

# LIVING PICTURES

In the Great Drama of the 19th Century

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and

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To those who dared -



CLUSTER OF CYPRESS TREES ON THE SLOPE OF MOUNT CARMEL



## P R O L O G U E

*Place—The Earth*

*Time—Eternity*

THE curtain of Night is hung over the Earth. Impenetrable darkness has taken possession of every object, animate and inanimate. Now and then streaks of lightning bring the scene and the actors into the visible—streaks of lightning in the timeless realm of Eternity.

A far-flung flash and we behold the river Nile, stretched between banks of glossy verdure, moving slowly toward the sea. There is the Sphinx crouched in contemplation; there is the awesome Valley of the Kings, prepared to receive the bodies of the Pharoës and to secrete them during countless ages. Cities well populated; men and women pursuing their varied occupations; pleasure boats darting hither and there; music, movement, color. It is more than five thousand years ago.

Presently our attention is attracted to the court of a temple. A youth, strong and straight is standing in a group of priests. His name is Amon Ra. It is the problem of immortality that is under discussion, and the arguments are heated and conflicting. The youth listens perplexed, uncertain, and then withdraws into the temple, where he sinks upon his knees at the foot of a great column. He lifts his arms, he lifts his face, his whole being transmuted into the Supreme Question; and then, sharp as a sword, a Ray strikes him and he falls upon the ground. Then in that radiant light, Naseem, broad winged Messenger of the Most High descends—whispering in his ear the Mystic Word; and Amon Ra springs to his feet radiant, issues from the temple, and goes forth teaching, that which he knows. Then do the people arise against him jeering and throwing stones, but he continues to speak with insistent solicitude, and his words are heard by a few. And from among these few, a tiny band gathers, following him, and he proceeds to the base of a very high Mountain, named Geyamat, and he begins to climb the Mountain.

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### BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Abbas Effendi—*Phelps*

Epistle to the Son of the Wolf—*Baha-U-Llah*

Nabil's History—*Translated from the Persian by Shoghi Effendi*

New History—*Translated from the Persian by Professor Edward G. Browne*

Traveller's Narrative—*Translated from the Persian by Professor Edward G. Browne*

As he advances slowly and with difficulty, Amon Ra time and again looks back. He sees the armies of the Pharoës marching through the sun-kissed land, carrying to every side their gifts of destruction and misery. He sees the Pyramids appearing one by one—monuments, not to the mummies laid within, but rather to the agony and despair of those who built them. He sees the sensuous flower of civilization springing from the mud of blood and tears, and he passes his hand before his eyes and weeps.

Amon Ra has grown old, his back is bent, his steps are painful. Could he have borne it all if he had known the end? The end! He looks again upon the valley and lo, Isis and Osiris are approaching on a path of light. Amon Ra straightens himself, and turning again to the pass he repeats in his heart the Mystic Word, and the curtain of Night falls upon the Valley of the Nile.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lightning reveals another country watered by two giant rivers—flowing from the North and West. Here is the achievement of that day, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and Babylon itself, and Babel's Tower arising in the distance. A thousand colors meet our eyes; a thousand perfumes steal upon our senses, and music like an opiate envelops us, charming, intoxicating, captivating us.

Now, on the broad Euphrates, we see a bark approaching, bearing the figure of Morduk. Morduk's far-visioned eyes are fixed on the mad luxurious cities, and he is lifting his heart heaven-ward, asking for the light of guidance. Then does the Light descend upon him, revealing the Secret, and Morduk the Teacher, directs his bark toward the flowering banks, and choosing Enlil and Ea as his companions, assails the forts of Mammon with resounding voice. Then are these three driven forth into the wilderness, followed by a little group and so, whispering among themselves the Mystic Secret, they place their feet upon the Mountain of Geyamat.

\* \* \* \* \*

The city of Ninevah in the land of Assyria. Here is the oldest library in the world; its countless books, consisting of bricks inscribed with thoughts and deeds of ages past, are piled on myriad shelves. It is the famed collection of the monarch Ashur—Bonapal.

In this treasure store, we see the youthful Bel pouring, as he has poured for years, over the weighty volumes. He has been informed of noble lives, of glorious teachings revealed in Egypt and in Babylonia, and he seeks the Key. Presently, exhausted by his concentrated research, he falls asleep, and in his dream, Naseem descends from the blue ether, and touches him with the scintillating Torch of Knowledge.



In the period that follows, Bel wanders through the length and breadth of the land, offering his Message of Mercy. He crosses the paths of Shelmanesar, Sennachrib and Sargon, and waits in the rear of their armies to comfort the victims of battle. Throughout a long life he continues, among the fiercest warriors of history, until Ashur and Ishtur arise to his assistance and take up the Message of Mercy.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Islands rising like jewels in a blue sea, and a sweet throbbing melody. Yielding to irresistible impulse, we are drawn into a grove, and come upon Orpheus who stands, sweeping his fingers across the strings of a lyre. His face, raised skyward, is stamped with assurance and joy, for his children, the lovers of Beauty, have found it easy to learn.*

We shift our gaze to the hill of the Acropolis, set with its snowy temples—types of a majestic and *serene religion, and on all sides, in every attitude, behold the purity of the human form at play, by its pure replica, immortalized in marble.*

But now the picture has changed; the Gods are driven from their cities while their statues are worshipped in the market place. Here is Socrates, drinking the cup of hemlock as the price of truth; there is truth meted out at a price in the sanctuary of its own temples. Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle have caught the echo of the Divine Voice; but the echo passes, and recedes, and is heard no more.

Now upon the Mountain, Orpheus veils his troubled eyes before the besmirched robe of Beauty, and wearily continues on his way, leaving behind him the Isles of Hellas glittering like diamonds in the sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

*High mountains—fjords and firths—stretches of sea. Three men of giant stature, Odin, Baldur and Thor stand in a little boat, dashed by the waves. And to them, perilously suspended between earth and heaven, comes simultaneous Awakening, and they steer to shore, disembark and separate, each going his own way.*

So do the Lessons of Love come to the warriors of the Northlands, while the tribes rise in anger driving the Teachers away. And when that day is spent, and the Message has become a memory, the people erect bloody altars to the honor of Odin, Baldur and Thor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now our attention is centered on the Kingdom of Loo, in the mountainous land of China. Confucius, the wanderer, has returned to his native city, and

as Minister of State is reforming the Laws of the Nation. To him comes *Laotzu*; and *Nascem* speaks through the mouth of *Laotzu*, indicating the Rule given by Heaven. Then says Confucius "*Heretofore I have traveled to learn, now will I travel to teach,*" and moving from village to village, from court to court, he expounds his doctrines with unflagging energy and determination. Along the road he instructs Hwuy, his favorite disciple, telling him: "*A good man regards the root; he fixes the root, and all else flows out of it. The root is filial piety; the fruit is brotherly love.*"

The Message of Confucius does not fall upon deaf ears. He leads a multitude along the path of life, and finally overtaking *Laotzu*, begins to scale the Mountain in his company.

\* \* \* \* \*

Indra, Varuna, Agni are leading an army of men and women across the vast plane of Central Asia. They have heard the whisper of *Nascem* and, following the directions given, are leaving their native land. After long journeying and many hardships they reach their destination, and we see them separating, forging ahead in many directions, and finally settling in forests and along great rivers. And always do they carry their Message—the watchword of their pilgrimage, and so do they spread about them the knowledge of a new Cause, and a method for a new way of living.

*The act changes.* We are on the banks of the Ganges. Here are devotees swinging on hooks in honor of Siva; there are worshippers hanging by the feet over fire, so tendering homage to Brahma; a Guru is jumping on a couch filled with sharp knives; a woman, young and lovely is burning on her husband's funeral pyre. The pure teachings of the ancient Rishis have been distorted and vitiated, and man seeks God along hideous ways of self-torture and mortification. The picture has become contradictory in every sense. On the one hand we see a Brahmin unwilling to tread upon the grass lest by chance he hurt an insect; on the other, priests sacrificing countless animals to appease the wrath of their grisly idols.

*Sickened by the sight we turn away and the scene is replaced by a flowing river, a green bank, upon which a youth, divine in appearance, sits under a Bodhi-tree.* He is praying for enlightenment as, on the self same spot he has prayed for six long years. Now his intense questioning has evoked the answer, and he is, of a sudden, flooded by the clear light of Nirvana.

Buddha and his disciples pass through the length and breadth of the land, teaching the "Four Noble Truths" and the "Eightfold Path." Adherents accumulate and grow in number, following to the base of the Mountain of Geyamat. As the Divine Youth sets his foot upon the perilous slope, he hears voices, coming to him through the upper mist—the voices of Indra, of Varuna, of Agni, of Brahma, of Vishnu, of Siva—he knows them all, and his heart is



uplifted and his spirit rejoices, and eagerly he presses forward along the side of the Mountain.

\* \* \* \* \*

White-ruffed craters standing at attention above flowering gardens—a boy Jimmu Tenno—leagued to her people by their guardian Goddess, Amatharasu, seeks the Way of Life.

Knocking at the portals of Heaven, he gains admittance, through the mediation of Amatharasu, and possessed of the knowledge of Shinto returns, to scatter it among the islands of Nippon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sinai rearing its head above the battling clouds with, at its heart, a Burning Bush. A shepherd on the mountain side—slow of speech among men, he stands, erect and unperturbed, conversing with the Lord of Hosts.

The verdant land of Isaiah and of Amos rolling past Jordan. A young man kneeling in the wilderness praying to the God of his fathers. Through *days and nights he calls incessantly until, upon the fortieth day, he breaks the barriers of limitation and passes into the Heaven of Certainty. Then he returns into his own country, and gathers the Twelve about him, teaching them the Way, which is through Him, the shortest way to God. He heals the blind and the distressed, comforts the lonely, consorts with the outcast; he never rests, he never falters but, toward the end of his last journey, we see him weeping among the hills of Judea. "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the Prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen dost gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!"*

Jesus, bruised and wounded, is nearing the Mountain of Geyamat. Those who loved him most of all, John and the three Marys are keeping close; while behind them a little company march singing—*Jews, women and a Roman soldier. Now is the veil of the Temple of Solomon rent from top to bottom; the graves are opened, and the bodies of the saints which slept, arise and follow after—into the darkness.*

\* \* \* \* \*

The desert of the Sahara—caravans moving toward the Holy City, sprung up around the Kaaba, which descended from Heaven and was placed on this spot by Abraham. Gateways choked with arriving pilgrims, congested streets, *crowded caravanserais, and here the great bazaars, arenas for the trafficking of wares brought by those who come to worship.*

Within the temple, ranged round the Holy Spot, three hundred idols stand, while jostling throngs, profiting by the rare occasion, conclude bargains at their ungainly feet. Greed and license running riot—we turn from Mecca and our gaze, drifting across the breast of the desert, is caught by a rocky and forbidding pass. We choose to overlook it, and to explore the restful hills of sand undulating toward the horizon, but our eyes are drawn again to the craggy steeps and, yielding to the current of attraction, we pass under shelving rocks, into a cave.

Blinded by the sudden dark we wait, and presently discern the outline of a man writhing upon the ground. We hear his sobs and smothered cry "*The way! The way! Allah show me the way!*" And now the figure rises, staggering in circles to the open. It is a youth with burning eyes and streaming hair. We see him reeling on the perilous ledge, clutching the air with wide-spread arms and then, out of the golden midday sky, a White Light strikes, rolling him backward into safety.

Now the youth descends into the valley seeking the wife of his heart. "*Khadijeh! Is it madness to believe that which I have heard?*" and Khadijeh answers "*Thou art the Chosen of Allah! La Elahah Ellah Allah. Thou art the Prophet of Allah!*" So Mohammed goes forth among the wild tribes of the desert, delivering the Message of the Compassionate.

We see him ever moving, ever illumined; gathering the Faithful about him by the magic of his assurance; driven, pursued, triumphant—a hero-figure never to be dimmed by time. We see his Cause in the hands of successive Kaliphs; his Faith carried to every corner of the Orient; his Name imposed at the point of the sword. And then a civilization rising on the field of carnage; Bagdad the Golden City and far in the distance the silhouetted Alhambra—indelible, everlasting.

Amid the din of battle, the Prophet of Arabia reaches the Mountainside. Aged and worn he leans upon the shoulder of Ali, the Faithful pressing after, continually repeating "*Islam, Islam.*" He advances, ever gallantly, while the thunder of horses' hoofs rolls back and forth upon the valley, fainter and fainter; while the mist cloaking the little band loosens its hold. Now, on the pass ahead a garment flutters into view and Mohammed straightens himself, crying with ringing voice, "*Jesus, Spirit of God! Behold I am coming!*"

\* \* \* \* \*

The plateau of Iran, where long ago, Zarathrustra, the excellent singer of Gathas, brought light to the court of the King.

Since then a civilization has waxed and waned, and now by the city of Shiraz, on the plane of Allaho-Akbar, we see a little mount whereon stands a



beautiful youth clothed in green. He is teaching a multitude gathered at his feet. *"I am as a ring upon the hand of Him whom God shall manifest."* His words are striking deep into the hearts of the people; we observe their faces—attentive, looking up, swept with adoration.

A dungeon in Teheran—dark, damp, suffocating. The floor is carpeted with sleeping bodies lying cramped and intermingled. One figure, weighted with a heavy chain, sits against the wall in an attitude of superb patience. *IT IS THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS.*

Now the Prisoner stirs. Something has touched him; it is passing over his breast; it is flowing upon him as a mighty torrent, turning his body into flame. He raises his head, listening with all his being, while from all sides these words salute him. *"Sorrow not for that which has befallen thee, and have no fear. Ere long shall the Lord send forth and reveal the treasures of the earth—men who will render thee victorious through Thyself and through thy Name, by which God will call to life the hearts of those that know."*

The slope of Mount Carmel—a patriarch clad in white robe and turban, has issued from the cave of Elijah. He stands looking, long and sorrowfully, upon the Mediterranean, and we follow the path of his vision, until we come upon the field of Armageddon stretching from pole to pole. Arrayed in full armor, the followers of the Prince of Peace are ranged upon the face of the world, and above the world, and below the world, while a Voice coming from the Temple of Heaven, says *"It is done."*

Then there are cries, and a great earthquake, and the cities and the nations collapse.

Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen!

Abdul Baha withdraws his gaze from the surface of the globe, and turning to the Mountain, which looms before him, higher and higher, beyond the limits of the Carmel which he has known, he begins to climb. Sheets of rain are falling, lightning strikes, thunder shakes the ground, but the Leaders of the Sons of Men are yet advancing over the spaceless steeps of Time. Calling to each other through the dark, holding fast the Mystic Word they draw in, closing round the summit—and lo, the East is streaked with grey.

Then the Prophets of the Earth stretch out their arms and touch each others' fingers, and so they reach the crest and stand, outlined sharp against the sky—while with one voice they cry:

*The Dawn!*

*The Dawn!*

*The Dawn!*





APPROACH TO THE CITY OF SHIRAZ OVER THE PLAIN OF "ALLAH-O-AKBAR"

## CHAPTER I

### THE MESSENGER OF THE DAWN

October 20th, 1819—July 9th, 1850

*"O Mehdi, Lord of the Age, hasten thy coming."*

—Islamic Invocation

America—the city of Boston—a student pouring over the Bible. After two years of minute study, he deducts that the *"two thousand three hundred days"* spoken of by Daniel VIII 14, mean 2,300 years, and that these years began in 457 B.C. when Ezra went up into Jerusalem, and therefore ended in 1843 A.D. Again, after more study, he concludes that, taking Hebrew chronology, instead of Roman, the appointed time is to be one year later, namely 1844. According to Daniel *"then shall the sanctuary be cleansed."*

Miller, such is the student's name, travels extensively through the United States, announcing to the people that the Promised Hour has come—when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and the nations shall learn war no more. He gathers a following who take his name, calling themselves Millerites, and these strip themselves of all their possessions, and, on the Day of their expectation, await the descent of the Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

### SHEIKH AHMAD

In the early part of the nineteenth century, Sheikh Ahmad, far famed student of Persian and Arabic Holy Writ, leaves his home south of the Persian Gulf, and travels toward Shiraz, as though drawn by a magnet.

Here he settles down, while students, from all sides, gather to sit at his feet, and draw enlightenment from his unlimited stores of wisdom. Repeatedly does he designate to these the city where they live, extolling it with passionate fervor, while at all times he comports himself as though within the precincts of a shrine. *"Wonder not at my words,"* he announces to the learned who press him with questions, *"among you shall be a number who shall live to see a Day which the Prophets of old have yearned to witness."*



After the death of Sheikh Ahmad, Seyyed Kazim, the most forceful among his followers, repairs to Iraq, and in the city of Karbala—the very fortress of Islamic learning—gathers about him a group of pupils, and prepares them for the approaching hour. He even goes into detail regarding the qualities of Mehdi—the Promised One. *“He is a descendant of the Prophet. He is young in age and is possessed of innate wisdom. My knowledge is as a drop compared with the immensity of his knowledge; my attainments a speck of dust in the face of the wonders of his grace and power.”*

### WHAT IS TRUTH?

A hall in Karbala—under windows which open to the sky. Seyyed Kazim is presiding at the head of the room; his pupils, some young, some of advanced age are ranged before him. The teacher is leading the eager minds among the intricacies of the Hadiths of Mohammed—scrutinizing the phrases one by one; offering interpretations, both old and new. Among his listeners, by far the most attracted and absorbed is a youth who sits by the door. This youth, a stranger in the city, has been attending the sessions regularly—coming in quietly when the class is assembled, and leaving as quietly when the work is done.

Now the discussion has centered on the ever elusive subject—Truth, and one of the students enquires point blank *“What is Truth?”* Seyyed Kazim lifts his eyes to the glass-covered roof, through which a ray of evening light enters, slanting across the room. Raising his hand he points: *“Where the Light strikes, there is Truth!”* All eyes are fixed on his finger, as he lowers it, following the ray, down to the shoulder of the youth who sits by the door.

Then the teacher recalls the minds of his pupils to the verses of the Hadiths.

### THE SHEPHERD'S DREAM

On one occasion as, with his companions, he journeys from Karbala to visit the nearby shrines of the Imams, Seyyed Kazim, stopping on the high-road to offer up his noonday prayer, is approached by a shepherd who recounts a dream. Mohammed has appeared to him, has told him that, in three days, a traveler, followed by his friends, will stop, at the hour of noon, to pray in the shade of a palm tree; that he was to seek the presence of this traveler and deliver the following message: *“Rejoice for the moment of your departure is at hand. On your return to Karbala, there, three days after your arrival you will wing your flight to me. Then shortly, shall, He who is the Truth, be made manifest.”*



Seyyed Kazim completes his pilgrimage and goes back to Karbala where, on the third day, even as it had been announced by the shepherd, he passes from this earthly life.

## THE QUEST

The interior of a mosque—men of various ages, seated on the floor in a large semi-circle, are engaged in a many sided discussion. It seems that they are reaching a conclusion, and Mullah Hussein, one of the pupils of Seyyed Kazim, rises to his feet, quoting from the Koran: "*Whoso maketh efforts for Us, in our ways will We guide him*" then he departs, followed by fifteen, and together these set forth on a journey.

As the little company proceeds along the road they converse among themselves saying: "*He who first discovers the whereabouts of the Promised One, he will notify the others,*" and they agree, "*This is a covenant made between us, in the sight of God.*"

Mullah Hussein is leading the little band toward Shiraz. He has, since the departure of his teacher, drawn certain recollections from the recesses of his mind. He has evoked the scene in the classroom at Karbala, when the shaft of light descended from the window and rested on the stranger, seated at the door. He remembers that this stranger had once addressed him, and mentioned the city of his birth, and he is possessed with desire to look again upon those features and contemplate that elusive personality.

Before the gateway of Shiraz—the travelers have reached their destination and have entered the city. Mullah Hussein waits behind, enjoying the peace of the late afternoon as he strolls to and fro. Suddenly he looks up—a youth of radiant countenance, wearing a \*green turban and sash, has approached, and is greeting him with intimacy and affection. "*Oh,*" Mullah Hussein gasps, "*I have come to visit you.*" "*And I am here to receive you,*" the youth responds "*and to take you with me.*"

So together, they pass through the city gates, and along the narrow streets, until they reach a house of modest appearance, and the host stops and knocks. An Ethiopian servant admits them, ushering them into an upper room where tea is prepared—and they converse in this room.

Now Mullah Hussein is presenting a certain treatise, the mysterious allusions of which have baffled him all his life—allusions which even Sheikh Ahmad and Seyyed Kazim had been unable to fathom. The youth glances at the book and immediately, with vigor and assurance, begins to speak—expounding truths, profound and simple, bringing light, where light was not. Mullah Hussein listens with rapt attention, while a strange excitement begins to take possession of him. Thereafter every day, for forty days, he visits the little

\* Emblems of descent from Mohammed.

house and he, who had been the first pupil of the first scholar in the land, sits before his new found friend learning like a little child.

#### A MEMORABLE DAY—MAY 23rd, 1844

America—on a high hill in New England, the assembled Millerites, dressed in white, await the appearance of the Lord.

Persia—in Teheran, Abbas (later known as Abdul Baha) first sees the light of day.

An upper chamber of a house in Shiraz, flooded with soft golden light—it is one hour before sunset, on the fortieth day of Mullah Hussein's visit to the city. An outward silence has fallen over teacher and pupil, but their spirits are in contact on the plane of the super-conscious.

The awaited moment has arrived!

Mullah Hussein breaks the stillness, "*Speak, and say who you are,*" and the answer comes:

*"O Hussein, the first to believe in me! Verily I declare that I am the Bab—the Gate of God!"*

Then he says: "*This night, this very hour will, in future times, be celebrated as one of the greatest and most significant of all festivals.*"

On the following day, May 24th, the first telegraph message is flashed from Baltimore to Washington: "*What God hath wrought.*"

#### THE EIGHTEEN LETTERS OF THE LIVING

Mullah Hussein, the first to whom the station of the Bab was revealed, receives the title of Babu'l-Bab—the Gate that leads to the Gate. He is the first disciple, and the First Letter of the Living.

Now, he, according to his promise, seeks out his companions, and these, beholding him, are struck by his changed expression, and realize without any spoken word, that some great event is upon them. Then, each in turn, either during sleep or while engaged in meditation, receives the light of guidance and, by his own unaided effort, comes into the desired Presence.

So, gradually, are sixteen accepted as apostles and enrolled as Letters of the Living, and here, Babu'l-Bab receives word from Kurratu'l-Ayne, foremost woman of Persia, enquiring, "*Have you, in your journeyings, found any trace of the Promised One?*" This communication is shown to the Bab, and he says, "*Write to Kurratu'l-Ayne; she shall be the Seventeenth Letter.*"

Again he says, "*The Letters must be eighteen. There remains one to complete the number. Tomorrow night, that Letter will arrive.*"



The next evening, as Babu'l-Bab walks along the street, a stranger, wild-eyed and dishevelled, throws himself upon him. *"Where is he? You can tell me, for you have been in his company!"* Babu'l-Bab promises that time will bring enlightenment, but the stranger will not be suppressed. *"Why do you seek to hide him from me? I have seen him; I recognized him by his gait."*

Babu'l-Bab reports this incident, and his Master observes, *"We have, in the world of spirit, been communing with this youth. We, indeed, await his coming. Go to him and summon him forthwith."*

This is Janabe Quddus—the Eighteenth Letter of the Living.

The Bab, himself becomes the Nineteenth Letter.

Now, the Bab interviews his disciples individually and collectively, and bids them go forth and scatter in every direction, carrying the glad tidings of a New Day, and of a New Revelation. *"Your faith,"* he says, *"must be immovable as the rock; it must weather every storm and survive every calamity. You are the first to leave the House of God and to suffer for His sake. If you are slain in His path, great will be your reward."*

He then bids them farewell and in the company of Janabe Quddus sets out on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

## THE PILGRIMAGE

Arabia—the Holy City of Mecca, shrine of three hundred million Moham-medans. The Bab stands on a plain, teeming with pilgrims—pilgrims from India, from Persia, from Turkey, from Afganistan,—all devotees of the orthodox faith of Islam.

The Bab speaks: *"This is the Dawn of a New Era—an era in which all traditions must be annihilated. Verily, I claim to be the Gate that leads men to the knowledge of God."*

The same plain at evening—the Bab is seated in his tent, by a small oil lamp. Men of many races are gathered about him on the ground, and are crowding the entrance; now and then one leaves his place, and it is immediately filled; groups outside move to and fro; there is an atmosphere of tense excitement.

Two figures are approaching from the direction of the city, conversing in low tones. One is saying *"Enough my brother, of conflicting reports! We will judge for ourselves,"* and the other, *"We will hear him together, and so carry back the same impression to our people."*

They have reached the tent and are standing on the outskirts of the crowd at the entrance. The Bab is in the middle of a discourse; his accents come to them clearly, and they listen to his every word, weighing each tone of his voice. When the talk is over they move away and retrace their steps.





MECCA IN THE MONTH OF PILGRIMAGE.  
COURT OF THE KAABA (HOLY OF HOLIES ENCLOSING THE BLACK STONE)

The one says, *"I have heard him with my own ears, and he is a fakir,"* and the other, *"I have heard him with my own ears and he is \*Mehdi."*

### THE MESSAGE

The news of the Bab's declaration at Mecca is spreading like wildfire throughout Persia. Men of every class are responding to the call—whispering the story, carrying the news, gathering in groups without fear and without restraint. All the while the Disciples are circulating throughout every province—freeing the minds from the chains of superstition; giving confidence by the magic of their confidence, teaching love by the magic of their love. It is the most sudden and astounding campaign of missionary work that the world has ever known.

Now the Shah becomes uneasy; the Mullahs violent in their denunciation, and the Government rises in alarm.

### THE JOURNEY

The Messenger of the Dawn is being conducted, by a body of guardsmen through the northern provinces. All along the way, the people, gather, coming out from the towns and villages to see him pass. They observe his demeanor, they hear his words of winsome charm, and something in them changes—they follow him down the road. On this journey hundreds and hundreds accept the Message.

### THE BAYAN

A prison cell in the fortress of Maku—the Bab is engaged in compiling his writings, his legacy to his followers, and to those who shall come after them—the Bayan is shaping itself. In this book the Bab asserts, ever and again, that he is the Gate through which men shall be led to *"Him whom God shall manifest."*

He fears that his people may be blinded by the love they bear him, and so fail to recognize that yet greater One, who shall be the Morning to his Dawn. He rejoices in his connection with him, who is yet to come; and in his faith in him. *"Verily,"* he writes, *"This is more honor to me than anything in the kingdom of heaven or earth."*

Again he writes, *"He is as a sun. If you place an infinity of mirrors before the sun, each one will reflect according to its capacity; and if you place no mirrors, the sun will rise and set just the same, and the loss will be for the mirrors,"* and again, *"If you read but a single verse of 'Him whom God shall*

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\* The Promised One.





شنبه ۱۵  
 سحر فرا  
 طاعت  
 اظهر  
 باخوش عرض نمودم  
 مکر آجان بیک خمره که  
 از تبریز بجهت حضرت شاه  
 انقل شد به

*Inscription on reverse side of original photograph addressed by Seyyed Assadullah to Mirza Ahmad Sohrab.*

Photograph of Aga Jan Beg of Khamseh who, by means of his regiment, became the instrument of killing the Bab. It was sent to me from Tabriz. I present it to you.

ASSADULLAH.



*manifest' it will be of more value than if you read the Bayan from cover to cover."*

## THE LAST SCENE

The citadel at Tabriz. The streets are packed with a dense throng; the roofs of the houses are laden with human beings; ten thousand people are gathered together; it is early morning.

Above a row of cells, on the wall of the barracks, two figures are suspended by ropes, fixed to the parapet above—the Messenger of the Dawn—and hung so close that his head rests on his Master's breast, the devoted Mirza Mohammed Ali.

On the square, a regiment of Mussulman stands with raised muskets; its colonel at the side. A long moment of suspense, then the signal—a volley of shot, and the scene is obscured by smoke.

At this very instant, a whirlwind which has been collecting its forces, suddenly bursts, driving the dust through the streets in clouds—enveloping the city in darkness. The people cling together, blinded, unnerved; then as quickly as it came, the gale passes on, and the atmosphere, by degrees, clears.

And now a clamor is breaking out on all sides; voices are raised. "*They have disappeared!*" "*He has gone to heaven.*" The multitude is panic-stricken.

The soldiers set out in a frenzied search, and presently discover the Bab seated in his cell, writing verses on the wall. The shower of bullets had simply severed the ropes which bound him. His body is unscathed.

A guard, seeking to prove if he is indeed man, pierces his arm with a sword and the blood flows forth.

Then the victims are once more raised upon the wall, and again the word of command is given; but this time the soldiers break ranks, throw down their arms and run away, and a Christian regiment replaces them.

Now the Bab raises his eyes to the East from which a roseate light is fast spreading over the heavens. His task is accomplished; his word is spoken; his thirty-one years of life have reached their destined end. He waits. Already the rhythm of a new state is pressing in on him and his spirit yearns to catch hold. A sharp report—the bonds snap—his body falls riddled with bullets—and the sun of a new day breaks upon the face of the world.



A CITY GATE, TEHERAN



## CHAPTER II

### THE GREAT CAPTIVE

November 12th, 1817—May 28th, 1892

*Verily, Akka is a city of Syria which God in His mercy has distinguished.*

*I announce unto you a white city upon the borders of the sea; its whiteness is its beauty, given by God. Know that the voice which there, calls the Azan, will reach unto Paradise.*

*Happy is he who makes pilgrimage to Akka.*

*Happy is he who makes pilgrimage to the Pilgrim of Akka.*

—From the Hadiths of Mohammed.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, a group of men, women and children leave their native province of Wuerttemberg, in the south of Germany, and migrate to Palestine. They settle at the base of Mount Carmel in the town of Haifa, forming a colony which spreads, as time goes on, to other parts of that land. Above the doorways of their houses they carve in bold letters, the words: "*Der Herr ist nach.*" (The Lord is at hand.)

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE CONFERENCE OF BADASHT

By the little hamlet of Badasht, a stretch of gardens leading into one another, has been rented by a noble of the court, Mirza Hussein Ali, for use as a camping ground. The space has been prepared so as to give as much simple comfort as possible, and the guests, to the number of eighty-one, have arrived and been shown to their quarters.

Evening falls. The travellers assemble in the central garden before the tent of their host; gathering in groups—comrades, old acquaintances, some strangers, brought together for a little while, and soon to be dispersed. A bond exists between them all, deep and vibrant—closer than is the bond of kinship, for these men are holding the fate of the New Cause in their eager inexperienced hands.

Now Mirza Hussein Ali is speaking: news has been received from their beloved Master, who sends his greetings to them all with assurance of his constant solicitude. Although distance separates them, his thoughts always attend his followers and once more he designates the rocky road that lies at their feet, promising to meet them at the journeys' end.



A silence falls upon the disciples of the Bab, as their minds reach out to him who wrote the letter in his far off prison cell; then their host gently gathers the straying thoughts and lays before them a definite plan of action.

So, night and morning they live in this garden and here, one by one, receive new names, so that each may be divested of past associations. As time passes, their vision steadies and clears; their purpose simplifies; their problems become solved. It seems as though a powerful Presence dominates them all—a presence giving assurance, certainty—creating a whole out of the many complex elements; and yet they are alone—disciples merely, with the Master far away.

During the proceedings Mirza Hussein Ali has announced that, hereafter he will be known as Baha-U-Llah.

### A THUNDER BOLT

The gentle Prisoner has suffered the supreme penalty; his body, shot to pieces, has lain on the barracks-square of Tabriz. In all parts of Persia a cloud of gloom rises and settles upon the Babis, now leaderless in the face of their tremendous obligation. Where shall they turn for guidance and support? How can they, so scattered, so limited in number, continue to assail the fortified structure of Islam? At this dark hour two unfortunate men, grief stricken to the point of folly, make a crude attempt on the life of the Shah.

The city of Teheran is shaken to its foundation, and all suspected of adhering to the New Cause are thrown into prison. Especially is his Majesty's mother convulsed with fear and anger, and openly, she denounces Baha-U-Llah, as being chief instigator of the crime.

In a retired village to the north of the capitol, Baha-U-Llah receives news of the disaster, together with a warning that he remain concealed until the storm is over; then he, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, sets out at once for the seat of government, temporarily situated at some distance from the city.

Arriving at his destination he presents himself before the Grand Vizir and inquires if it is indeed true that criminal charges have been preferred against him. If such is the case, he is prepared to hear these accusations and to discuss them.

### THE ARREST

The Minister is confused by this intrepid move and hesitates in so imposing a presence; but, at his very gates, the army is in a state of disorder and the people, of all classes, are clamoring for revenge. After all, whatever his rank, a Babi is no more than a Babi. Baha-U-Llah is, therefore, turned over to the authorities.

The prisoner is being conducted to the capitol. Bare headed, bare footed, heavy chains about his neck, he passes through the furious crowd, amid a

pelting shower of stones and abuse. An old woman, her eyes glowing with fanaticism, stumbles after him "*Give me a chance*" she cries with panting breath "*To throw a stone in his face.*" Baha-U-Llah stops in the middle of the road, and waits "*Suffer not this woman to be disappointed,*" he says to the guards "*nor deny her, what she regards as a meritorious act in the sight of God.*"

### THE DUNGEON

Arriving at the prison in Teheran, Baha-U-Llah is led through a dismal corridor, and escorted three flights below the level of the ground to a dungeon, already occupied by nearly one hundred and fifty men. Here a chain, of weight so appalling that it is known throughout the land under a special name, being that of *Quarakakar* (Black Horses) is brought and fastened upon his neck; then the door, the only outlet to the place, is closed.

It is very cold; the living bodies are crowded close, so giving one another a little warmth. It is damp; no one among them has a coat. It is dark and there is no air.

Silence, broken by groans, and gasping breaths, and then a voice raised—praising Allah the Clement, the Compassionate. *Baha-U-Llah is praying.*

And so days and nights of unspeakable deprivation pass in this infected pit, and here, during long hours when the torment of the chain and the stifling atmosphere allow him little sleep, it occasionally befalls that, upon raising his head, something flows over the breast of Baha-U-Llah, even as a mighty torrent which, descending from the summit of a lofty mountain, distributes itself over the earth. Then all his body is aflame. At such moments he hears words which mortal ears cannot hear.

The imprisonment in this dungeon lasts four months after which time, owing to the insistent demands of the Ambassador of Russia, Baha-U-Llah is released. He is then, in the company of his family and a few friends, exiled to Turkey.

### THE LONELY FAMILY

A little house in the city of Bagdad where the wife and children of Baha-U-Llah are passing their days. This has become the center to which the Babis turn and believers, from every part of Persia have, either openly or in secret, travelled here to receive directions as to the carrying on of their work. Now the visitors continue to arrive, although the one whom they desire to see has been absent for some time. They come to the door, again and again inquiring if there are any tidings of him, but the young son, Abbas shakes his head wearily—it is long since Baha-U-Llah has left them, and since his departure they have had no news.

### THE HERMIT

The rocky mountains of Kurdistan shelving upward to forbidding heights; valleys rolling one into another toward ancient horizons. On those horizons Babylon rose, flourished and decayed. On those horizons Abraham gathered

the tribes about him and taught them the way of God. On those horizons Adam ate of the tree of knowledge and was driven forthwith out of the Garden of Eden because of that which he knew.

Half way up the side of one of the tallest mountains, is a group of shepherds—seated, looking upward. The earth is yielding up her perfumes which rise and cling; the trees are whispering to each other, the sun is sinking into the violet distance.

Now a sound breaks upon the ardent twilight, coming from the ledge above; it is a voice of melodious power. The shepherds dwell upon every tone, following each cadence as it mounts upward, carrying its message to God. Then, when the chant ceases they rise, separating without a word, and go their separate ways into the valley.

So each nightfall, they come and quietly listen to the evening prayer, but at morning they are bolder. Then they climb eagerly to the very entrance of the cave, which gives upon the upper ledge and lay, at its threshold, bowls of milk and baskets of fresh dates. Often the hermit comes out and speaks to them—their Dervish—their Saint—their Holy Man—and he gathers them about him and teaches them to read, to write, and to memorize verses of the Koran.

On occasions, at long intervals, the shepherds bring some travelling Sufi leader to visit their beloved friend, and listen with pride and wonder as the two converse on the evolution of the soul. The Sufis ask searching questions, and learn many mystic truths, and the hermit promises to, some day, write an explanation concerning these things.

So pass two years, and now the shepherds sit disconsolate before a vacant cave; the hermit has disappeared from the mountain—and Baha-U-Llah is again with his family in Bagdad.

### DAYS IN BAGDAD

News of the return has spread abroad and a steady stream of guests is flowing past the door of the little house—not Babis only, but visitors coming from distant climes to seek enlightenment and inspiration. The Turkish authorities observe this commotion with cold disfavor and the Persian Consul General sends repeated complaints to his Majesty in Teheran.

It is customary for Baha-U-Llah to retire, at the end of the day, from the busy community, and during these solitary hours, as he strolls beside the winding Tigris, verses of great mystical significance come crowding into his mind. He writes them down and later, the Babis collect the bits of paper and study the verses in secret. They call them the "*Hidden Words*."

At this period also, Baha-U-Llah writes an account of the soul's journey to the Celestial City, addressing it to one of the Sufi leaders who had reflected on this problem in the mountains of Kurdistan. This writing becomes known as the "*Seven Valleys*."



## EXILE TO CONSTANTINOPLE

And now, after a few years of relative tranquility, the Babis are again on the march. The Sultan of Turkey has not yielded to a recommendation, coming from the Shah, that Baha-U-Llah be returned to Persia, but has decided to, instead, send him into further exile. A caravan is being prepared for the journey to Constantinople, and the adherents of the Cause, having wound up the various activities by means of which they had been supporting themselves, have said farewell to the pleasant city which they have come to regard as home. They are facing new perils, new fatigues, new hardships, yet their chief thought is, fear of being left behind. They wish to follow their leader at whatever cost to themselves, and to take part in the uncertainties of his lot.

## THE GARDEN OF THE RIZWAN

The travellers are assembled on an estate known as the "Garden of the Rizwan." This, the first stage of the journey, has been chosen at a short distance from Bagdad, so as to make it possible for late-comers to catch up and join the caravan. Everything is in order, the last arrival has finally made his appearance and the group waits, crowded together, hesitant before the future—bewildered, apprehensive. It is the hour of sunset on April 21st, 1863.

Now Baha-U-Llah rises to his feet and stands among his people. This is no time for regret, he says, this is no time for fear. The destiny which beckons them is more radiant than their most vivid dreams; the Cause, which they have accepted, more imposing than their most ardent conception. Did the Bab, indeed, appear to liberate the Islamic mind alone? No, God worked through him toward a greater end. The limitations attached to *all* religions are to be swept away, and the Pearls of Truth concealed in each of them disclosed; and these Pearls, gathered together, and strung on a silken strand, shall make the glorious adornment of a mature—of an awakened race. This is their task; this is their mission; this is to be their supreme attainment.

The people are transfixed by the vastness of the plan and tremble before the panorama unveiled, so suddenly to their eyes; then before they have time to regain their balance, Baha-U-Llah continues asserting that, from now on the Babis exist no longer; they, the Bahais, are in the presence of Him whom the Bab announced; that a New Power has been released, a New Rhythm set in motion—that Dawn has deepened into Morning.

Following this declaration a few, a very few, separate themselves from the caravan and retrace their steps to Bagdad and the Bahais, seventy-five in number, men, women and children, continue with their Master Baha-U-Llah toward Constantinople.

## THE GREAT PRISON

The blue Mediterranean—a wide bay—a fortified city glowing like phosphorus on the curving shore—a white city—Akka—a Prophet's prison.



AKKA, PALESTINE

*Publishers Photo Service*



Past three great moats, behind gigantic walls, twenty feet in thickness, Baha-U-Llah sits in his cell. He has reached his final exile and on this spot, from which he can catch glimpses of the dazzling sea, the Great Prisoner writes to the Kings and Rulers of the earth, commanding each in turn, and designating the calamities which will befall them unless they arise for the renovation of the world.

#### EXTRACT FROM THE TABLET TO THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

*"Before God, a handful of dust is greater than your kingdom; than your sovereignty, glory and dominion, and should He so desire, He would scatter these as the sands of the desert. Ere long His wrath shall overtake you; revolutions shall appear in your midst and your countries will be divided. Then will you weep and lament and nowhere shall you find protection."*

#### EXTRACT FROM THE TABLET TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA

*"O Banks of the River Rhine! We have seen you drenched in blood, because the swords of retribution have been drawn against you; and you shall have yet another turn. We can hear the lamentations of Berlin, although it be, today, in manifest glory."*

#### EXTRACT FROM THE TABLET TO NAPOLEON III

*"Had the old religion been your choice, then why did you set aside that which was prescribed in the Bible and the Gospels? . . .*

*"In punishment for that which you have done, matters shall be changed in your kingdom; the spirit of revolt will possess your people and, unless you arise to assist this Cause, following the spirit along the straight path, your power will fall from your grasp. . . . Your glory has made you proud. By my life, it shall not endure. . . . We have seen humiliation hastening after you while you remained asleep."*

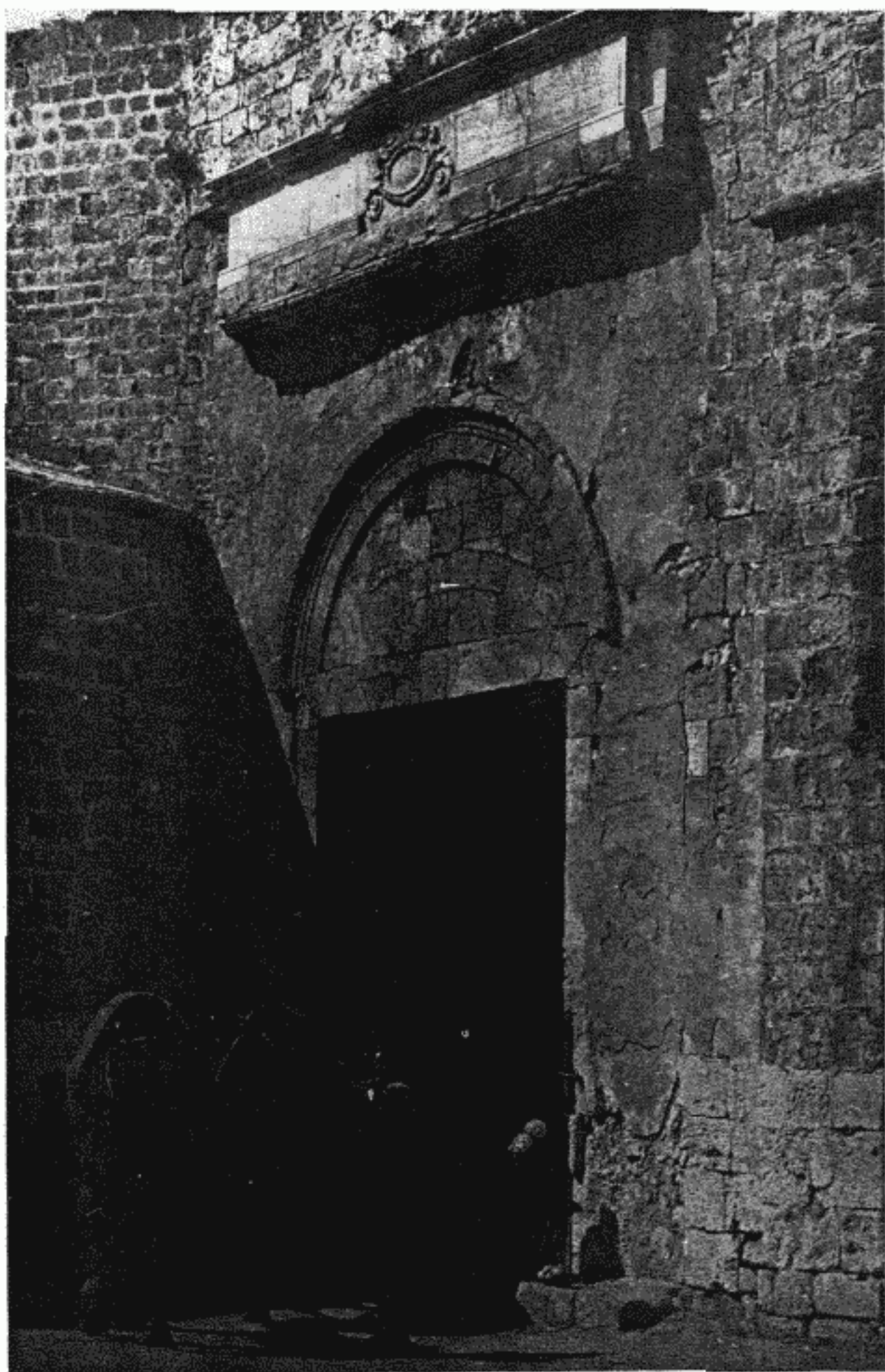
#### EXTRACT FROM THE TABLET TO THE CZAR

*"When I was in chains and fetters in the prison of Teheran, your ambassador befriended me, therefore God has reserved for you a station which none but Himself can comprehend."*

#### THE GERMAN COLONY

Toward the close of his life, the attitude of the Government relaxes and Baha-U-Llah is allowed to retire to a beautiful estate in the country. From here, he comes and goes as he pleases, and sometimes, walking along the road, which sweeps into the town of Haifa, and on to the base of Mount Carmel, he passes the houses of the German colonists who, long since, had settled in these regions with supreme anticipation. Under the stone archways of their doors, carved with the words *"Der Herr ist nach,"* the villagers glance casually at the majestic figure before their very gates. At intervals, the dream, which brought





GATE OF AKKA

them here, flashes back to their minds and they wonder when, if ever, will be the time of fulfillment.

### AN INTERVIEW

The only European, on record as having met Baha-U-Llah, is the distinguished Orientalist, Professor Edward G. Browne of the University of Cambridge. Of this interview he writes:

"My conductor paused for a moment while I removed my shoes. Then with a quick movement of the hand he withdrew, and as I passed, replaced the curtain; and I found myself in a large apartment, along the upper end of which ran a low divan, while on the side opposite to the door were placed two or three chairs. Though I dimly suspected whither I was going, and whom I was to behold (for no distinct intimation had been given to me), a second or two elapsed ere, with a throb of wonder and awe, I became definitely conscious that the room was not untenanted. In the corner where the divan met the wall sat a wondrous and venerable figure, crowned with a felt headress of the kind called *taj* by dervishes (but of unusual height and make), round the base of which was wound a small white turban. The face of him on whom I gazed I can never forget, though I cannot describe it. Those piercing eyes seemed to read one's very soul; power and authority sat on that ample brow; while the deep lines on the forehead and face implied an age which the jet-black hair and beard, flowing down in indistinguishable luxuriance almost to the waist, seemed to belie. No need to ask in whose presence I stood, as I bowed myself before One who is the object of a devotion and love which kings might envy and emperors sigh for in vain!

"A mild, dignified voice bade me to be seated, and then continued: . . . *'We desire but the good of the world and the happiness of the nations; yet they deem us a stirrer-up of strife and sedition worthy of bondage and banishment. . . . That all nations should become one in faith and all men as brothers; that the bonds of affection and unity between the sons of men should be strengthened; that diversity of religion should cease, and differences of race be annulled—what harm is there in this? . . . Yet so it shall be. These fruitless strifes, these ruinous wars shall pass away, and the 'Most Great Peace' shall come. . . . Do not you in Europe need this also? Is not this that which Christ foretold? . . . Yet do we see your kings and rulers lavishing their treasures more freely on means for the destruction of the human race than on that which would conduce to the happiness of mankind. . . . These strifes, this bloodshed and discord must cease, and all men be as one kindred and one family. . . . Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind. . . .'*

"Such, so far as I can recall them, were the words which, beside many others, I heard from Baha. Let those who read them consider well with themselves whether such doctrines merit death and bonds, and whether the world is more likely to gain or lose by their diffusion."





ABBAS EFFENDI, LATER KNOWN AS ABDUL BAHÁ

## CHAPTER III

### THE SERVANT OF BAHA

May 23rd, 1844—November 28th, 1921

*"Servitude is an essence the core of which is divinity."*  
—Islamic Tradition.

A mountain in the province of the Mazandaran, topped with a vast table-land on which thousands of sheep and goats are grazing. Huge bonfires burn in several places, and peasants crowd about them as they prepare the evening meal. There is music, wild and primitive, and rustic dancing and much merriment; it is a unique occasion, for the owner of these broad lands has sent his little son to visit his tenants and inspect his flocks.

Ere long evening approaches; it is time to say farewell. The shepherds gather about the child as he stands in his long white gown and Persian lamb cap, laughing happily and praising everybody. Now the chief of the shepherds is whispering to him *"It is customary on these occasions for the master to offer a gift."* The child is startled, *"I have none. I did not bring anything with me,"* and then, *"Oh yes, I know what I can do. Give each man a little flock of sheep."*

When the child reaches home his alarming generosity is reported to his father. What shall be done about the gifts that the Little Master has made! Mirza Hussein Ali laughs, *"The gifts are already given"* and then more seriously, *"Some day he will give himself!"*

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE DESERTED FAMILY

A devastated mansion in Teheran. The walls have been stripped, the furnishings removed, the servants have fled. One room, destitute of all but the barest necessities, is occupied by a little family. A mother, a boy of eight years, a tiny girl and a baby are huddled, clasping each other, praying, trembling, weeping. From the street the cries of a ferocious mob reach their ears; a new victim is being tortured or executed—it may be the beloved father—there is no way of getting news. And now the children are hungry and there is no money. The mother cuts the gold buttons from their garments and, at nightfall, slipping out, sells the buttons and buys something to eat. *Sometimes she goes to the prison and gives a few coins to the jailors; perhaps they will give food to Baha-U-Llah if he is still there.*



## A WINTER'S JOURNEY

A mountain route. The father has been released and, with his family and a number of Babis, is being conducted, under military escort, to Bagdad. He is very ill and his neck is raw and bears marks of chains. The mother also is ill and much worried for only two of her children are with her; she has been forced to leave her baby behind. It is bitterly cold and all are insufficiently clad. The boy Abbas rides on a horse; his hands and feet are frost bitten and he suffers. The journey lasts a month.

### "MOVE ON"

Bagdad. Baha-U-Llah is the center of a community of Babis, all of whom turn to him for illumination and guidance. It is eleven years since his arrival in this city.

Now the Sultan of Turkey issues an order to the effect that the family must move on, and preparations are made for another journey. Four days before the caravan is to set out Baha-U-Llah has revealed to his son the fact that he, himself, is the one whose coming had been foretold by the Bab. After this Abbas Effendi watches over his father at all times.

The march to Constantinople extends over a period of four months. The weather is inclement; food is very scarce. Abbas Effendi has constituted himself his father's bodyguard. He sits at the entrance of his tent by night, and rides beside his wagon during the day. Sometimes, in order to get a little rest, he gallops ahead of the caravan to a considerable distance, where dismounting, and causing his horse to lie down, he stretches himself on the ground, laying his head on the animal's neck. So he sleeps till the cavalcade catches up with him.

Two months in Constantinople, then another order—another journey, this time to Adrianople. It is winter, heavy snow is falling, all are ill; the feet of Abbas Effendi are again frozen.

### FINAL EXILE

Five years in Adrianople, then a voyage by sea and Baha-U-Llah, his family and followers have reached the end of their long journey—Akka on seashore of Palestine. Now the sentence is read; these men are murderers; they have corrupted the people; they have leagued to overthrow the Ottoman empire; they must be treated with utmost severity.

The barracks. Seventy men, women and children packed together—little food—bad water—no water in which to wash—almost all have fallen ill—it is midsummer. Abbas Effendi waits on everyone. He nurses the sick,



watches over them, cheers them; he takes no rest; then some of the patients die and he himself succumbs.

Visitors are not admitted within the walls of the fortress, but sometimes these gather on the plain outside the third moat. Pilgrims from Persia—they have traveled on foot to see their beloved Master, and here they can catch glimpses of him through his window. Then they return home to carry on his work with new vigor. The confinement in this barrack covers a period of two years.

Now the restrictions are mitigated. The family is confined for seven years in a house in the city of Akka, and finally is allowed to take possession of a lovely country place named Bahjee, where Baha-U-Llah spends his last days.

### AN OFFICE IN AKKA

A large room in the house of Abbas Effendi. A courier from Cairo has brought in bags of letters—letters from Asia, from Africa, from Europe, from America, all enquiring about the New Cause which is to unify the world. Four secretaries are sorting the letters, translating their contents and writing answers. Abbas Effendi, with his inclusive mind, is directing all of them—dictating to this one, listening to that one, and to the next; then going back to the first—taking up the thread where he had left off. Now the replies are packed into the bags and the courier returns to Cairo. So are the seeds of fresh ideals scattered to the four corners of the earth.

In years, Abbas Effendi is old; his hair is white, his beard lies silver on his breast; yet his movements are the movements of a youth and his back is straight as an arrow.

Baha-U-Llah had written of his son, *"Verily he is Myself—the Shining Place of my Identity, the East of my Cause,"* but Abbas Effendi said, *"My name is Abdul Baha. My reality is Abdul Baha. No title, no commendation, no mention will I ever have, except Abdul Baha—the servant of Baha."*

### THE INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE

Akka is under surveillance. A commission sent by the Sultan is presenting charges against Abdul Baha. The city is in turmoil; ominous rumors of exile to Feysan and even of a death sentence are spreading; there is an atmosphere of impending doom.

The interior of the courtroom—the committee, consisting of four officers in uniform, is placed at a table. The suspect unattended, stands before them in long brown robe and white turban. The accusations, which have come from Turkey, are being read.

Abbas of Persia is charged, firstly, of cherishing ideas of sovereignty.



ABDUL BAHÁ'S HOUSE AT AKKA



Secondly of having prepared and distributed a new flag. Thirdly of constructing a fortress on Mount Carmel.

As he has no lawyer, Abdul Baha answers for himself. He begins by thanking his Majesty Sultan Abdul Hamid for having divested him of all titles. In referring to him simply as Abbas of Persia he has included him in the company of those, whose servant he is—the Prophet of Arabia, who was known as Mohammed and Jesus, who was called the Nazarene.

As to the first charge, it is alleged that he harbors privately the thought of kingship. Now, in this, the Ottoman Empire overestimates the ambitions of an exile—one who is encircled day and night by spies. As it happens this prisoner has, all his life, and before the world, striven to attain the station of servitude, and has looked for no higher honor.

Secondly, it is said that he has circulated, in all parts, a white flag inscribed with the words, "*Ya-Baha-El-Abha*" which at a given time, is to be raised as signal of rebellion. But, as none of the officials of Turkey or of Arabia have seen this emblem, could it not be that it is an unmanifest flag, flying between earth and heaven, and that the hosts of the Almighty are themselves, taking part in its unfurling?

Thirdly, he is accused of supervising the erection of a fortress on Mount Carmel. If he, who has neither acquaintance with engineers, nor knowledge of military strategy has done this thing, it surely is an achievement; but is it not more likely that this is a spiritual tower, designed to diffuse the light of God?

Now the accused is notified that the Government is aware of the existence of certain revolutionary documents transmitted to his safekeeping by European agents. Should he make denial, there are witnesses in readiness to swear, on the Koran, to this effect.

Abdul Baha answers that he has no knowledge of any such papers, and that he wishes the fact to be well established that he has harbored no earthly ambition, has broken no law, and committed no sin. Only, he is a Bahai. To this he pleads guilty, and if they order out their regiments and make of him a target, as they did of the Bab, that will but fulfill his highest aspiration; that will be his greatest glory.

The investigating committee has adjourned. With its findings well in order, it has left Palestine, and is on its way back to Turkey.

### AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND

The house in Akka—a group of Bahais are excitedly discussing a message which has been brought to them, coming from an Italian battleship recently arrived in the harbor. The captain, in view of the imminent danger which



VIEW TAKEN FROM THE SLOPE OF MOUNT CARMEL,  
LOOKING OVER HAIFA IN THE DIRECTION OF AKKA



threatens, has anchored, under pretext of loading with wheat, and places himself and his ship at the disposal of Abbas Effendi. He is prepared to start at any time, and to make for any port on the Mediterranean Sea.

Abdul Baha sits in silence looking over the bay. Presently he asks his followers if they have arrived at a decision. They answer: yes, that he is the Center of the Cause; he is all that they have; he must be sent to a place of safety.

The Master, then, says that he will tell them the conclusion which he has reached. The Bab did not run away. Baha-U-Llah did not run away. God will deal with His own according to His intention. Abdul Baha will remain!

### THE GAME OF FATE

It is the year 1908. The Ottoman Government has been overturned by the Young Turks, and the Committee of Union and Progress has declared a new Constitution, which constitution confers full and unconditional liberty upon all political prisoners throughout the Empire. So Abdul Hamid, following a long and tyrannical reign, is thrown into prison; as Abdul Baha, after forty years of serene service in captivity, walks out a free man.

The Investigating Commission arrives in Constantinople, and its members, being part of the old regime, are immediately forced to flee for their lives. One of them is killed by a sentry, another is exiled, a third, having been stripped of all his possessions, dies in abject poverty, while the fourth, escaping to Egypt, arrives in Cairo with nothing in his pockets. He is cared for by a Bahai and finally disappears and is heard of no more.

### FIRST WORDS TO THE WEST

London—the City Temple filled to capacity. A majestic figure in white turban and gown stands in the pulpit. Abdul Baha is giving a public address for the first time in his life.

*“This is a new cycle of human power. All the horizons are luminous, and the world will, indeed, become as a garden and a paradise. It is the hour of the unity of the sons of men, and of the drawing together of all races and all classes. . . . The gift of God to this enlightened age is the knowledge of the oneness of mankind and of the fundamental oneness of religion.”*

### THE POOR ARE MINE

New York—the Bowery Mission. Abdul Baha is speaking to the poor of the city.

*“Jesus Christ said ‘Blessed are the poor.’ . . . When he appeared it was the poor who first accepted him, not the rich. Consequently you are his disciples, his comrades. One night, when Jesus was in the fields, it began to rain, and there being no place where he could seek shelter, he lifted up his eyes toward*

heaven, saying: *Oh Father! my bed is the cold ground, my lamps are the stars and my food the grass of the fields, yet am I not destitute; for to me Thou hast granted this blessing—Thou hast given me the poor; they are mine. Therefore am I the richest man on earth!* ”

When Abdul Baha leaves the meeting he places a twenty-five cent piece in the palm of each of the four hundred men present. The Bahais, following after him, try to buy some of these coins for fifty cents; but not one exchange is made.

### THE FARMER OF GALILEE

War is passing over Palestine: the doors are again closed—no news can come in or out. A plague of locusts, added to Turkey's unprecedented extortions, and to Germany's extensive buying of foodstuffs to be shipped to the "*Fatherland*," has brought about a state of awful famine. In the cities men, women and children walk about like skeletons; forgetting all standards, all ties, striving only to preserve life a little longer. Bodies lie along the road unnoticed. In Lebanon alone one hundred thousand die of starvation.

On the plains of Tiberias and of Adassieh, Abdul Baha is supervising extensive works of agriculture. At the outset of hostilities he had procured and planted a vast acreage of land, and now the harvests are periodically, and continuously being reaped, and the wheat and corn distributed among the poor.

Abdul Baha by his resourcefulness and energy has saved the communities of Akka and Haifa.

### SUNSET ON MOUNT CARMEL

A cluster of cypress trees, on the slope of Mount Carmel; very slim, very green, they lift their arms high toward the heavens. In their fragrant shade sits the Servant of Baha surrounded by his disciples, and wistfully he speaks to them, at the close of his long day.

*"I am straining my ears toward the East and toward the West, toward the North and toward the South, that haply I may hear the songs of harmony and fellowship. Oh how I yearn to see men united, even as pearls on a shining strand; as the brilliant Pleiades; as the rays of the sun; as the gazelles on the meadow.*

*"The Mystic Nightingale is singing for them, will they not listen? The Bird of Paradise is warbling, will they not hear? The Angel of the Kingdom is hailing them; will they not waken? The Messenger of the Covenant is pleading; will they not heed?*

*"Ah, I am waiting, waiting for the glad news that my friends are the embodiment of truth and candor; the incarnation of love and benevolence and the manifestation of unity and concord! Will they not rejoice my heart? Will they not fulfill my hopes? Will they not answer my call?*

*"I am waiting, I am patiently waiting!"*



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NASIRU'D DIN SHAH



## CHAPTER IV

### THE MARTYRS

*"If thy hair be dyed in thine own blood, this is  
greater to me than the creation of two worlds."*

Hidden Words—Baha-U-Llah

The Bab is in prison. His followers, persecuted and pursued, are seeking asylum in many directions. A company of about three hundred and twenty men, under the leadership of Jenabe Quddus have possessed themselves of the castle of Tabarsi, and are taking measures for its defense. A wall is being constructed around the castle, while within, armorers are unceasingly occupied in the making of swords. Through it all, and constantly, those who are conversant with the ethics of the New Cause are teaching all who lack learning, so that the faith of every one may be based on understanding, rather than on blind devotion.

#### THE CASTLE OF TABARSI

Presently news of the intrenched Babís has spread abroad, and the fortress is surrounded by a host, of from two to three thousand skilled soldiers and experienced marksmen, under the command of Prince Mehdi Kuli Mirza. Jenabe Quddus, being aware of the fact that the besiegers expect yet greater enforcements, prepares for a sortie. At nightfall, riding with Babu'l-Bab at his side, he issues forth followed by three hundred men, and sets fire to the magazine of the enemy. In the confusion that follows, he falls upon the royal troops pressing hard his advantage, and these, taken utterly by surprise, are put to flight.

The Babís have retired, leaving only three of their number on the field, but they carry with them their beloved chief, grievously wounded. Quddus still commands, although his teeth have been knocked out and half his face is shattered. For three months he tastes nothing except a little tea and broth, yet he shows, at no time, the least trace of pain or uneasiness.

The royalists continue to attack unremittingly, and seek by every device to capture the fort, but all their efforts fail. The little garrison, completely resigned, yet animated by superhuman heroism, has so far proved unconquerable.

## THE SORTIE

Now Babu'l-Bab seeks the presence of Quddus, saying "*I can no longer bear to look upon the wound which mars your glorious visage. Suffer me, I pray you, to lay down my life this night,*" and Quddus gives permission.

Babu'l-Bab has made it a practice to ride out at nightfall, followed by nineteen companions, to attack the splendidly accoutred enemy with simple handmade weapons. On each occasion he has wrought considerable havoc and has returned to the castle without loss. This time, in the same fashion, he calmly advances toward the very center of the hostile army, now seven thousand strong.

The night is dark; rain is falling heavily; the Babis are wearing white shawls across their shoulders so that they may not harm one another by mistake. At the last moment Babu'l-Bab turns to the one who walks beside him, "*Mount behind me on my horse, and when I say, 'Bear me to the castle' turn back with all speed.*" Then he gives command to charge.

In the conflict that ensues, he forges ahead like a streak of lightning, every obstacle going down before him, and he has passed to a point beyond the seventh entrenchment of the enemy, when a bullet strikes him in the breast. Faintly he whispers, '*Bear me to the Castle,*' and his companion, turning his horse's head, gallops back.

## THE FAREWELL

On reaching the fort Babu'l-Bab is borne, unconscious, into the presence of Quddus who, at the sight of him, neither moves from his place nor makes the least demonstration of grief. He only says "*Leave me with him,*" and motions that the door be closed. An hour elapses and the Babis, watching in the hallway, hear the sound of two voices. This continues until finally, losing restraint, they peer through a fissure in the wall, into the room.

Babu'l-Bab on bended knees is seated by his chief, listening attentively as though to instructions. He is heard to ask "*Are you well pleased with me?*"

Another hour passes, then Quddus opens the door saying, "*Things which previously I deemed it unallowable to utter, I have shared with him. Now I have said my farewells—take the body away.*"

In this manner passes the First Disciple—the First Letter of the Living.

## THE TREATY

Now the provisions in the castle are exhausted and the garrison, which for long has been subsisting on grass and leather, drawing its strength, only, from



the words and example of Quddus, is impatient for the bliss of martyrdom. Presently word is brought from the Prince, "*For nine months have both sides been engaged in hostilities without any truce or respite. Now we consent, for the sake of peace, to agree to the terms you may propose.*"

Quddus reads the letter and says: "*Although he meditates treachery, yet, because his designs conform with destiny, will we suffer his schemes to prevail.*" He therefore writes, "*If you will guarantee our safety we will depart out of your land,*" and the Prince swears on the Koran to respect these terms, adding in a letter, "*None shall let or hinder you in any way.*"

### THE FEAST

The siege is over. Quddus, with a handful of his officers, is being entertained in the Prince's headquarters. Outside, on the plain before the royal tent, a feast is spread, and the Babis having been relieved of their arms, are invited to sit and appease their hunger. They draw near hesitant, but attracted, looking with famished eyes upon the steaming meats—they who for long have tasted not even of grass.

They have taken their places when, suddenly, the soldiers lift their rifles aiming at the banquet board and, at a word of command, fire.

So does the garrison of Tabarsi feast at the table of martyrdom.

### THE LEADER OF THE BABIS

Now the victory is celebrated. Three hundred and twenty men have, after nine months, been vanquished by an army of seven thousand. The relief and delight of the royal troops of Persia know no bounds.

The Prince is entering Barfursh, native city of Quddus, which is filled with a rejoicing multitude, and decorated as though for a great holiday. A handful of captives, so weakened by starvation that they can hardly stand, are driven in his train. Barefooted, laden with chains, they pass through the howling mob.

The Chief of the Ulemas has Quddus brought before him and asks by whose authority he dares wear the green turban. Quddus answers that his mother was a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and that, in adopting this emblem, he is within his rights. The priest, *grasps the turban, throws it to the ground and stamps upon it.* "*Soon he will claim to be the mouthpiece of God, the revealer of His will,*" and drawing his sword, cuts off his ears. Then he delivers him to the people who, with shrieks of fanatical fury, fall upon their prey and cut him to pieces.



Amid the din, the voice of Quddus is heard crying "*Would that my mother could see the splendor of my nuptials!*"

So dies, the Great Warrior, the Great Teacher, the Great Mystic—the Eighteenth Letter of the Living.

On hearing of the tragedy of Tabarsi, the Bab in his prison, is overwhelmed with grief. Tears rain from his eyes and for days he is unwilling to taste of food. He sends one of the believers, who is attending him, on a pilgrimage to the places which enshrine the bodies of these heroes who had sealed their faith with their blood. "*Bring back to me,*" he says, "*a handful of that holy earth which covers my beloved ones—Quddus and Babu'l-Bab.*"

### THE SIEGE OF ZANJAN

The scene which was enacted in Tabarsi is repeated in the cities of Neyriz and Zanzan. For months, tiny garrisons hold their own against overwhelming odds, and the armies of Persia stand baffled in the face of adversaries whose power they cannot measure.

In Zanzan, Zeynab, whose heart has been inflamed with love of the New Cause, having adopted boy's attire, insinuates herself behind the barricade and, in the encounter that follows, shows such audacity and resourcefulness, that the commander of the fortress, watching from one of the turrets, picks her out for special commendation. When she is brought before him, he recognizes her as a maiden from one of the nearby villages, and asks the reason for her joining their forces. "*Do not deny me,*" she begs, "*The privilege of throwing in my lot with you, or withhold from me the crown of martyrdom!*"

So for nine months Zeynab continues among the defenders, being given no especial post, but serving wherever she pleases. Hardly eating or sleeping, her sword ever at her side, she inspires her companions by her flaming ardor, and becomes known and feared by her enemies.

One morning she seeks the commander of the fort and throws herself at his feet. "*My life,*" she says, "*is nearing its end. Intercede for me with my Master.*"

During the course of that day she falls on the field riddled with bullets.

### THE CAUSE SPREADS

The Babis persist in their teaching, though nowhere are they safe from spies; citizens denounce their oldest friends and brother betrays brother. Persecution has become the order of the day and adherence to the New Faith is almost tantamount to a death warrant.

In spite of these conditions students meet, study and discuss the doctrine of the Bab, willing to follow the truth at whatever price; then once convinced, they issue forth and themselves carry on the work. So does the influence of the Cause increase, as the blood spilled on the marketplace adds its compelling voice to the whispered fervor of the Babis.

### DEATH HAS NO TERRORS

Now the Grand Vizir addresses the uncle of the Bab surnamed Khal-i-Azam. *"We are loath to inflict the slightest injury upon you. A word of recantation is sufficient to set you free,"* and the answer comes, *"Your Excellency! To refuse to acknowledge the Mission of the Bab would be to deny the divine character of the Message which Mohammed, Jesus, Moses and all the Prophets have revealed. God knows that whatever I have heard and read concerning the sayings and doings of those Messengers, I have been privileged to witness in this Youth—this beloved kinsman of mine, from his earliest boyhood."*

As he is being conducted to his death Khal-i-Azam cries to the multitude: *"For a thousand years you have prayed that the Promised One be made manifest, and now that he is come, you have driven him into hopeless exile, and have arisen to exterminate his companions. With my last breath I pray that the Almighty may wipe away the stain of your guilt and enable you to awaken from the sleep of heedlessness."*

At these words the headsman hesitates and pressure has to be brought upon him to fulfill his task. After the execution, he leaves the city and seeks another form of employment, to the end of his life recalling this incident with repentance and tears.

Mirza Qurban Ali, an outstanding figure in the community, is arrested in Teheran. *"I am unwilling,"* remarks his judge, *"to pronounce a sentence of death against the possessor of so exalted a station."* *"Why do you hesitate,"* the prisoner exclaims. *"He in whose path I am laying down my life has, from time immemorial, inscribed my name on the scroll of his chosen martyrs. This indeed is the day in which I shall seal my faith with my life-blood."*

Suleyman Khan, his body studded with lighted candles, walks singing along the streets.

*"Happy he, whom love's intoxication  
Has so possessed, that he scarce knows,  
Whether, at the feet of the Beloved,  
Be head or turban that he throws."*





ROYAL PAVILLION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TEHERAN

*"Why do you not dance," the people cry mockingly, "since you find death so pleasant?"*

*So Suleyman Khan complies and dances, a living torch, towards the market-place.*

Years pass. According to the inclination of the priests in the different cities, persecution now waxes, now wanes. One province is the scene of the most horrible atrocities, while the serenity of a neighboring one continues undisturbed. The believers, rearing their families in the shadow of death, meet that death when it comes, according to their own various temperaments—some with complete submission, others by heroic defense of themselves and of their families.

So turns the last page in Babi history.

### THE WAY OF NON-RESISTANCE

Baha-U-Llah is guiding the affairs of the Cause. He, who had been indicated by his great Forerunner, has assumed leadership of the Babis (hereafter to be known as Bahais) and from his exile in Turkey, there issues a new teaching. *"It is better that you be killed than that you kill one another,"* and the ringing announcement, *"We have taken from you the law of murder."*

These words being spoken, the days of self-protection are over.

Now in the land of Persia a strange scene is being enacted. Men and women behold the unspeakable agony of their associates, making the while, not the least remonstrance; only standing by to reinforce the courage of the beloved victims, with their own exalted courage.

At this period, the number of martyrdoms approaches the appalling figure of thirty thousand—a total in which many children are included.

### THE MESSENGER

From the window of the Royal Pavillion, on the outskirts of Teheran, the Shah, examining the countryside through a telescope, discerns in the distance, the figure of a man outlined on a rock. The next morning he notices him again, and the next, and on the fourth day, seeing that the strange sentinel is still at attention, orders him to be brought into his presence.

The man is escorted to the audience chamber, and it is seen that he is a youth of remarkable nobility of bearing. On receiving permission to approach, he walks boldly to the dais and offers a letter to the Shah. *"I have come to your Majesty,"* he says, in an assured but respectful tone, *"with a firman from my Lord Baha-U-Llah."*





BADI IN CHAINS

The attitude of the messenger, his terms and especially his reference to the redoubtable Captive throws the court into confusion. The Ministers are appalled; the Shah is incensed with anger. How does this country boy dare to mention one who has caused so much disturbance! He is asked to give his reasons for using the word firman. Does he not know that a firman is issued only by a king?

The youth answers simply that the letter did come from a king. It came from Baha-U-Llah.

The attendants drag him to an outer tent and place his feet in the bastinado. What is his name? Badi. Who are his friends? He has no friends; he has come from Akka; he has spoken to no one. He has desired, only, to fulfill his mission; now that it is accomplished he has nothing more to fear. The Shah sends word that the names of his associates must be revealed and the ferrashes apply themselves to their task; but although his feet become fountains of blood, the victim continues firm, and the executioners are the first to tire.

*"Say then, that you have brought a petition," they exclaimed breathlessly, "and we will give you respite!" But Badi replies with utmost serenity, "I have carried a firman from my Lord Baha-U-Llah."*

Now iron rods and bricks are piled in a brazier and these, when they have become red-hot, are applied to his breast, his arms, his feet. Badi does not flinch, he shows no sign of pain, he even helps his tormentors, himself placing the burning bricks upon his body, and sometimes he cries out, *"Oh my God! I thank Thee for so eminent a favor!"* This continues at intervals for eight days.

One morning the Shah passes the tent and calls out, *"Has the young man confessed?"*

*"Your Majesty, we have tried everything. We cannot make him suffer."*

*"Then," says the Shah, "let him die."*

A block of wood is brought, and one of the ferrashes raises a heavy bludgeon.

*"Young man, you will be freed if you say that you have brought a petition to his Majesty."*

*"Do not speak of freedom to one who is completely free, so now, for the last time, I tell you," and he raises his voice triumphantly, "that I have carried a firman from my Lord Baha-U-Llah."*

With this the mace crashes down, and the great soul of Badi passes from the confines of the earth.



## THE TABLET

The Shah sits in his study, turning over the pages of the letter. His face is congested with anger, and his body trembles; nevertheless he reads:

*"Oh Shah, I was, in truth, an ordinary man asleep upon my couch, when the breezes of the Most Glorious passed over me, giving understanding of that which has been. This thing is not from me, but from One mighty and all-knowing. He it was who ordered me to sound the proclamation between earth and heaven, and for this has there befallen that, whereat the eyes of those who know, overflow with tears. I did not enter school or college. Inquire of the city wherein I lived, that you may be assured that I am not of those who speak falsely. This is a leaf which the breezes of the will of your God, the mighty, the extolled, had stirred. Could it be still when the rushing winds blew? No, by my Lord of Names and Attributes, for it was moved according to His will; in the presence of the Eternal, non-entity has no resistance. His imperial command it was, which obliged me to speak for His celebration among the nations. In truth I was as dead when I became animated by the hand of your Lord. . . .*

*"Oh Shah! Consider this Oppressed One with equity, and judge fairly concerning that which has befallen him. Verily, God has appointed you His shadow among His servants, and the symbol of His power before the dwellers in the land. Judge between ourselves, and those who have persecuted us without proof. Truly, they who surround you, love you for themselves, whereas I love you for yourself, and desire but that which will assist you unto the station of grace, and turn you toward the right hand of justice. Your Lord is witness unto this. Oh Shah! If you could hear the cooing of the Dove of Eternity, upon the branches of the Sadratu'l Montaha, verily it would cause you to attain unto a station from which you would behold upon the earth, naught but the splendor of the Adored One. Then would you regard dominion as a thing of small account, and resigning it to the first comer, turn toward the Horizon aglow with the lights of His Countenance; enduring no more the burden of Empire except as a means to assist in the Cause of your Lord. . . .*

*"Oh Shah! I conjure you to consider His servants with pitying eyes!"*





HAJI MIRZA AQASI



## CHAPTER V

### THE ENEMIES

*"The enemies plot and God plots but God is best plotter."*  
—Mohammed.

The summer palace of Mirza Buzurg, Minister of the Court. A colorful group of nobles and officials of State are gathered on the terrace around a great table, which is laden with delicacies from various climes. There is music from a stringed orchestra, and chanting and much merriment. It is the wedding feast of the youthful son of the house.

As evening approaches a platform is raised in the garden. It is set with a city square, fronting a royal pavillion—all in miniature form—and illumined by lanterns hung at angles on the nearby trees.

When all is in readiness, the guests leave the banquet board and approach the improvised theater, grouping themselves among the flower beds, while a child appears on an upper gallery of the house. This is Mirza Hussein Ali, young kinsman of the bridegroom who, from a distance, is taking part in the festivities.

The play begins. Little figures are sweeping the ground and sprinkling it with water; courtiers, in velvets and silks are emerging from the wings and taking their places about the dais; a trumpet is heard, a voice cries "*Prepare the way. Prepare the way*" and the Shah, with golden crown upon his head, with ermine robe trailing behind him, enters and seats himself upon the throne.

Now the Grand Vizir presents a document; his Majesty signs with a flourish, and immediately the army passes, marching to the front. Then booming of cannon, cries of triumph, songs of victory, and amid clouds of smoke and dust the conqueror returns, dragging behind him a captive in chains.

The Shah watches the effective entry, and with proud gesture commands "*Off with his head!*" So the executioner hurries in with a minute block and axe, and sets to work on the spot.

The last scene is a stirring one. A review, the national anthem, waving of flags; finally a herald advancing to the center of the stage, blows a fanfare on his trumpet and proclaims that the war is over.

The guests have said their farewells, and are leaving on horseback and in their carriages; the servants are stripping the table of its goblets and golden dishes; the host is engaged with his son, and the ladies of the household with the bride, and a child with pink cheeks and starry eyes, runs about the garden searching under the trees.

"*Little Master, what can I do for you?*" the showman calls out as he passes down the road, with his properties well packed away.

"*Where is the Shah?*" the child is trembling with excitement. "*Where is the Grand Vizir? Where is the Executioner?*"

The showman smiles, then pointing to his baggage he answers "*They are all in the box.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

### A PROPOSED INTERVIEW

The Bab's public declaration at Mecca, and the whirlwind activities of his disciples are discomfiting to the government; for not only do the people respond to the New Message, with restless eagerness, but the most eminent scholars also, are giving it undue attention. Therefore when the Bab forwards a letter to the Royal presence, begging that an audience be accorded him, the learned divines of the capital express their willingness to hear and consider his claim.

Even Mohammed Shah is stirred to interest. He has heard that the young Reformer is possessed of strange powers, and that already he has performed several miraculous cures, and being in a state of gout, which causes him continued discomfort, the royal sufferer is willing to listen to these expositions on the bare chance of deriving physical benefit.

### A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE

So circumstances are inclining toward an interview, when the Grand Vizir, who for thirteen years has enjoyed unrivalled ascendancy over the mind of his sovereign, becomes apprehensive. Utterly ignorant and vain, extravagant and lazy, he has lowered the prestige of the nation and carried it to the verge of bankruptcy. Now, should the Shah be allowed within the radius of this young man's influence, he might be affected by his apparently irresistible charm; he might even be cured, and then become involved with new ideas, and awake to consider the interests of the people!

Haji Mirza Aqasi decides that the proposed meeting shall not take place.

As a natural sequence, therefore, the Shah, writes to the Bab, in his own hand: "*Since the royal train is on the verge of departure from Teheran; to meet in a befitting manner is impossible. Do you go to Maku, and there abide and rest for a while, engaged in praying for our victorious state.*"



So the Bab is escorted to the Fortress of Maku, situated in the native province of the Grand Vizir.

One day, following these events, as Haji Mirza Aqasi walks through the park, accompanying one of the royal princes, the boy says to him "*Haji, why did you send the Bab to Maku?*" and the Minister makes answer, "*You are still young, and there are certain things which you cannot understand, but know that if he had come to Teheran, you and I would not be here, as we are, strolling care-free in the cool shade of the trees.*"

In spite of his precautions, the hour arrives when Haji Mirza Aqasi, after a long life spent in acquiring wealth at the expense of his country, is forced into an ignominious exile, where he spends his last days.

### THE CROWN PRINCE

*An assembly room at Tabriz. The Bab is being examined by Haji Mullah Mahmud in the presence of the priests and of the Crown Prince.*

Question. "*Did you compose these books?*"

The Bab. "*They are from God.*"

Question. "*If they are yours, say so.*"

The Bab. "*They are mine.*"

Question. "*Then your tongue is like the Tree on Sinai! Now who gave you the name of Bab?*"

The Bab. "*God gave it to me.*"

Question. "*What is its meaning?*"

The Bab. "*The same as the word bab.*"

Question. "*Then you are the Gate to the City of Knowledge.*"

The Bab. "*Yes.*"

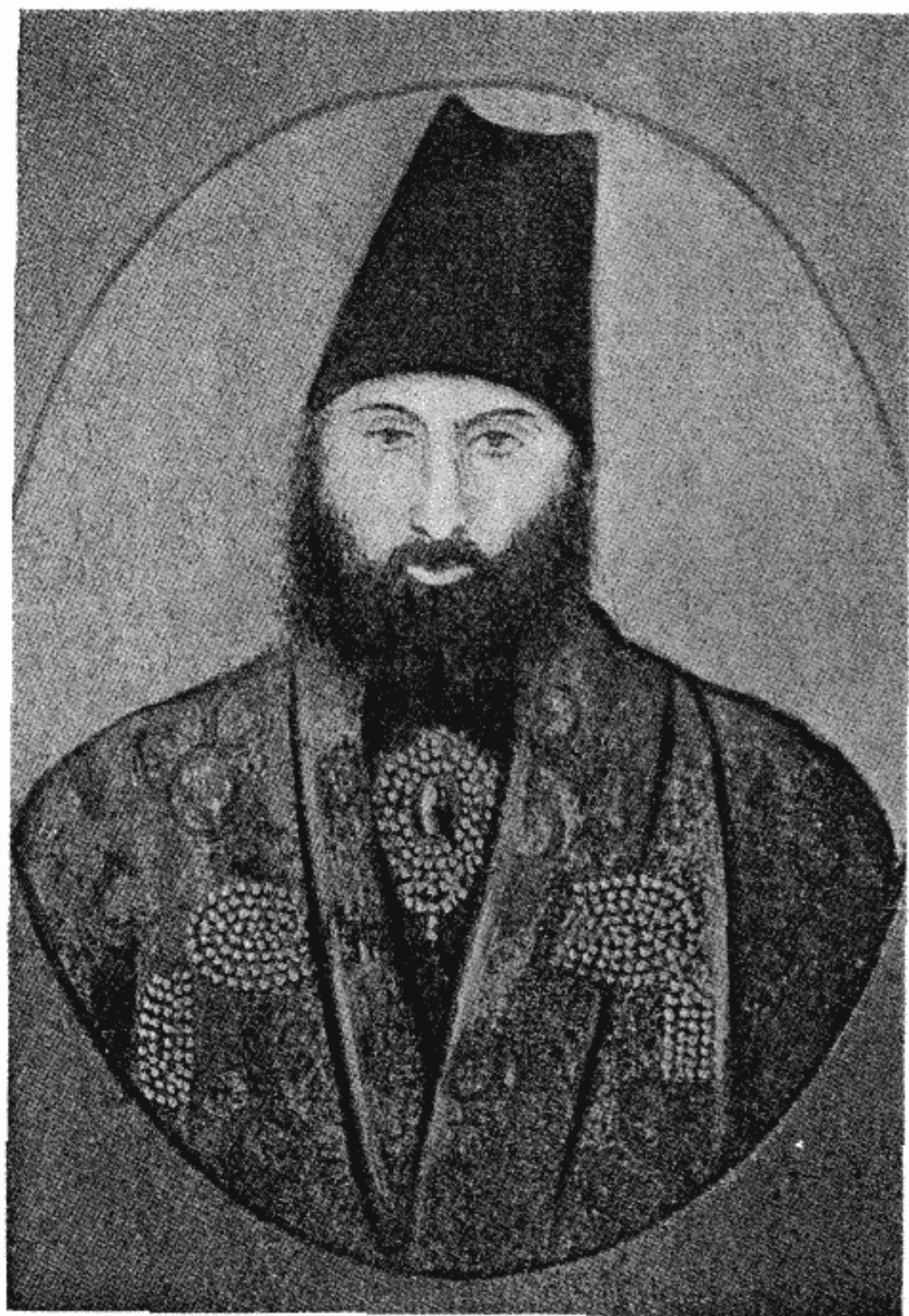
Question. "*Show me a miracle suitable to your claim.*"

The Bab. "*What miracle do you desire?*"

Question. "*His Majesty Mohammed Shah is sick. Restore him to health.*"

The Crown Prince hastily, "*Why go so far? Rather let him restore you to youthfulness.*"

The Bab. "*It is not in my power.*"



MIRZA TAKI KHAN



Here the conference breaks up, and the following day the Bab is subjected to the bastinado.

The Crown Prince seemed to be somewhat apprehensive concerning the supernatural powers attributed to the Bab, and did not propose that miracles be attempted in the case of his dying father. And now the illness of the Shah has completed its term and Nasiru'd Din, at the age of eighteen, succeeds him.

## THE GRAND VIZIR

With the accession of the new monarch, Mirza Taki Khan seizes the reins of government and, as a first step toward the absolutism which he demands, turns with awful concentration upon the Babi Movement. Under his direction, the church and state join forces for the extermination of the unwelcome sect, pursuing their object with relentless energy; and the pages of Persian history become clotted with blood, while unsavory rumors penetrate to foreign lands.

Now the Grand Vizir assembles his councillors about him and points out the inconsistency of dealing with the followers, while the Leader is left unmolested. *"Behold the storm which this man has provoked in the hearts of my fellow countrymen! Nothing short of his public execution will enable this distracted land to recover its tranquility."* With this he signs the death warrant of the Bab and settles back with the pleasant assurance, that the Light which shines, with such devastating brightness, from behind prison walls, will shortly be extinguished.

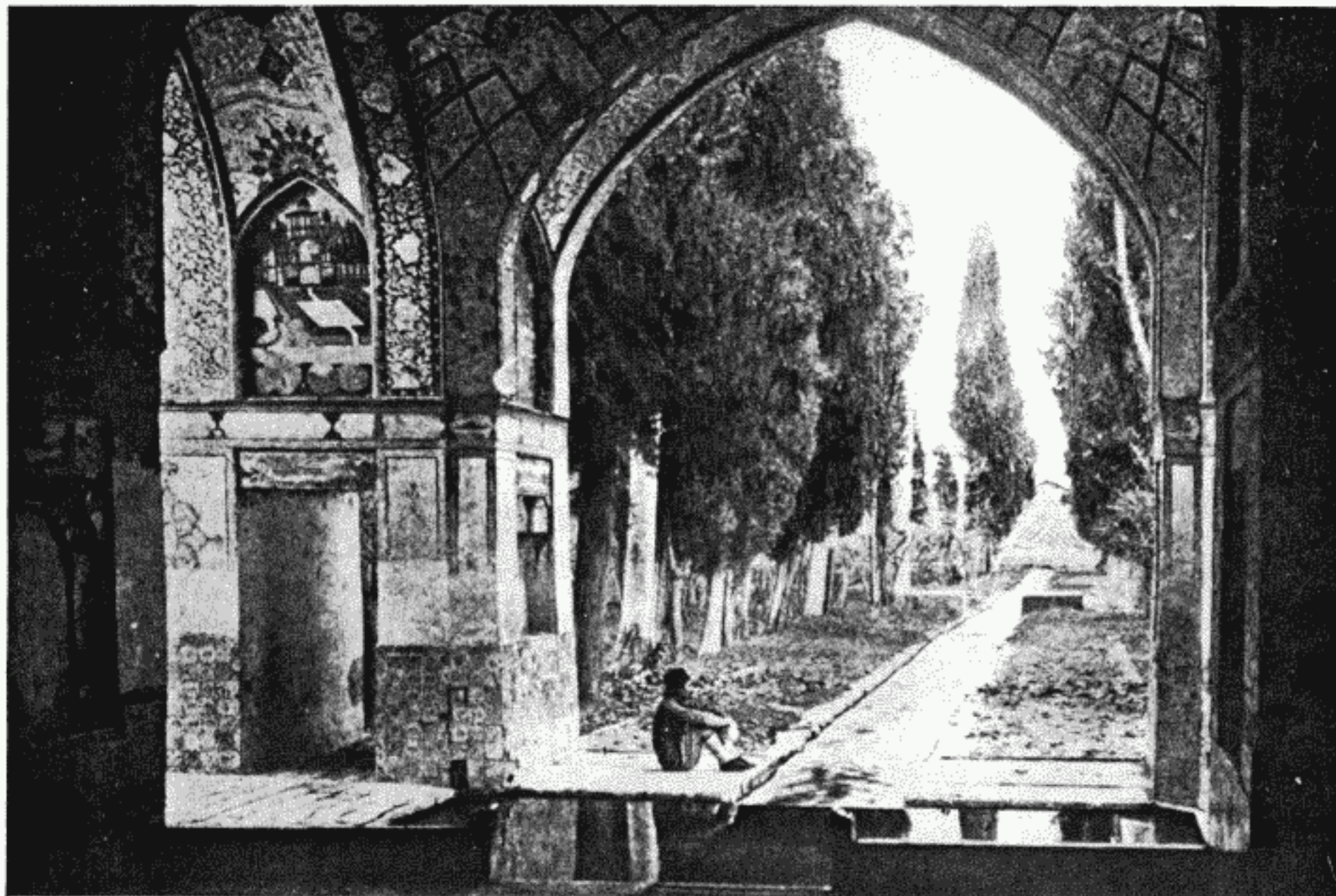
This order having been carried out, the fortunate star of Mirza Taki Khan, little by little, begins to wane. The arrogance of his manner, the overbearing authority which he exercises at all times, becomes increasingly irksome to the youthful sovereign, and the time arrives when the Grand Vizir deems it advisable to absent himself from court. In the company of his wife, a Princess of royal birth whose position has so far safeguarded him, he retreats to his Palace of Fin, situated south of Kashan, and here receives the startling news that choice, in the mode of his death, will be given him.

Mirza Taki Khan retires to the bath and allows his veins to be opened.

## A RED LETTER DAY

Time passes bringing with it an event, the consequences of which cannot be measured.

Nasiru'd Din Shah is riding in the country, followed by the Royal Cavalcade when, two young men, standing by the roadside, suddenly press close crying out *"We offer a petition! We offer a petition!"* The Shah reins in his horse exclaiming irritably, *"Fools, what do you want?"* At that minute the men open fire.



THE PALACE OF FIN



It is an awkward and desperate act, perpetrated by two simple-minded Babis, completely unbalanced by the fate of their Master. The pistols were charged with bird-shot and could not have inflicted serious injury upon anyone; nevertheless the Royal Person is severely shaken, and the insolence of the attempt gives the already exasperated government excuse to, still further, accentuate its program of severity.

### A CARNIVAL OF BLOOD

Now dawns, in Teheran, a day of such horror, that history itself can present none to make parallel. The Babis, who are unwilling to deny their faith, are allotted, individually, to the officials of the crown, and divided among the priest and merchant classes—these to put their victims to death, each and every one, according to his own personal fancy. The Shah disposes of his Babi by proxy, but his Ministers show themselves less delicate, while the tradesmen are eager and competent to perform their task. So as these amateur executioners vie with one another to devise hitherto undreamed of tortures, the streets and bazaars of the capitol run deep with innocent blood.

A strange incident is afforded by a citizen who stands by, prepared to enjoy the unusual spectacle. This man is so struck by the fortitude of the martyrs, that he rushes forward crying out "*Kill me too! I also am a Babi*" and so shares the fate of those he had come to condemn.

And now silence falls upon the city of Teheran. The Shah retires to his chamber; the attendants softly draw the curtains of his bed, and wish his Majesty good night.

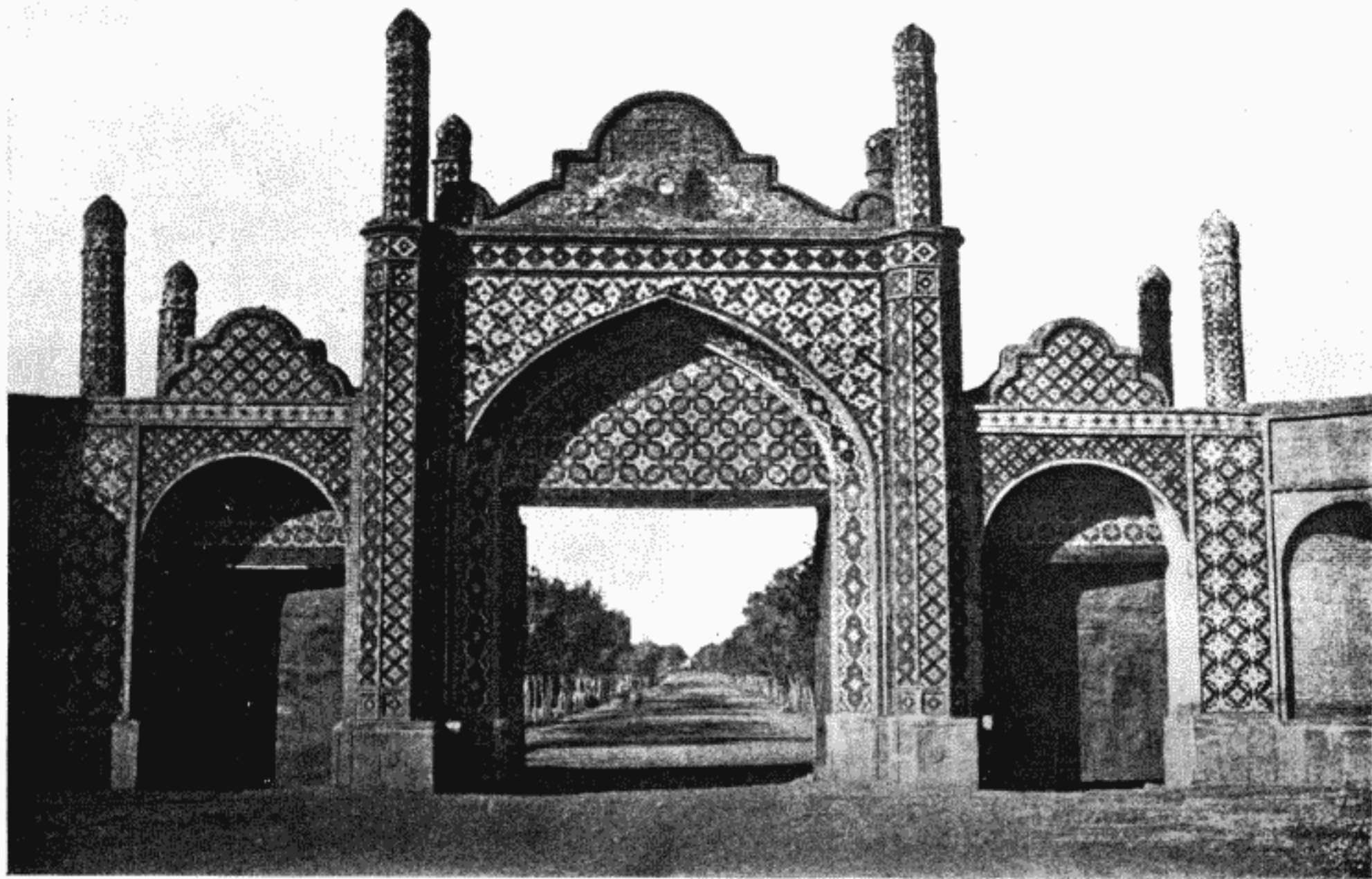
### THE AGE OF STEEL

The chief characteristics of Nasiru'd Din Shah is fear of the new—fear of new ideas, of new manners, of new methods. Consistently he lays a heavy hand on the reins of progress, and keeps his people far in the rear guard of civilization. He is, on one occasion, heard to remark, "*I want Ministers who do not know whether Brussels is a capitol or a cabbage.*"

The New Faith, taking root and flourishing at the footstool of his throne, therefore, fills him with abhorrance. Aiming, as it does, at the very heart of *Islamic theology* it appears, in his eyes, both a blasphemy and a menace, and becomes the obsession of his life.

The reign of Nasiru'd Din Shah is an ordeal through which the Champions of Freedom have to pass, and the memory of him is to remain the reverse side of a glorious picture which time will serve, only to intensify.

In 1896, on the eve of his Golden Jubilee, Nasiru'd Din Shah is killed by the bullet of a revolutionary.



GATE OF KAZVIN



## CHAPTER VI

### THE WOMAN

*"The Striking!*

*"What is the Striking?*

*"And what shall make you to understand how the Striking will be?*

*"On that day men shall be as moths scattered abroad, and the mountains shall become like carded wool of various colors driven by the wind."*

—Koran.

In the province of Kazvin a child has been growing into girlhood. Possessed of rare beauty, of quick wit, of striking originality of thought and manner, she has become an idol to her family and a joy to the community at large.

For these reasons her father, yielding to her in all things, has given her opportunities of learning never before afforded, in the land of Persia, to one of the female sex; even he has gone so far as to permit her to attend, from behind drawn curtains, the discussions of the divines who habitually frequent his house. *"Would that she had been born a boy,"* he often exclaims, deploring the prospect of this vital personality forever immured behind the walls of a harem.

It is at this time that Seyyed Kazim is holding his classes in Karbala, and from there, rumors of his startling interpretations of the holy books of Islam begin to circulate in many parts. The girl's interest is stirred by these reports and she initiates a correspondence with the great scholar, who evidently considers her worthy of receiving, at his hands, personal consideration and guidance. He even addresses her by a name of his own giving, being that of Kurratu'l-Ayne (Consolation of the Eyes) and the girl accepts this name and uses it as her own.

### THE PILGRIMAGE

Time passes. The girl has become a poetess of repute, and her name is respected throughout the land. She has been given in marriage to her uncle's son to whom she has borne three children, but the restrictions of domestic life lie heavy upon her and the time arrives when, to the horror of her friends, she bids farewell to those who are dear to her and sets out to seek Seyyed Kazim.

As she nears Karbala her heart is aglow with excitement. Her past associations, severed temporarily but probably never to be renewed, do not concern her. She is thinking of the Teacher who has so fired her imagination. When she meets him he will tell her what to expect of the future; he will explain the steps that have led him to his conclusions; he will lead her, support her, and indicate the approach of the initiate. Position, comfort, security, even good name—these do not matter.

On arriving in the city Kurratu'l-Ayne learns that Seyyed Kazim is dead.

### THE DREAM

An upper chamber of a house in Karbala—two candles are burning on a table which is covered with the writings of Seyyed Kazim. The young woman, broken by disappointment and exhausted by long reflection, has fallen asleep, her head resting on the scattered pages in the circle of light.

And as she sleeps in that silent room her spirit, wandering in the land of dreams, comes upon a radiant Personage who appears, standing just a little above the earth. She clearly sees his long coat, his green turban, and she hears his voice of a sweetness that is painful, and she understands his words. Then, in the dream, she says to herself that she must remember something of this that she is hearing, and she catches a phrase and holds it and repeats it, and waking still repeating it, writes it down.

### STAR PUPIL

Kurratu'l-Ayne has joined the pupils of Seyyed Kazim and is learning from them the lessons given by their master. Her years of preparation have so developed her mind that, in a short time, she is able to grasp this system of education and presently, herself, becomes instructress of the others. By degrees her fame spreads abroad and doctors and sages travel from afar to discover the basis of her theories. From behind drawn curtains she meets these most experienced minds, reveals the sources of her deductions, and leading the way into unexpected depths, baffles them by her skill and eloquence.

It is at this time that she receives a letter from Mullah Hussein, which informs her that the expected One has been found.

### THE PATH OF DESTINY

Kurratu'l-Ayne has embraced the faith of the Bab. Spontaneously, definitely and with utmost vigor she has grasped the banner of the Cause, and holds it high for the world to see. Moving from group to group, her features hid by the customary veil, she announces the approach of an era of freedom, and teaches new standards to be conferred upon a new generation.



She has written to the Bab declaring her belief in him, and has been enrolled among his disciples as the Seventeenth Letter of the Living. Being in constant communication she has received a copy of one of his commentaries, *and as she studies it verse by verse, she comes upon a phrase which is startlingly familiar.* Hurriedly, eagerly she searches among her papers till she discovers the page upon which she had written that first night in Karbala, on awaking from a dream. Comparing the two phrases she sees that they are identical, and realizes that she has indeed stepped upon the path of her destiny.

### THE YOUNG MISSIONARY

Kurratu'l-Ayne, followed by a group of her ardent admirers, has carried the Message to Bagdad, in the land of Iraq. Openly deprecating the restrictions imposed on her sex by church and state, boldly setting forth a new plan by means of which woman shall be freed from hereditary bondage, she has stirred the imagination of the Islamic, Jewish and Christian communities and provoked, at the same time, the opposition of their leaders. Nevertheless, wherever she goes she is received with esteem and high consideration, and men of every rank gather about her to praise her virtues and perfections. In the neighboring villages, which she visits untiringly, people by the hundreds arise, begging to be allowed to follow her, but she consistently recommends that they remain at home, to carry on the work of the Cause in their own environment.

Presently, breaking upon these activities an order arrives, coming from the Central Government, and the lovely Missionary is forced to leave the dominion of Turkey.

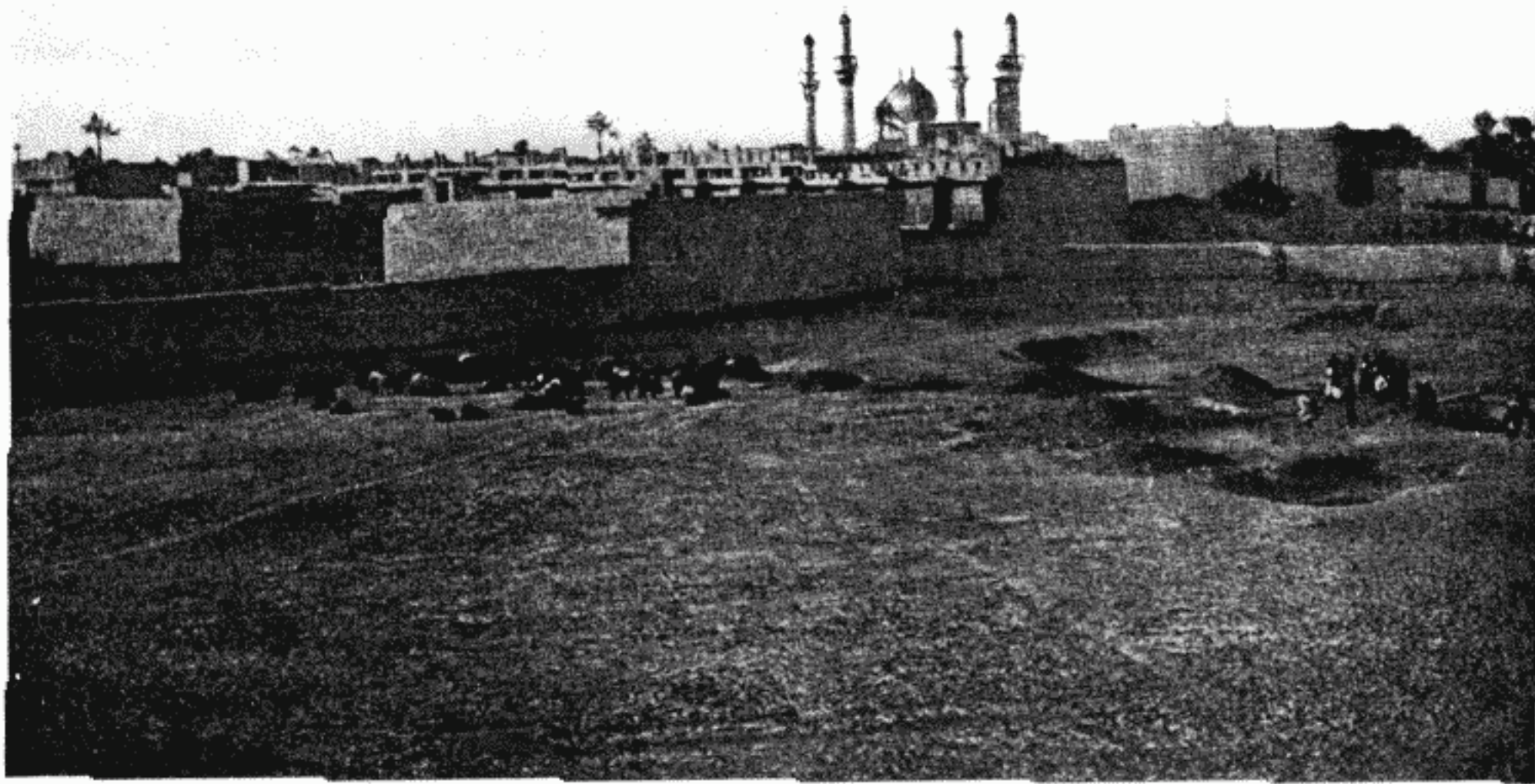
### THE RETURN

Now, in her native province, Kurratu'l-Ayne organizes a powerful party while her father looks on with disapproval. *"If you,"* he says to her, *"with your scholarship and intelligence were yourself, to claim to be the Bab, I would readily agree; but what can I do when you choose to follow this simple lad from Shiraz."* And his daughter answers:

*"With the knowledge that I possess it is impossible that I should be mistaken in the acceptance of Him whom all peoples anxiously expect. I have duly recognized him by the proofs of reason."*

### THE MURDER

At this time an ardent disciple of Seyyed Kazim passes through the city, on his way to the fortress of Maku. This scholar's curiosity concerning the New Cause has been aroused, and he hopes to have opportunity of meeting the Bab in his prison, and of discussing his claims.



BAGDAD, IRAQ



As he strolls in the market-place of Kazvin, he comes upon a crowd of *ruffians engaged in tormenting a citizen*. The man's turban has been twisted around his neck, and by it he is being dragged through the streets—a helpless target for blows and abuse. "*What has been his crime?*" the stranger asks and the answer is given "*Haji Mullah Taki has declared this man a heretic because he has dared extoll in public the attainments of Seyyed Kazim.*" On hearing this, the stranger is carried away by a fanatical desire to avenge the memory of his beloved Master, so he seeks the presence of Haji Mullah Taki and drives a dagger into his breast.

The murdered man is the uncle of Kurratu'l-Ayne.

### CONSEQUENCES

The city is in a state of tumultuous excitement and many Babis are mentioned as having participated in the crime. The stranger realizing the danger which threatens the innocent, therefore appears before the governor and offers to deliver the murderer into his hands, on condition that those suspected will be exonerated. The agreement is made and the stranger then proclaims himself to be the one whom they seek.

Now the heirs of Mullah Taki are not willing to satisfy themselves with a single victim and a campaign of barbarity is initiated in the town of Kazvin. Among those to suffer death is Sheykh Salih. He is the first Babi martyr—the first of a great company soon to follow after.

### THE ESCAPE

Kurratu'l-Ayne is accused of having instigated the murder of her uncle and the authorities have her under surveillance. One day, as she sits in her room lost in meditation, she is aroused by a gentle knock, and a woman in the garments of a beggar enters, hastily closing the door behind her. The prisoner inquires the reason for this unexpected visit and the woman explains: Mirza Hussein Ali, a rich and influential Babi, living in Teheran, has arranged for an escape; at nightfall three horses will be in readiness at the garden gate and the woman herself with her husband will take charge of the journey and deliver her into the keeping of their master.

That night Kurratu'l-Ayne flees from her father's house and sets out to join Mirza Hussein Ali.

### "THE STRIKING"

By the banks of a little stream which flows near the hamlet of Badasht the followers of the Bab are congregated in a series of gardens. They have come from many parts for the purpose of studying the New Cause and of discussing means whereby its principles may be put into action. These men,

dazzled by the personality of their leader, are ready to adhere to him at whatever cost, yet hampered by the traditions of the past, do not yet realize that theirs is the privilege of applying these teachings and of making the first example.

On the outskirts of the farthest garden, a tent has been erected for the accommodation of the one woman in the assemblage. Hidden by the customary veil, and separated by convention from her fellow disciples, this woman has taken but small part in the proceedings and, with the approval of all, has remained aloof in her sequestered quarters. Her presence nevertheless has been felt for she is looked upon with infinite love, and her comrades have conferred upon her a new name expressing their veneration. Hereafter Kurratu'l-Ayne is to be called Tahireh (the Pure).

The Babis are grouped about the tent of Mirza Hussein Ali, now known as Baha-U-Llah, while he being indisposed, presides over the discussions from his bed. It is evening. The sun, like a golden globe, is sinking past the horizon and a breeze, enriched by the flowers to overwhelming sweetness, plays back and forth over the water which whispers as it rushes by. The charm of the hour is, little by little, taking possession of the disciples, and the peace of spiritual ease descends upon them bringing with it—silence.

A moment—then from out the shadows a figure comes into view. It is a woman tall, majestic, with radiant face exposed to the eyes of all. The Babis, startled from reveries, spring to their feet in amazement, in consternation—turning their heads away, murmuring their disapproval. Then someone curses beneath his breath, another cries aloud and a third, having drawn his sword, presses its blade to his throat, and gasping, covered with blood, falls convulsed upon the ground. Quddus, the beloved of the Bab, sits in his place his face dark with disapproval and the woman with utmost assurance, advances to his side and standing there begins to speak:—

Wherefore do they fear to put into practice that which they are ready to endorse with their life-blood? Did not the Bab proclaim a day when woman, the deprived, the repressed, shall open the lattice of the harem and step forth to take her place beside man? That day has dawned, and she has seen its dawning; that sun has risen and she has dared to look it in the face. With this she turns, flashing a look straight at Baha-U-Llah and continues:—

*“The Striking! What is the Striking? And what shall make you to understand how the Striking will be?”*

*“Oh men, the time is fixed and the hour is present. The trumpet that you expected—verily it is I! The bell that you awaited—it is I—it is I! The old is finished, the old is dead; a new life is breathed into all existing things.*



\* “*‘Amid gardens and rivers shall the pious dwell in the presence of the potent King.’ Behold, I announce the Day of Resurrection!*”

The Babis are listening confused—perplexed; some are weeping quietly; Quddus has risen, and stands as if turned to stone.

Baha-U-Llah watches Tahireh with infinite satisfaction.

## AN AUDIENCE

In the early days of her acceptance of the New Faith, before the mists of opposition had thickened on the horizon, Kurratu'l-Ayne greatly desired an interview with Mohammed Shah. This experience had been denied her, and now that the clouds of calamity are hanging low on every side, an order is issued for her appearance before his successor.

The audience chamber of Nasiru'd Din Shah crowded with nobles and state officials—his Majesty reclines among his cushions, his mother heavily veiled at his side. The golden midday sun streams through the latticed casements, forming tortuous patterns on the rich carpet and over the moving figures of the guests. There is sound of whispering voices broken into by smothered laughter; the Shah irritably taps his fingers on the jeweled arms of his throne.

Now, at the far end of the hall, a curtain has been lifted and replaced, and a veiled figure is advancing through the crowd which separates before her. The room has become absolutely still. At a distance of a few feet from the Royal Presence, the woman stops—every eye is trained on that spot—then with utmost deliberation, she throws back her veil and looking straight into the eyes of the Shah, begins to speak.

His Majesty has sent for her, she says, and she has eagerly responded to his summons. How happy is she to look upon the face of her king, and tell him of that which so insistently clamors at her heart. It is the consciousness of a time when the distinctions between the sexes will be abolished and the male and female set side by side; it is the vision of a day of service and steadfast action for the women of Persia, and of freedom to learn and to live.

The melody of her voice has ceased, but the eyes of Tahireh still hold the Shah's eyes while a smile, slowly dawning on her lips, begins to reflect itself on his. A nation's history wavers on its path, then with imperious gesture the Queen Mother rises, “*Remove this woman or, in another instant, my son himself will fall into her net!*”

## THE HIGHEST FELICITY

Shortly after this event Tahireh is apprehended and confined in the house of the Mayor of Teheran. Here the noble ladies of the court come to visit the

\*—Koran.



DIAMOND GATE OF THE ROYAL PALACE, TEHERAN



notorious prisoner, and their curiosity is immediately converted into complete subjection. Like many colored butterflies they hover about her, staring at her, timidly touching her, serving her with wistful solicitude. And Tahireh opens her heart to these children of her own sex, and tells them of the Hero who has come to set them free. And she composes a poem, addressing that hero as a tyrant who lays claim to her life, and she repeats the poem:—

*The thralls of yearning love constrain, in the bonds of pain and calamity,  
These broken-hearted lovers of Thine to yield their lives in their zeal  
for Thee.*

*Since with sword in hand my Darling stand, with intent to slay, though  
I sinless be,*

*If it pleases Him—a tyrant's whim—I am well content with His tyranny.*

*As in sleep I lay at the break of day, that cruel Charmer came to me,  
And in the grace of His form and face, the dawn of the morn I seemed  
to see.*

*The musk of Cathay might perfume gain from the scent those silken  
tresses rain,*

*While His eyes demolish a faith in vain attacked by the pagans of  
Tartary.*

*With those who turn from both love and wine, to the hermit's cell and  
the zealot's shrine,*

*What can I do? For our faith divine they hold as a thing of infamy.*

*The tangled curls of thy sweetheart's hair, and thy saddle and steed  
are thine only care,*

*In thy heart the infinite hath no share, nor the thought of the poor  
man's poverty.*

*Alexander's pomp and display be thine, the Kalandar's habit and way  
be mine,*

*That, if it pleases thee, I resign, this, though hard is enough for me.*

*The country of "I" and "We" forsake; thy home in annihilation make,*

*And fearing not this step to take, thou shalt gain the highest felicity.*

## THE DAY OF FULFILLMENT

Evening is falling on the city of Teheran and the Mayor's wife seeks the distinguished guest to wish her good-night. Crossing the threshold she comes into an atmosphere heavy with perfume, and in the flickering candlelight beholds her friend, clothed in white silk and adorned as a bride. Answering her startled look, Tahireh embraces her with warm affection urging her to be brave and to withhold her tears. "*The hour of my martyrdom is fast approaching,*" she explains, "*therefore permit no one to enter my room. From now on I intend to fast—a fast which I shall not break until I am brought face to face with my Beloved.*"

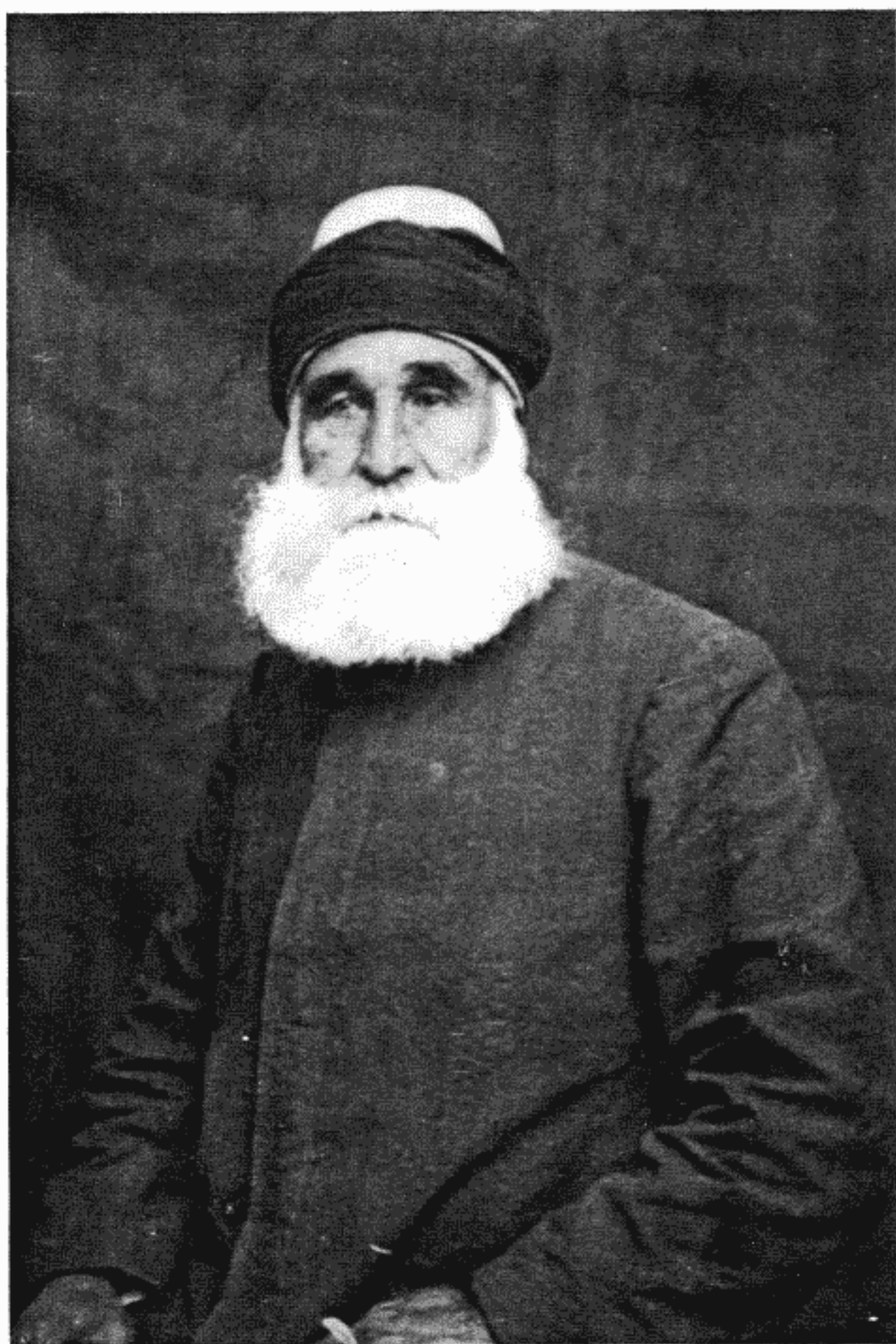
In accordance with these instructions the hostess, leaving Tahireh alone, sits on guard in the hall through the night and during the next day. And in that lonely watch, the voice which has enchanted thousands comes to her, through the panels of the door, intoning praises of the Beloved, and in her despair the woman cries "*Lord, Lord! Turn from her this cup which her lips so desire to drink!*"

It is on the second night that a strident knocking is heard at the garden gate and a man presents himself demanding admittance to the prisoner. Trembling so that she can hardly move, the Mayor's wife leads the way into the presence of her guest, whom she finds waiting expectantly, veiled from head to foot.

Tahireh is conducted, by a troop of ferrashes, to a park on the outskirts of the capitol, where a company of officers is engaged in riotous feasting. On her approach, a young lieutenant, completely under the influence of wine, rises to meet her. He leads her to a little distance from the banquet table and, as she stands in serene acquiescence, winds her own silken kerchief round and round her neck—tightening it till the breath leaves her body.

*So is silenced that passionate voice which, rising from the curtained harem, proclaimed the dawn of a New Day—when Woman shall be the equal of Man.*





SEYYED ASSADULLAH

## CHAPTER VII

### THE TEACHERS

*"And he said unto them 'Follow me and I will  
make you fishers of men.'"* —Mark 4:19,

It is during the infancy of Baha-U-Llah that Mirza Buzurg dreams a dream. He sees his child swimming in a vast illumined sea and the child's black hair floats behind him, spreading itself far and wide upon the waves. And fish of many colors arise to the surface and attach themselves, each to a separate hair; and they increase in number and keep increasing till they fill the waters back to the very horizon. And all the while the child continues to swim with great ease, and the fish of the sea follow after him—holding to his streaming locks.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE UNIVERSITY OF AKKA

A Universal University in the town of Akka. Its dome is the sky; its columns are flowering trees; its books are the precepts of all the Prophets of the past; its president is Baha-U-Llah—and later his great son. And through the gates of this university pass Turks, Arabs, Persians, Hindus, Europeans, Americans—students from all the countries of the world, clothed in their native dress; and these seated on the ground, absorb according to their various capacities, the teachings which are to renovate the world.

#### INDEPENDENT INVESTIGATION OF TRUTH

In following the faith of their ancestors, men are groping in mazes of tradition and dogma; the original Truth having been obscured and oftentimes entirely lost. The individual is consequently in a position where he must content himself with the husk, and he functions blindly, actuated chiefly by vague hopes and fears. However, if he seeks Truth with sincerity and courage, he will find that Reality is one; that it does not admit of multiplicity and is not divisible.

#### THE ONENESS OF HUMANITY

In the beginning, the earth was a particle shot out into space—coming from the sun. Everything that thereafter developed upon it was of identical substance—Sun-substance. The races have therefore the one origin and do



not differ in essentials. They have equal rights on this planet, which is their mutual home.

### RELIGION MUST CONFORM WITH SCIENCE AND REASON

Science and religion are balanced wings upon which man may ascend. Science brings the invisible into the realm of understanding; religion is aware of the invisible which has not yet been discovered. Science and religion both aspire to the same end—that of illumination. If man counts upon science alone, he will land in the bog of materialism; if he depends upon religion alone, he will fall into the slough of superstition. The true scientist and the true religionist do not deny each other.

### THE FOUNDATION OF ALL RELIGIONS IS ONE

Truth is the foundation of all religions. It has operated through different Individuals in various epochs. These Individuals, conscious of their connection with the Divine Source, have proclaimed themselves to be the *way* by means of which men may progress to a higher state of spiritual development. They are sign-posts indicating the *same* trail of ascent; partners in the *same* task; voices proclaiming the *same* Message. No wonder that the Great Religions have remained practically intact. The followers of each *know* that they have the Truth, and their faith remains unshaken in the face of efforts made by the officious who would convert them. Yet the thing that they do not know is that *all* have the Truth. There are no heathen among those who seek God.

### REVELATION

Each Divine Revelation is in two parts. The first is the exposition of divine truths and principles; this is essential and belongs to the eternal world. The second deals with practical life according to the evolution of man and the exigencies of the times; this, as society develops and outgrows it, is unimportant. The first part is identical in all revelations; it is the foundation of the One Religion—the Religion of God.

### PREJUDICE OF ALL KINDS MUST BE FORGOTTEN

Prejudice is not the result of common sense. It is a quality developed through inheritance, ignorance and bad association. Prejudice is the greatest obstacle on the path toward Unity. It is a triviality that will melt away under the light of Knowledge—which brings understanding. It is the essence of self. When the chalice is full of self, there is no room for the water of life.

## EQUALITY OF THE SEXES

Men and women must enjoy equal rights, equal privileges and equal opportunities. According to the spirit of this age, woman must advance and *fulfill her mission in all departments of life*. The world, in the past, has been ruled by strength, and man has dominated woman by reason of his more forceful and aggressive qualities, both of body and mind. But the balance is already shifting; force is losing its dominance, and mental alertness, intuition and the spiritual qualities of love and service are gaining ascendancy. A better civilization will be brought about by a balancing of the masculine and feminine elements.

## UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

*In this day, when the peoples of the world have free access to one another,* a universal language is essential. By this means men will be enabled to form acquaintance and initiate works in common, and a new comradeship will be established upon the face of the entire globe. This new language is to be auxiliary, and will be used side by side with the native tongue; the study of it will be obligatory in all schools. The universal language will be chosen from among those already existing, or else will be formed from the component parts of many.

## THE ECONOMIC QUESTION

The plan of society must be one that will eliminate poverty so that everyone, according to his capacity and position, may share in comfort and well-being. Some men are overburdened with riches while others starve in the streets. This condition is wrong and has to be remedied.

Now the remedy must be carefully undertaken. Absolute equality would be impracticable; even if it could be brought about, it would not continue. Humanity, like a great army, requires generals, captains, officers and soldiers—all with their appointed duties. Degrees are required so that a stable organization may be ensured; and an organization is necessary to control and improve the state. There must be a limit to riches and also to poverty; but this condition will not come into being through an array of capital against labor, and of labor against capital; but rather by a voluntary attitude which will, in time, develop. A proper balancing will not be accomplished by means of war and bloodshed.

Employees shall not be paid merely by wages; rather shall they be partners in every work. All the governments of the world must unite and organize an Assembly which will act with wisdom and power to protect the rights of all.

## PATRIOTISM

In former ages it has been said: *"To love one's native land is faith"* but



today the instructions are: "*Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind.*" Therefore, loyalty is to be given to man, for land rightly belongs, not to individual nations but to humanity as a whole.

## WORLD UNION

The people are to aspire to, and work for a unified commonwealth, governed by representatives of all the nations; which representatives shall in no wise consider their fellow-countrymen as their constituents, but rather the inhabitants of the entire globe. These federated states, having disposed of their armies and navies, and retaining such force only, as will act as international police, will be free to devote their attention and resources to the upbuilding of conditions in all parts.

This is the plan of a new democracy; the organism of a new society:

### *THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD*

When the students have learned the lessons they bid farewell to the beloved Master and scatter, each in a state of utmost dedication, going his way.

## THE WAY OF RELIGION

Haji Ameen returns to Persia and here, providing himself with a stock of small accessories such as women use, he travels from city to city, from house to house, supporting himself as he goes along by the proceeds of his sales; at the same time diffusing information concerning the Cause. When he meets with response, he tarries a while in that region, to indicate the first approaches to a Universal Faith and then, taking up his bundle, continues on his way. Proceeding in this manner, he makes circuit of his native land, leaving behind him a trail of friends; and always he operates in secret and recommends that like discretion be used after his departure.

At certain seasons of the year his pupils begin to think of his return. They have, during his absence, been carrying on the work, and ever larger groups await the advent of their peddler-teacher. He does not fail them; as quietly as he had left he reappears and, resuming the lessons where they had been left off, conducts his class toward wider vistas of understanding.

Presently the scholars themselves develop into teachers, and these, following the example of their master, issue forth and spread over the land of Persia, a shimmering network composed of the universal ideals of *Baha-U-Llah*.

## THE WAY OF MYSTICISM

Jamal-Ed-Din journeys to India and settles down in the town of Rangoon, near Calcutta. Gathering different groups about him, he lectures on the

principles of the Cause, yet finds that social ethics do not attract the mystical Hindu temperament. He therefore publishes an edition of the *Seven Valleys* written by Baha-U-Llah, and with this book in hand, addresses his audiences on the stages of the soul's journey from the earthly home to the divine dwelling; which stages are seven.

The first is

### THE VALLEY OF SEARCH

*In which the traveller mounts the steed of Patience. Without the service of this steed he will make no headway and can not attain the goal.*

*Here he will be encompassed by beings in a state of frenzied search. How many a Jacob he meets, wandering in quest of Joseph! What crowds journeying toward the Adored One! What enamored hosts following the Desired One! His heart, detached from this world and the next, each moment discerns a new mystery, each hour a new law, and so guided by the Invisible, who, at every step fans his ardor, he continues on his way toward the Horizon of the Beloved. . . .*

The second stage is

### THE VALLEY OF LOVE

*where his heart will be wholly melted.*

*Here, under the canopy of attraction, the gorgeous Sun of Desire blazes-- shooting off rays that consume all reason. . . .*

*Pain waits in this valley, no other steed knows the way. . . .*

*Here the traveller has no thought but of his love, and no longing but for his goal. Each moment he flings away his life, and at every step he lays his head at the feet of the Beloved. . . .*

The third stage is

### THE VALLEY OF WISDOM

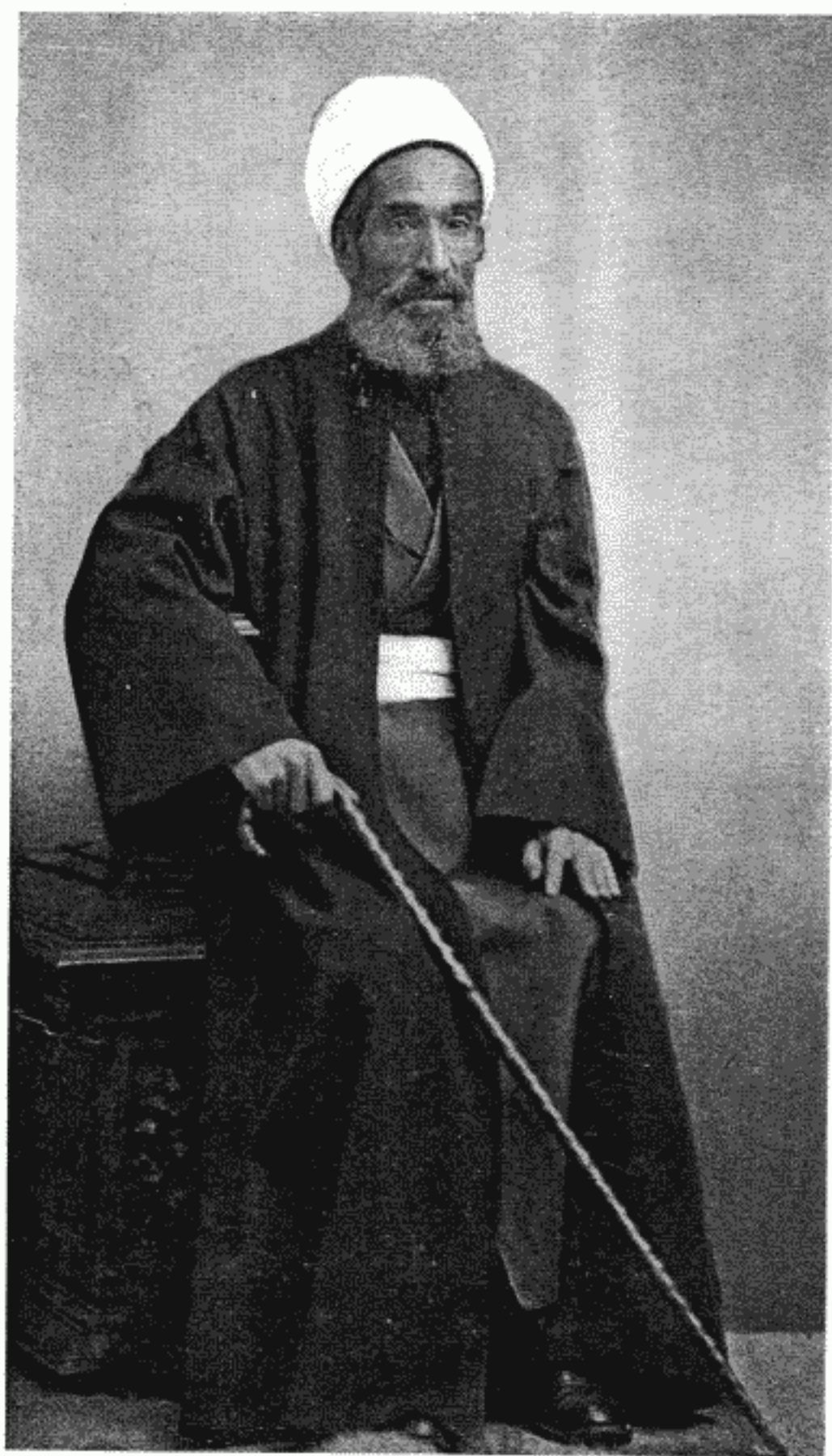
*Here he applies the eye of intelligence, and opening the door of utter devotion as he closes those of superficiality, begins to converse in secret with the Beloved. In this state he will yield his will to the Divine Will and thus will see Peace in War and Immortality in Death. With a purified heart, using both the eye of the flesh and the eye of the spirit, he will recognize Divine Intention operating in God's infinite manifestations. In an ocean he will discern a drop, in a drop the mysteries of an ocean. . . .*

The fourth stage is

### THE VALLEY OF ONENESS

*Then the veils, making boundary between one state and another, shall be rent and he will pass from the material world into the Heaven of Unity.*





MIRZA ABUL FAZL

*He will hear with the hearing of God; behold, with Divine Vision, the secrets of Eternal Art and penetrate to the retreat of the Friend. He will be a favorite in and about His tents and will draw the Hand of God from the pocket of the Absolute—so exemplifying the mystery of Power. . . .*

The fifth stage is

#### THE VALLEY OF AFFLUENCE

*Here the breezes of divine Contentment, blowing from the Sahara of the Spirit, inflame and consume the veils of want. In the visible and in the invisible, in the without and in the within, he will behold that Day in which "God will make all things self-sufficing." He shall have passed from sorrow unto joy; from agony unto beatitude; from languor unto exaltation.*

*In this valley, although apparently dwelling on the earth, the traveller in truth shall recline on the lofty terrace of Significances, tasting of the eternal Favors, drinking of the exquisite Wine. . . .*

The sixth stage is

#### THE VALLEY OF BEWILDERMENT

*where he plunges into seas of grandeur.*

*In this valley the traveller is disconcerted (this condition being one of merit to the eyes of those who have attained) and so, amazement giving way to amazement, he proceeds, marvelling at a marvellous world, until he is submerged and completely lost in the New Creation of the King of Oneness.*

The seventh stage is

#### THE VALLEY OF ANNIHILATION

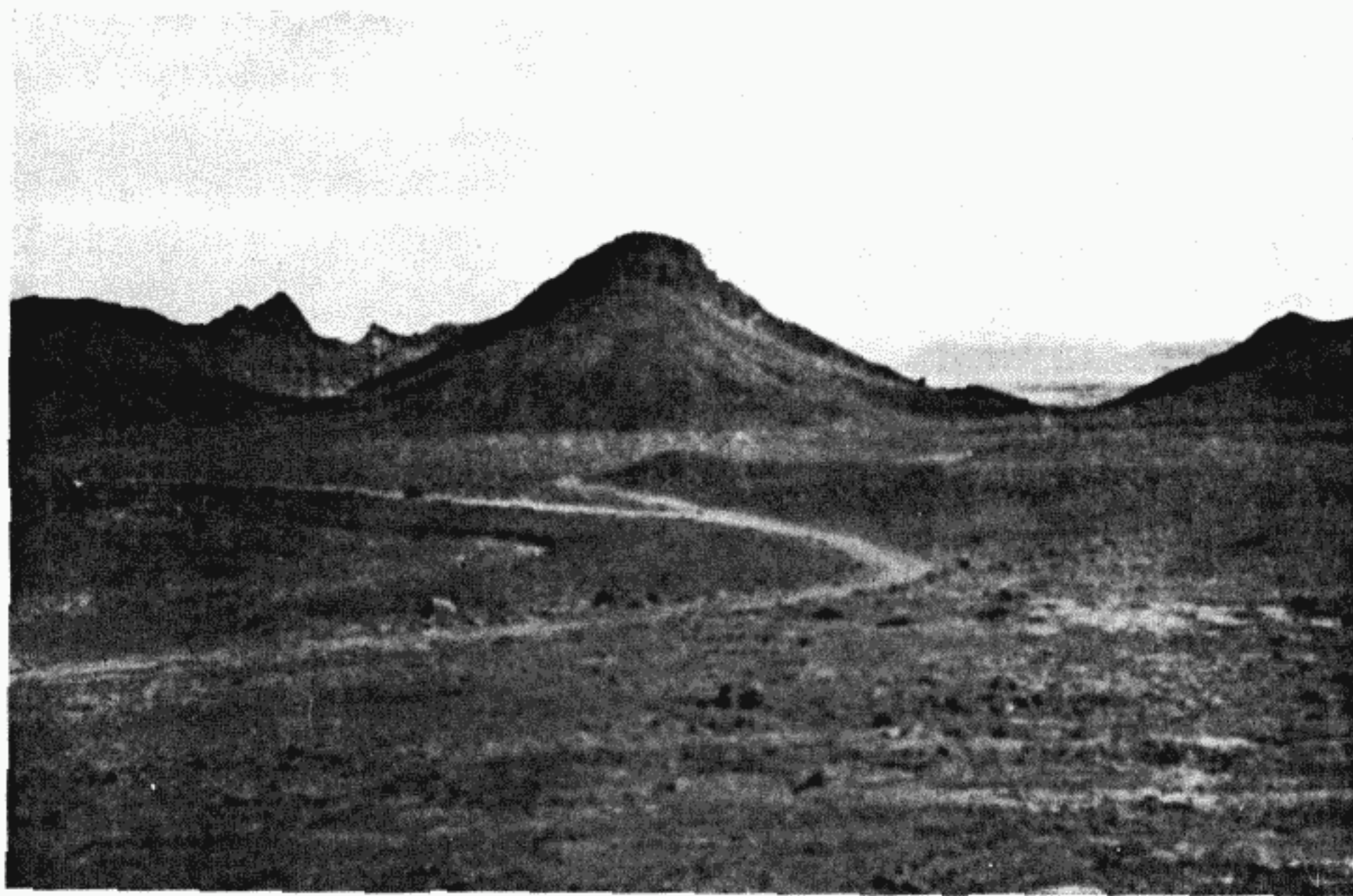
*Now, when the true lover comes in contact with the Beloved, the light of the Divine Beauty catches fire in the warmth of his own breast, and in the conflagration that ensues all veils are consumed and all differences whatsoever—and God alone is left. . . .*

By teaching the spiritual lessons of the *Seven Valleys* and through the wide circulation of the book, Jamal-Ed-Din is enabled to enkindle countless hearts in the land of India.

#### THE WAY OF KNOWLEDGE

Mirza Abul Fazl, of the College of Teheran, is known in the scientific world as being possessed of one of the keenest intellects of the day, and when he falls under the influence of the Bahai teachings, the consternation among his colleagues is great. Every means is used to induce him to conceal his growing belief, but Mirza Abul Fazl is accustomed to teach openly the best that he knows. As a consequence he is forced to endure severe hardship and repeated imprisonment but, with the passing years, his conviction fortifies, until his faith is established on such firm foundation, that no scholar is able to combat his claims or refute his proofs. He writes many treatises and books





ROAD LEADING SOUTH, FROM ESPHAHAN

and spreads the knowledge of the Cause, through his own findings and interpretations, in the highest circles of learning.

### THE WAY OF BEAUTY AND ROMANCE

An enclosed garden in the city of Esphahan. Great lilac trees, sturdily bearing their massed burdens of flowers, flank its walls. Rose bushes, budding into varied colors, blend their perfume with the little straight hyacinths that grow in their shade. A rivulet flows clear and cool among the iris, past a fountain that tosses its waters into mist. Nightingales sing in the pomegranate trees. It is eventide.

On the terrace which fronts a long, low dwelling, sixty men and a boy are gathered in a semi-circle—seated on their bended knees. They are listening to their host, Zein-El-Abedeen, as he teaches them, through the medium of poetry and romance, the ethics of a New Religion of Beauty. His is a wise philosophy where Art is God, and God is infallible Art; and the Bahais hang on every word—losing themselves in mazes of spiritual satisfaction.

The talk has ended, and the voices in unison are rising, chanting Baha-U-Llah's *Tablet of Visitation*, when an aggressive knock is heard at the entrance. It is followed by a command that the gate be unbarred. The men spring to their feet—they need no further warning—and scatter to the far end of the garden, disappearing over the wall.

Now impatient shouting—coming from the street; murmuring of voices, sound of moving, jostling bodies, and the sharp, regular blows of axes. Then splintering of wood, tearing of hinges, and the door falls inward under the tramping feet of the mob.

All the while the boy has stood on the terrace, ignoring the entreaties of the women of the household, whispered from the upper windows, and the crowd surges past him to every corner of the house, stables and garden. Their prey has escaped, and the assailants have to satisfy themselves by stripping the rooms of their furnishings and the stalls of their live-stock: then, rushing the boy—their only captive—before them, they leave the garden of Zein-El-Abedeen.

The boy has been placed in the *bastinado*, his feet suspended high above his head. The *ferrashes* stand at the side, with young branches in their hands: Who are the Bahais in Esphahan? Who are the friends of his uncle Zein-El-Abedeen? The boy answers that he does not remember, and the lithe whips are applied to the soles of his feet, with regular intensity, interrupted only by repetition of the demand.

The boy's feet are now streaming with blood and he faints away—the questions remaining unanswered.



Then his inert body is carried back and left before the shattered entrance of his home.

A little donkey stands saddled by the gate. Hidden in the hay at the farthest corner of the stable, he had been unnoticed by the raiders. Zein-El-Abedeen, with broken leg—result of his jump over the wall—is carried in the arms of the women and hoisted onto the back of the animal. The boy, his feet bound in cloths, is mounted behind and then, after hurried kisses, blessings, and a prayer for protection, the little party of three—the uncle, the boy and the donkey—start out, down the road.

The women watch them till they are out of sight and, weeping, turn back to the dismantled house—it is the hour of dawn.

In this wise, the refugees travel among the hills, making for the south; and often the villagers receive and care for them, offering food and homely remedies. *Zein-El-Abedeen makes return for such hospitality by recounting his inimitable stories; and never does he fail to make allusion to the Cause—so leaving behind him a code of simple standards for a new and more lovely way of living.*

At the end of four months they reach the city of Shiraz, where they come in contact with the aged Seyyed Assadullah. Then the boy bids farewell to his uncle and, under the protection of the Seyyed, sets out for Akka—the home of Abdul Baha.

### THE WAY OF EXAMPLE

Seyyed Assadullah has taught extensively in Persia, Turkey and India, and later has travelled in Europe and America, attending Abdul Baha. Through it all, no danger is to his mind, a risk; no work an effort; no service, however humble, a menial one. His eyes are fixed on the Eternal Glory, and his every faculty is dedicated and given long ago.

One day he seeks the presence of Abdul Baha and begs permission to carry the Message to the Caucasus. *My Lord, I am an old man, I question if I can accomplish anything for the Cause, yet I supplicate you to let me try. I do not wish to be a pensioner—to flicker out on the bed of rest; but rather I long to end on the battlefield—fighting the good fight to the last moment of my life.*

So the veteran of many engagements enlists again in the ranks of service, and enters on a new campaign.

Seyyed Assadullah, at the age of seventy-six, turns his face toward Russia.



ABDUL BAHÁ



Mrs. Chanler was conscious of the fact that she would be lost if she answered this question directly. She was now sparring for time. Her reply was as follows:—

April 17, 1929.

. . . In my service this winter, I have made use of an instrument prepared for this work by the Master himself. In view of the fact that when this instrument was in their hands, the Local Assembly did not find it in their hearts to allow the Cause to profit by it, and being convinced that it should be used, at this time when instruments are few, I, with the help of God only, brought the Bahai Cause before the public of New York with an effectiveness unequalled since the days of Abdul Baha.

Now, since these services have, in the estimation of the Local Board, made me undesirable as a voter, I will, in conformance with their suggestion, absent myself for the present from the Bahai Center.

A second letter to Mrs. Chanler from the Local Assembly of New York continues:

April 19, 1929.

Every member of this Spiritual Assembly hopes, desires and prays that you may continue as a voting member of this Cause, but the principles of Bahai Administration are clear as to the qualifications of a voter. . . .

The question already submitted to you in our previous letter is whether or not, according to the qualifications quoted above, you consider yourself a member of this Assembly and are willing to comply with these requirements. This is a choice *you alone* can make, you cannot shift the responsibility of making this choice to the local Spiritual Assembly.

*are upon them; the invisible cohorts are about them. And now you are to witness the birth of a great Plan. Bring pen and paper; I will dictate a tablet to America."*

Then fluently he continues, without an instant's intermission, addressing:  
The Friends and Maid servants of God in

### THE NORTHEASTERN STATES

The Cause of Baha-U-Llah must be given to the world. This is no time for the silent treasuring of these seeds; they must be offered freely, abundantly, lavishly—scattered far and wide in the variegated soil of the hearts. God has said in the Koran: "*One seed will bring forth seven sheaves, and each sheaf shall count one hundred grains.*" In other words, *one grain will become seven hundred*, and if God so wills He will double these also. The people must not dwell upon their own limitations, nay rather they must consider the capacity of the Creator, who has made the drop to find the expression of the sea, and the atom the quality of the sun. Abdul Baha is calling upon the Bahais of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York to raise the cry of the Oneness of the World of Humanity and to establish the Cause in these States and throughout the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

At Haifa, during the festival of the New Year, Abdul Baha dictates a tablet to

### THE SOUTHERN STATES

In Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, the Bahais are few; yet it is indicated that the Cause shall flourish in these regions—situated as they are in the temperate zone.

Here the powers of man function in perfect order, for moderation of climate, and beauty of scenery have great effect on mind and temperament. In these sixteen States the light of the Sun of Reality shall shine with great intensity and the clouds of ignorance and prejudice will be dispelled from their horizons.

Nearly two thousand years ago, Armenia was enveloped in impenetrable darkness; yet *one soul*, from among the disciples of Christ hastening to that land, was enabled to illumine the entire country.

The past century has been one of wondrous achievement. Discoveries have been made; inventions have been perfected; extensive fields of activity have been opened. Consequently, as counterpart of these changes in the outer



world, Divine Wisdom has created a new spiritual plan in the inner world, so that the era of justice and true democracy may be inaugurated.

*Glad-tidings! Glad-tidings! The sleepy ones are awakened and the negligent ones are made mindful!*

*Glad-tidings! Glad-tidings! The light of brotherhood has encircled the East and the West!*

*Glad-tidings! Glad-tidings! The period of bloodshed and carnage has passed away and the century of Universal Peace and of the gathering together of the nations has dawned!*

\* \* \* \* \*

While he walks to and fro in the courtyard of his house at Akka, Abdul Baha considers

### THE CENTRAL STATES

The Bahai Cause was first offered to America at the World Exposition of 1893 in Chicago; and as the Central States may be likened unto the heart, which reinforces the organs of the body and fortifies the physical structure, it was appropriate that the Call of Oneness should be raised in that section. Abdul Baha is now addressing Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and summons the people of these States to walk in the New Way.

He has prepared this high road for their feet and has drawn a chart for their guidance during the coming years. He has given them the standards of baha-U-Llah; nevertheless the promulgation of these great principles depends upon them, and upon their efforts.

*To sit, to talk, to listen, there is no virtue in that. To rise, to act, to help, that is the Bahai life.*

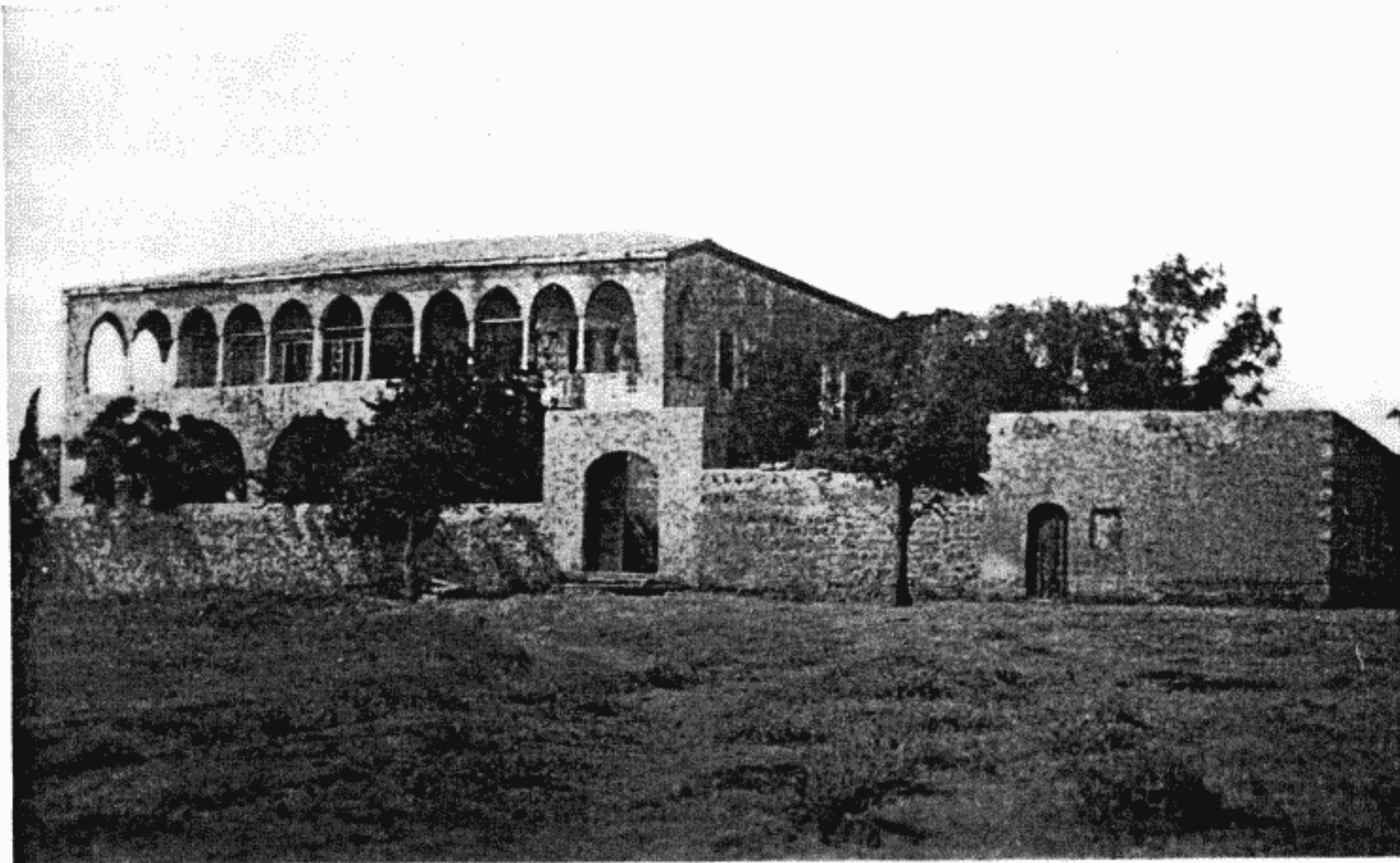
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In Baha-U-Llah's room at Akka, Abdul Baha reveals the Tablet to

### THE WESTERN STATES

He recalls his talks, given in America, in which he had compared the continent of Europe to an arsenal, the conflagration of which was dependent upon one spark. He then had said that, within two years, that which was recorded, in the Book of Daniel and in the Revelation of John, would come to pass. Now these things have indeed been accomplished, and the time for superhuman service toward world reconstruction is here.

The Western shore of the continent, in many places resembles that of the Holy Land, and even the flowers of Palestine appear in this region. Therefore let California, New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, Nevada, Wyoming, Montana,



BAHJEE IN THE VICINITY OF AKKA  
HOUSE AND ENCLOSED GARDEN OF BAHU-U-LLAH



Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Utah, acquire also a spiritual resemblance to the land which, through the years, has rung with the voices of the Prophets.

Now, in the Bahai Cause, there must appear geniuses, peerless souls, wonders of the Kingdom of God—beings who in knowledge, sociability, tenderness, brilliancy are unique. These lordly radiant teachers must be embodied spirit, remaining in a state of constant and perfect attraction. Let them say:

*"Oh, Lord! I am single and alone. For me there is no support save Thee, no helper except Thee, no sustainer beside Thee. Confirm me in Thy service, assist me with Thine Angels, make me victorious in the promotion of Thy Word. Verily Thou art the Custodian of the poor and the defender of the little ones, and verily Thou art the Powerful, the Mighty, the Unconstrained."*

\* \* \* \* \*

The garden of Bahjee. On the one hand a few steps lead into a carpeted court, breeze-swept, sun-kissed, vibrant with bird-songs, perfumed by orange blossoms—the Shrine of Baha-U-Llah; on the other hand glossy, silver-leaved olive groves spread themselves, undulating toward the sea. Abdul Baha stands by a bush holding three roses in his hand, one white, one pink and one red. For long he looks upon them, realizing to the full their loveliness, then raising his head he speaks in measured tones of

### THE DOMINION OF CANADA

From a material and from a spiritual standpoint, the future of Canada is very great. Continuously it shall develop in civilization and in independence.

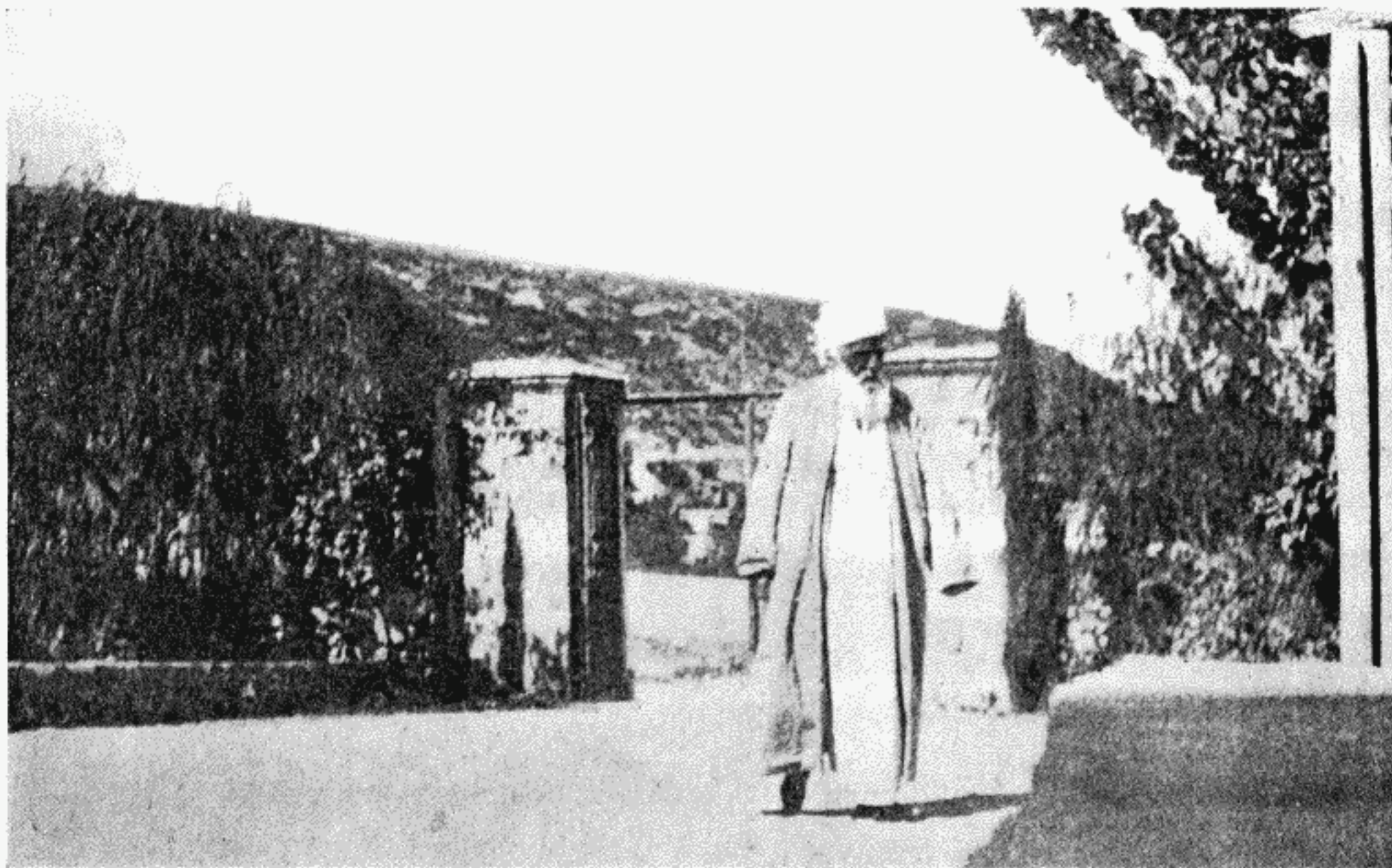
The Bahais must forge ahead in the way of Progress—taking part in the solution of the intricate problems of the age. *To advance always; to achieve some new service every day; to hourly widen the horizon of intellect—these three rules must become the program of their lives.* With steadfast resolution, they must face each difficulty and make stepping-stones of their every trial. Undoubtedly such souls will at last be crowned with the diadem of eternal success.

The field of the Cause is limitless; every sincere soul is welcome to enter therein. The bounties of God are not monopolized, nor are His favors localized. In the Cause of Baha-U-Llah there are no Brahmins and no Pariahs; its doors are open to all.

*In the world of divine knowledge, there must be tempestuous seas and pearl-bringing waves.*

*In the Paradise of the Merciful there must be laughing flowers.*

\* \* \* \* \*



ABDUL BAHÁ IN HIS GARDEN AT HAIFA  
WITH MOUNT CARMEL IN THE BACKGROUND



Presently, from Haifa, Abdul Baba turns his attention to

## THE COUNTRIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA AND SOUTH AMERICA AND THE ISLANDS OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

Christ said: *"Travel to the East and to the West and summon the people to the Kingdom of God."*

It is time that the Bahais divest themselves of the garment of attachment to this phenomenal realm, and become angels of heaven—travelling and *teaching throughout the regions*. The vast country of Alaska awaits the Message of Unity. The Republic of Mexico is a field for great accomplishment. Here the majority is totally unaware of the reality of the Old Testament, of the Gospels, and of the New Divine Teachings. The people do not know that the basis of the religions of God is one; and that the Manifestations are like unto the sun which rises from different dawning-places. They are submerged in seas of dogma; yet if one breath of Life be blown over them, great will be the result.

Fluent speakers, familiar with the Spanish tongue, must travel to the six Central American Republics—Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama. *This latter must receive especial attention, for the Occident and the Orient are here united by means of the Canal; and once the Cause is established at this point, it will effect the East and the West.* The British Honduras must be considered, and the Indians in all districts—the aborigines of America—a race which will become so enlightened, that it in turn, will carry understanding to many parts.

Likewise the Islands of the West Indies such as Cuba, Haiti, Porto Rico, Jamaica, the Islands of the lesser Antilles, the Bahama Islands and even the small Watling Islands must be scenes of noble effort; also the Republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo, situated in the cluster of the Greater Antilles, and the Island of Bermuda in the Atlantic Ocean.

In a similar way the Cause must reach the Republics of the Continent of South America—Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil, British Guiana, Dutch Guiana, French Guiana, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, Venezuela; also the Islands in the north, east and west of South America, such as the Faulkland Islands, Galapago, Juan Fernandez, Tobago, Trinidad; and notably the city of Bahia, situated on the eastern shore of Brazil.

*May God be the supporter of the teachers who travel to these countries, and their helper.*

*Formerly they were as moths, but they shall become as royal falcons. Formerly they were as bubbles, but they shall become the sea.*

\* \* \* \* \*



Looking over the plane of Akka, and beyond the glittering Mediterranean to

## EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND AND THE ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

Abdul Baha affirms that the invincible cohorts of the Kingdom shall attend his army of Love.

The Bahais are to journey across the seven seas and along the five continents, carrying the Glad-tidings of a New Day to all the races of the world.

Abdul Baha has travelled. Although in a state of utmost bodily feebleness, he has lifted his voice in churches, meetings, and conventions throughout Europe and America. *He wishes that he might yet continue to serve God in this manner.* In poverty, even on foot he would pass through cities, villages, mountains, deserts and oceans to promote the Teachings of Baha-U-Llah. Yet for him this cannot be. He therefore calls upon the Bahais to carry on the work. Never should they think of comfort nor of rest; for the teaching of the Cause is more important than the founding of empires.

Let them advance toward the Continent of Africa, to the Canary Islands, Cape Verde Islands, Madeira Islands, Reunion Islands, St. Helena, Zanzibar, Mauritius and other Islands. It would be advisable to form a commission of men and women to visit Japan and China and there to establish the work. Books and pamphlets must be published in the various languages — either translations or new writings — and circulated to all parts.

May the Bahais expend the greatest effort in spreading the synopsis of the teachings in the British Isles, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Roumania, Serbia, Poland, Finland, Ukrainia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Greece, Andora, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Monaco, San Marino and the Balearic Isles.

Parties of men and women, speaking the necessary languages, must travel throughout the three great Island Groups of the Pacific Ocean—Polynesia, Micronesia, Mylanesia and the Islands attached to them, such as New Guinea, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Philippine Islands, Solomon Islands, Fiji Islands, New Hebrides, Loyalty Islands, New Caledonia, Bismark Archipelago, Ceram, Celebes, Friendly Islands, Samoa Islands, Society Islands, Caroline Islands, Low Archipelago, Marquesas, Hawaiian Islands, Gilbert Islands, Moluccas, Marshall Islands, Timor and yet others.

Of a certainty wherever these teachers shall enter a meeting, Divine Fragrances shall encircle them, and the Favors of Baha-U-Llah shall descend upon them.

Teachers must voyage to the continent of Australia and to New Zealand,



Tasmania, Asiatic Russia, Korea, Indo-China, Siam, Straits Settlements, India and Ceylon, as well as to Greenland, Iceland, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Crete, Malta, Falkland, Faroe Islands, Shetland Islands, Hebrides and Orkney Islands.

The apostles of Christ did not, in their day, command much respect, yet their station became evident in later times. May the severance, energy and fortitude of the early followers of Baha-U-Llah, loose a like reverberation through the pillars of the earth!

Today there are individuals so possessed with love that the body is completely mastered. They are the conquerors of the East and the West.

Should one of these beings turn his face in a certain direction, all the ideal forces and lordly confirmations will rush to his support. He will behold open doors and fallen barriers. Singly and alone he will attack the established armies, shatter their regiments at the right and at the left and, breaking through the lines of the nations, carry the assault to the very center of the earth.

*Such souls will be the Apostles of Baha-U-Llah!*

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the Master turns his far-seeing eyes upon his secretary and speaks to him:

*Day and night for nearly eight years you have lived with me. At home and abroad, on land and at sea you have been my companion. Ever have I planned your travel to America, so that you might spend your days in the service of the Cause. Now the time has come. From this Divine College you shall go into the world; therefore gird up the loins of endeavor and magnify your aim. I am sending you to that vast continent with these Tablets—the Glad-tidings of the Lord. They will constitute your capital; they will be the foundation of your life.*

*And now I have given my Teachings; I have indicated my hopes, and revealed my aspirations.*

*What, therefore, will the Bahais show forth in degrees of devotion and severance?*

