

assist each other, so that in the powers of the kingdom co-operation and reciprocity be obtained. Correspondence and communication are the two greatest means for solidarity. It is said that correspondence is equal to half meeting.

"Forward a copy of this tablet to all parts, so that the friends of God in every city in a representative way may correspond with other cities, especially America. This will be the cause of enkindlement and the means of attraction. The souls will become exhilarated, the spirits gladdened, the hearts stirred into cheerfulness, and the breasts dilated."

All the nights and days of Ramleh are without a drop of rain. Personally, since my arrival here I have not felt the heat, but, on the other hand, some days are distinctly cool in the shade. The sky is as blue as the bluest turquoise, except now and then you see small volumes of cloud drifting hither and thither aimlessly. In the East the heaven is illumined at night by radiant stars; in the West the earth is illumined by the power of electricity. During the winter time there is not a speck of snow. The natives do not know what snow is. They have never seen it.

Today, about half past three, the Beloved passed by the house, and called out my name, and I was with him in a second. He told me to take the letters with me. I was glad of this. Reaching the gate of the garden, I knocked at the door, first with my fist, then with an umbrella, and finally with a piece of stone. At last the gardener was seen ambling along. The Master, entering the garden took off his black coat and yellow aba, and put them himself, on the branch of a fig tree near-by. Now he was all in white. He looked like a glorious angel of light. I was all alone with him in this lovely garden, and how I wished these American friends who love him were here. For a few minutes he walked around the avenues, and I could see his wonderful form through the branches which moved by the wafting of the cool breeze. "When the weather is good," he said, "my constitution immediately reppends to it and I feel a different person." Then he started to dictate tablets, covering a large field. The third monthly report of Mr. Joseph M. Hansen was read. As he continued to read its translation, his face brightened, and, recalling different names mentioned in the letters, he would exclaim: "Bravo, Mrs. Belmont! Bravo, So and So!" He directed me to send copies of the report to Cairo and Teheran, so that they might spread it to other Bahai centers, and took the English original himself. In the evening he said to the believers that a good report was received from Washington. "I was very happy to read it. You must also read it."

After two hours of dictation, he left the garden to see a house which he desires to rent for the coming pilgrims from India and Persia. On the way, we met the son of the former Consul Mashem Khan, in Damascus, with the secretary of the Consulate in Alexandria. They had come to pay their homage to the Beloved. After seeing the house, the Master took the new arrivals to the apartment of Mirza Abul Fasl, and there on the veranda conversed with them. As the son of the Consul - a pleasant, polite young man - had just arrived from Constantinople, the

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topic of conversation was naturally turned toward that direction, and the late war and its direful consequences.

"The thoughts of the statesmen of the East are atrophied," he said. "their hearts are devoid of the love of the progress of the nation. Their ideas are petty and not sublime, selfish and not disinterested, local and not general. They think more of their own advancement and of their own interests than of those of the country. They are not far-seeing patriots, but inexperienced tyros. They see the resources of their country when they realize they can fill their own pockets. Except in two instances, the two Mohammedan countries of the East have not produced real statesmen for the last 300 years. The rest have been ordinary men with less than the ordinary political sagacity. When I was in Constantinople, I heard on every side the praise of Foad Pasha the then grand vizier. At that time I was about seventeen or eighteen years old. One day I was in the house of Kamal Pasha, the former ambassador of Turkey to Persia. He spoke Persian fluently, and as we knew him during his official position in Teheran he called on us during our short stay in that city, and I returned his visit. While I was talking with Kamal Pasha, the arrival of Foad Pasha was announced. I thought now I will have the opportunity of meeting this celebrated statesman, and shall hear from his lips words of political wisdom and intellectual versatility. As soon as I entered, his first word addressed to Kamal Pasha was, 'I could not sleep last night.' A statesman who could not sleep all night must of necessity be thinking out the vast plans of some administrative reform or public or civic welfare. 'I did not enjoy one wink of slumber till morning, the result being the composition of two blank verses,' he said. 'Do you want me to read them to you?' I sat there astonished at this state of affairs - that the grand vizier of an empire does not sleep all night for writing two verses! The verses were some poetical exaggeration about the beauty and tresses of the Beloved. When he left the room I asked Kamal Pasha, 'Why did you so volubly praise these vapid verses?' He said, 'Why, we can't do otherwise.'"

Then he told us another long story about this man, who ordered the killing of several hundred persons, exiling two or three thousand innocent men, paying a large indemnity of eight millions to some of the European powers just to satisfy their demands based upon certain occurrences that had transpired in Syria; while in Persia, during the ministry of the great Qassemogou, the legation of one of the foreign powers was burned to the ground and seventy-two people were burned by the populace; but that far-sighted and astute minister so dexterously satisfied that foreign power, without paying any indemnity or killing or banishing any one, that this one act alone became his greatest political feat.

"While I was in Adrianople, Khorasheed Pasha the Veli asked me one day about the future possibilities of the country. 'Do you want me to give you my frank opinion?' I asked. 'Yes, of course,' he answered. 'Then, let me illustrate your position by a story. During war against a foreign nation, one of the soldiers was stricken with a severe sickness. The military doctor, observing his case, recommended him to the sentry.

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'Do as I tell you,' he said to the sentry. 'This man will not sleep tonight. It is the crucial night of his sickness, but tomorrow he will feel better. Nurse him very carefully, and watch over him all night.' The doctor went, and after sunset the sentry came around to take his position. After an hour or two, he saw that the sick man was getting worse, bemoaning and lamenting loudly. In order to alleviate his pain, he gave him an opium pill. As a result of this, he slept soundly all night. In the morning, the doctor came and saw that the condition of the patient was worse. Not being able to explain the relapse, he sent for the sentry. 'What did you give him last night?' 'Oh, he was in such a frantic condition that I gave him only one pill of opium, after which he slept quietly all night.' 'Did you not think that I, who am a doctor, knew this remedy just as well, but did not give it to him because it would have made him worse?' 'What do I care about this consideration? On my watch I wanted to sleep, and this patient disturbed my sleep. I gave him an opium pill, and it served its purpose. Tonight there will be another watchman. That the patient is getting worse does not trouble me in the least.' 'How' - the Master said to the governor - 'it is your watch time. You are not doing anything to improve the condition of the sick country. You are putting it to sleep, instead of watching the patient solicitously, and pulling him through, you prefer your own rest and comfort.'

After this the Master brought his two guests to our house, offered them tea, talked to them about his American tour, and invited them to the Hotel Victoria for dinner. Happy are those who bathe in the sunshine of his love!

Ahmad Achrab

Ramleh, Egypt, August 26, 1913.

Dear Friends:

A glimpse of the Beloved Nightengale flying by our house toward the rose-garden to sing songs and anthems, whereby the hearts are gladdened and the souls of the people of the world rejoiced; a sweet voice while returning to his heavenly nest after entertaining until late at night noble guests at the Hotel Victoria--is all that I can report of the movements of the Master. In the interval, we may vividly imagine him speaking many wonderful words, probably relating some delightful stories to bring home his points; now laughing, now serious; now rising to the height of eloquence, inspired with the Fire of God, again silent, his eyes shut, contemplative, but his very Presence irradiating the dynamic force of spirituality--all these and more than these, not only can we well imagine, but see them with the eyes of our mind and visualize them with the sight of our conscience.

Last night Haji Mohammed, the brother of Ahmad Yazdi, arrived from Port Said, and brought us our mail. I had a few letters from America, the contents of which gave much pleasure to the Beloved. The breeze of good news must ever waft from the direction of the West to gladden the heart of the Center of Light; the news of fresh victories like unto a clear stream must flow from the Occident toward the Orient. May the believers of God during the coming Autumn and winter plant new seeds in the gardens of the hearts, educate new souls in the divine school, adorn with new stars the heaven of Reality, upraise new banners in the invincible army of the Kingdom, train new flowers in the Paradise of ABHA, send out a new voice through the pillars of the earth, herald the new Message with a new enthusiasm, break through the rank and file of indifference with a new impetuosity, invite new guests to sit around the heavenly table, ask new thirsty ones to drink from the spring of Life, create a new motion in the spirits, throw a new stir in the world of ideals and have new highways leading to the Supreme Concourse.

In the morning I went to Alexandria and having dispatched some letters and attended to duties entrusted to me by the Master, returned. All day our home was an interesting center for the coming and going of the believers and the pilgrims. Haji Abbas received permission to return to his home via Constantinople and Russia.

In the afternoon I called at the apartment of Mirza Abul Fazl. There were several young Arab Bahais present, and to my pleasant surprise the subject of discussion was an article by Arthur Brisbane, the Editor of the Hearst paper in New York. The article dealt with the wonders of science and the discoveries of this age. It was translated into Arabic by an Egyptian daily and published in its current issue. Mirza Abul Fazl could not agree with certain statements made by Mr. Brisbane. After much discussion pro and con he directed Hossein Rouhy to write an answer and forward it to the Editor of the paper which is published in Cairo. As I sat there, I thought how small the world is after all! What would Arthur Brisbane say or think did he know that this article penned in a new world, thousands of miles away, surrounded by a complex civilization, is being discussed and criticized by a number of Arabian Students supervised by a Persian philosopher in a summer resort of the ancient Egypt. Truly the world is becoming one!

I may end this letter with extracts from some Tablets which I have gathered out of the manuscript book of one of the Pilgrims. They reflect the Bahai qualities and spirit. He says:

O ye friends of God and assistants of Abdul Baha!

"What can I write and what can I say! That which is in the heart can neither be translated into words nor written on paper, and that which can be moulded into phrases cannot express the susceptibility of the heart and consciousness; therefore I address you. O ye real friends! Turn the mirrors of your hearts toward mine. Unquestionably the mysteries of this heart shall become reflected upon those hearts and the emotions of this longing one will become evident and manifest in all the regions.

"The world is black; the Divine Bestowal is radiant. This blackness must be changed into light, and this narrow, dark sphere must be transformed into a vast, illimitable universe of illumination. The body of the world is a dead corpse; it must be resuscitated. It is withered; it must be made fresh and blooming. It is extinct; it must be enkindled; it is the arena for the expression of animosity, it must be made the dawning-place of love and good-fellowship. It is the place of origin for the emanation of contention; we must make it the axis around which ~~the~~ revolves unity. It is the exposition of the baser qualities which lead to eternal disgrace; we must make it the rising-point of the refulgent rays of the Everlasting Glory. The strangers must be instructed in the lessons of neighborliness; the heedless ones made aware; the enemies must be loved, and the hateful ones be shown kindness. We must become flaming torches and the Burning Fire of God. We must move this world and illumine this dark globe. All this depends upon the effort of the friends and the sacrifice of the Beloved Ones"

In another Tablet he says:

"O thou servant of the Almighty!

"Beg of God that in this world groaning with pain and troubles, thou mayest respire a breath of rest, and in this sorrow-begirdled globe thou mayest obtain happiness. This bestowal will not become unveiled and this grace will not adorn the assemblage of the hearts save by severance from all else save God and turning one's attention completely toward the Kingdom of Abha. This severance and attention will not be obtained save by attraction with the Fragrances of God and enkindlement with the Fire of the Love of God. This attraction and enkindlement will not be realized except through teaching the Cause of God. Upon thee be Baha and upon every one who is severed, attentive, attracted and enkindled; conveying the Message while he is firm and steadfast."

"O thou who art exhilarated with the cup of the True One!

"Thou hast the desire to render a mighty service at the Threshold of the Almighty. Happy art thou that thou art (confined) confirmed with this bounteous aim. To-day ecstasy and yearning at the Thresholds of God, enkindlement with the Fire of the Love of God, attraction with the fragrances of God and the song and melody of the Supreme Concurrence are true services. Be thou an ignited torch and cast upon all the people the reflection of the rays. Enkindle the Fire of love and burn away all veils.

# 3.

Confer upon everyone spiritual joy and gladness, and manifest a merciful nature and disposition. Deliver mankind from prison and lead them to the court of Guidance.

The following is a tablet with many Persian metaphors:

"O ye who are intoxicated with the Wine of God!

"The Breeze of the Merciful is wafting from the rose-garden of Eternity; the luminous Morn hath dawned from the horizon of significances; the Clarion Call reaches to the ears from the Kingdom of Abha; the melody of the wisdom of the nightingale of the meadow of sanctity is raised; the Paradise of unity and the orchard of Abstraction are opened and luxuriant; the roses of Idealism and the flowers of the merciful verities are laughing and bloom; the hyacinths and anemones are fresh and odoriferous; the trees of the divine garden are fruitful, their roots firm in the ground; the rivers of life are flowing; the fountain of unending Grace is gushing forth, leaping playfully on and on; the liberty-loving Cypress has raised its branches erect toward the sky; the longing dove is cooing; the real Leila with rosy-cheeked countenance is manifest, the Majnoon of Consciousness with burning heart is evident; the nightingale of the heaven of God is breaking into ideal strains, and the thrush of spirituality is whispering the mysteries of Truth with the Face of the Celestial Rose. From every direction one hears a new note and anthem; and on all sides the hearts of the lovers are ablaze and set aglow. The sweet murmur of the Divine lyre and harp is raised from every twig, and the ravishing notes of violin and mandolin are heard from the turrets of every palace. Listen ye to the charming strains of the Heavenly Harp, and give your ears to the diapason of the Supreme Concourse. Take ye in your hands the musical instruments of the Kingdom and play upon them the wonderful melody in the praise of the Glorious Lord in the Garden of Sanctification. Praise be to God that ye are the birds of these meadows, the impersonations of these ideals, the manifestors of the Bounties of the Clement Lord and the dawning-places of the rays of the Sun of Existence. The protection of God is with you, and the inexhaustible bestowals have surrounded you. Ere long the Traces of the True One shall be revealed, and the lights of God shall illumine the East and the West.

Upon ye be BAHÁ! O ye believers of GOD!

(Signed)

Abdul Baha Abbas.

This is, in a way, a faint shadow of the original. It is impossible to translate a Tablet like this without losing much of its poetic beauty and artistic setting. The original is like a wonderful song of Life, incomparable in its eloquence and delicacy of expression. It is a spiritual poem written by the Heavenly Seer. The Western mind is not accustomed to the flowery expressions, but to the Easterner every word has its distinct and spiritual meaning, its exact value and counterpart; every phrase is a gem and every thought the source of great joy. Thus the Divine Manifestation of this day knows how to speak with the people of the East and of the West, and for the first time in the history of mankind, bringing together the two hemispheres into closer ties of amity and better understanding!

Ahmad Sohrab.

Ramleh, Egypt, August 27, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Teach the Word of God, spread the Glad-Tidings of the Kingdom, convey the Message of Unity, and raise the Flag of International Peace; hold the foremost ground in the Bahai Cause. When we receive certain heavenly privileges and spiritual distinctions, we must of necessity share them with the rest of our fellow-men. By teaching, our own knowledge will be increased. When water is not constantly in a flowing state, it will stagnate and become foul, no matter how crystalline and pure. If you have a handful of seeds, you must sow them during the season so that you may gather a crop at the harvest time. Now this is the seed-sowing time of the Kingdom of ABHA. This and this alone will yield fruits. There are no crops to be gathered at this time. We must like the wise old farmer arise early in the morning and go about our business with no other thought in our mind--sowing the seeds. We must sow all the seeds that Baha'o'llah and Abdul Baha have given us, and if we exhaust the supply--which I doubt being possible--they stand ready to replenish it from their invisible store-house. Once the seeds are sown, the Sun of Providence shall shine forth, the Breeze of Mercy will waft, the rain of Clemency will pour down, causing the seeds to sprout and grow into a lovely field--little by little becoming green, waving with that soft, beautiful verdancy, and attaining to the stage of fruition, the sheaves laden with grain, gently murmuring under their golden burden. Then is the time of rejoicing for the farmer, because before his vision is spread the wonderful field, the result of his labor and industry.

Before anything else we must lay the foundation, and then go out to gather mortar, stone, brick, lime, hauling machinery and laborers to build the house. What benefit will accrue to us if we buy furniture or house-utensils before it is ready? How can we build the roof or fill the intervening walls before the structural frame-work is put together? It would be a waste of energy and loss of time. A wise builder lays a good basis for his home, collects all the necessary materials, and then goes on step by step in its construction. Abdul Baha, through his life, deeds and teachings, has taught us and is daily teaching us how this is the most important work of the Cause. Soon the season of Autumn and Winter will draw near upon the Assemblies of the West. Their supreme duty is to arise unanimously in the awakening of the souls and the sounding of the trumpet of God. Should they follow the example of our Divine Farmer in the coming season, they will unquestionably reap a great crop by next March; they will see the reflection of their joyous faces in the mirror of the Kingdom, and they will observe their names inscribed upon the heart of our Beloved with the pen of light. The friends all over America and Europe are longing to serve the Cause. Praise be to God, for their aims are humanitarian, their ideas are lofty, their love for the Center of the Covenant is manifest, their eagerness to diffuse the lights of the sun of Reality evident and their spiritual susceptibilities warm and aglow. They are the servants of the world of humanity, and the heralds of the Kingdom of Abha!

# 2.

May they become confirmed to teach the Cause with a new fervor and inspiration! In a Tablet revealed by the Master, several years ago, and which can be applied with force to the present subject, he says:

"The believers with the utmost firmness and steadfastness must engage in the teaching of the Cause. They must become united and agreed. They are all the drops of one river, the waves of one sea, the breezes of one garden, the streams flowing from one fountain, the birds soaring toward one apex, the hyacinths adorning one park; intoxicated with one wine, and their hearts revivified by one melody. It is hoped that the friends may become sanctified and holy above all the earthly conditions, and in concord and harmony, in the unity of identity, the unity of quality, the unity of opinions, and the unanimity of thought may set an example for the believers of other countries and become the spiritual leaders of this arena. Now all the aims must verge toward one spring, and all the efforts be centralized in one object, and that is: the diffusion of the Fragrances of the Merciful and the promulgation of the Word of the Almighty. The time of systemation and crystallization, organization shall come. Now is not the time for it. The aim of all the friends must be this: the diffusion of the Fragrances of Holiness. When the efforts of one are concentrated around this one object, undoubtedly he will become the manifestation of the Confirmation of the Manifest Light. Except the guidance of the souls, no other cause is equally confirmed. If any person entertains other thoughts than this, unquestionably he will regret.

"During the season of seed-sowing you cannot gather a crop, and at the time of irrigation, harvesting is unthinkable. The soul who during the summer season engages his time in planting the trees, will not reap any reward, for that is the season of fruit-gathering, and not the season of tree-planting. In short, the purpose is this: during the season of this Divine Spring, we must occupy all our time in seed-sowing and irrigation, and not harvesting and crop-collecting."

This morning the Beloved called on Mirza Abul Fazl, and for half an hour spoke with him on the importance of teaching the Cause in this day, and the subserviency of all other ideas to the idea of promoting the Word of God. In the afternoon he resorted to the rose-garden in order to string together some of the Jewels of the Kingdom that the friends may delight their eyes by beholding them. In the evening he entertained a Russian Prince and a number of Arab Sheiks at his home. In none of these meetings was I present, so unhappily I cannot write or report anything about them.

Letters and cablegrams are pouring in from all parts of the world. The Master is daily growing stronger, and is attending to all the innumerable duties laid on his shoulders.

Mirza Moneer, Mirza Ali Akbar and Mirza Mahmoud are all in good health and send to every Western Bahai the wonderful Abha Greeting. We all pray together for spiritual nearness, heavenly fellowship, divine association and the removal of all racial, patriotic and religious barriers between the East and the West; thus bringing together the two hemispheres, which have been separated.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Ramleh, Egypt, August 28, 1913.

Dear Friends:

The spiritual life of the East is calm and uplifting. It has a purely moral and celestial aspect. It purifies one's aims and cleanses one's ambition. It ennobles the character and burns away the self. It changes the satan into the angel, and transmutes the iron into gold. There is a subtle influence in this life which works like magic upon the heart of man. It steadies the nerves, confers an equipoise, intensifies the spiritual feelings, and bestows mental calmness and serenity. The realization of the power of faith and prayer dawns upon the mind; the Divine Presence is felt as never before, and the Holy Light breaks upon the darkened chambers of the heart. One cannot describe this life, if he writes a thousand books. Those who have lived in the East and have experienced this feeling cannot describe it in words. It is a contagious fire which is capable of setting aglow many hearts and inspiring many imaginations with glorious pictures of heavenly attributes; while on the one hand the life of the East is sweetly contemplative, the life of the West is energetically active; the former is a noble calm river, the latter is a turbulent, rushing cyclone. One interprets life subjectively, the other elucidates it objectively. The Bahai Movement establishes a balance between the two extremes. The materialism of the Occident is given a new impetus of Spirit, and the unproductive mysticism of the Orient discountenanced and work is constituted worship. Thus the Cause is in a position to help both hemispheres with a new spirituality and new philosophy. The Beloved is daily working for the consummation of this object. Except through the power of Baha'o'llah, this ideal will not become revealed, this thought will not be materialized, this longed-for result will not be obtained, and this prayer will not be answered.

To-day we did not see the Master, except glimpses of him as he passed before our house two or three times. He was occupied all day from early morning until very late. In the evening, the correspondent of "Mogattam", (published in Cairo) called on him, and had a long interview. These days the Master devotes much of his time to revealing Tablets for the Persian believers. He is fulfilling his promise, that after his return from America and Europe, he will answer all their petitions. After several days of waiting, he gave me only one hour to present to him several important supplications. I reproduce herein the translation of one of these Tablets, dealing with "Woman's question", a question that is very opportune and timely at this juncture, both in America and Europe, and is the topic of discussion in the press and in the pulpit. It is as follows:

"O thou my beloved daughter!

"Thy eloquent and fluent letter was perused in a garden, under the cool shade of a tree, while the gentle breeze was wafting. The means of physical enjoyment was spread before the eyes, and thy letter became the cause of spiritual enjoyment. Truly I say it was

not a letter, but a rose-garden, adorned with hyacinths and flowers. It contained the sweet fragrance of Paradise and the Zephyr of Divine Love blew from its roseate words.

"As I have not ample time at my disposal, I will give herein a brief, conclusive and comprehensive answer. It is as follows;

'In this revelation of Baha'o'llah the women go neck and neck with the men. In no movement will they be left behind. Their rights with men are in equal degree. They will enter in all the administrative branches of politics. They will attain to such a degree which will be considered the very highest station of the world of humanity, and will take a part in all the affairs. Rest ye assured. Do ye not look upon the present conditions; in the not far distant future the world of women will become all-refulgent and all-glorious, for His Holiness Baha'o'llah hath willed it so! At the time of elections the right to vote is the inalienable right of women, and the entrance of women in all the human departments is an irrefutable and incontrovertible question. No soul can retard or prevent it. But there are certain matters, the participation in which is not worthy of women. For example; at the time when the community is taking up vigorous defensive measures against the attack of the foes, the women are exempt from military engagements. It may so happen that at a given time the war-like and savage tribes may furiously attack the body politic, with the intention of carrying on a wholesale slaughter of its members; under such a circumstance defence is necessary; but it is the duty of men to organize and execute such defensive measures and not the women; because their hearts are tender and they cannot endure the sight of the horror of carnage, even if it is for the sake of defense. From such and similar undertakings the women are exempt.

'As regards the constitution of the House of Justice; Baha'o'llah addresses the men. He says: "O ye men of the House of Justice!" but, when the members are being elected, the right, which belongs to women so far as their voting and their voice is concerned, is indisputable. When the women attain to the ultimate degree of progress, then according to the exigency of the time and place and their great capacity, they shall obtain extraordinary privileges. Be ye confident on these accounts. His Holiness Baha'o'llah has greatly strengthened the cause of women and the rights and privileges of women is one of the greatest principles of Abdul Baha. Rest ye assured! Ere long the days shall come when the men, addressing the women, will say: 'Blessed are ye! Blessed are ye! Verily ye are worthy of every gift; verily ye deserve to adorn your heads with the crown of everlasting glory, because in sciences and arts, in virtues and perfections, ye shall become equal to men, and as regards the tenderness of heart and the abundance of mercy and sympathy, ye are superior.'

I received several letters from England and America, each containing cheering news of the steady growth of the beloved Cause.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB .

Hamleh, Egypt, Aug. 29, 1913

Dear Friends:

One of the Persian poets says, "All the means are prepared for this and yet thou art sitting idle." The outcome of the school and college years must be a useful, active life for the community. If a child is endowed with happy surroundings, if fortune has smiled upon him, he must avail himself of these opportunities and prepare himself daily, so that when he leaves college he may enter upon the stage of life ready to act his part with consummate ability and confidence. But if he whines disconsolately, not using the means of experience gathered in previous years, and sits down idly, folding his arms, he is worse than a "quitter." The community pities him and passes on. Why? They predicted a glorious future for him, and now, he not having risen to their estimation of him, they leave him, looking around for other heroes who would embody their ideals. How disappointed the mother or father would be to see the child of their youth not fulfilling their fondest dreams, after their having showered upon him all the gifts of culture and education in the power of man.

In a spiritual way we are all the children of Abdul Baha. He has prepared for us all the means of advancement. As a kind father he is putting within easy reach all the instruments whereby we may obtain an ideal education and fit ourselves for the service of the cause. He gives us lessons in ever so many ways. He encourages us by example and words of wisdom. He points out to us the glorious goal. But many of us, like other children, play truant, do not learn our lessons, and at the time of examination we fail. Do you not think the Father feels keenly disappointed and sad, because his years of solicitude have not brought any results? Let us, therefore, be the studious, obedient children of Abdul Baha and avail ourselves of all the opportunities he prepares for us, so that throughout all our lives we may cause him naught but happiness, fulfill in our lives his expectations of us, and spread his teachings.

El Ya Hou is an old Bahai of the physical type of Seyed Assadollah. He has been in the presence of Baha'o'llah several times, and as he was a Jew before, becoming a Bahai he is well conversant with the prophecies of the Old Testament. He has a sweet nature, and loves Abdul Baha more than words can express. He has been here for several days. This morning I was talking with him. In the course of conversation he said:

"The cause of the Blessed Perfection - may my life be a sacrifice to his friends - is the reality of love and the means of unity and concord amongst all the children of men, so that all of them may  
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become the waves of one sea, the radiant stars studded in one illimitable space, the brilliant pearls of the shell of unity, and the sparkling gems of the mine of singleness. Thus they may serve each other from their hearts, praise, glorify and commend each other, loosen their tongues in manifesting the good qualities of each, and thank the Lord for his graces and gifts. They must look toward the horizon of everlasting glory, and as they attribute themselves to the holy threshold of Baha'o'llah they must see no evil and speak not the faults of others. They must shut their ears to all gossip and backbiting. They must be spiritual beings with spiritual qualities. Some of the friends are walking in this straight path, and praise be to GOD, are assisted and confirmed, in all the countries; but others have not yet reached to this exalted, supreme station, and are not fully established in this Divine doctrine. This is the cause of great grief to the heart of Abdul Baha, - such a painful grief the greatness of which cannot be estimated. There is no greater calamity to the cause of GOD than this (fault finding), and no greater humiliation can we conceive for the word of GOD. The friends of GOD must become the essences of union and accord, enter under the uni-colored tent of the Almighty, become the expression of one great ideal, walk in one road, forget conflicting opinions, and leave behind the divergent views. Then Abdul Baha will be pleased with them, because he sees that they are dedicating all their thoughts and energies to the promotion of love and affection, throwing into the corner of oblivion their differences and becoming in the image and likeness of their Creator."

Thus the old man spoke from the depths of his heart, and I hope his words will find an echo in the hearts of all who read them.

Today we did not see the Beloved, but he sent several cablegrams to be forwarded to the various parts of the world. One of these was to Haifa giving permission to half of the Persian students to come to Ramleh. There are about thirty young Persian Bahais who are students in the America College at Beirut. As this is their vacation time, they are spending their summer on Mt. Carmel. In a few days half of them will arrive; the other half will come later. Tonight we had a meeting at the house of Khorassani. Mirza Mahmoud spoke on the trip of the Beloved to Edinburgh. There were many Bahais of different nationalities, but the Master was engaged somewhere else.

An interesting tablet lately revealed to Mr. Graham-Pole, the editor of "Theosophy in Scotland," Edinburgh, in which the Master refers to Mrs. Besant, the president of the Theosophical Society. As the Beloved has spoken before many of their societies in various cities both in the United States and Europe, it will not be out of place to quote it herein, so that the friends may become informed of its contents

O thou my beloved friend!

Thy letter was received from India. From its contents it became evident that thou art occupied and art spending thy days in the company of the respected lady, Mrs. Besant. I hope that thou mayest be very happy, serene, confirmed and assisted, so that thou mayest become able to render a signal service to the respected lady, Mrs. Besant. The

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ideal of Mrs. Besant, truly I say, is very lofty. She is working and laboring most valiantly, and her utmost hope is to render a service to the world of humanity, and be the means of the establishment of good fellowship and love between all the communities of the earth. At all times I am praying in her behalf, so that the confirmation of the Kingdom may surround her, and that she may sow the seed of services in pure, productive soil, that she may gather many, many harvests. Then the heavenly benediction will be obtained, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit will be realized, and her services, troubles and hardships be crowned with eternal results. I desire this station for her.

Consider how many important women have come into this world, how many queens have lived upon this earth, how many distinguished ladies have become presidents of societies; but neither any name or trace has been left behind them. Yet Mary Magdalene, who was a simple peasant woman, as she became inspired to serve the kingdom of Christ, and scattered the seeds in productive ground, what a great crop she gathered, that through the blessing of that harvest now they are building churches in her name! In all the churches the people glorify and praise her, and now, after nineteen hundred years, Abdul Baha is demonstrating her lofty station! He testifies to this fact that in the Kingdom of Christ she served more than all the apostles. She even became the cause of the firmness and steadfastness of the apostles, because, according to the text of the gospels, they became agitated after Christ was crucified, but Mary Magdalene inspired them with resolution and conviction. Consider what a service she rendered to the Kingdom of Christ. That is why, like unto a star, she is shining from the horizon of eternity.

Convey my respectful greeting to the revered lady, Mrs. Besant. Upon thee be greeting and praise.

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas.

While in America and Europe, the Master has often said that the Bahais must associate with the Theosophists, because they are nearer to this cause than many other sects. In this manner they will be enabled to tell them about this cause, and spread in their midst the sweet fragrances of the glad tidings of the kingdom of Abha. It is hoped that in this coming season this wish of the Beloved will be carried to fuller realization.

Ahmad Sohrab

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB .

Ramleh, Egypt. Aug. 30, 1913.

Dear Friends:

What else could I do but complain? Were you here you would have done it yourself. I couldn't help it. I was up against it. What would you do if they were to take you, thirsty, to the cool fountain and not let you drink? You would complain, of course. I know you would. And would you not complain more if they were to prevent you from filling your jars with water for those who are left thirsty at home? "Yes," you may say to yourself, "I can get along without water." But you cannot utter the same phrase with the same emphasis about those who are waiting for water. When you return they will blame you for your neglect, not knowing the situation. They will cry out: "We are thirsty. Where is the water? How many jars have you filled? We have been waiting so long." What will you answer? In vain you show them your own parched lips. In vain you argue with them that your jars are dry. Who will listen to you? In this mood I found myself this morning, because for three or four days I have not seen the Beloved. I shared this thought with Mirza Jalal Sina, but before I finished my complaint Khosro entered the house and gave us the glad tidings that the Beloved had summoned us to his presence - Mirza Mahmoud, Mirza Jalal and myself.

When we entered the room he was surrounded by a mass of correspondence, but he was happy. He had a letter in his hand from the interior of Turkey, the city of Antab, where the cause is being spread. He read to us portions of the letter, describing the lecture given by an Armenian before an audience of five hundred people. The lecturer had dwelt upon the trip of the Beloved, and had given a synopsis of the teachings. What had interested the audience more than anything else was the principle of the conformity of science and religion, philosophy and faith. "Science and religion," he said, "have ever been trying to be friends of each other, but the despicable, accursed satans (ulemas) have ever sown the seed of discord between them." The Master laughed heartily when he read the above conclusion. Then he gave to each one of us the letters just received in our names, and while we were sitting in his presence he wrote several tablets with his own hand. At last he said:

"I am trying to make amends for the past. I am devoting all my time to the Oriental friends. Before leaving for America, I wrote that during my journey they must excuse me from any letter writing, that after my return I will write to them as of old, and now I was fulfilling my promise." When we left, I ventured to say that many petitions from America and Europe had accumulated and invite his attention. He said: "Wait! Wait a little longer! Let me attend to the Persian believers, and the turn of your friends will come soon."

When we left his blessed house all three of us were intoxicated with his divine love. During our interview the Master spoke a great deal with Mirza Jalal, because one of the princes of Persia taught by

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him had written to the Master. On this account our companion was in the seventh heaven of joy.

Mirza Ali Akbar went today to Alexandria and called on the Persian Consul. The janitor, who no doubt had heard about the Master, told him that many people in the city speak very highly of Abbas Effendi; wherever he goes amongst his friends they praise his life; that the Beloved is like unto a rose bush planted in the garden of Ramleh; its perfume is spreading far and wide; and that he would like to come and see this rose bush with his own eyes.

Mirza Jamal, our cook, told us a story of a Bahai in Baghdad, Mirza Jamal having lived there for several years. "The Bahais in Baghdad," he said, "are not rich, but they are firm and strong believers. They keep the nineteen day feast. One morning they sent to one of the friends the word that the feast would be held that night in his house. He searched his pockets and there was no money. What should he do? He had only a watch which he had purchased for ten dollars. He took it out of his waist pocket, and sent it to the bazaar to be sold at auction. Incidentally, one of the Bahais passing by recognized the watch. He stopped and saw that it was going to be sold for two dollars. He raised the price half a dollar and bought it. He put it into his pocket and went home quietly. When the night came, he went to the meeting, and after the refreshments were served he went to the host, and taking the watch out of his pocket he offered it to him as a present. The host was very much surprised, but delighted. All the friends were very much pleased when they heard the story."

I may end this letter by quoting from one of the tablets. He says in Mr. Hannen's tablet:

"O thou who art firm in the Covenant! Thy third report was received and its contents imparted the utmost exhilaration. The nineteen day feast was the Lord's supper, and its results are eternalized. Although physically Abdul Baha was far away, yet he was present in that meeting with heart and soul. Truly I say it was a glorious feast, perfect in every way. Do you not look upon the present; nay, rather look ye into the future. The Lord's Supper of His Holiness Christ during the lifetime of that divine light had no importance in the estimation of the public, but consider how the rays of that Sun of Reality illumined that meeting afterward-----

"O thou my kind Mr. Hannen! I am most pleased with thy services, and I hope that these services of thine will make thee a standard in the divine kingdom. Announce the utmost kindness to Mrs. Hannen. If Mrs. Hannen can undertake to spread broadcast the diary letters which are forwarded to you from the East, concerning the travel or sojourn of Abdul Baha, it is very acceptable." .....

In two days the month of Ramazan comes to a close and all restrictions will be taken away. There will be a general feasting and five holidays. To the Mohammedans this is one of the most important occasion for joy-making and calling on each other. Already the air is full of expectation for the coming feast. May it bring many blessings in its train!

Ahmad Sohrab.

F R O M M I R Z A A H M A D S O H R A B .

Ramleh, Egypt, Aug. 31, 1913.

Dear Friends:

This is the last day of the month, and in order to bring it to a close I shall relate the following story which has been roving in my mind for a few days. Mirza Jalal Sina said.

"When I was in Seesan the friends of God brought me to a very old man with a patriarchal beard, that I might speak with him about the cause. They had often spoken with him, but with no evident results. He was simple, yet fanatic,; tender-hearted, yet full of religious superstition; at heart a child, in body a Hercules. He had the strength of a lion, yet his firm belief in dogmas inspired him with apprehensions about his future. With rough and uncouth gestures he entered the room and, squatting on the floor, he cried out, 'Tell me what you have to say; I have no patience to sit through a long sermon.' Immediately I got as in a flash of lightning, how I must handle this overgrown child of nature. I said to him: 'My friend, I have really nothing to relate to thee except a story. Wilt thou give me thine ear?' 'Forsooth I shall. I do love to hear a good story with a moral to it,' he said, his face already brightened up with interest. 'All right. Then listen with attention. Once upon a time there was a man of good position and fortune. As a public man he ranked high in the estimation of the members of society. He had a palatial residence, and his servants were innumerable. His stable, stocked with Arabian and Persian horses, was the pride of the neighborhood. Many famous men sat around his table and ate from his bounteous provision. He dispersed hospitality like a prince, and received men of all ranks with royal courtesies and lavish splendor. As time rolled on, the heaven of his fortune became beclouded and, like the thunders of the sky, successors reverses overtook him, breaking the mountain of his wealth into a thousand pieces. In no time he found himself in complete poverty. By this time all his friends had left him, and in this hour of his destitution no one would so much as condescend to recognize him. From the height of opulence he was thrown headlong into the depths of despair and indigence. As though these humiliations were not enough, the furious Fates visited him again and made him totally blind. Now indeed his cup of sorrows filled to overflowing and all the doors were closed forever before his face. He was considered an outcast and no one would even associate with him. Finally, through this chain of circumstances, he was forced to become a beggar in the public square. One cold morning in the winter he left his dirty hovel and was on his way to his accustomed place. While he was walking his foot stumbled against something. He knelt down and searched for it. He felt a long, sinewy thing in his hand and thought it to be a silk whip of some special value. Holding it in his hand, he walked along unconcerned. A passer-by, frightened at the sight of the object being carried by the blind beggar, cried out: 'Man, man! Dost thou not see what thou art holding in thy hand? It is a serpent. It will bite thee. It will kill thee. Throw it away quickly!' 'No, indeed! No, indeed!' the blind man retorted angrily; 'This is a silk whip which costs at least five dollars. Feel it with thy fingers, how soft it is. No, I shall not listen to thee. Thou art a covetuous, greedy man, and dost

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want me to throw it away so that thou mayest take it up and sell it."

"Really, my friend, this is a poisonous serpent, which the cold weather has benumbed, but the rays of the sun will soon revivify it." "No, no! Don't talk to me like this. I will not throw it away. If thou art very anxious to have it, I will sell it to thee for four instead of five tomans." By this time a large crowd of people had gathered, each one calling upon him to throw away the seemingly dead serpent, but he, having lost all confidence in humanity, persisted in believing it to be a whip. In order to show his utter contempt of public opinion, he folded the serpent and put it next to his skin, standing erect in the already rising sun before the horrified sight of all the spectators. "What art thou doing?" Every one was crying aloud. "Art thou mad? Art thou thine own enemy? The serpent will sting thee with its venomous fangs. Cast it away while there is yet time." "No!" The more they insisted the closer he hugged it to his bosom. The serpent, warming up little by little through the downpour of the rays of the star of the day, started to move slowly up and down the body of the beggar and stung him several times. He shrank and cried out with pain, then fell upon the ground writhing in his terrible agony. The deadly poison, working rapidly through his constitution, caused his death.

"Now, my old friend, thou art exactly in the position of that blind man, because thou art hugging to thy heart the old, superannuated symbol of a decayed and dying religion, which shall not benefit thee at all. That serpent, however, caused the death of the body. This serpent causes the death of the spirit. During the past years all these friends of thine have testified that this form of religion will not be conducive to thy salvation, but like the old man, blindly thou art persisting in thy obstinacy that this is a silk whip - 'My religion is good enough for me! - and not a serpent, a decayed religion which has already performed its functions. The serpent of superstitions, ignorance and dogmas, is next thy skin, and these men cry out to thee, 'Cast it away so that thy spiritual life may be saved!' But no! Thou wilt have none of their advice, at the expense of thine own destruction!"

"I portrayed his own actual situation so vividly that he commenced to shake and to weep. From that time on he became a dweller in the Kingdom of Abha."

The Beloved went down to Alexandria this morning, and in order to let some papers he signed by the judge he presented himself in the court

During the evening he came to our house for half an hour, and the talk was on the coming national fete of Ramazan. Everybody was delighted that after several days of absence again the sun of the face of the Beloved was shining in our midst.

For the last several nights I had given up my accustomed walk to Sidj Jaber, owing to the stress of work, but tonight Mirza Ali Akbar dragged me out by force. As usual, it was a divine night. The stars whispered into our ears the secret of their brilliancy!

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAH .

Ramleh, Egypt, Sept. 1, 1913

Dear Friends:-

We have received fine watermelons from Acca. Abdul Gasem sent ten big ones for the Master, and the Master in turn sent six of them to our house. Today we had a royal feast of watermelon. If we cannot go to Acca, at least the watermelons of Acca are permitted to come to us! While we were helping ourselves I said: "I wish I could send one of them to America to show the friends how the watermelons of Acca are big and juicy." Mirza Mahmoud laughingly said, "You would have sent it if you had but known how."

Arriving early this morning, Khosro entered and entertained us with some fine side-lights on current events. He sleeps in this house, and goes to the Master's house a little after sunrise to begin his work. This morning he delayed his departure. He explained the reason as follows:

"All the policemen of this quarter have received generous gifts of money from the Master, and this has added to their veneration and respect for him. One of these policemen stands in my way every morning and tells me a long story, so that I may repeat it to the Master and he may give him more money. 'I have,' he says, 'three children. My salary is not sufficient, and since Pasha has come here a new hope has dawned from the horizon of my heart. One of my children goes to school, and for him I have bought a pair of new shoes for the coming feast. The other two, who are only a few years old, last night leaving their small beds stealthily came to me without any noise. They woke me gently and said: "Papa, papa, we are the Furies. If thou dost not buy two other pairs of shoes for us we shall strangle thee right now." I laughed and hugged them to my breast, and sent them away with a cautious admonition. "If you are good and behave well, and obey your mother, then probably the new Pasha will buy them for you." Now, please Effendi, tell this to the Pasha.' Other policemen, whose duties are to patrol other quarters, come to me and ask, 'How long is the new Pasha going to live here?' I say, 'Probably one month.' 'Good, good! Because after two weeks this quarter will be assigned to us, and then the Pasha will be generous to us as he has been to these fortunate fellows.'"

As a result of the Beloved's generosity these men salute us also when we pass by them.

Haji Niaz arrived this afternoon from Cairo and brought to us the good news of the believers. He is the same happy old man, with a nature of sunshine and good-will toward all men.

About six o'clock the Beloved passed by and called on Mirza Abul Fazl. After a few minutes, Shougi Effendi returned and brought me the good news of being summoned by the lord of light. With a gay heart and thankful spirit, I stood before him in the veranda. He was speaking with Mirza Abul Fazl on imagination, quoting the epigram of one of the greatest philosophers, "Imagination is the greatest ruler of the world."

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"No matter how scientific a man may be, yet at times imagination gains a power over his mind. For example, while a man is alive he is able to strike, to beat, to kill, but sleep with him in the same room. But when he is dead, science teaches us that he belongs to the mineral kingdom. He can neither beat, strike or kill. The body lies there like a piece of stone, inanimate, but one would not sleep with it in the same room. What is this? It is the power of imagination. It grips you with its imperial energy and overwhelms you with its invisible force. All the convincing proofs of science will not induce you to live in the same room with a corpse."

Then he related a hair-raising story to further illustrate the subject, but as soon as he had finished it he turned to me and said, "Don't write this:" He could see in my face how deeply interested I was. Then he fell into a deep, heavy silence. The beautiful atmosphere was permeated with a languorous quiet and peace. The brilliant hosts of the sky were arrayed in shining armors of white light, fighting bravely against the deepening darkness which mantled all creation. With the ears of the spirit we could hear them chanting and praising because the earth is illumined with the face of the Lord. Then he arose from his seat and, followed by Shougi Effendi, disappeared from our view.

I returned home and found a number of the friends engaged in divine conversation. How happy, how care-free, how detached these people seem to be. They are beings created and fashioned in other worlds. Their happiness, their joy, their detachment are all so natural, so unconscious, so overflowing from the springs of their hearts. There is no affectation, no sanctimoniousness, no religious cloak. They do not try to be spiritual. It is not through the exercise of the will. How well the Master echoes the secrets of their innermost hearts when he writes in a recent tablet:

"The days of human existence are like vanishing shadows. In the utmost rapidity they are brought to a close. From amongst mankind those who live a heedless life are afflicted with manifest loss, for the days of their lives will come to a sudden end, and no trace, no blossoms, no fruit, and no leaves! They shall remain in the lowest degree, and no mention will be left behind of them. From the king to the servant, all walk in this path and live in this circle, save those souls who are freed from all the ties. They are not greedy for comforts, nor are they seeking fleeting pleasures. They are not longing for honor, neither are they chasing phantasmal glory and wealth. They are the devotees (or veterans) of the Blessed Perfection, and in the utmost state of renunciation and evanescence. They are wanderers over mountains and deserts. They call the people to the kingdom of GOD, and are the cause of the guidance of the souls, like unto the candles, they are ignited with all the virtues of the world of humanity. This is everlasting glory. This is eternal life. This is the greatest attainment of the human world. This is the divine sublimity of the creation of GOD!" Daily the cord of correspondence between the East and the West is becoming stronger and the interchange of ideas more common. Each one of us do our humble part, no matter where we are, so that the millenium, for the coming of which we all pray, may soon be established between all the peoples and nations and tongues.

Ahmas Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Sept. 2, 1913

Dear Friends:-

This is the second greatest feast in the Mohammedan world, the feast commemorating the passing of the month of Ramazan. In a large sense it fills the place of New Year's Day in America and Europe. It is called the feast of Beyram, and is a national holiday. All the government departments, offices, stores, are closed from one to five days, according to the degree of their importance. The older folk pay visits to each other, and the younger ones are dressed in bright colors, receive gifts and presents, and eat a lot of candy, much to the delight of their hearts. Although a thin air of sadness broods over many hearts, owing to the Balkan Wars, yet the general impression is that of happiness and gaiety and fun. Life to the simple-hearted Arab is like a moving picture theatre, and he loves to see the scenes of creation unfolding before his eyes without leaving his seat. To this we may or may not attribute the springing up of many nickelodeons and show places all over Egypt, which advertise in lurid and sensational manner their wares. These show places, none of which I have yet seen, attract a large clientele of heterogeneous elements on fete days and other days. Thus, on a day such as this, the managers, who are mostly Italians, Greeks, etc., reap a golden harvest. On the other hand, the religious spirit of the people finds expression in gorgeous decoration of the Mosque, and long hours of prayer, and preaching.

Last night Mirza Ali Akbar brought three kinds of candies to be served to the callers today, so this morning they were put in different platters ready to be served. The samovar was boiling, and the tea was brewing. I was dressed and on the veranda when I saw the Beloved coming toward our home. I was made glad by looking into his face on this fete day, and my heart sang the songs of joy and thankfulness. What else do we really want save his good pleasure? Is there anything else worth while? Do we care for anything else? Is the love of any one else in our hearts? Do we not live and move and have our being in him? Is he not the supreme object of our lives, the spirit of our souls, the highest crown of our longings? The sun of his unalloyed peace shines upon all, and every one is peaceful and contented. Let him be sad for one hour and a blanket of gloom is cast over all.

How thoughtful and beautiful of the Master to call on Mirza Abul Fazl before any one else! Is it not just like him?

By the time he returned to us a number of believers and outsiders had gathered in the veranda. He greeted them with affability and tender solicitude, and afterward he wished them a happy and blessed Beyram. Then tea and candy were served in turn. This morning he beamed on them the heavenly joy of living within the radius of his blessed presence, and the most precious gift cabled to the Bahai World was the glad news, "My health is perfect."

As though preordained, the subject of his informal talk was on education, and the duty of the mothers toward their children, a most

appropriate message to go out to the world of motherhood.

"The fathers, and especially the mothers, must always think how they can best educate their children, not how to fondle and embrace them and thus spoil them. By every means at their disposal they must inculcate into their growing bodies, souls, minds and spirits, the principles of sincerity, love, trustfulness, obedience, true democracy, and kindness toward all the races; thus hereafter the world of civilization may flow in one mighty current and the children of the next generation may make secure the foundations of human solidarity and good-will. From the tenderest childhood the children must be taught by their mothers the love of GOD and the love of humanity, - not the love of the humanity of Asia, or the humanity of Europe, or the humanity of America, but the humanity of humankind. There are some mothers who have a strange, inexplicable love for their children. One may call it the inversion of love, or, as we call it in Persia, 'bearish love.' This kind of love does more injury to the child than good. When I was in Acca, during the life of the Blessed Perfection, -----intrusted the son of one of the believers to a German carpenter. After a month, his mother went to Baha'o'llah and lamented and bemoaned, saying: 'I want my son, because he is unhappy with this carpenter, for he curses his religion.' Baha'o'llah told her 'to go to Aga (the Master) and whatever he says, act accordingly.' She came to me, and after hearing her side of the story I said to her: 'The Germans never curse any one; they are not accustomed to it.' She went away, and after another month she came again to Baha'o'llah with another complaint, that this carpenter had forced her son to carry on his back a load of wheat. Again I told her that if he had done so it was for discipline. I satisfied her, but she was murmuring inwardly. A few months rolled by and she returned with another set of complaints, frankly confessing that she did not want her son to be away from her, that he was the apple of her eye. Realizing how selfish her love was for her son, I told her at last that I would not take him away, that he must stay with the carpenter for eight years until his apprenticeship was over. Well, she yielded to the inexorable situation. After eight years of study he left his master, and his mother was very proud of him, everywhere praising his industry because his work was demanded on every hand. In short, the mothers must not think of themselves, but of the progress of their children, because upon the children of today - whether boys or girls - depends the molding of the civilization of tomorrow."

All day telegrams were pouring in from the leaders and important men of Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, etc., congratulating the Beloved on this fete and wishing him a happy Beyram, and in turn he answered them. From morning till noon he was paying visits, and about that hour he came again to our house, well but fatigued.

There was present a theological student of the college of Azhar, and the chief discussion turned upon the futility of Mohammedan theology and metaphysics, and how some young men waste their lives on the study of this one branch for twenty or thirty years.

"Once there was a theologian who took a sea trip. While he was walking on the deck and watching the calm sea, the Captain passed by and inquired about his health. Our friend was so full of theology that he asked the Captain, 'Dost thou know theology?' He answered, 'no.'

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'Then,' our student declared, 'half of thy life is lost.' The Captain did not answer him, but continued his walk. Another day the sea became very stormy, and the ship was in danger of being wrecked. The Captain called to the theologian and found him prostrated with sickness. 'Dost thou know swimming,' he asked. 'No!' 'Then all thy life is lost!' the Captain thundered at him." And you could see the Master laughing. Then he quoted several of their metaphysical, hair-splitting axioms, over which they wrangle and dispute several months in their colleges.

"Another time," he said, "a theological poet wrote a book, after several years of hardships and privations, and took it to a learned man to be read and corrected. He read the book, and found that its contents were very much like the cobwebs of a spider or the phantasmal imaginations of a sickly brain. Therefore he marked the first and last pages, thus conveying the idea that the book is not worth correcting."

In the afternoon the Master sent all of us to the garden of Nozhan. We had a pleasant afternoon, and on our return we were told that he had been entertaining many Arabs, first at our house, and then at Mirza Abul Fazl's.

At noon he said: "By these remarks I do not mean that religious study is to be entirely neglected, but other sciences must be learned, so that the lives of the students may become useful and practical. In the future, the theological seminaries must discard much of their teachings which are contrary to science and reason, and lay a basic foundation which is not to be destroyed by the fleeting tooth of time. We hope they will become assisted to accomplish this work."

Ahmad Sohrab

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB .

Ramleh, Egypt, Sept. 3, 1913

Dear Friends:-

Last night eleven young Bahai students arrived from Haifa. They are students in the American College at Beirut, and have been passing their summer vacation on Mount Carmel, waiting impatiently for the permission of the Master. These are not all of them. When the present party leaves for Haifa, another party composed of an equal or larger number will come. They are all young boys from 8 to 18 years, studying in various branches of sciences, equipping themselves to become useful members of the body politic. Morally pure, intellectually keen, spiritually susceptible, mentally alert, they combine with these qualities a rare power of reserve, simplicity, naturalness and dignity of character seldom to be witnessed in other youths of the same age. Every one of them knows by memory many communes and supplications, and this morning, after drinking our tea, they sat around and chanted tablets by turn. The American spirit of freedom and activity is in their constitutions. They will become fine and progressive citizens of Persia once they return to that country. Although their names may sound unfamiliar to our American friends across the ocean, yet they may interest them. They are as follows: Mirza Azizollah Khan, Mirza Ali Mohammed Khan, Mirza Abdul Hossein Khan, Mirza Mahmoud Khan, Mirza Ali Aga of Basht, Mirza Mahmoud Khan of Ispahan, Goodsee Effendi of Haifa, and Aga Sayad Gaseem of Salezevar.

The Beloved sent for me, and after a few minutes talk he told me to go and bring the students. I conducted them to the house, and they were ushered into the reception room. Hardly a minute passed when the Beloved one appeared. They were all up on their feet, and although he told them not to do it yet one after another knelt before him and kissed the hem of his garment, his hands and his feet. This is the highest sign of respect, rather than adoration, and flows from the depths of their hearts. It is spontaneous and natural, full of sweetness and attachment. It is neither dictated by custom nor ceremony. After bidding them to sit down, he said:

"You are welcome, very welcome. I was longing to see you, but up to this time the way was not open. Was your vacation spent pleasantly in Haifa on Mount Carmel? The College of Beirut is very good. You cannot realize how the Persian students spend their time in profitless pursuits in London and Paris. Not only the Europeans look down upon them as members of an inferior race and half-civilized, but they (the students) confirm them in their opinion by indulging in questionable pleasures and vices of the European lower society. They hardly study at all. The major part of their time is spent in the gratification of the appetites, sensuality, dancing halls and theatres, wine drinking, associating with the undesirable stratum of the community - in which they live - and leading an insipid, voluptuous and profligate life,

continued

ruinous to themselves and to the nation. ... .. Praise be to GOD that your faces are radiant, the rays of the love of God are shining from your countenances. I am most pleased to have met you. It is very strange that when a face is not illumined with the lights of the love of GOD it is dark. When you look into it the traces of the divine glad tidings are not manifest, but when the lights of God shine upon it, it becomes bright and enlightened, as it is said, 'In their faces you shall see the verdancy of paradise, and in their countenances is the sign of worship.'

Afterward, the Beloved left the house to call on Osman Pasha, and in his company a visit was paid to the Khedive, who celebrated the feast yesterday in Cairo and today in Alexandria.

Before noon, the Master came to our house to meet the students. He said to them:

"It is our hope that you will make extraordinary progress along ideal lines as well as in sciences and arts, so that each one of you may become a brilliant lamp in the world of modern civilization, and upon your return to Persia that country may profit from your acquired knowledge and experience."

Then He spoke again on the sad condition of the Persian students in Europe, and laid great emphasis on the fact that the moral aspect of their lives must be educated.

In the hands of the students there were copies of his address given before <sup>the</sup> Forum Club of San Francisco. He asked one of them, "What art thou holding in thy hand." He took it to the Master who read the last portion concerning philosophers and the cows, and how the modern materialists must go to the cow to learn the principles of materialism.

After speaking on some other subjects He left us. The students are all eager to get every word He says to them. And they are writing to their parents and friends the incidents of their trip and the experiences they are having.

Before He left He told Mirza Ali Akbar to accompany all the Persians to the Persian consulate at 4. P. M.

As our number is quite large, the dinner and supper are served in two courses. At first the students sit around the table, and afterward the rest of us.

At four o'clock we found ourselves in the large reception room of the Consulate General in Alexandria. For the first half hour we were entertained by the Consul. Then the Beloved came and spoke with him in Turkish. He is a genial old man and loves the Master very ardently.

When we returned home, the Master had arrived ahead of us and was talking with a number of prominent callers. At night we had an unusual gathering, full of interest. Many of them gave us their accounts of how they embraced the Cause of God. The cause is very wonderful, and it is wonderful how it has attracted to itself all these fine young men.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB .

Ramleh, Egypt, Sept 4, 1913.

Dear Friends:

The Eastern mind is a treasure-house of mystic stories, and each one fraught with significant lessons. One of these beautiful stories was related to me the other day by Mirza Jalal Sina. It foreshadows the coming of the manifestation of God into this world. It is a most charming story. I shall translate it here without its interpretation, knowing that my readers will supply that with what comes to their vivid and cultured imaginations. As we were sitting in the house of Abdul Hossein around a dear little garden, and the brilliant stars were shining upon us, our brother Mirza Jalal spoke thus:

"Far, far away in a jungle inaccessible to man, beyond the Indian Ocean, there lived a bird of royal birth, of majesty and beauty. Her name was Gedom. Her melody was endowed by the Creator with an incomparable beauty, richness, sweetness, charm, measured strains and attractive quality. The strains of her natural song belonged to other than this material world, which is full of the cawing of crows, the cackling of geese, and the twittering of sparrows. Whenever Gedom started to sing, she raised her melody to such a lofty height as to silence all other birds. Hence they were ashamed of their weak, discordant noises. They were discomfited and full of remorse and regret, not knowing what to do to bring about the end of Gedom. Finally they arranged a large meeting in which they might deliberate together as to how they should heap vengeance upon the unsuspecting head of Gedom and cause her death. After much consultation they agreed upon the plan of destroying the eggs of Gedom wherever and whenever she laid them, so that her descendants might not increase. In order to carry out this plan with vigilance, they appointed a committee to execute the decree. They agreed amongst themselves that they would continue to destroy the eggs of Gedom until the time when she should become old and die, thus getting rid of a strong rival. For a number of years Gedom patiently forbore the persecution of these little birds, who were exulting over the success of their plan in thus systematically destroying her eggs and not letting her progeny increase. Gedom never said anything, nor did she manifest any trace of worry. At a time when the birds were away from their nests, Gedom laid one egg in each and then flew away, perching on the loftiest branch, singing in her most entrancing melody. The other birds, not knowing what had happened, sat as usual on their eggs, and after a while the little ones stepped out of their narrow world into the open space. Tenderly were they taken care of, with much solicitude and motherly devotion, and out of their little beaks were they fed. Little by little their dear growing wings were covered with soft feathers like unto velvet, and the parents were delighted to see their darling offspring developing into the size of birdhood.

Gedom, from the loftiest branch, was watching how day by day her children were nurtured by these different birds with wistful tenderness and sympathy, as though these were their own children.

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Then, when she observed that they had reached the flying stage, she perched on the loftiest green branch, filling the empty void with her wonderful music, vibrating, rocking through the atmosphere. The little birds, who were the real children of Gedom, heard the clear, resonant melody, and finding its exact similarity with their own, and realizing from the depths of their hearts their true kinship with the invisible singer, suddenly fluttered their wings and up they soared to join their mother. Out of every nest a number of birds that had become accustomed to the harmonious companionship of the children of Gedom joined their flights, such as doves, partridges, sparrows, crows, nightingales, blue birds, etc. Although they were of various forms, colors, species, voices and kinds, leaving aside all the outer differences, with love and sweet fellowship they soar together toward the azure heights and then composed of divine company, circling and circling around the beloved mother, while the songs of thanksgiving and gratitude, with softly appealing notes, flowed like a clear stream from their hearts."

While the students and other pilgrims were drinking tea, the Master entered the house like a majestic king. He walked through the rooms and inquired about the health of each. Then he went to the veranda and sat down. The first thing he said showed his interest in the welfare of the students. He asked Mirza Ali Akbar to take them to the Nozha Park in the afternoon. Introducing them to an Arab Bahai, he said: "Those students are doing well with their studies. In reality they are the cause of my happiness." Then he gave a most interesting talk on what the students should study in Europe and what they should shun. After giving a minute account of the social customs of the Western people, he said: "Chastity and purity of life are the two divine standards of the spiritual and moral law. The greater the aim of man, the nobler his purpose. A man must be ever thoughtful of others, and be polite and courteous toward his fellow-beings. This will win for him the good pleasure of the Lord and the satisfaction of the general public. One's sitting and rising, conduct and manner, speech and conversation, social intercourse and communication, should be based upon a firm foundation and be conducive to the glory of the world of humanity."

In the afternoon Prince Mohammed Ali, the brother of the Khedive, called on the Beloved and was entertained in his own house. The Prince came with his automobile to the door of our house, and hearing that the Master lived in another house close by said he would walk to it. Mirza Moneer was going ahead to notify the Beloved, when he appeared in his long, loose, cream overcoat from the other side of the street. Thus, before the eyes of many bystanders the Master and the Prince met, each offering the courtesies designated for the most distinguished men. Every one looking at this strange scene was wondering, while trying to find out the cause that had brought a royal prince of Egypt to the threshold of Abbas Effendi. The Beloved was walking ahead, the Prince a few feet behind, and while they were talking in the most animated manner they disappeared from our view.

Late in the afternoon he came to see the pilgrims, and after a few minutes went to see Mirza Abul Fazl, from which place he returned home to rest after a most active day. Before the students left for Nozha Garden, Khosro brought a dish of American ice cream prepared for them by Mrs. Getsinger. It was very good and every one enjoyed it.

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Then, after drinking their tea, they started on their way and returned after sunset filled with the love of nature. All day there were different coteries here, each speaking about the cause and putting forth arguments to prove the dawn of the Sun of Reality. It seems to me that these young men are so devoted to the movement and so free and so ready to receive and assimilate all kinds of useful information! I have no doubt that out of their number some most competent, capable teachers will arise.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Sept. 5, 1913

Dear Friends:

Abdul Baha is eloquent in his silence and speaks with the tongue of the angels in the congregation of the elect; His heavenly songs, like so many rays of light, stream down from the unknown heights. Like unto the bird of paradise, he raises his celestial voice, and all humanity is silent before it. His divine strains attract the birds of the air, and they rise and rise till they reach to his world of light, then realizing his wondrous beauty they break forth into glorious anthems of spiritual life. His heart is a variegated rose garden, the fragrant narcissus of knowledge, gentle violets of wisdom, sweet anemones of love and graceful hyacinths of sympathy spread their perfume in all directions. The heaven of his mind is begemmed with infinite light giving orbs of reality, now twinkling, anon radiating, always dispelling the darkness of doubt and cynicism. The grandeur of his simplicity in his daily life is the noblest example ever set before the vision of man. To the wanderer he is the refuge, to the thirsty he is the cooling spring, to the poor he is the treasury of wealth, to the despondent he is the source of inspiration, to the hopeless he is the roseate dawn of imperishable hope, to the one in darkness he is the refulgent sun, to the orphans he is the kind father, to the sinner he is the balm of forgiveness, to the sick one he is the Divine Physician, to the one lost in the wilderness of error he is the guide, to the seeker he is the goal, to the weak he is the power-house of energy, to the hungry he is the manna descended from heaven, to the fearful he is the haven of trust, to the parched ground he is the downpour of rain, to the trees he is the refreshing breeze, to the storm-tossed he is the shore of safety, to the shipwrecked he is the ark of salvation, to the sunstruck he is the overshadowing tree. While he is walking on the earth he is soaring toward the empyrean heights of glory. At the same time that he speaks with us, his spirit communicates with God.

The early mornings present to our view a most trustful scene of prayer and worship, because all the students pray before sunrise, receiving from the Presence of the Almighty their daily spiritual sustenance. They attract to themselves the needed moral force to keep them away from all temptations, and infuse into their lives that quality of faith which changes hate into love, strangeness into friendship, enmity into amity. Through prayer their minds are polished and their hearts burnished with the fire of the love of God. They attain to the station of confidence, realize the divinity of holiness, are drawn near unto God, become clear mirrors in which the ideal images of the kingdom are reflected and put forth green leaves of hope and lovely blossoms of radiant acquiescence. With prayer they learn their lessons, with prayer they meet their examinations, with prayer they make moral and intellectual progress, and with prayers on their lips they arise in the early morning and go to sleep in the evening.

This morning after prayer I was speaking about those who served the cause, and Mirza Jalal Sina illustrated in the following manner:

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"A man engaged the services of a mason to build a wall around his garden. The next morning the mason came around to start his work. The foundation was already laid by other laborers. An assistant was also hired to hand him the bricks in order to dispatch the work as quickly as possible. The mason stood ready, the assistant handed him the first brick, but at that very moment a friend of his passed by; he called him to come near and, once there, engaged him in a lively conversation. He forgot all about the building of the wall, and the hours slipped by, until noon. He had yet the first brick in his hand when the hour of twelve struck. At that time the owner of the garden arrived on the scene, and seeing the work not even started dismissed him and put in his place another mason who would do the work given to him.

"Now there are some souls in the cause who are similarly situated. When a work is intrusted to them by the Master they take it as a personal thing. They do as much as they think advisable, according to their limited understanding, or do not do it at all. In such a case, the Master, without telling them anything, takes the work out of their hands and puts it in the hands of those who will dispatch it with the utmost rapidity. Personalities do not count in this cause. Work, enduring work, patient work, impersonal work, is called for. There are neither temporal or spiritual titles in this movement. Let all the friends banish such phantasmal nightmares from their minds. The Master never sets any of the friends above the others. In his estimation they are all equal. We are all the servants of Baha'o'llah and the servants of the servant of GOD. The Bahais do not bow to any one who tries to set himself a little above the others or wishes to impress others that he is a little dearer and nearer to the Master. If he is in reality dearer and nearer to Abdul Baha, let him not breathe it to any human being, but show it in acts of kindness, humility, affection toward all believers, love for all mankind, always counting himself - not through spiritual affectation - consciously less than all the friends. Abdul Baha himself has no title and does not give any title to any person. He has accepted for himself the title of the Servant of God and the Servant of Humanity. Every Bahai, according to his ability, must strive day and night to walk in this path, otherwise he will not succeed. The Bahai path is the path of servitude, humility, evanescence, severance from aught else save God, service and all the other qualities. Nothing else will bear fruit."

About five o'clock the Beloved came and all the students were ready to receive him. He inquired about their health, and asked whether they were comfortable in their present quarters.

"Tell me, do the teachers and professors take pains to instruct you, or, like some professors, do they go through the lessons like machines, without any feeling or interest in the progress of the pupils?"

Holding in his hand several copies of his addresses published in the newspapers, he said: "The people of this country are not interested enough to read these articles and addresses; and if you ask from those few who have read about their contents, the only answer they give you is, 'Very excellent! Very good!' However, they read the most unimportant news of the day. They are not thinking of those principles which will upbuild the future civilization of mankind, although they are all acknowledging the fact that the world of humanity is in great danger and is going through a most crucial period. Although wars may cease temporarily, yet there is an invisible war carried on which is a tremendous

economic loss. These unseen drains have broken the financial back of the nations. They do not know by what means or instrument the comity of nations or the peace of the world can be achieved." Then he told me to have the letters ready, and after a few moments I was following him toward the garden. He was glad to be away from the people for two or three hours, revealing tablets for friends beyond the seas. The breeze was wafting through the branches, the weather was cool, and the white pearls of remembrances and counsels were cast on the shores of human lives. He said: "I have found a quiet nook," as he walked from end of the avenue to the other, raising his voice to a loud pitch when he was far from me. Some of those who were honored with tablets were the following: Miss Jean Mason, Mrs. Gertrude Differt, the editor of The Master Mind in Los Angeles, Mrs. Harriet Cline, Miss Mary Bell, Miss General Jack, Mrs. Thornberg-Cropper, Mrs. Annie B. Killius, Mr. Horace Holley, Mr. Fred Mortensen, Madame H. Maron, Mrs. Stansall, Miss Juliet Thompson, Consul-General Topakyan, Miss Edna McKinney, and Miss Maria Wilson. It was about noon when he said: "It is enough for today!" and he left the garden, followed by Ahmad.

Yesterday the daughter of the Master left for Cairo with Basheer, just for a short stay. Today Shougi Effendi joined his mother with Haji Niaz. In the afternoon four Bahais arrived from Cairo to visit the Master.

About four o'clock the Beloved came again and gave us an interesting talk on how a religious or national fete must be celebrated. "The program of such fete days must be so prepared as to yield a permanent result. As they are days of freedom from work and worry, the leaders of communities should discuss such problems as would be beneficial to the individuals and the outcome of which would be eternal. They must be occupied with prayers and thanksgiving, commemorate the True One, and be grateful for the favors and bounties of God, our glorious Lord."

Then he called me to follow him. Outside a carriage was waiting. He beckoned me to sit beside him and told Khosro to sit with the driver. We stopped at the Hotel Plaisance and took with us Mr. Atwood. The carriage drove for more than an hour along the shore of the Nile. We passed by many large palm groves and the dirty hovels of Fellaheen. They live in dirt. Pigs, hens, donkeys and goats live with them in the same room, built with mud. Arriving at the Nozha, we drove through its shady avenues, and our eyes were brightened by the wonderful flowers. In the place where the band was playing and more than two hundred Englishmen were picnicking with their families, the Master left the carriage. He walked through the park, and then coming out sat on the outside wall of a well. Alone, he was steeped in a world of thought. Then, leaving that place, he went away from us and sat on the green meadow. For nearly fifteen minutes he sat there undisturbed, dreaming world-shaping ideals. The sun was sinking behind the Western sky when our carriage was driven homeward. The Master, putting his arm around the shoulder of Mr. Atwood said: "I came especially today to take thee out, because I love thee very much. I am most pleased with thee, because thou hast resigned thy will to the will of God." Mr. Atwood thanked the Master for his kindness and said: "Master, I think often of thee and thy great work. I can never forget the time when you called at the Mission School of Alexandria. The principal in greeting you said, 'You are the father of the poor and I am their servant.' You answered, 'I am the servant of the poor, but you are their father.'"

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB .

Ramleh, Egypt, Sept. 6, 1913

Dear Friends:

"Have you any news from America?" the Beloved asked me when I stood in his presence this morning. I did not have any news to give him. The believers must with one accord and one voice unite together in raising the pillars of the Bahai tent in those regions. The Master will reinforce them with the powers of the kingdom if they will arise wholeheartedly in the service of the cause. They have every means at their disposal and no lack of extraordinary desire to do the will of God. By example and deeds they have seen the workings of the glorious Lord. Now that he is in the Orient he loves to hear that the seeds he has sown are beginning to sprout, that the ideals he has diffused are taking root in the hearts, and the summons of the kingdom is listened to by innumerable souls. You must gird up the loins of endeavor, enter into the arena of activity, and let the reports of your constantly fresh triumphs be forwarded to the headquarters.

Before leaving the radiantly happy presence of the Master, he handed me a letter written to him by Professor Vambéry of Budapest, who met the Beloved during his sojourn in that city. On his arrival in Port Said he revealed to Prof. Vambéry a holy tablet and sent him a rug as a present. I will translate herein as a matter of historical interest the Professor's letter. He has written it in Persian.

"I forward this humble petition to the sanctified and holy presence of Abdul Baha Abbas, who is the center of knowledge, famous throughout the world and loved by all mankind. O thou noble friend, who art conferring guidance upon humanity, may my life be a ransom to thee!

"The loving epistle which you have condescended to write to this servant and the rug which you have forwarded, came safely to hand. The time of the meeting with your Excellency and the memory of the benediction of your presence recurred to the memory of this servant, and I am longing for the time when I shall meet you again. Although I have traveled through many countries and cities of Islam, yet I have never met so lofty a character and so exalted a personage as your Excellency, and can bear witness that it is not possible to find such another. On this account I am hoping that the ideals and accomplishments of your Excellency may be crowned with success and yield results under all conditions, because behind these ideals and deeds I easily discern the eternal welfare and prosperity of the world of humanity.

"This servant, in order to gain first hand information and experience, entered into the ranks of various religions; that is, outwardly I became a Jew, Christian, Mohammedan and Zoroastrian. I discovered that the devotees of these various religions do nothing else but hate and anathematize each other, that all their religions have become the instruments of tyranny and oppression in the hands of rulers and governors, and that they are the cause of the destruction of the world of humanity.

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"Considering these evil results every person is forced by necessity to enlist himself on the side of your Excellency, and accept with joy the prospect of a basis of the religion of God which is being founded through your efforts.

"I have seen the father of your Excellency from afar. I have realized the self-sacrifice and noble courage of his son and am lost in admiration.

"For the principles and aims of your Excellency I express the utmost respect and devotion, and if God the most high confers long life I will be able to serve you under all conditions. I pray and supplicate this from the depths of my heart.

"Your servant Mamhehyn  
(Signed) Vambery."

In the reception room of the house of the Beloved the students met Mrs. Getsinger. She spoke to them most beautifully. They listened to her with rapt attention. None of them had yet seen or heard an American Bahai. She related for their benefit the story of the Beloved's lecture in Columbia University of New York State and Stanford University of California, and when she told about Mortensen and how he traveled from Minneapolis to Green Acre under the train of cars, and how beautifully he was received first by Mr. and Mrs. Kinney and later by the Master, all eyes were filled with tears. Then she spoke about other things spiritual knowledge, prayer, the conformity of science and faith, and at the end she chanted for them a lovely prayer by Baha'o'llah. Then the Master came in and spoke the following words: "

"God has brought us together in Ramleh. No other power could ever accomplish this. We are meeting together with the utmost joy and fragrance. The spiritual attraction has united us. The divine outpourings and the bestowals of the Blessed Perfection have called us to the heavenly banquet. Just as in this material world we are brought together in this meeting, similarly may we meet each other and associate with each other in the kingdom of Abha."

In the afternoon the Beloved dictated several important tablets in the park, and afterward entertained the French Consul to Haifa who had come to meet him.

Most of the afternoon was spent in writing and listening to the delightful stories related by Mirza Jalal Sina. On the other hand, the Master was busy with his work of correspondence. I was sent to Alexandria to attend to mail and buy large envelopes.

For the last few days the weather has been very hot and uncomfortable; but the nights are cool, and my occasional walks sometimes alone and again with a friend, are much enjoyed.

Ahmad Sohrab

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB .

Ramleh, Sept. 7, 1913

Dear Friends:-

"Let me relate to you," Mirza Jalal Sina said, as we turned a street corner, following a quiet avenue shaded by tall trees, "the story of a poor man and how he became the ruler of one of the ancient republics. Beneath this story you will no doubt find with the eye of insight the spiritual history of God's relation with mankind, portrayed with greater or less degree of clearness. Years and years ago, long in bygone ages, the inhabitants of the country of-----, who enjoyed a sort of republic, had a most curious way of annually electing their president. The people would gather on the day appointed by the organic law of the country once a year, in the largest public square of the capital. Then they would bring out the golden cage of the bird Hamai, headed by a long procession of dignitaries amidst universal rejoicing whilst the music of the national band was playing. After the performances of many prescribed ceremonies and the delivery of eloquent addresses, before the eyes of all the citizens they would open the gate of the cage and let out Hamai. The bird, gaining its freedom, would rise higher and higher toward the blue ether and then suddenly descend. Thousands of eyes were eagerly looking upward watching the least motion and convulsion of the bird and wagering large sums of money on what part of the square it would alight in. Nearer and nearer it came, now flying to the right, then to the left, now coming close to the ground, and again soaring aeroplane-like above the heads of the crowd. Every time Hamai swept with the rapidity of lightning over the aerial track, showing the snowy whiteness of its wings, the commotion of the populace increased and their anticipation and anxiety doubled. Then at last, gracefully and with much dignity, Hamai would alight, and like a crown of white flowers sit upon the head of either a citizen, a commoner or a foreigner. Then a thunder of applause and hurrahs would rise from the throats of that huge concourse of humanity. By this sign they knew that the president for the ensuing year was elected beyond any shadow of doubt or political chicanery; for upon the head of whomsoever the bird rested, spreading its imperial wings, by the unanimous votes of all the citizens he was elected as their president. Then the notification committee notified the president-elect of his election and the program for the meeting in which the president would deliver his speech of acceptance was discussed. Afterward in due time the committee of arrangements officially conducted him to the presidential palace, the highest magistrates of the land took from him the oath of office and intrusted in his hands all the administrative departments. With the aid of the two houses of congress and expert cabinet ministers he governed the country wisely and well. The president had only power to choose his aide-de-camp. Save this prerogative there was neither a political 'pie counter' nor the spoils of numerous petty or important officers, nor any occasion to wield the 'big stick.'

"It was on such an important election day that a poor stranger entered the city. He saw it decorated with flags and buntings, and the avenues and streets filled with seething humanity. Every avenue, like a tributary to the sea, emptied its rushing flood of people into the great public square. All the streets were filled. There was not a

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single standing place in the open. After much pushing and pulling, our new-comer with great difficulty made his way to the square, and there a wonderful spectacle met his view, the like of which he had never seen in his life. He stood wonderstruck with this magnificent sight and lavish splendor. Whilst he was looking absentmindedly at all the gorgeous decorations, he felt some one tapping on his shoulder. He was warm, and pressed on all sides. 'What do you want, man? Don't you see I am nearly dying of suffocation?' 'Wilt thou make me thine aid-de-camp if thou art elected president of the republic?' 'Art thou gone insane, man? I have just entered this city and know not a single soul. I should like to know who would elect me, an entire stranger, to the highest position in the republic?' 'I think thou dost not know the laws of this country, neither is there any time for their explanation. Just give me thy word now.' 'All right,' the stranger laughed aloud, 'if I ever become the president of the republic thou shalt be my aid-de-camp.' Hardly was this promise out of his mouth when he felt the sudden weight of something upon his head. Then he heard the world-deafening hurrahs of the great multitude, filling and rocking the very foundations of the buildings. The bird Hamai had sat on his head and he was already, by the sovereign will of the people, the next president of the republic. The notification committee, followed by the most prominent citizens, notified him respectfully of his election, and with much solemnity conducted him to the palace. For a week there were great festivities in the capital. Fire-works and illuminations, athletic feats and social banquets, brilliant processions and public receptions, attracted the attention of all the classes of citizens. The inaugural ball which brought to a close these successive festivities eclipsed all other events in point of brilliancy and elaborate preparations. To the delight and satisfaction of congress and cabinet ministers, in contrast with former presidents, the new incumbent of that exalted office showed extraordinary knowledge of all public questions and an intuitional grasp of all the needed reforms. These reforms had been felt for some time in the hearts, but the nation had not been fortunate enough to have a man at the helm of government who could so express those half-felt ideals of reform as to make them possible by public legislation.

"After his inauguration the president received a letter from an unknown man reminding him of his promise. He sent for him immediately, and after conversation found he answered to the requirements of an aid-de-camp. Therefore he invested him with this, the only office he could command. In the course of mutual association they became great friends, and one day the aid-de-camp told the president in an offhand manner, 'Do you know what is going to happen to you after the expiration of your presidential term?' 'No, I have never thought about it.' 'Well, I will tell you because you have been very kind to me. When your time has expired the citizens will come to the palace, drive you out of your executive office, will ask you to don your old clothes, will take you in the streets, make you ride backward on a donkey, and at the head of a sneering, ridiculing mob parade you through the streets and bazaars. In this ignominious manner the procession will leave the city. They will proceed several miles until they reach a broad river, on the other side of which is an island. They will put you in a boat, and a boatman will row you to the other side. He will leave you there and return. As the island is surrounded by water, there can be no communication with the outside world.' The president was quite disturbed by this account. 'Why did you not tell me this before?' 'Firstly, I did not know you. Secondly, this knowledge could not prevent Hamai from alighting upon

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your head. Thirdly, even should you have known this, the people would not have accepted your resignation.' 'But have I not given them a wise and efficient administration?' 'You must realize that the people are not electing you. It depends upon the caprice of a bird. And I am sure even if they let you stay in the public square on election day, you would not have the remotest chance of being re-elected. On the other hand, no power on earth, except the will of the people of the republic, can amend this provision of the constitution. It is simply impossible.' 'Then what must I do? Will you give me your advice?' 'Well, you can do one thing. As long as you live in this palace you have a perfect right to expend your very liberal salary on any undertaking you deem most necessary and urgent. You are able to select a number of architects, masons, engineers and laborers, and send them to the island and give them the commission of building a commodious house in which you may live during the remaining years of your life. I have been aid-de-camp to many former presidents, and in every instance I have urged them to do this, but they were so occupied with the gratification of their desires that they did not heed my advice and the time slipped by. Suddenly they saw that the year had expired and they found themselves in manifest loss. This president was, however, of a different disposition, and from that very day he devoted all his leisure time to the construction of a home on the island. When the time of his service had expired, he went through all the strange rites prescribed by the law with a cool head and a confident heart and a serene mind, because he knew that on the other side everything was prepared to receive him. ... After a few days residence on the island he started to explore it, and here and there he came across a number of emaciated and starved-looking men, clad in tattered clothes. He asked them, 'who are you?' They answered, 'We are the former presidents of the republic of-----'. While we filled the office of president we were filled with our own importance, and pursued the pleasures and vanities of life instead of the enduring and eternal principles. We never troubled our minds about our future, neither did we heed the advice and admonition of our friends. Thus this present misery and suffering is the result of our own past heedlessness and blindness.'"

This morning the students were summoned to the Holy Presence of the Beloved and he gave them a stirring talk on the union of the East and the West, and how this cause has set aglow the hearts of mankind, and the flame is getting stronger and stronger every day. All day he was surrounded by a host of visitors both believers and strangers. In the afternoon you could find him in the garden, dictating a wonderful tablet on the necessity of divine law and religion for a friend from the far East. His health carries him through most wonderfully. From the early hours of the morning till the time he goes to bed he works without interruption, now here, now there, always extending the frontiers of the Glorious Cause.

Ahmad Sohrab.

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB

Ramleh, Egypt, Sept 8, 1913

Dear Friends:-

Five of the young Arabian Bahais with Mr. Sprague acted as hosts to the students and friends in the garden of Nozha. They spread a fine table under the shade of the trees, and forty of us sat around it. The dinner was delicious, and our Arabian friends dispensed true old-fashioned Oriental hospitality. During the day tablets were chanted, songs were sung, short speeches were delivered, and the spirit of Bahai friendship was deeply felt. Although there existed no outward relation between the Arab and the Persian Bahais, yet they conversed as though they belonged to the same family. After dinner we were divided into small groups and walked through the lovely park with that spiritual joy and happiness that is only in the possession of the Bahais. On our return we found the samovar boiling and the tea prepared by the magic hands of the friends. One of the hosts told us how he was attracted to the cause. "Three years ago a similar picnic was held here on this very spot by the Bahais. I passed by, and looking at these people saw such a divine happiness in their faces I became curious and started to ask questions. Little by little I obtained the rare privilege of entering into the kingdom of Baha'o'llah. How of all these men who are passing by, looking at us with curious eyes, there may be some who will become Bahais two years from now, like myself."

When we returned home we found the Master revealing tablets in the garden. Mirza Moneer was receiving his dictation. Then several men were permitted to go into his presence. Then he sent for the students because they had not seen him in the morning. He spoke with them on the subject of agriculture and its present need in Persia. He asked them whether such a course is given in the Beirut College. He laid great stress upon the study of scientific agriculture, and encouraged them to become the teachers of the cause and the spreaders of the Bahai teachings. "You are confirmed! You are confirmed! I expect the appearance of great things from you!" he told them at last.

One of the lovely prayers chanted by the students today in the Nozha garden is the following:

"H E I S G O D !

"O thou pure God! Make thou this gathering the candle of the world, and suffer this assembly to become a rose garden and a verdant meadow. Let its meeting become the delectable paradise and its horizon the dawning place of the lights of the Merciful. Perfume thou the nostrils of the dwellers in the Mount of the Friend with its odoriferous fragrance, and rejoice the hearts of the pilgrims of the Holy City of

continued

the Desired One with its amber-scented breeze. Protect thou these souls under the shadow of the wing of thy mercy, and confer thou upon the hearts an asylum of protection in the fortress of thy majesty, the One the Most High. Shower upon us the confirmations of thy Abha horizon, and bestow upon us the graces of thy Supreme Concourse. Although we are all birds without feathers and wings, yet we have built our nests and homes in the gardens of thy cause; we have taken refuge at the threshold of thy oneness, and are begging of thee confirmation, help and aid. When we look upon ourselves we are smaller than an atom and less and more infinitesimal than a mosquito, but when we behold the sea of thy generosity and liberality we see the atoms as brilliant suns, - nay, rather more brilliant.

"O thou kind Giver! Cover the sins of these weak ones with the hem of the garment of thy mercy. Change the indifference of these heedless ones into the essence of fidelity, wisdom and understanding. Grant the souls a loftier effort, and cast another tumult in the heads, so that they may sing the melody of the supreme realm, seek after everlasting glory, long for the delicacies of the new world, soar toward the highest horizon, enter into the congregation of the Almighty, and become the recipients of the bestowals of the kingdom of Abha. Thus the dark world will become luminous, the satanic field will be transformed into the court of the Merciful, this mound of earth will become the celestial heaven, and this terrestrial globe the eternal rose garden.

"Verily thou art the Powerful, the Mighty, the Hearer, the Seer!

"(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas."

In another tablet he says:

"O ye real friends, and ye who are attracted to the beauty of God! This is the time of attraction and acclamation and the period of rejoicing and merrymaking. This is the morning of glad tidings. Is it not suffused with light? Is it not luminous? The candle of the world is bestowing light upon all assemblies. The manifest orb is slowly rising from the dawning place of the Most High. Is it not glorious? The Blessed Perfection and the Most Great Name (may my life be a ransom to his believers!) arose in the city of self-sacrifice like unto the banner of guidance. While he was under the chain he was a help to every oppressed one. From the manifest horizon he shone forth with the rays of trials. In the midst of the world he withstood the attack of infinite persecutions, so that these withered ones might become enkindled and these extinguished ones might be set aglow with the fire of the love of GOD. May we close our eyes to both worlds and be ignited and burn with the fire of longing. Is it just that we sit silent, become speechless, sorrowful and pessimistic? No, by GOD! This is not the attribute of fairness and gratitude, but the essence of unfairness and negligence."

Ahmad Sohrab

FROM MIRZA AHMAD SOHRAB.

Ramleh, Egypt, Sept. 9, 1913.

Dear Friends:-

Would you like to get the translation of a blessed tablet that was read this morning? It contains a wonderful spirit and a most significant exposition of the general conditions of the world at this time.

H E I S G O D !

O thou who art holding fast to the pure hem, thou who art a twig of the blessed tree!

Look thou with a deep insight upon the world and the inhabitant thereof. It is an immense theater, upon the stage of which most spectacular plays are acted. On the one hand, here thou wilt see upon its plain the victorious and vanquished legions of profit and loss. There thou wilt observe the waves of the sea of folly rising and falling with great impetuosity. Cries are being raised on every side, and the agonies of revolution, revolt and unrest reach the ears of progressive men. There is a tremendous clash and strike between capital and labor and war between the aristocratic and democratic adherents is carried on relentlessly with sword and javelin, bow and arrow. The phalanxes of the grand army are drawn in battle array, each squadron taking its position. The world raging armaments and the heavy armed artillery are prepared in every part of the field. The dazzling splendor of the swords of enmity blinds the eyes from the most remote distance; the lightning effect of breastplates, the brilliancy of the lances and the sparkle of the bucklers of hatred brighten the gloomy night and bewilder the sight. In short, the causes of strife, battle, slaughter and war are made ready in the utmost perfection.

On the other hand thou wilt observe that from every house the strains and notes of music are raised, the confusing melodies of harp, lyre, cymbal and flutes are heard, and the mad revelers are dancing to the tunes while they are inebriated with the wine of this vanishing pleasure and joy. Here thou wilt see the wanton and soiled decorations, and there the flimsy shows of gold and the gilded class of creatures. There is the embellishment and luxury made possible through illicit wealth and money, and here are displayed the ravishing, beautiful appearances of the mortal world and ephemeral existence. From one part of the world the sighs of anguish, the lamentations of poverty and the cries and agonies of misery are raised, and from another part the voices, acclamation and jeremiads calling for succor have reached to the gates of heaven. Here one sees the weeping of the hopeless and listens to the appeal of the oppressed; there the trembling murmurs of the helpless and harrowing wails of the shipwrecked in the sea of persecution. The heat of the conflagration spreads on all sides; the flame of the fire of longing is raging with great intensity, and the tongue of an avalanche of calamities leaps forth. Here one observes the absolutism and oppression of the kings and the utter thoughtlessness of the cabinet ministers; and there one sees the conflict and war on the battlefield of thoughts and ideals by ambitious generals, statesmen, and the administrators of the nations and counties. They consult together, they scheme, they plot, they exchange their views; they organize

continued-

Salacious enterprises, they float superfluous companies, they circulate false notes, they destroy; and they lay the foundation of their political careers.

In short, when thou considerest the reality, the outcome, the result and fruit of all these theatrical performances, thou wilt see with thy real eyes that they are the illusory mirages and their sweetness is as bitter poison. A few days this earth shall roll on its axis and all these conditions shall become non-existent, and completely forgotten. But when thou shuttest thine eyes to this dark world, looking upward and heavenward, thou wilt see light upon light, sternity onward to eternity, and from everlasting to everlasting. Then thou wilt see the realities of mysteries. Therefore, happy is the pure spirit who does not attach himself to the transient conditions and comforts of this world; nay, rather does he attach himself to the purity, nobility and grandeur of the neverending world. Upon thee be Bahá!

(Signed) Abdul Baha Abbas.

This morning I had great pleasure to find myself in the presence of our beloved Lord. As ever, he was kind and gracious, joy-imparting and dynamic, loving and beautiful, the sunshine of beatitude in this dark world. A cablegram from Marseilles announced the departure of Mrs. Fraser and her approaching arrival in Port Said. The Beloved sent a telegram to Ahmad Yazdi to receive and direct her to come to Ramleh. Another cablegram from America inquired about his health. Letters from Boston and Washington contributed to his happiness, as well as from Germany. The cause in Germany is making splendid headway, and the believers, enthused by the presence, teachings and example of the Master, have arisen to spread the movement with a determination and strength never equalled before. As he walked back and forth while I was reading the letter from Germany, he smiled and was much elated. "You see, you see, I want the believers to spread the cause of Bahá'o'llah. If they do this, divine confirmation shall encircle them from all directions." Then he related the story of one of the believers who did not act according to the principles of the cause, and how he was brought to a most unfortunate and tragic end; and although he, the Master, has already helped his son twice he is now in the most difficult financial embarrassment. "The cause," he said before I departed, "has thrown a universal reverberation through the pillars of the earth, and the divine power shall encircle the globe. Rest thou assured."

Then he sent for the students and spoke with them about the superiority of morality in private and public life. "As you are confirmed with this heavenly morality of Baháí life, you will succeed in your scientific studies and render great service to the cause and to Persia."

This week I received five packages of photographs from Mr. and Mrs. Killius of Spokane, Washington, which were to be divided between Mirza Mahmud and myself. After making the division in equal parts I have distributed a few of my own share amongst the students and pilgrims. They were all made happy by this heavenly present, and the hearts of many others will be rejoiced. I also received some photographs from Consul Schwarz of Stuttgart, which are already given away to many believers. In this way the Western friends can impart the greatest joy and happiness to the hearts of the Eastern friends. In the evening the Master came in while all the students were sitting in the veranda. As he entered they all rose from their seats. Before sitting down he said, "This is a good gathering - a luminous gathering." He sat for ten minutes, but he did not speak one word. Silence, calm and eloquent, pervaded the whole atmosphere, and when he left we were quite as contented and happy as if he has given us a long address.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Ramleh, Egypt, September 10, 1913.

Bear Friends:

Although we did not see the Master today, yet we were all happy in the sweet companionship of each other, and the thought of His close proximity to us. He was not far from us, for even if we do not see Him physically, His Spirit lives in our hearts, His love sets aglow the Fire of Nearness and His Words create a spiritual exaltation.

At noon the former French Consul of Haifa was His guest, and in the afternoon He took a long walk.

I received a number of letters from America, all containing good news. Chicago and Spokane, New York and San Francisco and Washington were well represented. I am sure all the good news will make the heart of ABdul BAHA very happy. I hope the stream of cheering news will constantly flow toward this direction. I also had letters from Budapest and Stuttgart, London and Paris. In London the believers are already laying the plans for the promotion of the Cause during the winter. The American friends, I have no doubt, will carry away the wreath of triumph, and shall guide many souls out of the desert of negligence into the green valley and running stream of Bahai Faith.

In this letter I would like to quote a few Arabian Proverbs which are used in their daily conversation. The Arabs are generally very lively and dramatic in their conversation. Their talk is enriched with numberless proverbs, and it is endowed with a wonderful power of expression and poetic idiom. They are simple, yet winsome, graceful and most chivalrous.

Here are some of the proverbs:

"Make neither your friendship a pretense, nor your hatred a menace."

"Don't ask a man about his origin; you can read it in his face."

"Patriotism is from faith."

"The boy is his mother's double."

"Beware of speech; a word may bring a fatal end."

"Avarice destroys what the voracious gather."

"A ruler without justice is no better than a river without water."

"Man is often an enemy to things of which he is ill-informed."

"There is no honor like possessing a good character."

"Misdeed not a kind action, be it but to give water to one who is not thirsty."

"Knowledge without practice is like a bow without a string."

"No pious act is more beloved by God than telling the truth."

"Without hope no mother would nurse her child, nor would any peasant plant his land."

"The young who revere the aged will find reverence themselves when they are old."

"The next best thing to belief in God is to sympathize with the people."

"A true believer is not content while his neighbor is hungry."

"There are men who are keys to the good, and locks to evil."

"Avoid vain hopes, content in prosperity."

"Wisdom lifts up a slave into the dignity of princes"

"Hearts, like bodies, become tired, and should have recreation."

"A wise enemy is less harmful than a foolish friend."

"Man is not to be valued by the robes he wears, but by the character he shows."

"The false man is a mirror to your face, but a thorn in your back."

"If you censure your friends for every fault they commit, there will come a time when you will have no friend to censure."

The beautiful spirit of hospitality of the Arabs is often illustrated by the apt inscription of welcome engraved above the gates of their home. For example:

"Welcome to him of whose approach I am all unworthy."

"Welcome to the voice announcing the joy after lonely melancholy."

"Good tidings thine; off with the robes of sadness, for know thou art accepted, and I myself will take on me whatsoever grieves thee."

Such are the sayings of these men who shower their love and affection upon the friends and strangers with a wealth of conceptions and true kindness. Those who really sympathize with them will find many beautiful customs in their midst.

I will bring this letter to a close by the translation of a Prayer from the pen of the Beloved;

"HIS IS EL ABHA"

O thou Kind, Incomparable God!

Familiarize these hearts with Thy Mysteries, and detach them from friends and strangers. Suffer them to drink from the Cup of the Wine of the Morn of Eternity, and intoxicate them with the Goblet of Everlasting Felicity. These servants long and yearn for Thee, and these lovers are enamoured and attached to Thee. They are dwellers of Thy Mount, and attracted with the Beauty of Thy Face. They are the flock of thy gazelles, and are scattered in the valley of regret. Send Thou to them the Message of Providence, and cause to descend upon them the Angel of Guidance; so that a Fragrance may waft from Thy Abode to the nostrils, and an Effulgence from Thy Face may illumine the hearts of these servants; the impenetrable darkness be changed into light; and the thorny place be transformed into a rose garden.

Verily, Thou art the Powerful, the Seeing and the Hearing."

In the evening Mirza Abul Fazl came, and all the students gathered around him, and he spoke to them about the early events of the cause.

Ramlah, Egypt, September 12, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Separation from the friends of God is a difficult thing. Although by this time we must be used to it, having traveled so much, seen so many countries, and associated with so many Bahais, yet we feel keenly when we meet and grow to love a number of the believers, then suddenly they depart, and in all probability we shall never see them again. However, in this spiritual separation there is one consolation, and that is; these friends go out into the world after attaining to the Meeting of the Beloved, to teach the Cause, or to equip themselves further to become more useful instruments. Thus in a spiritual sense there is no separation between those Bahais who are truly devoted to the Cause of God and are striving in the Path of Reality. Consequently, from an outward standpoint we were all very sad when we saw our body of students leave the house after a peremptory farewell, for the station. The Master received them at two o'clock, and imparted to them His last Words of advice and exhortation, and at 3 o'clock a number of us were at the station to bid them our last goodbye. They first went to Cairo, to stay there one day for sight seeing, and from there will go to Port Said, to leave for Haifa.

There was a meeting at Khorassani's house tonight. The friends asked me to go with them, but, as the Master was not going to be there, I preferred to stay at home and watch the brilliant moon out of my window. After a few moments, I heard the voice of Mr. Sprague. The Master had asked me to go to the hotel and translate. A prominent Russian Count, who understands English and French, is calling on Him. In a moment I was there, and immediately the Master plunged into a deep and most interesting discussion of the two aspects of reincarnation; the particular and the universal; the return of general and specific ideas; and a lengthy presentation of the logical proofs concerning the existence of a Divine, Supreme Existence animating and energizing all creation. The Count was greatly interested, and was going to ask more questions when the Secretary of the brother of the Khedive was announced. Thus he relegated his other questions to another meeting, and departed with great satisfaction and pleasure. As I hear, this Count is very influential in Russia, and his attraction to the Cause will enlist the sympathy of many prominent people who have not yet heard of the Movement.

I left the hotel and returned home, leaving the Master talking with his newly arrived guest. How important it seems to watch at close range the great events which are constantly transpiring at the headquarters, and their magnified reflections all around the world.

Amidst the confusion and going and coming of the students incident to their departure, I was translating Tablets. For the benefit of the readers I will quote herein a few extracts:

"Strive as much as ye can so that love and amity may increase day by day amongst the believers of God; all of you may help each other and be ever ready to sacrifice your lives for each other. This is the quality of the people of BAHÁ."

The following is a Tablet to Mr. Horace Holley, the author of the Bahai work called "Modern Social Religion":

"HE IS GOD!

O thou son of the Kingdom!

A copy of the book written by thee and forwarded to this spot was received. The friends are engaged in reading it. They praise and commend your book most highly and appreciatively. God willing, it will be translated and I will likewise read it. Thank thou God that thou art confirmed and assisted. Thy aim is to render service to the Kingdom of Abhá, and thy object is the promotion of the Teachings of BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH. Although the glory and greatness of this service is not known for the present, but in future ages it shall assume most great importance, and will attract the attention of the most great scholars. Therefore, strive more and more as much as thou canst in this service, so that it may become the cause of thy everlasting glory; in the Kingdom of Abhá thou mayst shine like unto a star.

Upon thee be Bahá El Abhá!

(signed) Abdul Baha Abbas."

In another Tablet He says to Mrs. Killius:

"O thou who art attracted with the Love of God!

Thy letter was like a mirror in which were reflected the pictures of Divine confirmations. Thou hast a heart which is turned toward the Kingdom of Abhá, a spirit rejoiced by the Glad Tidings of God, and eyes illumined by beholding the Lights of God. Your aim is to render a service to the world of Reality. Pure intention is the magnet of heavenly assistance and the only means whereby to attract great power."

To another person whose house has been burned down, He reveals:

"If thy earthly house is destroyed, be thou not sad. May the Palace of the Kingdom be upbuilt! O thou bird of Reality! If thy terrestrial nest is ruined be thou not

unhappy, the Heavenly Nest is destined for thee. His Holiness Christ, the Holy Manifestations, and the Apostles possessed no nest whatsoever in this mortal world, but in the Universe of God a glorious Palace. It is hoped that through the Divine Bestowal, on a lofty station, in the Universe of God, a radiant Palace may be prepared for thee. Consider that the palaces of former kings from the Day of Adam up to the present age are ravaged by the relentless hand of Time, but the towering Palace of the believers of God is built ~~throughout~~ eternity and never subject to destruction. Reflect carefully, and thou shalt observe that all the foundations are upturned, but the foundations of the Apostles of Christ is becoming firmer and loftier every day. It is my hope that thou shalt likewise lay the foundation of such a lofty Palace. The foundation of this Palace is the Will of the Kingdom of God; its galleries are the Teachings of BAHÁ'U'LLAH; its decorations the virtues of the world of humanity, and its radiant lamps the lights of the Divine Kingdom. Therefore, strive as much as thou canst to quicken the dead souls, to guide the erring ones, to cause to drink those who are thirsty, and to invite those who are hungry to sit around the Heavenly Table and partake of the Divine Food."

Ramleh, Egypt, September 13, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Ramleh is honored with the Presence of the Divine King. From this quiet summer resort of the mysterious Egypt, the more mysterious Power of God is felt in the uttermost corners of the world. Men, women and children belonging to all nationalities and religions are turning their attention to this spot. Here, and nowhere else, lives and moves the God-man amongst people, as lived and moved Jesus 1900 years ago along the shores of Galilee. His munificence and generosity embrace the world of humanity. His love is all-inclusive, and the fountain of His sympathy flows without interruption.

With their burdens, sorrows and sufferings, all the children of men come to Him. With spiritual willingness and genuine pleasure He shoulders the burden of everyone; He cheers the despondent heart; He inspires the downcast; He strengthens the weak; He helps the poor and He sows the seeds of Wisdom in the garden of the minds. With a super-human fortitude He stands before the face of the world and proclaims the coming of the Kingdom of God. No human being can measure His power and greatness. He leads mankind gently, and yet with a firm, undeviating purpose to the rose garden of Reality.

Those who are endowed with a spiritual insight can easily realize that the Spirit of God is moving over the world, the doors of the Kingdom are opened, and the Graces and Bounties of the Lord of Hosts are manifest. Thus they arise, with a sudden awakening, to glorify the Lord, and to summon mankind to the Banquet of Eternal Life and Everlasting Felicity.

This morning the Beloved, accompanied by Shougi Effendi, came to our house and sat for about half an hour. Throughout His talk He laughed, thus giving us much happiness. He told us the story of a German Consul in Haifa, illustrating how certain people come to a sad end because they believe in and love to hear the flattery of some sycophants.

"In Haifa," He said, "there was at one time a German Consul who became my friend. He used to call on me often, and I returned His visits. At one time, for a whole month he disappeared. Suddenly one day he entered my room. He had a stick in his hand and was lame. 'O, Aga! how is it that you have not inquired about my health during the past month?' 'Why, friend, what has happened to thee?'

'Yes!' he answered pitifully, 'I am the victim of "Bravo!" Let me tell you how it happened. The German Colony had arranged a ball, and of course I was invited. The Governor, the Judges and the officials of Haifa were likewise invited. When the program of dancing was over they had a jumping competition. One by one they started to jump, but in a clumsy manner. I saw none of them had learned the secret of jumping a long distance, but I had learned in boyhood going to Gymnasium in Germany. When the last one did his jumping without reaching the prescribed mark, I volunteered as a candidate. All eyes were now on me. My first attempt was so successful that it elicited the hearty Bravo! of the Governor. In my heart I was pleased, and thought I will jump again and go beyond the first limit. I went back and back, then forward; I then ran, and when I landed on the other side such a tumultuous applause was raised from the Governor and the officials; Bravo! Bravo! rang in my ears. By this time I was puffed up with pride, and I became blind to my own limitations. Now I will show them, I said to myself, what real jumping is! And with this determination I started the third time. I wanted to jump further, much further, than the first two times, and so when I landed upon the earth with a great rush, I felt a most excruciating pain in my right foot. My leg was broken. I became unconscious, and when I opened my eyes I found myself in bed. For the last thirty days I have suffered very much. Thus, you see now how I became the victim of the Bravo! of the Governor.' Now there are very many people in this world who will go the limit of doing anything, even to attacking the purity and the motive or the character of their friends just to gain a little temporary applause and Bravo!, without thinking of the ruinous effect of such a thing upon themselves in the future, and the loss of public confidence."

Then He said:

"We have received many letters from the East and America. I wonder to which direction we should turn our attention for today." Seeing a package of letters in my hand, He laughingly said: "Is this the work thou hast prepared for me? How many hours dost thou want? It seems to me there is no end to thy requests."

In the afternoon He dictated Tablets in the garden to Shougi Effendi for a long list of believers in Baku, Russia. Tea was served while He revealed the heavenly Tablets. In the afternoon He entertained the Arabic Professor of the American College in Beirut. He spoke to him about the unification of religions and the Principles of the Movement. He went away with new rays of light.

Love.

1.

Ramieh, Egypt, September 14th 1913

Dear Friends:-

In the Garden of the heart plant not but the flowers of love. The fragrance of the hyacinths of love, the potent influence of divine Love, the <sup>complete</sup> efficacy of the spiritual Love, must constitute the foundation of the life and conduct of every Bahai. You shall know the tree by its fruits. You shall recognize a Bahai. by the quality of love he manifests. With love in our hearts we are enabled to benefit humanity. Love being the magnet, its possessor is enabled to attract the hearts to the Kingdom of Abha. True love never changes, and has no similitude or the shadow of turning. Love is the basis of human sympathy, and sympathy prompts us to be kind and compassionate to all those who are in sad circumstances. With love the enemy is changed to a friend, the cheerless is comforted, the weary traveller is lodged, the hungry is fed, the naked is clothed, the destitute is made rich, the weak is reinforced, the hopeless become hopeful and the barren life is made to blossom like unto a rose. Love is the great panacea for the healing of all our social, political, and economic evils. Love is the Holy Fire enkindled in the hearts by the Hand of God. The only love that is all-enduring, divinely refulgent is the love of mankind. Let the power of this love take possession of our beings. Let the sea of this love flow towards the countries of our hearts. Let the rays of this Love illumine the dark recesses of our minds. Let the sun of this Love flood the regions of our souls. With this love we can accomplish anything. Those who have seen even a glimmer of this Love will never become despondent; with shine

September 14th, 1913.

2.

ing faces and smiling lips they will wade through the storm of difficulty, surmount the impassable mountains of trials and reach the goal with added zeal, increased energy, supreme faith and unfaltering courage. This Love exalts one's ideal, purifies one's motive and glorifies one's thoughts. The Bahais are the servants at the Court of this Love; they adore this Beloved and they pay tribute to this King. Love, and only love, makes them invulnerable. With this armour they are protected from every attack. With this army they defeat the hosts of darkness. With this weapon they gain victories over the cities of the hearts. With this torch they dispel the gloom. With this medicine they heal the sick, and with this water they allay the thirsty ones. Out of this book they have learned the Mysteries of God; from this spring they have quaffed the chalice of knowledge; toward this exalted height they are soaring, and in this illimitable ocean, they are submerged. They are followers of the Lord of Love, whose word, action and ideal are spelled in Love--Love for the world of humanity. Their watchword is Love. . Their calling is Love, and their avocation is Love. They eat Love, they drink Love, they are clothed with Love and have their existence through Love. They have known the Source of Love, and Love has made them free. They love God, and they love mankind. They love God's creatures. With this omnipotent power they have arisen to serve humanity. They demand no fee and they seek no worldly position. In all their transactions and dealings, Love is their instructor, Love is the mentor, Love is their guide. They love to live a life of simplicity, prayerfulness, helpfulness and service. They hate cant and they admire rectitude and manly integrity.

September 14th, 1913.

For them there is no sorrow. Life is an elysian garden of joy and happiness, where men may live together lovingly and not a charnel house of grief and sorrow. Love is peace, peace is contentment, contentment is light.

This morning I was called into the Presence of the King of Love. He has taught us what Love is, and how we should gain more capacity to become the custodians of Love. He called Khosro to bring him a small cup of coffee, and when it was served, with a twinkle in his divine eyes, he said, "Who says that Mirza Ahmad does not drink a cup of coffee? Bring him a cup!" Then he dictated several long and wonderful Tablets for the German Believers. He was especially pleased with the letter of Miss Alma Knobloch, and with her splendid work in several German Cities. He ordered the translation of her letter to be sent to all parts of the Orient. He started to dictate a Tablet for her: "O thou Herald of the Kingdom of Abha! Then he said to me: "Truly she is a herald of the Cause of God, She has won this title by the merit of her noble work in guiding the souls!" Then he continued At this time Mirza Alia Akbar was announced, and later on Haji Niaz. Laughingly he related to us the story of a poor man who had come in the morning and would not go from the door unless he was given something. He was an inhabitant of Assa, was stranded in Alexandria and wanted to go back. The Master told him he had no money. The man would not listen to any such excuse. Finally the Master borrowed an English pound and gave it to him. "He was talking so loud and making such a commotion that I had to give him the money!" The Beloved said.

September 14th, 1914.

In the evening we had just finished our dinner when the Master entered the room. Thinking we were yet eating, he commanded us to be seated, and went out. It was useless to beg Him to come back because we had really finished. Thus we were deprived of the light of His Presence, the music of His voice and the inspiration of His Word.

The Thorn-picker

1.

Ramleh, Egypt, September 15th, 1913.

Dear Friends:

No! We do not see the Master to-day. In the morning he was busy reading his letters; in the afternoon he dictated Tablets for the believers of various parts of Persia; in the evening he gave a long, interesting interview of more than two hours to two correspondents of Arabic Dailies in Cairo. We were standing near the door of the Victoria Hotel expecting him to come out when the interview was ended. About 10.30 P.M. we saw him descending the stairs. He was feeling well but a little tired. He said a few words and then passed by, walking erect and with divine dignity toward the house. We returned home and after an hour reading, retired to our beds.

If you would like to hear the story of the King and the thorn-picker as related to me by Mirza Jalal Sina, I will be glad to fall into line. The moral of it must be guessed by yourself:

"Once upon a time the king of the countries of the North went out hunting. While he was chasing a deer he forgot all about his retinue and royal tent and charged his steed through glen and dale, the deer ever evading him by leaping from crag to crag. Suddenly the king realized that he was far away from his servants, the mid-day sun was pouring down its hot rays upon his head. He looked around and to his amazement it was a vast desert full of thorns and Briars. Then in the far distance he spied with his glass an old man picking thorns. The old man was a little startled, and looked up. 'Who art thou?' the king asked

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'I am a poor thorn picker. I maintain a large family by selling these thorns in the city.' 'How many times a week dost thou come here.?' 'Oh! I come every day. If I miss a day my people go hungry.' 'But surely thou art not equal to this hard work.' 'What else can I do?' 'Come, my brother,' the king answered, as he extended to him his hand; 'If thou dost listen to me and obey all my orders I will make thee the richest man in the world. I will teach thee the secret of the philosopher's stone, which transmutes the baser metals into gold.' 'All right! I will follow and obey thee under all circumstances.' 'But thou must first realize that the road is full of temptations. Thou must look neither to thy right nor to thy left, nor shouldst thou listen to anyone but renouncing all things ever follow me.' 'Yea! Yea! I will do anything thou dost command me.' 'Very well, then come! I am willing to give thee a trial.' The thorn-picker, throwing away his simple long stilette with which he used to cut his thorns, started to follow the king. For an hour they walked, until they reached a desert which was shining with the rays of the sun. The old man asked the king; 'Why is this soil so brilliant?' 'The ground of this desert is of silver,' the king answered. 'Oh! Oh! Can I not fill my pockets with it?' he cried out all excitement, 'Did I not tell thee thou wilt encounter temptations. The old man being thus rebuked for his apparent forgetfulness, became silent, and did not say anything; but in his heart was coveting the possession of such free abundant wealth. In order to keep his mind away from his secret thought, the king

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tried to entertain him with various kinds of conversation until they passed by this plain and entered another, the soil of which was a dazzling yellow color.

'What is this?' the thorn-picker asked, with blinking eyes, 'the soil of this plain is of gold.' 'Gold! Gold! my goodness! There is so much gold scattered here, and I am so utterly and so miserably poor, and my family always half starved.' Half bent, inclined by an uncontrollable desire, he was going to grab a nugget, when the king took him by the hand, 'Come, come, my brother! I shall make thee so rich that thou wilt not deign to look at a mountain of gold.' 'Well! I don't know how! Here I see so much gold, a pocket full of which will make me rich beyond my fondest dreams.' 'Do not listen to the suggestions of thy heart. This desert gold is nothing compared to the treasures which are waiting thee.' 'I will wait and see.' At last they crossed the desert, but the old man was moody, his eyes wandered to the right and to the left, looking at the immense amount of gold dust scattered over the plain. Finally they entered another desert. Here their eyes were almost blinded by the dazzling brilliancy everywhere. 'What is this plain made of? Please tell me at once.' The old man asked eagerly. I have never seen anything like it in all my life.' 'Oh! the king answered quite calmly, 'nothing especially valuable, this is the diamond plain.' 'Diamond! his eyes were about ready to fall out of their sockets, 'I have heard that it is the most precious gem in the world. Surely you will permit me to fill at least one of my pockets with these priceless stones! Just think how one of them will make me quite independent!' 'No, brother,

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Thou must not act like a child. On this pilgrimage thou canst not carry anything with thee. Thou must not soil thy wings with water and clay, otherwise thou wilt not be able to see and reach the height. With much persuasion the old man was at last prevented from loading himself with diamonds, and by and by they were out of this plain too. Now it was nearly sunset, when lo! on the edge of the western horizon they saw a wonderful body of water shimmering under the last rays of the sun. The king pointed it out to the old man with an exultant cry; 'Look! dost thou see the ocean lying before us? This is the sea of the philosopher's stone, one drop of which will transmute all the baser metal into the purest gold.'

The old man was, however, by this time extremely tired, and as he was thinking in an absent-minded way how to answer the king, he saw another thorn picker who was a friend of his, appearing on the scene. 'What dost thou do here,' he asked. 'Today', he said, 'several members of our guild went on a strike, so a load of thorns is fetching a high price in the city. Com along with me! We two all our lives, have been non-union members, and for the next two or three days, before the strike is settled, we can make a nice profit by supplying the citizens with the necessary fuel.' The old thorn picker got very much excited over this unexpected news, and forgetting the king, the ocean of the philosopher's stone, and the inexhaustible fortune awaiting him, turned back. The king, pitying their ignorance, cried out after them, promising that he would make both rich beyond their dreams. The younger

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man hesitated for a moment, but the older man would not listen. He said, 'he has fooled me all day, and now he is going to make another fool out of you. Let us run quickly before he persuades us to again obey and follow him.'

"For two days they gathered several loads of thorns, hoping that they would sell at their own prices and become independent and rich, but when they entered the city they learned to their utter dismay that the price was even lower than its current standard, because there had never been such a thing as a strike among the thorn-pickers, and the information given to the young man was based upon hearsay. Then the old man remembered the king, the plains of silver, gold and diamond, and the ocean of the philosopher's stone. Wildly he ran out of the city, searched and searched all the neighborhood plains, but he could not find a trace of the king. Everything had disappeared like magic. Then he said 'Why did I listen to another man? Why did I not obey the king? Why did I deprive myself of such a heavenly treasury?' Thus he was rebuking himself as he continued his search, ever hoping to find the king."

Ahmad Schrab.

Ramleh, Egypt, September 17th, 1913

Dear Friends:-

"All the palaces that are built are subject to destruction; except the palace of Love., which is free from demolition." As long as Love is the ruler of the hearts, no difficulty arises between the individuals, but when it is replaced by indifference and ill-feeling, then the fire of Love is extinguished. In order to remove the possibility of any strangeness, we must ever look to the higher principles of the spiritual life, which binds together all humanity. For a life is indeed sterile unless it produces the Fruits of Love, a Love which breaks through all the walls of national and racial prejudices, entering upon the flowery plain of Universal Brotherhood. The Spiritual Palace, the foundation of which is the Love of God, is never laid waste, but rather day by day its solidity and beauty become more visible and strongly marked. The Palace of the Bahai Life will never be destroyed. Because its supreme Architect is Baha'o'llah, its builder is Abdul Baha, its masons are the elect of God, its laborers are the friends of God who are firm in the Covenant, its foundation is the unalterable Law of God; its cement is the Love of God, its water is the blood of martyrs, its constructive materials are the principles of Absolute Reality, its rooms are the Religions of God, its light is the Sun of Righteousness, its decorations are the virtues of the world of humanity, its imperishable flowers are the glorious attributes of Divinity, and its dwellers are the people of Baha. Its dome shall reach to the height of heaven, and its foundations to the seventh strata of the earth. Men and women from the East and West, North and South, are daily working on the construction of

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this Palace. With a noble self-sacrifice, with unparalleled enthusiasm, with confident self-reliance, they are continually adding new partitions to this heavenly Palace. They do not rest for one moment, neither sleep nor weariness overtake them. The reward of the laborers is with Baha'o'llah. For them spiritual treasures are destined, and inestimable bounties are provided. Are they not joint partners in the building of the Palace of International Peace and arbitration, the edifice of the equality of human rights and the structure of the economic adjustment of all the inescapable problems of this modern era. We are assured by our Divine Architect, whose knowledge is undoubted and whose authority is unquestioned, that the volcanic events of the time and the corroding effect of the coming ages shall not in the least leave their impress upon this spiritual Palace; for it is built upon the rock of ages, and not upon the shifting sands of public opinions. To day the Beloved had a slight fever,; notwithstanding this he wrote many Tablets for the believers of ACCA with his own hand. He received the newly arrived believers Mir Sayad Hossein, a fine young man, a graduate from the Beirut College, is of the Afnans (the relatives of the Bab) and the son of the sister of the Beloved-- the daughter of Baha'o'llah whose husband's name is Haji Mir Sayad Ali Afnan, living at this time in Haifa. Of course he lives in the house of the Master, The rest of the boy students are expected to arrive tomorrow. In the afternoon the Master passed by the house, and went to the garden. He stayed there for more than an hour, telling several stories to Haji Niaz, who was in his Presence. On his return again we met him for a glimpse

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How different are these days compared with those wonderful days in America and Europe, when we were at all times basking under the sunshine of His Presence!

THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH is publishing weekly articles and these are regularly translated into Persian and circulated in the Orient for the knowledge of our Eastern friends, especially the August numbers on the Prison Experience of Abdul Baha. The Beloved has often expressed the wish that the friends will serve the cause if some of them subscribe to the paper. The other day a Tablet was revealed for the Editor, which I transcribe here, so that it may encourage the friends further to increase the Bahai subscription. They can do so through Mr. Jos. H. Hannen; firstly, because he is the Bahai Correspondent of the said paper by the command of the Master, and secondly, the Editor will know that these new subscribers are Bahais and are subscribing to the papers and are doing so at the expressed wish of the Master. One of the latest copies will contain the Beloved's article on Universal Peace.

HE IS GOD.

"O thou kind, beloved friend!

The copies of your peerless papers which are in reality the proofs of your high ideals, the exaltation of your aims and the principles of the prosperity of the world of humanity, were received. Truly I say that this unique paper of yours like unto a clear, transparent mirror reveals the images of Realities. It is the reflection of Truth that mirrors forth through the pages of this paper. All the Bahais are grateful and thankful to you on account of your praise

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worthy intentions. The greatness of these articles is not known and manifest, but in the future they will gain such importance that every copy containing an article on the Cause of Baha'o'llah will be framed, preserved and hung in the most honored place, and its contents will be quoted by the people of culture. Therefore, rest thou assured that thou art sowing pure seeds in pure ground. Ere long they will grow and develop and many harvests will be gathered.

Upon thee be greeting and praise!

(signed) ABDUL BAHÁ ABBAS."

So far as I can judge for the present, our stay in Ramleh is brought slowly to a close, but the next place to be honored by the Presence of the Beloved is not definitely known. Some people talk about his going to Haifa. However, he will be here at least one month more. Our summer was altogether very delightful, the health of the Beloved was fairly good and the sea of Revelation was always moving. He was a source of great joy to the hearts of many believers who have come from all corners of the Orient to see him and receive his spiritual benedictions. May the Morning Star rise, shedding its brilliant rays upon all humanity and spreading the lights of Divine Consciousness upon the world!

Ramleh, Egypt, September 18, 1915.

Dear Friends:

When your cup of joy is filled to overflowing the tears of happiness flow from the eyes; one might try to keep back the tears, but the emotions become so strong, the susceptibilities so keen, the feelings so overwhelming, that it will be impossible to check them. This is a condition that one cannot easily define, either in speech or in writing. It comes over one after the realization of one's most cherished dream like a cyclone. If a friend ask thee "why art thou weeping?" thou thinkest how superfluous is this question. He may think that thou art unhappy, he may wonder at thy weeping, but if he dives to the depth of his heart he will see there the reflection of thine own condition.

This condition is applicable to the spiritual life to a far greater degree. When souls are united by the indissoluble bond of the Spirit, when their very lives flow and mingle in each other, when their hearts are inspired by the same celestial ideals and divine experiences, when they become so real to each other that they set at naught the laws of time and place, communing with each other; then indeed they are the nightingales of the rose garden of Abha.

Faith and the Love of the Beloved will form for them the two white wings of Light wherewith they will soar higher and higher toward the realm of eternity. What joy and bliss when two such souls meet each other, prompted by the same longings, following the same Path, keeping green in the Elysium of their minds the same spiritual yearnings. Their silence is more eloquent than speech; with one word, with one glance, a whole world of thought and conversation is conveyed. Hast thou ever experienced this spiritual unity, this divine association, this at-one-ment with another soul or with a number of souls who live upon the plane of spirituality, and who have no other ambition save the service of the Cause and winning the good pleasure of the Lord of mankind?

Such persons are the stars of the heaven of sanctity, purified from all the stains of human passion, and reinforced by the Breaths of the Holy Spirit. They are pure instruments in the Hand of God, conscious of their own weakness and inability, and ever relying upon the Grace and Favor of their Lord. They are the clarions of Truth, and the angels of Heaven; the fruitful trees in the orchard of this Revelation; the pearls of the Sea of this Dispensation; the soft beaming rays of the Orb of Unity; the fountains of the Water of Life.

When His Holiness Christ was crucified by the Pharisees some people may have thought that at the moment of crucifixion He was thinking that in the future ages many churches and cathedrals will be built in His Name; but these thoughts never occurred to Him. He was rather thinking whether a few souls had truly reached the station of self sacrifice and personal and spiritual purification. In the same manner the BAB and BAHÁ'U'LLAH sacrificed their possessions and lives; not that the children of men might magnify their names, and that posterity might build devotional and civic institutions in their honor; but that they may become more spiritual, divine, heavenly and God-like; that they may become characterized with the characteristics of the saints, and unfurl the banner of the Oneness of the world of humanity. According to His advice we must become in the image and likeness of God, imbued with the celestial virtues and attracted with the Beauty of His Face. It is now high time that we should cast aside all mental and spiritual torpidity, leave behind our soporific tendencies, and arise with one impetuous rush, and like unto the light giving torches guide the wandering travelers thro' the night of uncertainty and scepticism. The lethargic condition must be shaken off, so that new blood may circulate through the arteries and the veins of the body. We must go forward.

This morning the Beloved, dressed in His beautiful, soft, cream colored robe, walking like one of the old Patriarchs of the Mosaic Dispensation, or even like unto Moses Himself with His White Hand of Knowledge and the Rod of Power, entered the house and thus illumined the chambers of our hearts. After He sat down He beckoned us to be seated. Mirza Ali Akbar handed Him a few letters from Russia. He read them without delay, and asked Mirza Moneer to bring paper, ink and pen. He dictated answers to each, and through his answers you could see how he adapted Himself to the individual needs and the spiritual capacity of each person, and out of His abundant Treasury showering upon them the wealth of the Kingdom of Abha. Although these believers live throughout the remote Empire of Russia or Persia or Arabia, yet He knows them and they know Him. How they hunger for and preserve every Tablet He reveals for them, and how eagerly they wait to hear from Him. One of the believers had asked Him what he should do, what course of action he should take up. With a tone of impatience in His voice He said:

"Write to him to go to teach the cause, spread the coming of the Kingdom, and herald the Dawn of the Sun of Reality. To convey this Message is a confirmed matter. Whosoever arises in this service, the angels of the Supreme Concurrence will always aid him. It is true that the friends will do everything in their power to help a person who devotes all his time to the service of the cause; but let there be no doubt on this subject, that in this Movement

there are no regular salaried teachers. A paid teacher would not be able to accomplish as much work as if he were independent. We desire to have teachers in this cause who sacrifice all their belongings, possessions, heart, life and spirit to the cause of God. This will be very effective. The cause must be promulgated with devotion and personal sacrifice, and not through financial operations."

Then He said:

"Yesterday, although I did not feel well, I wrote many letters to the believers of Acca with my own hand. They are old and tried friends."

Then He quoted the names one after another, a long list I assure you. Speaking about the Tablet written to Abul Gasem, the gardener, He said:

"He had sent for us some pomegranates from the garden, so I wrote him (laughing) that the skins of the pomegranates were as rosy and pink as the cheeks of Jameelah (the gardener's wife); but the former is through the creation of God, the latter through the power of devotion." He laughed a great deal. "It is necessary to joke now and then," He said, "joking is the salt of conversation."

After talking further on the subject He left us to call on Mirza Abul Fazl. He has not been feeling very well for the last few days, and therefore, the Master has ordered that he consult with an efficient doctor.

About two o'clock the second party of students arrived from Haifa. They are fine fellows, full of the spirit of the cause, and devoted to their studies. Their names are as follows: Habbibollah Khodabaksh; Badi Boshrouayah; Mir Jalal; Mir Kamal; Abul Hassan Khan; Abdul Ali; and Tarazollah. The first two are very brilliant young men, and owing to their superior wisdom and intelligence they exercise a most salutary influence over the whole student body. They are in a way the leaders of the whole body without the name of leadership. Badi is a versatile poet, as well as Habbibollah. The former sings most beautifully, and on account of this advantage both of them have taught all the students Bahai songs and poems. No sooner had they entered the house than the atmosphere was changed, and we heard snatches of songs, now in solo, and again in chorus.

After awhile the Master sent for them, and they had a lovely, short interview. He fired their hearts with words of encouragement, and hoped they would combine literary knowledge with the practical science. From now on they will

stand daily in the Presence of the Master and listen to His genuine advices.

In the afternoon He passed by followed by Shougi Effendi. He called for me, and I walked behind Him to the rose garden. A telegram to Port Said from the Master to Ahmad Yazdi: "Send Mrs. Fraser to Ramleh" in the morning, had brought back the answer that she has left at one o'clock. He told me to go with Shougi Effendi to the station and bring her home. We were expecting her for the last few days. I am delighted to hear the news.

It was a hot day, but the rose garden is always cool, the cause being the blowing of a fresh breeze. He sent Shougi Effendi to bring for Him a bottle of Avian (?) water. Meanwhile, an Arab who is a laborer, came near and saluted Him. The Arab told a long story, illustrating it with poems about the source of the Nile, that it is the Paradise and flows out from under a throne, a sort of pretty legend. A few men came and were waiting to see the Master. He spoke to them in detail about trustworthiness, and told them three stories out of His own real life. For three hours we sat in His presence, listening with rapt attention to every word He said.

When He left the rose garden Shougi Effendi and myself went to Sidi Jaber station to receive our dear sister Mrs. Fraser. It was a beautiful and never to be forgotten moment when I saw her happy face out of the window, and then we shook hands and greeted her on behalf of the Beloved in the old country of Egypt. After ten minutes she stood before the Desire of all nations. She is going to be with the Holy Family, and I have no doubt the Bahai world will receive a rich and valuable treasure when her Diary will be given out. She has a pure heart, an excellent mind and a trained faculty for description. Isabel, thy star is ascending, thy destiny is glorious, thy faith is great and thy love is genuine.

Ramleh, Egypt, September 20, 1913.

Dear Friends:

It is ten o'clock P. M. I have just returned home, after lying on the shore of the Mediterranean for more than an hour. While my body was lying on the soft sand, my eyes gazing at the infinite orbs of light; my spirit and mind, annihilating time and space, were holding spiritual communion with the friends beyond the seas. The night was dark, there was no person in sight, and how my ears enjoyed the swish of the waves, washing the shore and again receding. Here I am, I thought to myself, and where will I be next year on such a night? Did I ever dream last year that I would have the inestimable privilege of returning to the East in the service of the Lord of mankind, and lie down on the shore of the Mediterranean in Alexandria in such an hour of the night? Truly, how all planning on our part seems futile and childlike compared with the glorious plan designed for us by the Designer of the Universe. How often, in a foolish fit of pride and haughtiness, we prefer our own pygmy plan to that of the Almighty. The cause is very great, and our destiny is very high. What would I have been doing at this very hour, on this very night, were I in America? Do you know? Can you tell me? If I praise God for a thousand years I will not be able to thank Him adequately for thus taking me out of the regions of the far West and its activities into the calm and beautiful home of Truth and Peace. As Mirza Abul Fazl said the other day: "You are now in the school. Daily you are learning your lessons, and the time may come when the Master will send you away to the world to carry out His will and to serve the cause of humanity. It was with such thoughts that I retraced my steps. For the last few nights my after dinner exercise has consisted of these solitary walks and self contemplation.

This morning after the students visited the Beloved we were sent for, and he dealt with the same subject about which He had spoken to them. It was the internal condition of the cause in Teheran, and the history of one of the believers. Then He asked me to go into the other room, and told me I might come any time to see Lua and Mrs. Fraser, to talk with them about the details of the plan of their journey through India, and prepare for them a list of addresses. For an hour or two in the afternoon, with Mrs. Fraser and Lua, we discussed their approaching visit to India. The former gave me a copy of her diary of yesterday, and I will quote here a part of it:

"Suddenly turning to me He said:

'Can you not think of a plan by which you can put me in some place and secretly take me to India with you? What plans have you made for India?'

'I have no plans,' I answered, 'except to obey the will of Abdul Baha!' Then turning to both of us He said: 'What will you do if they dispute these Teachings?'

Lua answered: 'I shall turn to ABBUL BAHHA and call upon Him for spiritual confirmation. After repeating the Greatest Name I shall open my mouth and say what is given to me to say.'

'What will you do if they beat you?'

'I shall know that the confirmations of God are descending upon me.'

'What will you do if they put you in prison?'

'I shall thank God that I have walked in the Path of God, and have been permitted to partake of what ABBUL BAHHA has suffered for years!'

He was silent for a moment. Then He raised His voice, giving it a dramatic emphasis:

'And what will you do if they kill you?'

'I shall realize that the first favor that I ever asked of ABBUL BAHHA has been granted. But the minute my soul is freed from my body, it will fly to ABBUL BAHHA, from whom I hope it would never be separated through all eternity!'

There was a silence. The Master's eyes were closed. Then He said:

'When one goes out to teach he should think of all these things. He must be prepared at all times for whatever comes in the Path of God. During the many years I was in prison, each moment we were under the sword. We felt that perhaps tomorrow or tonight, or in an hour, or on the very hour, an order may come from the Sultan to kill all of us. We never went to bed a single night of that time thinking to see the morrow!'

In this spirit He desires these teachers to enter India, severed from aught else save God, and turning their faces always to Him. America is rendering a wonderful service to India in thus sending to the inhabitants of that country these missionaries of Light and Peace. The history of the future will undoubtedly consider this event as most significant and far reaching in its effect.

In this connection, let us bring to our minds the good and excellent Bahai work done in that country by our two very dear brothers, Mr. Hooper Harris of New York, and Mr. Harlan Ober of Boston. Both these two brothers scattered far and wide the seeds of the Bahai cause in many parts of India, and their memories are always kept green in the hearts of those who have seen or heard them. They are always remembered, and their services will never be forgotten. Like true, staunch pioneers they worked nobly and faithfully, stayed several months in that country, and when they returned they offered many laurels of victory and wreaths of triumph at the feet of ABDUL BAHA. With the lamp of Guidance in their hands, these new missionaries of Light will soon hasten toward India, and with the voice of trumpet they will herald all the people to the Kingdom of Abha, impart the Glad Tidings, rejoice the hearts, and divide the pearls of spiritual susceptibilities.

Hamieh, Egypt, September 21, 1913.

Dear Friends:

"Please tell me another story," I asked Sayad Jalal Sina, as I sat down in front of my writing table, a little too tired to write, but eager to listen to some allegorical story to while away the time.

"Once upon a time," he started, without hesitation and with willingness, "a king of antiquity who had conquered many countries and had raised the flag of Authority over many climes, became restless and very discontented with his lot. On the occasion of a New Year's day, when all the Cabinet Ministers, Dignitaries of State, Colonial Governors and officials of remote countries had gathered in the capital to pay their homage and tribute to their King and Emperor, and while he was seated on his diamond studded throne, with all these men standing row after row before him, he raised his voice, addressing the concourse of officials clothed in their dazzling robes of office:

'My beloved friends! From my earliest youth I have obtained everything my heart has wished. I have had the good fortune of obtaining wise counsel from excellent teachers and statesmen. Then, having attained the age of maturity, I ascended the throne after the death of my father. I have ever striven to keep Peace within the vast heterogeneous elements of my empire, and extended the boundaries of our possessions beyond the seas. The mighty arms of our generals have carried the authority of our government and the influence of our laws to the confines of the earth. Notwithstanding these things, I am not contented. My heart longs for the attainment of an object which is to my mortal eyes seemingly unattainable. I do not know what it is, but I feel there is something for the possession of which I am ready to give my whole empire! The idea has occurred to me that I may ask each one of you to relate to me the story and the experiences of your lives. Perchance, thro' your narration I may be able to discover the secret of this longing which is knocking at the door of my heart.'

For several minutes the great throng of people in the audience chamber fell into a deep silence, so that if a pin were dropped one could hear its noise. They looked furtively at each other, and each wondered in his heart: 'What is this something that the King is willing to forfeit his whole Empire for its possession?' At last the Prime Minister arose from his seat and related a long story about the experiences of his life! He sat down and others followed him, in order of succession. All the while the King shook his head, thus showing that the problem had not yet been solved.

Finally, an old man who had been the wise mentor and guide of the King from his childhood, arose from his seat and addressed him with a penetrating and convincing voice:

'Sire, I know the object of your Majesty's search. You are longing for the Water of Life, the Fountain of which is situated in the Kingdom of Darkness. I have been there. I have seen it with my own eyes, and I have drunk from it deeply. Now, having attained to Eternal Youth, I am bound for the Kingdom of Light.'

'Oh! Oh!' the King exclaimed, rising from his throne and shaking off his lethargy, 'that is the thing I have wished all my life, but did not know what it was. From this very moment I shall make due preparations to start after its search. I will close my eyes to all rest and comfort till I have found it!'

Then he ordered his generals to summon the army, order colors, and issued an edict for the Imperial Guards, that they must be prepared to start on a very long journey. After a week of feverish work everything was ready. The king appointed his successor. On the last day the inhabitants arranged a mammoth open air reception, and after delivering to them a farewell speech, amidst flying colors and to the singing of the national anthem he started at the head of his great army for the Kingdom of Darkness.

After many months of hard journeying through dry, desolate deserts and over well high impassable mountains, the fagged and exhausted army reached the desired destination. But the King, to his disappointment, remembered that the old man had told him in a private meeting that there are about 2000 fountains in the Kingdom of Darkness, and as regards color, taste and other properties they are exactly alike. Therefore, it would be a matter of impossibility to distinguish one from another. Thinking all the hardships of this arduous journey would be crowned with no success, and being filled with apprehension and terror at the gloomy darkness enveloping the innumerable legions, with no possibility of freedom, he resigned himself to the hands of Fate, and began to think how he and his army might manage to extricate themselves from this impenetrable gloom. At this juncture the old man appeared on this scene, and the King's hope was immediately revived. He told him his great perplexity at not being able to find the real Mountain of Life, inasmuch as there were two thousand fountains.

'This is very easy,' he said, 'I have come here especially to relieve your mind from further anxiety on this point. Here is a dead fish, take it along with you. When you reach a fountain drop it in. If it is revived you shall

know without doubt that you have the Fountain of Life before your eyes.'

Then the old man disappeared in the same mysterious way as he had suddenly appeared. The King, thus heartened by the advice of his old mentor, ordered his army to decamp and continue the journey. After several days they reached a large fountain, and as soon as the King dropped the fish in the water, it became a living, moving being. Then he prostrated on the ground and thanked God for thus guiding him at last to the Fountain of Life. There he camped for a few days, and drank deeply from the Water, gaining new Life, new hope and new courage.

Realizing that he had attained to the supreme object of his existence, he decided to return. Just before their departure a great invisible voice filled the air:

'Whosoever takes away the stones from the bottom of the Fountain of Life will regret it afterwards, and whosoever does not take them will also regret.'

The people were puzzled and did not know what to do. Finally, a number of them filled their pockets, under the pretense that even if they did not take any with them they would regret it, so it is just as well to take them; others argued, 'why should they burden themselves with any of these stones and then regret it afterwards.' So it happened that half of the army possessed themselves of the stones, and the other half returned empty handed. When they came out of the Kingdom of Darkness, they observed to their great astonishment that these stones were most precious gems. Those who had taken them regretted that they did not take more, and those who were empty handed regretted that they did not take any. Thus both sides were afflicted with remorse and regret."

Now, instead of giving you the full significance of this story, I will give you the key:

The King: Every man.  
 Old man: Reason.  
 Fountain of Life: Religion.  
 Fish: Heart.  
 Invisible voice: Intuition.  
 Stones: Good deeds.  
 Kingdom of Darkness: Material world.  
 Kingdom of Light: Spiritual world.  
 Eternal Youth: Everlasting Life.  
 Two thousand fountains: Creeds and sects.

In the morning the Beloved came to our home, and as a preliminary part of His talk He spoke about the renewal of the rent of our house, which of course meant a longer stay in Ramleh. Then, as naturally He fell into a description of the complexity of the means of modern life.

"How complex are the means of the life of the present age, and how much more complex we are making it daily. The needs of humanity seem never to come to an end. The more they accumulate, the more they want. There is only one way of freedom, and that is, by shutting one's eye and heart to all these things that distract the mind. The Arab of the desert teaches us a great lesson in the simple life. Living as he does in the waste Sahara, he lacks all the means of life except a crude tent, a rug or mat, a caldron, a sword hanging to the inside pole of the tent, and a javelin tied to the outside pole. This is all his furniture. Then, if he is wealthy he has a mare, or a horse, a few camels and, maybe, adjoining his tent a palm grove. It never occurs to his mind that there is anything else in this world. He is happy and has no worry. His food consists of a bowl of milk and a few dates, and he may well wonder at the city man, how he can digest all the different kinds of dishes with their flavors and spices. His thought is peaceful and serene, contrary to the city people, who are always haunted by the nightmare of livelihood."

Afterwards I went to see the Master. He was surrounded by many people, and was writing at the same time. In the afternoon I visited Mrs. Fraser and Lua, and for quite awhile we talked together about their trip to India. Both are full of enthusiasm and are looking forward with great pleasure to their coming experiences. In the evening the Master sent for me, and in speaking with Mrs. Fraser He said:

"I am very pleased with thee, because as soon as thou didst receive my cablegram, although there were difficulties in the path, thou didst push them aside and come. The confirmations of the Kingdom of Abha shall descend upon thee. Thou art going to India in the service of the Kingdom of God, and the Angels of the Supreme Concurrence shall assist thee. Rest thou assured. Because thy heart is pure thou wilt attract to thyself the Heavenly Bestowals!"

Ramleh, Egypt, September 22, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Last night when Mrs. Fraser left the room the Beloved continued to walk. He was tired and fatigued. He sat down and closed His eyes.

"How glad I shall be when I leave this world, the world of darkness and sorrow, pain and suffering!" He sighed.

It seemed to me He was too exhausted to speak another word, and I was going to retire. Then, somehow, Mrs. Haney's letter came to my mind, so I said: "I had a letter from Mrs. Haney the other day, in which she expresses great joy at reading the story of self sacrifice of Mullah Mehdy Kandy." Immediately He opened His eyes; He looked a different person, as though supplied by a tremendous force from an invisible source. As soon as the name of the martyrdom was mentioned He was brightened up, and arose from His seat and began to speak with inspiration and eloquent fervor, throwing additional side lights upon the life of that divine martyr; and then, just as unconsciously, a great stream of words flowed from His tongue in praise of Mary Magdalene, and how she became the cause of the constancy and steadfastness of the disciples of Christ. It seemed that I had tapped the very source of His Divine enthusiasm, and, for that moment at least, His unique Mission was evident, and it is self sacrifice, self immolation, renunciation of self!

This morning Shougi Mffendi entered my room with a cable (wireless) message in his hand, just received from Doctor Getsinger, announcing his arrival Monday morning, and because this was Monday the Master had sent me word to go to the wharf to welcome him. I was on my way without delay, and had to wait until noon. Then the Prinz Heinrich of the German line appeared, and after a few minutes I spied Dr. Getsinger on deck. We had to wait two hours in the custom house before we were freed, and then taking a carriage, and putting his two trunks and one suit case in front, we drove to Ramleh.

About 4 o'clock the Beloved greeted him in his house, and about six we called upon Mirza Abul Fazl. He was very glad to greet him back to the Orient, and enquired about many believers in Washington, Chicago and New York. Then a historical discussion about the Bible, and the exact date in which Zoroaster lived, waxed hot, until the Master came in. We all sat out on the balcony, and for a few moments the Beloved joked with Dr. Getsinger, reminding him of the days he was traveling with Him in America. From there He took a long walk, after dictating a long Tablet to the believers of Mazandaran in the garden. Returning from His walk, He came

to our house and spoke with the students. Thus He attends to His flock with care and solicitude. Dr. Getsinger is going to have a room in the New Victoria Hotel as the guest of the Beloved.

The following is the translation of a Tablet revealed to the believers in Leipzig, Germany:

"HE IS GOD!

O ye sons and daughters of the Kingdom!

The heavenly daughter, Miss Knobloch, has given the utmost praise about your faith and love; that, Glory be to God! when you heard the Call of the Kingdom your spirits gained the capacity of flight, your hearts were illumined with the Light of Guidance, you drank from the Cup of Divine Knowledge the Elixir of Bestowal, and you became intoxicated with the Wine of the Kingdom. Thank ye God that He has chosen you from amongst all the people of the world, and ye attained such an eminent Gift; so that each one of you may usher in the Kingdom of God, and like unto the stars you may shine and gleam. This Bestowal of the Most Great Guidance is not so apparent now, but in future ages it will illumine the East and the West.

Consider that during the days of His Holiness Christ- Upon Him be Glory! - no one gave any importance to the Guidance of the Apostles. The populace pretended that 'O, a number of insignificant souls who are the catchers of fish have gathered themselves around a poor man, and are talking foolishly; nay, rather, they were ridiculous.' They laughed even at the Blessed Personage of Christ, and spat upon that radiant, luminous and wonderful Countenance! But, reflect, that afterward, the Guidance of these catchers of fish became famous throughout all regions, and up to this time mankind is glorifying and praising them!

Upon ye be Baha El Abha!

(signed) Abdul Baha Abbas. "

Another Tablet to one of the German believers is as follows:

"HE IS GOD!

O thou respected youth!

How many holy souls in the past ages have longed most intensely just to hear the Name of the Divine Kingdom, and be living during the Day of the Promised One of all the

nations of the world, but they passed away and left this world with utter regret, because they did not attain to their wish.

In this radiant Century God has so confirmed thee that thou mayst step into the Universe of Life, be trained in the Cradle of God's Protection and Preservation, suck the milk of tenderness from the Breat of Providence, and take a share and portion from the Light of Guidance. Consider what a great Favor is this! What a wonderful Bounty is this! Therefore, loosen thy tongue in the glorification of this Most Great Bestowal, and summon the people to the Kingdom of God, so that others may receive a goodly portion from this Holy Cause.

Upon thee be Baha El Abha!

(signed) Abdul Baha Abbas. "

Ramleh, Egypt, September 24, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Since the arrival of the students from Haifa, table talks have become a fashion. These talks are delivered in English. Now and then one hears a good speech, short and to the point. It seems to me very interesting how these young men are eager to learn everything from everywhere, and thus increase the stock of their information, so that in the future they may become enabled to teach the Cause with an eloquent tongue and fluent speech. Why, then, do they practice in English rather than Persian, one might ask. This, in itself, is of course another sign of that drawing together of nations and peoples, that commingling of interests and ideals. The one all absorbing thought of these young men is to equip themselves with all the instruments whereby they may go out to the war of ignorance, selfishness and greed. I may quote herein one or two short addresses given by these budding orators. The following is an example. Toward the latter part of it is a compliment to Mirza Habbibollah Khodabaksh, who will graduate next year as a Doctor of Medicine. Imagine it is midday, and we are all sitting around the table at luncheon. The orator rises from his seat and starts to speak. I shall not try to make many corrections in the English, because my own is insufficient:

"Gentlemen! Bahai Brothers!

According to the religious history, about 7000 years ago, God the Maker of all things, through His Mercy and Providence, created the world and made man after His Own Image and Likeness. Since that time up to the present day His Manifestations have appeared successively upon the earth, and thus the dark earth has become quickened and vivified through the spiritual vibrations of their Divine Teachings. Through this spiritual education they have attained to a higher degree of knowledge and advancement. They have traversed through the arc of ascent, and flying upward toward the apogee of progress, until now they have obtained the capacity for the appearance of the Manifestation of God.

When His Holiness Moses, the Interlocutor, appeared, thousands believed in Him, and having received and lived His Divine Teachings and instructions, they became the leaders of other nations. God showed them His Love, and showered upon them His blessings like unto the torrent. He freed them from the tyrannical yoke of the Pharaohs, brought them out of Egypt, and established them in the Promised Land. He sent down for them roasted (quail?) birds and manna from heaven. He cleft asunder the sea and made for them a safe passage to pass through. He called them His children. They became worthy of every praise and embodied every virtue. Later on,

however, they forgot the heavenly laws, followed their own inclinations, and worshipped idols instead of the One Almighty Jehovah. As a result, they stopped progress and were not advancing. Their civilization waned, and their moral virtues retrograded. For many ages they were scattered, humiliated and scorned. But now, Praise be to God! they are stirred with a new Life, resuscitated with a new Spirit, and many of them are quickened by the call of the Kingdom. The Lord of Hosts has come, the King of Kings hath appeared. The Rays of the Sun of His Mercy have enlightened them, and the Breeze of His Benevolence has wafted over them. Thus they are endowed with a seeing eye, a hearing ear and an understanding heart.

One of these blessed souls is a brilliant young man of 30 years. His face is shining, his speech is winsome, his heart is radiant with the Light of the Love of God, and his countenance is as pure and bright as the brightest diamond. His dark, ample brow, his towering forehead, his partly slender nose, and his graceful manners, indicate a refined nature, and a true Bahai. His disposition is well disciplined, his attitude tolerant, his character wisely balanced, and his nature amiable. His intentions are pure, his desires are holy, and his aims are philanthropic, ever thinking of the welfare of the world of humanity. My humble delineation of this gentleman seems quite superfluous when we remember the repeated praises and commendations of the Lord of mankind, our beloved ABDUL BAHÁ, in his behalf. Is not His word a divine testimony, heavenly witness and celestial blessing? The name of this young man is Doctor Habbib 'Alí Khodabaksh. He is sitting now at this table, and is one of the promising Bahais of this twentieth century of light and knowledge. We congratulate him heartily, and offer him our best wishes, hoping that he will be assisted by God to cure and heal the ills of humanity, both physical and spiritual; bestow Eternal Life upon every dead one; and causing mankind to obtain immortality, and leading them to the Fountain head of Light and Bounty. Amen! (Everyone says Amen aloud.)

In conclusion, we present to him unanimously one request, and that is, he must sweeten our mouths with candies and sweet meats with his sweeter hand. (Yes! Yes!) We do not care whether it is Turkish Delight, Baglava or Kanafa; for we will be satisfied with any kind. (Applause!)

Having then partaken of these delicious candies, we shall offer in his behalf a prayer, begging God to help him, guard him at all times, provided he may not kill or take the life of the people, like some of the so called physicians. This prayer we offer from the depth of our hearts, that, perchance, we may come under his treatment; thus he may not hand us at once our passports to the Kingdom.

Let us all greet him with one voice with  
ALLAHO ABHA! and afterward kiss his cheeks on both sides."

This was performed with great zest and alacrity. The orator sits down amidst great cheering and applause, each one going forward to shake his hand and congratulating him on his success. Our friend gives his promise to prepare candy for everyone.

This morning the Beloved received the students. His talk to them was about His lecture in Leland Stanford University, praising meanwhile Dr. Jordan, the President, and his labors in the field of International Peace. He encouraged the students to take post-graduate courses in that University in case it were necessary, because He has spoken about this matter with Dr. Jordan. Already many of them are thinking of going there if special arrangements can be made, and they are going to write to the President and ask for particulars and details.

A telegram was sent to Port Said to inquire about steamers going to Bombay, for our friends. I believe they will leave here about the fifth of October.

Yesterday the new Persian Consul-General arrived from Constantinople, and the Master sent all the students to welcome him on his arrival at the steamer, and today with Mirza Ali Akbar He went to Alexandria to pay him a visit in the hotel where he is stopping for a few days before his departure for Jadda. In the course of conversation He pointed out to the Consul-General the impartial attitude of Bahais in recent developments in Persia, and how they are the lovers of peace and progress. The mission of the Bahai Cause is universal and not local; its Principles are for all humanity and not Persia alone; its objects are world wide and not sectarian. The Bahais are the army of spiritual and intellectual advancement. Then He spoke a few words about the promotion of the Cause in America and Europe. The Consul-General became very attracted, and he made an engagement to come the next day and call on the Beloved. On His way back, in the tramway, the Master showed love and kindness to a little child with his mother. The child was so attracted that he came and sat next to the Master, and his mother had to tear him away from the Master. He did not want to be separated from Him. Finally, the Beloved gave him a gift and kissed him, and the mother thankfully and happily carried him away, with reluctance.

Ahmad Sohrab.

Ramleh, Egypt, September 25, 1915.

Dear Friends:

The other day I was speaking with one of the students as we were walking along the broad avenue. The subject was "Unity", a word much used in the Bahai Movement. "Unity," he said in good English, "is the foundation of all successful undertaking. With unity of purpose harmonious action is produced. When various elements are brought together, and the basic unity is established, an organism is the result. In the political world union is the watchword of all the statesmen; and in the Bahai world Unity has a deep significance which can only be realized by the absorption of the Bahai qualities in one's system. The aim of this cause is, as we all know, a confederation of all the world's religious systems, a consolidation of the political interests of the nations, and a truly grand realization of the brotherhood of man. To my mind every letter in the word Unity stands for a great Principle or quality.

For example, "U" stands for Understanding. We must at all times try to understand Truth impartially and improve our understanding. "N" stands for Nourishment. Once we have got our understanding, we must "nourish" it with Wisdom and Knowledge, and cleanse it with the Water of Intelligence. "I" stands for Investment. If we have a capital we must invest it in order to increase it. If we are true Bahais we must teach the cause and spread the Glad Tidings of the Kingdom of Abha, and awaken those who are asleep. "T" is for Thoughtfulness. Before teaching we must think, or in other words, before teaching others we must teach ourselves. "Y" means to Yield to the Truth. If you investigate an object and realize that it is reality, yield to it. Don't shut your eyes to the Truth once you have seen the glory of its beauty. Let us cling to the Truth as a shipwrecked sailor clings to the rock.

Our aim is to "Understand" everything in a comprehensive manner; to "Nourish" our Understanding with truths from every clime; to "Invest" our acquired knowledge in the best possible channel pleasing to our Lord; to practice "Thoughtfulness" under all circumstances; and "Yield" to Reality, no matter from what horizon it dawns. Thus we may become the cause of U N I T Y in the world of humanity."

For a moment or two I was silent and pondered over this rather intelligent interpretation of the word Unity, and blamed myself for not having thought about it myself, while I praised the other for his very timely explanation. At this time Mirza Ali Akbar joined us and asked what we were talking about. Our student friend told him in Persian.

"Let me tell you a story," he said, "which illustrates this point. Once upon a time there was a stork, a fish and a prawn. They became friends, and desired to travel together in company. They said to each other that they would do everything in Unity; but the stork wanted to start on the journey by way of the air, the fish through the watery path of the river, and the prawn by the track of a pond. The three formed a Board or Committee of Consultation, to see which mode is the best for traveling together. They had many sessions, but they could not determine upon any plan, each one insisting that his opinion is correct, and not willing to yield to the other. Finally, they saw a little baby carriage not very far away, and they decided to use that as a common vehicle for traveling. They came and hitched themselves to the carriage, confident in the thought that now all their differences are solved; but no sooner had they started than they began to assert their opposite natures. The stork flew 'upward', the fish went 'forward', and the prawn was hurrying 'backward'. Thus they could not agree, and they had to give up their wonderful plan of 'Unity'.

Similarly, in this cause, when we come together to consult, in order to achieve results we must be willing and happy to sacrifice our wills and ideas if others have better plans and ideas. We must not be self opinionated. If this condition becomes prevalent among all the friends, then all the hearts will be made very happy, and spiritual success will be accomplished. We must embody in every act of our lives the meaning of 'Unity'. The world is hungry for the bread of Unity, thirsty for the Water of Unity, longing to hear the word of Unity, yearning to behold the Face of Unity. We Bahais claim to be the vanguard of the army of Unity. We must teach to the world what is the meaning of Unity, thro' our deeds and conversations. Let Unity be our victorious emblem. Let our flag be the Flag of Unity. Let each Bahai become the living expression of Unity. Let our motto be Unity, a Unity the foundation of which is the Love of God, and the stars of which are the qualities of the Merciful."

Today I received a few letters from across the sea. When, an hour later, I stood before ~~our~~ ~~Master~~, He asked: "What news have you got in your letters?" I told Him, and He was pleased. He sat in our house for half an hour, but He said only a few words. In the afternoon He was in the garden, revealing Tablets for the friends in the United States, Canada, Germany, and Persia. I took to Him eleven photographs, begging Him to sign them so that with this added significance I might give one to each of the students.

Diary Sept. 25, 1913

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Later on, in the evening, the Consul-General of Persia, driven in state, called on the Master, and stayed a long time. He spoke with him in detail about his trip throughout America and Europe.

Often during the evening we call on Mrs. Starnard, Miss Hiscock, and Mr. Getsinger, at the Hotel Victoria, and sitting on the large veranda we talk together about the cause and the Master of the cause.

Almad Schrab.

Hamleh, Egypt, September 27, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Have you ever seen the original writings of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH? Tablets written with His Own Blessed Hands? I had the privilege of seeing a short Tablet today, and immediately it put me into a mysterious touch with that Holy and Divine Power. Just think! to hold in your hands, and read with your own eyes a Tablet written with His Own Hand! For many minutes I looked at the writing, entranced and wonder struck. Behind the Words I could read the unparalleled sufferings and persecutions forborne by His followers. The Tablet belongs to Haji Niaz. He went to Cairo yesterday morning, and returned in the evening, bringing with him this Tablet. When he was in the Presence of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH, he requested Him to reveal for him something. The Blessed Perfection took the pen and paper, and wrote for him the following prayer, which can be memorized by every Baháí in the world:

"HE IS THE KNOWING, THE WISE!

"O God! O God! I beg of Thee by Thy Radiant Name, by Thy Collective Name, to change the humiliation of Thy chosen ones into Thy Glory; their weakness into Thy Strength; their impotence into Thine Omnipotence; their poverty into Thy Wealth; and their fear into Thy Assurance.

O Lord! Illumine their hearts by the Light of Thy Knowledge.

O Lord! Behold Thou these thirsty ones journeying toward the River of Thy Bestowal and the Ocean of Thy Generosity.

Verily, Thou art the Powerful, the Mighty, the Benevolent! "

What would not one give just to get a prayer like unto this from the Hand of the Manifestation of God! Truly this is a great Gift. These old men who have seen BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH many times are to my eyes very wonderful, no matter what their station in life. Have they not seen the Glory of God, the Revelator of the Word, the Majesty of the Lord? It takes my breath when I think of it. I always look upon them with a peculiar reverence and respect. If someone had time just to write down their story it would make, I am sure, very interesting reading.

One of the most dramatic events connected with this Movement is the Departure of the Blessed Perfection. The details surrounding this world tragedy are very wonderful,

and in those day, and six months after the Ascension, Haji Niaz was present in Acca. He has witnessed everything, and having once heard the story, I think it will be fine to reduce it to writing; but I am waiting now to hear from other eye witnesses, and once I have gotten all my materials together, I hope to write the story in a consecutive manner. Up to this time no adequate history of the Life of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH is written. All that we have are fragments, or the mere outline. How I long to see a man endowed with spiritual insight, divine faith, historical imagination, and intellectual perspicacity, arise, and with patience and perseverance, travel through the East, collecting the proper materials, and then write a connected history of the Heavenly Life of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH, with all that it means to the world, and the progress of human civilization. Such a man will confer an eternal benefit to mankind. It is a hundred times easier to undertake a work like unto this at the present time than in the coming ages. Not only are there many people living who have seen BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH, and whose stories must be preserved, but we have among us ABÚS BAHÁ, our Beloved, Who has lived and traveled with His Father throughout all His sufferings and wanderings, exile and imprisonment. The time is ripe for such an undertaking.

Yesterday and today many pilgrims arrived. From India, four men, two women and three children, all Zoroastrian Baháís; from the Persian Gulf, a prominent ex-Governor; from Russia, an ardent believer; and from Persia, an enthusiastic youth. Those who desire to see a Religious Congress must come and stay with ABÚS BAHÁ, and observe how these men and women of various types and faiths come from all parts of the world to receive heavenly knowledge from the Bounteous Table, and then return to their respective homes inspired with the Celestial Spirit of God moving the world forward to its ultimate destination.

A number of us went last night to the station to welcome our Zoroastrian friends. Their faces were set aglow with the Fire of the Love of God. They were great big hearty men, with that stamp of nobility and dignity in their faces which does not wear off. How glad they were when they heard that the American Baháís will soon go to India to spread the Glorious Message. "We long to see them", they said in chorus. "We are ready to receive them and to sacrifice our lives for them. How wonderful, how wonderful! that God has given us the mighty privilege of witnessing His miraculous works. Are they not our real brothers and sisters? All the believers of India are expecting their arrival, and will co-operate with them to the extent of their capacity, to spread the Message of Light and Truth!"

In the morning the Beloved spoke in detail with the students about public speaking, and emphasized the fact that they must practice at all times, because, as the future teachers of the Cause it is essential for them to develop this God given faculty. Amongst themselves they must choose various topics on all subjects, physical and spiritual, and then lecture about them, and thus employ their imagination.

Ramleh, Egypt, September 28, 1915.

Dear Friends:

As usual the Beloved received the students this morning, and, as they are going to leave tomorrow for Beirut to be there before the opening of the college on October fifth, He reminded them of the former glory of Persia and her present decadence, and encouraged them to go on with their studies, that the confirmations of God will be ever with them, and wished them to be radiant stars in the Horizon of Baha. Afterward, the Zoroastrian Bahais were permitted to see the face of the Master. They were so happy and glad, because they have reached their destination after the long journey.

In the course of the conversation with Mrs. Peaser the Master told her:

"I desire that you be filled with BAHÁ'O'LLÁH. You must concentrate all your ideas and thoughts around the promotion of the Word of God. Just as the cup is filled with the wine, so thy heart must be inflamed with the Love of the Blessed Perfection. Look at me, how from early morning until late in the evening I am engaged in the service of the cause. I devote all my time to BAHÁ'O'LLÁH. As you are going to India, let thy one thought be BAHÁ'O'LLÁH. He will help you. Whenever I send someone to serve the cause, I pray in his behalf, and God will assist him. I pray in his behalf. Rest assured that I will be with you, and you will be enabled to render great services. Let thy heart be at rest, and have no fear."

In the afternoon the Master was again in the garden, dictating Tablets to Mirza Moneer. Mrs. Stannard was also permitted to be present and be an eye witness of these heavenly afternoons. Those who are privileged to sit in the garden while the Beloved is arranging the Divine Bouquets of the Roses of Significances and the violets of Realities, to be sent to all parts of the world, can never forget. The Master is earnestly turning His attention to the believers of the Orient, and the Secretaries are kept busy copying the innumerable Tablets which descend from the Heaven of the Divine Will. Now and then a number of Tablets are revealed for the West, but the East is getting the lion's share. Before sunset, as I was walking outside the house, I saw the Master coming out of the rose garden followed by a number of believers, Mrs. Stannard, and a newspaper correspondent. With the latter the Beloved walked away, and I joined Mrs. Stannard and walked toward the beach. For nearly an hour we sat on the sand watching the sea and speaking about the cause, the Master, the future progress of the Revelation. All the believers love her. She is an angel of light, a

wonderful Bahai, and the Master always praises her sincerity, her devotion, her enthusiastic activity, her broad vision, and her unfailing energy in many directions. This being the last night, the students and the resident Bahais had a farewell meeting, and addresses were delivered both in Persian and English. Each address was followed by the singing of a Bahai song. It was really a most wonderful evening, which will never be forgotten. We were singing and talking until late in the evening. Would you like to hear one of the addresses?

"My dear Bahai brothers!

During the last few days, through the Mercy of our Beloved ABUL BAHA, we have been brought together. We have lived under one roof, sat around one table and associated together in the spirit of love and unity. I cannot express to you adequately how much I was impressed by your earnestness and true friendship. The memory of these days, as well as the days spent with your companions who constituted the first party, will ever live in my mind. We cannot gainsay one thing, and that is, the Fire of the Love of BAHAI'U'LLAH and ABUL BAHA burning in the heart of each one of you. God, through His Grace, has chosen you from amongst the people of Persia, and crowned your heads with the diadem of Faith! This is the highest privilege in the Kingdom of Abha! Undoubtedly, you must have been waiting for the reception of this spiritual Gift.

In this day only those who are pure in heart, unselfish in aim, and self sacrificing, are enrolled in the invincible rank of the Army of God. By this you can easily see that each one of you is a soldier, and must be a courageous soldier, ready to give up his life at any instant for the sake of the Cause. ABUL BAHAI is your Commander-in-Chief, and from the Invisible World He is continually reinforcing you with the Power of the Holy Spirit. Your artillery is the Principles of the Cause; your cannon is the Love of God; your rifles are the Divine Teachings; and your defenders are the Angels of the Supreme Concurrence. In your hearts is the love of humanity; on your lips is the word of Ya-Baha-El-Abha!; in your hands is the sword of Light. Before you there is no defeat, behind you there are glorious victories, and on all sides you are surrounded by the confirmations of God. ABUL BAHAI has instructed you and has inspired your hearts with the mysteries of self sacrifice. He is looking toward you with wistful tenderness, expecting that each one will become a great teacher in the Cause. From a physical standpoint, you are the citizens of Persia, but from a spiritual standpoint, you are the citizens of the Kingdom of Abha, which

means the citizens of the world. Consequently, although Persia has a claim on you, the world has a greater claim.

You are all aware of the fact that through the Revelation of His Holiness BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH a new Spirit of Brotherhood is about leavening all the degrees of society, and enlarging the horizon of human intellect. Naturally, then, every Bahai is called upon to contribute his share to this general awakening, and once you are out of the campus of your Alma Mater you will be called upon by the Lord of Hosts to gird up the loins of endeavor, and spread amongst the present day religions and nations that spirit of tolerance and freedom from prejudice which are so much needed.

I can never forget the day in Washington when our Beloved ABDUL BAHÁ called on the Ambassador of Turkey. He was sitting near the window, watching the number of men and women passing by. At the time a young negro as black as coal passed by.

'Did you see that young black negro?' He asked. 'Yes', I answered. 'I declare by BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH that I wish him to become as radiant as the shining sun which is flooding the world with its glorious light,' He said earnestly.

This example will show you how our Beloved is anxious, and how He is working day and night so that all mankind may advance daily along the degrees of spiritual and intellectual activities of life, ever marching upward till it attains to the highest station of perfection. Of course we must polish the mirror of our hearts, we must make ourselves more capable for the appearance of the hidden virtues of the world of humanity; otherwise, we will not be confirmed in the accomplishment of universal services.

In His recent addresses and Tablets ABDUL BAHÁ has repeatedly emphasized the principle of teaching the Cause, awakening those who are asleep, bestowing sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and life to the dead ones. Today this is the greatest service in the Cause of God. This is of paramount importance, and must not be overlooked for one moment. In other parts of the world, East and West, North and South, the friends of God are doing their best to spread the Glad Tidings of the Kingdom. I know full well that teaching in Syria, Egypt and Turkey is forbidden, but you can do one thing, and that is, prepare yourselves for the time to come. When a nation determines to go to war, the commissary department will make definite plans, fill the arsenals with powder and cartridges, and the magazines well supplied with food. Therefore, you must be always ready for war, the kind of war that destroys ignorance, wipes away spiritual prejudices, and

shatters the forces of darkness. Let us acquire knowledge, more knowledge, and yet more knowledge; for that which decreases ignorance and increases insight is acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Personally, I have done nothing in the cause, neither have I performed any service to entitle me to stand up here and give you any valuable advice, for during my stay in America I have learned one thing, and that is, the more one learns the greater is his ignorance. However, in this Supreme Dispensation the Blessed Perfection has promised us that if we arise to serve the cause the spiritual confirmations will come to our assistance, and the doors of God's Guidance will be opened before our eyes from all sides. Consequently, our trust is in the Lord of Hosts. We must turn our hearts at all times toward the Kingdom of Abha, and the center of the Covenant, and rest assured that all our best wishes and ideals will be realized as long as our aim is to promulgate the cause and scatter the Teachings abroad.

After the lapse of a few hours you will return to college scenes and life which you no doubt cherish and love, but a few of us will yet stay here, near the Threshold of ABBUL BAHÁ, to learn more of the lessons of selflessness, renunciation, holy enthusiasm, firmness and severance from all else save Him.

You are laden, not only with the jewels of His Words, but your memory is refreshed by the wafting of the Breeze of His Divine Presence. We all enjoyed your association, were stirred into cheerfulness by your singing Bahai songs, and will ever remember these happy and memorable days. May the stars of the highest hope dawn from the Eastern horizon. May you become the true servants of the world of humanity. May you ever strive to serve the cause of Universal Peace. May you be the founders of the palace of Spiritual Brotherhood. May you raise with one accord the melodious anthem of the Kingdom of Abha. May you unfurl the banner of human solidarity, and invite all mankind to enter under the shade of the Tabernacle of eternal conciliation, union and fraternity. Allaho Abha!

Ahmad Sohrab.

Ramleh, Egypt, Sept. 29, 1913.

Dear Friends:

This was a day of separation. Our ten students, after hearing the farewell words of the Beloved, departed for Syria; and two Kurdish theological students who were visiting the Beloved returned to Cairo. Tomorrow our ex-Governor from one of the Ports of the Persian Gulf will depart for Teheran with another Bahai, via Russia. Thus you will observe that these men, young and old, being filled with the Love of God and humanity, return to their homes with this new spirit and this burning fire. It is really the source of an unfailing joy to come into contact with these men of various countries and climes, bringing in the good news of the progress of the cause. They are all eager to hear the news of the promotion of the Movement in America. What are the believers doing? Are they happy now that the Master has been in their midst? Are they carrying along the great work He started? Are they teaching new souls? Are the Western people susceptible to spiritual emotions? Are the friends enkindled with the fire of the Love of God? Are they attracted to the Beauty of the Blessed Perfection? Are they going to assist us in bringing about the cause of human Brotherhood? Is the Light of Reality shining in their hearts? Do they really think and believe that we are their spiritual brothers and sisters? How we do long to see them, and sacrifice our lives for them!

These are the questions they ask me, one after another, so tender in their feelings, so beautiful in their attitude, so wonderful in their faith. "Yes," one of them told me, "I have heard the American Bahais are spreading the cause very strenuously, and every night before going to bed I pray for them from the depth of my heart. I beg of God to reinforce them with the angels of the Kingdom of Abha, and surround them with universal confirmations." Is not this very touching? Did you ever know that you have an Oriental brother in the far East who prays for you every night?

Today Mahmal or the Holy Carpet was taken from Alexandria to be carried to Mecca. It arrived from Cairo, and was paraded through the streets in a long procession before it reached the steamer. As the story of Mahmal, and its significance in the Mohammedan world, is very important, I have to devote a few pages to the narration, so that our Western brothers and sisters may have a clear conception in regard to it. I shall do this in my tomorrow's letter.

In His farewell talk to the students, the Master told them this morning, at His own house:

\*Praise be to God that you have come! For many days you have been here, and with perfect joy and fragrance we associated together. These days passed in perfect happiness. It is my hope that through the Favors of the Blessed Perfection you may finish your studies in the College of Beirut.

Rest ye assured that ye are confirmed. All these people are like unto sheep without a shepherd; they have no protector and no defender. But you are the sheep and the Blessed Perfection is your Shepherd. He is kind to His flock. The majority of mankind are in great loss, but yours is the spiritual profit. There are many souls who are retrograding, but you are progressing. Many trees are withered, but you are the young plants of the orchard of Abha, and daily you are growing in freshness and delicacy. Others are like unto the fallen stars, but you are rising with great brilliancy in the Horizon of Reality.\*

Then He spoke about Mahmal, and told them to go and see it before they depart for Beirut. Their steamer sails out of port at 4 o'clock P. M.

Ramleh, Egypt, Sept. 30, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Yesterday the Beloved told us to go to Alexandria and see the gorgeous procession carrying the Mahmal to Mecca. When we arrived in the city, we saw the main avenues through which the Mahmal was going to pass thronged with thousands of Arabs, men and women, dressed in all picturesque colors. Egyptian soldiers and mounted guards kept the moving and standing crowds on the sidewalks in order. Although we could get nice chairs in the front row for the payment of the royal sum of two cents and a half, we preferred to mix with the holiday makers. We had to wait for two hours in the sun before we could see the head of the interesting procession.

It is popularly believed that whosoever touches the Mahmal, God's blessing will descend upon him and his family. For this reason there is always the fear that the crowd in a burst of religious zeal will gather around the Mahmal, and in the act trample many people under their feet. Therefore, the Government has ordered several regiments of soldiers to stand in front of the sidewalks, side by side, with their rifles pointing clearly at the crowd who are enthused at the sight of the Mahmal and by singing Pilgrimage songs. The other day I was reading a book on the customs and manners of modern Egyptians, published last year. In one chapter the author gives some interesting accounts of this historic event in Cairo. I will quote a few extracts bearing on the subject:

"One of the greatest events of the year in Egypt is the starting of the Holy Carpet for Mecca. As regularly as the month of fasting comes to a joyful end in the Bairam Feast, the populace begin to look forward to the festival of the Mahmal, as not only marking the time of the setting off of the pilgrims to the holy city, but as an event of great moment to all men religiously inclined, especially to the poor, who have few hopes of making the journey themselves. . . . .

A surprising fact, if one did not know the East, when one learns that the cost of the Pilgrimage Caravan of the Egyptian Mahmal is no less than 250,000 a year, mostly borne by the State, including the gifts sent to Arabia with it. My first interest was whetted by the permission given to visit the place where the Holy Carpet is woven every year, and where the Mahmal and the beautiful door coverings and other sacred decorations are embroidered.

'This is a Government place,' the Bey told me at the gate, with courteous welcome, 'but it is kept under separate rule, and is not accessible as other Government offices are.' I turned to listen to the melodious voice of a Sheikh reading the Koran in a balcony overlooking the court yard. 'Ours is

the only place under Government where the Holy Koran is read. This place is as sacred as a mosque during this time of the year.'

We were taken at once to a long room to see the spinning loom where the raw yellow silk is prepared before being dyed. Next we saw the actual weaving of the carpet. How it ever came by such a name could not be imagined when one has seen it. In reality, of course it is the outer cover of the Kaaba, and the name 'carpet' is never applied to it by any but the Europeans, who persist in so naming it; and what is curious, at the same time think that the Mahmal, which is a camel palanquin, really goes to Mecca with a carpet inside of it, and brings it back to Cairo. There is no return of any carpet to Cairo. Tourists who think they are seeing the Holy Carpet's return, see only the Mahmal coming back, as it went, quite empty.

It would be better to speak of 'Holy curtains', of which there are eight used in the complete covering of the Kaaba. . . . . The curtains are black, and the art of making them consists of weaving the Koran texts into the material, also in black, with an effect like that of damask; the lettering, which is large, being in the decorative Arabic. The watered silk effect of the lettering is most striking, and in certain lights, when the cover is hung upon the Kaaba, it can be read at a considerable distance. . . . . It was extremely interesting to be able to see and handle the famous band which encircles the Kaaba. This magnificent belt is about two and a half feet deep. The following from the Koran, called the Throne Verse, is heavily embroidered on it in gold: 'God! There is no God but He, the Living, the Eternal; nor slumber seizeth Him nor sleep; His whatsoever is in the Heavens and whatsoever is in the earth. . . . . His Throne reacheth over the Heavens and the earth, and the upholding of both burdeneth Him not; and He is the High, the Great.'

That the taking of all these sacred objects connected with the carpet to Arabia is in itself a considerable undertaking was brought home to us by seeing the tents and the waterskins and other requirements for the long journey. We now went into the court yard, and the two very fine camels, in a way held sacred too, which are kept here solely for the purpose of conveying the Mahmal to Mecca, were brought out for us. They are of great size, and of the cream color which distinguishes the finer breed of camels. These animals live in a secluded but luxurious way within these precincts. By the credulous populace all sorts of miraculous signs mark them out in the first instance for selection to their sacred task. . . . .

A celebration took place in the building under the citadel on the night before the Kaaba hangings and the Mahmal

start for Mecca. There the Mahmal was shown, and, more interesting still, there was set up an exact model of the Kaaba with all the curtains hung as they appear in the Holy City. There is no religious celebration in Cairo more impressive and beautiful than this festival, held on the eve of the setting out of the Mahmal's Pilgrimage to Mecca. There are other great public occasions, when the Oriental splendor of illumination breaks out, to thrill the thronging populace, and the out of door excitements of the fair are linked with the claims of pious significance. But this official fête in the Pavilions at the foot of the Citadel combines in equal proportions a sense of the sacred office with that of subdued entertainment, a feeling of religious awe being curiously mingled with that of rejoicing. . . . .

The real center which drew every Moslem, man and child, was the Mahmal, now to be seen in public for the first time since its return from last year's pilgrimage. Round the Mahmal men crowded. They stroked a fringe of it, always with the right hand, and then to imbibe the blessing, immediately stroked their faces while they muttered a prayer. Little children were held up that they might repeat the parent's act. As we stood near the Mahmal, we could see seated on the floor at a short distance, in a double row, about 24 men facing each other, chanting praises of the Prophet, and reciting traditions of Him. At a certain point they came to an end of chanting; all hands went up to the breasts, upraised, as a sign of silent petition. . . . . Occasionally there came a man who prayed with more than usual intentness, and seemed as if he could not tear himself away from the Mahmal, and others less devout would take his place content perhaps with a touch.

And why is this Mahmal, which in its material aspect is just a camel palanquin, so intensely revered? To begin its history at the end, there is no doubt that the reason for this deep reverence is that the Mahmal goes to Mecca every year exactly as a pilgrim goes, visits every spot that the devout pilgrim visits. . . . . I can never forget a scene near the Mahmal at Abbasieh, where the Pilgrimage is eventually organized for its actual start to Mecca. A number of poor women, whose accent told that they had come the long journey from Upper Egypt, were sitting in a close group on the ground as near to the Mahmal as possible, singing very sweetly a song of the Pilgrimage. The Lord had denied them to pray in Mecca, but they were not left altogether desolate, for their eyes were rejoiced to see the blessed Mahmal.

Ramleh, Egypt, October 1, 1913.

Dear Friends:

We have an old Bahai by the name of "El Yahou." His former religion had been Jewish, and his devotion to the Beloved is unquestioned. The other day he went to the house wherein the Master lives and started to weep and cry near the door. The members of the Blessed Family heard the crying and weeping of the man and informed the Master about it. He called him in and consoled him, and told him that in this ~~day~~ no one must cry for any reason, nay, rather, we must be very happy and contented with our lot, and know of a certainty that the Lord of Hosts is with us, ready to restore our health and alleviate our burden. We must not let anything disturb the balance of our minds. Under all circumstances we must control our feeling, and curb our inclinations. We must fulfill our duty, attain to the highest state of perfection and close our eyes to all imperfections. Then the Beloved took pen and paper and wrote for him the following Holy Tablet:

"O thou my kind friend!

It is my hope that through the Bestowals of the Blessed Perfection thou mayst ever become assisted and confirmed, happy and joyous; that thou mayst not cry and lament, nay, rather, thou mayst sing and chant. It is said that the son of the Glorious Friend had a wonderful melody and a sweet voice. The Psalms of David are famous and not lamentation and mourning or crying by day and night. Therefore, be thou happy, and let songs and anthems of joy be on thy lips.

(signed) Abdul Baha Abbas."

Our El Yahou was back in the possession of a new happiness, a new inspiration, a new serenity. We all felt his joyful vibrations and watched delightedly his calm face. Then he drew his book of poetry from his pocket and sang a stirring Bahai song with the energy and zest of a youthful singer.

Today the Beloved sent for the Zoroastrian and other pilgrims. He inquired about the condition of the Cause in Bombay and the spiritual health of the believers. If I do not translate His exact Words, it is because I am not generally present at these meetings in the mornings, but I inquire from them as soon as they are back. It seems that the burden of this morning's message was the encouragement of those who were present in the spread of the Cause. They must remove all obstacles from their path. They must open eloquent tongues in the explanation of proofs and arguments. Like the Apostles of old they must not mind any trial or test. With the infiltration of the spiritual melodies of the

Kingdom of Abha they must raise a new call. They must clear the Pathway of Righteousness, blow the Trumpet of Reality, teach the laws of Love and gentleness, herald the Glad Tidings of the Lord of Hosts, and pitch the tent of Universal Peace. The Light of the hearts is love, let it shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

The receipt of cables from America will take back Mrs. Fraser. I am very sorry, for many reasons, that she will not be able to go to India, for I had great confidence in her ability. Of course, she is greatly disappointed, but the Beloved told her that she can go later to India. "Wherever thou art," He said, "thou wilt serve the Cause of God. In America thou wilt be able to render a great service. Rest thou assured. I love thee very much. Thou art now my daughter, my real daughter. Ask Mirza Ahmad how often I speak of thee. I do not need to speak of this before thy face. Thou hast been here, hast heard the Words and associated with my family. Now go forth into the world and teach the Commandments of Thy Lord. Let thy heart be enkindled with this new Fire of the Love of God. Let thy lips sing the praises of joy, let thy tongue commemorate the glorification of true Peace. Let thy spirit be stirred with the Breezes of Heavenly happiness. I will be with thee. I am always with thee."

While the Beloved was uttering these spiritual Words of guidance I knew that there must be a great wisdom behind this sudden call of Isabel that we will understand later; that no matter where she is, she will be the same indefatigable worker for the Cause of good-will and Peace. Now that she will return to America, Doctor and Mrs. Getsinger will leave for India without a third person. Mrs. Stannard may join them later, but it is not sure. She is not yet very strong and must keep perfectly quiet in order to win back her health.

The Master called in the afternoon on Mirza Abul Pazi and stayed with him for more than an hour, speaking with him about the book which he is writing.

Later on, a large package of letters were received. He looked over each, and left them to be read afterwards. In answer to one of them He says:

"At present we are living in Ramleh, near Alexandria. From all parts the believers are arriving daily and the banquet of meeting is spread. Likewise, numberless letters are being received in large quantities. If I devote my day and night to their reading, it is not sufficient."

In answer to a letter from London, He says:

"Praise be to God the Fragrances of Holiness are diffused and the believers and the maid servants of the Merciful are engaged in the promotion of the Most Great Glad-Tidings. They are overflowing like unto a cup with the Love of God. This is the Favor of the Almighty!"

In another Tablet He says:

"O thou new plant of the Garden of Abha! Happy is thy condition, for thou art a fresh branch in the Paradise of Abha! Thou art the twig of the Tree of Life, hast entered in the Citadel of the Guidance of God and art free from the dross of error. Thou hast attained to the Most Great Purity, opened thine eyes and unstopped thine ears and become the Candle of the Assemblage. I hope that day by day thou mayst add to thy faith and assurance, knowledge and wisdom, firmness and steadfastness.

Ramleh, Egypt, October 2, 1913.

Dear Friends:

The Bahai love toward all the creatures must be as free as the air, as unshakable as the mountains, as imperishable as the Spirit of God, and as tender as the love of a mother toward her children. There are abundant evidences that responding to the Love of God in the heart must also be a love to man. One of the strange, allegorical verses in the Koran shows clearly the mystical longings of the heart toward this Love, and it is declared that this Light is no other than God's illuminating Love for man. The verse is as follows:

"God is the Light of the heavens and of the earth. His Light is like a niche in which is a lamp - the lamp encased in glass - the glass, as it were, a glistening star. It is lighted with the oil of a blessed tree, the olive neither of the East nor of the West, the oil of which would well-nigh give Light though no fire touched it. It is light upon light."

When the Arabs observed Mohammed's charity toward the orphans and unprotected, his extreme simplicity and democratic attitude toward all mankind, they used to say: "He is in love with His Maker." One of the sayings of the Prophet is: "Do you love your Creator? Love your fellow beings first." In another place He says: "That man who is most considerate of his kind is the favorite of God." He says in another place: "How do you think God will know you when you are in His Presence? By your love of your children, of your kin, of your neighbors, of your fellow creatures." Once the Prophet prayed with great earnestness: "O Lord! Grant me the love of Thee; grant that I may love those that love Thee; grant that I may do the deeds that may win Thy love; make Thy love to be dearer to me than self, family, or than wealth." Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, and His successor after His death, in supplication says: "To my Lord: He the adorable and only to be adored; the Cherisher, Whose Majesty and Might overshadowed the universe; Master, the Loving and forgiving; Thy Mercy and Forgiveness are all embracing. Thou art the Helper of the afflicted; the Reliever of all distress; the Consoler of the broken hearted; Thou art the Friend of the poor; My Lord! Thou art My Fortress; a Castle for all who seek Thee; Thou art the Refuge of the weak; the Helper of the poor and true. Thou art the Forgiver, I am the sinner. Thou, my Lord, art the Merciful, All-knowing, All-loving. I am groping in the dark; I seek Thy Knowledge and Love; bestow, my Lord, all Thy Knowledge and Love and Mercy."

From these detached quotations of the Arabian Prophets we understand that the life of every spiritual man must be a song of love; a love that enables him to penetrate the

Divine Mysteries. True love is the "astrolabe of heavenly secrets"; the miraculous collyrium that gives sight to the blind; that opens unlimited vistas to our symphonic life of the Higher; and that gives us clairvoyant ~~power~~ to pierce the veil. This love dwells entirely on the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and will have no belief in any attributes of fear or compulsion. It is a love that includes in it that universal charity, that "enthusiasm of humanity." True love (?) upon us to love mankind, practice meekness, patience, kindness, benevolent charity and all of the Divine Qualifications. In this Day we as Bahais must show forth in our daily lives and dealings that love which is fully revealed in the mirror of the heart of ABMUL BAHA. He is beckoning us to lofty ambition, divine aspiration, heroic endeavor and majestic deeds. The underlying principle of all social and economic activities is love and affection. May we become honored to express these qualities, to upraise this standard, to shed this glorious light, to scatter these promising seeds, to irrigate this fertile field and to devote all our time and effort to this humanitarian service.

One of the most interesting events of today was the arrival of Mrs. vonKlimenthal and Mrs. Beede from New York City. Since we left them in Paris, they spent the intervening time in Switzerland, and from now on they will have the privilege of meeting the Beloved daily. They arrived at noon, and dined with the Master in the Holy Family circle. I saw them in the evening. They were looking very happy and well. Today also several men arrived from Cairo and other parts of Egypt, some Bahai young men going to Beirut, others going to France to be present at the opening of their colleges. Ramleh is a spiritual clearing house. Believers and friends come and go, impelled by holy impulses, filled with the Divine Glad Tidings, and inebriated with the wine of the Love of God. So many people come, each with his peculiar problem to be solved by the Master. He is surrounded with insuperable difficulties, but He faces them with an optimism and good will never to be witnessed in any other man but Him Who is the source of real happiness.

About 12 o'clock the Master passed by our house and called for me. As it was a warm day He carried an umbrella in His hand. I followed Him, and He walked toward Bacos station. In the course of conversation He said:

"God, through His Grace, in the course of the life of every man opens a wide door of golden opportunity before his face. There are some people who take such a great privilege by the forelock, enter into the Garden of the Heavenly Good Pleasure, and ever pray and strive to protect this spiritual station; others shut their eyes and let the opportunity slip out of their grasp. I had ordained for ..... a palace of diamond, but he did not appreciate it. He followed his own desires, rather than to live in accord with

My Good Pleasure. How often I argued with him to set aside his will and follow the Will of God. He did not listen. I loved him. I wished him to become like unto a glorious sun, irradiating the rays of severance and holiness, but he preferred to wallow in the filth and quagmire of human propensities. Behold, how My love was cordial and my attachment heartfelt! Man in all his transactions and feelings must be sincere and straightforward. The Blessed Perfection accepted all the oppression and persecution, and promulgated thereby Divine Teachings, so that people may become sincere in their dealings toward each other. On repeated occasions the Blessed Beauty said that while His Holiness Christ suffered derision for three years and was finally crucified, we were daily, hourly martyred, and yet forbore all these, so that mankind may clothe itself with the celestial garment of sincerity. No one could stand the strain and pressure brought against Baha'o'llah for one moment."

He walked till He reached the store of a Persian, and for about half an hour He sat there. Here He spoke in detail about Tolstoi:

"I consider him a Bahai, a real Bahai, because he lived and acted in accord with the good pleasure of BAHAI'O'LLAH; because he divided all his estate between himself and his farmers. Many of the translations of the Holy Tablets were forwarded to him, and toward the latter end of his life he was going to write a book on this Cause, but death overtook him. While he lived all Europe listened to his utterances, and his works are translated in many languages."

Speaking about Jamal Ed-din Efgan, who opposed very vigorously the Cause during his lifetime, He said:

"His admirers have written to me that the traces of his tomb are almost effaced, owing to neglect. We beg you to order some of the Bahais to build his tomb. Now I hope to do this. If he was inimical toward us, we did not oppose him at all. When, however, I observed that he was entirely misrepresenting the Cause by charging foul calumnies in the Egyptian press, I wrote to him: 'Ere long thou shalt hear the thunderous peals of this Bell, and the resonant sound of this Bugle from the Supreme Concourse, glorifying and praising My Lord the El Abha!' After that he stopped his attacks."

Then we returned home. On the way, the postman delivered into his hands a large bundle of letters.

Ramleh, Egypt, October 3, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Probably you will be interested in knowing how our lives are spent daily, close to the heart of the Beloved. First, let me tell you, the Master's family - in a Bahai sense - is very large, very large indeed. He and His own family live in one house; the Secretaries, with as many pilgrims as they can accommodate, live in another house; and there is besides these two houses a third which is rented only for the pilgrims. The American and European Pilgrims live in the New Victoria Hotel, as well as prominent Persian nobilities. There is another hotel at Bacos station, which is brought into service when there is an overflow of pilgrims. All these houses and hotels are used at this time for the accommodation of the friends who are constantly coming from the four corners of the earth to welcome the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The secretariat house is like a club house, and a common ground for all the pilgrims. Except during the sleeping hours, they spend all their time here. Here in the East everybody arises very early, so that between 5 and 6 o'clock we are out of our beds, with the word "Alla-ho-Abha!" on our lips, greeting each other.

There are four morning customs that have impressed me deeply, and are the significant signs of the religious nature of these people.

First: Their uniform early rising. Although in the West it is taught, "early to bed and early to rise," it is seldom practiced.

Second: No sooner do they open their eyes than the Holy Name of God is on their lips, thanking Him for all His past Graces and future Bestowals.

Third: Their quiet, solitary prayer and concentration from ten to thirty minutes, according to the religious spirit of the individual.

Fourth: As soon as they have finished their individual prayer, and before taking their breakfast, they assemble in the reception room and pray to God, read Communions or sing anthems. They will then gather round the table to partake of the material food.

After the performance of the above rites, it is about 6 or 6:30, and then the friends start to arrive from the other house and hotels to take their breakfast with us. When everybody is present, we all go to the reception room and have a ten to fifteen minutes prayer meeting, and then thus refreshed with our spiritual food, we go to the dining room. We sit around a very large table, over which the samovar is brewing, and Aga Jamal, our faithful cook, is ready to dispense tea. Our breakfast consists of native bread and cheese, and tea, nothing else; easterners as a rule do not give much attention to the morning repast. Everyone drinks from one to three cups of tea, helps himself

to a piece of bread and cheese, and in a few minutes we are all through. Then the pilgrims go to the veranda and sit around; often Mirza Abul Fazl comes and talks with them. Within half an hour someone from the Master's house comes, giving the news that the pilgrims are summoned. They go and return laden with the Jewels of the Kingdom. Some mornings the Beloved pays us a visit. On their return, the pilgrims are then free; some to go to the city, a few sit down and write letters home or copy Tablets and the Master's Western addresses, while another group is engaged in conversation, imparting and in turn receiving the news of the progress of the Cause in their respective countries. My room is quite large, and whenever there is an influx of persons, eight pilgrims sleep in it, and often until after midnight they are talking and singing with great joy and harmony. When we first arrived I arranged my writing table near the window; after awhile I transferred it to the center of the room, and now it is placed between two beds at the end of the room, facing the entrance. Although there are constant interruptions I manage somehow to do my work in the morning hours. Our lunch is simplicity itself, only one kind, either Persian soup called "Ab-Gousht", or fried egg-plants, etc., with large, round, native bread. When there are many friends, they are divided into two parties. The first party sit down and eat, and when they have finished the rest partake of the food. The Secretaries are always included in the second party, and the guests and pilgrims in the first. Often we have fruits, such as grapes, pomegranates, figs, canteloupes, watermelons, etc. The first two are now at the height of their season. After lunch, they are all again scattered, most of them taking their usual naps. As there are many flies and mosquitos, I also go to my bed, surrounded by the net, and there either read or write unmolested by the host of "social" insects. Between 3 and 4 tea is served, and then the friends come. We read Tablets and talk about the Cause. Then, forming different groups, they saunter out, but always near and around the house, in the hope that the Master may come. Meanwhile, He may be either dictating Tablets in the adjoining rose garden, or calling on Mirza Abul Fazl, or entertaining some Pashas in His home, or calling on some learned or simple person. At eight o'clock we are again gathered in the dining room, and eat the one course dinner, the articles changing now and then, but always one course. After dinner, we are generally free, and may make our own choice, either going out to take a walk, or sitting in the house to read or converse with others. Before midnight everyone is in bed. Our house is the rendezvous for all the beggars. Every day several of them call with petitions for Abbas Effendi. None of them goes away empty handed. The Master was busy all day, and except for the pilgrims, none of us saw Him.

Shougi Effendi, his mother, Bashewr and another Persian, a maid in the household, left for Haifa, and therefore the Master's house will be quiet for awhile. Doctor and Mrs. Getsinger's departure for India is also postponed, for the present, and the two will leave tomorrow for a week's stay in Haifa, with the Zoroastrian Bahais, who have also permission to visit the Holy Tomb. Mrs. Fraser will be here for a few days longer. She is very happy, and is enjoying her present contact with the Holy Family. Her Diary of the daily life of the Beloved will be a treasure-house.

Ramleh, Egypt, October 5, 1913.

Dear Friends:

Our house is once more quiet, the birds have flown away, and the garden is longing for the melody of other nightingales. Nowhere on the face of the earth can one find so many different religions and nations as one finds represented in the neighborhood of ABDUL BAHÁ. The Russians of the north with their picturesque dresses, the turbaned Ulemas from the University of Al Ahzar, the Arabs, the Turks, and the highly civilized Europeans and Americans meet together with perfect harmony and agreement. Although in outward garments, and even in ideas of worldly culture, they may differ, yet they are impelled forward by the same ideas of Truth and the Oneness of the world of humanity.

As regards International Arbitration, Unity of nations, Universal Religion, Economic Improvement of human society, and the diffusion of Education, they are all united and are brothers. All the believers are brothers. Thus in a practical and concrete manner we are daily watching the progress of the Bahai world, and come into touch with those who are pushing it onward and forward. It is extremely interesting to meet these men, young and old, all inspired with one light-giving ideal of Fraternity and Peace. With one common impulse they go on from step to step, and come nearer and nearer to the goal. They are earnest and ever ready to sacrifice their lives for the progress of the Cause. Once they leave the Holy Presence they spread the Glad Tidings from clime to clime before they reach their destined home. They are so unkindled with the Fire of Faith, service to humanity, and the Love of God, that each one of them shines like unto the lamp and illumines the darkest recesses of the hearts. They know that BAHÁ'Ó'LLAH will inspire all those who arise to promulgate the Word of Reality.

It was the early morning. I left the house and went toward the sea. I sat on a big piece of rock, the waves dashing against it all the time. I was musing in a quiet manner and watching the rising of the sun out of a clear blue sky. Suddenly someone tapped me on the shoulder, and I turned my head. It was Mirza Jalal Sina. "Ah, come, my friend! I was just now thinking about you. It is now some time since you have told me a story. Will you please sit down and tell me one? I said.

"Would you like to have the story of the forty camels?" he said, as he sat on the rock.

"Yes, I would love to hear it. Any story would do in order to pass half an hour here."

"Once upon a time," he said, "there were forty camels living on a green pasture. The luxuriance of the meadows,

the flowing stream, the delightful atmosphere and the beauty of environment appealed to them greatly. Whilst they enjoyed a life of plenty they frolicked joyously from one end of the green pasture to the other. Grazing through this verdant field all the spring and summer, they did not dream of any material change in their outward condition. Nothing could induce them to leave these premises as long as they had plenty to satisfy their hunger, supply their comfort and expand the circle of freedom. With no thought of the morrow they reveled in the luxuries of today. Their minds being filled with the vain pomp and alluring scenery of the present, they were not disturbed with the distant thought of the rainy day.

Of a more complete state of life they could not imagine, and the frontier of their reasons was limited by the visible horizon. They ate, drank, slept and now and then took short excursions. Contented with their present lot, dreaming of no other world, elated over their seemingly permanent happiness, stuffed with vain-glory, bloated with the peevish idea of a false, limited patriotism, they lived on; looking with deep disdain and soulful contempt upon any member of the party that dared to so much as dream of other spheres of existence. They argued that, neither by choice nor necessity, must we let ourselves be worried over the idle conception of a future condition. Let us eat and grow big on the fat of the land, romp on the grass and bask under the sunshine. Our fortune is secured, our happiness is permanent, our reign is supreme, the means of enjoyment are at hand. Why should we care for anything else?

Whilst with such palliative arguments and specious evidences they stifled the voice of conscience and checked the promptings of the spirit, the spring and summer days rolled by and dreary seasons of autumn and winter were drawing well nigh. Of course, during the fair weather they did not bother themselves, nor shake off their accustomed lethargy and idleness to lay by a store for the rainy days, that they might save themselves from shame and ignominy. Believing foolishly in the immutability of the changing seasons, they found themselves in dire want bordering on starvation, to their awful despair.

As by the wand of a magician the whole aspect of Mother Nature was suddenly transformed; the grass was withered, the leaves dried up, the underbrush was yellowed, and no food could be obtained anywhere to keep the wolf out of the house. Every day the weather became colder, more bitterly biting; the flowing rivers and stream were frozen, the thunders pealed forth; the windows of heaven were opened; the mighty torrent of rain poured down; the snow covered the field with a spotless

blanket, and the hail added to the general discomfort. The camels, now reaping the harvest of their heedlessness, shivered with intense cold; neither could they find a shelter, no matter how scanty.

After much deliberation they decided that there is no other way of relief than to send one of themselves to scour the countries beyond, perchance he may find green pastures or a verdant meadow. The one to whom was intrusted this commission started out. Many days elapsed and there was no news. Those who were left behind manifested signs of worry, not only because they feared they would lose him, but because the knife had reached the bone, and they did not know where to get their wherewithal. At last he appeared on the scene, thus allaying their fruitless anxiety, but he brought with him wonderful tales of adventures, accompanied by heart throbbing descriptions. They all gathered round their emissary and listened to him with breathless enthusiasm:

‘My friends, in time of pleasure and grief! I have been away for some time, but I have followed up a line of investigation that has unfolded before my eyes many wonderful things, the recital of which will be very hard for you to believe, unless you see them with your own eyes. Beyond the frontier of this country I found Elysian Fields, most enchanting in their verdancy, and most extraordinary in their luxuriance and ever green vegetation. In all my life I have seen nothing similar to them. The dwellers of these divine gardens told me perennial spring reigns there like a queen. Neither the blasting winds of autumn nor the frost of winter gains any foothold there. Its meadows are always green, its pastures verdant, its water cool and its weather most temperate.

The only difficulty that one meets, however, is that at the entrance the gate is very small, indeed small as the eye of a needle, and the passage leading to the garden most narrow and hazardously slippery. In order to enter through this small gate we must attenuate our bodies, become humble and meek, be changed into pure spirits, leave behind mortal desires and passions, become free from the ties of carnal appetites, sanctified from sensual, fleeting pleasures, released from the coarse materiality, and abandon all the worldly, unruly propensities of sinful self. If we can characterize ourselves with these attributes, - and it can be done in the twinkling of an eye - then we will enter as radiant beings in that garden of bliss.

It is, of course, rather painful to go through these cataclysmal experiences and let go our heedlessness, for at every step we must sacrifice something that we considered very essential to the pursuit of our pleasures and the gratification of our inordinate desires. But once we are freed from all these shackles and chains, the rest of the journey is mostly

accomplished. Now, if you are made of such heroic stuff and are courageous enough to face this alchemic process of purification, let us start on our way. I have already been put to test, and having actually seen the garden, know whereof I am speaking.\*

Having been warned by such gloomy description, and not fully realizing the difficulties of the personal sacrifices they must make, they started out, and crossing many remote deserts they reached at last at the gate. The guide instructed them how they must look through the orifice. Having done so, they saw expanded before their eyes the most splendid panorama of nature, and scene of ravishing beauty. First they looked at the extreme narrowness of the aperture, then they looked at themselves, and not a few started to laugh at the clever joke played upon them.

'How can we enter through this hole?' one cried out tauntingly. 'This is all ridiculous,' another one jeered. 'Pooh! how can a camel go through a hole?' a third clamored. Some, thinking over the matter seriously, sacrificed every wish, and marvellous to behold! they passed easily through the hole. Other could not give up self and the frothy bubbles of this mortal life and thus remained behind. This was, of course, the fulfillment of the saying of Jesus Christ in the New Testament:

'It is harder for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.'\*

When we returned home tea was ready and Haji Niaz was dispensing it as a real, old patriarch. After awhile the Beloved passed by and handed me a package of photographs from Mrs. Killius of Spokane, for distribution among the Oriental friends. He looked well and was on His way to Mirza Abul Fazl. In the afternoon the learned editor of a monthly magazine called "El Bayan," published in Cairo, called on Him. This editor expects to write an article on the Cause, and so he has come to the Source to get correct information.

Mirza Moneer and myself were taking a walk just before sunset when we met the Master coming all alone from the opposite direction. We followed Him, and He came to our house. He sat on the veranda and, apropos of something, He spoke about His first trip to Beirut, about thirty years ago, and how one of the celebrated judges of Islam, Sheikh Mohammed Abdo, met Him and was constantly with Him during His forty days stay in Beirut. Afterward, when some strangers asked him his opinion of the religion of BAHÁ'U'LLAH, he answered:

"While other leaders of the religions of the world are talking, the Bahais are doing the work of Unity and spiritual awakening. Their action and word coincide with each other. They are ~~deadly~~ in earnest."

Ramleh, Egypt, October 6, 1913

Dear Friends:

"I feel the earth move ~~around~~;  
I join the great march onward;  
And take with joy while living,  
My freehold of Thanksgiving."

In this Age the supreme longing of all the spiritually minded men and women is the embodiment of the highest ideals of divine and human justice in visible form and tangible realities. Glittering generalities do not suffice; theoretical explanations are not wanted. After many ages of social inequalities, economics, despotism and degrading slavery, mankind has at last arisen from its deep slumber to the consciousness of its inalienable rights and prerogatives. The river of progress has washed away the shores of reaction and retrogression. The legions of sciences and arts have conquered the dark kingdoms of ignorance and illiteracy.

New laws and statutes, breathing health and vigor, have replaced the archaic dead rules. Marvelous inventions have modernized the old narrow world. The splendid heritage of culture has become the intellectual legacy of all humanity. The means of transportation and communication have knitted together the remotest parts of the earth. A silent revolution, invisible to the eyes and far reaching in its effect than all the dynastic wars, has been going on, upsetting the established order. All the nations, reluctantly, yet having no other alternative, have joined the great army of progress. The only difference that exists is that some are in the front rank, a few are in the middle, a number are behind, while the rest are lagging far behind; but they are all marching onward according to their order, capacity and environment. Just as the world of literature and government, politics and philosophy, has been subject to a great change, why should we not enjoy a flowery Renaissance in the world of Religion?

Religion is the foundation upon which the whole structure of human society is built. Now if the forms of structure - modes of living - are changed, have we not the right to assume that it is high time to lay a deeper foundation, a more lasting basis, for our religion? In the construction of an ordinary building, to say nothing of the sky scrapers, we bring into use all the modern scientific methods of architecture and engineering; then how is it that when we desire to lay the foundation of our lives, which is the greatest and most important of all, there are so many pseudo-architects all around who are ready to convince us that the haphazard rules of the ancients are good and safe enough? The ancient cities and palaces are dilapidated and in ruin, and except from an archeological standpoint they have for us

no other interest.

For every day a new food is destined; in every season there are new, fragrant flowers. The spring of last year, although very beautiful, is a matter of history. We want a new spring, with all its latent and manifest powers and signs. Humanity, having reached the stage of maturity, demands strong nutriment and clothing. Children's jackets and food will not do. From every clime the cry of progress is heard, even from the small hamlets and villages of the East. Let us have a real revolution of ideas in religion, a stepping forward. We have had enough of hide bound rituals and ceremonies; let us throw away these shells and search after the white pearls. Let us discard the kernel and have the meat. Let us abandon superficiality and investigate Reality. Let us relinquish the deadly customs and with one bound become free. Let us love the Rose no matter from what garden; admire the heroic deed no matter from what race; follow the light no matter from what lamp; and praise the man because he has a good character and not because he wears fashionable clothes of the latest cut.

Thus we hear the clarion call, growing in volume and depth, reaching to the very heart of humanity, and creating wonderful, life throbbing echoes in the Steppes of Russia, the jungles of Africa, and the deserts of Asia. This is all the outworking of the Plan of God, the unfoldment of the mystic fate of humanity, and the gradual progression of the Divine Ideal. Humanity, by growing through these infinite phases, is evolving to its ultimate stature of perfection; vices are being eliminated; virtues inculcated; tyranny handcuffed; justice liberated; atheism frowned at, religion spread broadcast; materialism dethroned, spirituality enshrined in the hearts; selfishness punished, altruism promoted; misanthropy checked, love of the human family nourished; insularity ridiculed, universalism glorified; prejudice satired, its absence admired.

Everyone endowed with insight and spiritual vision realizes that, not only the past age has been pregnant with great changes, but the future holds in its grasp greater reformations and . . .

I reached here when Mirza Jalal Sina came in from a long walk and broke the thread of my reflections. He has been conversing with Mirza Ali Akbar and Haji Niaz, and because they could not agree, he illustrated their dilemma by the following story:

"There were a blind man, a deaf man and a lame, thinly clad poor man, who started to travel together. They were traversing a great desert when suddenly the blind man said: 'I see a band of robbers who will overtake us!' The deaf man said: 'Yes, yes; I hear the clatter of the hoofs of their horses!' The lame man who was thinly dressed said: 'Yes friends, let us run fast for fear they may rob us!'"

Then he went to bed and I was left again to my own musings, because there is no possibility of other interruption, because everybody is asleep.

This morning the Master came to our house. He could not sleep very well last night. Having been the guest of a Pasha, who had invited other nobles and dignitaries to meet Him at a banquet, He had spoken and entertained them for nearly five hours. Besides, He had partaken of heavy dishes most difficult to digest. The result was, of course, sleeplessness. He stayed for more than half an hour, and as I had received my mail from America, I gave Him the resume of the news. His eyes were closed, and He listened to my narrative.

A letter from Baku, Caucasus, and from Sayad Assodollah, tells us of his spiritual victories in spreading the Cause and scattering the seeds of the Flowers of the Paradise of Abha. He has traveled throughout many cities, and everywhere souls have been attracted to the Kingdom of God. Surely Divine Confirmations are descending upon him.

Ramleh, Egypt, October 7, 1915.

Dear Friends:

Today mankind is more in search of Peace than at any other time in the course of its history, but three things have impeded its realization.

First: Mistrust.

Second: Jealousy.

Third: Misunderstanding.

Nations, having no confidence in the protestations of friendship by their neighbors, increase yearly the means of defense. This breeds Jealousy and ends in misunderstanding, which in turn is transformed into war and bloodshed.

Arbitration, Conferences, Peace Meetings, Conciliation Congresses are yearly organized, and thousands of men and women attend them, and in their concluding sessions excellent Resolutions are presented and unanimously adopted, but the tangible results are wanting. We may depict most vividly the horrors of war; or describe in great shapsody the victories of Peace, but, after all, we have not gone beyond the realm of words. We may discourse eloquently on the burden of armaments, but, on the other hand, increase in a geometric ratio the frightful annual military and naval budget.

The Permanent Court of Arbitration, before which all the Governments may settle their disputes, is a grand and noble Ideal, for the realization of which all are striving; but the difficulty arises from the fact of whether these nations are altruistic enough and sufficiently unselfish to present all their cases - boundary lines, commercial disputes, national honor - to the arbitration of the International Court. So far there have been certain questions which the nations of the west are not yet willing to yield to the decision of the Court, no matter how impartial, or to a Joint Commission, no matter how representative. They fear each other's designs or amicable dealings. Jealously they hug to their bosoms their hard won or inherited independence, suspecting that their neighbors will trample it under the hoofs of their cavalry horses as soon as they are exposed to outside attack!

Outwardly all the nations are committed to the principle of Arbitration, with or without reserve, but how are they going to establish the Court of Arbitral Justice on a permanent basis on national representation and international dignity? These nations do not want to have Peace at any price, but they would like to have Peace tempered with Justice. It is heard from many quarters that the Third Hague Conference will be inaugurated within two years, and that from now on the diplomats and statesmen of Europe and America are preparing suitable proposals to be submitted to the Conference.

It is hoped that when the Delegates of the Governments are gathered together in that august assemblage of the Parliament of Man, they will not only discuss how to minimize the horrors and cruelties of war, but how to bring about either limited or total disarmament; how to constitute the various functions of the Permanent Court of Arbitration; how to devise a plan whereby all the nations may be willing to enter into a general agreement; and how to create an International Naval Police Force to protect the commerce on the high seas. If they are assisted in carrying out even partially these matters which are seething in the minds of the pacifists, they will have rendered an enduring service to the world of humanity, and their names will shine through the history of mankind like unto the brilliant stars from the horizon of eternal glory.

For the last twenty years the Cause of Peace has been greatly accelerated. Societies have sprung up everywhere, and the followers of Peace have increased. Pacifists of all countries and of all nations have carried on a vigorous campaign of public education; and face to face with the legions of war we have the legions of Peace. Here there may be an army of death, but there is an army of life. Governments may drill hosts of destruction and invent engines of slaughter; God is teaching the works of construction, and brings into action the field artillery of love. The former places his trust in the brute force of Dreadnaughts and indomitable phalanxes of men; the latter puts His confidence in the Power of the Supreme Kingdom.

The present day nations are like unto so many armies of Peace. They need a wise Commander-in-Chief in this struggle. As soon as the Supreme General, with undaunted courage and universal conception appears, He will bring all these scattered armies under the Flag of Eternal Peace.

It is said that once the rats made pathetic complaints against a big cat whose nightly attacks upon them decimated their rank and file. They organized a meeting and deliberated upon the means whereby they might stop the murderous ravages of the cat. All the delegates expressed their opinions individually, but they did not hit the mark. Finally an old rat, well known for its sagacity and insight, arose from its seat and said:

"I have found a way, and that is by tying a bell around the neck of the cat. Then whenever it approaches from afar, we will hear the noise and flee."

Everyone thought this was the best suggestion, but their heated enthusiasm cooled down when they began to think: "who will have the courage to take the bell and tie it around the neck of the cat?"

Now, the Principles of Peace and Arbitration are very good and beneficial, but which one of the Governments of the world will arise to practice it first, and then by this example teach other nations to follow? It is that America - the home of the brave and the free and the Peace loving - will be the first Government to hoist this flag, to let the Dove of Peace fly out of the cage of human egotism and selfishness and brutal materialism, and to lead all mankind in the arts of love and friendship and conciliation.

May the American Delegates at the Third Hague Conference show forth this statesmanship and far-sightedness! May they constitute themselves the champions of Peace without limitations, Arbitration without restrictions. May they raise their voices in behalf of the oppressed amongst mankind. May they lay the foundation of the Glorious Palace of the Permanent Court of Arbitration - or the Parliament of Man - thus their names and fame may shine throughout all future ages and cycles.

Today the Beloved was not feeling well. He was in bed all morning. In the afternoon we met Him only for a few moments in the Victoria Hotel. He was weak, and did not speak but a few words. He told us He is going to rest. One of the Arabic papers, called "El-Ahali," of today, contained an interesting article on the Cause, and gave a wonderful eulogy to the Master and His work.

Ramleh, Egypt, October 8, 1913.

Dear Friends:

"Great Ideals make great peoples."

The Bahai Ideals, as revealed by BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH and expounded by ABDUL BAHÁ, are the noblest and most luminous Principles of the twentieth century. The force and efficacy of these Ideals are so irresistible that any person coming in contact with them acknowledges the fact that they are the spirit of the Age, and the light of the world of humanity.

The followers of the Bahai Movement have demonstrated in their lives and their deeds the outworking of these Teachings, not so much by sensational advertisement as by the firm and steadfast adherence to the Light of Truth. With meekness and humility, with single-minded devotion and sacrifice, they have shown to the world that they have no other interest at heart but the solidarity of the human race and the confraternity of all mankind. East and west, north and south, wherever you meet a Bahai you will find him a lover of mankind, taking the side of progress, spirituality, equality of rights, and freedom of conscience. With broadmindedness and fellow-feeling they serve the people of all creeds, religions and nations. They ask for no reward or compensation. Freely they have received, freely they give. The adulation of the friends nor the poisonous attacks of the enemies change their determination. The glorious sun of their hope never sets; the bright moon of their tolerance always sheds silvery beams; the stars of their high aspirations are eternally bright; the zephyr of their loving kindness is never hushed; the garden of their universal amity is imperishably green; the fountain of their sympathy is flowing; the rain of their compassion and charity pours down; their search after Truth is unhampered; their thirst for the Water of Knowledge and Wisdom is never allayed. In the Path of Righteousness they are resolute. They strive to show forth in their daily lives the qualities of the holy beings, and manifest in their dealings with all men those Godlike attributes which characterized CHRIST, BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH and ABDUL BAHÁ.

In their estimation mankind are the sheep of God. The Almighty Father is the Universal Shepherd. Having created all He provides for them. He loves all, therefore He showers His Mercy upon them. In every Cycle He has inspired Divine Messengers to lead these souls from the state of ignorance to the station of Knowledge. The Bahais, having burned the self with the Fire of the Love of God, are ever ready to serve the inhabitants of the world and sacrifice their lives for the good of mankind. From all forms of prejudice they are free. They have no religious prejudice, because they believe all the religions were founded by God. They have no political prejudice, for they know all Humanity are the children of God. They have no racial prejudice, because

they realize that in the sight of the Lord all are one, and the purer the heart the nearer he is to the Source of all Good. They entertain no patriotic pride, for they are conscious of the truth that this globe is one home, these countries one country and it belongs to God. Their wings are not soiled with water and clay, thus they soar towards the sphere of spiritual brotherhood. Their minds are not clogged with dogmas and sacerdotal rites, consequently they have a keen appreciation of all that the former thinkers and philosophers have contributed to the advancement of the world. Their spirits are not asphyxiated with the gas of vain illusions and superstitious phantoms, hence they are intoxicated with the wine of the love of humanity. Their characters are moulded in the school of Reality; their experiences are gained through the associations with all men, with every creed and thought.

Being convinced of the genuineness of this Revelation, nothing can shake their faith. To them every philanthropic movement is but a partial replica of the Principles of the Bahai Cause, a faint echo of the resonant voice of the Teachings of BAHÁ'U'LLAH. They hide not their faith, neither do they dissimulate. Under all circumstances they are proud to be known as Bahais amongst their communities. They wear the badge of their sincerity in their faces and behaviors. To be a Bahai is the greatest privilege and the most heavenly honor. They display the utmost exertion to spread the Cause they cherish in their hearts. They pray every morning and whenever they can, for they believe thoroughly in the efficacy of prayer. They know that of themselves they can do nothing, but with the assistance of the Holy Spirit they can accomplish all things. They have no leaders, and no one is appointed as their superior in the religious world. Like unto brothers and sisters, they associate with each other, and consort with all mankind with joy and fragrance. They are neither ostentatious nor proud. They are humble and meek, evanescent and contrite of heart. With manliness and truthfulness they conduct themselves. They do not swear nor curse. They do not drink, and smoking is forbidden to the young, and discouraged in the old. Thus the Bahais live a life of simplicity and service to God and man. They must shine like unto the stars, and live like unto the angels. They must be the promoters of the Glad Tidings of the Kingdom of Peace, and the Standard bearers of the Army of Righteousness. They must be the embodiment of happiness and the true ensigns of love.

Today we do not see the Master. Several important people called on Him and many questions were answered. Mirza Mohsen, the son-in-law of the Beloved, and another believer arrived from Haifa. They brought us very good news. In the afternoon we called on Mirza Abul Fazl and had a long talk with him on the meaning of certain terms in the Hidden Words.

Ramleh, Egypt, October 9, 1913.

Dear Friends:

"The world of humanity has two wings, one the male, the other the female. When both wings are reinforced with the same impulse, the bird will be enabled to wing its flight heavenward to the summit of progress."

In the Bahai world the position of woman is unique and unprecedented. Through the Revelation of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH, the women of the East have gained their right position in society, and day by day they are advancing along the paths of progress and refinement. They have scattered their cage of confinement and isolation, and are freed from former restrictions. Many schools with a modern curriculum are springing up here and there, to teach the future mothers of the East. We are in a transition period, when old rules and established customs are put aside, and progressive ideas are planted in the hearts and minds. The complete emancipation of the women of the East will be realized through an evolutionary process, step by step, and not by a radical revolution. The most important Eastern problem as regards women and girls is their education and training, so that they may fully realize the responsibility of their complete freedom once they attain it. A hasty, radical change would be followed by chaos and disorder, and no good would come out of it.

The Western nations in a general way have a wrong notion about the status of women in the East, because some of the prejudiced missionaries have depicted their conditions in the blackest manner. For example, they have quoted the flimsiest and most doubtful traditions of Islam to show that the influence of Mohammed's Teachings has degraded the women, and has buried them alive behind the seraglio and harem.

"Women are the whips of Satan!" is a pre-Islamic adage, and was current amongst the Arabs before Mohammed was ever born. Or, "When women were created the Devil said to her: 'You are half my army, you have my confidence, I need no better weapon.'" There are many other statements such as these, quoted by the Christian missionaries to demonstrate their venomous prejudice.

These misrepresentations so beclouded the heaven of fair judgment as to prompt a Canon of the Church of England to declare: "So little did the Prophet reckon of women that she is never even mentioned in the Koran." An English authoress announced: "The Moslem does not even attribute the possession of a soul to women." These allegations are not only unjust, but cruel in their treatment, and put the men of the East in a false position.

In reality there are many sayings of Mohammed, both in the Koran and traditions, which prove the falsity of these accusations. In order to impress His followers with the sanctity and importance of the position of the Mother in the community, He hath said: "The keys of Paradise are at your mother's feet!" In the Koran He says: "Associate kindly with women, for in them God hath placed abundant good." "He hath put tenderness and love between you." These sayings clearly show that Mohammed never commanded the seclusion of women, but on the contrary He enjoins upon His followers to "associate with them." Again, He says: "The best men are those who are best to their wives and daughters. The best Moslems are those who best treat their wives." You will no doubt be surprised to know that Mohammed never commanded women to wear veils. On the contrary, He says: "A woman should not show but her face and hands." But, later on, the Mohammedan priests and self seeking clergy prevented women from becoming educated; as the ministers of the Christian churches in mediaeval ages monopolized learning in the convents, and spread abroad the wings of the woeful bird of ignorance and obscurantism. Another instance, which more clearly shows that the veil is a social custom and not a religious creed, is the following authoritative story about Mohammed and one of His adherents: "When Al Moghera Ibn Sheba informed Mohammed that he was about to marry, He asked him; 'did you see her?' 'No,' was the reply. The Prophet then said: 'You must certainly see each other before you marry.'" A new Teaching of Mohammed, against which the Arabs of the day were at first inclined to revolt, is: "People! Be humble before God, Who hath created man and his wife of the same soul." Here is a declaration of perfect equality: "Ye have rights over your wives, and your wives have rights over you." Indeed, an astonishing doctrine in that day and period.

On the other hand, the ideal state of marriage has been entirely lost in the East. It was in the sixteenth century when Sharani, who died in Cairo, penned these imperishable words: "We Sufis have entered into an engagement to espouse only one wife, and not to associate others with her. The man who has only one wife is happy . . . . A pure hearted wife is a great happiness in the house. Oh! how often while I was weaving have I stolen a glance at my wife, the mother of my son, sewing garments for the poor. I understand then that I have happiness in my house. Often she opened her larder and distributed its contents to the poor." I have already quoted from the Koran that Mohammed taught that men and women are endowed or created with the same soul. The following quatrain of Rumi, the celebrated mystic poet, makes this point still clearer:

"Love and tenderness are qualities of humanity,  
 Passion and lust are qualities of animality.  
 Woman is a ray of God, not a mere mistress,  
 The Creator's Self, as it were, not a mere creature."

In conclusion, let me quote another verse from the Koran, showing how Mohammed looked upon this matter: "Truly the men who resign themselves to God, and the women who resign themselves, and the devout men and the devout women, and the men of truth and the women of truth, and the patient and humble, and who give alms and who fast and are chaste, men and women, and the men and women who often remember God; for their God prepared forgiveness and a rich recompense."

These quotations - and there are innumerable others - will show you most conclusively how the pure religion of Islam, free from the accretions of the Ulemas, looks upon this rather important matter. Now, for many ages past the Eastern women could not enjoy any educational facilities; but through the blessings of the Teachings of BAHÁ'U'LLÁH they are beginning to see the light, and come out of their hard incrustated shells. The dark ages are behind; the century of light is ahead. For them there is no retrogression. They are pushing forward. They are hungry for knowledge. Their intelligence is quickened, their susceptibilities are refined, their progress is assured, their future emancipation is certain. Step by step they climb the mountain of human rights and equality, and soon they will take possession of the summit. Once they have gained the highest altitude, they will stay there. They will be in full command of the height, and enjoy the fruits of their hard won victories. BAHÁ'U'LLÁH is their Supporter! ÁBBUL BAHÁ is their Confirmer!

This morning the Beloved came to our house and stayed for a few minutes. Then He went out with Mirza Ali Akbar to see the new houses which he is going to rent for the rest of the season. This shows that we may stay here for a few months longer. In the afternoon Mir Sayad Hossein Afnan departed for Cairo, thus reducing the family of the Master; but others may come next week from Haifa. Mrs. Isabel Fraser departed for Naples, and may return after a few days. About 5 o'clock the Master sent for Haji Niaz, and getting into a carriage they drove toward the sea, and the Beloved coming out of the carriage stayed near the shore for nearly an hour. Returning to the Victoria Hotel, He sent for me. Mr. Atwood's daughter, Helen, 7 years old, was brought in by Miss Hiscock, and the Master took her into his arms for a long time, calling her "my dear daughter! I love you very much," and giving her some money. Then He left the house. We followed Him to the door, and He bade us farewell. I was very happy because I saw Him today.

Ahmad Schrab.

Ramleh, Egypt, October 10, 1913.

Dear Friends:

In this twentieth century, man, from the time of his birth to the time of his death, is subject to the influence of four progressive degrees of human life: physical; intellectual; spiritual; celestial.

As soon as the babe is born the mother suckles it from the breast of kindness, nourishes it with the utmost tenderness, trains it with the greatest compassion, and spends many sleepless and anxious nights watching over its cradle.

Having reached the stage of childhood, she strives to engrave upon the clean tablet of his mind the elementary lessons of sincerity and honesty, and to illumine in the chamber of his heart the lamps of the refinement of feelings and spiritual susceptibilities. She wards off from his path the possibilities of any danger, and supplies all his physical needs. Before the child attains the age of maturity the mother has done everything, putting forth energy and life to cause his all-around material growth. Then the necessities of his life are multiplied. He must work personally for his food, shelter and clothing, and solve independently the three cardinal problems of his physical existence, namely, nutrition, reproduction and production. Thus his physical life is always fluctuating between health and sickness, joy and sorrow, light and darkness, happiness and depression. Consequently, in the physical life, no matter how perfect, there is no stability and permanency.

His intellectual life begins when he enters the school and starts to learn the principles of knowledge, and later on assimilate the thoughts and ideals of the sages and wise men. His mind is nourished through the lofty ideals of ancient and modern philosophers. Having learned all that he ought to learn, he starts on his business or professional career, and to a large degree contributes his share to the welfare of the community. His mind becomes a store-house for useful information, and his intellectual life is constantly replenished through association, and other peers of progress become his contemporaries. Naturally, a man of his accomplishments and attainments is vastly superior to the physical man, who lives only for the sake of enjoying material pleasures.

Going a step farther we meet the spiritual man, the man whose spirit is sustained through the moral precepts, ethical advices of the past Messages and Prophets. If a man of this type live in accord with the best moral instructions he will influence the lives of many people, his heart like unto a pure mirror reflects the rays of the Sun of the Holy Spirit; he will guide his friends to the path of rectitude and integrity, and thus become an example of purity and virtue. This is why in our contact with the men of religions and professions we often meet a truly grand, noble, spiritual soul, whose words are comforting, and whose deeds are philanthropic. In tenement houses and in social services of the

large cities we find a body of men and women, awakened by a sense of moral and spiritual responsibility, are devoting their whole lives to the improvement of the awful conditions of the slums and the poor who are dragged down by poverty and misery. These people are not doing these things for any selfish purpose, but because through their inner consciousness they are stirred by a feeling of pity and sympathy, hence they devote their time to such a noble work. The Lord loves these people, and great reward is destined for them.

The highest expression of man on this planet in this Age and in many ages to come, is celestial; that is, to live and act in accord with the Teachings of BAHÁ'U'LLÁH and be steadfast in the love of ABDUL BAHÁ. The Principles of the Religion of the BLESSED PERFECTION adorn the spirit with the highest attributes of the Kingdom of Abhá, illumine his heart with the sun of the Love of God, make him a servant of the world of humanity, a standard bearer of Universal Peace, and an orb shining from the heaven of righteousness. He forgets himself and lives in the flow of the Love of the True One, he embraces all mankind with an ineffable tenderness, and strives day and night to serve his fellowmen. He becomes a herald of the Supreme Concourse, and wins the good pleasure of the Lord of Hosts. He will be attracted with the Face of the Beloved, and immerse his whole being in the ocean of humility and meekness. He will enlist himself in the army of human progress and the limitless advancement of the race. Through his zeal he will sacrifice everything in the Path of God, and quaff from the Chalice of Eternal Life. This is the Most Glorious Bounty of the Age. This is the Bestowal of the Baháí Cycle. This is the light that illumines every heart. This is the Water that allays every thirsty one. This is the Divine Elixir that changes man into the likeness of the Almighty.

Today we did not see the Master at all. He did not leave the house as He was not feeling well. For the last two or three days He has been suffering from a cold, but toward the evening we heard that He is feeling better and we will have the great joy of seeing Him tomorrow.

Several packages of the National Geographic Magazine, mailed to me by our brother Mr. Wilhelm, have relieved the quietness of the Eastern life, and their fine pictures are interesting as well as instructive.

The Greatest Holy Leaf with Mirza Jalal and his wife, left for Cairo this evening, and may stay there for a few days.

Toward the evening we passed by the hotel and enjoyed a long talk with our American sisters and Mrs. Stannard. They are all delighted with their new experiences, especially Mrs. Von Lilienthal and Mrs. Beede. No doubt they will write about their visit to the Master to the New York friends.

Greeting and love to all.

Ramleh, Egypt, October 11, 1913.

Dear Friends:

True happiness is shared by those souls who find their faith anchored in ABDUL BAHA, their lives becoming the serene expression of His spiritual ideals, and their hearts reflecting the artistic pictures of love, joy and peace. The more we are surrounded by the ministering angels of His heaven-like Presence, the greater will be the immortal consciousness of self surrender. He inspires our minds with the pure reflections of the Glorious Beings, and ignites with His Divine Fire the lamps of our holy enthusiasm. His magnetic attraction draws us near unto the throne of the Forgiving Lord, and his humanistic qualities teach us the lesson of Brotherhood. To love Him is to serve mankind, to stand in His Presence is to feel the Love of God, to hear His voice is to listen to the harmonies of the Kingdom, and to remain firm in the Cause is to grow and develop day by day. Ours is indeed a great privilege to have accepted this Revelation, and in order to become worthy of this privilege we must work for the Cause, and flinging our comfort and rest to the winds, we must arise to acquaint with the Universal Principles those who have not heard the Message before. Whilst the Master lives amongst us we have no more important work than the awakening of souls and summoning the people to the Kingdom of Abha.

Praise be to God, that the believers of America and Europe are all united and in one accord. They are not attached to any personal tie, and are freed from dogmas and traditions. Their greatest desire is to serve the world of humanity and promote the confederation of mankind. They are the noblest altruists of this or any other age, ever striving in the path of renunciation and sacrifice. Having no other selfish hope, they long for the day of the Millennium, constantly working for its realization. They are devoted to the Cause of Peace and reconciliation. It is hoped that during this year they will with one voice and with one ultimate purpose make an extraordinary forward movement, organize meetings, invite souls to the Cause, teach the people, and cause the Tree of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH to become more fruitful. They are assisted uninterruptedly with the cohorts of the Supreme Concourse, and the Angels of the Kingdom of Abha. They must not lag behind, but must summon others to sit around the Divine Table and partake of this spiritual food. The Cause of BAHÁ'Ó'LLÁH is for the whole world, and not only for one section to the exclusion of another. It is all-inclusive, and all the people shall taste this sweet water. If we do not exert ourselves to inform others with the universality and Teachings of this Revelation, we are either spiritually selfish or unworthy. If we work for the Cause without any personal motive, undoubtedly our painstaking endeavor will be crowned with success, and the Blessed Perfection will become pleased with us.

This morning the Master sent for me. After dictating a cablegram for New York, He told me that He had been unable to sleep all night, because His mind was the battle ground for many conflicting thoughts of the Cause. Later on I was again called to translate for Mrs. Neede, but it was only for a few minutes, because the Beloved expressed a wish to retire owing to the sleeplessness of last night.

According to recent developments Mrs. Stannard is going to India later on in the season to join Mrs. Getsinger, so she called on the Master in the afternoon and had a long interview with him. In the course of conversation, and in answer to various questions the Beloved said:

"The Principles of the Bahai Cause are the pure seeds which we are sowing in the fertile ground. Unquestionably many harvests shall be gathered. Daily these seeds are sprouting, growing in size and verdancy, and soon they will reach the stage of fruition. Rest thou assured that all thy services in the Cause will yield abundant results. Now you will go to Bombay. I am not going to give you any set rules, but let the Spirit and the requirements of the time and moment guide you in your propagation of the Cause. There are many friends in India with whom you can consult whenever you feel the need of consultation. You may stay in Bombay as long as you deem it necessary; then you may go to another part. Praise be to God! **thou art free**, attached neither to husband nor son nor home **life**. Thou hast consecrated all thy time to the service of the world of humanity. Believer your addresses according to my speeches in America and Europe. Let them be the foundation of all your public talks. To the Indians say: God is the Shepherd of all, and we are His flock. There are not many races. There is only one race. Were you to look carefully, the Englishman is the Persian, the Persian is the American, the American is the French, the French is the German, etc. Don't talk about politics. Speak about the good work the English have done in Egypt. To the Persian Zoroastrians say: Awake! Awake! for the Sun of your Salvation hath arisen from the horizon of Persia. Ere long the **ancient glory** of your native land shall return, you will be honored amongst the nations of the earth. Shake off your sleep! Ahura Mazda has come, and He shall make this world a paradise, and its inhabitants the angels of heaven! Be kind and considerate to all the religions and sects, and show your genuine sympathy and respect toward all. The spiritual youth shall inspire your heart. You are young. Man alone may enjoy physical and spiritual youth, but the donkey and the cow have only the former and are deprived of the latter. The spiritual youth revives one's **strength** from heaven, and upbuilds one's character. It is the great Elixir that changes the baser metals of human nature into

precious, divine attributes of the Divine Nature.

To the Theosophists be kind and considerate.

They are readier to receive this Truth than many other sects. Make them understand that a young boy educated in Oxford will not become the Universal Educator of mankind. One who is in need of the knowledge of the Professors of a University will not become the Manifestation of God. Christ was not taught by any man, yet He was the Universal Educator. BAHÁ'U'LLÁH did not study, but His Knowledge was immeasurable. He became the General Instructor of the world of humanity. Even His enemies testify to this fact. In short, associate with all with joy and fragrance. The Confirmations of the Kingdom will encircle you at all times."

Then after other matters had been discussed, and after drinking tea, we left the house. Together we called on Mirza Abul Fazl, and here we heard from him a most instructive account of the migration of civilization from one country to another, until now the Americans and Europeans have become the inheritors of the old pioneers.

Ahmad Sohrab.