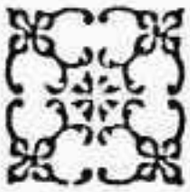
ABDUL BAHA'S
FIRST DAYS IN AMERICA



FROM THE DAIRY
OF JULIET THOMPSON

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ABDUL BAHA'S FIRST DAYS IN AMERICA

April 11, 1924

WE waited at the pier five radiant hours. At last, through the haze of the harbor . . . a ship loomed. ¶ The ship docked, but Abdul Baha did not appear. Suddenly I had a great glimpse! In the dim interior of the ship, barely visible, striding to and fro near the door . . . was One with a step that shook you! Just that one stride, charged with power, the sweep of a robe, a majestic head, turban-crowned . . . that was all I saw—but my heart stopped.

We saw Him in the afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kinney. When I arrived Abdul Baha was sitting in the center of the dining-room, near the flower-strewn table. His aba was of cream-color. At His knees stood Sanford and Howard Kinney and His arms were around them. He was very white and shining. No words could describe the ineffable peace of Him. The people stood around Him in rows and circles—several hundred in the rooms; many were sitting on the floor in the dining-room. We made a dark background for His effulgence. Our tears only reflected Him; and there were many, many who were weeping just at the sight of Him . . . just at the sight of that divineness. For at last we saw divineness—incarnate . . . ¶ Divinely He turned His head from one child to another—from one group to another. I wish I could describe that turn of the head. It is ineffable . . . an oh, so tender turn, with that indescribable divine grace caught by Leonardo da Vinci in His Christ of the Last Supper—(in the study for the head)—but in Abdul Baha irradiated with smiles and a lifting of those eyes filled with glory, which even Leonardo, with all his mystery, could not have painted. The very

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

April 12th

A MESSAGE from Abdul Baha to my mother:
" Convey 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. All the world will not protect the soul.' "

April 13th

TODAY *Abdul Baha spoke at Marjorie Morten's. Again because of* the immense crowd He spoke standing on the stairway, dominating all the beauty of that house by His superlative Beauty.
His theme that day was the spiritual seasons, and in the midst of His address a delicious little thing happened which, slight tho' it was, I want to keep. In its very slightness, it will draw the people of the future closer to the Master, just as it drew us.
Those tender little touches of His humor and simplicity—how precious they are!—bridging at the moment the illimitable space between us and His perfection—making His divinity accessible! The disciples *in the past, looking back to those mysterious days with their* Lord over the abyss of their tragic separation from Him, were, I suppose, awed into silence about the *little things*—the adorable *little things*. So " the Man of Sorrows " has been just—the Man of Sorrows to us—Love and Sorrow. We have never formed any conception of the Man of Love and Joy, great, bouyant joy, a Christ whose love overflowed in little tendernesses and whose joy overflowed in fun and wit—a happy, smiling, laughing Christ.
But now to tell you of this little thing: With His celestial eloquence Abdul Baha had described the spiritual springtime—the quickening and awakening to life. " Va Tabestan," He began and paused for the translation—when poor Ahmad (the translator) lost the English word! But while Ahmad stood, confused and helpless, Abdul Baha, with a smile of bright humor, translated for Him-

self: " Summer," He laughed. Whereupon a little ripple of delight ran through the audience. The charm of Him had captured them all!

¶ Afterwards He went up to rest in Mr. Morten's room. He had seen one hundred and forty people that morning, and was so spent that He seemed almost ill. His fatigue was evident to all, and yet—the people had no pity! 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 towards His room. A dozen were in the room; at the door were 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 Baha heard my question.

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

The disciples' attitude and—the Master's attitude! What a difference there has always been between them! " Suffer the little children to come unto me! " And the disciples were 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. " Beautiful baby! Little 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 humor in His face, " to come into the Kingdom of God. There they will find plenty of land—and there are no taxes on it! "

April 18th

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

" I want to give them some money," He said to me, " I am *in love* 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 thousand franc note. " Keep the money," He further instructed me, " and meet me at the Mission

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

As I left the room, with some lilies of the valley in my hand, the pretty little chambermaid stopped me.

" Did *He* give you those? " she asked.

" Yes."

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

The next night we met the Master at the Bowery Mission. Of the scene there I wrote to Mr. . . . , that fine person so strangely withheld from giving his life to the Master, whose principles he serves, through some blindness of the intellect. To him who seems to me the type of that rich young man who, though he came to Jesus loving him, still would not sell all to follow Him, I quoted the words of the Master to the poor. How He had begun:

" Christ said, ' Blessed are the poor.' He never said, Blessed are the rich."

How He had gone on:

" Therefore, you must be thankful to God that although in this world you are indigent, yet the treasures of God are 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 in the open to heat, cold and frost" (how descriptive of the lives of those who listened!), " 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 would have chosen them. When Jesus appeared, it was the poor who accepted Him first, not the rich. Therefore, *you* are 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

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 filled with remorse, 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 Compassion is bestowed upon the poor. His Holiness Jesus Christ said so. His Holiness Baha'o'-llah said so . . . The poor are very dear to God. The mercies and bounties of God are with them. 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 to 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! For the birds of the air Thou hast created nests, for the sheep a fold, for the animals dens, for the fishes places of refuge, but for me Thou hast provided 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 my 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 poor!*

" ' To me Thou hast granted this blessing. *They* are *mine!* Therefore, am I the richest one on earth.' "

(Ah, can you not feel the divine love in the words . . . the yearning . . . the profundities of tenderness—the unspeakable consolation? It was like a song of love—a deeply swelling anthem.)

" So, my comrades, you are following in the footsteps of Jesus Christ. Your lives are similar to His life. 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 Baha as your servant."

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

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 men. 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, something 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 reflection on the shining mirror of the Servant, Abdul Baha—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 man was shelterless that night! And many, 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 Baha—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 Master *gave* 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, *great* enough! 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 *appearances* now, 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 least 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

Broadway (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.
Baha'o'llah, 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 marvelous," I said, "to be driving through this glitter of light with 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—here in the elemental world—of what it will be to be with me *in the Eternal Worlds!*"

May 22nd.

Oh, those mornings at the Hotel Ansonia, in the flower-filled rooms! ¶ The Master would invariably keep me all morning, calling me again and again to Him. People thronged there; sometimes one 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—quickened—or like candles that had been lighted.
Leonard Abbott came out with flushed cheeks and brightened eyes.
¶ "That beautiful head against the pillows!" 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.
"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!"
Nancy Sholl went in with me. When we left she said: "I could not have stood the vibrations in there one moment longer. Power encircles *that bed.*"

ABDUL BAHA IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON was beautiful, the banners of the spring floating out everywhere. The avenues were *leafy bowers*, the parks gay and fragrant with flower-beds and blossoming bushes, and the grass-plots of the houses also afire with the color of flower-beds.

The day after I arrived, Tuesday, April 23rd, I met the Master at luncheon at the Persian embassy. The table was strewn with rose-leaves, as the Master's table always is in Acca, 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 longing 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 flung 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! 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, who 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 Baha, " were to congregate together, they could not create a salad! Nevertheless, the spirit of man is powerful. For the spirit of man can soar in the firmament of knowledge, can discover realities, can confer life, can receive the Divine glad tidings. Is not this greater than making a salad? "—with another happy laugh.

One more sweet thing. The servants were rather late bringing in one of the courses. Florence Khanum made some 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! " said Rahim, very much abashed, " I forgot."

After the luncheon a meeting had been arranged for three o'clock, to which a number of very distinguished people came, among them Zia Pasha (the Turkish minister) and his entire family, Duke Lita and his wife, Peary, Alexander Graham Bell, and a number of other well-known people. The Master, when at last He came downstairs, after having rested a little and given several private interviews, addressed the people, standing in the doorway in the simplest and freest of attitudes and speaking with a captivating sweetness, a startling clarity, and the unanswerable logic and appalling simplicity of the Prophet's basic teaching. Zia Pasha stood near Him, his eyes fixed in an intent regard full of deep wonder on that 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 immediately held at Mrs. Parsons', in her beautiful Georgian house. It is a house of rare refinement and dignity, and there, in a room designed specially for this purpose (since the house has been recently built), Abdul Baha held daily meetings, receiving all the notables of Washington. I think I must describe that room: A long and lofty hall, immaculately white, its ceiling, paneled walls and high mantel carved delicately and ornamented with white garlands; pale, green curtains of luminous silk at the many windows, and in front of the mantel a

platform always banked high with crimson roses—wonderful American beauties, in tall glass vases . . .

And . . . *the Master* . . . 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, Madame 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 aba. 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

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

There was a something in His words as He spoke them—a something so poignant, so revealing of the realities of things—so creative of *flame*, 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 Acca, 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 *silver 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! "

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 *unuttered 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, " prowling among its crumbling stones," silent, except for the vioce 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! At the daily meetings at Mrs. Parsons' there would be glimpses of many dear faces and, to my unspeakable joy, I found hosts of the friends of my childhood

there. The dear friend with whom I was staying went with me to the meetings nearly every day—standing sometimes through the whole afternoon, ill though she was, because of her intense interest. ¶ One day, however, she 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, after the meeting I staid to have a visit with Edna, who was serving the Master at the telephone upstairs. While Edna and I were 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 you when I return."

¶ So I waited; I waited—and waited! Half-past six came—seven. Our dinner, on account of the opera, was to be at half-past seven—My hostess lived a long way off, rather indirect on the car-line, and I had not kept the motor.

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

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

I was certainly no more than ten years old when a very presumptuous aspiration took possession of my infant brain. I began to dream of some day painting the Christ. I even prayed for it! Child though I was, I violently hated the accepted conceptions of the Christ—sweet, effeminate, ineffectual. " I will paint a *King*!" I said, " The King of Love! "

And I never lost this hope till I saw the Master. Then I knew that *no one* could *ever* paint *the Christ*! The life of the Spirit of life—*that* animation!—the endless revealing—the Glory—how could these be captured in material? Can you paint the lightning?

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

¶ It was a little after seven when the Master came back from His

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. Hemmick wanted to 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!

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.

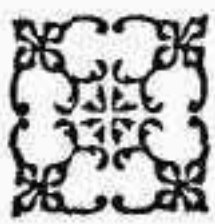
Not only that, but the light in all the rooms was very poor and weak, and the delicate wall-papers with bunches of flowers on them you could not think of putting behind *His* head! For a while I was in despair, for I dared not offer the suggestion that was in my mind. In the end, however, the artist 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! A precious little talk it was! . . .

When the translator appeared: " Tell Juliet," began the Master at once, " that she teaches well." (I repeat this praise only because it is *His*!) " 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

find. 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.

When 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 . . . No—*now* I have it!—He seemed to me like my Divine Father."*



* Two years later Lee McClung died.

NEW YORK

ON Saturday the Master returned to New York—Saturday, May 11th—just one month from the day of His first arrival.

A few of us prepared His rooms and filled them with flowers for Him—Carrie Kinney, Lua Getsinger, May Maxwell, Kate Ives, 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 try to express it. Sometimes when the sun breaks through clouds and spreads a great glow, like a pouring out of fire from its heart, 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 us up on wings of fire 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-

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 Baha 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! 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 Baha 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,—Kahn 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 Master. Three days later he wrote to me:
" Abdul Baha 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 me sat Lua, her eyes fixed in rapt regard on the Master, her face stilled and immeasurably greatened by its 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 touched! 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? "

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

Later, how his eyes hung on that face!

On the 21st of May Mrs. Tatum* had a reception, to which the Master came. The people who were there were of the fashionable world with a sprinkling of the artists and the literary set. Mrs. Sheridan was

* In December of that year Mrs. Tatum came to see me. "The Master," she told me, " said such a strange thing to me just before He left America. I had been expressing my regret to Him that I had not my automobile this autumn in New York to put at His disposal again, and He answered, 'Soon you will have no use for an automobile, Mrs. Tatum, for soon you will be riding in a chariot of fire.' I wonder what He meant?" Within a very few weeks dear Mrs. Tatum passed suddenly from this world.

pouring tea. Louis Potter was there—dear Louis Potter.* "Oh, *august* Juliet!" he exclaimed when he caught sight of me and at once attached himself to Lua 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 Baha 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 *coming home*—and was *so glad*. 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 deference—yes, even more—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——toward 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 Potter, a great sculptor, died very tragically in August of that year, 1912. He had not yet accepted the Master, but he loved Him and was beginning to study the Teachings. The last thing from his gifted hand was a tiny bas-relief of Abdul Baha—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 *us* criminals!). His outlook for years had been from a prison window and He had been confined within the limits of a fortress; now He found Himself in spacious homes."

¶ 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, " Two 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 deference, 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 2nd.

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

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 mean—Riverside Drive!—in that hallowed little strip of a park which we all love to 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 He did it, which it is impossible to describe, a very rapture of love, as though love indeed were the one delectable thing in the universe and the source of all joy. Oh, that love!—the pale, sparkling, early morning sunshine, the perfume, that figure in the graceful flowing robes and the glistening turban . . . the Center of a Force which made everything around Him as non-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, 1912,) 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 Valiolah 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, Valiolah 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 12) 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. ¶ Later he returned. Miss Buckton 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 with Lua. 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 Buckton, 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 Baha.

" 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,

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 Baha 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 with 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 chime 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 Baha was signing a photograph for Dr. Grant, rather, writing a prayer on it.

" And now," Abdul Baha 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 a moment. As I rejoined Dr. Grant, in the Automobile, Valiolah Khan was entering the house.

" Do you see that young man going into the house? " I asked. " That is Valiolah Khan. His father was cut into pieces alive while his own little son, Valiolah's youngest brother, was forced to look on at the butchery.

" ' If you will deny Baha'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 want 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 Valiolah 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, " Valiolah Khan asked me about the portrait of Abdul Baha—how it was 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! ' " he replied.

The next day, Wednesday, June 13th, as usual, I went very early to the Master's house, so early that no one was there—that is, no callers. Some of the Persians, of course, were with Him—Valiolah Khan and Mirza Ali Akbar. I found them in the lower reception hall, the English basement. Abdul Baha 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 dear 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! "

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

" 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, teaching us with smiles and gestures divine. *The meeting over, a few of us went upstairs to Mrs. Champney'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 Valiolah Khan.

"My father," said Valiolah Khan, "was much with Baha'o'llah. One night Baha'o'llah, as He strode back and forth in His room, said to my father: 'At stated periods souls are sent to earth by the Mighty 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 etheral 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 Valiolah 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 Baha to my father. And my father wrote many poems to the Master—though the

Master would scold him and say: 'You must not write such things to Me!' 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 shroudest 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-h! Mrs. Thompson! Mahraba! Mahraba!"

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

The next morning I saw the Master alone and we spoke of a friend, who had failed to understand Abdul Baha's meaning the other day, thinking He meant to teach ascetism, that the spirit and the flesh were two separate things.

"That is not what I said," replied Abdul Baha, "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 5th.

. . . . . Those precious sittings, so few—with 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 *feeling*.

"The Holy Spirit alone can paint this portrait," I said to the Master one day, "All confirmation 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 light and environment.

¶ To be painting from the Face of God and realizing this! 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." But *nothing* is like Him to me! That immortal flash of the eyes—that mouth, superhumanly mobile—the piercing brilliancy and sweetness of the look—the celestial light of the ever-changing face—who clould *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 ex-

pression—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 renewed in the currents of life eddying from Him. I felt myself sparkle with this vivification, this exhilaration.

His eyes—those eyes of light, which seem to be, and are, 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, who 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 My aims 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 Baha, " 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

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 Baha, after a moment. " Mirza . . . of Shiraz. He saw Baha'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 Bahais 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 dungeon* that Mirza . . . Shirazi found Him again when he—asking for Baha'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 Baha'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 killed, 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—He sang 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'llah, 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.

His eyes were unmistakably fixed on the Invisible. They were as brilliant as jewels and so filled with delight that they almost made His vision real to us. A smile of exultation played on His lips. Very low, so that it sounded like an echo, He hummed the martyr's song.

"See!" He 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 it is, 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 Baha'o'llah. His expression would change at the mention of it. It was Mary of Magdala."

I did not see the Master again till the 29th of June, the day of His feast at West Englewood. Then I entered His Presence in Roy Wilhelm's house.

I had gone to West Englewood with Silvia. We walked up from the little station, dear Berthalin Osgood with us, through the sweet, 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!—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

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 low. Abdul Baha stepped out into the road and walked to the extreme end of it, where there was a cross-road. There a chair had been left, and, as I *watched Him from a distance, I saw Him sit down in it, while the* Persians stood around Him. I then saw Him lift His face to the sky. He had gone very far from the house. The thunder was still threatening and the clouds were ominously black. Suddenly a wind sprang up—the clouds began to flee across the sky—blue patches appeared —and the sun came out. Then the Master rose and walked back to the grove. *This I saw.*

Later as we sat at the table He anointed us with rose-water.

I was not at a table but sitting on the ground beneath a tree, with one or two believers.

" Friends here! " *smiled the Master. In His voice was a deep and* thrilling joy. The union of hearts gives Him such rest. Then with a heart-shaking look, which had as it were the musk of love in it, He rubbed my face hard with the rose-perfume.

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

But the wonderful—the indescribably wonderful time came later. The Master went out alone and remained away hours. When He returned it was dark. A few of us were sitting on the porch, Lua, May, Silvia, Marjorie and myself, and a young colored man, Neval Thomas. Below us on the grass sat the people—that is, those who *had lingered—who could not tear themselves away.* Their white clothes in the dusk were as soft as moth 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 was a fairy-like picture. The Master

took a chair in the center of the step, and delicately holding a taper Himself, He spoke in words of flame! I can see it all vividly still—and shall through my life—those trembling red stars among the dim white figures on the grass; behind them a most wonderful tall tree, luxuriant, with rolling outlines—now a great black cloud against the silver stars.

The Master I could not see, as I stood at His back, but the words were the more powerful to me for that. Often I lose the words in gazing at the Face. He had turned before beginning to speak, and given me a long and unfathomable look.

That speech, thank God, is recorded—otherwise the words could never be remembered. It was a reverberating 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.

Before He had finished He rose from His chair and started down the path, passing between the white figures with their trembling red stars.

" Peace 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! 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 Master. How sweet He was to mamma—He led her to the sofa and with that wonderful freedom of His—freedom 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 Acca. You took us to the Tomb of Baha'o'llah. 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."

" 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! Mrs. Thompson," He continued, " 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! " He answered . . .

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 Abha! ' Then the sword is raised; they cry out all the more, ' Ya Baha El Abha! ' "

I write words, but nothing can convey the subtle influence of Abdul Baha—the fragrance of His love, falling on our hearts like balm, exhilarating our spirits, changing even our physical aspect—brightening 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 Center . . . In His Presence we are in Heaven.

" And a man shall be as a shelter from the wind, as the shadow of a 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 Baha 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 embankment, I started off in search of one. The employees' door was locked, 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 Baha, at that Figure from the East,

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

" No," I said, " He is Abdul Baha, of Persia."

The old Jew asked nothing more—then—though I sensed that he wished to, but I did not feel at liberty to speak—Abdul Baha Himself was there to speak.

We went through the Museum, Abdul Baha being quite amused with the big whale, saying: " He could hold seventy Jonahs! "

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 what had been found in Egpyt.

" 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 America."

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 walk. Was He waiting for some one? By and bye 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 Baha 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."

" 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 know you *have* that, anyway."
" But 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 *unrecognized Messiah*—this One of whom he had asked, " Is He a Jew? " —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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