets with the greatest care so gentle in spite of the heavy burdens they carry. We then called on a Dr. and Mmd, De Bounes spent a very pleasant hour with them and returned home. The third day Rhouy sent a Believer, one of his English scholars to take us out sightseeing. He took us to the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, a very old Mosque. A very strange sight it was indeed, but some exquisite work in the dome of the Temple, from here we went for quite a long

walk up hill untill we reached the most beautiful Mosque in Cairo,
and
built like the ones in Constantinople It is a very handsome place, no
chairs but elegant rugs ,marble pillars and walls, exquisite paint-
ings, a gallery for the Ruler and princes and the dignitaries to
worship, hundreds it seemed like thousands of prisms suspended
from the bulbs of electric lights, radiating the lights of the co-
lors of the rain-bow because the sunbeams were playing among them.
Really a place of prayer. In one corner was the Tomb of Mohammad Ali
All in real gold. Before entering this you pass through a very
large court caped by thst real green roof, you sent on the postal
to Aunt Mary ,in the center of this court is an elegant marble affair
around its base as it were a ditch or gutter and all around this big
pillar are taps here, the worshippers come first to wash and then
enter the Temple. It was a grand sight and though we were tired we
enjoyed this visit very much. After leaving the inner Mosque, we
walked around the outside of it, and were ashamed of our own race,
the tourists breaking bits of marble off and thus maring the looks
of the building. On going farther around we were unspeakably surpris-
ed to see a part of Cairo at its base, and such a part, you could
put Washington in the one corner of it. It is a very very large city
Just to one side of this point of observation we see the English Fort
with its guns and just below this the Turkish Fort with its guns.
A strange sight this was the Mosque on the top of this very big
hill at its base one round lower down the English fort, one round
more and the Turkish fort, at the foot of this a beautiful street ,
very very wide with wonderful palms and trees and flowers in the
parking^g on each side of the street and this is also used for pa-
rades also practiceing ground for the artillery . Such pictures
thrill the soul with delight as well as sorrow. Again we were very
tired, ate our dinner and tried to rest but I was trying to write
that last letter, before resting which I did while I could, then

went to tea with Miss Holtzbecher at the home of the DR. and his wife, where Rhoy joined us . We had a jolly time until quite late. The next morning I begged to stay home and write I was tired out. This was done until it was time to go the wonderful and never-to-be-for-gotten meeting at the home of Khorassani I do not know how many believers were present but they circled the large room. It was a wonderful sight and we thank God for the privilege of attending such a meeting. No one can listen to the talk of such holy men and ^{doubt} the power of the Word of Baha'u'llah, only the Word of God could have united such souls, men with great minds of their own, like little children when a word of greeting is sent to them from the Center of the Covenant , ready to sacrifice every will and desire of their own even life itself for the sake of the Word of One, according to the minds of most of the people, only a man, a false prophet. To imagine a false prophet purifying the lives of people to such an extent that they would die before committing a questionable deed. Oh what can the people be thinking of , what do they expect? Can any greater than this happen that singly and alone one man arises and causes thousands of men women and children change so that pure deeds and actions take the place of selfishness, render services for others thereby learn to know God, Yes these people are a living testament of His Power and Might. No man could accomplish this. not ten no not even a thousand men, putting their wise heads together to perform such a miracle Thank God the veil has been removed from our eyes and God grant that we may remain firm and steadfast to the end. To be brief Mirza Abul Fazel instructed us , a/^{youth}chant ed the words of the Manifestation then Joseph read some of his notes and we felt spiritually uplifted.

The next day we visited the new English part of Cairo built on an oasis that was. The homes are magnificent, never saw anything like

We then spent the evening with Rhouy and took dinner with them and he read us his Tablets and it was twelve oclock I believe or near it when we returned to the Hotel. I forgot to mention that in the afternoon Miss Holtzbecher had arranged to have us meet four Believers who came to visit us and served tea and crackers We had a very pleasant time, principally, Joseph reading his notes The next day was Sunday and Rhouy came to take us to the BARRAGES HE took us to the station where we got on a train speeding along through the interesting villages some of the houses were simply mounds of mud with a hole for a door ,other mud houses closely built together with thatched roofs. Strange contrivances for spreading water over the beautiful and fertile grounds, by this means supplying the water which the heavens seem to deny them ,for it rains very seldom in the se parts.

After an hours ride or more we reached our destination, men were shouting to take the cars for the barrages. Paul what kind of cars do you think they were? A platform on four wheels with two seats across the middle. , two people on the front seat two on the back with their backs against each other, then two Egyptians men with the most wonderful pair of legs you ever saw would take a hold of the two rods that came out at each side and they pushed this car running like the wind all the way frem for about the distance of a mile until they reached the beautiful gardens and the strange and wonderful Barrage. We did not ride because we wanted to see as we went. The barrage is a massive bridge over the Nile at the base of this bridge you see between each arch, a door or solid iron gate



suppose this heavy line is the upper part of the bridge ,the light line is where the water reached, the lower arch is the top of the gate and these gates are so arranged that they can be drawn up or let down when the Nile is very high or overflows

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instead of letting it flow into the sea ,these gates are pulled up and the water must flow some where, so it floods these lands and makes it rich and fertile. There are two of these bridges^{(one cover} each branch of the Nile and the fertile land between is called the Delta. This Delta,where we saw it was the most wonderful flower garden I ever saw,or ever hope to see, again and the grand old trees and beautiful palms and scattered rustic seats even in the the lotus trees where we sat down to rest. Yes we reakly went up in the tree and sat on the bench put there for the purpose. Sitting among the boughs of this lotus tree we drank in the beauty of the scene about us,the wonderful coloring made by the flowers ,the beautiful birds ,the velvety grass, the towering palms and the low graceful leaf_y plants, the strange vines etc. The only thing miāsing was to complete the picture was our Lord^{but} it made us supremely happy to think that in the near future He too will walk in this wonderful flower garden. At this particular tree where we were sitting and the grounds beneath it are used by the Bahais for special feasts This attracts no special attention since it is for the public. @ little way off the grounds are arranged for picnicians whose hearts are rejoiced because of tables and chairs and etc. But our people spread their feasts on an immense^s rug spread beneath the tree. Tablets are read (no chanted) and then they lie about on the grass and there is plenty of room.

Since writing the letter we have left the steamer ,rushed through Naples for Rome and are now about to leave for Venice, both times trevelling by night to save Hotel bills Rome is indeed a wonderful also strange place but I am thankful to be an American citizen But really I must close this letter . We are very well and would be very homesick, ~~Were~~ it not for ~~fer~~ the fact that we ^a may never come this way again we would fly away to our beloved ones. In two or

three days now we will be with Alma and we wonder if Carl will be there. Oh the agony of not knowing where our dear son is I dream of him so often in fact all of you and Mamma. God grant you may all be well and stay well until our return at least. When I have time in Stuttgart, will go on with ^{letter} where I left off. Just to quiet your mind on one point which you would like to know, yes, Fanny I met the wonderful women in Alexandria and they all remember you their faces beaming at the recollection. We met the Woodcocks, and S. Russell and others

Fanny dear I have done the best I could with letter writing and hope my letters to Mother have been given to you, because they are for all

Affectionately

Pauline Hannen

About Cairo

Stuttgart, Germany
March 29, 1909

Dearly Beloved Ones:

If possible I will go on now where I left off. The visit to the beautiful park in Cairo caused the utmost joy because I could easily imagine the Beloved and the friends sitting about in groups under these magnificent Lotus Trees and most of all the picture in my mind seeing Abdul Baha walking about these grounds and completing the living picture of the garden of Eden. He will walk in these *grounds* because He has promised them. On returning to Cairo we had the pleasure of seeing a flower parade, rather so^re of it, carriages and horses bedecked with flowers and tulle and ladies dressed in dainty colors, a float made in the shape of an air ship. all of flowers other floats loaded with masked peop;e to represent different animals, other_s with clowns and etc. A very lively picture for Sunday afternoon. We had callers and it was while these guests were here I had to close my letter so quickly that they might mail it for me because we were to leave early in the morning for Alexandria. There are people of every nationality and creed and classes, congregated in this city and don just as they please, the noises are quite terrifying to us, this fact I mentioned in my note to dear Mother. We started on our wsy and at the station were met by ~~Some~~ ^{Some} of the Friends but most especially precious

by our beloved Mirza Abul Fazl who sends his love to all the Believers and mentioned many of them by name.

I started
This is the old letter and then lost Will send it along.

The Master has given us so much to do that I am anxious to start and see the work progressing. For one thing I can't imagine how we will instruct the children concerning the Ishrakat but He told us to do so, and no doubt in the world, He will give us the Light. Also the work among the colored people, and to establish a Spiritual Meeting for Believers only, where the colored are to take part as well as the whites. Well good bye I am homesick just now so I had better change drinks" As the saying goes.

Pauline

Notice the letter was started the 20th today is the 29th

Mrs Pauline Atkinson's Notes

THE TALL ARAB AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND.

When Joey and I were in Acca we were in a state of high tension most of the time. When Abdul Baha gave us instructions, the room was charged with the power of the Holy Spirit and our hearts would feel as though they would surely burst. As a rule he would stop before this could possibly happen! Following is an incident of how Abdul Baha knew our spiritual capacity. We were so excited that both of us had the same experience without the knowledge of the other one, but we compared notes afterwards and found that our experience had been identical!

We were both so intense that we felt that if Abdul Baha did not stop talking soon, we would fly into bits. Oh, if Abdul Baha would only stop for just a second, that we might catch our breath! At that very instant he did stop and smiled, and then looked at both of us and said:

"Now I will tell you a story. There was a very tall official who was an Arab, and his most intimate friend was a very short man. They were very, very great friends, and also a source of great amusement to onlookers when they were together. The tall official, when speaking to his friend, had to stoop down and look into his face to talk to him, which of course necessitated a very tiresome position. The little man, when speaking to his tall friend, would have to hold his head up, which was also a very tiresome position. Sometimes the big man would have something of very grave importance to tell his little friend. He would take him by the shoulders, hold him up in front of his face, and talk to him, and then put him down on the ground again."

With that, Abdul Baha left the room.

The lesson which both of us learned from this was that we had come to receive spiritual bounties, but our spiritual stature was so small that it was necessary for Abdul Baha to lift us up just as did the tall Arab with his friend, in order that we might partake of more of his spiritual message.

A STORY OF CAPACITY.

The day that Abdul Baha sent us to Acca and Bahji, he had given us a talk on humility and told us to ask the Greatest Holy Leaf (who was in Acca at that time--we were in Haifa) to see that we saw the peacocks. This is what he said about the peacocks:

"Notice their strong and ugly feet. When a peacock has his tail feathers spread out, he is very proud and struts around, feeling himself quite important, but the moment he glances at his feet, his feathers fall.

"Thus mankind must keep his eyes directed toward the heavenly kingdom, because when he notices his inability and lack of capacity he becomes very sad and desolate. It is necessary for us to keep our gaze continually upon the Word of God. To quote Abdul Baha's own words:

"Keep before thine eyes continually the heavenly advice."

According to my memory, this story was given by/Lua Getsinger and she, in turn, told it to me.

This concerns a king who was going on a very long journey, from which he never expected to return. Therefore, he called his young son ^{and} his presence and said: "Son, I am going on a long journey and I wish to leave in your hands this precious gift, the value of which is as nothing to you at this moment, but in years to come, when you are in great distress, it will prove a casket of priceless worth. Here is the little key that will at that time unlock the box. Put it carefully away until the hour of your need." Then the king went away on his trip, from which he never returned.

The youth grew to young manhood and, seeing beyond the palace walls many curious people and sights unknown to him in his palatial surroundings, he decided to go out into this unknown world. Therefore one night, very secretly, having packed sufficient clothing and food, as he believed, for the journey, he stealthily departed from the castle. He found this world very fascinating and full of interest and wandered here and there until he had nothing left. Then it became necessary for him to earn his own living, for which he was unqualified. So you will see he had many difficulties.

Years passed by, and because of these great difficulties and the fact that he had no friends, he bethought himself of his father and the home of his childhood and a great longing filled his soul to see it once more. It was so great that his steps wended their way homeward and, in the face of many hardships, he finally reached the palace walls with bleeding hands and feet, his clothing in tatters. He crept stealthily about the palace until he found an opening through which he entered. Apparently there was no life about the palace, and he could gaze upon familiar sights unafraid.

Suddenly he remembered his last scene with his father and the box with the golden key, with the father's promise that it would be of priceless value in his hour of need. Surely this was his hour of need! He went quickly up to his childhood nursery, as the most reasonable place to look for this golden box. He searched diligently among the discarded toys and finally, to his great joy, he found the box! His joy turned to despair, however, when he found that the box was locked and it was impossible to force it open. Then he remembered that his father had given him the key for the box. Where was the key? What had he done with it and how could he find it? He must start to search at once! Frantically he looked everywhere and finally succeeded in locating it.

At last he would discover what was within the box! He turned the key in the lock again and again, but the lock would not spring. He persisted desperately and so engrossed was he in his task that, when the locked box finally did open, he was frightened almost to death by the touch of a gentle hand upon his shoulder.

"Do not be alarmed", said a gentle voice, "I am an assayer of gems and I recognized you as the king's son. In your hour of need I am a real friend, because you do not know the value of the gems within that casket. I can declare them to you. They are not just crystals as you might suppose, but of great value. These gems will enable you to put into order the castle and all its surroundings."

"Oh, cried the prince joyfully, "then I can make a home of comfort for others."

MORAL: God gives to each soul at birth a golden casket and man is unaware of the precious gems within it. But sometime in life there comes to every man a yearning to know God, to know Truth, and in desperation he starts to search. He has lost the key, the key of prayer. Only through fervent search does he find it and through his ardent call for Truth are the hidden gems revealed. The gems are the Attributes of God and the Assayer the Word of God, revealing the true value of the gems.

A man possessed a very beautiful horse. He was so faithfully carried each day that he shone like satin, and his glorious tail and mane were one silky mass. He had the slender legs of a very fine breed of horse, and sensitive nostrils which flared quickly when excited. His eyes were marvelously lustrous and beautiful.

Several times when the groom took the horse out for exercise they passed great fields where horses seemed to be running wild, uncared for. The beautiful horse would look toward these wild horses with longing and would nicker or whinny. The other horses would only look upon him with disdain. They were very happy among themselves, running and prancing and free. The groom became aware of the slowing steps of this beautiful horse and his longing to be one of with those wild horses was quite apparent. He would jerk at the bit in his mouth, which was an unusual performance. Again and again this restlessness became so apparent that the groom reported it to the master. His master took him out into even wilder places and also became aware of the restiveness of this beautiful horse.

On arriving at home, he said to the horse, "I am going to let you go free, and when you are ready you may return. You will always find shelter, food and love awaiting you." The horse was let loose and he galloped as fast as he could toward the place where the wild horses were. On the way, he suddenly realized that the road was rough, and the briars and brambles and bushes tore at his beautiful tail and mane and scratched his side until he was quite bloody. Never halting, he continued and finally reached the wild horses, who were very cruel to him. They snapped at him, bit him and chased him, and would have nothing to do with him. He was an entirely different breed - something they could not understand. Nor could this sensitive horse understand the wild horses. After a succession of fights and cruel treatment, he decided that his bit or bridle, against which he had rebelled, was a symbol of real freedom and real joy and contentment.

After difficult traveling, he at last found his master's home. The master and the groom wept at the condition of this once beautiful horse and showered him with love and tenderness until he again became the magnificent horse of old.

Unfortunately we learn that mankind, too, often rebels against the "bridle" or restrictions laid down in the Word of God and breaks away from them. Absolute "freedom" is desired, but this eventually becomes nothing but lawlessness. However, there comes a time in every man's life when he realizes the need of a Supreme Guidance, a power above him. Then it is that he finds his help and guide and protection in the Word of God. From that moment on, he is "restrained" from doing evil and his soul is "carried" to the perfections intended by God.

When Abdul Baha spoke at Howard University in Washington, after his talk I walked just ahead of him down what, as I remember, was a dark, narrow stairway. Abdul Baha placed his hand and rested his blessed weight heavily upon my shoulder. This was so exciting and so exhilarating that I nearly flew to pieces - that he would permit me to imagine that I was of any tiny ray of assistance - He, the All-powerful, the Communication of Knowledge and Reliance.

I was a very earnest, ardent worker among the colored people. To my knowledge, I was the first to work among them, and then later my sister, Alma Knobloch, and Joseph, my husband. Alma had gone to Germany so her work ceased with the colored people in Washington, but Joe and I continued without her.

At that time the colored people were not so fond of my husband, as he was the intellectual type. When we went to Acca in 1909, it was with a hopeful heart that Abdul Baha would understand my work among the colored race, because I had many drawbacks. There were many to tell me I was wasting my time, that I would do much better and more creditable work among my own people. When the boys of the neighborhood knew that colored people were coming to meetings at our house, they would throw bricks and stones and overripe tomatoes and vegetables in our vestibule, and also unhinge the front gate. I would sit by the door in the hall and quietly hide these things back of the vestibule door, so that the friends never knew. My husband would unhinge the gate and put it in a place of safety until the meeting was over, replacing it later. All these happenings really brought joy to my heart and I believed, contrary to the others, that Abdul Baha would understand it all when I saw him. During our visit in 1909, one morning Abdul Baha came to our room very briskly and said,

"How are you? Are you happy? Are you well?" He then made several other remarks, after which he turned to my husband and said, "Tell me about the race question in Washington".

After having spoken at length on this subject, he suddenly left the room and walked in the large circular central room. Hearing him walking briskly, we followed him and stood close to the wall, together with several Persians, and watched this majestic figure pace back and forth. The power of the holy spirit was almost too much for us. We practically shrank against the wall, overwhelmed, when suddenly like a bow from an arrow, he came towards us. We did not know what was going to happen. Placing his hand on my husband's shoulder and looking into his eyes with great power, he said, "May you be the means of uniting the colored and the white races." Then he walked out and left us.

Here is the moral. It was for me a clean, deep operation, and I learned, and have never since forgotten, the lesson, "He doeth whatsoever He willeth and commandeth whatsoever He desireth". Many times after that I knew the wisdom of Abdul Baha turning and giving this command to my husband.

My husband did all in his power to obey the command of Abdul Baha, and eventually became much beloved by the colored people. In view of the persecution he went through because of this race, it was a strange coincidence that it was through a colored woman, not a Bahai, that he met his death. (Mr. Hammen was struck by an automobile driven by a colored woman, and passed away in five days.)

MIRIAM

My husband, Joey, was a very fine looking man. He loved life and loved to touch shoulders with humanity. For some unaccountable reason, he began to lose the hair on the top of his head, like Uncle Tom. This was the source of great annoyance to him. It touched his pride deeply, that he should be growing bald at such an early age. The only thing I know of that would give him a jolt was to have someone, or hear someone, refer to his bald spot.

One day while we were in Haifa Abdul Baha came into our room and after a general talk, I suddenly remembered a promise made to one of the Persian believers in America. I jumped up quickly and fell at the knees of Abdul Baha, who was seated, and supplicated very earnestly for this believer, that he might come to this holy spot. In an instant I was conscious of my husband on his knees just a little in back of me. I pulled him by the hand and coaxed him to come up to the knees of Abdul Baha, while I stood up. Joey added his supplication to mine. As quick as a flash, Abdul Baha stooped forward and kissed Joey upon his bald spot, and looked up at me and smiled, just as though saying to me, "Are you pleased?" Which, of course, I was.

When Abdul Baha left us, I put my arms around my husband's neck and said, "Oh, Joey, Abdul Baha has kissed great capacity into that head of yours. You will be a great servant when you return."

He did, indeed, become one of the apostles of Abdul Baha.

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One day Abdul Baha entered our room in Haifa and, seating himself upon the divan, motioned for Joey and me to sit on either side of him. I ran across the room and threw myself upon the divan, because Joey was already near him. I felt as though I should love to stay there forever. Abdul Baha spoke to us lovingly, as a father would to his children, which naturally led to some spiritual instructions for us. As soon as my hus-

hand realised the import of the lesson forthcoming, his first thought was for the friends at home and that he must take it to them as accurately as possible. He jumped up and left the Master's side, seated himself at a table and, drawing before him the inevitable paper and pencil, began to take down notes very rapidly.

Abdul Baha stopped speaking for a second and watched my husband's hand, writing rapidly. Then he said, "You are a rapid writer", and smiled beautifully. We both felt that this was a baptism for much greater speed and opportunity for writing in the cause of Baha'u'llah. This turned out to be a true foresight of the future, for he became an indefatigable correspondent.

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had disappeared in the grounds of his own home, which was surrounded by a very high wall. I saw my husband racing ^{through} the gate and into the grounds. In a moment he came back, joyfully bearing in one hand a rose for himself and a most exquisite iris for me, and one flower for each of the pilgrims. I took this iris up to my room and when both ladies of the Holy Household came in to see me they said they had never seen anything like it, nor had they any idea where the Master had found it.

I had not had the opportunity to thank the Master for the flower until the next day when I went to his home to visit with the ladies. Only Moneva was present. We were sitting talking on the divan when suddenly we heard brisk, quick steps and knew that the Master was entering the room. Moneva and I jumped to our feet. Then he stepped forward to the divan and seated himself, and motioned to me to be seated next to him. This was my opportunity to ask Abdul Baha a favor, which I did not want anyone to know except one of the daughters, perhaps. It concerned a shortcoming of my own, which had distressed me greatly, but which I seemed unable to overcome. I had always thought that if I saw Abdul Baha face to face, I would ask him to remove it, for I knew

he could, if he would.

Abdul Baha turned to me and said in English, "Speak to me. Speak to me."

All of a sudden I realized that it was a greater victory to overcome my difficulty than to have it removed. The lesson of the ten virgins came to my mind and for the first time in my life I understood Jesus' parable of the five foolish and five wise virgins. It is what we over-come that gives us the oil of spiritual life, rather than that which we receive without effort.

All this passed through my mind before I spoke. Finally I said, "I wish to thank Abdul Baha for that perfectly beautiful iris. Some- times in our country it is called a flag. I have never seen so gorgeous a flag. It is my prayer that Abdul Baha will make me a flag or standard bearer in the cause of Baha'u'llah." He smiled and said, "Bismillah!" (God willing!) I turned to him and said, "But he can make it possible." He smiled.

On the second day at the Feast of Abdul Baha on Mt. Carmel, the be- lievers were seated in the reception room, together with those saintly martyrs who had suffered so much in the path of the Bab, Baha'u'llah and Abdul Baha. With radiant faces they told us of their various persecu- tions, as though it were a joke instead of the endurance of horrible physical pain. After my husband finished speaking I said, "I would like to do one kind, little service to entertain these glorious souls. I would like to chant." During the Arabic chant I felt not as though I was in the presence of these holy men, but as though my soul were de- tached from my body and like a bird had flown to the feet of Abdul Baha.

Naturally the Orientals, in their courteous manner, thanked me in various ways and, so far as I was concerned, it was a thing of the past. But not so. That evening when the Master called upon us in our room,

with a joyful face he exclaimed, "I heard you chanting at the shrine of the Bab (he was not there personally) and you made many of the believers supremely happy. Your prayer has ascended to the Supreme Concourse."

(Note:† This same chant was given by Carl Hannon (the writer's son) of April 30, when the night we had the meeting upstairs in the Bahai House of Worship in Chicago, during the Annual Convention in April, 1938, in memory of Munirih Geneva Khanum, of whose death we had received a cablegram from Shoghi Effendi that day, and also in memory of Mrs. Grace Ober of Beverly, Massachusetts, who had died of heart failure that afternoon a few minutes after she had finished an inspiring talk in the Foundation Hall.

How vividly I recall the meeting that evening in the Auditorium of the Temple. The upstairs was still in its skeleton form, with absolutely nothing done on the inside. Dark night outside, and only the one large light in the middle of the room, the light that served as a warning beacon to the airplane passing overhead and as a welcome to the travelers far out on Lake Michigan. The high vault of the dome and the pillars standing out starkly, made it seem a sort of ethereal place, set apart and removed from all earthly contact. The light fell like a benediction upon the bowed heads of the Bahais, standing silently listening to those who, from the stairs leading to the first gallery, were reading the Holy Utterances.

Mrs. Hannon, whose health had been poor, was leaning on my arm, and when the beautiful voice of her son Carl clearly rang out, she tightened her grip on my arm, while a thrill ran through her heart. She had not known that Carl was to chant, and after the meeting she related to me the circumstance of her giving this same chant at the tomb of the Bab, as above set forth, and that Abdul Baha had said that her prayer had ascended to the Supreme Concourse. -V.M.T.]

A TEST OF FROTHENESS.

The second day of our visit to Acca, we met Abdul Baha to go to the tomb of the Bab. In the first seat of the carriage was the coachman and an old Bahai, in the second sat Mr. Hammen and I, and in the third was Mirza Monser Zaine, the interpreter, with Abdul Baha. After a short drive, while ascending Mt. Carmel, Abdul Baha broke the silence by touching me on the shoulder and saying, through the interpreter, "You will see today with your physical eyes what you saw in your dream two or three years ago. Do you remember it?"

Because of my conception of my husband's faith, and being afraid that this might prove a test to him of faith in Abdul Baha, I was strongly tempted to say "Yes". Therefore my reply was a little hesitant, but the answer came, "No". This happened a second time and my answer came more quickly, "No". Once again, with a merry twinkle in his eye, Abdu'l Baha asked me for the third time, "Do you remember?" but that time I promptly answered "No". "You will", he replied. The twinkle in his eyes was so noticeable that my husband and I both spoke of it on our return.

And so we continued our ascent of Mt. Carmel. On the road, just above the tomb of His Holiness the Bab, we saw many sainted Bahai pilgrims who had suffered in the path of the Bab, Baha'u'llah and Abdul Baha, standing on either side of the road which descended toward the Holy Shrine. Abdul Baha walked before us with firm, majestic step, while we stumbled along the rough mountain road. As we reached the entrance of the shrine I gazed out over the Bay of Acca with its white-sailed ships and the white city of Acca in the distance. I was amazed when I realized that it was as if a shade had been rolled up before my eyes and disclosed to my mental vision the scenes that followed, and my dream was revealed!

After meeting and talking with these marvelous souls and Abdul Baha had departed to rest in the gardener's house nearby, we scattered in groups. A Jewish Bahai and a Mohammedan Bahai sat with my husband and me near the front overlooking Mt. Carmel and the sea. We were being instructed from our own Bible - given marvelous truths beyond our ken. The wonder of this was that the Jew was teaching, the Mohammedan was interpreting, and we two Christians were listening!

All of a sudden there was a rustle and we knew unconsciously that the Master was approaching. The believers had come to attention and we, too, arose promptly, advanced toward the garden just in front of the shrine and took our places among the friends. We then walked quickly to the outside of the shrine facing the garden. Mirza Moneer Zaine stood next to me. Suddenly we saw the Blessed Master appear from the other side, coming straight towards us. Mirza Moneer Zaine stopped and whispered in my ear, "You'll see. The Master will go out of his way to pick that one rose that is in bloom and present it to you." Abdul Baha came along, left the walk, stepped in towards the middle of the rose bed, plucked the rose and, without apparently seeing me and without the slightest hesitation, came and placed the rose in my hand, and then walked over to the parapet!

THE ONENESS OF THE MANIFESTATIONS OF GOD.

At the base of the parapet was the street, straight and clean, leading through the German colony out to the pier. At that time the road was not used for commercial purposes, but dedicated to the use of the German Emperor, who was expected but never came. It is a well known fact to many that this clean German village through which the road led was laid out by those who were expecting the return of Christ and who had come to Mt. Carmel to await His coming.

While I was in America I had thought I fully grasped the significance of the progressive divine revelation of God, that is, that the same spirit spoke through the various Revelators of Truth, but this knowledge was borne in upon me with overwhelming force when I saw the majestic figure of Abdul Baha standing at the parapet, his hands outstretched over the city below and, in my mind, over the entire world, praying and calling the people to the Kingdom of God, whilst the people of the world at large were fast asleep. It called to my mind most vividly the words of Jesus when he said:

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

How marvelously blessed was I to be among those who realized the Oneness of the Manifestations of God! I felt a tremendous urge to lose no time in going forth to teach the Oneness of God and the Oneness of Mankind!

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When I called upon the wife of Abdul Baha, she took me in her arms and embraced and kissed me. She then inquired about the teaching work that was being done in America, and how it was done. Among other things she made the statement through one of her daughters, "You do not know how wonderfully blessed you are in being able to go forth to give the Glad Tidings, while we, in this land, must keep silent. We have seen Christian pilgrims coming to visit the holy places related to Christ, bowing in adoration and worship, and we could say nothing."

I wondered and said, "Why could you not speak?"

"First", she replied, "because of our language, and secondly because of the conditions in this country. When you go back to America, tell the friends that we send our love and greetings and would gladly give the Glad Tidings with them, but we can only pray. And we do pray for them most earnestly."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

One day Abdul Baha came into our room quite late saying:

I had been invited out and thought it necessary to go, hence His failure to call upon us ~~earlier~~ sooner. He had partaken of an Arabic meal with raw foods which He ate rather than disappoint His host and said: "I wondered what you would have done with the foods."

We wondered too, because up to that time we ate all that had been served, no matter what, where or in what curious places. I believed we would have done our best.

Pauline A. Hannen

What do you think is your responsibility toward your neighbors & friends? Bahai or non-Bahai.

In Akka ~~one~~ morning before breakfast Abdul Baha came to us.

"It is good to visit in the morning, better than in the evening, for the sun is just rising, and it is typical of the Baha of Divine Revelation, I rise very early - about midnight."

We asked permission to present the letters, and gifts from America. While reaching for them, He said: You are in yourselves long and interesting letters from all the Believers, you are a present from the friends, in the Occident. When a merchant wishes to sell any grain he sends a handful as samples. You are the samples of the American Believers." Then Mrs. Hannen

replied, that he hoped He knew the goods as being better than the samples. He smiled His Wonderful smile, and said; "If the goods are equal to the samples it is very good."

The people will judge the Bahais by your deeds & actions.

This belongs to the story of the big and little friends.

In conversation at dinner an utterance developed--- Abdul Baha had said to Mr Haney, when he said he should not be able to digest the many spiritual meals given him, "When I give spiritual food the ability to digest them goes with the gift."

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Pauline A. HANNEN

Abdul Baha had to pick us up literally it would seem in spirit, so that He could impart deeper meanings concerning the Truth of God.

Account of meetings with
Abdul Baha

Written in Cairo, Egypt March 4. 1909

Account of meeting with

Abdul Baha

Copy of the letter to Grandmother, Carl and Paul;

*Cairo, Egypt.
March 4 - 1909*

My Precious Ones,

What shall I say, where begin. We have lived ages in a few weeks, my last letter was written on board the Prince Ludwig. (Early in the morning we arrived at Port Said) Such a noise, you can't imagine, thirty or more row boats filled with strange looking men shouting, and calling for passengers for their particular boat to land us. This awful noise and confusion was and in the only unpleasant feature of the trip. After awhile we were safely landed and with the help of a man engaged by Joseph we were taken to the home of Ahmad Yazdi. He is (Just) a real Bahai and we loved him at once. Also the clerks in his store are Bahais and this made it easy for us to speak freely. He sent his clerk with us to a neat little hotel where we found an American Believer, Miss Holtzbecker, who has taken a great fancy to us and was a great help to us also, she is now preparing to go to Alka next week. We walked all around Port Said ⁱⁿ and out the narrow streets and along the beautiful beach front where we gathered shells for our baby Paul "Thabet." And for our big son Carl "Nategh," (the first name sounds like s̄abet) It was such a beautiful place to pray and we did.

We had to wait until the next afternoon for the steamer, during the early afternoon, a sand storm began to gather and by three o'clock the whole City looked pink, the air was filled with sand, and we could not see half a block away. We secured a row boat, which landed us safely on the Russian steamer about five o'clock, which was to leave that evening, Thursday but on account of the sand storm and very rough sea we had to lay in the harbor for 26 hours, leaving on Friday evening instead. The sea was so rough that all the passengers who were booked

for Jaffa had to go on to Haifa. Such a lot of sea-sick people you never saw. But it was no wonder the boat rocked every which way, trunks, and satchals were flying back and forth like crazy things. The steamer seemed like a rubber ball stossing on the waves, the front of the boat would shoot its nose into the air and then plung into the sea as it seemed. Then tip to one side then to the other on a slant like this in other words the edge of the upper deck touched the water. Once while Papa and I were sitting in the middle of the boat, on the upper deck on the floor, when all of a sudden we had a tobargan slide in a great hurry to the railing of the boat and while straightening ourselves up a little and laughing at our hurry we were hurried back again and poor Papa had a good rap ⁿ of his head, but it was so very funny that we could do nothing but look at each other and burst out laughing in the midst of the fun we were sliding again, as fast as the wind to the side of the boat again. This time we managed to scramble to our feet and by the time the boat tilted again we were holding fast to something. Strange to say we were not ill, not the least bit, and we rather enjoyed this novel experience.

When we reached Haifa, the sea was so very rough that no boats came out to reach us or to take us in from ten in the morning ~~to~~ *until* five that night. We believed as the Captain said we must go on to Bairut because if the men would venture out in their row boats the landing would be very dangerous.. At five we saw some row boats comming towards us, oh joy, we hastenen to pack our things and Papa looked at me so longingly and said, you must show your pluck now. I was not in the least afraid but it was in deed a dangerous landing but thank God after being pulled and thrown and pushed we finally found our selves walking on firm ground once more. We were so glad to be walking *on mother earth* that we refused to take a carriage to the hotel, but we had some men carry our baggage.

J 1907 3

On arriving at the Hotel, the Manager sent for Mirza Jallal, the Son in law of our Beloved Abdul Baha, in about an hour he arrived with Mirza Monar^{er}. After a very little talk about the various friends we were startled speechless by the announcement, "Our Lord will receive you, after you have had supper and one of us will call for you." They saw we were unfit for further speech and left us, we hastened to our rooms, washed and dressed. I put on my silk dress ~~at~~^{er} supper though we did not wish for it. While still at the table Mirza Monar^{er} came. I saw him come in. We put on our hats and coats for it was cold, and started for that wonderful meeting. After a ten minute^s very quiet, ~~for us~~ ^{and} prayerful walk we came to the gate of Madame Jacksons house and looking ahead of us on Mt. Carmel, a great eye as it seemed, but really a light on Mt. Carmel, was shining down on us and this we were told was the Tomb of the Bab.

The Heavens seemed to be a mass of stars. shedding their light upon us and though even the stars were happy for us. But how did I feel. Like a timid little bird, expecting I knew not what, but the end was very near. We were ushered into the parlor, where we removed our things, then Mirza Monar^{er} came back saying, "come" I followed first then Joseph I stood upon the doorsill for one instance as though it might have been the edge of a precipice, looking upon our Lord who said something. Perhaps Welcome, but at the sound of His Voice, I flew at Him, my arms about His Blessed neck my head on His Shoulder I was breathing very hard, really panting. and the uppermost thought was Father, Father Father. I seemed like a weather beaten birdie having passed through storms and at last had reached the Heaven of rest. Just as I began to feel that I was losing consciousness, this wonderful Father led me to a chair then I was quiet and more composed and saw Him embrace and kiss your Papa, your son and brother, he will tell you how he felt.

We sat to one side of the room with Armeen, his dear Father, Mirza Monar, ^{el} Mirza Jallal, I don't remember any more oh yes another son in law and in one corner [~] sat our Lord, ^{little grand son} our beloved Lord. Very well, face beaming the inexpressible love light in His Eyes. He spoke of your recent visit (Fanny) and how Happy He was to have you and that you were sincere servants, then spoke of Almas work and among the other things said she was the Conqueror of Germany. And her conquest would last through out all eternity, while Napoleon, conquered many lands and people during his day ^u but now these lands belonged to others etc. He spoke with great joy of the Beloved in America and of ^{the} Cause, especially the Washington friends. I can't remember all that was said that night, but after a little while He arose took me by the hand and lead me across the large inner hall or court (you remember Fanny) to see the ladies, at the same time calling Monaver. He seated Himself upon the divan and I next to Him with my hand ^u encircled by His warm hand. In a few minutes, the Blessed Mother came in ^{He slipped out} and other ladies and I had to tell them about the Beloved in America ^{while} etc. Our Lord returned to Joseph embraced him and called him His Son, His own Joseph, and said he (we) should come the next morning and be His guests and then said good night. Joseph talked to the men for awhile then sent for me and we started for the Hotel. Happy beyond expression, but very quiet, we said very little. ^u and slept very little, thinking over the wonderful events of the day. Personally Our ~~Lord~~ Beloved Abdul Baha was a great and pleasant surprise, His wonderous forehead clear skin, soft white beard and moustache the hair is thin and white but not often seen, warm soft ^u and small firmly grasping hands and last but by no means least, His wonderful wonderful eyes. They express as no other eyes can unspeakable love, sympathy, power and authority, submissiveness and oh the merry twinkle I never saw any thing like it. As to His Spiritu^ual power, our knowledge increased day by day and we wondered how the people could be so

not know Him, only

blind, to see Him walking with six or more pilgrims, following at a short distance. His bearing that of humility and power combined He is
He is yes He is

ABDUL BAHA THE PERFECT.

The reason I say Abdul Baha instead of Lord or Master is ~~because~~ because He gave us a talk on this subject to give it with out the setting and in brief it is this, Lord is one title or attribute of God, Master is one attribute, Abbass another and etc. Abdul Baha is the cubmination *total* of all perfections.

Sunday

To go on the next morning we packed our things, left some cloth to be washed and by this time Dr Fareed came for us ^{and} took us for a walk and then to the home of Ruha but she was in Acca at this time. We took all the gifts out and had them ready but not till Monday morning did we present the gifts. Abdul Baha walked in saying good morning and asked how we slept made us feel comfortable and at ease then I began and placed each gift one at a time mentioned the names of the givers and the messages where there were any to give and He thanked very sweetly for their expressions of love and asked for the many letters we had brought and then said you are a letter from the Friends in America a long expressive letter, you are their gift, they have sent you meaning both of us. When a merchant wished to sell grain he sends samples of his goods to be examined and you are the samples and it is very good. Then Joseph said we wish to say to our Lord that the goods is really much better than the sample. His eyes twinkled as He replied if the goods are equal to the samples it is very good, you are dear to me. We mentioned Ruth Fuhrman and He lookes so lovingly upon her picture and smiled at the fancy positions of the childrens pictures, it gave him real pleasure, for He examined each one separately. Tell Mrs Fuhrman He gave me no answer but bowed His Head over the picture in prayer. Please tell Miss Ambrose I have secured an old handkerchief that is rough dried and

been used many times by our Lord. Should you see Mrs. Eardley tell her Abdul Baha said to me "because you supplicate for her she may come to Akka Tell Mrs. Thompson of Baltimore, that she shall stay with her husband just as long as she possibly can stand it, when it goes beyond her endurance, divorce is permissible. Tell Lady Cowles that Abdul Baha lay her steamer rug acrossed His lap folded His Blessed Hands and prayed. The other Mrs Coles (Claudia) you say He looked long at her daughters picture as though in prayer. O dear when will I be able to finish this letter always some one coming in at this very minute a lady is talking as fast as she can while I want to write. Ah dear, how glad we will be to settle down to work again, though my heart seemed nearly broken to leave our beloved Abdul Baha. To go on again with my story or at least try to It was not until Monday morning we gave the presents, but we arranged them Sunday morning, had just completed the operation when Mirza Moneer came in to us saying 'Our Lord awaits you out front.' quickly our hats and coats were put on and when we came to the front door, who should be standing at the gate but Our Lord, with a little bunch of violets which He handed to me. He helped us into His carriage and He got in back of us with Mirza Moneer and in front was the driver and old bleiever. As we were winding our way, up the steep Mountain roadway every one silent of course. Our Lord spoke, saying to me, "About two years ago you had a vision in which you were going up this steep mountain and at the top you met many strange people at the feast. Today you will see this vision literally fulfilled, in a moment He said think and there you will remember all. I did not recall this dream until I reached the top and greeted many pilgrims who had just arrived from different parts of Persia and India and Russia, believers who had traveled for three months on camels donkeys or walking as best they could, seeing these shining faces, the dream came back to me. After resting for a while and talking about America and having a friendly


chat, one very old and beautiful believer read ^h the greetings sent by the Washington friends to our Lord, their faces expressed perfect joy and Joseph and I were very happy I chanted the Commune and the Arabic chant, and they were delighted and this servant was most happy to be able to do some thing to please these wonderful people. In a few minutes Abdul Baha appeared at the door and said come, we all followed Him, Joseph and I were mixed with the others but in a second Our Lord stopped and motioned for me to come and then to Joseph to come near Him and quietly we followed Him into the Holy Tomb of the Bab on Mt. Carmel. It was very solmn and I felt utterly unworthy to be there. All stood while Our Lord chanted the Visiting Tablet in a clear ringing voice. Then He knelt ^{on} of the floor and all of us did likewise then we retreated slowly out into the garden we went into the same room where we had assembled in the first place, where the feast was prepared for us. With the exception of Joseph and I all were seated about the feast spread on the floor in real oriental fashion and Abdul Baha walking back and forth to serve us and to see that we were happy, pushing some cheese in front of Joseph or patting him on the back and saying "eat" and ~~mine and back~~ now and then let me take His Hand in mine and look at me with such unspeakable love and tenderness. He spoke to us but Joseph has it all written out, I will not attempt to give His teachings here, but never the less it seems to me the greatest lesson was that of love. He embraced Joseph several times and kissed him too, once on the crown of his head as he was kneeling at His feet. Once He called us both to sit beside Him on the divan. Being a woman I was denied the privilege of being kissed by Him, but His Hand grasp, I felt many times and to hear His Voice, as He entered one end of the house to come to us at the other end, "my daughter", "my daughter." "My daughter" until He reached us and I was at His feet. He has shown us so much love that we can never do anything now but ^{show} love to the creatures of God.

When Joseph asked how he might serve more and differently he smiled sweetly, go on just as you have been doing your services are acceptable I begged that my tongue might be loosened to glorify the Cause. He said, "You have great love, the utmost love for the Cause. That same love is service to the Cause. You serve the Beloved of God and this also is a service. Because you remember God this also is a service. You shall be confirmed to render great services. Be Confident. When we think of the great love He has showered upon us, our hearts must melt with love for every one. Oh I can hear Him now saying "my son, my daughter" in English too. First He said "My son" two or three times in English and My daughter had to be translated, then this humble servant wished with all her heart that He might call her something in English, a very few minutes afterwards He stepped into the room and said "My daughter" I could have cried for joy but I didn't.

When we were about to leave the Tomb for the carriage, we had been sitting about in groups on the grass, talking when all became silent and all stood reverently watching our Lord coming towards us from the gardeners house, He stopped, picked a rose and while doing this Mirza Moneer said "I prophecy. He is going to pick it for you." (talking to me) Sure enough, walking slowly towards the road leading to the carriage not seeming to see any one or anything until He came to where I stood, handed me the rose smiled and walked on until He came to the edge of the parapet or wall, here all Maifer lay at His Feet and at ours in that moment it seemed to me all the world was His to do with as He chose, yet like Christ He chose the humblest yet most mighty position non-resistance. He stood like a statue for quite a while as it seemed the bearing of One who has conquered the world. Like the gentle Christ, when he was being crowned with thorns and persecuted with only one to stand by Him, John, yet He said, "I have over come the world." As Our Lord stood there the unbodiment of humility and power. that

saying of Christ became clear to me. As He turned he motioned to us to precede Him to the carriage which was about a block away, higher up the Mt. As we seated ourselves we looked back to view another wonderful sight, Haifer at the foot of Mt. Carmel, the Tomb bathed in sunlight. Our Lord walking firmly up the steep mountain path towards the carriage at a little distance came about 25 pilgrims, heads bowed, hands acrossed over their breasts, Jews Zoroastrians, Moh., Greeks etc. When He reached the carriage He stopped ~~xxxxx~~ and faced them, motioning them to come nearer and then he spoke. This we did not understand of course nor was it interpred for us. But it made a wonderful picture. Then He got in the carriage and we went home, not a word was spoken.

On several occations we saw him walking on the rough Mt. roads with ten or twelve men following him and now and then he would stop and speak to them. On one of these trips he said to them, when I arrived at this place fourty years ago there were only a very few little huts about and now see the many houses, to this side, the German Colony over there awaiting the coming of the Lord. After he passed through this land they came to settle. This was news to us because we had been taught that they came in 1868 -- guess that was the Monastary.

Another time Dr. Fareed, Joseph and I went for a walk and on our return we saw Our Lord crossing the road a block away we were coming this way ~~-----~~ and he had crossed like this-- I saw that he had a bunch of flowers in his hands as he waved his other hand. Joseph began to go at a lively trot to overtake him but foolish me, I said to Ameen "No I won't run for then he will give me the flowere and I would rather the other Pilgrims should have this pleasure." What do you think, when we reached the gate, he stood near the house smiling, and Joseph was coming toward us with the most beautiful flower in the bunch, a perfect iris. Every one marveled at its beauty and wondered where Abdul Baha had gotten it. Joseph had a beautiful rose (for himself.) The point

is this, Abdul Baha had a flower for each pilgrim and one for Joseph and one for me.

Abdul Baha visited Tiberious during which time we were sent to Akka, the Holy Tomb of Baha'u'llah, and the Garden of Rizwan, the never to be forgotten trip.

Fanny, the ladies one and all send their love and wish me to tell you they often speak of your visit and what a joy it was to them. They are indeed wonderful people, especially the Greatest Holy Leaf who was especially affectionate to me which gave me great joy. She was quite distressed that we had to leave so soon, and sent word by several of the Persians to Our Lord asking Him to send us back again before we left for home. But He told us it was not wise because we would cause the people to wonder at our being there so soon again and be means of trouble. Don't ask me how I felt when I had to leave the peace of the Holy Tomb. It seemed as though I could not leave though I knew I kept the others waiting, I believe a long time. I did not hear them go out nor would it have made any difference, it was heavenly and I longed to stay. At first it seemed my whole being seemed like a surging sea, my head buzzing and I found my self wondering at this condition, all of a sudden I seemed to see Abdul Baha, on my right hand and the eyes of the Greatest Holy Leaf on my left, and all was at peace, such peace that paseth all understanding. At last realizing it was time to go to the others outside I backed to the door, but my heart failed me, I must step back for one more prayer, and I did so. Oh such joy cannot be imagines it must be felt. After putting my shoes on and we were about to leave, a relative of Baha'u'llah or the gentleman who lives next to the Holy Tomb and cares for the Tomb came to us with two little bunches of violets that had been in the Holy of Holies for two days, and presented them to us. These we have pressed and will bring with us. At the Rizwan we recieved two pomegranates that

had been on the chair where Baha'u'llah had sat, in the room where He lived while at the Rizwan. How strange it seemed to be walking about the Garden where He the Most Glorious, walked and taught His beloved. The mulberry trees with its twisted branches and the natural seat. On arriving at this Garden all were surprised to find that other pilgrims were there ahead of us, ten or twelve of those whom we had met at the Holy Tomb of the Bab. They were just being served tea when we arrived on the scene. We also were served and then explored the gardens. After receiving a number of beautiful flowers we went to the carriage. All the pilgrims gathered about us to bid us God speed, and we started for Haifa. Forgot to say that while in the Garden, we were permitted to go in the Blessed Room, in which His Blessed Perfection sat and rested or wrote. We were told to enter but neither of us had the physical power to go further than the door sill. We prostrated ourselves in awe and prayer. I was dimly aware of a large, possibly an armchair, the seat of which was covered with fresh fragrant beautiful flowers. It was indeed a very strange experience to know of a Powerful Presence and not able to see but an unmistakable feeling of His Presence. Similar to the experience in the Holy Tomb only this time there was not that struggle for peace and understanding. We received that at the Holy Tomb, and when we gazed upon the Photographs in Akka, of Baha'u'llah and the Bab. That experience defies expression, at least on my part.

Another experience, silly perhaps, but not for me. I was very serious when a piece of lemon was handed to me, from the lemon tree, growing in the Rizwan Garden. It was eaten with the solemn prayer on my part, that, like I as in the Story, I might eat with equal joy the sour as well as the sweets offered by God.

Just remember the story of the peacock at Akka. One day while in the Presence of our Beloved, and feeling extremely unworthy: He

said when you visit Akka notice the feet of the peacock, they are ugly. The peacock proudly struts about with his beautiful tail feathers spread out, he is proud, but the moment he glances at his feet the tail feathers drop. So you must keep your faces and hearts turned to God always, never look upon your unworthiness.

The drive along the beach was delightful although somewhat sad because the shore was lined with wreckage from an Italian steamer that had been dashed against the rocks at the foot of Mt. Carmel. Many hundreds of oranges, washstands, beds, tables, railings, doors, floors, great bails of cotton, and hay there- - - - - I must stop just this minute to mail this or I fear you will never get it. Continued in our next. So much has happened during the writing of this letter I fear it is very bad, but perhaps in Algeria or Naples I may find time.

Pauline

Your homesick little Mother

Thabet be a good brave boy and pray for us