**Another story about the Compassion of 'Abdu'l-Bahá**

Told in the words of Lady Blomfield, The Chosen Highway pp162-163

(later retold in the small book, *The Scottish Visitors*, by Anthony Lee)

Two ladies had written from Scotland asking if it were possible that 'Abdu'l-Bahá would spare them one evening.

They accepted my invitation to dinner Having come straight from the train, and being about to return the same night, every moment was precious.

The Master received them with His warm, simple welcome, and they spontaneously, rather than consciously, make more reverent curtsies than if in the presence of the ordinary great personages of the earth.

Everybody was feeling elated at the prospect of a wonderful evening, unmarred by the presence of any but the most intimate and the most comprehending of the friends.

Not more than half an hour had passed, when, to our consternation, a persistent person pushed passed the servitors, and strode into our midst. Seating himself, and lighting a cigarette without invitation, he proceeded to say that he intended writing an article for some paper about 'Abdu'l-Bahá, superciliously asking for "Some telling points, don't you know." He talked without pause in a far from polite manner.

We were speechless and aghast at the intrustion of this insufferable and altogether unpleasant bore, spoiling our golden hour!

Presently, 'Abdu'l-Bahá rose and, making a sign to the man to follow Him, went into His own private room.

We looked at one another. The bore had gone, yes, but alas! so also had the Master!

"Can nothing be done?" Being the hostess, I was perturbed and perplexed. Then I went to the door of the audience room, and said to the secretary: "Will you kindly say to 'Abdu'l-Bahá that the ladies with whom the appointment has been made are awaiting His pleasure."

I returned to the guests and we awaited the result.

Almost immediately we heard steps approaching along the corridor. They came across the hall to the door. The sound of kind farewell words reached us. Then the closing of the door, and the Beloved came back.

"Oh, Master!" we said.

Pausing near the door, He looked at us each in turn, with a look of deep, grave meaning. "You were making that poor man uncomfortable. so strongly desiring his absence; I took him away to make him feel happy."

Truly, 'Abdul-Bahá's thoughts and ways were far removed from ours!

**Another story about the Compassion of 'Abdu'l-Bahá**

by Myron Phelps, The Master in 'Akká p137-138

[There was a man suffering from tuberculosis] who had been almost deserted by his friends, as frequently happens in 'Akká; Syrians having a superstitious fear of the disease. The mother and sisters of this young man hardly entered his room. His food was brought in my a servant, and he was left to reach it and otherwise care for himself as best he could.

The house in which he lived was near that occupied by the Master, and the ladies of the latter's family saw this sad sight from their windows. No woman, of course, could offer assistance under the circumstances; but the Master heard of it from them, and thereafter went daily to the sick man, took him delicacies, read and discoursed to him, and was alone with him when he died.