



gain a place beside me in the Eternal Kingdom.”

Soon after this dinner was announced and our Master seated me beside Him, — then His wife, the “Greatest Holy Leaf,” and His daughters made up the rest of the party, while His sons-in-law waited upon us. This meal was served according to the Arabic fashion, — on a very low table, around which we sat on the floor upon cushions. Once during the meal our Lord took a piece of bread, and putting on it some honey, handed it to me to eat, saying as He did so: “Let all of your words be as sweetly flavored with kindness to all people — as this bread is flavored by honey.” When I swallowed this mouthful from His blessed hand I truly felt a great spiritual blessing, — my heart was fairly melted by the power of love, and the tears fell like rain over my cheeks. The “Greatest Leaf” took her handkerchief, and, wiping my eyes, said: “You are blessed — be happy.” Indeed I was happy — my tears were tears of joy! After the meal was over I poured the water on His hands while He washed His face (a custom in the Orient after eating); then He handed me the towel and I did likewise, — He saying, after I had finished: “Now you must go and wash from the faces of the people the clouds of ignorance, and from their hearts the love of this world — that they may receive the Spirit of Truth and shine as lamps in the Kingdom!”

He then went out to see some of the officials and I spent the evening with the “Greatest Leaf” and the daughters. We were chanting tablets and I was trying hard to tell them in Persian something about the Believers in America, and succeeded quiet well for the little time I have studied the language, though sometimes we had a good laugh over my queer accent, especially on words containing the guttural sounds. They never tire of hearing about the work in America, and the four daughters are studying English very diligently so they can speak to the pilgrims as they come to Acca in the future. We retired about 11 o’clock, and I was very happy indeed.

Next morning very early the Babis in Acca began to assemble at the house of our Lord, the ladies going to the room of the “Holy Leaf” and the men remaining down stairs. The occasion of this gathering was on account of March 21st being New Year’s Day, according to the Babis, so it was a feast day. Our Lord came into the room and gave to everybody some sweets from His hand, after which Rooha Khanum, one of his daughters, chanted a beautiful tablet. Then He arose, and, saying a few words of welcome, went to the room occupied by the men. There He gathered all of the children together and gave each of them a few coins, about ten or fifteen cents, which made them all delighted and very happy, of course, because He gave it to them. After drinking tea and visiting a little while, they all went away. Then we had lunch, and directly after prepared to make my last visit to the tomb of the Manifestation. I went in a closed carriage with Rooha Khanum, and upon our arrival we went into a small room where we remained hidden until all of the others had made the visit with

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our Master and departed. Then He came and told us to come out, which we did,

— the three of us then being in that sacred place alone! Immediately He led the way to the room where lies the precious casket which contained the most brilliant jewel that ever shone upon this earth, — Beha u' llah, — and there He lifted up his voice in supplication for me, — (worm of the dust that I am! Oh God, my heart burns like fire and my tears flow like rain when I think of it!) — asking that I should receive the confirmation of the Holy Spirit, and go forth to work in the cause of God, guiding souls to the Kingdom! What this day was to me no one can ever know! My work, my words, my deeds must tell in the future whether or not He prayed for me in vain! I can only say I wanted to fall at His feet then and there, and give my heart, my soul and my life for the dear and sacred mouth that had spoken in my behalf! I then prayed for our teacher who was the means of giving us the Truth in America, for I felt that if I should live a thousand years I could never ask God enough to repay him for what he has done for me and for those I love in my own dear native land. I can never do it; God only can pay my deep debt of gratitude by answering my supplications for his welfare! As we turned away, my eyes lingered lovingly upon the sacred place, — and in my heart I could only feebly thank God for His great mercy and many blessings which I can never deserve, though I give my life for His sake by shedding my blood in His cause, — which I pray may be my happy lot, — when His will in me is done!

It was dark when we reached the house of the Master in Acca, so we had dinner soon after. The Master was not present as He was obliged to go away on business directly after our return, to the house of one of the government officials. We had a pleasant evening in the apartment of the “Greatest Leaf,” reading tablets, singing, visiting, etc., — after which we retired.

Next morning, March 22d, Mr. Getsinger came and was welcomed by our Lord, who kissed him tenderly on both cheeks and bade him sit beside Him while he wrote many tablets, occasionally smiling and speaking a few words to him, asking after his health, if he were happy, etc. — though writing all the time. The great power of the Spirit is very apparent when He is thus occupied, and it is a blessing to be in His presence. All the day long He was very busy as many people came to Him, but in the evening He came into the room where His son-in-law, Mousin Effendi, Mr. Getsinger and myself were sitting (we bowing before Him as He entered) and sat down upon the sofa, telling my husband to sit by His side, while He motioned me to my accustomed place at His feet. Then, putting one arm around him and laying Mr. Getsinger's head on His shoulder, at the same time gently stroking my head with His other hand, He began talking to us. His son-in-law interpreting what He said. “My children,” He began, “tomorrow you leave us, and while we would love to see you always, would always love to have you with us, it is better that you should go and work in the cause of God, for thereby He will open upon your faces the door of His gifts and shower upon you His blessings. Have no fears, God is with you, and with all those who are striving to advance His Truth throughout your country. You must say to all the Believers in America that I love them and pray for them, and in turn I desire that they love and pray for each other, ever seeking to be united together, living in harmony and concord, for where division is God

is not. The law of His whole universe is unity, and discord must in no wise enter in among you. You must be kind to each other and act toward each other like true children of the Kingdom — thus you will all please me and please our Father Who art in heaven.” Oh, if you could have seen the expression of love and tenderness on His face as He uttered these words — it seemed that His whole great, noble soul was pleading for the complete union in every respect of the Believers in America. Oh, I beg of all of you to love each other as He, our Lord, loves all of us. If you see faults in each other, overlook them quickly and forgive them — for His dear sake! He then sent His son-in-law for some bread and syrup, made from the juice of pomegranates, which he brought and placed before Him on a low table. Our Master took the bread and breaking it dipped it into the syrup and gave a piece to Mr. Getsinger, another to me, and took one Himself; then told us to eat it, — which we did, — it tasting most delicious, after which

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He, smiling sweetly, said. “Now I send you out into the world to give to the Hungry souls who are seeking to know their God-the “Bread of Life” which is The Word of God, and to show them how sweet is the “Water of Life,” which is faith in God.”

Then He talked about our journey, inquiring most carefully how long it Would take, and telling us, when we reached Cairo, that we should see Mirza Abdul Fazl and Abdul Karim, who would tell us some things we wished to know (Mirza Abdul Fazl is, we find, a most learned man. He knows the Bible by heart and is a great historian.) He then told us that He wished us to be in America in six weeks after we left Acca, so our stay in Cairo must be short. Arising and bidding us “good night,” He went to sleep.

Thursday, March 23d, our last day at the Holy Household, was a beautiful Day. Early in the morning Rooha Khanum called me and arising hastily I went with her to the room of the “Greatest Leaf,” where the Master was sitting. He bade me welcome as I entered, and I knelt before Him, kissing His hand, and then sat down at His feet beside the “Holy Leaf,” and we drank tea together. As I looked at Him and thought “I must leave Him today,” the tears came to my Eyes and my heart was very heavy, though I tried hard to conceal my feelings. He noticed it and said: “Do not cry-be happy. I will go with you in spirit-the separation of the body is nothing. I will go with you.” I dried my eyes and went with Him to the room where He writes, and with Rooha Khanum sat down while He began His work for the day. He took up Mr. Chase’s picture which was on the divan beside Him-also one of Mr. Clark and one of Mr. Struven (pupils of mine in Ithaca)-and, looking at them kissed first one and then another, then turned and said: “You must tell them that I kissed their pictures and am glad to have them; that they are my sons and my heart longs to see them so that I may kiss them.”

Soon after He called Mr. Getsinger into the room and gave him a bottle containing juice of pomegranate; also to each of us a small bottle of oil of

roses. Shortly before noon He went out and we watched Him as He walked through the court, for we wanted to see Him as much as possible. After a little time He returned and sat down to luncheon with us, one on each side of Him. We could scarcely swallow for we well knew it was our last meal with Him and The thought of parting was breaking our hearts! As we left the table, a servant said: "The carriage is ready"-so then began the "Good-byes" which were painful in the extreme, though everybody was trying to be brave, but it was impossible-we all cried-and when we went to our Lord I was faint and sick. He came quickly from the room and, taking me by the hand, led me down one Flight of stairs. And I pressed His hand to my lips, while He turned away and silently kissed Mr. Getsinger-then left us hastily. When I reached the court below it seemed that the sun grew dark for I realized I would not see Him again, and the pain of it was awful!

We rode in silence back to Haifa and very soon went on board the steamer. From the deck we watched Acca fade out of sight, and then I knew that only my body was going away for I had left my heart there-at His feet.

Please give my love to all the Believers, and tell them to all be firm in the faith for this is the Glorious Truth and we will live forever and ever.

I am yours faithfully in the cause of God,

(Signed) LUA M. GETSINGER.

#### LETTER FROM MRS. GETSINGER TO THE ASSEMBLY IN CHICAGO.

To the Assembly in Chicago, Greetings:

We reached Haifa Thursday, December 8th, about 10:30 p.m., and were met by Dr. Kheiralla and two or three Babis; they all welcomed us heartily and conducted us to a coffee house where we were served with refreshments. An old man was there waiting for us and he, as I was afterwards informed, is the uncle of the Greatest Branch, and was sent by the latter to welcome us. Never have I seen a face more full of love and kindness. He saluted us and his countenance beamed with pleasure while he expressed himself as being so

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thankful upon our safe arrival. After drinking some tea, we went from this place to our hotel, several of the Believers walking. The streets are very narrow and dark, so a man, the hotel-keeper, walked ahead of us with a lantern to light the way. Our friends remained conversing with us at the hotel until after midnight, excepting the old gentleman; he did not accompany us, as it was late and he desired to leave early the next morning for Acca to report our arrival to the Greatest Branch — our Master.

We slept but little that night, our minds being occupied with the thoughts that perhaps tomorrow we shall see Him, and kiss the hem of the blessed garment of our Lord. We arose early the next morning, our hearts eagerly expectant, but all day no word came.

In the evening we were invited to the house of Housyn Effendi (one of the Believers living in Acca), and upon our arrival he met us at the door, welcomed us, saying that he was the bearer of good news to us. He had received a letter from Abbas Effendi that day stating “He would be pleased to welcome us on the morrow, and that His heart longed to see the first American pilgrims.” We went back to our hotel after spending a most delightful evening, our host and hostess taking great pains to make us happy, showing us every kindness and hospitality; often remarking that we must not consider ourselves guests, for their house was ours, and everything they had at our disposal.

As you may imagine, sleep was out of the question that night, my husband and I were talking all the time, and congratulating ourselves upon our great blessings and good fortune, and counting the hours which passed too slowly, until the dawn of the morrow should come! We arose early, dressing ourselves with great care, feeling the best we had was not half good enough to wear upon this our first visit to the Holy City, and shortly after 8 o’clock the carriage drove up and Dr. Kheiralla, his daughter, my husband and myself started for the place of all places, the New Jerusalem, the Holy Abode of the Most High and the Dwelling Place of our Gracious Lord.

It is about five miles from Haifa to Acca — the road close to the sea — indeed in the sea, for the horses were walking in the water, and at times the waves dashed nearly to the top of the wheels. After riding about a quarter of an hour we could see the city in the distance; it was a beautiful morning and as we looked we could but think of the description in the Bible, “a city all of gold beside a crystal sea.” It was bathed in a flood of golden sunshine and the sea splashing up against its walls sparkled with splendor. We gradually approached nearer and nearer until at last we passed “the shed which serves as a coffee house outside the wall,” and entered the city by its “solitary gate,” and drove straight to the house of Abbas Effendi. We entered the garden, ascended one flight of stairs, and were shown into a hall, or reception room, where we removed our wraps, and we were welcomed by the uncle, who told us to pass into the next room. Dr. Kheiralla went ahead, and by the violent beating of my heart I knew we were soon to behold the blessed face of the Prince of the House of David, the King of the whole world. We reached the door and stopped — before us in the center of the room stood a man clad in a long raiment with a white turban upon His head, stretching one hand out toward us, while His face (which I cannot describe) was lighted by a rare sweet smile of joy and welcome! We stood thus for a moment unable to move — then my heart gave a great throb and, scarcely knowing what I was doing. I held out my arms, crying, “My Lord, my Lord!!” and rushed to Him, kneeling at His blessed feet, sobbing like a child! He put His dear hands upon our bowed heads and said, in a voice that seemed to our ears like a strain of sweet music, “Welcome, welcome, my dear children, you are welcome; arise and be of good cheer.” Then He sat down upon a low divan and we sat on one side almost facing Him, Dr. Kheiralla and his daughter on the other side, and He began to talk to us. To my husband He said that “He should prosper in his scientific work, and God would bless him and enable him to do good in many directions. And

as the vibrations of light emanating from the sun magnetize the earth, so should the Word of God magnetize the hearts and draw them from the West to mingle in love with the hearts in the East.” He remained with us but a few moments

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(as His time was so fully occupied) when He arose and again bidding us “welcome” went into another room where He writes and meets those who come to Him for help and counsel.

We were then taken into another room, where we met the Greatest Holy Leaf and many other ladies. They welcomed us very graciously, the Holy Leaf taking Dr. Kheiralla’s daughter and myself in her arms and kissing us very tenderly on both cheeks; then they made tea for us and showed us great kindness! We remained conversing with them until noon, then she took us by the hand and led us to the table, seating one on each side of her and serving us most beautifully with many varieties of food, which were very good indeed. After dinner we were served with coffee, the fragrance and flavor of which was most delicious. Then a servant brought us some meats from the Greatest Branch, and such a generous supply that I am going to bring them home that you all may taste.

In the afternoon they read tablets aloud and told us many interesting things connected with the early history of the Babis; so swiftly did the time pass that we were quite astonished when dinner was announced; they served a special menu for us, as they eat much later than we do, but so anxious was I to see my Lord again that I begged He would at least come into the room with us; this request was more than granted, for He came and sat at the table, seating me on His right and my husband at His left. I felt too happy to eat and sat with my eyes riveted upon His glorious face. He turned toward me and, sweetly smiling, said: “The love of God burning in your heart is manifest upon your face and it gives us joy to look upon you.” I then called his attention to St. Luke 14:15. “Blessed is he who shall eat bread in the Kingdom of God.” He thereupon took up the loaf and broke it and gave each one of us a piece of the same. I have kept mine and am also going to bring it that you may see it. After the meal was over He left us and went out, as He had something to attend to, and did not return until 11 o’clock; then He came into the room where we were sitting (all of us rising as He entered and bowing low before Him) and sat down and began talking to us in a low, soft, musical voice. My husband asked permission to sit nearer to Him, which He granted, and sat him down at His right; I longed intensely to go nearer, but said nothing. After a moment He turned toward me, smiled, and waived His hand that I also might come. I sat down at His blessed feet, while He took my hand and, looking down upon me tenderly as a loving father, He sat and conversed with us nearly half an hour; then He arose, bade us good night, blessing us, and we all retired. I couldn’t sleep! My heart was too full! I was too infinitely happy. I could only live over and over again the precious moments I had spent in His presence and long to see Him once more.

I fell into a sweet sleep just as morn was breaking, after which I awoke feeling greatly refreshed, and arose, dressing myself, impatient to be among my friends and the holy people, for I felt each moment with them to be a great blessing indeed, and every word from their lips to be a precious gem. Miss Kheiralla and I went to the apartment of the Greatest Leaf, who kissed us and inquired if we had rested well. Then a servant brought us some nice fruit and each a beautiful bouquet of flowers from the Greatest Branch, who had sent her to ask if we were well and comfortable.

During the day we were conducted to the special garden of the Manifestation, the one (according to Dr. Kheiralla) described in the prophecies thus: "The place of my throne is part on the water and part on the land, under a green tent that has neither ropes nor a center pole to sustain it." And it is literally so, for this garden is on a small island, a river on each side of it, and there are two places built, upon which the Manifestation used to sit, one in the east and one in the west of the garden, and these places are built in such a way that they are "part on the water and part on the land," then two large trees, one in each end of the garden, their branches meeting in the center, form the green tent most perfectly. In this most beautiful spot we sat down upon the seats before "His throne," and were served with tea by those who accompanied us thither, also the gardener brought us fruits and flowers from the "garden of

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our Glorious God," and they were delicious, both to taste and see. In one part of this place is a small cottage where the Manifestation used sometimes to stay, and we were permitted to enter this also, to go into the room which He always occupied, kneel before the chair upon which He sat, and to kiss the place upon which the soles of His feet rested. The spiritual atmosphere of this place was overwhelming; our tears fell like rain over our faces, and some of the Believers with us cried aloud. Indeed, to enter this room is a great blessing. I have felt nearer to God since that day! On the chair was a wreath of flowers, and some beautiful cut roses placed there by the Greatest Branch, who commanded that they should be given to us (my husband, Dr. Kheiralla, his daughter and myself); also four large oranges, which were on the table opposite, as we left that most sacred place.

From here we were taken to the tomb of the Manifestation, and you must excuse me if I do not enter into detail about this, I cannot find words to express myself, suffice it to say, that the Greatest Branch let me walk in His footsteps and led me by the hand into this sacred place, where I knelt down and begged of God to cleanse my heart from all impurity and kindle within it the fire of His love. I also remembered there the Assembly in Chicago and begged God's blessing to be showered upon you. After this visit we walked in the garden and our Lord, with His own blessed hands, picked flowers and leaves, which He gave us to take to the faithful Believers in America.

That night He sat us all at the table, and dismissed the servants, saying He

would serve us Himself, and He did so. He did not sit at the table with us, but waited upon us! At the conclusion of the meal He said: "I have served you tonight that you may learn the lesson of ever serving your fellow creatures with love and kindness." He bade us good-night and advised us all to rest early, so we went to bed and this night I had a long delicious sleep and rest.

The next morning He brought me a most beautiful bunch of white narcissus and allowed me to kiss His blessed hand as He gave them to me. He sat down and drank tea with us, then rose and bade us "adieu," as we were going back to Haifa that day and He had been called away. As we were quitting the city we saw Him standing by the gate, and He smiled at us as we passed. Then we returned "by the road in the sea" to Haifa, our hearts both happy and sorrowful, happy because we had seen Him and sorrowful because we were leaving Him.

Oh, dear people, make firm your faith and belief, for truly He is our Lord. It seems to me that no one could doubt should He smile upon them, and no one could turn from Him should He seek to confirm them! But this He will not do, as God had declared that each must seek to confirm himself and gave to each of us the power or will for that purpose. I feel these words are very weak and inadequate, but I assure you no one could describe this place and 'tis foolish to try — to know each must see for himself, therefore pray God earnestly that the blessing of coming here may soon be bestowed. There is no other place in the world worth seeing, and surely no other King worthy of homage.

And now I send you all my love and pray God to bless you all now and forever! May your hearts all be united, and your souls become as one soul living in separate bodies. Thus you will resemble our Lord, and draw nearer unto God, the loving Father of us all!

Your loving sister and co-worker in the cause,

LUA MOORE GETSINGER.

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