



PARIS, LE *May 7th* 1913

BALTIMORE HOTEL

88 BIS, AVENUE KLÉBER

ADRESSE TÉLÉGRAPHIQUE :

BALTIMOTEL-PARIS

Dear Harriet!

Today The King of Spain payed an official visit to the French Republic today and the principal Boulevards and avenues were bedecked with the flags of the two nations ~~intertwined~~. For the next three days he will be the guest of the government in the Palace of the State Department and then he will return to Madrid. Most elaborate program for his entertainment ^{was} ~~is~~ announced in the dailies and his photos and descriptions are in every hand and on every tongue. A certain section of the French people do not like entertaining Royalty and manifest their dislike in no unmistakable manner. "We claim to be a Republic," they vociferously cry out "What have we to do with an old tottering Monarchy of the worst type." But no one listens to them and the procession

of events go on gayly. Extreme precaution is being taken by the Police department to avoid any eventualities and many arrests have been made of the so-called hair-brained Anarchists and radical socialists. Bitter and venomous speeches ~~are~~ ^{were} delivered attacking the character of the visiting Monarch. But if one takes the tone of the French press, ~~from a general standpoint~~ he is impressed with fair and restrained comments, predicting closer relations and better feelings between the two nations in the future.

We have been so busy with our own thoughts that I did not dream of the coming of the Spanish King to Paris. I read something in the papers but did not give attention to dates; even early this morning the hotel man entered my room with several flags in his hands to hang them in front and on the side of the building. I did not ask him any question, having in mind the feast of Joan of Arc which was celebrated a day or two ago. I thought to myself this must be the continuation of that feast.

It was a fair day with sunshine rolling down from the blue sky; the air was wedded to a wee-bit of gentle breeze, just to show us what constitutes an ideal May day in Paris. It is 9 o'clock in the



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morning. As he has been doing for the last few days, the Master called me ^{again} to go out with him and have a walk. I jumped up from my seat and was ready in no time. We were walking along the avenue Kléber toward the "Arc de Triomphe" when suddenly we heard the sound of Marshall ^{up} music. Through one of the cross streets a regiment of soldiers were walking with military steps and ~~by~~ the sound of music toward the Champ Elysée. The Beloved stopped on the sidewalk and reviewed the whole regiment. As the soldiers passed by they all looked at him and if they only knew that they are being reviewed by the Supreme ^{heavenly} Commander of the Kingdom of God they would have gladly given up their lives with joy and happiness. Then we ^{continued} towards the Arc de Triomphe. The large square was filled with soldiers and

Artillery. No one was allowed to enter the
 circle; ~~as~~ a cordon of soldiers prevented the
 entrance. We walked toward Champs Elysees
 and from one end to the other ^{we could see} ~~end of the~~ ^{space}
~~but crowds,~~ ^{was lined} on both sides with French
 soldiers and the spectators by hundreds of
 thousands ~~were~~ lined behind the ^{French} soldiers
 on the sidewalks. There was hardly any
 place to move. At last we got a place
 where we could see the King passing
 when arrived. President Poincaré with
 members of Cabinet, military generals etc
 are ^{from} ~~welcoming~~ ^{welcoming} the King at the station of Bois
 de Boulogne at 10.10. am and escort
 him to the Palace prepared for him. From
 where we stood we could see the points
 of the thousands of rifles and the head-gear
 and cuirasses of the soldiers, shining and
 dazzling in the sunshine. It was indeed a
 spectacular sight which ^{I will} ~~is~~ not easily for-
 gotten. As the Master ~~was~~ looking upon
 this seemingly victorious army he said:
 "The wise man sees that another army
 with no cannons or rifles but with
 other armaments shall defeat this
 army. The day is coming when all
 these armies and regiments are ^{vanguished}



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by the ever-victorious army of the Kingdom of Akha and theirs shall be the glorious triumphs of Peace and brotherhood. When we arrived in Bagdad, one day there was a great manoeuvre of the Turkish army Corps and as Baha-Allah looked upon them said: 'My army shall win the eternal victories. These shall be put to rout and defeated.'

3 The Beloved was interested in the artillery and watched it for a long time. Suddenly we ^{observed} all the eyes ^{were} looking up ~~and~~ and as we looked we ^{It was} saw a large balloon floating calmly ^{through} in the air. It came and stood high up in the middle of the Champs Elysee. It was a very beautiful sight! Some one remarked jokingly ^{that} it would set at naught ^{all} the precautions of the police if just at right time a bomb was thrown down from the balloon.

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4 The Master apropos of ^{marksmanship} ~~revolver shooting~~ said:
"When I was young they would light ten
candles and at the range of a very long distance
I would put out the lights one after
another without missing one."

5 ~~Then~~ ^{approached} the time for the arrival of the King
~~arrived~~. Notice was given to all the soldiers
and everybody was on ^{ready} ~~the~~ ~~qui vive~~. A regiment
of the French guards riding on fine horses
passed by and ^{the} King with the President
of Republic sitting side by side in the
state carriage came to view. The people
hurraed and cheered and the King ^{smiled}
and made graceful acknowledgment. Oh!
if only they knew that the King of Kings
~~was~~ standing so near to them! What would
have they done? How blind and negligent
are the people! They do not approach the
real King but they run after these
child ^{men's} plays. They do not open their eyes
to the glories of the Kingdom but they
prefer darkness. Oh! I wanted to get
up and cry out Oh people! Here is your
King! Here is your divine Master! Here
stands the life-giver of the world!
Turn to him! This will be conducive



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to your everlasting honor!

6 - When we returned to the hotel on our way we found a funeral procession waiting for the other procession to end. It was such a contrast of life and death. The hearse was covered with beautiful wreaths and garlands of flowers. As ever, he looked at the bright side of this contrast and said: "This is a very ^{lovely} custom to cover the hearse with bouquets of all kinds of flowers. It is very beautiful."

7 As we reached the hotel we found a number of people waiting patiently for the Master. There was a Bahai who has been taught by Mrs Maxwell and another by Mr Woodcock. The Master praised both these illumined souls and then said:— Some souls are like unto the glass-chimneys. They are pure and transparent but an outside light must come in and illumine them; still there are others who are illumined but they do not confer illumination, ^{again} there are some people who are

illuminated themselves and they also illumine others. These are the blessed souls. These are favored in the Kingdom of Akha! When we associate with such real educators who confer general instruction upon the world of humanity and guide them in the path of Reality, day unto day, our eyes are more illumined, our ears more hearing and our hearts more perfumed with the fragrance of God.

8 To a young girl from Scotland who is studying painting in Paris he said:— His Holiness Baha-Allah has commanded the study of arts and crafts; that when we undertake the study of any branch of arts we must perfect ourselves in it and strive to master its technicalities and expressions but the study of art must not hinder the unfoldment of the sweet flowers of our spiritual life. One must become a complement to the other. Art without the subtle music of the spirit which is only heard by the still small voice; art without the spiritual inspiration of the higher spheres; art without the infinite waves and vibrations of the super-human; art without the tender messages of the anemones and hyacinths of the spiritual rose-garden is not art but artifice.



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Therefore you must make an effort to master both branches of Art. The prophets of God who are the Masters of the Spiritual Art-school teach men how to paint on the canvas of the spirits, the ideal images and virtues of the world of humanity. From time to time these masterpieces are exhibited in the wonderful Gallery of Sacrifice - on the Mount of divine Transfiguration. There and only there you are allowed to witness these life-like dramatic exhibitions. It is a marvellous gallery! The Principal of this Gallery today is Baha-Allah and up to this time more than 20000 portraits have been painted. Would you like to see these tragic, and dramatic life-sized portraits? Then he changed his topic Without any notice on our part, ^{he changed his topic} and continued: - When Baha-Allah appeared, in Persia the moral

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life of the people was degraded, they were ^{not} living like
unto ^{human beings} animals. There was no trace of love, sincerity
and good-fellowship, but through his Teaching,
the Fragrances of God were diffused, people
were educated to such an extent that a
child of 12 yrs old while under the sword
cried out "Ya Baha El Ahha". You must
likewise strive ~~in order~~ to become more
perfect day unto day. His Holiness the Bah
has said, ^{a believer} every person must review his deeds
every evening, to see what he has done and
accomplished ^{during the day}. If he has done something
worthy and noble, if his spiritual succe-
ssibilities are increased he must be
thankful to God; if not, repent and
try to live a better life tomorrow.

Mr and Mrs Scott entered the room.
They were welcome by the Master and
thus addressed: - "You are the flowers
of Paris and the cause of my happiness.
All the inhabitants of this city are
either thinking of industry or wealth
or the ^{are} they chasing after the worldly
pleasures, except the few Bahais
who are thinking of God. In a very
large impenetrable jungle we have
found a few fruit-bearing trees, therefore
you are very much loved. When we
were sailed from Teheran to Bagdad



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although we were over month on the way, we did not find ^{a single} ~~one~~ Bahai' and upon our arrival in Bagdad we found only three friends; notwithstanding this we were made very happy. The other day I desired to come to your meeting but I was not feeling well. your meetings are very spiritual. They will progress in the future. Do not look at the present. The greatest meeting held during the day of Christ was the Lord's supper. There were only twelve. The meeting was held in a very humble quarter with no table, no chairs and no rugs. They sat around a simple wooden board, and spoke on the glad tidings of the Kingdom. Now consider the results of that one supper. One end of the Christ's table is in the East, the other is in the West and many nations and tongues are sitting around it!

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12 To Mrs Ethel Fraser the Master said: "When
thou art returning to Johansberg thou must
be like an eloquent, living letter. There
are two kinds of letters, living and lifeless.
I desire that thou mayest become a
living, detailed, eloquent letter. A letter
which is the cause of eternal life, a
letter which confers happiness, a
letter which illumines the hearts, a
letter which spreads the message of
the Kingdom of Alaha, a letter which
contains ideal significances, a
letter which is the embodiment of
deeds and not words, a letter which
cries out and is not silent, in short
a letter of Reality and light, a
letter out of the Book of Life.
Convey to all the friends the wonderful
Alaha greeting on my behalf. Be thou
to them my eloquent, living and
spiritual letter."

Then he gave another wonderful
talk on the Bounties of Baba Allah
who through his supernatural power
has cemented these hearts together;
that he has established such a
union between us that even
the sword cannot divide us.



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192 In the afternoon Mr Arnold William Rosenthal, the Editorial Foreign Correspondent of Pittsburg Spectator with a friend of his called on the Master to get an interview for his paper. As the Beloved was asleep I spoke to him about the Cause and when he got up there issued between them the longest interview I have ever experienced. As I look over the Persian notes of Mirza Mahmoud I see there are about 8 pages rapid handwriting. Mr Rosenthal wrote down everything and on his return to America which will be about the end of this month he will publish the article. I have given him Mr Roy Wilhelm's address so that he may call on him when in N. Y. He is leaving for N. Y. on S. S. Martha Washington on May 24th. Please notify Mr Wilhelm about this man. He was very

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favorably impressed with the Master and will write an excellent article. He begged the Beloved to write also a Tablet for the readers of the Spectator which he has promised to do tomorrow. It will be mailed to him.

13 After this long and most interesting interview the Master told me to go and get a carriage and have a drive with him. The drive through the Bois de Boulogne, Champs Elysée, the Garden of Tuilleries, on the Quai for nearly 2 hours. The Master told me many interesting stories about Jazzar Pasha, the defender of the Fortress of Acre at the time of Napoleon the Great, the ideas of Napoleon about the formation of an Eastern Empire and how he was unhappy by the defeat he got from the hand ~~from~~ of the valiant Jazzar Pasha.

Returning home, there were several Persians and the discussions were ^{turned} upon the founders of the Present dynasty of the Persian Kings. The history of several of them was recited. It was a feast of Persian history. What a marvellous memory the Master has! It is a divine, heavenly memory; I can write 30 pages more but I have no more time. Love to all
Ahmad