

(for they were singing), tears filled my eyes and a great lump choked me. Then I looked and saw we were but a half dozen who had come as guests, and all, like myself, were deeply affected. It was Madam Ponsonaille, a woman with a strong, kind and most intelligent face, who evidently had taught the children to sing and who with her whole heart was leading and keeping time for them, for they had no instrument. After the song Mons. Ponsonaille read a Tablet sent by the Master, for he called Abdul-Baha "The Master," and it is quite evident that they all know him as the Master. Mons. Ponsonaille, who has a delicate, most refined face — that of a gentleman in its fullest sense — talked for a time; they sang again, and then all their little heads were turned towards the entrance and it was evident that their hearts were full of expectancy and they longed to see the One who had promised to come to visit them. The oldest of these children were not over fifteen — from that down to babies in the arms — all ages and kinds, clothed cleanly in clothes that had no fit, or were misfits rather.

At last there was a silence. Then all arose to their feet as Abdul-Baha quickly entered and walked up the narrow center passage to the front and stood. Mons. Dreyfus-Barney and Tammadon-ul-Molk took their places on the side. Mons. Dreyfus-Barney acted as interpreter. Abdul-Baha said:

"I am very glad to be here with you. I am very glad to see you all here. I love you very much. I have been in many beautiful houses, but this is more beautiful to me than any of the others, for the spirit of the love of BAHĀ'O'LLĀH is here. You are all receiving the teachings of God and learning how to act and live and some day you will be great and wise for having learned the truth. I have seen many beautiful rich children, but to me you are more beautiful, and I love you all (as Christ loved little children) here. Monsieur and Madam Ponsonaille are your spiritual teachers. They give you food and understanding eternal of God, while your parents are giving you your material food and care for your bodies. You must love these good friends."

Turning to Monsieur and Madam Ponsonaille, he said: "This is a great work you are doing for the love of God in this great day, through the power of BAHĀ'O'LLĀH. Your station is great. Your names will go down through all the ages. Kings and Queens have never been talked of and remembered as you will be. You are workers in the Kingdom of ABHĀ and I am very happy and love you very much."

Then with his head upturned and the palms of his hands upturned together, as if to receive in them the pouring down of the Holy Spirit, he chanted a prayer and blessing, and coming down from the small elevation, on which he was standing, to where the children were, all crowded close around him, and laying his hands caressingly upon some of their heads and taking the hands of others with a loving smile to all, with difficulty he passed down the aisle to the door. Near me were some rough boys whom I was often obliged to quiet before Abdul-Baha entered the hall. But after he came they never moved nor spoke and when he passed out they fell over each other in their great desire to have him take their hands.

Outside the door stood Mons. Ponsonaille, and Abdul-Baha, putting his hand inside his gown, took out many gold pieces and gave to him as he bade him good-bye. He walked down the street toward the carriage so quickly that our little party was at least twenty feet behind. Oh! what a sight. In every doorway and window were people — and such people! A very poor man held the carriage door open as Abdul-Baha entered with his little party, Mons. and Madam Dreyfus-Barney and Tammadon-ul-Molk. The crowd were fighting and calling names but a gendarme and Mons. De Scott protected us as we passed on safely.

So ended a never-to-be-forgotten day, having seen Abdul-Baha among the children of the poor of the streets of Paris and I thought again of the light I saw twice on Fridays in Acca and wondered if they were missing him and longing for his return and loving help. The thought comes to me now of what the world's poverty will be after his departure and to us who have been fed from his hand on the Bread of Life.

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