

1905

- 9/1905 CMR (Chase B9 F23) *
- 1/1905 Madame D'Angi d'Astre (Rbb B6) **
- 1/1905 Mary J. MacNutt (Chase B9 F22) ***
- 1905 MacNutt (Hbird) 3*
- 1/1905 Mary J. MacNutt (Hansen-Knobloch B29 F8) 4*

605 Corcoran Building,
Washington, D. C.,
Sept. 1905.

Dear Co-worker,

In His Holy Cause:-

I send you the following extract from a paper which, at the request of a brother Believer, I prepared to be read before some Truth Seekers. I trust it may be of some assistance to you in your work of spreading the Glad Tidings of The Final Fulfillment of GOD'S Covenant with His People.

* * * * *

Statement of a few personal impressions of the Master together with some observations regarding His Title of "The Center of The Covenant".

During my stay of eleven days in The Master's house in March 1901, I was constantly impressed by His wisdom and understanding, not only of the visible or objective things of life, but more especially of those unseen spiritual conditions of being which, because they are not seen with the physical eye, nor comprehended by mental reason alone, are the more difficult to understand. These souls' conditions are the very root and cause of the visible or objective conditions to which man finds himself subject.

Through the Master's Teaching one realizes that the outer man is but the manifestation of the inner or spiritual man, and that in order to permanently correct and perfect the outward condition of mankind the remedy must be applied to the understanding of the real cause of these conditions. The Master's wisdom is the real wisdom- which has to do with this invisible or spiritual side of existence.

I saw The Master as the Divine Physician of mankind. The one who knows and understands all conditions of soul, for his understanding penetrates deeper than the mind. I was deeply impressed by his understanding of my inner-self.

One would naturally resent any one's attempt at reading his thoughts, but how different is his attitude towards one who from a height of soul unfoldment (gained through sacrifice and suffering, for The Christ Life can be obtained only in this way), can penetrate the heart and silently give that divine strength and assurance which every soul craves.

Man has a divine nature and that nature needs to be fostered and nourished. This craving for divine knowledge is but the manifestation of laws working in the spiritual realm, analogues to those which we see every day working upon the lower planes. This divine law The Master understands. He gives us his strength to help us over the rough places and at the same time he shows us and teaches us how to understand our own spiritual needs and how through obedience to this higher law, to keep our souls nourished and alive in GOD.

The advice and admonitions of The Master are both special and general in their natures. To individual souls he gives special and personal advice, through the carrying out of which each soul receives strength and enlightenment. To his followers, the Bahais as a body, he gives general instructions and admonitions applicable to all, and which when acted upon are conducive to the spread of divine knowledge and unity, and to the general welfare of the body of believers as a whole. Thus it will be seen that The Master's work is that of leading souls to GOD. In this day all depends upon his guidance, and at the same time all depends upon whether or not we are willing to be led by ~~his~~ him in the Divine Way.

Not every one who visits The Master and sees him with the outward eye, sees him with the inner spiritual eye. Outwardly he is like any other man, but inwardly he is entirely different. He stands unique! The indwelling spirit within him we only see as we

look beyond his human personality. When we do this we see that his personality is but the servant of the spirit within, and when once we see and understand this; we are prepared to have revealed to us the knowledge which he has in store for us.

In attaining to the presence of The Master the one thing to be avoided is the veil of our own personal imaginations and self-dependence. He teaches us to place our dependence upon GOD, and to be guided by His Holy Spirit. His Message is a spiritual one which we must hear with our spiritual ears through the voice of the spirit. When we go to the Master, free from all thought of self, laying aside our own wishes and devices, and with open hearts earnestly seeking the light which he has, then we are in a condition to receive in the fullest measure those divine blessings which he has in store for us. On the other hand if we go to him self-sufficient and with our hearts closed we have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear what he has to impart to us.

The Covenant of GOD made with mankind through the Prophets of the past, and which He has renewed from time to time since the beginning of history through His various revelations, has been consummated in this Latter Day Revelation. The Promise given was that the People of GOD would inherit the earth. By this was meant that the Christ Life within man would predominate and overcome his human and animal natures, and that divine law should supplant that of men upon the earth. By the outpouring of Truth through the revelation of Baha'Ullah this divine state of man is being realized, and we now have the Final Fulfillment of The Great Promise of GOD to His People.

The Master was the first to recognize and declare Baha'Ullah as the promised teacher and deliverer of the world, and he was the first to attain to the station of perfect submission to the Divine

4.

Will, from whence comes his name "Abdul-Baha" which means, "Servant of GOD".

This is the highest condition of spiritual attainment, and is the practical application of the divine or Christ Life.

The Mission of The Master is that of establishing within our reach, and making ready and possible the way for the people of the world to receive the Truth revealed by Baha'Ullah. This abundance of Truth or Divine Life is always to remain with mankind upon the earth as a testimony of the fulfillment of GOD'S Promise to the world. The Master is the First Fruit of the Consumation of the fulfillment of this promise, and is the Center from which the Light is now being radiated to the people of all nations of the world. Therefore he in his mission lives and exemplifies in every way his title of "The Center of The Covenant".

Utterance from the Hidden Words from the Arabic.

"O Son of Him Who stands by His Own Entity in the Kingdom of His Himself! Know that I have sent unto thee the Fragrances of Holiness, and have accomplished the Word in thee, have fulfilled the Bounty through thee, and have willed for thee what I have willed for Myself. Therefore be content in Me and thankful to Me".

* * * * *

Faithfully your brother,

In His Path,

Charles Mason Remey.

Will, from whence comes his name "Abdul-Baha" which means, "Servant of GOD".

This is the highest condition of spiritual attainment, and is the practical application of the divine or Christ Life.

The Mission of The Master is that of establishing within our reach, and making ready and possible the way for the people of the world to receive the Truth revealed by Baha'Ullah. This abundance of Truth or Divine Life is always to remain with mankind upon the earth as a testimony of the fulfillment of GOD'S Promise to the world. The Master is the First Fruit of the Consumation of the fulfillment of this promise, and is the Center from which the Light is now being radiated to the people of all nations of the world. Therefore he in his mission lives and exemplifies in every way his title of "The Center of The Covenant".

Utterance from the Hidden Words from the Arabic.

"O Sons of Him Who stands by His Own Entity in the Kingdom of His Himself! Know that I have sent unto thee the Fragrances of Holiness, and have accomplished the Word in thee, have fulfilled the Bounty through thee, and have willed for thee what I have willed for Myself. Therefore be content in Me and thankful to Me".

* * * * *

Faithfully your brother,

In His Path,

Charles Mason Remey.

Teachings and Utterances of Our Lord, Abdul Baha, to Mme. d'ange d'astre, Akka, January 1905.

O servant and beloved of God! Thank God that you have come and attained to this visit! I hope as you have received physical health you will receive your spiritual health. As the body will be cured from physical disease, in the same way the spirit will be cured of all spiritual diseases. A cure of physical disease is very easy, but the cure of spiritual disease is very difficult.

If one has fever and you give him medicine, the fever will vanish; but if the spirit is afflicted with the disease of ignorance it is difficult to remove that disease. For example, if the spiritual health is afflicted with the love of the world, spiritual medicine must be given. These medicines are the advice and the commands of God which will have effect upon it.

One must always think about their spiritual health. I hope that you will receive perfect spiritual health, and as you go from here, you will be a glad tidings to the believers and the cause of their happiness and guidance. You ought first to be perfect, then to think about the perfections of others. Until you are perfect you cannot make others perfect; until you are rich you cannot make others rich; until you are alive you cannot give life to others.

Your coming here is like one who will go to the sea-shore; if he does not know how to swim, he cannot go in the water and he will always remain on the shore. Or it is as one who enters a garden and through a cold, being unable to smell, will not inhale the perfume of the flowers; or it is also, as a man who will go to fountain of sweet water, and unless he is thirsty he will have no share of that sweet water.

I hope that you will have a share of this Fountain; that you will inhale the perfume of the roses of this Garden; that you will swim in the water and partake of all the beautiful pearls which exist in the bottom of the Sea.

MIRACLES.

The holy manifestations of God are the sources of miracles and wonderful signs. To them even the impossible things are possible, and from them most wonderful things appear, but they have an especial mode of expression. If miracles were proofs, it would be for those present not those who are absent. For example: You might tell a Zoroastrian that wonderful miracles had been accomplished by Moses and Christ, but he would not believe you; even idolators say that wonderful things were accomplished by their idols.

In India many books are written in which endless miracles are ascribed to the Masters; so the Zoroastrians would say: How

D'astre Notes.

can I decide which is true; if I accept one, I must accept all, if they rest upon this proof.

If miracles are a proof for those who are present, they are no proof for those who are absent. But if the true inner sight is opened at the time of each Manifestation, every thing which appears from them is a proof, and no other proof is so important as the Manifestation itself. For what is the importance of causing the blind to see, when finally, through death, they must lose their sight? What is the importance of bringing a dead body to life: Being material it must finally be decomposed. But that which is of importance is to give the sight which is everlasting; it is to give the life which is immortal.

This material life even at the time of its existence is nothingness; for instance at the time of the Christ, people had this life, but he said "Let the dead bury the dead"- for those merely living physically were to Christ as though they were dead; for the real life is the life of the Spirit, the life eternal. Therefore if it is mentioned in the holy books that the dead were raised, the meaning is that they ~~were~~ received life eternal, if the blind were cured, the meaning is they received inward sight, if the deaf were healed, it is that they found heavenly hearing. This is explained in the text of the Bible itself; and as Christ quoted the words of Isaiah: "~~They~~ Ears have they, and they hear not; eyes have they, but they see not." The Inward sight, the heavenly hearing, the eternal life is that which is acceptable; and when it is mentioned in the holy books this is the true meaning. When the blind are healed, it means spiritual sight, knowledge. They were ignorant and became awakened, dark and became light, worldly and became heavenly.

----- THE POPE AND THE STATION OF PETER.

Ch. Christ was asking of his disciples whom he was, and when Peter answered "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God," Christ wished to confirm this statement and also show that his whole religion was founded on this Truth; that is why he called Peter by his name which means "rock;" and he said "I shall build my church on your belief, which is the true belief and the foundation of God's church. Whenever this belief is true, my church will be found, and belief is proven by actions following the commands of God.

Let me now compare the words of Christ to the lives of the Popes. Christ spoke of simplicity and poverty. The Popes live in luxury in the Vatican. The Christ gave the command not to even curse your enemy, but to turn the cheek to receive the second blow. The Popes shed blood freely. There were many holy men among the Popes, but not all. Only those who prove their faith by their lives are worthy to be called the followers of Christ.

In regard to forgiveness of sins: There are some verses that have been misunderstood such as : (Matthew 16:19) "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." This verse has quite another meaning.*

(*Note by M.M.Rabb: See Fugeta's Notes for the explanation of this.)

cards of our Lord, Abdul Baha, as given to Mrs. MacNutt while in Acca, January, 1905.

Soon shall we see the signs of the coming of the spring upon the mountains and on the plains. When the spring comes, God shows a great wisdom in its appearance. God has a special purpose in each Spring-time. The world will be renewed; the dead ground will be made alive; the fields and meadows will be adorned with new beauty; the bare trees will become green and fresh, bringing forth their wealth of blossoms and flowers; different kinds of fruit will come; birds and all animals will appear; all souls who possess the thrill of life will be refreshed, renewed. Unless all these things happen it will not be spring; it might be autumn. Still it is possible that even when the springtime comes, a dry or dead tree will be deprived and give no sign of life or fruit.

A wicked soul from the evil within itself will derive no bounty from the spring. The coming of a manifestation is the Divine Springtime and the soul of man is adorned by it with a new garment of spiritual life, clothed with the robe of divine attributes and qualities. It becomes enlightened; it is made alive - born anew. The blind will be made to see; that which was darkness will become light; the timid will become courageous; the dumb will speak; the heedless awake. In brief, they will be perfected into the Image of God and His Divine Qualities; born of the Spirit, they will be manifestations of union and harmony.

You shall know the tree by its fruits, be they good or bad. By the fruit which appears you may know whether the tree is dead or alive. In this way it will be known whether the soul is born of the Spirit. If they have the divine qualities, they will show them forth in their lives, for our actions reveal what we are, no matter how the tongue speaks. Now all your thoughts must be upon this.

I pray God that all the Americans may receive the Light of this New Springtime and be filled with a great happiness.

You do not realize now where you are, or the importance of your visit. Here you can find rest for your souls and happiness in your lives. Here you can put on new life, for here you are in the Kingdom of the Blessed Perfection.

Allaho ABHA!

*Mac Nutt Party brought were present
when these words were spoken.*

WORDS OF ABDUL BAEH ABRAS, UTTERED BY HIM DURING
A FEAST

(Anointing with rose water)

Now have ye, the beloved of God, gathered together to partake
of material and spiritual food. As this perfume is to the nostrils,
so may spiritual fragrance refresh the soul.

You are in prison here, my partners in imprisonment, pris-
oners of love. "God be praised!"

(Serving the food)

This is a blessed supper of the Lord; for we have gather-
ed under the shadow of the Blessed Perfection.

Christ said: "I am the Living Bread which came down from
heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever."

This meeting is through the love of the Blessed Perfection.
Jesus said, "Lovest thou me, Peter? Feed my lambs."

It is prophesied in the Heavenly Books that so shall they
sit down at the Lord's table. From the east and the west so shall
they come to sit down in His Kingdom. In the last day, all the
sheep shall be gathered together.

In this manner shall ye gather together in America. Then
shall the bounties of the Blessed Perfection descend upon you. Div-
ine Assistance will be given you, and from your meeting the Love of
God will be spread to all men.

Strive, strive always that ye may be united. If one single
sheep strays away from the fold, do all in your power to bring it
back. Kindness and love must be your means of gathering all together.

God has favored us. We have gathered once more at His Table. May His abundance and mercy make night as day, and day everlasting. For day and night are according to the conditions of this world. In relation to the sun they do not exist. To the sun, day is everlasting. If we ascend to the heavens, there will be no night, no horizon. The earthly things have non-existence; all must die. The wise sees them as perished; sees them as non-existent; realizes their nothingness and inefficiency. But that which belongs to the Kingdom of Heaven is from everlasting to everlasting. The spiritually opened eyes of the Servants of God, those who are active, alert and mindful of the eternal destiny, will turn to the Kingdom of Heaven because it is everlasting and is the only Reality. Consider, O Beloved of God, that the outward is not the sign of the inward. How many people since the time of Christ have come and gone! How many kings, princes and celebrated men have lived their span of years, yet now no sign of them remains, no result, therefore non-existence. But those which were partakers of the divine cup which Christ brought, although they were looked upon as having no knowledge, and the outwardly simple and unimportant, they appeared from the eternal horizon and live forever in the Light of the Day of God. For that which belongs to the Kingdom, that which is alive in the Divine Spirit, is everlasting, while that which belongs to the earth and its existence will fade away and perish.

There are two kinds of love - one universal and one individual. You must love humanity in order to uplift and beautify humanity. Even if they kill you, you must love them. Individual love cannot be forced, and you are not called to love everybody personally, but, if they are in your lives, see to it that they are the

means of your development, and that you are the means of theirs thro
your universal love for them. We are creatures of the same God.
We must love all, therefore, as children of one God, even tho they
are doing us harm. Christ loved His persecutors. It is possible
for us to attain to that love. God manifested His love by creat-
ing man in His own image. Man must manifest this love. The true
fruit of man is, therefore, love. The purpose of a tree is to pro-
duce fruit. Man is like a tree. His fruit should be love.

You will send my greetings to each and all of the believers
in America from here. I have not much opportunity to write to them;
my work is so heavy. I must look and turn to the whole world. My
work is the whole world; and if I do not answer their letters, it
is not that my love does not go out to them; it is simply that oppor-
tunity does not ~~unfortunately~~ permit the accomplishment of my
desire. To each one, and to all the believers in America, say: Be
a cause of happiness, be a cause of exkindlement in the ^{Kingdom} ~~cause~~ of
God.

I long to be with you day and night, but, unfortunately other
duties claim my time. Although I do not see you, I think of you
always, continually. In my heart you are ever living. I have
been with the Governor this afternoon yet, my heart has been with you.
The important thing is the heart, and My heart is yours. That
hearts should be united with hearts, spirit with spirit, this is the
real existence; all else is but vanity and nothingness. God be
praised that it is so. As I cannot be with you continually the re-
gret is deep. From God I hear witness that I wish always to be at
your side, that nothing may ever come betw en us, that we may con-
tinue forever in the same place. So shall our spirits continue in-

seperable, although the bodies are widely seperated by distance. To-
night some of our spiritual brothers will come to the table and
with us and you will be with them. This is the cause of My great
happiness, seeing America and the east joined together in love and
spiritual unity. May all the beloved in the world be so joined,
until all mankind shall come under one rule, all nations be as one
family. All this will surely come to pass. It is the will of God
that we may all be perfected in the wisdom and spirit of the Blessed
Perfection.

You are in prison here, my partners in imprisonment,
prisoners of love. God be praised! In these times one hour in
Acca means much. There is a vast significance in these precious
hours. The beloved of ----- must be as one soul,
one will, in different bodies. They must help one another as much
as possible. This is a most acceptable action in the Kingdom of
God. It is especially a blessed privilege to invite the beloved
to share your hospitality. If possible have a general meeting every
nineteen days, even tho it be only to partake of bread and water.
In all of your meetings speak not of political questions. Concen-
trate your words upon the Cause of God. Do not talk about other
things. Speak as you hear me speak, saying very little about out-
side matters. I pray that the blessings of the Blessed Perfection
may strengthen and assist you in the Cause of God. The more you
are associated in the Cause of God, the happier I will be and the
more I will rejoice.

There is something that I especially wish to make you sure
of. It is this never let your hearts be troubled or distressed by
anything that may happen here. Never let My difficulties or dis-

Class B9 F22

(Mac Nutt)

FROM UTTERANCES TO PILGRIMS IN 1906.

"There is something especially I wish to make you sure of. It is this,- never let your hearts be disturbed by anything that may happen here;- never allow any difficulties or hardships to distress or affect you. For example, if you should receive news in America that I have been thrown into the sea or carried away to an unknown place; if you should receive word that I have been tortured and killed- change not, grieve not; nay, rather, be more firm, be more rejoiced and let your steadfastness grow and increase. For our Meeting-place is the Kingdom of GOD. There shall we meet. I am always in great danger. Perhaps in an hour a telegram may come and everything here be changed. Therefore, hold fast to the Cause of GOD; be firm whether I am in this world or not. Wherever I may be- here or in the next World- I will always ask assistance for you.

"Until real firmness is established among the believers in New York, individually and together, there will be no result. Until a tree is well rooted, there can be no growth, no fruit. Unless a house stands upon a firm foundation, it will crumble and fall. Be not like that; always direct your thought to firmness. After the death of Christ, the disciples were not at first firm. Peter denied Him. Mary Magdalene was the cause of their uniting. Out of her steadfastness, what a great result came. If she had wavered, the Truth of Christ would not have spread as It did. So consider the necessity, the power of firmness. Let this be your concentration; be steadfast, unwavering. Whatever happens here- imprisonment, torture, exile- be indifferent to it and be firm in the Cause.

"When news of My last imprisonment reached the United States,

some of the believers were shaken, but in Persia the contrary effect was produced. There all the believers became more firm, more steadfast. Whatever may happen, nothing must shake their faith, for the Cause is very great.

"The East is very dangerous. Here there are thousands of dangers menacing. Be firm; let all your hearts be turned to the Cause and not to Me. Hold fast until assistance from GOD comes to you. Each one of you will then be able to face the whole world. If Paul had not stood firm, he would have accomplished nothing. See the result of his firmness! I hope you may be more steadfast than Paul and strive to accomplish greater things. If all Akka should be destroyed, change not; look not to this; do not waver; let it make no difference in your faith. My only desire is to give all I have in the Path of GOD. Therefore, be not sorrowful for My hardships and calamities. Be happy, be extremely gladdened, -because the more calamities are inflicted upon Me, the more the Cause of GOD will be uplifted.

"My counsel to you is to be firm in the Cause and Love one another. The Tent of the Cause of GOD is supported by two poles: Steadfastness and Love. If you are assisted by these two, be sure that all the Kings and Queens of the earth cannot prevail, and you will indeed be the conquerors.

"All other lights will be extinguished and your lamps lighted; all other stars will set and your stars shine in the horizon of the world; all other standards will be lowered and your flags wave in victory; all other foundations will be destroyed and your names will stand forever in the Cause of

GOD. Thus will it be, if Love, Steadfastness and Union are found among you.

Mount Carmel.

by

Mrs. MacKutt.

MS. 1000

MOUNT CARMEL.

We sailed from Alexandria on the little Khedivial steamer, Mariout, at ten o'clock on the night of December 31st, 1904, bound for Jaffa and Haifa. It was the Eve of the New Year; fitting symbol of a Bahai journey out of the darkness and bondage of the land of Egypt into the Light of the New Day and Dispensation; servants of GOD going in to possess the Holy Land of Promise. The night was clear, but a wild gale from the North blew directly into the mouth of the harbor as we fought our way out against it past the lighthouses into the open. Outside the breakwaters the sea grew violent, - the little ship pitching and plunging in a hissing cauldron of waves, the stars reeling in their courses overhead and life below decks full of excitement and discomfort. Morning broke upon a wild savage picture of desolation, the sea gray and furious, lashed and scourged into raging white by the stinging whips of the wind. At noon the tempest suddenly abated, a characteristic of Mediterranean storms, but the sea refused to be comforted and we were rocked in deep cradles of billows all day. After another night of motion and emotion, during which the little steamer seemed to have lost her course and to be turning hand-springs for exercise, the second morning came and we saw land, the low-lying Syrian coast below Jaffa. Off Jaffa we lay five long

hours;- a glistening sun overhead and a great rolling groundswell coming at us from the open sea with every variety of motion known to those who go down to the sea in ships. These Jaffa "rolls" were our only breakfast. By noon the Captain had decided no landing could be made at Jaffa. We lay more than a mile off shore, but even from that distance could see a fearful surf running its white race-horses along the rocks and black reefs which make the entrance to Jaffa one of the most dangerous in the world. So we raised anchor and rolled away up the coast toward Haifa, twisting and gyrating upon the still heaving bosom of the deep. At three o'clock the grand old head of Carmel came into view, looming up from the low coast line like an elephant's back with the head and trunk thrust into the sea. Still reeling and pitching along in futile effort to find a center of equilibrium the little Mariout finally crept past the headland of the Mountain of GOD, bringing the white square walls of Akka into view away across the indented Bay. Beyond Akka, on the mainland, the Lebanons raised their heads into a peaceful blue sky. Farther in we crept until Haifa emerged from the base of Carmel, and when we had reached a point just between Haifa and Akka, cast anchor about a mile and a half from shore and prepared to land in the Arabic language. Great surf boats had come off from Haifa filled with Arab boatmen straining their splendid muscles at immense oars. In a few moments the Mariout from bowsprit to rudder was pande-

monium. These bare-footed sons of Ishmael literally swarmed over us, yelling, screaming, gesticulating; a jargon and babel of voices, as if the one with the strongest lungs was most entitled to employment. None of us after our wild experiences with wind and wave on the Mariout had the physical energy to resist, so we were taken from the steamer's deck to a surf boat by the "lift;" that is to say, each one of us was grabbed around the waist by a brawny, half-naked Arab, "lifted" in his arms, carried down a shaky rope ladder on his shoulder, tossed into the bobbing boat like so many bags of grain, and carried away shoreward by our vociferous captors. But the sea still had its claim upon us. At first the boatmen steered down into the point of the bay intending to land us through the surf, but realizing almost too late that this was hazardous we turned about and fought back with straining oars to the dilapidated wharf at the Custom House, where we were "lifted" again by the unclothed elevator, dragged by muscular arms from above, and pushed by strong shoulders from below up to a rickety terra-firma drenched and soaked by waves which still leaped hungrily after us. The Customs examination of our trunks and bags occupied very little time, after which we drove along the shore front,- practically the only street in old Haifa,- to the foot of Carmel. To ascend the mountain by the most direct road we passed through the German Colony or modern Haifa, a village or community of devoted German Christians who settled here in

The German Colony.

1868 to await the promised Coming of the Lord, the very year in which Baha'O'Elah was sent to Akka just across the Bay. Over the doorways of the thrifty little houses is written "Der Herr Kommt" (The Lord Cometh). The German Colony offers striking contrast to the old city;- clean streets well laid out, neat modern villas, shade trees, lawns and flower beds, everything evidencing thrift and industry. The native houses are quite the reverse. The Oriental builds his house hostile and secluded from the eyes of the outside world, walls it up solid from the street, leaving only a single doorway of entrance and a few narrow close-latticed windows overhead; lavishing his taste upon the court interior which he alone sees and enjoys. The type of European house is just the opposite, a thing of beauty from the outside, open, hospitable, as if welcoming a visitor. This contrast is strikingly shown in the old and new sections of Haifa, and perhaps if we had time to make further comparison the relative characteristics of the Oriental and Occidental would stand forth still more sharply outlined in the way they build their homes and houses.

*The
German
Colony.*

The road turns at right angles at the German settlement, leads directly through it, and climbs the mountain as straight as it can without being a sheer gravity pitch. As we go up, the horses stumble upon loose rocks, and there is plenty of mud from recent heavy rains. We pass the Tomb of the Bab, see the Monastery of the Carmelite monks upon the brow of the mountain

just overlooking the sea, make a couple of turns at the summit, bringing Akka into clear view golden with sunset glory, and alight at Pross House, a small hotel standing in the middle of Carmel's head. We are the only guests, and the host, Hans Schneider, a lay preacher in the German Colony, gives us most kindly greeting, figuring out in his own language who we are, why we have come up here in January, and how much he shall charge us. His terms are very low and his suspicions incline to the belief that we are American friends of Abbas Effendi. The next day was golden with sunlight and balmy with spring-like warmth. How we enjoyed it! And what a difference between the "firm foundation" of Carmel and the tricky deck of Mariout. From first to last our eyes never tired of the view from the mountain-top, one of the most beautiful and wonderful in this world of beauty and wonder. Let us stand here awhile and look around. Imagine that you are standing upon the brow of a gigantic steamer just starting from land out into the open sea, its brow projecting so far forward that you seem to be surrounded on all sides by a blue horizon of water. The vast vault of the sky overhead is just as blue, a few filmy clouds floating like flotsam and jetsam upon the bosom of the celestial ocean,- the line where blue meets blue impossible to distinguish,- no other thing visible - just sea and sky, that is all,- desolate yet grand - awe-inspiring, sublime, weird, and luring in its sublimity. You are nearly a thousand feet above the Mediterranean. From

the lofty eyrie you look up and down the coast fully thirty miles each direction, the far-away vistas reduced to miniature, and nearer views dwarfed into Lilliputian perspective. To the right, stretching away eastward and curving to the north is the shore line of the Bay of Akka flanked by titanic masses of the Lebanon ridges and heads. The sand is golden color and rimmed by the white line of surf as sharply and distinctly as the curving edge of a bowl,- the whole shore from Haifa and extending far beyond Akka to the Lebanons and sea horizon forming a horse-shoe. Akka lies upon the distant side of this vast horse-shoe,- five miles across from Carmel and twice as far around- fixed four-square upon the golden shore-line as if a gigantic glistening white boulder had come tumbling down from the Lebanon tops, rolled across the plain and poised just upon the brink of its plunge into the sea. Deep in the midst of the Lebanon background of this sea-picture rises the snow-covered head of old Hermon, the highest point in Palestine, seeming just behind Akka, but in reality fifty miles away; its grand majestic brow dominating all Northern and Central Syria - literally a "mountain in the tops of the mountains". Back of you and still to the right as you stand upon Carmel's head stretches an open vista as if carved through mountain obstacles opening the way inland to Tiberias, Nazareth, Tabor, Esdraelon and Galilee, and furnishing a seeming outlet for the waters of Jordan hurrying southward through the heart of the Holy Land to be lost in the

Jordan river

salt tomb of the Dead Sea. The words of Baha O'Allah come to you as your eye sweeps the picture "Surely the River Jordan hath joined with the Great Sea"; for nowhere in Palestine could Jordan find its outlet to the Mediterranean except through this "Way of the Sea" into the Bay of Akka; and upon the spiritual side of the wonderful words, nowhere except in the Revelation of Baha'O'Allah, that Most Great Sea of Utterance, can Christianity find its outlet and apotheosis. There is a Christianity which follows its own narrow discolored course into the Dead Sea and is lost there in bitter waters of non-accomplishment. There is another, a higher, truer Christianity which pours its current, pure as the waters of Galilee, into the Ocean of the Revelation of GOD which Christ Himself plainly and prophetically promised would appear in these the "Latter Days". But we are standing upon Carmel looking around. The mountains look old as if sleeping away time, their history and warfare accomplished. Carmel itself resembles a great elephant back, the head dipping into the Mediterranean, the back extending about ten miles inland and gradually increasing in elevation until sixteen hundred feet above the sea and plain. Straight inland from us and toward the southwest the blue hills of Samaria are seen, and still more southward the eye searches for but can not make out the position of Jerusalem. Directly down the coast to the left as we face the Mediterranean a succession of ruined cities perch like Akka upon the shore line, mostly Crusaders' strongholds.

8
Baha O'Allah

As there were no harbors on the shore line these ancient warriors watchful of military advantage built their coast cities extending as far into the sea as the rocky foundation would permit, and ran up their heavy stone walls four-square in the form of fortifications which they could approach from the seaward side without the danger of a shore landing. As we look we see Athlit, Caeseria, Tantara, and far down in misty perspective on a perfectly clear day Jaffa, distant sixty miles - where Hiram, King of Tyre, sent Lebanon cedars for the Temple of Solomon. Strange commentary upon the Religion of GOD these Crusaders and their walled forts! Akka itself a storm center of their fanatical invasions with fire and sword; the name of Christ upon their lips and the banners under which they slew those who were defending with equal valor and fanaticism their belief in the Religion of GOD. Calm, unmoved amid these long centuries of human violence and oppression Carmel has stood awaiting the "Great Day of GOD" when the "Sun of Righteousness would rise with healing in His Wings" and the Message go forth from Akka "I come to bring Peace, not to lay the sword".

Our point of observation on the mountain head is just over Haifa. As we look seaward and toward the southwest the white stone monastery of the Carmelite Monks is directly in the line of vision. It is built over the cave or den in which, according to tradition, Elijah the Tishbite lived;- that picturesque solitary figure of Old Testament history;- the Prophet of GOD.

W. J. J.

so inseparably linked with Carmel during his eventful life and announced to appear again as the Forerunner when the Lord of Hosts reveals Himself in Carmel, Sharon, and Lebanon in the latter days. Near where we are standing is the place from which Elijah invoked the rain upon the parched land of Israel;-- the "little cloud no bigger than a man's hand". Far behind us on the back of the mountain overlooking the Plain of Esdraelon a small stone chapel marks El Ahreakah, the "Place of Burning"- the spot where he called down fire from Heaven upon the priests of Baal. Along the base still flows the brook Kishon whose waters ran red with their blood when the Prophet slew them.

Nowhere is the view of Akka more perfect and complete than from the top of Carmel across the scintillating waters of the Bay,-- shining like a pure glistening white pearl in the mountain atmosphere of the Lebanons. We saw Akka from Carmel in all lights;-- in the soft purple gray of early dawn,-- in the golden burst of sunrise,-- in the zenith radiance of high noon,-- at sunset, golden in the slanting arrows which reflected from the burnished bosom of the sea,-- in the rose curtains of twilight, and under the silver of the moon. Even at midnight under the glorious procession of heavenly orbs and constellations, our devoted eyes still sought Akka when nothing but the red eye of its lighthouse shone seaward into the black darkness.

What sacred memories and heavenly atmospheres surround the

Elijah

Akka from Carmel

head of this old mountain! Here Abraham dwelt and was blessed by Melchisedek, King of Salem; Jesus walked upon Carmel, and Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia, followed the footsteps of the Nazarene. Here Baha'O'ollah walked and prayed. The holy atmosphere of the mountain is impressive beyond description. Nor are Carmel's natural beauties any less impressive and glorious. Standing out alone and solitary in the blue skies, surrounded upon three sides by water of still deeper blue, the Mountain of GOD is unique and wonderful in its natural beauty. The colors upon its summit are indescribable;- a composite holiness of the past seems woven, blended and mingled in its mosaics; an atmosphere translucent and vitalizing, redolent of vineyards, as if an incense rising from the bosom of earth to the GOD of Power and Beauty.

But word-pictures are endless, innumerable. A world and wealth of fact, narrative and description comes crowding into the mind claiming expression and utterance. The centuries focus in Carmel; history haloes it; spiritual forces surround it, outworking human destiny in the chain of its hallowed associations.

The splendid forests which once covered and crowned the mountain, and from which it takes its name, have entirely disappeared. Only a few olives growing here and there in vineyards and gardens adorn the otherwise bare picture. From base to summit the soil is scanty,- the rocks and rough ridges peep-

ing through. As you look the landscape seems covered with a velvety soft mosaic of carpet, but as you go about on foot the conditions are incredibly rough and hostile. Sharp edges of flint and hornblende cut your shoes like knives, briars and prickly bushes catch your clothes and a most tenacious limestone clay clogs under your feet and hardens like cement wherever it adheres. There are no roads, - simply donkey paths, filled with rocks and stumbling places. Agriculture is practically unknown. Here and there the Arab scratches the soil with a primeval plough hitched to a pair of small wiry bullocks and scatters seed with careless hand. What there is of the soil is wonderfully fertile, however. Without further care or cultivation he gathers good harvests from his rude tilling. There are no fences or boundary lines. As you look across Carmel's back the untrained eye sees nothing betokening human occupancy or habitation. After awhile, growing accustomed to the picture, you begin to pick out a few little huts built of rocks and mud, so secluded among natural surroundings that you come upon them before you clearly make them out. As you approach them, picking your way through the rocks and briars, a lot of savage dogs rush out challenging and checking your approach. Long before this you have been seen by watchful eyes of the Arab's family. Although you have not seen them they have seen you. If your eye is quick you might have detected a scurrying of children and older females to inner seclusion.

If the Arab himself is away, your visit to his hut is profitless; you will probably see nobody but an old crone who bids you begone. If the liege lord is within he will come well out to meet you, the expression of his face as dark, forbidding and non-committal as a Comanche Indian. But the jingle of a little backsheesh transforms him from an ogre to a beneficent genie in a moment. If he is a Mohammedan he still denies you the inner hospitality of his home and view of his household. If he be a Christian convert, you are now welcome at his door and may drink a cup of coffee which he brews himself in a brazier over a charcoal fire. A little more backsheesh entitles you to a quasi-cordial send-off. He has done the best he could. Life to him is a hostile and hard condition. He has but little, he can give but little. You have warmed the cockles of his heart; helped him by your gift and pittance. As we looked upon him the whole world seemed to be ours and so little of it his; his existence a dull, narrow realization of conditions which we through civilization have been privileged to surmount.

Sometimes these rough ramblings far back upon the mountain are attended with danger. Mr. MacNutt happened on one occasion to approach an Arab hut without seeing it, and was confronted by a sinewy son of Ishmael armed with a double-barreled shot gun held toward him at full cock. The morning salutation "Arag said!" and a few copper coins relieved an otherwise embarrassing interview.

The atmosphere of Carmel is wonderfully pure and translucent. Distances are great because they are deceptive; a characteristic of all mountain atmospheres. Standing at the edge of the declivity which overlooks Haifa it seems as if you might throw stones down into the streets. The whistle of the little locomotive just outside the city is heard ten seconds after you see the steam, although it does not appear distant. Shepherd boys call to each other from ridge to ridge across the valleys, although actually half a mile apart. One day we started to walk down the road to the shore of the sea on the ~~on the~~ side opposite Haifa. It seemed half a mile or so and we intended to return in an hour, in time for dinner. After a long walk the distance appeared undiminished, so we returned without accomplishing it and learned that we were attempting a round trip which measured over five miles.

A deep stillness rests upon the old mountain,- a silence profound and impressive. Literally there is no noise whatever, neither sound of insect, song of bird, nor hum of busy human centers. As you go about you seem to be alone with GOD and surrounded by vibrant spiritual beings. Sometimes it seems that every human trace has disappeared. Then your eye will detect a moving bit of color in the mosaic of rock, sea and sky. If you have your glass you will see a shepherd slowly following his herd of goats as they scramble amid the rocks,- then another and another appears as if by magic- so completely hidden

and blended into the picture have they been. The holy pictures of Christ's life and parables are constantly before you;- the shepherd and his flocks, the sower going forth to sow, the vineyard and its laborers;- just as He saw them, still true and unchanged as if they, like His Words, would never pass away. At morning we saw the sheep hurrying up the mountain ahead of the shepherd, eager, self-willed to seek the pasture. In the evening we saw them following him home to the fold, content, obedient to his guidance. So in life's morning we go forth in self-will and strength, but in the eventide we are content to follow the Shepherd home. How vivid the Christ picture of the sheep and goats;- the sheep tractable and obedient to the shepherd's word, the goats wild and self-willed, browsing in impossible places, restless, untamed, and a constant anxiety to him as he patiently follows them in their erratic wanderings.

It was January; therefore we did not see Carmel in its spring robe and in the beauty of summertime. Few of the flowers for which it is celebrated had ventured forth. Yet some of them welcomed us. Wherever we walked we found crimson carpets of red anemones spread. This wonderful flower expresses in its outer beauty that inner spiritual loveliness and fragrance which characterize the soul of man when it blooms in the Paradise of His Will and blossoms upon the mountain of His Manifestation. It is essentially the Bahai flower, for it has been used by the divinely alert eye of Baha O'Allah to symbolize that

Red
Anemone

Loveliness and Submissiveness which must characterize the true servant of GOD. Botanically it is called the "wind-flower." Early in the spring, before winter has really departed, it appears upon the mountain slopes of Central and North Syria, rearing its little head amid hard, hostile and inclement conditions which other flowers have not the hardihood to face. It grows amid the rocks, finding its foothold in cracks and crevices where ever so little soil has lodged. No blast of the tempest can uproot or destroy it for its happy face is mounted upon a long stem which bends double without breaking and is strong as wire. Its color is blood crimson, and its odor permeates the landscape, particularly at dawn, like the fragrance of a thanksgiving incense to GOD for its life and beauty. Its face follows the sun from dawn to sunset, opening its petals and disclosing its heart at dawn and closing them in sleep just before twilight. Nor can it be persuaded to open at any other time or by the influence of any other light. Through the night and when the skies are cloudy it remains asleep, seemingly dead, only awakening when the sunlight calls it back to life. What more perfect symbol of a Bahai could be found; bending, submissive to the hardest blasts of oppression yet impossible to break; growing in most difficult environments and in the winter-time of religious conditions when all other flowers of the Spirit seem dead; coming in the Spring-time of a New Dispensation called into life by the sunshine and showers of His Word; crim-

Red Anemone.

son with the blood of martyrdom; redolent of spiritual fragrance, permeating the atmosphere of this early dawning of the Day of GOD; face turned toward the Light of this Manifestation, refusing to follow or open the heart to any other Light than the Light of the Sun in Heaven;- is not the symbolism complete and perfect? So Baha O'Elah seeing in the simple beauty of this mountain flower a matchless lesson which would ever refresh, stimulate and admonish the soul of man, said: "Discover the truths of the Mystery of Love from the red anemones of this New Garden which hath appeared in the open court of Holiness". (Persian Hidden Words 18).

Red Anemone.

A few miles back from the sea Carmel is almost savage in its rugged wildness. Throughout its entire length great wadys or valleys are scored into its sides like gigantic incisions by some Titan knife. These wadys or cuts extend from the spine of the great elephant back down either side to sea or plain. Through them in heavy storms the water rushes as through the canyons of the Western Sierras. Near the sea the sunny slopes of the wadys are planted as vineyards and produce a mellow pure wine. Farther back on the mountain no cultivation or agriculture is attempted, and here the scenery in the wadys is surpassingly grand and beautiful,- the flint rock gnarled and twisted into fantastic designs and rude geological architecture forming caves and dens where wild animals and serpents make their habitation. Five miles from the Mediterranean, Carmel

is literally a howling wilderness minus only the trees. In our rambles we saw hyenas, foxes, adders, and evidences of larger and more dangerous four-footed inhabitants. Wild birds abound, perching upon rocks in lieu of tree-tops. It is usually a difficult scramble down through the wadys to earth and sea-level, twisting about these erratic water-courses like miniature alpine climbing. It seems but half an hour's undertaking, but sometimes you find the white foaming surf which seemed just below, four or five miles away in reality. Everything is larger and more distant than it appears and after awhile you yourself seem to be the only thing insignificant in the colossal proportions of Carmel and the picture in which it stands so majestically.

Sometimes in our early morning rambles we would meet Syrian girls and women coming down the mountain paths from shepherd huts far back, carrying upon their heads great jars of sour goats' milk called "leben", on their way to Haifa. There they sit along the streets among the bazaars selling it until late in the afternoon. Then you will meet them climbing the "short cut" mountain paths with tireless vigor, making perhaps a round trip of twelve or fifteen miles between sunrise and sunset, balancing their jars upon their heads with perfect skill,- barefoot and walking swiftly among boulders and loose stones which bothered us to scramble over with nothing to carry. Some of these girls are magnificent physical specimens;- veritable Amazons in poise

and figure. They walk majestically, swaying the body with an indescribable rhythm and grace from the hips, the arms free and swinging, the chest and shoulders held rigid and erect, supporting the heavy burden on the head, and the vivid Oriental colors of their costumes making striking and picturesque effects in the mountain pictures.

No word-picture of Carmel would be complete without mention of its weird beauty at dawn. The day comes suddenly. Long before the sun appears a calm holy radiance begins to steal over the Lebanon summits, and the night shadows on Carmel slowly merge into an iridescence of soft grays and purples like an exquisite mosaic. For a long time this lingers. It seems as if the daylight itself is not coming. Then a great fan-shaped burst of rose-tinted glory mounts to the zenith from the black silhouette edges of Lebanon; the stars of heaven pale and vanish as it comes; Carmel is glowing with dull fire. The red glory fades as quickly as it appeared and a pure radiance reflects from the mountain as if from mirrors of alabaster. Will the day ever come? Suddenly the sun flashes its fiery eye over the summit of Hermon, every shadow vanishes and the day literally literally "springs" into being. Men may come and go, but this heavenly panorama goes on forever. The divinely sensitive eye of Baha O'llah awake to its sublimity, viewing the illimitable worlds of Spirit, has likened this matchless effulgence in the phenomenal world to the Coming of the Day of GOD and termed

Sunrise on Carmel.

the Manifestation Himself the "Dayspring of Glory". Blessed) *Sunrise*
are those who understand.

Often the thought came to us - "Why did the Abha Glory reveal Itself here upon Carmel and in Akka?" The answer is simple and direct, the conclusion irresistible. Here is the very Firmament of the Divine Will; here is the land made Holy and illumined by the Coming of the same Sun of Righteousness in former Dispensations; here is the focus of the spiritual vision and belief of humanity; here the hope, promise and expectation of the Day of GOD;- He could have come in no other place. The Dayspring of Illumination must arise upon Akka; the glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Carmel, the beauty of Sharon must witness the Coming of the Lord.

And often at midnight as we looked out from the summit of Carmel, the constellations of heaven overhead, the earth wrapped in blackness of night beneath us;- nothing but the watchful eye of the lighthouse out upon the sea-wall of Akka to meet our straining vision - often we thought- there indeed is the Light of the World, shining, glowing in the darkness, a beacon of warning and guidance to the world,- streaming out into the dimness and obscurity of religious belief; and into the radiance of that Light all the illumination of this world must be polarized. And this shall verily come to pass.

One more - our last picture. We have come down from the top of Carmel, taken out final drive through the narrow muddy

streets of Haifa and gone aboard the steamer in the Arab surf boats ready to start homeward. The sun is setting; its glowing face goes down, down, lower, lower until from our anchorage out in the middle of the horseshoe Bay we see it finally sink and disappear behind the Mountain of GOD. As the day light fades, the sea turns into molten metal iridescent with fire, and shadows fall like azure robes upon the land pictures. We stand silent, spellbound upon deck looking toward Haifa. Behind us Akka, pure, white, and glistening in still bathed in the sun's last arrows. The colors deepen, the light is going out. Then from the high blue heavens overhead descend curtains of fire upon Carmel,- great palls of flame which envelop its grand old head with auroral magnificence. Some one speaks - "Elijah is again calling down fire from heaven upon the priests of Ba-al."

It was nearly midnight before the little steamer weighed anchor and sailed out of the Bay. The sun had long since gone but in the East the full moon had arisen, bathing earth, sea, and sky in chaste reflections of silver- no color- just pure white radiance. On the top of Carmel, ghostly and gray we saw the Carmelite Monastery, where the monks are still awaiting through the night the Coming of the Day of GOD. So we swept on- out into the Mediterranean, around Carmel- the only moving thing in this still, silent, holy, radiant picture. And the eye of the Light upon the sea wall of Akka followed us as we turned our course into the West.

From notes by Mary J. MacNutt.

THE TRIP FROM HAIFA TO AKKA.

Never dawned a day more fair, more perfect, than January 4, 1905, when the sun arrows of morning glancing from the tips of the Lebanons awoke the valley and plain of Akka with streaming floods of light. From the summit of Carmel we looked upon pictures of sky, sea and land bathed in vibrant life and splendor;- the heavens opened at the call of the sun;- a new day had descended upon the horizons of the phenomenal world. But the splendor in which the outer world lay immersed was but dim reflection of that inner glory which illumined the Kingdom of Soul, quickening the conscious eye with celestial vision and a perception heavenly. For we were standing upon a supreme apex of the visible world,- lofty, towering and luminous in the light of history that is holy, and associations that are hallowed and sacred, within the very focus of powers and forces spiritual;- upon Carmel, "Mountain of GOD" where the hosts of the Supreme Concourse and holy souls of earth alike center their vision. Everything in the wonderful picture brought its attendant spiritual suggestion and lifted the soul to contemplation and consciousness of GOD. We were enveloped in the Spirit;- upon holy ground, indeed, and in the Holy Land of the world's promise, expectation, and fulfilment. Such was the glory and heavenly prospect of the day upon which we made ready to complete our pilgrimage from the Mountain of Endeavor to the Holy City of Attainment, from

hope and longing to the Joy of Realization, from the Carmel of Announcement to the Akka of Appearance and Manifestation.

We drove down the mountain early in the morning, aglow with exhilarating, crystal pure atmosphere,- stopping a few moments at the Bab's Tomb to pick a bunch of red anemones. Shepherds with largeflocks of sheep and goats were coming up the mountain from Haifa, on their way to pastures at the summit. Our cheery greeting "Arag sa-id" met a cordial response and even the four-legged creatures with "baa" and bleat gave us a morning salutation as we went on down the steep road, through the long street of the German Colony, turning at right angles just before we reached the sea. At the foot of the street is the pier built by Sultan Hamid in honor of Emperor William of Germany when that strenuous celebrity visited the Holy Land in 1902. In a few minutes we entered the old city of Haifa, threading our way along the narrow principal street, lined upon either side with little bazaars, mere holes in the wall, each one presided over by a calm-faced, dignified merchant, in white gown, his head topped by a lofty red tarbush. There are no sidewalks and our horses were jostled by donkeys, camels, and a kaleidoscopic current of humanity, making the going very slow, but thanks to his cracking whip and Arabic yells, our driver pulled us through the confusion and completed his contract by depositing us at the eastern edge of the town, close by the starting point of the railroad now building between Haifa and Damascus. There are only three rail-

roads in all Syria; this is one of them. Having dismissed our conveyance we strolled nonchalantly along the sandy beach as if a further trip in the direction of Akka was the last thing in our minds until importuned by an Arab who spoke a little French, we engaged him to secure us a beach wagon for a "promenade" along the shore as far as the River Kishon or Nahr Mukatta, a mile or so on our intended way. Reaching the river, our horses fording it, our ideas of "promenade" expanded, and after a long colloquy in kindergarten French and Arabic, assisted by eloquent pantomime, we bargained for transportation to Akka as if suddenly deciding to go. The conveyances which make the trip of nine miles along the surf are known as "American wagons", high-wheeled, long, canvas-covered, and much like the prairie schooners of our Western plains before the railroads were built. Three horses abreast furnish the motive power, and long experience upon the sandy footing has made them very knowing. Without slackening pace and with reins hanging loose, they follow the surf out as it recedes and dexterously avoid the next wave by running up higher on the beach when it breaks, making a zigzag course as they go, always finding hard sand for their footing. The Mediterranean, by the way, is not a "tideless sea" as the sacred poets would have us believe, but rises and falls appreciably. The Kishon which we first crossed, drains the Carmel slopes and wanders toward the sea in serpentine course from far back in the Akka plain. Tradition says its waters ran red with the blood of the four hundred and

fifty priests of Baal when Elijah slew them at the foot of Carmel. After heavy rains its waters are deep and furious, and fording is impossible. We saw other wayfarers crossing the river in primitive fashion, all unconscious of formality and conventional restraint.

The Oriental is always a picture of deliberation. Haste and levity are unknown words in his vocabulary. When he reaches the Kishon on foot he calmly rests awhile, then slowly disrobes, carefully tying his few clothes in a little bundle, puts the bundle on top of his head, and solemnly wades across the river. As we drove along we met strings and strings of camels, usually ten or a dozen, traveling in single file, the largest in front, the procession preceded by a diminutive donkey, who acts as guide and pacemaker to his giant followers. Now and then little donkeys skurried past, carrying long-legged Arabs, - so long of limb that they had to turn their feet up at the bottom to prevent trailing upon the ground. This disproportion has its advantages, however, for when the Arab wishes to accelerate the donkey's speed he nimbly kicks him in the face from either side. Sinewy Arab fishermen, bronze-black from toe to turban, were casting their circular nets into the surf with scanty results; patriarchal old Bedouins in baggy white bloomers, gaunt and wiry in muscle and limb, passed us on foot as if the nine-mile jaunt from Akka to Haifa was only a trifling morning exercise. We saw a few specimens of the "murex" lying on the shore,

a spiny fish from which the ancient people of Tyre extracted the purple dye which made them famous. The coloring matter is found in a gland in the throat of the fish. A little beyond, half-way to Akka, we gave the hard-working horses a good rest; then off again until we reached the second river, Nahr Namen, the Belus of the Ancient Greeks. This bright forceful stream, although narrow, is deep and rapid in current. It rises in the Lebanons, and in its short, hurrying course to the sea, passes through the Garden of Rizwan, situated a little over a mile from the gate of Akka, upon the Plain. Upon its banks in ancient times stood a colossal statue of Memnon similar to those in the Plain of Thebes. The white sand of the Nahr Namen was esteemed and utilized by the ancients in their manufacture of glass. On the Plain of Akka near by, to the right, we saw Tel-el-Fukhar, the high sand dune upon which Napoleon I planted his batteries in 1799. In a little while we came upon a wide boulevard lined with fine old trees and extending from Akka gate on toward the Rizwan. As we drove along it we had a critical survey of the city and the inhabitants thereof. Right before us the high, forbidding walls of the prison fortress loomed up in discouraging monotony, unbroken save by a huge gateway flanked on either side by heavy bastions and military towers. Akka's population had poured itself out through this gate and distributed itself along the highway by which we could reach the gate and enter the city. However, we excited no curiosity among the Orientals, although

their picturesque kaleidoscopic grouping and color excited our liveliest interest. It seemed, indeed, as if an Oriental rag-bag had burst open at the gate, covering sand and sward with a motley assortment of remnants,- men, women, children, goats, sheep, cattle, camels, and donkeys in heterogeneous confusion, the picture vivid and glowing in a Mediterranean brightness of clear sky and perfect sunshine. We drove out into the city through the angles and double walls of the great gate, passing keen-eyed sentries who asked our Arab driver questions;- then emerged into a large court-space, surrounded by barracks and coffee houses where groups of Turkish soldiers lounged and stood apart. Passing across the court the street suddenly narrowed and we unhitched one horse, leaving but two for the finale. The wagon jolted and bumped over rough heavy stone blocks of street pavement, through the center of which ran an ill-smelling drain, the open sewer of the city. On either side as the wagon bumped slowly along we peered into great vaults or dungeon holes of medieval construction and suggestive of horrors past and present. Every fifty yards the street ended in a blank wall, then turned at right angles to another direction, veritable catacombs with the roof taken off. Squalid pictures of humanity were everywhere before our eyes,-pestiferous odors rose to the nostrils from the filth in the passage-way,- it could no longer be called a street. After ten minutes slow going the conditions improved;- we were passing between the high walls of buildings upon either side,- a few bazaars more cleanly and attractive appeared, and finally

we came into an open court at the far end of the city just inside the sea-wall toward the East. Our driver had received his instructions from us in the words "Abbas Effendi" and drove straight across the court to a large doorway, from whence a number of Bahai brothers came and welcomed us with "Allah-u-ABHA"! We passed into an inner court. A fountain was playing in the center, and bright-faced roses welcomed us in their beauty and fragrance. We climbed a long flight of steps to the upper rooms of the house, which opened upon the Court of Roses, and were shown into a large room around which ran a low divan. We had reached the goal of our pilgrimage.

- - - - -

From Notes taken in Akka by

Mary J. MacNutt.