

? 5):-

essence of compassion, the poignancy of tenderness is in that turn of the head ...

.April 2.th

A t-ESSAGJI from Abdul Daha to my mother:

" Con,áey to thy dear mother the greetings of AbHA. Say to her:

- Always remember my advices. It is my hope that thou mayest forget everything save God. Nothing in this world is sufficient for man. God alone is sufficient for him. God is the protector of man. AU the world ..viU not protect the soul.á "

eA.priJIJth

T OD.t Y Abdul spoke at hlatoric lvfortcn ás. Ag:iin because of D.:zh-a

the immense crowd He spoke st:tnJing on the stairway, donlinating :ill the be:iuity of that house by His superlative Dcauty.

His theme th:it day ,vas the spiritual seasons, and in the midst of His address a delicious little thing happened ,vhich, slight tho' it was, I ,vant ro keep. In its very sli~htt)c:ss, it "áill dra,v the people of the futurc closer to the !\laster, just as it dre,v us.

Those render little touches of His hunl or :inJ siImplicity-ho,v precious they are!-bridging at the tnomcnt the illimitable space het,veen us and His perfection-making His divinity accessiblcl The disciples in the past, looking back io those mystctious J;lys,vith their Lord over the :i.byss of their trngic sep:lr:ltion fro,n Hiin, ,vc:rc, I suppose, a,vcd into silence .tbout the little rhiu.~J-the :l llor.lblelittl, thingJ. So " the Man of Sorro,vs " h;ls been just-the .l\lan of Sorro,vs to us-Love and Sorrow. \Ve h.lve never fonncd any conception of the .l\l:inof Love and Joy, grc:it, bouyant joy, a Christ whose love overflowed in little tendernesses and ,whose joy overflowed in fun and ,vit-a happy, s1niling, laughing Chrisc.

But no,v to tell you of chis little thing: \Vith His celestial eloquence .Abdul Daha had described the spiritual springtime-the qujckcning ::ind aiv.akcning to Jjfc, .. V.i T .lbcscr:ln,.. He began 2nd paused for the translation-when poor Ahmad (the translator) lost the English word I But while Ahtnad stood, c.onfuscd :ind helpless, .Abdul D.aha, wjrh .2 smile of brjgbt humor, translated for Hirn-? 6):--

self: " Summer," He laughed. Whereupon a little ripple of delight ran through the audicnc. The charm of Him had captured chenl.all! { Afterwards He went up to rest in Mr. Morten's room. He had seen one hundred and forty people .that nlorning, and was so spent that He seeIncd almost ill. Bis fatigue \Was evident to all, and yet-the people had no pity I \When I returned from an errand to the kitchen, I found that His rest was being cruelly intruded on. Literally hundreds of people were streaming tow;irds Hjs room. A dozen ivcre in the room; at the door ,vere many eager faces, and behind them,

coming up the stairs-a procession!

"Oh, can't we shut the door?" I asked the interpreter. But Abdul Baba heard my question.

"Let them come now," He said, gently.

The disciples' attitude and-the ~lascr's attitude! \\hat a difference there has always been between chem Iáá Suffer rhe liccle children to come unto me! " And the disciples \\Vere such little children themselves that He had to put it that way-" suffer them! "

Tenderly He pressed a baby to His breast, smiling and fondling it.

" DeautifuJ b.abuJ LjttJc chicken! " He said, in His dear English~ then explained that " little chicken " was the Turkish pet name: for child.

A young single taxer began to question Him, •• What message shall I take to my friends? "

" Tell them," laughed the Master, with that wonderful spice of keen hunlor in His face, " to come into the Kingdom of God. There they will find plenty of land-and there are no taxes on it! "

..A.prill8th

THIS morning the Master agreed to go to the Bowery Mission, and He began to speak about it.

á" I want to give them some money," He said to me, " I am il llove with the poor. How many poor men go to the Mission? ..

•• .About three hundred,"

•• Take this bill to the bank, Juliet, and change it into quarters,"

He said, and He drew from His breast a thou.sandfranc note. " Keep the money," He further instructed me,áá and meet me at the Mission ..;(1 ?

with it in a bag." And He gave the same instructions to Edward Getsinger, with a second thousand franc note.

As I lefc the room, with sonle lilies of the valley in my hand, che pretty little chambermaid stopped me.

" Did He give you those? "she asked .

.. y cs. ..

" He gave me some flowers yesterday-some roses. I think He is a Saint."

The next night ,ve met the M:ister at the Bo,very Mission. Of the scene there) ,vrote to J\áIr... • th:tt fine person so strangely withheld from giving his life to the Master, ,vhosc principles he serves. through some blindness of the inrclect. To him ,who seems to roe the type of that rich young m:tn who, though he came to Jesus loving him, still ,vould not sell all to follow Him, I quoted the words of the Master to the poor. Hoi.v He had begun:

•á Christ said, • Dlesseclare the poor.á He never said, Dlcsscd are the rich."

How He had gone on:

•• Ther.efore, you must be thankful to God that although in this world you are indigent, yet the treasures of God arc within your

reach; and although in the material realm you are poor, yet in the Kingdom of God you are precious.

" His Holiness, Jesus Himself, was poor. He did not belong to the rich! He passed His time in the desert, traveling among the poor and lived upon the herbs of the field. He had no place to lay His head - no home. He was exposed to the open to heat, cold and frost" (how descriptive of the lives of those who)jsscedl), " to inclement weather of all kinds; yet He chose this rather than riches. If riches were considered a glory, the Prophet Moses would have chosen them, Jesus ,ould have chosen them. ~ 7hcn Jesus appeared, it w:ts the poor who accepted Him fust,not the rich. Therefore,yo11 arc the disciples of Christ; you are His comrades, for He, outwardly, was poor, not rich.

"Even earthly happiness does not depend upon wealth. You will find many of the wealthy exposed to dangers and troubled by difficulties, and in their last moments upon the bed of death there remains the ? 8):-

regret that they must be separated from that to which their hearts are so attached. They come into this ,world naked and they must go from it naked. All they possess they must leave behind and pass away solitary, alone. Often at the time of death their souls are (iJlcJ with ren1orse, and, worst of all, their hope in the mercy of God is less than ours. Praise be to God, our hope is the mercy of God, and there is no doubt that the Divine Coinp:1ssion is bestowed upon the poor; His Holiness Jesus Christ said so. His Holiness Bah:i'o'-llah said so ... The poor are very dear to God. The mercies and bounties of God are with the1n. The rich are mostly negligent, inattentive, steeped in worldliness, depending upon their means, whereas the poor are dependent upon God, and their reliance is upon Him-not upon themselves. Therefore, the poor are nearer to the threshold of God and co His throne.

•• Jesus was a poor man. One night when He was out in the fields the rain began to fall. He had no place to go for shelter, so He lifted His eyes toward Heaven, saying: ' O Father! áFor the birds of the air Thou hast created nests, for the sheep a fold, (oráthe animals dens, for the (tshcs places of refuge, but for me Thou hast provide-I no shelter. There is no place where I can lay my head. My bed is the cold ground. My lamps at night are the stars and nly food the herbs of the field. Yet who upon earth is richer than I ? For the greatest blessing Thou hast not given to the rich and mighty, but unto me Thou hast given the po(r)!

" ' To me Thou hast granted this blessing. They ate 11 line!Therefore, am I the richest one on earth.' "

(Ah, can you not feel the divine love in the words ... the yearning . . . the ptofundicjes of tenderness-the unspeakable consolation? It was like a song of love-a deeply s,,elling anthem.)

" So, my cdtnfades, you are following in Ebe foocscps of Jesus

Christ. Your lives are similar to His. Your attitude is like unto His. You resemble Him more than the rich resemble Him. Therefore we will thank God that we have been so blessed with real riches. (" And in conclusion I ask you to accept Abdul Bahá as your servant. ••

I then tried to describe that wonderful scene in which Abdul Bahá

proved His servitude to them: How He had stood at the church door to greet the men as they passed out, and to more than greet them-to add to those tender words of His a gift.

Ah, the pitiful procession-the bread-line-the homeless, the hungry, the moral failures-broken figures, blurred faces, sunken noses. Why should I attempt to paint such a scene! Of course, I am not equal to it. Only ... here was a forlorn army of men in the depths of life-in the very " mud and scum of things," where, nevertheless, as the poet so greatly says: " always, always, some leeching sings," and here stood One who looked Divine, receiving them like prodigal sons?-strayed sheep-No!-like His dear and unblemished children! Ah, how can I say it more truly than in this way-here stood the Eternal Christ, in His rejection -on the shining mirror of the Screen, Abdul Bahá-the Eternal Christ and His beloved poor, who, wrecks though they seemed, resembled Him " more than the rich resembled Him "

Into each poor palm as He clasped it He pressed His little gift of two, three or four quarters-just a symbol-and! the price of a bed! Not a homeless shelterless that night! And finally, I could see, found a spiritual shelter, a home in His heart. I could see it by the faces lifted to His-and in His face bent on theirs.

It was wonderful to witness the looks interchanged. First, the look in the poor, lifted face of grateful surprise at the gift found in the palm; then the lifted eyes, widening, with wonder, as they met the divine gaze bent upon them; then a flash of revelation from the eyes of Abdul Bahá-a flash of mysterious love, while His hand closed tightly again over that other hand with the clasp that saves.

Who can tell the effect of that immortal glance through the lives, and even at the moment of death, perhaps, of each of these men? Who can tell what the future that night?

I write and write, but I can not express His love-the divine profundity of it, the poignancy of it, the divine wealth and warmth, the consolation of it ... These can only be felt; there are no human words to convey them. This record is a futile one-it is wholly inexpressive-it is an external thing. I can not make it simple enough, nor great ... I started to say, " (at enough to Who could? But I least ?)=-,

of all! But my words seem ill-chosen. I can not find the right ones. I realize, too, as I write, that I am a babe in such things that I am just on the surface ... that I have not apprehended. Yet,

perhaps, if I write of the apparatus, I or others may use them as symbols, seeing more of their significance later. I can only try.

My pen has run away with me. I have not in the list quoted what I wrote to Mr I said none of these things to him. I told him, however, of an incident after our return from the hotel.

In the upper hall, on our way to the Master's apartment, we had met the little chambermaid-the girl who the day before had told me of the roses He had given her. In the bag there were about eighty quarters left over from the Mission, and all these the Master emptied into the little maid's apron. Then He passed swiftly into His apartment, we following-all but Mr. Grundy, whom the maid stopped.

"Oh, see what He has given me," she said. And when Mr. Grundy told her of His gifts to the men at the Mission: "I will do the same with this money," she exclaimed, "I, too, will give it."

Later, as we sat in a group around the Master, who was at that moment saying with a laugh (in reply to some question as to the advisability of charity), "assuredly, give to the poor! If you give them only words, when they put their hands into their pockets they will find themselves none the richer for you!" there came a light tap at the door and there on the threshold stood the little chambermaid. Her eyes were glistening with tears and in a sort of wonder, and oblivious of the rest of us, she walked straight up to the Master:

"I came to say good-bye, sir," she said, timidly and brokenly, "and to thank you for all your goodness to me . . . I never expected such goodness. And to ask you to pray for me!" Her head drooped, her voice broke . . . she turned and went out quickly.

There were many things I saw, and many things I heard, too, that night which I did not mention in my letter.

The Master took me back to supper with Him. As we drove up
..:(11)>

On the way (imagine being with Him on the "Great White Way") as we drove up the crudely glittering street, flashing with electric advertisements, He spoke of them smilingly.

He told us, had loved light.

• He could never get enough light. He taught us to economize in everything else, but to use light freely."

• "It is so marvelous," I said, "to be driving through this glitter of light which the real Light-the Light of lights!"

• "This is nothing," He answered. "This is only the beginning. We will be together in all the worlds of God. You can not realize here what that means. You can not imagine it. You can form no conception here-in the elemental world-of what it will be to be with me in the Eternal Worlds I"

c5Hay22nd.

On, those mornings at the Hotel Ansonia, in the first few bedrooms I
{ The Master would invariably keep me all morning, calling me
again and again to Him. People thronged there; sometimes over
hundred and fifty in a morning. He would become exhausted and
receive them in bed.

Sitting in the outer room I would watch them go in and come out-
all different ... as if they had had a bath of life-freshened-
(thickened-or like candles that had been lighted.

Leonard Abbott came out with flushed cheeks and brightened eyes.

{ •• That beautiful bead against the pillow ...vs ! " he said to me.

(Charles Rann Kennedy exclaimed: " I was in the Presence of
God!"

One dear woman-a Mrs. Angel, till that moment a stranger to me,
came from the Master's room straight to me. Her whole being was in
agitation.

•á Oh," she sobbed, with her head on my shoulder, "He told me I
would be blessed . . . that I would become all I wished to be. He
told me I would be blessed I "

Nancy Johnson went in with me. When we left she said: " I could not
have stood the vibrations in there one moment longer. Power en-
circles that bed."

-.{11 ?

~t(WASHINGTON Was beautiful, the banners of the
. . ., t.. spring floating out everywhere. The avenues were
/~ • leafy borders, the parks gay and fragrant with
. ~ flower-beds and blossoming bushes, and the grass-
()..~l"W~) plots of the houses also afire, with the color of
2(L;A,.....-u:h;__,w
flower-beds.

The day after I arrived, Tuesday, April 1-3rd, I met the Master at
luncheon at the Persian embassy. The table was set with rose-
leaves, as the Master's table always is in Acaia, and Oriental dishes
were served ... A colored man was present and the Master gave
a wonderful talk on the subject of race-prejudice, which, however,
I will not quote here, as it has been kept ... and besides I am long-
ing to catch up with these days-these days, whose significances are
unfolded to me as those in Washington were not. These days, when
I am feeling with all my capacity for feeling .., these days when
all the portals of my heart are being wide open and the fire of the
Beyond is sweeping through my heart-these days, when the veils
are torn from my eyes and I am seeing through the crystals of tears
the Manifest Glory of Somehow I don't feel much like writing about
Washington. This heart was not awakened then!

But He said a lovely thing at Khan's table, which I must keep. There
had been a long conversation about material and spiritual diseases-
their separate origins and separate cures. Consumption had a spiritual

cause; it often originated in grief; the cure therefore must be spiritual. The cause of insanity was spiritual. A dear woman present, ""áho had been a Christian Scientist, brought up the question of healing extreme physical cases, such as broken bones, through the power of mental

•
suggestion.

" If all the spirits in the air," laughed Abdul Daba, " were to congregate together, they could not create a salad{ Nevertheless, the spirit of tnan is powerlul. For the spirit of man can soar in the firmament of knowledge, can discover realities, can confer life, can r<:ceivethe Divine glad tidings. Is not chis greater than rnaking a salad? "-,vith anotl1er happy laugh.

One more s,vccr thing. The .servants were rather late bringing in one of the coutses. Florence Khaoun1 made so1ne laughing apology for keeping every one waiting, whereupon little Rahim spoke up.

" Even the King of Persia has to wait, does n't He, mother? "

(" Rahim, dear," said Florence:, "Abdul Baha is the King of the whole world."

.. Oh I " said Rahim, very much abashed, " I forgot."

After the luncheon a meeting had been arranged for three o'clock, to ,vhich a number of very distinguished people came, among them Zia Pasha (the Turkish minister) and his entire family, Duke Lita and his ,vi(c, Peary, Alexander Grahan\ Dell, and a nu1nber of other wc:11-known people. The h,f:isttr, when at J;ist He came do,vnstairs, after having rested a litlc: and given several private intervie,vs, addressed the people, standing in the doorway in the sin1plest and freest of attitudes and speaking wirth a captivating sweetness, a startling clarity, and the un:tswcrable logic and app:1lling sin1plicity of the Prophet's basic te;1ching. Zia Pasha stood near Hi,n, his eyes fued in an intent regard lull of deep wonder on chac pure and noble figure. \When the discourse was ended he turned to me. " This is irrefutable:. This is pure logic," he said ...

After the meeting at the Persian embassy, one was itmmediately held at Mrs. Parsons', in her beautiful Georgian house. It is a house of rare rcfinenient and dignity, and there, in a toom designed specially for this purpose (since the house has been recently built), Abdul Daba held daily meetings, receiving all the notables of \Washington. I think I must describe: that room: A long and lofty hall, imtnaculateJy white, its ceiling, paneled walls and high mantel carved delicately and ornamented with white garlands; pale, green curtains of Jun1inous silk :lt the many windows, and in front of the mantel a -e(14):-

platform always banked high with criuison roses-wonderful American beauties, in tall glass vases . . .

And . . . the M4.rltr . . . entering that room of studied simplicity and conventional elegance with the free step of One ,who ,was king and yet Friend of all; walking with His natural majesty, yet

with the simplicity of His great realness, to one of the windows, standing by the fluttering silk curtains and, while He talked, with that matchless ease to the assembled people, gazing out into the light. Turning from the window, striding to and fro (still pouring forth His heart-stirring utterances) with a step so vibrant it shook you; piercing our souls with those strange eyes-uplifting His eyes till glory streamed upon them-talking-talking-moving back and forth incessantly with restless gestures-pushing back His turban, revealing the sweep of the line of His forehead-that great dome; pushing it forward again almost down to His eyebrows-which gave Him a peculiar majesty; charging, filling the room, with magnetic currents, with a mysterious energy. Once He burst into the room, a child upon His shoulders. For a moment He held her, caressing her with radiant love. Then He set her down amidst the roses. (On Thursday Abdul Baha dined at the Turkish embassy and it was my privilege to be there.

To give you the picture:-Never, I think, have I seen a table so beautiful. It was like a rose-garden. Roses lay in melting loveliness its whole length, rising in a great rose-pink mound in the center-where sat Abdul Baha, facing Zia Pasha. Florence Khanum and Carey, Madam Ibrahim Zia Bey (daughter-in-law of Zia Pasha), the American wives of Oriental diplomats, were placed on either side of the Master and I sat next to Carey.

There are times when Abdul Baha looks colossal-when His holiness shines dazzlingly. That night He was in white, with a pale, honey-colored aura. Zia Pasha, opposite Him, watched Him, with heightened color and tear-filled eyes, his keen, old face strangely softened.

Abdul Baha gave a great address on the civilizations built on the basic teachings of the Prophets; then He spoke of the dinner as follows: (15)

"a wonderful occasion." "the East and the West," He said, "are met in perfect love tonight."

There was something in His words as He spoke them-something so poignant, so revealing of the realities of things-so creative of faith, that tears rushed to my eyes and for a moment I was overcome.

Later He spoke of the deep significance of the two international marriages represented there. Carey made me very happy by saying: "Juliet Thompson told me long ago of your teachings, when I was only fifteen years old." What fruit that seed had borne-sown in a child!

Zia Pasha made a great address. Turning the face of a lover to the Master, as he stood before that wonderful seated Figure, across the mound of roses, he called Abdul Baha "the Unique One of the age, who had come to spread His glory and perfection amongst us."

("I am not worthy of this," said the Master, simply.

Oh, the meekness! I used to hate that word meekness, especially in connection with Christ-till I saw the Master. Then I realized this: that it is one of the essential attributes of God's Manifestations-and a ray of intense and unique power ... of such power, indeed, that I have seen it change the atmosphere. I am not speaking at random. This happened at Acre, when the Master said: "Jesus was the Bread that came down from Heaven., but I am the Food prepared by the Blessed Beauty, Baha 'o'llah. " A Something celestial, affecting me like a light, filled the room. Perhaps I should put it in this way-that it is one of the attributes of the Servant, and when the Manifestation in the Station of the Servant shows forth this attribute, which is identical with self-effacement-and all traces of the Servant disappear ... then the Station of the Glory alone is seen.

•• There was God and there was nothing with Him. ••

As I bade Zia Pasha good night, looking at me through a mist of tears, he said:

"Truly, He is a Saint."

One day Mrs ... invited the Master to drive with her, and was good enough to ask me, too. We drove to the Soldiers' Home. The family of Mrs ... have been terribly persecuted by the newspapers-though prior to Abdul Baha's visit to this country. Oh, the wonderful Master! Scarcely had He taken His seat in the motor, when He said to Mrs ...

"How the newspapers here: persecute one I"

It was such a sympathetic subject!-at once Mrs ... opened her heart.

"Come away!" said Abdul Baha. "Elude these journalists! Come to Haifa, where there is peace. Juliet will tell you there is peace in Haifa."

Then He gave a wonderful talk. He spoke of how I loved her and of my praise of her. He clothed my thoughts in His words.

Think how sweet to be expressed by Him! He spoke of her philanthropic deeds and prayed that these might increase.

"Nothing endures," He said, taking her dear, but conventional hand-seizing and keeping it-while she covered the joined hands with her cloak-"nothing save the Love of God endures. Look at these trees, all in blossom now. And, in words which I will not attempt to quote, He described the inevitable coming of autumn.

"This is a symbol of human life," He said. "Remember Babylon."

He drew vividly for us a picture of the former Babylon, its stateliness and splendor; then of Babylon today ... the ruins of today, empty of life save for the hyena, "proving among its crumbling stones," silent, except for the voice of the Owl by night, or the lark in the lonely sunshine. "Remember Tyre," He continued ... Here, too, was beauty and splendor and pomp. Think of Tyre now! I have been there- I have seen!

He spoke of my mother that day.

"She is good-very good. Her heart is very pure. When we met her face became radiant."

... I was so thankful to be in Washington I At the daily meetings at Mrs. Parsons• there would be glimpses of many dear faces and, to my unspeakable joy, I found hoses of the friends of my childhood -(17 ?

there. The dear friend with who, n I was staying went with me to áthe mt.t.\ings nt:.)t)' t.áit.t)' O::t)'-!:t::tn~ing 'i>Ometime-s /'.Dtoug'n tbe who\e

afternoon, iJl though she was, because of her intense interest.

(One day, however, ~he was not with me. She was giving a dinner that night and we were going to the opera afterward and she had to rest for this, so; being free for an hour or so, ;1.fterthe meeting I staid to have a 'lisit with Edna, who was serving the Master at the telephone upstairs. \While Edna and I \Vere talking, suddenly the Master came into the room.

"I was just going out for a drive," He said, " but stay till I return, Edna, and you too, Juliet, stay. I will see yoll when I return."

(So I waited; J waited-and waited! Half-pas~ six came seven.

Our dinner, on account of the opera, was to be at half-t>ast seven- My hostess lived a Jong way off, rather indirect on the car-line, and I had not kept the motor.

•á Go, Juliet, I will explain," urged Edna. But I could not. He had told me co stay.

And now I am going to digress and tell you what stems another story.

I was certainly no more than ten years old when a ~ery presumptuous aspiration took _possessionof my infant brain. I f:>cganto dream of some day paintiflg the Christ. I even prayed for itl Child though I was, I violently bated the accepted conceptions of the Christ-sweet, effeminate, ineffc-ctual. " I will paint a Kint.I " I said, "The King of Love I"

.And I never lost this hope till I saw the Master. Then I knew thilt 110 one could everpaint the Christi The life of the Spirit of life-th11t animation !-the endless reveaHng-rhe Glory-how could these be captuted in mate,ial? Can you pai.at the lightning?

Imagine my wonder-my almost dismay-my mingled Tear aod rapture at the news that was given rne by Mrs. Gibbons when the Master fuse arrived in America. The night before .He landed she had received a Tablet, in which He had said: "On my arrival in Ame~- ica Miss Juliet Thompson shall paint a wonderful portrait of me."

(It was a little after seven when the Master catne baclc from His -tf18)>-

drive. Entering the room where He had left me, and where, of course, I was still waiting, He said:

... Ah, Juliet! For your sake I returned. Mrs. Hemm.ick wanted co

keep me, but I had asked you to wait. Therefore, I returned." After a slight pause He added: "Would you like to come up and paint me tomorrow?"

So I learned the reward of obedience. What a reward for such simple obedience! Once in Haifa He said to me:

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

By a miracle I was not late for my dinner engagement. The dinner -at the last moment-was postponed, by another guest, a half-hour. I (The next morning I went to Him early with my box of pastels, but, though it was only eight o'clock, quite a crowd had already gathered and I felt that our morning was doomed to be a broken one.

Not only that, but the light in all the rooms, was very poor and weak, and the delicate wall-papers with bunches of flowers on them you could not think of putting behind His head! For a while I was in despair, for I dared not offer the suggestion that was in my mind. In the end, however, the artist overcame the disciple in me and, begging the Master to forgive me if I were doing a wrong thing, I asked if He would pose in New York instead. This He consented to do so freely and sweetly that I had no more qualms about it ...

The next day I went to Mrs. Parsons, having promised to meet Lee McClung there-the treasurer of the United States, who had asked me to arrange an interview with Abdul Baha for him. I arrived a little in advance of him, and while I was waiting in the hall to be announced, a door opened and there stood the Master, beckoning to me. He was alone, so we had to fall back on His English and my Persian! How precious little talk it was! ...

When the translator appeared: "Tell Juliet," began the teacher at once, "that she teaches well." (I repeat this praise only because it is true) "I have met many people who have been affected by you, Juliet. You are not eloquent; you are not fluent, but your heart teaches. You speak with an emotion-a feeling, which makes people ask, 'What is this that she has?' Then they inquire-they seek and ... (19)>

And. It is so, too, with Lua. You never find Lua speaking with dry eyes! You will be confirmed; a great bounty will descend upon you. You will become eloquent. Your tongue will be loosed. Teach-always teach. The confirmations of the Holy Spirit descend upon those who teach constantly. Never feel fear. The Holy Spirit will give you the words to say, Never fear. You will grow stronger and stronger."

{ His vibrant power as He spoke thrilled me and fear was forever banished from my mind. The great courage of that erect head and uplifted hand-the absolute confidence in God for me! I am sure I shall always see this when in the future I begin to speak.

WeEN Lee McClung dined with us that night I asked him: (.. In what way did Abdul Baha impress you~ "

He began shyly: " I seemed to be in the presence of one of the great old prophets-Isaiah-Elijah-Moses. And yet-it was more than that-He was like Christ . . . Now I have it-I have seemed to me like my Divine Father."*

•Two years later~ Mother died.

-c(10):-

~"If"- "o/:} }gN Saturday the Master returned to New York-

-,&~K) Saturday, May 11th-just one month from the

n-,,,,,_ ~ day of His first arrival.

~ ,;<..a. A few of us prepared His rooms and filled them

t>i~~~J with flowers for Helen-Carrie Kinney. Lua Grace:

;h7~.A,---uh,~ singer, rivet Maxwell, Kate Iverson, Grace Roberts

and I. Mr. Mills and Mr. Woodcock, were also there, waiting.

His little apartment (at the Hudson Apartment House, on Riverside Drive) was high above the world; its windows framed the sky.

Now they were all open and the breeze blew in freshly from the

river.

About five o'clock He came. Oh, the Coming of that Presence! If

only-only I could convey to the future the great vibration of it!

The hearts are almost suffocated with joy-the eyes burn, with tears

at that step! It is futile to cry to express it. Sometimes when the sun

breaks through clouds and spreads a great glow, like a pouring out

of fire from its being, I get something of that feeling.

Taking a seat by the window the Master began to talk to us, with

supreme love and gladness-wittily-eloquently-tenderly---carrying

ing us up on wings of love to the apex of sublime feeling; then turning

our tears to sudden little ripples of laughter as an unexpected

gleam of wit flashed out; then melting our hearts with His yearning

affection.

Lua, May and I, the three closest sisters I believe in this Cause,

bound together by our rapturous memories of those early days of the

Cause in Paris. when the Faith, the Knowledge and the Love of

Abdul Baha were just dawning on the three of us-Lua, May and I,

for the first time together in the glory of His Presence, sat in a cor-

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ner on the floor, gazing through tears at Him, and whenever we could

tear our eyes from the sorrowful yet radiant beauty of that Face,

silhouetted against the sky, gazing at each other, speechless, in

wonder too deep for words ... still through tears.

Day after day I was with Him there. Lua and I had permission to be always with Him. He would send for me again and again.

"My Lord," I would plead, .. I should not take your time. I do not

want to take your time. I am only too thankful to be here-serving

at a distance-somewhere in your atmosphere."

" I know you are content with whatever I do; therefore I send for

you." He said.

On the 13th of May a meeting of the Peace Conference was held at the Hotel Astor, at which Abdul Baba was the Guest of Honor and the chief speaker. Dr. Grant was one of the speakers. He sat at the right of Abdul Baha, Rabbi Wise at the left. The Jewish rabbi, the Christian clergyman I Ah, the symbolism of that trio sitting together in the foreground of the platform of the World-Peace Conference, with the Center of the Covenant for its center! He who had come to unite the Jews and the Christians!

Abdul Baba was really too ill to have gone to that meeting. He had been in bed all day, suffering from complete exhaustion. I had been with Him all day. Once during the day I asked Him: "Must you go to the Hotel Astor when you are so ill?"

"I work by the confirmations of the Holy Spirit," He answered.

"I do not work by hygienic laws. If I did I would get nothing done."

(On Friday, May 14th, a native of India came to see me, sent by Mr. Barakat-Ullah, Bahadur Allah Bahksk of Lahore. I asked him to return to my meeting that night. He did so and became enchanted with the teachings. Immediately he went to the mosque. Three days later he wrote to me:

"Abdul Baba is the Divine Light of today."

A few perfect days, then the Master went to Boston.

In the meanwhile He spoke at the Church of the Divine Paternity. This was unbearably beautiful.

My impression, as I look back, is that the Church was Byzantine, recalling the worship of early Christians. The interior was of gray stone.

Ah, the look of Him that day!

Then, more vividly than ever before, He shone out as the Divine Shepherd, come at last to His flocks. I have said this before-I had felt it before, but never so overwhelmingly as now. I wept throughout the service. In front of the altar, her eyes fixed in rapt regard on the Master, her face stilled and immeasurably heightened by his look of recognition-of profound realization.

Soon I caught a glimpse of another face-a man's. He was a friend of mine, Mr. Bailey, a dear Mid-Victorian, inordinately proud of his nineteenth century atheism and in mortal terror of his inevitable twentieth century conversion. And now-his hour had come! Never have I seen a face more couched. It was very wistful-very soft, the eyes, curiously limpid and with a sort of shy reverence in them, fastened on the Master.

He met me at the Master's apartment that afternoon, making his entrance with these words:

"I have been thinking since this morning that the way to the attainment of greatness is through elimination."

(This was his opening remark-unprefaced-don't you love it?)

(" You felt," I ventured, •• the simplicity of the Master? ••

"One would naturally feel the simplicity of Niagara! " almost resentfully.

" Did you feel-the beauty of His face?áá

" The patriarchal grandeur of His face can not be denied."

Later, how his eyes hung on that face!

On the 1.1st of May Mrs. Tatum• had a reception, to which the Master came. The people who were there were of the fashionable, world-wich sprinkling of the artists and the literary set. Mrs. Sheridan , was • In December of that year Mrs. Tatum came to see me. "The !,f:ister," she told me.

" said such a s~raoge thing to me just before He left America. I had been

my regret to Him that I had not my automobile this autumn in New York. I put

at His disposal again, and He answered, 'Soo you will have no use for an auto-

mobile, Mrs. Tatum, for sooo you will be riding in a chariot of 6rc. • I wonder what He

meant?" Within a very few weeks dear Mrs. Tatum passed suddenly from this world. -(2.3 ?

pouring tea. Louis Potter was there-dear Louis Potter. • " Oh, a little Juliet! "he exclaimed when he caught sight of me and at once attached himself to Louis and me. The house was very large, airy and beautiful !-with a great white staircase in the center and big rooms branching out from this central hall.

Suddenly there \Was a stir among the people ... and ... Abdul Daba , was in our midst.

He walked over to a big, yellow couch in the bow window and sat down. I think I must tell you how He looked there. His surroundings were all white; sunlight streamed in; the shadows on His face were transparent; His profile \was outlined with a luminous penciling; His background was the crystal of the wide central window pane-the sky beyond. Behind Him stood the Persians.

•• Come, Louis," I. said to Louis Potter, " let us go to the Master."

Louis had never seen the Master till then and he went skipping forward like a little, buoyant faun, his head on one side and his hands outstretched,

"Ah-h-h," he said, as if he could not help it,-it was a little cry from his soul-as though he were just torn into two,-and , was so tall.

And the Master too, said, " Ah-h-h! " His voice thrilling with love beyond our understanding-with a recognition-a welcome beyond our understanding-His arms open wide.

Soon Dr. Grant arrived. As soon as He appeared in the room the Master rose almost eagerly, smiling and holding out His hand.

"Ah! Dr. Grant!" He said.

I felt in Dr. Grant a great affection, even a love-affection, real affection. They stood for some time, their hands clasped in one another's. Dr. Grant is taller than the Master and that so erect head of his, was bowed with great gentleness-tenderness, even-to the Master, whose vibrant Presence dominated the whole scene. A Persian was translating, but the words were so low that I could not catch them. The greeting at an end, Dr. Grant sat down close to the Master on the curved white window seat.

• Louis Pocrer, a great sculptor, died very tragically in August of that year, 1911.

He had not yet accepted the Mission, but he loved Him and was beginning to study

the Tablets. The last thing from his gifted hand was a tiny bas-relief of Abdul

Bahá-a-a medal.

Soon Abdul Baha began to speak.

He was very happy to be with us, He said. "Think of the contrast! For years criminals had been His associates and now He was associating with us (how sweet to criminals!). His outlook for years had been from that prison window and He had been confined within the limits of that fortress; now He found Himself in spacious honics ... (His talk, at first apparently desultory, gradually shaped itself toward some distinct point, which, however, He kept veiled until the end. I wondered what was coming. When it came it was like a thunderclap.

" Think of it! " He said, " Thy kings were dethroned in order that I might be freed! This is naught but pure destiny."

I looked toward Dr. Grant. Instead of the skeptical expression I had expected to find, I saw that he was strangely moved. He had been listening, still with that expression of tender devotion, his head slightly tipped to one side, looking, as he has each time I have seen him in the Master's presence, singularly young, singularly softened-but now there was a visible stirring of his soul through his face.

" And now," ended the Master, rising to His feet with the action of a king, " you here in America must work with me for the peace of the world and the oneness of humanity."

And with this He left us-the room seeming strangely empty after He had gone.

the next morning early I had a welcome visitor, dear Howard MacNutt. He greeted me with a radiant face. I knew he had good news! Then he told me. He had just been breakfasting with Dr. Grant and the Master was to speak again in the Church of the Ascension-in the Forum! The meeting had been arranged for June 1st.

They had a deep talk-Howard MacNutt and Dr. Grant. Dr. Grant

had talked freely about the day before. He had spoken of the Master's address and of its great climax.

"As I listened," he said, "I realized profoundly that this was a historical moment; that before me sat One who, imprisoned for the ..;(1.5)>

cause of humanity, had been freed by the power of God alone, through the dethroning of two kings,"

I must paint one word-picture-a morning in-how curious, I started to say "the Rizwan I" I mean-Riverside Drive-in that hallowed little strip of a park which we all love so call "His garden," into which He escaped so often to rest-, which is holy with His prayers; or where we sometimes walked with Him in the evenings, or He took his daily exercise. Just a gravel path, some benches and young trees and a low stone wall shutting off the slope to the river far below-but unspeakably beautiful forever to me. Morning, as I started to say, in our Rizwan; Abdul Baha in the sunlight, His turban glistening white in it, pouring attar of rose on our hands and heads, pouring it out lavishly and with an incense of love breathing from Him as I did it, which it is impossible to describe, a very rapture of love, as though love indeed were the one detectable thing in the universe and the source of all joy. Oh, that lovely pale, sparkling, early morning sunshine, the perfume, the figure in the graceful flowing robes and the glistening turban . . . the Center of a Force which made everything around Him unconditionally existent!

There is something almost miraculous in the way the Master takes the sunlight. No one else looks so bright in it. It makes Him translucent, like a shining mirror.

Yesterday morning (June 11, 1911..) I went up early to the Master's house- that house, whose door was opened about eight in the morning, or earlier, and kept open all day, with no one to guard it, till midnight.

He had been away and I had not seen Him for three days. I had brought my pastels, thinking He might want to sit for me, but I found Him looking utterly spent. He was in the lower reception room, or hall, the English basement of the house, and Valiollah Khan was with Him. He looked up with brilliant eyes.

"What do you want of us, Juliet?" he smiled.

"Only to be near you! (I had hidden my pastels).

"You must excuse me from sitting for the portrait today. I am not able today,"

Then He talked to us a little, but soon went out alone, to "the garden," leaving Ruth, Valiollah and me together.

"It is wonderful, .. said Ruth, as Abdul Baha went, "to see how the world is quickened today in all directions."

"And to know," I added, "that the voice that is quickening it, so

..

powerfully quickening it, is that tender voice that spoke to us just now.

Today-(June 11.)I went up early to His house, but not early enough.

As I turned into 78th street I saw Him at the other end of the block on His way to the garden, His turban a dazzling spot in the sunlight, His robes floating out, with great grace as He walked.

(After he returned. Miss Duckton had arrived by that time and a poor little waif of humanity, a Jewess. She was all in black, this poor child, with a little, pale face, careworn and tearworn.

I had been in the kitchen. I came out upon a scene dominated by the Master. He was sitting, as usual, at the window, the strong carving of his face thrown into relief by masses of shadow, his turban and white aba bright in the sunlight. On one side sat Miss Duckton, on the other, this poor, stricken child. While the biggest tears I have ever seen splashed from her eyes she told him her hopelessly dismal story.

"Don't grieve now, don't grieve," he said. He was very, very still, and I think he was calming her.

"My brother has been in prison for three years. He was imprisoned unjustly. It was not his fault; he was led; he was weak, a victim of others. He has four more years to serve. My father and mother are depressed all the time. My brother-in-law who was our support has just died."

There it was, the sum of human misery: poverty, weakness, disgrace, sorrow, despair and the maddening pall of gloom.

"You must trust in God," said Abdul Doha.

"But the more I trust the worse things become!" she sobbed.

("You have never trusted.")

"But my mother is reading the psalms all the time. She does not deserve that God should so abandon her! I read the psalms myself, -(1.7):-

the ninety-first psalm and the twenty-third psalm every night before I go to bed. I pray, too."

"To pray is not to read psalms. To pray is to trust in God and to be submissive in all things to Him. Be submissive, then things will change for you. Put your family in God's hands. Love God's will. Strong ships are not conquered by the sea; they ride the waves! Now be a strong ship, not a battered one."

At noon I took Dr. Grant to Him. As we sat alone in the library, waiting for Abdul Doha to return from the garden, I said:

"I think what He said at Mr. Gifford Pinchot's last week was very interesting, that the people were rising like a great tide, wave upon wave, and unless the capitalists realized soon, they would be driven out, rich violence; that the people in the future would not work for wages, but for an interest in the concern."

Just then Lua appeared at the door of the room where she had been sitting, bending toward the stairway with beautiful reverence.

"The Master is coming?" I asked.

"Yes, He is coming, Juliet."

He came into the room with both hands extended, and in a voice like a child from His heart He said:

"Oh-h, Dr. Grant, Dr. Grant."

Such love, such gladness, such sweetness, such welcome!

Then I slipped out.

When I re-entered the room Abdul Baba was signing a photograph (of Dr. Grant, rather, ..writing a prayer on it .

.. And now," Abdul Baba said, as He presented it; "you must give me your photograph. I want your face. I have given you mine, now

you must give me yours.

..

"I will pray for you," He added, as He said farewell to Dr. Grant.

"I will mention you daily in my prayers."

Abdul Baha detained me ..i. moment. As I re-joined Dr. Grant, in the Automobile, Valiollah Khan was entering the house.

"Do you see that young man going into the house?" I asked.

"That is Valiollah Khan. His father was cut into pieces alive while his own little son, Valiollah's youngest brother, was forced to look on at the butchery.

"• If you will deny Doha'o'llah," the executioners said to the child,
• We will take you to the Palace of the Shah and honors and wealth will be heaped upon you!•

"• But I do not value these things," the little fellow, answered.

"• Then-if you do not deny Him," they continued, • we will kill you worse than your father (I am expressing this just as Valiollah Khan did, in his English).

"• You may kill me a thousand times worse," was the reply, • Is my life of more value than my father's? To die in the path of Baha'o'llah is my supreme desire! •

"Then they fell on the child and choked him to death.

"A day or two ago," I continued, "Valiollah Khan asked me about the portrait of Abdul Baha-how was it getting on?"

"• One should paint the soul in a portrait, I think," he said.

"But who could paint the soul of Abdul Baha?" I asked.

"He drew himself up, his eyes kindling.

"• We can paint it, with our blood I •" he replied.

The next day, Wednesday, June 12th, as usual, I went very early to the Master's house, so early that no one was there-there is, no callers. Some of the Persians, of course, were with Him-Valiollah Khan and Mirza Ali Akbar. I found them in the lower reception hall, the English basement. Abdul Baba was sitting in the big chair in the corner near the window. He called me to a seat near Him, then began smilingly-to speak His clear words of divine encouragement to me.

"Juliet is absolutely truthful ... For this I love her very much."

After a moment He added: " She tells me everything. She conceals nothing from me I "

"My Lord," I said, "it would be useless to try to conceal anything from you. I could hide nothing I "

"That is true," said the Master, raising one hand, " nothing-nothing! "

Soon He rose." Stay here," He bade me and went out with Ahmad.

•••

After He had returned and given some private interviews to those waiting, He talked to the people assembled on the first floor, sitting at the far end of the room, His back half to the window into which

the sun poured. The strongest image in my memory is this luminous one of the Master sitting by the window, the majestic head dominating the holy figure, reaching us with smiles and gestures divine.

The meeting over, a few of us went upstairs to Mrs. Climpney's room, to unite in a healing prayer for Mrs. Hinkle-Smith, but no sooner had Lua begun to chant it than there came a divine interruption. The Master looked in at the door, calling "Juliet!" Whereupon I joyously deserted Mrs. Hinkle-Smith and ran out to Him.

" Bring your things in here," He said, pointing to the front room, the library.

Oh, these sittings, so wonderful, yet so difficult! We move from room to room, from background to background, light to light. He has given me three half-hours, each time in a different room! And Abdul Baha-who could paint Him?

The next morning, Thursday, I went up very early to the house, but did not see the Master. But Lua and I had a wonderful talk with Valiollah Khan.

"My father," said Valiollah Khan, " was much with Baha'o'llah. One day Baha'o'llah, as He strode back and forth in His room, said to my father: • At sacred periods souls are sent to earth by the Almighty God with what we call the Power of the Great Ether. And those who possess this Power can do anything; they have all power. Even this walk of mine,' said Baha'o'llah, •has an effect in the world. His holiness Jesus Christ had this Power. The people of His time thought of Him as a poor youth whom they had crucified; but He possessed the Power of the Great Ether; therefore, He could not remain underground. This ethereal Power rose and quickened the world. And now look to the Master,' said Baha'o'llah, ' for this Power is His.'

••Baha'o'llah," added Valiollah Khan, .. taught my father much about Agha. Agha (Master), you know, is one of the titles of Abdul Baha, and the Greatest Branch is another and the Greatest Mystery of God another. By all these we call Him in Persia. The Blessed Perfection (Baha'o'llah) revealed the Station of Abdul Baba to my father.

And my father wrote many poems to the Master-though the

--(30):-

Master would scold him and say: •You must not write such things to Mel • But the heart of my father could not keep quiet. He once wrote:

"O Dawning Place of the Beauty of God,
I know Thee
Though Thou sbroudest Thyself in a thousand veils,
I know Thee!
Though Thou shouldst assume the tatters of a beggar,
Still would I know Thee!"

In the late afternoon I returned, with my mother. He received us in His room, full of roses and lilies and carnations.

•• Ah-hi Mrs. Thompson! Mahraba! Mahrabal"

The intonation of that Mahraba-a, welcome from a heart deeper than any human heart: I welcome, indeed I Only this generation may know it on earth, but it is before all the world and the future at the threshold of Heaven I ...

The next morning I saw the Master alone and he spoke of a friend, who had come to understand Abdul Baki's teaching the other day, thinking He meant to teach asceticism, that the spirit and the flesh were two separate things.

"That is not what I said," replied Abdul Baki. •• I said that the spiritual man and the materialist were two different beings. The spirit is in the flesh," He added.

"Yes, I know," I answered, beaming at the beauty of this and its deep significance, for there it all was-everything was said in those six words.

July 1954

... Tonsu precious sittings, so few, dear Lua and May praying beside me, while I worked-perceiving and encouraging me while I painted with a blind and breathless speed, lifted up on a wave of inspiration only (I think).

"The Holy Spirit alone can paint this portrait," I said to the Master one day, "All confusion comes from Thee Oh, inspire me!"

"You will be inspired," the Master replied, "for you are painting only for the sake of God."

Then I let go relying on His promise: and on the prayers of May and Lua, and then a great wave of inspiration came, lifting me up to unimagined heights of confidence-endowing me with clear, sure perception-above all, filling-thrilling me with feeling so profound and immense that my hand, strangely certain-as direct as though guided by a more powerful one-trembled so it could scarcely execute.

In five half-hours the portrait was done (all except a sitting for a few last touches), each day in a different height and environment.

(To be painting from the Face of God and realizing this I Oh artists of the future, think, what that means!-and forgive the inadequate expression I have left to you. Because of these difficulties I could not make a studied portrait-it is only an impression. The light was unspeakably weak and poor-everything external was against me. But they say it is really like the Master. He says so. He said, " It is the very nature." Due to this I give like Him to me! That immortal flash of the eyes-that touch, superhumanly noble-the piercing brilliancy and sweetness of the look-the celestial light of the ever-changing face-who could paint? An emanation of holiness that is almost visible-I find it in none of the photographs -I can find no words for it- You will have to wait-oh,

people, who are to come-till you see Him in the Supreme Concourse. (There was that other day, when in His address to the believers Abdul Baha declared Himself the Center of the Covenant. The words are on record, though not all, some He Himself struck out when the notes were presented to Him, so that the record is less strong, more guarded than the spoken words were. They were uttered with a great calm. That day was the 19th of June.

On June 21st Abdul Baha went to Montclair. Two days later Lua, Georgie Ralston and I were with Him there.

He served at the table that day. I shall never forget His look of mystery as He entered with a dish of fruit. It was a glass bowl, filled with golden peaches. Without turning His head-His face was set straight before Him and was strangely and majestically still in expression->

He turned a piercing glance on Lua and myself. It was a glance like a sword, strangely watchful, as it flashed from the corners of His eyes, while His face was turned almost profile.

Before lunch, having banished Lua, Georgie and me to the back porch, He joined us there, striding up and down and talking to us.

As He walked He shook us with His power. I felt myself revolved in the currents of life eddying from within. I felt myself sparkle with this vivification, this exhilaration.

His eyes-chosen eyes of light, which seemed to be, were ever looking into heaven, into that mysterious plane hidden from our sight, and when they alight for an instant upon earth glance away at once, back to the mysteries, were more than ever brilliantly restless that day; His whole being, indeed, was restless, with a strange force. It seemed as though the lightning of the Spirit could scarcely endure to remain harnessed to the body. His whole bearing was unusually foreign to earth. He seemed almost out of the body.

While we were sitting around Him on the porch I told Him that a woman I knew, ... had seen Him once but knew ... nothing of Him, had said she would like to live near Him."

He laughed, "She does not want to live near me. She only wants a good time."

Then He grew serious. "To live near Me," He said, "one must have
t. [y :tin,s and objects. Do you remember the rich young man who
wanted to live near Christ, and when he found out what it cost to
live near Him—that it meant to give away all his possessions, and
to take up a cross and follow Christ—then," the Master laughed,
"he fled away!"

"Among the disciples of the Bab," continued Abdul Baba, "were
two, his amanuensis and a firm believer. On the eve of the Bab's
martyrdom, the believer prayed, 'Oh, let me die with you!'

"The amanuensis said, 'What shall I do?'

"'What shall I do?' laughed the Master, in gentle mockery,

'What do you want Me to do?'

"The Bab said, 'Protect yourself.'

"The disciple died with the Bab, his head upon the breast of the
(f33):-

Bab, and their bodies were mingled in death. The amanuensis died
in prison, anyway, but think of the difference in their stations!
"There was another martyr," continued Abdul Dahan, after a moment.
"Mirza ... of Shiraz. He saw Dahan-o'llah only once, but he so
loved the Blessed Beauty that he could not help but follow him to
Teheran, though Baha'o'llah had told him to remain in Shiraz
with his aged parents, who had also become believers. Still he
followed! And when he reached Teheran it was just at the time that
a great persecution had fallen upon the Dahais because of the
attempt on the life of Nassir-id-Din Shah by two fanatical believers.
And Baha'o'llah had been cast into a dungeon. And it was in the
Jungtion that Mirza ... Shirazi found Him again when he—
asking for Dahan-o'llah—was led to the dungeon to be chained with
eleven other disciples to his Master! So he found Him again! The
disciples were all bound by the same chain to Dahan-o'llah. Set into
the chains were iron collars which were fastened by iron pins around
the neck, and each day a believer was unchained and bled, till
Baha'o'llah alone was left, and none knew, whose turn would be
next. The first intimation one received that his time had come was
when the gaoler took out the pin from the collar. Then Mirza ...
Shirazi stepped joyfully forward. First he kissed the feet of the
Blessed Beauty . . . and then. . . ."

Suddenly Abdul Baha's whole aspect changed. It was as though the
spirit of the martyr had entered into Him ... With His head
thrillingly erect, snapping His fingers high in the air, beating on
the porch with His foot till we could scarcely endure the vibrations
set up—such electric power radiated from Him—Hesang the martyr's
song, ecstatic and tragic beyond anything I had ever heard.

This was what the Cause meant then! This was what it meant to live
near Him! Another realm opened to me—the realm of Divine Tragedy.
{ "And thus," ended Abdul Baha, "singing and dancing he went

to his death-and a hundred executioners fell on him!

"And later his old parents came to Baha'o'Jlah, praising God that their son had given his life in the Path of God! "

He sank back into His chair. Tears swelled in my eyes, blurring everything. When they cleared I saw a yet stranger look on His face.

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His eyes were unmistakably fixed on the Invisible. They were as brilliant as jewels and so filled with delight that they almost blinded His vision reveal to us. A sense of exultation played on His lips. I cry low, so that it sounded like an echo, I heard the martyr's song. { " See! " I exclaimed, " the effect that the death of a martyr has in the world. It has changed my condition."

There was a moment of silence; then He said:

"What is it, Juliet, that you are pondering so deeply? "

.. I was thinking of the look on your face when you said that your condition was changed. I was thinking I had seen a flash of the joy of God over those who die happily for humanity."

" There was one name," He said, " that always brought joy to the face of the Holy Spirit. His expression would change at the mention of it. It was the cry of the Magdala."

I did not see the ~faster again till the 29th of June, the day of His first at West Englewood. Then I entered His Presence in Roy Wilkins's house.

I had gone to West Englewood with Silvia. We walked up from the little station, dear Berthelin Osgood with us, through the sunset-wild country, past the grove where the tables were spread for the feast: a great circle cleared of underbrush, shady and fragrant with tall pine-trees, in the midst of tangled woods-then on up to the house where he was-He whose Presence filled our eyes with light and without whom our days had been very dim and lifeless!

Ah, there He was again I-There in a corner of the porch that unique Figure in the flowing garments, which meant the heavenly garment to us! I sped across the lawn-forgetting poor Silvia-forgetting everything! He looked down at me with eyes so grave, so deep in their regard-oh, so wonderful-a profound welcome. Then we sat on the porch with Him for a while.

Later, He led us to the grove. There He talked to the people, sitting beneath a great tree, with a poor, old woman on one side-very poor and humble, but with the most shining faith, and on the other side Mrs. Krug, With her radiant prettiness and rich clothes.

His words have been preserved. I will not repeat them. I remember , :(35 ?

them, besides, very imperfectly. But He said one thing which woke all my being:

"This is a New Day; a New Hour."

At the end of this divine talk the feast was ready; but no sooner had this been announced than a sudden storm blew up; there was a

peal of thunder; the clouds rolled very ro,v. Abdul Baha stepped out into the road and ,walkcd to the extrenle cod of it, ,vhcre there was a cross-ro::id. There a chair had been left, and, as I watched Him from a dist.1nce,1 s.1,vHim sic down in jr, while the Persians s~ood around Him. I then sa,v Him lift His face to the sky. 1-lehad gone very far from the house. The thunder was still threathening and the clouds were ominously black. Su<ldenly a winád sprang up-the clouds began to flee across the sky-blue patches appeared -and the sun came out. Theo the Master rose and walked baclc to the grove. Thi1 I 11110.

Later as ,ve sat at the table He anointed us ,vith rose-water.

I ,vas not at a table but sitting on the ground beneath a tree, with one or t\VObelievers.

•á Friends here/ " srnilcd che Mascer. In Hi.s voice was a deep and thrilling joy. The union of hearts gives Him such rest. Then with a heart-shaking look, ,vhich bad as it ,vere the musk of love in it, He rubbed my face hard ~vith the rose-perfume.

So He p:isscd among all the tables anointing all the people-a divine figure in His flowing robes ,vith the gracious and gentle beauty of the Shepherd-touching and caressing with those singularly tender yet vital fingers ... all our blind faces! ...

But the \vooderfu.1-the indescribably \vonderful time came later.

The Master ,vent out alone and renlaid away hours, \Vhen He r.cturned it was dark. A few of us were sitting on the porch, Lua, 1lay, Silvia, Marjorie anJ myself, and a yo.ung colored nlan, Neval Thomas. Below us on the gi:ass sat the people-that is, those who had lingered-who could not teat themselves away. Their white clothes in the dusk were as soft as nloth wings, In their hands they held burning tapers-really to keep off the mosquitoes!~but the effect was of tiny wands tipped with red stars and the incense was like some Eastern temple. It w-as a fairy-like picture. The Master -(36):-

took a chair in the center of the step, and delicately holding a ta~r Hinlscf, He spoke in ,vords of flame! I can sec it all vividly still-and shall through my life-those trcrnbling red stars anlong che dim \\\áhire figures on the gr:iss; behind them a most ,vonderful tall tree, luxurt:tnt, ,vich rolling outlines-now a great black cloud against che silver st:trS.

The ~f:stcr I could not sec, as I stood at His back, but the ,vords ,vere the mrcr po,vcrful to me for th:it. Often I lose the ,vords in glzing at the F;ice. He had turned before beginning to speak, and given me a long and unfathomable look.

Th:it speech, thank God, is reácorded-othcnvise the words could never be rcmentbercd. le ,vas a re,ácrberating call to His disciples to rise in this Day of the Great Resurrection out of the tomb of self and gather around Him to revivify the world.

Defore He had finished He rose from His chair and started do,vn the

path, passing between the white figures, with their trembling red
sisters.

"Please be with you," He said as He receded into the darkness, the
rich liquid Persian and the quivering translation floating back to us
from His invisibility, "I will pray for you."

Ah, the Divine Figure growing dimmer and dimmer till at last the
darkness engulfed it! Ah, the voice that came back even when the
figure was beyond our sight I may I remember this in the future-
nay, how could I forget it?

On the fourth of July my mother had her birthday dinner, with the
refractor. How sweet He was to Inamma-fled her to the sofa and
with that wonderful freedom of translation of the King and yet-
of the Supreme Friend-drew her down beside Him. Carrie Kinney,
Georgie Ralston and I were sitting at a little distance ...

"On the fourth of July three years ago," I remarked to the Master,
"Mrs. Kinney and I were with You in Aca. You took us to the
Tomb of Baha'ollah. I never dreamed I would keep an anniversary
with You in New York." . . .

At the table He joked with mamma because she would not eat.

"I perceive you are angel," He said, "angels do not eat."

~? 37)=-

"The Master sees I am not an angel," I laughed, "because I eat
everything He puts on my plate."

"I perceive you are a very clever person I Mrs. Thompson," He con-
tinued, "is going home to a luscious dinner and is saving her
appetite for it!"

"You are very kind to me," said mamma a little later.

"God knows the degrees of it I" He replied. . .

At another time that evening He spoke of tests.

"Even the sword," He said, "is no test to the Persian believers.

They are given a chance to recant; they cry out instead, 'Ya Baha

El Abhal' Then the sword is raised; they cry out all the more,

'Ya Baba El Abhal' ••

I write words, but nothing can convey the subtle influence of Abdul
Baha-the fragrance of His love, falling on our hearts like balm,
enriching our spirits, changing even our physical aspect-brighten-
ing the eyes, bringing color to the faces, freshening all with joy.
The fragrance of His Love, the power of His peace, the currents of
Life, streaming out from that strong Center-that calm and glowing
living Center . . . \n \-is "Presence we are in Heaven.

"And a man shall be as a shelter from the wind and as the shadow of
great rock in a weary land."

On Monday, July 9th, I went with the Master and the little band

of Persians to the Natural History Museum. It was a very hot day.

When we reached the Ninth Avenue corner of the Museum, where the
employees' entrance is located, there was still a long stretch of sun

between us and the main door and Abdul Daha was evidently so weary that I felt we must find some nearer entrance for him. So, while He sat down to rest on a ledge of the bank, I started off in search of one. The employees' Joor, was Joked, so I hurried on further, even venturing past a sign marked "No thoroughfare;" but, just as I succeeded in passing this, I was stopped by a shrill whistle, and turned to face the watchman of the grounds. He was a little old Jew, with a kind face. I explained why I was breaking the rules and asked if he could lead us to a door nearer than the main one, He turned and looked at Abdul Baba, that Figure from the East,

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from the Past-not of this "world or this time at all-sitting so quiet on the ledge of the bank; and His face softened curiously. "Come with me," he said. Then, as Abdul Baba, with the rest of us, followed him: "Is He a Jew?"

"No," I said, "He is Allah, of Persia."

The old Jew asked nothing more-though I sensed that he wished to, but I did not feel at liberty to speak. Abdul Bahá's Himá self was there to speak.

We went through the Museum, Abdul Dabab being quite amused with the big vase, saying: "He could hold seventy tons!"

In the Mexican exhibit, which interested him very much, He found traces of Persian art, and also remarked on the close resemblance of the sculpture to that had been found in Egypt.

"Only this is better," He said.

"There is a tradition," I said, "of a connection between this country and Asia in the far past."

"Assuredly," He answered, "before a great catastrophe there was connection between Asia and Africa."

Though the Master had already rested in the museum He sat down again just outside on a soft little curve of ground beneath a young tree. He sat some little time there, we standing behind on the flags of the wall. Was He waiting for some one? By and by the old Jew stole up to us.

"Is He tired?" he whispered softly to me. "Who is He? He looks like a great man."

Divining that the Jew was a socialist, I replied that Abdul Baba was a great sufferer for the Cause of Brotherhood.

Then I told him something of the story of the Master's sufferings.

"I would like to speak to Him," said the Jew, so I led him to the Master.

The Master looked up, His brilliant eyes full of sweetness.

"Come and sit by me," He said.

"No, I must not," answered the watchman.

"Is it against the rules for me to sit on the grass?" asked the Master.

"Not for you" (with tenderness).

"If it is against the rules I will get up."

-c(39)>

"No, you may sit there all day."

"You didn't see the whole of the Museum," continued the old watchman. "Would you like to go back after you have rested? There are the fossils and the birds."

"No," said the Master smiling, "I am tired of going about looking at the things of this world. I want to go above and travel and see in the spiritual worlds. What do you think about that?" He asked suddenly, with another luminous smile. The old watchman looked puzzled and scratched his head.

"Which would you rather possess," pursued the Master, "the material or the spiritual world?"

"Well, I guess the material," the watchman answered seriously.

"You do not lose it when you attain the spiritual. When you go upstairs in a house you do not leave the house. The lower floor is under you."

"Oh, yes!" All of a sudden light broke from the old man's face. Then the Master rose and standing beneath that young tree, the sun shining on His robes, taught the old Jew with His irrefutable logic, yet with irresistible smiles and charm, of the spiritual agreement of Christ and Moses. Oh, if only I could make you see that picture-call it into life again for you-the old Jew and his unrecognition of the Messiah-who had so strangely magnetized him and inspired him with tenderness and awe; the touched, questioning face of the Jew ... and ... the Radiant Stranger, like a vision of some long past prophet, "the Ancient of Days," and .. the Divine Youth," in one, by some strange alchemy of the spirit. Surely the Jew must have felt something. Christians had said of this Visitor from the East, "that figure makes me think of the plains of Judea, .. I seemed to be talking with Moses or Isaiah." Race instinct, deep race-hopes must have stirred within the Jew.

(I returned a number of times to the Museum to find the old watchman, but I never saw his face again. He must have been called very soon "upstairs in the house.")

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— Abdu'l-Baha's First Days in America (Used by permission of the curator)